Clemson University **TigerPrints**

Clemson Chronicle Publications

1907

Clemson Chronicle, 1907-1908

Clemson University

Follow this and additional works at: https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson_chronicle

Materials in this collection may be protected by copyright law (Title 17, U.S. code). Use of these materials beyond the exceptions provided for in the Fair Use and Educational Use clauses of the U.S. Copyright Law may violate federal law.

For additional rights information, please contact Kirstin O'Keefe (kokeefe [at] clemson [dot] edu)

For additional information about the collections, please contact the Special Collections and Archives by phone at 864.656.3031 or via email at cuscl [at] clemson [dot] edu

Recommended Citation

University, Clemson, "Clemson Chronicle, 1907-1908" (1907). Clemson Chronicle. 41. https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson_chronicle/41

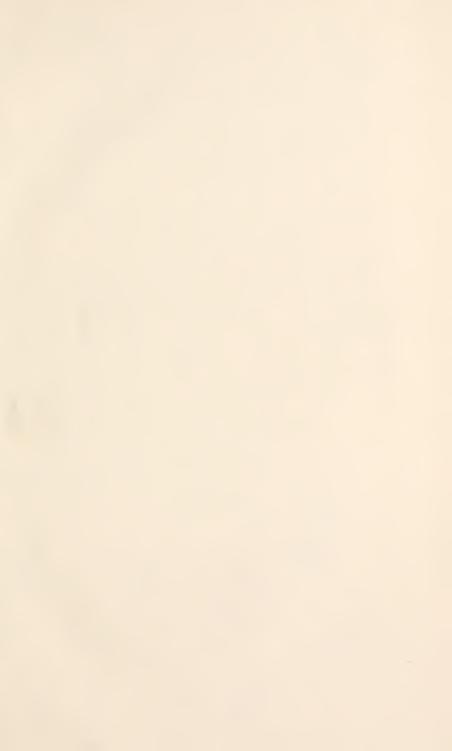
This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Publications at TigerPrints. It has been accepted for inclusion in Clemson Chronicle by an authorized administrator of TigerPrints. For more information, please contact kokeefe@clemson.edu.



CLEMSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2013







CLEMSON INTVERSITY LIBRARY

OCTOBER VOL. XI. No. I





The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)

Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

S.C. LHI. .C6C5



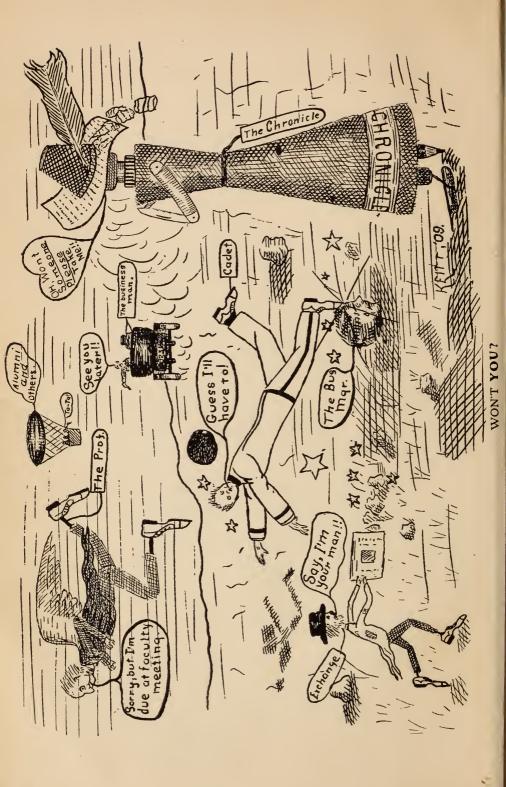
Contents



FrontispieceG. W. KEITT		
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	P	\GE
The Open Door		1
Loyalty to the Right		2
Cupid Conquers		6
A Dissertation on the War Between the States		13
The Semaphone		16
An Atavism		17
Influence		19
Smoke		21
Editorial,		23
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT		30
Y. M. C. A. Department		33
College Directory		37

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

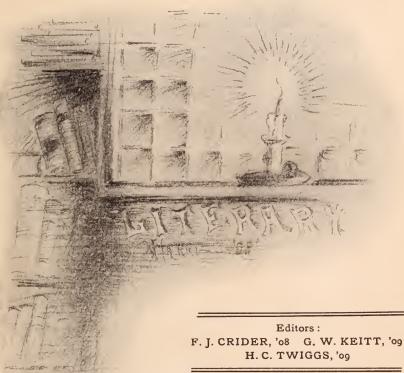




The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1907. No. 1



THE OPEN DOOR.

In the foothills of the Blue Ridge,
Where glides the Keowee,
Through gorge and vale past ford
and bridge,
To meet the mighty sea,
There stands, 'midst barriers
stark and tall—

'Midst battlements of yore—.
Yet widely open unto all,
There stands an open door.

From far below, up to this door,
Bent down 'neath heavy loads,
Young men are struggling evermore,
Prest on by Wisdom's goads.
Though weariness may stay the best,
And many hearts do fail,
A few stout lads push by the rest:
At nothing do they quail.

But see! at last the door they gain,
And on its threshold stand.
Forgotten now is every pain!
Oh, what a happy band!
For, from this eminence on high,
Smooth pathways onward run
Into Ambition's rosy sky,
Up to Success's sun.

Past here, for Carolina's sons—
Among these barriers tall—
The path of life forever runs:
They're welcome, one and all.
May many more yet live to go
Through Clemson's portals wide:
May blessings pour out through this door
On Carolina's pride.

G. W. K., '09.

LOYALTY TO THE RIGHT.

In the beginning, when the Garden of Eden was evolved out of the chaos of a still-born earth, Almighty God created a man and a woman, and surrounded them with all the joys of life. They had no sorrows or cares, and but one injunction to obey—loyalty to the right.

This law, in all of its different phases and forms, has been recognized by humanity from the beginning. Down through the ages it has remained unchanged. Nations have risen and fallen, cruel wars have been waged, and yet, through it all, this principle endures.

In the ranks of its following are found men of every walk in life. Men of the highest intellect and men of the lowest stamp have heard its call and responded. No matter how dulled his sensibilities may be, no matter how deeply he has drunk of the very dregs of sin and crime, man recognizes this banner as it floats proudly above all others, waving its white folds in glad welcome to the army of its followers as they gather around.

In the early centuries the Christian martyr forsook all and followed his faith wherever it led, and was loyal to his belief, even unto death.

The gilded knight, as he knelt to receive his spurs, swore to defend his faith, to live virtuously, to love one maiden and cleave to her, worshiping her by a long line of brave deeds, and to be loyal to the cause of Right.

Every age has shown the deeds of men who are brave enough to follow their convictions. And in the glorious dawn of the twentieth century, there are men who are willing to take up the duties bequeathed them by their forefathers.

Violent crises in the lives of men and of nations will produce their own remedies. They grasp the attention and stir the very souls of men. But out of the chaos of seething strife, new leaders and new measures are evolved to meet new needs.

During the Revolutionary War, when the thirteen American colonies matched their puny strength against the mighty armies of the British, these valiant patriots had one thought in common—loyalty to their one ideal, Liberty. It was this feeling throbbing steadily in their breasts that kept them fighting against fearful odds, until they conquered and drove out the hordes of British hirelings.

And this country for which our forefathers fought and died is now threatened by a greater danger—corrupt politics. Years ago this menace was a cloud, no larger than a man's hand; but now it is as the mighty tornado of the

Western plains, sweeping up into its whirling vortex the wrecks of homes and fortunes.

Are our young men of today to stand quietly by and see the wreck and ruin wrought by this monster, without making knightly efforts to stop the devastating curse?

Broad-minded men, men who adhere sternly to their ideals, have seen this danger, and even now are taking steps to prevent the political control by great commercial enterprises, of our public men, law courts and legislatures. The outcome of this struggle will decide which is to rule us—honest manhood or corrupt commercialism. This decision rests with the young men of today, and will be made when they come to take up the burden of political life.

The legislatures of today are largely composed of men who are honest and loyal to the cause of right; but how can they, in their ignorance of the law, frame bills to bring about reforms, when there is so much red tape that has to be gone through with in order to have these measures passed? How can they withstand the hordes of lobbyists, paid by commercial enterprises, street railways, railroad corporations and gigantic trusts, who have the laws and methods of a legislature at their tongue's end and finger tips? They can clothe a bill as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and rush it through the unsuspecting ranks of honest legislators, who would never have voted for it had they known its true character.

But a movement has been begun to establish a bureau—The People's Lobby, as it is called, where honest law-makers can acquire the information necessary to help them in their work. Here the bills introduced by men controlled by the corporations are put through close inspection and stripped of their false covering, exposing the falsity and trickery of the measures. As the white rays of a powerful searchlight, thrown out over a dark and troubled sea, show the hidden dangers in the ship's course, so will this institution, the searchlight of our ship of state, expose to the public view the machinations of corrupt politicians and the

miserable, misleading legislation which is being foisted upon every State in the Union.

The honest legislator need have no fear of the People's Lobby, for his work will be shown beside that of the corrupt men; records will be kept of the public career of every representative; the mist surrounding the legislatures of our country will be swept aside, and their work exposed to the glaring light of publicity.

This institution will be a national, non-partisan organization, independent of concentrated capital or organized labor, with men at its head who are honest—men who cannot be bought with this world's goods.

Never has there been a time when men who are loyal were needed as much as now. The establishment of the People's Lobby was accomplished by men who have seen and felt this great need of the country. And its clarion call, ringing down through legislative halls, is bringing around its standard young men of today—men who are honest, men who are not afraid to show their loyalty to the Right.

Young men, let us make it our duty to sound the alarm over every capital in the Union. Let us rally to the support of freedom and right, and create such a government that every corrupt official within its boundaries will be driven out. Then will the time soon come when our Government will be held up as an ideal so that all the world may see—a nation united by their loyalty to the Right, a happy people whose God is the Lord. This duty is especially incumbent upon us as young men, for—

"We are standing on the threshold,
We are in the open door;
We are treading in the borderland
We have never trod before;
Then gather all your vigor,
Press forward in the fight;
And let this be your motto:
'For God and the Right.'"

G. W. Speer, '08.

CUPID CONQUERS.

In Two Installments.

CHAPTER I.

"Beg pardon, but is this seat occupied?" Just threequarters of a second later, hat in hand, I was offering the last vacant seat on train No. 37 to the prettiest girl that it has ever been my good fortune to behold. Then, as I drank in the sweetest little smile of thanks, I found myself mimicking, in the most comical tone that I could muster, "Beg pardon, but is this seat occupied?" A faint smile and a gesture gave me permission to seat myself with alacrity by her quite dignified side.

"Tickets!"

"Wilton, Wilton!" said the conductor, as he shoved two blessed little checks beneath my hat band and passed on. "Glory be!" I murmured, fervently.

"What did you say?" inquired the girl.

"I just remarked that we are bound for the same place," I replied cheerfully. "I guess the conductor thinks we are off on our honeymoon," as, with a smile, I patted the two checks under my hat band.

This remark served to elevate her chin a trifle and make her suddenly become very much interested in the landscape that was so rapidly flitting past our window. Apparently she retained the haziest recollection of having, at some time in the dim and distant past, met a most uninteresting young man on board a crowded train and shared his seat with him.

"It would be a pity to disappoint the old boy," I continued, unabashed, "and make him lose confidence in his powers of observation. Don't you think that, since we are going to the same place anyway, you might allow me the privilege of looking after you on the way? Besides, I can carry an awful number of grips. Just think how much toil that would save the porter. Why, he would bless you the rest of his days!"

My last argument won the case. After turning her great dark eyes full upon me for a minute, she seemed satisfied.

"All right, then, for the porter's sake," she smiled, "Mr. —?"

"Oh! excuse me!" I cried, handing her a card. "Allow me to present one Henry F. Daring, aged twenty-two, recently graduated from Clemson College, now on his way to win fame and fortune by working at sixty dollars per month as assistant cashier of the Wilton National Bank, and very much at your service, Miss—ah—hem?"

"Miss Walton."

"Most delighted, I'm sure, Miss Walton," I said, with a bow, which, instead of being graceful, ended with a lurch that threw me squarely into my companion's arms.

Crash! went something up ahead, and down we went in a pile between the seats. Instead of trying to get up, I seized my companion with one arm and, shouting to her to be still, held to the seat with the other. This happened to be the best thing that I could have done; for, in less time than it takes to tell it, our car had turned a complete somer-sault down an embankment.

Now, in your nice little love stories and fairy tales, ver : young prince would have gallantly rescued the trembling maiden, and got a broken arm in the performance; then the beautiful damsel would have nursed him tenderly until he was well, would have turned out to be a princess in disguise, married him, and made him happy ever after. In real life, however, I was not nearly so fortunate. As for rescuing the "beautiful maiden," I merely clung for dear life to a confused mass which consisted of the said "charming damsel," a seat or two, a few iron pipes, various and sundry bags and satchels, and divers other things, such as will accumulate when the floor and the ceiling of a fast train involuntarily change places a few times. Luckily, however, I received most of the bumps; but I got no broken arm for "the princess" to nurse. Instead, I got a broken head, which needed no nursing, and a black eye, which made me look like anything but a "gallant young prince." At length, though, after much difficulty, we succeeded in emerging from a heterogeneous mass composed of, among other things, seats, lamps, lunch baskets, the newsboy and other baggage of all descriptions, a pet poodle, and, to cap the climax (as well as the pile), the fat gentleman who had sat four seats behind us. After gazing ruefully at each other for a few seconds, we simultaneously burst into laughter. We paid no attention to our frightened companions. A few of them were praying, many were crying, more were cursing, and all were howling. To put it mildly, we were in the midst of pandemonium.

"Oh, your pretty frock!" I commiserated.

"And your suit!" she cried, laughing afresh at the figure that I cut.

"And the bird on your hat is flying the other way now," I whooped; "he surely must want to get out of this."

"Oh, your stiff hat!" she screamed, pointing to the middle of the aisle, where the fat one had finally brought up.

There, protruding from beneath the nether part of that gentleman's substantial anatomy, was a mas of crinkled black felt—the remains of my new Stetson. It took me but a short while to secure what was left of the hat. I wasn't ceremonious.

"Now," I said, handing the hat to Miss Walton, "let's organize a mutual aid society. We won't take time to elect officers. You just see what you can do to this plug, while I chase that bird and see if he can be induced to come back for a season and face to the front."

By the time we had straightened things up a bit, the door was broken down, and we were soon safely outside the car. There we were glad to find that, though a few people were rather badly hurt, no one was killed or fatally injured.

A few hours later, during which time the ladies had been resting in a Pullman which had been righted, Miss Walton and I were seated together on board a relief train. She had truly worked wonders upon that hat, and her frock was no less improved. Why, they looked as if they had just emerged from the innermost recesses of a bandbox. By this time, she had quite put aside her dignity and formality; and we were chatting as gayly as if we had known each

other since infancy. Thus, I enjoyed this memorable ride so much that, when the porter snapped, "Wilton!" I sincerely wanted to choke the word back down his throat, and just ride on and on. Really, I was beginning to feel like saying something very silly to this young lady; for, you know, I had known her only eight hours and twenty-three minutes. I know exactly how long it was, because I looked at my watch to see; and, after making my calculations, decided that the time for a proposal was not yet ripe. Also, she was in my keeping. Certainly I could not say anything to her then. That a conspicuous seat on a crowded car would be a most inappropriate place in which to offer this young lady my heart and hand never once entered my head.

"Miss Walton," I said, taking the two checks from my hat band and putting them carefully between the back cases of my watch, as the conductor came down the aisle to collect them, "no conductor shall ever touch these checks again, save under certain circumstances. Under these said conditions, I might be induced to lend them for a couple of hundred miles. I sincerely hope that I may."

Perhaps she understood. Anyway, she didn't ask for the conditions; but, instead, suddenly got very busy getting her baggage together, although I had just placed it ready by her side.

A few minutes later, having secured permission to call and see how she fared after our exciting adventure, I escorted her to her carriage, where I was introduced to her gruff-looking "papa" as Mr. Daring, who had been so good to her during the wreck.

Three months later I was well established in Wilton, a flourishing little Piedmont city. By this time I had met nearly all the people there, and was upon excellent terms with almost every one. The cashier of our bank, however, was one of the few Wiltonians that I disliked. To hold so important a position, he seemed entirely too wild and careless. Also, he threw all the work upon me, and found fault with everything that I did. In spite of his very disa-

greeable ways, I thought it best not to have any trouble with him; so I resolved that, so long as I could tolerate him, I would do nothing to offend him.

By this time I was head over ears in love with Edith Walton (Edith is her first name, you know). It is needless to say what good use I made of my permission to call, or how "papa" Walton regarded me with growing disapproval. In his eyes, I was, first, "an upstart," then, "a positive inconvenience," and, finally, "a blasted nuisance" which he tolerated simply because he could do nothing else. I am told that the old gentleman sometimes waxed profane upon the subject. I did not hold this against him, however; for he certainly did have some provocation. He was losing sleep that was rightfully his. I acknowledge that I should have always left before twelve, as elderly people like to retire But how was I to know when the time limit had There was no town clock in Wilton, and I could not be constantly looking at my watch. Why, that would have been very impolite! After Edith undertook to make this explanation, however, we never failed to be notified when the fatal hour arrived. No sooner would midnight come than we would begin to hear, from all quarters of the house, various significant noises. Windows would be loudly slammed, doors noisily locked, and, if I still persisted, a steady tramp would commence overhead. If I was still unawed, a gentle voice would inquire, in tones that could be heard at least a mile away, what time it was. I don't know what would have happened next. I never waited to see; for certain signs seemed to betray the fact that a third person was about to join us. "Two is company; three is a crowd"—especially at 12:30 A. M., with "her" pa as the third person. I departed.

Though I had reached that point in love where the reasoning powers become conspicuous through their absence, I had sense enough left to realize that my chances of winning this girl were small, indeed; for her father, decidedly the wealthiest man in Wilton, had deposited \$20,000 as her dowry, and had said that he would give his only daughter to no man

who could not show at least an equal sum. Beside that bank account, my monthly check for sixty dollars looked rather microscopic. I took a morbid delight in collecting data as to my prospects. According to my figures, at the salary that I received, my expenses remaining constant, it would take me just one hundred and eighty-five years, five months and fourteen days to accumulate \$20,000. I figured the minutes and seconds also, but I have forgotten them. By compounding interest on my fortune, I succeeded in bringing the time down to somewhat over one hundred and seventy-nine years; but, really, that seemed a long time to wait. However, youth is hopeful. Something might turn up.

Now, kind reader, don't think that I was allowed to hold undisputed sway over the gentle heart of Edith Walton; for about that shrine many suitors came—and went! I had not as yet even proposed to her, but I was sure that we understood each other perfectly. I was beginning to treasure hopes; but, alas! they were destined to receive a severe shock. A rival began to give me more cause for alarm than all my other troubles put together; for John Smith, the cashier of our bank, knowing that Edith Walton would receive a handsome "dot," and being much pressed for money, was paying her marked attentions. Smith had, three years before, inherited \$20,000 from an old uncle; but, without letting his friends know of his actions, he had secretly squandered Thus he was continually favored as a rich man, by the Waltons: while I received small consideration from that devoted family-except from Edith. I was not afraid that Edith did not love me. I feared that her father, who liked Smith as much as he hated me, would force her into marrying him. This irascible old gentleman exerted a great deal of influence over his daughter.

Thus things stood when, one afternoon, having just finished a hard day's work, I was dumfounded by seeing in the paper the following announcement:

"SMITH-WALTON.

"On Monday, June 23, Mr. John Smith, the competent cashier of the Wilton National Bank, and Miss Edith Walton, a popular young lady of this city, will be married at the home of the bride," etc.

When I first saw these lines, I could scarcely believe my eyes; but, after reading the announcement several times, I realized that it must be true. My first impulse was to go right to Edith and find out the truth; but, since she was at a North Carolina summer resort, such a course seemed impossible. Finally, after brooding several hours over my troubles, forgetful of bank, business, and everything else, except the fact that the only woman that I had ever had loved, or ever could love, was about to be taken away from me, I hurriedly caught a northbound train, and started to seek Edith.

The next morning, after having passed a sleepless night, I reached my destination. Without taking time even to get breakfast, I hurried to Edith's hotel and called for Miss Walton. In a few minutes the door opened, and in came—not the lovely Edith, but one of the angriest "papas" that ever made a hopeful young would-be son-in-law wish to be sojourning in a far land. As soon as I saw the old gentleman's face, I knew that the announcement must be true; but I didn't see why he should be so angry at seeing me.

"Well, young man," he cried, "I certainly do admire your gall! If nerve counts for anything, you surely ought to be at the top of your profession! You——"

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked, in turn becoming angry.

"So innocent!" he sneered. "When the sheriff comes you will see what I mean."

"The sheriff!" I exclaimed, completely bewildered. "Why, my dear sir, you must surely be dreaming?"

"That will show you whether I am dreaming or not!" he fairly screamed, as he flung the morning paper at me. I had

never seen him so beside himself with rage. "Dreaming, indeed!" frothing at the mouth.

Mechanically I picked up the sheet; and, for the second time in twenty-four hours, beheld a notice that shocked me as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Thus read the dispatch:

"THE WILTON NATIONAL BANK ROBBED OF \$20,000."

"Assistant Cashier Missing—\$5,000 Reward for His Apprehension," Etc.

G. W. K., '09.

(To be continued.)

A DISSERTATION ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The great war between the States was neither an accident nor a mistake. Historians such as Alexander H. Stephens, Jefferson Davis, James G. Blaine, U. S. Grant and dozens of others have written volumes on this great conflict, and they have recorded accurate statements of its great battles and its chronological events, and have ascribed various causes for this war, such as nullification, slavery, and States' rights. By most historians, slavery has been considered the nominal cause of this mighty conflict between the North and the South, but we do not believe that this is the philosophic cause of the war. Verily do we believe that it is an insult to the intelligence of the great Maker and Ruler of the universe to say that He caused one million men of the Anglo-Saxon race to be killed or wounded, and thereby produce six million widows and orphans, to solve the simple problem of African bondage. No, no; we shall have to look deeper to discover the real cause of that mighty tempest which racked and convulsed our nation to its very center, and threatened to demolish this colossal structure of republicanism.

After Columbus discovered America, the French, Spaniards, Portuguese and other nationalities made settlements

in various sections of what is now the United States; but in a few generations these colonies all passed away. The nationality that was to make its impress upon this country, and whose civilization was to remain permanent, the one that was to shape and control the destinies of a great country, was the Anglo-Saxon. This was the one that subdued the wilderness, scattered the ornaments of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and planted the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hillside, and martial battlements in the defiles of the mountains. Yet this great civilization was composed of two elements utterly antagonistic to each other, just as they had been in the country whence they came. The one was the civilization of the Puritans, who settled in New England and dominated that portion of the country with their Puritanic notions of religious freedom, frugality of living, and of the dignity of labor. The other was that of the Cavaliers, who settled at Jamestown, and who, with their exalted ideas of chivalry and genius for politics, molded the character of our Southern people—a character which lasted till the sublime figure of Lee, yielding to destiny, called about him his war-worn veterans, his old guard, the companions of his toils, his feelings and his fame, delivered to them his farewell order; confided them to the keeping of his God and theirs; and, turning from those fatal fields forever, repaired to his own mountains of Virginia. It is true that some parts of the country were settled by others than the two mentioned—for example: the Huguenots along the South Atlantic coast, the Scotch-Irish in different parts of the country, and the Dutch in New York-yet the two dominant factors in our early civilization were the Puritan and the Cavalier-two factions diametrically opposed to each other.

Consequently, it was not to be expected that these two differently constituted peoples could always live at peace with each other, but would ultimately precipitate a conflict, just as the Roundhead and the Cavalier had done in old England. We say that war was inevitable as long as the Cavaliers, who affected a liberal way of thinking, as well as a

gayety and freedom of manners inconsistent with puritanical ideas, were regarded by the Puritans as a set of abandoned profigates, equally destitute of religion and morals; and so long as the Cavaliers regarded the Puritans as a gloomy, narrow-minded, fanatical herd, and determined enemies to all distinctions of rank in society. We repeat, that a conflict was inevitable as long as the New Englander maintained such an utter misconception of the Southern Cavalier, and as long as the Southerner believed that he could whip five Yankees. The spark was almost kindled into a flame thirty years before, over the subject of nullification, the principles of which now come to us under the ' sanction of the great name of Calhoun; and if the struggle had not begun in 1861 over the subject of slavery, there would have been found some reason for beginning it perhaps a decade later.

As was said in the beginning, this great war was neither an accident nor a mistake. It was designed by God to make these two elements of our civilization to know and to understand each other, and to create the grandest product of ancient or modern civilization—Americans. I make the statement that I am glad that our ancestors of two generations ago are dead, and I say this with a feeling born of the deepest sense of patriotism.

The grandest result of the great war between the States was the creation of the ideal American patriotism which makes Americans stand among the tombstones of their ancestors, true to their dead for what they were, yet loyal to the Union for what it is. They kneel among their monuments to kiss the Stars and Bars in their devotion to the glorious past; they rise to salute the Stars and Stripes, and to pledge their devotion to the Union through all the glorious future. The hands that once wielded the sword and the musket have built a new civilization on the ashes of the old. I do not mean to say that we have a new country; it is the grand old country rejuvenated by its own matchless courage and industry. Where once the angry columns met and clinched and rolled together in the bloody mire, new

cities have sprung up, like beautiful flowers blossoming in the huge footprints of war. I repeat, that the greatest result of the war was the welding together of the Puritan and Cavalier for the purpose of cementing all sections of our common country together forever. If we will only continue to fraternize in deed and in truth, and cherish the spirit of national patriotism, we will yet realize our dreams of liberty enlightening the world, and the mighty deeds of the past will be drowned in the light of our future glory as the stars are drowned in the light of the morning.

S. E. B., '08.



THE SEMAPHORE.

From a window, at the twilight, As I gazed across the snow, Glim'ring on the distant hillside, I saw a railroad semaphore.

There alone, in all the darkness,
It gave forth its yellow light,
As a signal to the trainmen
That the track ahead was right.

Seeming small among the mountains, Gleaming shone the yellow specks; But their presence on the railroad Has prevented many wrecks.

The deeds of men should likewise On Life's great railroad show Safety to the other mortals, As a railroad semaphore.

At the end of life's long journey,
As we the course do run,
The Superintendent of the System
Will say to us, "Well done."

H. C. T., '09.

AN ATAVISM.

I had been living in Paris about two years and had gradually acquired the habit of taking a walk every night from twelve to one, just before retiring. It was on one of these nocturnal promenades that I saw the couple. I had strolled farther down Rue de Chasse than usual, when, under an arc light at the next corner, I saw what looked like two men cross the street. One of them was tall, well built, and had a military carriage, while the other was very small, having short legs and abnormally long arms. His hands almost touched the ground as he walked, and every two or three steps he stooped still farther and seemed to balance and help himself along by touching his hands to the ground.

The tall man kept one hand on the other's shoulder all the time.

I had noticed a cloud forming earlier in the evening, and now the storm broke suddenly with great fury. Lightning flashed continuously and the peals of thunder shook the earth. At the first flash the smaller of the two men dropped on his hand and, breaking away from his companion, ran with an awkward, shuffling gait across the street, coming directly toward me. Just as he reached the sidewalk, the taller man overtook him, and a short struggle followed. The next flash showed me the face of the smaller of the two, and it was a horrible sight. I shall not attempt to describe it. At every flash, he would utter a peculiar moaning cry; and in his eyes I could see a curious commingling of fear, fright, and anger. The taller man held him firmly, and all the while talked in a low, soothing monotone, which finally quieted the smaller one.

My curiosity was greatly aroused, and I determined to investigate. I knew that my badge of assistant to the American consul would give me the right to find out everything I wished to know about the affair.

When I approached the couple, the taller man, without waiting for me to speak, asked me to get a carriage. I did so, and between us we put the smaller man into the carriage

and were driven to a house on one of the most fashionable avenues. The taller man introduced himself as Dr. Lengau; and, after asking me to be seated, carried the smaller man away, still moaning and at intervals uttering a shrill, strange, chattering cry. In a few minutes Dr. Lengau returned and, handing me a cigar, said:

"Mr. Randall, on condition that you say nothing about what you have seen or heard tonight, for five years, I will explain it all to you."

I promised, and seating himself in a large, comfortable chair, he began:

"That thing you saw me carry upstairs just now is my only brother. Ten years ago he was one of the leading authorities on natural history, and especially on monkeys. For some time he has believed that a language existed among gorillas, and he had made careful research along that line. He found, after several years of hard study, that he could go just so far in the matter of learning the word sounds, and after that, try as he would, he could get no further. At last he conceived the idea of having a small part of a monkey's brain grafted on his own, and he thought that it would enable him to master the entire language of the gorillas.

"At this time I had just been graduated from a medical college, and had specialized on brain diseases and surgery of the brain. He asked me to perform this operation for him, but I flatly refused. For two years he begged, cajoled and pleaded, and at last threatened to have someone else perform the operation for him, so I finally consented.

"My brother procured a large gorilla, and I cut a small part of the brain tissue of the medulla oblongata and grafted it on my brother's brain in the cerebellum at the base of the glosso-pharyngeal nerves, which supply the tongue and mouth. He recovered rapidly from the operation and was soon all right. As he had believed, he was enabled to understand the word sounds much better than before the operation.

"It was two years after the operation that I first noticed anything wrong with him. His hands drew my attention when I happened to notice that they were covered with hair. To make a long story short, he gradually changed, becoming more and more like a gorilla every day. I tell, you, Mr. Randall, it was horrible. Many are the sleepless nights I have passed reproaching and upbraiding myself for having consented to perform the operation, but I could do nothing. Every day he was slowly but surely acquiring the habits, ways and, what was still more horrible, the physical characteristics of a gorilla. Now he can hardly speak a word, and does nothing but utter that moaning, disconsolate cry. I ask you to keep it a secret for five years, because I know the end will have come by that time."

My nerves were shaken considerably by this strange, horrible narrative; so, thanking him for the explanation, I hurried home.

Two years later the papers reported the sudden death of Mr. Lengau, a noted author of natural history.

R. H. F., '08.



INFLUENCE.

A man's position in the world depends upon the extent of his influence. Every man, therefore, desires to have as wide and as great an influence as is possible; for every man, no matter how low his grade in life, is more or less anxious to achieve distinction along some line. While there may be some truth in the statement that some men are born leaders, it is a fact that the greatest success in leadership has been attained by those who have carefully prepared themselves for the positions which they occupy. most influential man is recognized as an exceptional man; and he is so by virtue of long hours of well-directed, conscientious study. It must also be remembered that the widest influence is not wielded by the domineering nature, but is exerted by the man who can cause his fellow man to reach the conclusion he recognizes as the one that his saner self approves of and advises.

In order to exert the widest and best influence, one has to have perfect self-control. For an example, take the conductor of some great orchestra. The men have perfect confidence in him; and under the guidance of his baton everything moves easily. He has proved himself to them; they know he is correct. Let him in some concert make two or three bad errors, and this implicit confidence is at once lost. His power over them is because of his self-control; they recognize in him their superior. When he betrays his weakness he is lowered in their estimation; and in proportion to the degree of weakness exhibited is their confidence in him destroyed.

The extent of a man's influence is largely dependent on the width of range of his interests. The most highly educated man is the one who takes an active part in the largest number of beneficial interests. This creates what is known as broadness: and on account of this broadness, a more sympathetic nature is aroused, and one which touches a larger number of men. For the man who exerts the widest influence is the most sympathetic man—the man who appreciates the peculiar problems of his fellow man, and is able to assume the attitude of that man toward them, but at the same time is able to solve them for him with a sane mind. We all know the kind of man who is our best friend: he is the man who enters, as it were, into our life, and, forgetful of self, experiences with us our joys and sorrows. Couple with ability to enter so completely into another's life the use at the same time of a sane self, and we have the most influential man. And thus it is that the man who is broadest is the man who can influence the largest number of individuals.

A person should have strong convictions and high ideals, and forget self in the pursuance of them. He should ever hold before himself the end in view, and should make every effort count toward that end. The person who approaches some great work of art, wondering whether he is experiencing the proper emotions, is not appreciating the picture. To do this, he must drown considerations of self and enter

into a whole-souled enjoyment of what he believes to be the beauties of the work. In other words, he must have self-confidence, or respect for his own opinions.

The greatest results of our influence are to be seen through imitation by others. So the best way to influence is by example. The daily human life does not consist of general principles. It is made up of particulars, and is something concrete and real. Every action of ours has a real value; and it should be a constant endeavor of ours to make it count for the most. This is to be attained only by previous thought. The man who is too lazy to think can never be influential. But some men think and never act. The man who counts is the man who thinks and then acts. The end of the planning should be the beginning of the doing.

Finally, the good is the worst enemy of the best. The man who is satisfied with medium good is doing himself and his fellows an injustice. The influential man is the man who does his best in everything he attempts. A man, to do his best at all times, must be in the best possible physical condition, and so must look to the proper development of his body. The man sets high ideals who throws himself whole souled into his work, forgets himself and studies human nature to influence it for the best. The best is the man who makes the largest success.

W. P. G., '08



SMOKE.

I sit and dream in the evening,
My pipe and I alone,
Musing on the faces
Of the "fems" that I have known.

Caused by lazy puffing,
The smoke, in misty clouds,
Shows their faces dimly
In its narcotic shrouds.

As from the passing throng,
They are smiling, sweet and fond,
The attractive and the pretty,
The brunette and the blonde.

And from this filmy blending Stands out in features fine, The guardian of my future, That "little girl of mine."

F., '08.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

W.O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto) Editor-in-Chief
C. A. McLendon. '08 (Columbian) Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun) Assistant Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) Literary Department
G. W. Keitt. '09 (Calhoun) Literary Department
H. C. Twiggs, '09 (Palmetto) Literary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto) Y. M. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian) 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



Like the pilgrims of yore, from every point of the compass the youth of the land are wending their way once again toward the halls of learning, after a few The Return happy days amid the sacred domains of Home.

At the parting, only a short time ago, many of those hearts that were singing with joyful accord—

"We shall come to the mountains again; the voice Of the cuckoo is heard, bidding all things rejoice; When the earth dons her fairest and freshest array, And the streamlets are flowing in beautiful May"—

are now filled with sadness and regret as each one feels

"To pastures and meadows
Farewell, then, once more!
The herdsman must go,
For the summer is o'er."

Is this return to be one devoid of best results? No doubt within each bosom, whether it be one who is at college for the first time or one who is soon to say farewell to college days, there is a high purpose and a firm resolve, the cleaving to which through weal and woe means the building of character immaculate:

"A firm purpose never is o'ertaken, Unless the deed go with it."

In this day, when the proportion of true Americans is growing smaller every hour; when illiterate creatures—and perhaps criminals-are pouring into our nation by the million; when the little children, the future shapers of our nation's destiny, are lisping their lives away 'midst the dust and dirt and grime of mill and factory and mine, it is time and essential that men should be men, and women be women, with the duty to their race ever before them. we pass through our cities, we pause for a moment and wonder if the lawmakers, who seem to sit idle in their chairs of ease in the great white house just across the way are asleep or blind; for along this way plod pallid little sufferers each morn ere the sunbeams stream over the eastern wood. Heedless nation, not content with robbing your offspring of the light of education, you forbid them the light of the day. Down with the demon of illiteracy, and up with the bright beacon of compulsory education!

To every student, both at home and abroad, we extend happy greetings; to every reader of the outside world into whose hands the Chronicle may chance to find The its way, we wish you well pleased with our New Year efforts and ask of you to deal kindly, yet frankly, with us in your criticisms. Since the organization of the College Press Association, a great many

members of the different college magazine staffs of the State know each other personally, as well as through intercourse This will be a great help in many in the magazines. respects. Knowing each other, students at different colleges will naturally discuss more frankly the way in which this or that magazine is managed, what is useless and what is best. In this way, the best and most expedient way of collecting, arranging and editing the different departments will be adopted. With intimacy there comes rivalry, and rivalry is the life of any enterprise. The scope of the magazine will be widened, its ideal more certain, and its influence more widespread; until the public will come to look upon it as one of the leading factors of college life, and one that helps to lift the standard of our institutions to a higher plane.

With this, the eleventh volume of the Chronicle, we have made bold to enter upon a new policy. The Local Department has been entirely suspended; but in its place it is our intention to give to our readers a larger and better collection of articles in the Literary Department. To do this, we must have the support of the entire student body. Now, at the beginning is the time to place the Chronicle in a plane by itself. Let us not be content to leave it one of the leading college magazines of the South—an enviable position, it is true—but let us make it the leader. Boys, get busy, and "show 'em we are it." Now each one of you knows that he wants to criticise. But you have not the least right to criticise unless you contribute articles and prove yourself capable of criticising.

Now, at the beginning we should decide the question, What is to constitute the Editorial? This problem, though self-solvent, is yet one that is of mighty import to The the success of a magazine, and one that is often Editorial overlooked. Every publication has its rightful place in the present wide sphere of journalism—from the country weekly to the largest daily and the most popular magazine. And before the pen is set to work, the

writer must apprehend and appreciate its own line of work. Each has a purpose to pursue and a duty to fulfill, the departure from which means failure complete. What is essential in one is utterly out of place in the other.

And thus it is with the college journal. The Editorial Department is the channel through which the true life at one college is portrayed to the different colleges of the country. And right here is where one is most apt to err. Of course, it is very tempting to plunge into politics or to attempt to discuss some huge issue in Congress, but the college magazine is not the place where one expects to find such subjects fully discussed. And besides, the average college student has neither the time nor the experience to compete with men who spend their time studying these questions. In our opinion, that which should constitute the articles of the college journal should be matters that either affect the people and the country at large, or that bear directly or indirectly on student life; that create and foster a closer bond of fraternity between college students; that develop the literary instinct; that treat of the common problems in all institutions of knowledge. By keeping along these lines, the college journal would stand in a class by itself, and eventually hold a place of no mean importance in literature.

However, it is hoped that others will take up the question and give their opinions along this line of work.

As we travel over the country, we can see in almost every town and village, statues and monuments, glistening in the sunlight, sacred to the memory of our dead heroes.

Poetry Those who are fortunate enough, and who travel wide enough, to tour the country will in time see many of these that have been neglected by the people of the localities of which an eminent man was a native or in which he was particularly prominent, and learn to appreciate the true worth of men of whom they had seldom heard. But what about the masses who never see beyond the bounds of their native State? How are they to appreciate

and emulate the examples of heroes, great and grand, of men of sterling qualities?

Here is a field where the poet and the historian may reign supreme—a field which all hold in reverence, but which few invade. Today America has everything which wealth can buy; but, alas! in the mart there is no poet. What our country needs is a Walter Scott, a Burns, or even a Whittier, to make the names and deeds of our great men immortal—to make them live forever amid the lines of the poet. The name of Paul Revere has rung from coast to coast; hardly a child but knows of his wonderful ride. Did cold marble exploit his deeds? No; the pen of that New England poet has made his name to shine as a beacon light through the pages of literature. Here in our own Southland we have had heroes; we have great men today. And to the memory of those of the past, icy shafts bear witness. But marble will crumble and decay and mingle with the dust, and the hero will be known no more. In the days to come may the poet sing in immortal verse the heroes of the South—heroes in war and in peace. The sculptor may chisel an image; the artist may produce a likeness; but neither stone nor canvas can speak the moral of a life consecrated to great and noble deeds. The poet, and the poet only, who, unlike the sculptor and the artist, sings not of man, but of his works, can cause the hero "to live forever in the present. He gently reminds us that a great life nobly spent is a sermon well sent."

Some may claim that poets are born, not made. This may be true. Yet may it not also be true that many poets are born who never attain their rightful place in this world? Probably the main causes of this are on account of their being reared in an atmosphere of poverty, of ignorance, or of indifference, and so never have their true natures awakened by contact with the great masters of verse. In this day of literature, there is no reason why every child from earliest years should not be surrounded by the best of literature, especially poetry. Parents should see to it that their child has sufficient and proper reading; and per-

haps the Elizabethan age of inspiration may some day return.

Should patriotism have to be in a certain form and by a certain class to be appreciated and rewarded? Furthermore, is it just that one branch of the human family should receive all honor and remuneration when another shared equally in the toil, Confederacy the suffering, the privation necessary to to accomplish the deed.

Yet such has been the record of the past, and is the tendency of today. In all of our struggles, national and otherwise, the women of our country have played an inestimable part, from the women who with the firebrand drove from beneath the cottage window the lurking savage, ready to slay the cooing babe, while the father labored in the fields for bread, down to the women of the twentieth century, devoting their time and energy to the eradication of intemperance and modern evils and to the raising of the national moral standard. Just look for an instant backward over the country's history. See! yonder is Molly Pitcher, standing beside the roaring steel among the brave; see even that Indian maid as she bridles her horse with bark and rides through wild and savage country almost one hundred miles to warn the white man. And now we come to our mothers. A coward will often show courage when stimulated by the presence and examples of many others; but the stoutest heart will often quake when alone and deserted. Many men will die in company who will not die alone. Think what the women of the Confederacy did! Of their self-denial and sacrifice! Yes, in many cases they were left alone at home while their husbands and fathers were many miles away-alone in a country infested by newly freed brutes. Few there are who can rightly picture those brave women that for four long years patiently bore hardships unknown to the soldier. In a country dilapidated and ruined, yet with cheerful resignation they lived through it all and left to us pure, Southern womanhood. Will we not honor them for it? Will we allow their memory to fade? Sons of the South, sons of the Confederacy, let monuments rise beside those of the old veterans. And men of Clemson, let us have the first monument to be unveiled at old Fort Hill erected to the sacred memory of our mothers, the women of the Confederacy, so that the world will know that merit, virtue, goodness and purity are not wasted on the desert air.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

At the beginning of a new session, after a pleasant vacation, once more we find ourselves back at work. We hope that our exchanges all enjoyed their vacations and are better prepared than ever before to do a good year's work.

This is our first experience with exchange work, and if we make blunders, we ask our exchanges to be lenient with us. We shall make our criticisms without bias, and if in our poor opinion a magazine does not come up to the proper standard, either wholly or in part, we shall say so. On the other hand, we shall do our best to give a full meed of approbation to meritorious work. We ask the same treatment from our exchanges. If we need roasting, roast us; if we deserve praise, we shall appreciate any expression of commendation that you might give.

We believe that the Exchange Department should be one of the most important in the make-up of a magazine. Unbiased criticism serves to raise the standard of a magazine by pointing out its faults, thereby leading to the correction of such faults; while meritorious praise acts as an incentive to greater effort.

In an unofficial capacity, we noticed the scarcity of poetry in college magazines last session. Magazines should encourage poetical composition among their contributors; because there is nothing that makes a magazine more attractive than good poetry. Magazines should also pay more attention to solid matter; for without the proper amount of this form of composition, the prestige of a publication cannot be maintained. In fact, a magazine should

strive to be well balanced, with poetry, fiction and solid matter in just such proportions as to make it interesting and instructive.

We invite the continuation of all of our old exchanges, and welcome all others, who are interested in us.

CLIPPINGS.

A Toast from Germany.

To womankind I raise mein stein, Unt trink avay der pubbles. She is der cause of care and strife, Der greatest foolishness in life, Und Himmel! such a troubles.

She chobs you mit an an angry vord
Ven you are talkin friendwise,,
Und ven she gets ein spieling fit,
So kvick she speak your chance is nit
To get ein vord in end-vise.

If vimmen were not lifin here,
Choost men residing only,
Ve all vould feel a great release,
Mit quietness und rest und peace—
Ach, Gott! it vould be lonely.

—Selected.

William's Mistake.

A Wiliam goat, with low-bowed head, Rushed wildly forth to butt; A moment later he lay dead, With a shattered cocoanut!

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

Longings of a Prep.

(Dedicated to ——.)

I would I were a Senior, with all my friends so grand, I'd have a lovely sweetheart and be a happy man.

I'd think no more of childhood, with all its games and toys, But by an extra effort, would beat the other boys.

I'd feed my girl on candy and fruits and other stuff, Until with satisfaction she'd say she had enough.

I'd fold her in my loving arms and kiss her golden curls, And say, "You are the sweetest of all the Senior girls."

A Toast.

Here's to the pretty girl,
Here's to the attractive girl,
Here's to them both in one;
And here's to the girl who looks you through;
Drink to them standing, the petticoat crew—
For here's to the girl I love.

A Pertinent Question.

Senator Beveridge was describing a precocious girl. "She showed her precocity the other day," he said, "By a question that she asked me. I said to her in the course of an examination in mental arithmetic, 'How old would a person be who was born in 1861?' She smiled and asked, 'Was the person a man or woman?" I guess she's like all the others, just sweet sixteen.

Toward the latter part of last week, when he was about played out on account of his last week's social exertions, he had been attempting to entertain her for an hour. Everything of interest had been trashed out, and in despair he racked his brain to think of something to say. At last he hit upon an excellent topic.

"Do you like cocktails?" he ventured.

"Why, yes! tell me some," was the immediate reply.— Madison Heel Notes.



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

A WORD OF GREETING.

To the man entering for the first time "college life," we extend the glad hand. We are glad to see you rise out of the quagmire of mediocrity and place yourself in the front rank of the army of North American young manhood. Ah! but some one says, the trials, the temptations, the hardships, the dangers. Yes, 'tis true; for who can fight on the firing line and not face all these, and death also? College life is beset with great temptations. How are you going to meet them? Like a man should? Then let us help you. No sane commander will lead one company into certain death and defeat when with two companies victory Neither does a sane student struggle would be certain. with college sins without accepting the outstretched hand of his comrade. The Young Men's Christian Association represents the united effort of the Christian manhood of Clemson College to help his fellow student attain to all those things which are worth striving for in the college We welcome you to our college and into our association. The General Secretary will be glad to meet you and to know you personally. You don't know what help he can be to you until you have sought him out and made him your friend and confidant. He is here to be used by you. So is the association here for your betterment; it is your organization, and will be what you make it.

The Southern Student Conference.

On June 14, 1907, about three hundred men gathered at the Farm School, just eight miles east of Asheville, for the largest Southern Student Conference ever held. Colleges from all the Southern States were represented, and many of them with good, large delegations. The largest, however, belonged to Clemson; the next largest, to Vanderbilt University. The names of those who attended from here are as follows: J. W. Lewis, G. M. Truluck, W. J. Roach, W. A. Thomas, J. C. Pridmore, G. W. Keitt, J. H. Rhyne, J. W. Harrison, E. L. Hutchens, S. E. Bailes, S. J. Ezell, L. Gardner, E. H. Wood, B. H. Covington, J. C. Covington, H. C. Wilburn, W. P. Gee, Ray H. Legate, J. D. Thomas, Prof. R. N. Brackett, Prof. C. L. Doggett, Rev. W. H. Mills and Rev. K. G. Findlay.

As the conference was the largest in numbers of any that ever preceded it, just so much larger was the success of it. Chosen leaders in the association work, for ten days, imparted enthusiasm and drilled in the student association work the masses attending. From this single conference, influence will extend the world over.

The Student Volunteer Movement received prominent recognition in the work of the conference, as did also Bible study. When the conference opened, the Volunteer Band at Clemson numbered only two, W. J. Roach and W. A. Thomas; when it closed, the number had been raised to six, J. W. Lewis, B. H. Covington, J. D. Thomas and J. H. Rhyne having joined.

As a result of the work done during the session, a great increase in the work over the South is sure to take place. The need of association work in the college is becoming more and more felt; and along with the recognition of this need, the work is becoming more and more popular. This consequently means that the work is prospering; and there is no reason to suppose that Clemson will be behind. We can make the work a large success if we will.

The Missionary Department.

The Missionary Department of the association here is a comparatively recent thing, having originated two years ago, at the Nashville convention; but, with the work accomplished last year by four mission classes and the Volunteer Band, we can reasonably attempt large things for this year. Ten Mission Study classes are planned for, and in these we expect to enroll at least one hundred men. Besides this, two hundred volumes are to be secured as a nucleus for the Missionary Library; and for the aid of the work in China, through the representative of the Carolinas, Mr. Charles Luther Boynton, we hope to raise \$300.

The definite work of this department for the year begins on September 29, when the Mission Study Rally will be held. At this time Mr. T. B. Ray, Educational Secretary of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, will address the body.

Mr. Harte's Meeting.

On Saturday and Sunday following the opening of college, Mr. A. C. Harte, Association Secretary for Mobile, Ala., conducted a series of three meetings in the college chapel. Mr. Harte's addresses were masterful ones, which is characteristic of the man. It is expected that great results will be acomplished through the work done during his short stay with us, especially toward helping the new men to decide the right policy for a college course.

Bible Study This Session.

Last year was a record-breaking year in Bible Study work at Clemson College, 268 men having been enrolled in 38 classes. But, with the new addition to the student body and the increased favor toward this work in the institution, the department confidently expects an increase of about 60 or 75 per cent. in enrollment over last year's work. There will be about seventy leaders of groups this year.

For the training of these men, there will be five leaders' training classes, under the supervision of resident ministers and faculty members. These classes will meet weekly. Besides this, we will have, on October, 18, 19, 20, the State Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute, at which, besides having our own men, we hope to have good, strong delegations from practically all of the colleges over the State. At this time, Mr. William D. Murray, of New York City, will he here. This should mean great things accomplished.

The importance of this work canont be overestimated. It is the most vital part of the association work, city as well as student. The prospects are bright for a good year's work, and we sincerely hope that they will be realized.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—T. C. Heyward, President; G. W. Keitt, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society-F. J. Crider, President; O. M. Clark, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—W. O. Pratt, President; H. C. Twiggs, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—D. W. Daniel, Superintendent; W. A. Thomas, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. W. Lewis, President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club—C. S. Doggettt, President; S. B. Earle, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; E. B. Brown, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.;
 A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.





The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)

Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



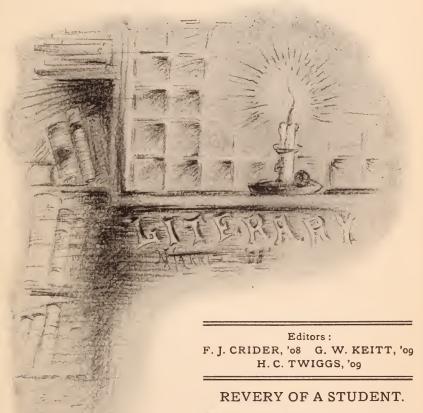
LITERARY DEPARTMENT: PAGE
Revery of a Student
The Cigarette 40
The Development of Electrical Power in the Piedmont. 49
An Invitation 53
Cupid Conquers
"The New South" 59
Fast Life 63
Autumn 66
A Freak of Nature
Editorial
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT74
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT
College Directory

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XI. Clemson College, S. C., November, 1907. No. 2



My books, neglected, by me lie,
My thoughts are far away;
For, through my window, I can see
Night take the place of day.

A loving fellowship is here,
All nature seems to say;
For night, it seems, comes forth
from dreams
To watch o'er sleeping day.

The last auroral flushes that
Shall fade out all too soon,
I fancy, show the gratitude
Flashed forth from sun to moon.

And as these beams the moon receives,
A smile lights up her face,
'Til its soft splendor shines out through
Illimitable space.

The stars, too, peeping out above,
And bravely twinkling down,
Seem gladly to fulfil their part
In nature's endless round.

Ere now, the moon has passed from view,
Though stars still bravely shine;
But rev'ry, yet, seems to have set
This thought within my mind:

On earth, much darkness o'er us hangs;
For many, all is night;
No sun relieves the sable pall;
The darkness knows no light.

Though suns be few, and moons be scarce,
And darkness seems to blight;
Yet, you and I—yea all—may be
A star in someone's night. —G. W. K., '09.

THE CIGARETTE.

The three of us were sitting before the open fire. George was lounging in a big Morris chair, plain, almost to severity, after the taste of its owner. He wore a dressing gown that almost swallowed up his thin figure, and was smoking some

kind of foreign cigarette. George's wife was sitting on the opposite side of the mission fire-place from me, doing some sort of absurd fancy work. I had left my town law office to run out and visit these two in their little brown bungalow. It was a day or two after Christmas, and my practice had not grown to such dimensions that I could not leave my desk for a half-day at this season of the year.

I watched George puffing lazily at his cigarette, and it occurred to me that I had never seen him smoke that form of the weed before. I mentioned the fact, and George removed the stump from his lips, tossed it into the fire, and grinned cheerfully over at Mrs. George. I didn't blame him. She was certainly worthy of being smiled at, or of being smiled over.

"I guess I owe a good deal to the cigarette in general, and to one cigarette in particular," he drawled. "I don't care much for the things, and I admit they aren't considered at all necessary to health. When I feel like smoking, a pinch of cut-plug in my little crook-stemmed meerschaum suits me very well; but, about this time of the year, I usually buy a box of these Russian things, and smoke them for memory's sake. Kind of whim of mine, and all cranks have their whims," he concluded, with a wink in the direction of Mrs. George, who was smiling thoughtfully at her needlework.

Yes, no one could deny that George was a crank on certain subjects; but, as his peculiarities never interfered with any one, most people were content to take him as he was, and he was a mighty good fellow, when you knew him thoroughly. He had a fine wife, too, and that made a difference. She was tall, fair, and, while not what some young men call "stunning," she had a face which you remember, and want to look at a long time.

Perhaps, if George had explained some of his vagaries, he would not have been thought more unusual than are other men who read and think a great deal; but George usually let

other people talk. As he expressed it: "I let them have their say; if it's right, I agree with them; if it's not, why I still have my own opinion."

When he began to talk about the cigarette, I scented one of his rare stories; but I had the good sense not to try to hurry him. George didn't like to be hurried, although he could be brisk enough when he chose.

"We have been partners in this household business for more than a year now," he continued. "Doesn't seem that long, eh, Alice? Well, we have gone along pretty smoothly; we have had our little rows, or rather we have had Alice's little rows," he corrected, winking solemnly at Mrs. George, who made a feint at running her needle through him. He didn't mind, however, but went on in his slow drawl:

"We were engaged for nearly a year before we got into this, but the general public didn't know that. There were only two people who did know it, in spite of the fact that the whole business was arranged in three steps of a house full of people. We didn't see the use of making any unnecessary noise about it, however. This is about how it happened:

"It was not long after we had graduated from college that Alice decided to have a fancy-dress affair at the old gentleman's big house. The party-going germ has never multiplied very rapidly in my system, and I try to stay clear of most things like this; but, it being Alice's affair, and I also being one of Alice's 'affairs,' I went. Alice and I were speaking to each other at that time—just speaking, that's all. We, that is, she gets that way sometimes, yet," he remarked, gravely, looking into the fire.

"George, do behave before company," pleaded Mrs. George, although it was easy to see she did not especially object to being teased. George obediently shut up, and became absorbed in his paper.

"Don't 'shut up' at all," I put in. "Besides, I am not 'company.' Why, when we were at the high school we used

to read each other's notes. I am 'home-folks' in George's house," I assured her.

"You used to be 'company,' anyway," George began. "You used to be Alice's steady company in days of yore, and I more than one time cleaned my Colt's automatic for you. Besides, this isn't 'George's house.' It's George's wife's house." He was watching Alice from the tail of his eye.

"As I was going to say, when you so thoughtfully interrupted me, that young lady over there was casting gentle glances on a fat young, machine-polished, drug clerk of a lobster, who was playing what he thought to be a winning game by means of two-pound boxes of 'Huylers,' which consumed the greater part of his salary. But, as has often been proved, there are girls who will eat your candy and then make the other fellow have you for his best man."

Alice did not say, "Shut up," but she pretended to feel very much hurt.

"I began casting about for a hero to imitate at that fancy-dress affair," George went on, "and as it was about the time those Sherlock Holmes stories were so popular, and as I knew also that one of my young lady friends was fond of that half-witted dope-eater, I bought a white mask with a Roman nose, painted it a pasty, sallow white, added a few lines to make it look thin and haggard, and blackened the eyebrows. It was a pretty fair imitation. I next furnished myself with a dressing gown, a magnifying lens, a bull-dog revolver, a black clay pipe and plenty of tobacco. A soft gray hat set off my costume.

"I strolled quietly into the roomful of gay young people, representing everything from shepherdesses to sheep herders, and began examining my surroundings with a preoccupied air, stalking from one point of possible interest to another, with my hands in the pockets of my dressing gown, and puffing slowly at my big, clumsy pipe.

"I had been thus occupied for some minutes, and was attracting some little attention by my silent, mysterious manner, when the lady of the house, Alice's illustrious mother, touched me on the shoulder, and explained that while she appreciated the effect caused by my complete make-up, still she thought it might be better if I left that pipe in the hall, as she thought it hardly proper for a young gentleman to smoke in the presence of a company of ladies, and more to the same effect.

"'Madam,' I said, in my most ceremonious manner, 'in order to think out my intricate problems, it is necessary that I should have concentration of mental energy, and to secure this I find my pipe and tobacco indispensable. Furthermore, madam'—I became confidential—'there seems to be a plan to get possession of your daughter's jewelry at some time tonight, and if I am to forestall it, I must not be molested while working out my deductions in my own way.'

"That was just the way Holmes talks in the books, and it had the desired effect; for the lady who is now my mother-inlaw, being a very unusual member of her class, laughed goodnaturedly, said, 'Oh, you silly boy,' and passed on.

"It was not long after that when we unmasked, and pretended to be so much surprised when we saw the partners we had been dancing with. That is, Alice seemed surprised. We had been cake-walking together all the evening, and when I removed my putty-colored mask, she let out an, 'Oh, I didn't know that was you!' and, after a little, 'You look as much like Sherlock Holmes with your mask off as you did with it on.' Alice could say some mighty unpleasant things when she chose to.

"Well, after a while she slipped out of the room unnoticed—that is, unnoticed by everybody but me; she would have been more than unusually clever if she had gotten out without my knowing it—and in a few minutes returned with those two most expressive eyes of hers several sizes too large.

"She came straight to me. They all do when they want help. She led me out into the hall, which was cold, but unoccupied.

"George,' she almost whispered, 'my ring is gone! 'My ring, you silly, that papa gave me when I graduated! Don't stand up there looking like a fish out of water; help me find it!'

"'Oh, never mind the ring,' I answered. 'I've got one you can have for nothing, and I've been waiting several years for you to take it.'

"'Oh, George, don't!' she pleaded. Well, it did seem a little mean to take advantage of her that way, but 'all's fair,' et cetera, you know. She was particularly fair just at that moment, and to calm her feelings I found it necessary to take a gentle hold on her hands, for spiritual support. 'Sit down,' I begged, 'and tell me about it.' She wouldn't sit down, but she told me about it.

"It seems that she had mentioned the beautiful diamond her father had sent her at graduation, and several girls asked to see it. She said that it was up-stairs on her bureau, because it was too large to wear on her small finger—it is rather small—and that they would go up and see it presently. Well, when she went up after a while there was no ring. She was going to have the diamond set in a smaller ring the next day, and had left it in its little box on her bureau. And now, wouldn't I please help her find it?

"I would, and we went up-stairs immediately. I realized that I had to play my part like no masquerader ever had to play it before. A ring gone from my lady's bedroom; nobody on the second floor; lights all on; servants all busy downstairs; front doors all locked; company all making merry in parlor and dining room. I opened the room door; not a sign of anybody, nothing disturbed, but a little box gone; no tracks on the rug, not a scrap of paper, not a fallen hair—nothing. I was up against it, and I got busy."

"And of all the foolishness," cut in Mrs. George, who had been working away quietly with her needle, "I hardly understand it yet. He stood up on the doorsill and gazed around the room for several minutes, then began sniffing around at the air in the corners. Suddenly he was down on the floor, gazing at nothing at all through that old reading glass. He crept over to the window on hands and knees, examining the floor all the way. Then he went carefully over the window-sill. The sash was partly up; he raised it a little higher, and its rollers gave forth a piercing shriek. Then he grunted to himself once or twice and came out of my room. 'About all we can do in here,' was all he would say.

"Then he went downstairs, and I followed him outdoors. It was cold, and he tried to make me stay, but I was thinking about that ring and not about the weather; and, besides, I was a little curious about what all his nonsense meant, and the quiet, mysterious manner with which he went about things made me feel a little admiration for him.

"My room was directly over the driveway, and when we got out there, George looked up, got his bearings, and then took out an absurd little dark-lantern from his pocket, lighted it, and began examining the roadway in constantly widening circles. After a little he picked up something, and started on back into the house. He seemd to be very much interested in the hunt, and his face wore a new, energetic expression, and his eyes glowed in the light of the hall. But he didn't say anything.

"I was all in a fever to know what he was going to do next, when he walked quietly into the parlor, and after a bit strolled over to where several fellows were chatting on the davenport, and said to that fat drug store boy he told you about, in a very ordinary voice:

"'Say, Monty, have you got a cigarette?"

"'Yeh, here's one left. Where you been?' asked the drug clerk.

"'Oh, just getting a little fresh air,' George drawled. 'I'm tired smoking that coarse tobacco, and I want a little smoke to remove the taste. Much 'bliged,' and he lighted his cigarette and walked out. I followed. He went up-stairs into the room next to mine and sat on the window-sill, puffing that horrid Russian cigarette. He got up, walked out, slammed the door, took a turn or two up and down the hall, and then walked back into the room he had just left. He sniffed the air and grunted to himself again. Then he took his cigarette stump, pulled it to pieces, laid the fragments on the table cover and examined them under his glass. He pulled out another stump from his pocket and repeated the process, grunting to himself the while. He came out and closed the door.

"'Well, I guess that's about all,' he said.

"'Now, that was very exasperating to me. I wanted my ring, and we had wasted half an hour, and were no nearer to finding it than when we began. I talked of calling in the police, but George said he wouldn't, that the ring wasn't worth it.

"Well, everybody began pairing off to go home about that time, and George told me to wait a bit, that he wanted to see me before he left. He disappeared among the laughing crowd, and later I saw him leading the fat drug store boy into an unoccupied room. As soon as I could get away from my guests, I ran around to a little side piazza and peeped through the blinds. George was sitting on the corner of a table with one hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown; the fat boy lounged in a big chair. George was talking; suddenly the fat boy went pale, jumped to his feet and shouted something at George. My old man got up slowly, and shook his left fist in the fat boy's face. That individual grabbed a poker from the open fire-place, and began making frantic endeavors to smash George's skull. He was the heavier man, and it came over me all at once that I didn't want George's head broken.

I tried to scream, but just then I saw something gleam in George's hand. He had his short revolver in the other fellow's face. The fat boy quailed, fell in a heap on the floor, drew something from his pocket and held it up to George's hand. In the dull glow of the lamp I recognized the object.

"I won't tell you about how the fat boy was propelled from the room, or of the promises he made, or what his name is, or where he is today. But when George finally disposed of him at the front door, and turned to meet me, there wasn't anything for me to do but go and faint like a silly school girl, and fall right in his arms.

"I 'came to' presently, however, very much disgusted with myself, but very much pleased with that impassive old stick of wood who is now sitting over there. 'How did you ever get it,' I asked him, and I suppose he can tell you better than I can."

"Hardly," George remarked. "Well, when I opened Alice's door I thought I smelled tobacco smoke. The window was partly up, and most of the fumes had naturally gone out of the window. In the corners, where the odor had clung to clothing and draperies, the unmistakable smell of a cigarette clung. I looked for the stump, and found a few particles of ash on the floor; following this up, I found that it ran in a line to the window. This led me to think that the 'dip' had been thrown out of the window by a person standing near the bureau, and that the little particles of ash had fallen from the cigarette in its flight. The sash made such a noise when it was raised that it was unlikely that the thief could have lowered himself from the window without making a noise, and, besides, there were no marks on the sill and the tobacco ash was undisturbed there; the thief was, therefore, in the house, as the outside doors had not been tampered with. went out and looked for the cigarette stump, and found it. I ran over in my mind a list of boys I had seen with cigarettes. The stump was still smoldering when I found it, so it had not been thrown away long. I remembered having seen the fat drug clerk with an evil-smelling weed in his mouth soon after unmasking. I asked him for a cigarette, went up-stairs, partly smoked it, compared its aroma with that in the rifled room, and afterward carefully compared the tobacco. The cut of the leaf was identical, and the fumes so near alike that I could not distinguish between them. The drug clerk was my man. I detained him and got the ring, as you know. He said he was going to give it back to Alice when she accepted him.

"Well, when I came out of that room, and finished bringing this old lady around, I was not in a mood to be teased. I told Alice that I had two rings, and asked her if she wanted one or both. She blushed and turned away her eyes, and giggled, 'Both.'

"The rest of it is none of your business."

MACK MICHAEL.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICAL POWER IN THE PIEDMONT.

For ages past the limpid, sparkling streams of the Piedmont belt have rippled and glided on their course seaward, unmolested, churning and whirling their way through precipitous boulders, here hesitating a moment to turn the ancient wheel of an equally ancient mill; there spreading out into a broad, fertile valley, flanked by the well tilled fields that bespeak the thrifty farmer, and gurgling and purling onward unhampered and unrestrained, apparently as innocent as the proverbial lamb, of the wherewithal to turn millions of spindles and convert the South of today into the glorious South of long ago. But now these majestic water courses are fast becoming victims of man's inborn, innate, and insatiate love for power. Ill content with the mastery of his fellowman, he

is turning to nature; and she is fast being bound and fettered by his paltry chains, strapped to hissing, rumbling mills, to grind out that mysterious something which floods our homes with iridescent light, whirls the motor and sends the trolley clattering over the cobblestones. The awakening of interest in nature's wonderful gifts to the Piedmont in the past decade has been nothing short of marvelous. On every hand we hear of power plants, completed or at present under process of construction. Simultaneously and in conjunction with these, other industries are being planned and rapidly pushed to completion. Wood-working and machine shops, roller mills and other manufactories, hitherto impracticable in this section because of a lack of power, will become not only practicable, but also profitable when these projects are realized. The phenomenal growth of the textile industry in the past bids fair to eclipse all records under the new order of things. With abundant power at their disposal, industries otherwise entirely unsuited to this section are emigrating to this vicinity, drawn by the economy of operation offered by these hydro-electrical developments. Suburban trolley lines, propelled by this mysterious agency, are being planned to connect these various enterprises, thus effectually eliminating the barrier between the interurban and suburban sections. The lighting of our cities, at present an exceedingly cumbersome and expensive process, will become not only economical, but also convenient. In the face of the foregoing, need it be said that these hydroelectrical enterprises are the forerunners of progress, of a definite advancement, of independence over the unreliable steam and cumbersome, direct connected hydraulic plants which have heretofore been our only source of power, of a better appreciation of the effectiveness, cleanliness and reliability of the energy of the electrical current as a source of motive power. Undoubtedly the South today stands trembling and expectant on the threshold of a new era pregnant with promise and destined to exceed in grandeur any other in the annals of history. Under the new regime, sagacity, persistence and wisdom, coupled with this vague something, bid fair to make of this a manufacturing centre the equal of any in America. The rank Buffalo and its vicinity have attained in the industrial world, since the immense plants at Niagara Falls have been completed and the current placed at their disposal, sufficiently substantiates this. There electrometallurgy, made possible by the current produced by these stations, made the Lake Superior copper mines what they are today. Likewise, here in the South, these little brothers of Niagara are slowly but surely raising the textile industry to a higher and higher plane. Realizing that it is a difficult matter for the lay mind to grasp the immensity of these understandings, let us take a cursory glance at a few of the more important.

Six miles west of this city, where Broad river sweeps its rugged path through the boulders of Gaston Shoals, the Southern Power Company is rapidly pushing to completion its immense plant, a monster of steel and concrete, and a triumph of engineering skill. As soon as the buildings are completed, three tremendous alternating current generators, connected by penstocks with three immense turbines, will be installed. The current of these dynamos at 2,300 volts will be sent to this city and to Spartanburg, where suitable transformers will be installed to convert it to a power voltage, and it will then be sent by cable to individual consumers. It is estimated that the output of this plant alone will be 10,000 horse-power, probably more than every steam plant in Cherokee County.

Four miles above this site, on the same stream, construction is soon to be begun, and at Ninety-Nine Island still another has already been started. The Spartanburg Power Company also owns several valuable sites on this stream, all of which will in due time be developed.

Six miles south of the city of Pacolet, on the Pacolet

river, work was recently begun on a station to produce 8,000 horse-power, which will likewise be sent to Spartanburg.

The Whitney developments, on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, are a close rival to those of the Southern Power Company. The schedule prepared and being carried out by these two giant corporations is without parallel in the history of the development of natural resources.

Only a few days ago the Great Falls station was completed, with an output of 3,200 horse-power, and the dispatches tell us that every volt of it had been sold long before the work was ever begun.

Eight miles west of the city of Laurens, on the Reedy river, the power company bearing this name recently awarded the contract for the erection of a plant, the output of which will be 5,000 horse-power. The many dams spanning the Catawba speak eloquently of the thorough development of this stream and the numerous cables leading off to surrounding cities, bear mute evidence of their utility. In short, when these and innumerable smaller projects of a similar nature are completed, an aggregate of 500,000 horse-power will have been developed, evidence enough that the days of steam are numbered. Then again, hosts of inventions are daily opening a wider and wider field for the application of the power produced by these stations. Improved processes of copper refining will extend their range by lowering the resistance of the conducting cables. Simplified electrometallurgy will unlock the storeroom of nature and lay bare fortunes in minerals. When Edison fulfills his promise to the world of a perfect storage battery, they will make the electrically propelled automobile and the private lighting plant commercial successes.

Who knows what else lurks beyond the pale of the impregnable barrier that separates today from tomorrow, awaiting the magical touch of the inventor to bring it to throbbing, pulsing life, to cater to the wants and whims of mankind? To-

day messages flash from sea to sea, from country to country, enormous motors, controlled by the pressure of a switch, supplant the cumbersome steam engine, incandescent bulbs and arc lights fulfill the mission of the ancient candle of our forefathers—who dares phophesy what tomorrow will bring?

AN INVITATION.

Sam sat down before the fire,
Beside Miss Susie Gould;
The hours sped with stories brief,
With puzzles wrought, and riddles told.

They began to shell some corn,
To stir and rake the fire;
They mused about the old times gone,
And drew their chairs up nigher.

Susie raked the coals about,
And Sam the popper shook
Till water from their half-closed eyes
Ran as a purling brook.

They laughed and talked about the way
The most that one would eat,
Sue called on Sam to stir the coals,
And thus increase the heat.

They still popped corn and ate it on, Sam ate it like a hopper; They sprinkled salt and ate so fast Their cheeks were red as copper.

The hour grew late—the clock struck ten,
Sam kept the corn still popping;
The clock struck twelve—the clock struck one,
There came no sign of stopping.

Their eyes were red, and grew quite dim, They made no move to scatter; The corn caught fire, and Sam exclaimed, "Why, Susie, what's the matter?"

She turned to Sam, and sadly said, "You'll die of indigestion;
I'm tired of all this popping corn,
Why don't you pop the question?"

H. K. S., '09.

CUPID CONQUERS.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER II.

Before I could fully comprehend the significance of this dispatch, my confusion was heightened to dismay by the entrance of the sheriff, who, with more expedition than ceremony, soon had me safely handcuffed. Strange to say, the feeling that those handcuffs gave me completely restored my self-possession. The very thought of being subjected to such indignity invested me with a strength which surprised me. Turning to the sheriff, I demanded to know by what authority and upon what charge he arrested me. "By authority of the State of North Carolina," he replied, showing me a warrant, "and upon the charge of embezzlement. Do you deny that you are Henry Daring, the embezzler?" "I am Henry Daring," I replied, "but I scorn even to refute the charge of embezzlement." "Well," he replied, "when we get you an apartment in the 'calaboose' you'll have time to get that kind of stuff out of your head. You'll be glad enough to refute it -that is, if you can." He seemed very much pleased with himself. I suppose that he saw a mental picture of that reward. "Come along," he continued, gruffly. "Sir," I replied, "if you wish to lodge your prisoner without difficulty, I should advise you to remove these badges of crime. In my estimation, the word of a gentleman is much more binding than a couple of paltry bands of steel." Seeing that I would go peaceably along with him, the sheriff showed his tact by removing the handcuffs. We started for the jail.

As I passed through the front door, a servant, with his finger upon his lips, slipped a note into my hand. As soon as I saw the little scrap of paper my heart jumped up into my mouth, and there did active service for quite a while. Immediately I thrust the note into my pocket; but, although I had hidden it from sight, I could not put it out of my mind. "Can it be possible that this note is from Edith?" was the question that was continually coming up before my mind. Then I remembered that, when I got to the jail, my clothes and papers would all be examined. "If this note is from Edith," I thought, "it must never fall into the hands of the police. "How can I save her?" Then a happy thought struck me. Pulling out a cigar, I began to fumble for a match. Not finding one, I stopped before a "Here's where you get a good meal for 10 cents" man's oven, and, pulling out my precious note and an old circular letter, apparently perused both that I might decide which to use in lighting my cigar. The note read as follows:

"I heard all that went on in the parlor, and I know that it is all a wicked lie. I'm so miserable! You saw that horrid announcement in the paper, I suppose. Father put it in, and says that he is going to force me to marry that man, when I hate the very sight of him. I will never marry that man, if I live to be a thousand years old! Oh, how I wish that I were a man! Then I could do something."

No name was signed to this singular communication, but no signature was needed. Allowing a beatific grin to spread over my countenance, I slowly set the note on fire, and, with it lighted my cigar. Seeing the look of happiness and relief that shone on my face, the sheriff, becoming suspicious, tried to snatch the paper away from me, but his only rewards were a few blackened cinders and a blistered hand. "Oh, don't worry," I advised, sweetly, "it's only an old receipt." This was true, for in my mind this note was a receipt and partial payment for the great love that I bore for Edith Walton. Without further delay, we made our way to the jail, where, after a short preliminary examination, I was soon lodged in a fairly comfortable cell.

After taking a look at my quarters, I sat down to think over my case. That I had stolen no money was evident. However, someone had. Moreover that "someone" must have had free access to my books. Who could the guilty man be? Ah, an idea! John Smith was very much pressed for money. Twenty thousand dollars for a week would bring him a pretty wife and a little fortune. Without this sum, ruin stared him in the face. There would be small chance of detection, but the changing of a few figures on a dangerous rival's books would remove even that. Also, detection would put this rival out of the way. Indeed, there were many things to tempt Smith to commit this crime. Why, then, should the embezzler not be he? Really the game seemed to stand, "Heads I win, tails you lose" in favor of Mr. Smith.

The longer I thought over the situation the more convinced I became of Smith's guilt. Accordingly I bribed my jailor to mail the following note to Edith:

"Dear Edith: I feel that it would be a waste of time for me to sit here and write you protestations of love, for I am sure that every thought and every action of mine during the few months that we have known each other must have betrayed my secret to you. Now, if you really love me, do as I say. Appear as usual until the twenty-third, and make every preparation for the wedding. When the cermony begins I shall appear upon the scene, and I hope that I may then rid

you of all further trouble from our mutual friend, Mr. Smith. If I don't come, you may know that I'm either dead or chained up.

Devotedly,

H. F. D.

"P. S.—Say, I haven't any kick coming because you are not a man. In fact, for my peace of mind I'm almost too well satisfied with you as you are. I hope that you don't mind being proposed to by a jail-bird.

H."

I could not secure bail until the night of the twenty-second. The next morning, however, found me in Wilton. Without delay I went to the bank and asked to be allowed to examine the errors on my accounts. With evident distrust the sheriff and the bank officials brought forth the books. A glance at the figures confirmed my suspicious. They were not done in my hand. I pulled out a powerful magnifying glass, and examined the numerals. I was not disappointed. There, beneath the false figures, I could clearly distinguish a slight indentation, which plainly developed into the correct figures, done in my own hand! Next I touched the tip of my tongue to the paper a little to one side of the false figures. I could detect a distinctly sour taste. By this time I was sure of my ground. "As I thought," I said aloud, "but so simple a trick should not have fooled you so completely. Why, you must not have had any investigation at all. Gentlemen, you have treated me very badly. I could institute a heavy damage suit against you. Don't worry," I continued, as the officials began to grow uneasy, "I'm not going to hold it against you. Will some one kindly step around to the drug store and bring me a little oxalic acid, nitric acid and silver nitrate?" While one of the men was getting these things, I showed the correct figures to the others, and had them to touch their tongues to the paper. They all acknowledged that they were wrong, and the president, in the name of the bank, apologized to me and publicly withdrew the charge that was made against me. By this time the man had arrived with the chemicals.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if you will find me a few small vessels I think that I may be able to show you an interesting little experiment." Then, taking the back of an old envelope from the waste basket, I quickly removed the ink from it by means of the oxalic acid.

"Does that satisfy you of the fact that ink stains may be removed by the use of this chemical?" I asked. They readily agreed that it did. Upon treating this paper with silver nitrate, I got, of course, a white precipitate soluble in nitric acid.

By repeating the latter part of this experiment upon a strip of paper taken from the lines of the ledger, just below the figures, I obtained a similar result. This proved that, beyond a doubt, my books had been tampered with, and that I was innocent.

"Where is your cashier?" I inquired, as soon as the men began to get through with handshaking and apologies.

"Why, haven't you heard that he is to be married?" replied several of the men together. "The ceremony should have started by now."

"Well, I'm not an invited guest," I replied, "but I think that I should like to be present. Mr. Sheriff, suppose we step over to the scene of the festivities." Beginning to understand, the sheriff followed me out of the bank, and together we walked over to the Walton residence.

As we walked into the house, the minister who was performing the ceremony said: "Does any one present know of any reason why these two young people should not enter into the holy state of matrimony?" He always boasted that he married people in his own words, and that he tied no two knots exactly alike. As he finished, I stepped forward, and said: "Sir, I object, upon the grounds that upon June 19, 1905, John Smith stole \$20,000 from the Wilton National

Bank. Mr. Sheriff, do your duty." This was my last card. I played it with calm desperation and watched the result. I had no evidence against Smith, and my only hope was that he would, by his actions, give himself away. It was as I expected. When I commenced speaking he turned very pale, and as soon as I finished, he made a bolt for the door. The sheriff, however, was a little too quick for him. Then, as the officer clasped the handcuffs upon the bridegroom's wrists, I slipped a plain gold ring upon Edith's finger.

"Your reverence," I said, turning to the minister, "so great an occasion should not be broken up for lack of a bridegroom. Please proceed with the ceremony."

Thus, before the startled assemblage could realize what had happened, Edith and I were man and wife. To my surprise, my "papa-in-law" came up and presented us with, not only his paternal blessings, but also a check for \$20,000, the bride's "dot."

Five minutes later a very happy couple started out upon a "honeymoon trip," and yours truly felt with delight the sting of rice which had been bought for the especial delectation of Mr. Smith. The last words that we heard as our train pulled out were, "Three cheers for the future cashier of the Wilton National Bank and his bonnie bride!"

Now, kind reader, we must part, for I hear the conductor calling "Tickets!" and I want to transfer two certain little checks from between the back cases of my watch to a secure position beneath my hat band. Then I'll—Oh, what's the use! Ta-ta!

G. W. K., '09.

"THE NEW SOUTH."

This section of our country known as the South, once a waste land, has made so much progress in every way that it is known as the New South. We shall see how her men,

though reduced to poverty by war, have found the way to wealth and prosperity; how they cheerfully worked amid the ashes and waste of their homes; with what courage they met all adverse conditions and trials; with what patience they bore misfortunes and the surviving passions of war, and, above all, how an all-wise hand led this God-fearing, God-loving people into the ways of peace and prosperity.

It is theirs to do everything for the good of their country. The New South is simply the old South under new conditions. It rejoices that slavery has been swept away forever from the American soil, and that the Union was saved from the storm of war, and not one in a thousand of its sons would reverse, if he could, the results of the war. It is needless to refer to the losses which the South suffered in this war less than half a century ago, but for the fact that many fail to understand what this disastrous struggle cost the South, with what adverse conditions the old South had to contend, and many even failed to understand why the South was so far behind the North in wealth. As it is, we should say little, and then try to look forward to the bright future which is in store for us. Just after the war, the value of the South's property decreased as a result of the heavy losses she suffered in this war; while, on the other hand, the entire country, except the South, almost doubled its assessed valuation. That fully explains why there is a difference in the wealth, although this does not give a true conception of what the losses of the South were. In order to get a true conception, let us compare our war with the late Russo-Japanese war. "Then," as Mr. Edmunds said, "some faint conception may be had of the conditions which she has had to meet;" for our war was even worse than theirs.

This republic has no better citizens in peace and no braver soldiers in war than the men who less than half a century ago wore the grey and followed the "Stars and Bars." The way in which the New South makes these declarations with

courage and holds them with sincerity is inherited from the old South.

The New South would be dumb and motionless if it involved the surrender of perfect love and reverence for the civilization that produced Washington, Jefferson, Clay, and Calhoun, or for the memory of those who fought with Lee'and Johnston. She will honor, above all, the men who sleep beneath those towering mountains.

Working under slavery, which brought suspicion or hostility, yet the ante-bellum society had immense force. For the first sixty-five years of the republic, the South furnished the Presidents for fifty-two years. Why didn't we return to our former custom and select from our statesmen another Southern President? It is not because our Southern men have not proved themselves worthy of such an office. the day is not very far distant when the South will be ahead in governing our country, as well as in the lead in other great enterprises. Besides Presidents, it is possible, and we hope probable, to produce other great men in the future, as we have in the past; for it was the Southern General Jackson who won the decisive battle of New Orleans. It was the Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory, and it was a Southern statesman also who acquired Florida from Spain. It was the South which forced the war with Mexico, annexed Texas and opened the gates of the republic to the Pacific.

Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as well as in political affairs, the South was equally masterful, for we are told that the first railroad successfully operated in America traversed the Carolinas, and the first steamer that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah.

The South was so rich in 1860 that Mr. Lincoln spoke but the public sentiment when he said, "If we let the South go, where shall we get our revenues?" So much for the Old South. Now let us turn our attention to the New, and its wonderful growth, bearing in mind that all that we say has been brought about by Southern people. Before the war, the South was under the impression that coal and iron had to be brought from the North, and they even thought that their cotton had to be sent North to be made into cloth; but, as our men became wiser, they found out that they could have coal and iron mines, and cotton factories, as well as the North could.

The industrial system of the South is built on a rock and cannot be shaken. The South supplies a great deal of iron, coal and wood to almost all parts of the world. And it may be well to note that South Carolina stands second in the manufacture of cotton goods. Most of the cotton goods manufactured in South Carolina is of a coarse quality, but large quantities have been exported as far as China in recent years.

A few years ago the greater part of the lumber used in the South, especially hard wood, in which our forests abound, was brought from other parts of the world; but today the South furnishes lumber for the North, and even countries across the ocean, as one can see by going to our ports, where vessels are being loaded. There an idea can be formed as to what the lumber industry means to the South. In addition to the lumber industry, we may boast of coal fields and But these industries to which we refer, repreiron mines. sent only a part of the South's advantages. If the South had only taken advantage long ago of the opportunities that she now has, she would have been decidedly one of the richest regions of the world. It is being demonstrated day by day that the South will become a world-dominating center in the future. But a time has come when we must undertake new industries and responsibilities. Since the war closed, we find ourselves upon the threshold of what seems to be the brightest and most glorious business development the world has ever

known in the same time and place. Our men have gone forth to command success in the most honorable way, both in financial and commercial movements of the times and, what is most difficult of all, our people, as a whole, have kept and increased their own portions of the country in such a way as to make our agricultural sections the wonder and admiration of the world.

Judge Parker, in an address, said: "If we are honest with ourselves, earnest and vigilant in the recognition of the most popular needs which are both safe and democratic, and regardful of our own ideas and traditions, we shall again be entrusted with power, and we shall be ready for it. When this time comes, the South ought to be, and indeed must be, the one great effective force in bringing about such a happy consummation.

S. E. E., '10.

FAST LIFE.

(Chemically Speaking.)

We, the proud inhabitants of these grand and self-depending United States, in this the most intellectual age of the world's history, are like the learned of Europe, in that we look upon the dark mediæval age as one of barbarism and ignorance. It is true that in those far away times both science and industry were in their infancy, but it is no less true that there lived men who, if living today, would be an honor to our present high state of civilization and scientific advancement.

One of the brightest and most scientific men of the period to which I refer was Herr Hans Von Zimmerburger, a noted German alchemist, philosopher, and physicist. It was he who really discovered that the air contains oxygen, and that this gas is absolutely essential to all animal life. His fertile brain conceived the idea that, with the rapid increase in population

of both man and brute, the oxygen of the air must necessarily be quickly exhausted, and, as a result, all animal life cease. When he came to these conclusions his philanthropic nature appealed to his great brain to devise some method by which this disastrous crisis might be diverted.

As might be expected, his first idea was to establish a great plant which would make and liberate the oxygen in a sufficient amount and under such conditions as it would be most widely distributed. All other possibilities were discarded at once, and he set to work upon this great task, with the following results:

He first used a part of the immense fund given him by the government in procuring and setting up a great earthenware retort, which held about ten thousand gallons. After spending thousands of dollars more in filling this retort with red precipitate (Pb₂0₅, red oxide of lead) from which he made the gas, he completed his gigantic apparatus by building a huge brick vat, and connecting it to the retort by means of strong iron pipes containing valves. The vat was provided on top with a small metallic spring door, through which the heated and compressed gas was to ascend.

So great was his expectancy of a dazzling success in this gigantic enterprise, so interested was he in this unprecedented experiment, he did not close his eyes in sleep during the entire night before the beginning.

When the morning sun rose, and, by shedding broadcast its radiant beams, dispelled the prevailing dense fog over the near by marshes, it found our scientific hero alert and in paroxyisms of enthusiasm over his successful beginning. Already an immense quantity of the gas had been stored away in the vat, and this amount was constantly increasing as the reaction continued. Herr Zimmerburger could not remain quiet, his head seemed in a whirl, he moved in a mechanical way from one part of his apparatus to another,

hardly knowing where he went nor what he did. Suddenly, from a fanatical notion that seemed to seize him, he leaped upon the roof of the vat, and then it was that the worst came. As might be expected, he landed upon the spring door, and, as the pressure on the inside at this stage of the experiment was not very great, he fell with a heartrending thud twenty feet, to the floor of the vat. Although the fall was terrific, the victim, upon his first inhalation of the invigorating gas, regained consciousness and caught upon his feet, receiving much less injury than might be expected. His first impulse was to get out of the gas as quickly as possible, but the very walls that he had spent so much time in making smooth proved to be his worst enemies. In a few seconds his breathing became short, fast and jerky, his forehead hot, and his pulse quick and strong. He realized his condition and uttered a piercing scream for help. Again and again he called for help, but it seemed all in vain. His pulse grew quicker and stronger, his breath faster and shorter, and his body hotter and hotter, and still no signs of any possible escape. At last his breath became so short that he could hardly cry out for help, his pulse so strong that the boiling blood in his veins seemed to be bursting out, and his fever so burning that he thought he must be dead and in the place to which the present flashing review of his bad deeds through life pointed. Gradually he lost control of himself and sank in a limp mass upon the floor of the vat, uttering involuntarily low, piteous moans.

Suddenly the thick walls of the gas vat were broken through, and two brawny figures snatched our hero from the very jaws of death.

F. W. B., '08.

AUTUMN.

This is not from a grand old master,
Not from a bard sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time;

But from an humble poet,
Whose song comes from the heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

How pleasant 'tis when Autumn comes,
To walk in field and wood,
And see the fruits, and nuts, and grain,
And everything that's good.

How sweet to be beneath the trees, In cool and pleasant shade; How sweet to know that we are here, And that our start is made!

Let us with determination start,
And enter in all "that's good;"
The world is lovely, all is well,
When we're in Autumn mood.

If we have but few temptations in our path,
And our works are all complete;
If our minds are trained ere the last,
The Autumn days are, oh! so sweet!
HUBERT T. PROSSER, '11.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

It was in the summer of 1900, while on one of my annual excursions to the mountains of North Carolina, that I saw the thing. One afternoon, about 4 o'clock, as I was walking

through a particularly wild part of the mountains, my English setter, just in front of me, I heard a deep growl on one side of the path. The next instant I saw my dog borne to the ground by some heavy body, and, although the sun was shining brightly, I could see absolutely nothing in the shape of an animal. The dog was on the ground fighting for life, and although there seemed to be nothing near, I could see great gashes appear on my dog's neck and head, the blood flowing freely. At last I heard a sickening crunch, and he lay still. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and for a moment thought that some peculiar blindness had attacked me, but I could see everything perfectly. During the struggle I had stood rooted to the spot, but now, hearing a low, menacing growl, I turned and ran for my life. When I described the incident at the boarding house everyone was openly incredulous and refused to believe that my dog had been killed by an invisible animal. The next morning, accompanied by several men and boys, I returned to the place where the dog had been killed. All except a small part of his hind legs had been eaten. In a few minutes one of the hounds that was with us struck a trail that led back up the mountains. We followed, but had gone only a short distance when we heard the dogs whining and fighting, and in a few seconds the entire pack came back, almost running over us. We could hear the footfalls of some animal behind the last of them, and just as the dog reached us we saw him struggle and roll over; the next instant the blood gushed from his neck through a large wound. Throwing my rifle to my shoulder I filled the air around the dog full of bullets for the next ten seconds. When I stopped shooting we heard the animal beating a hasty retreat through the bushes, and while we could see and hear the bushes shake, we could see nothing moving them. none of the hounds could be induced to trail the animal, we returned to the house, mystified. Many explanations and theories in regard to the invisible beast were advanced, but none seemed plausible until Dr. Wilree, an eminent scientist and professor of physics at — University, exclaimed, "I have it," and proceeded to explain: "Gentlemen, you know that sunlight is composed of seven primary colors-violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red-and when we see the combination of these it looks white. Now, if we see some object that appears to be red, it really is not red, but the composition of the object is such that it absorbs all the colors except the red, which is reflected back to the eye and we have the sensation of seeing red. Now, my theory in regard to this invisible animal is, that by some strange freak of nature the pigment in the hair of the animal is such that it absorbs all colors of sunlight, and consequently as none was reflected, we could see nothing. In other words, the brute was perfectly black color. Probably if we could put him in electric light, some of it might be reflected and we could see him." Dr. Wilree's explanation was the most plausible, so we accepted it. Since then I have tried repeatedly to find the animal again, but with no success. R. H. F.

The Clemson College Chronicle

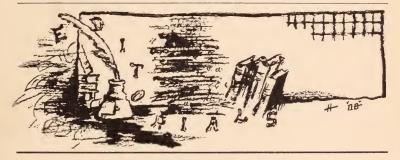
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

W. O. Pratt, '08 (Palmetto) Editor-in-Chief C. A. McLendon, '08 (Columbian) Business Manager
C. A. McLendon. '08 (Columbian) Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun) Assistant Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) Literary Department
G. W. KEITT, '09 (Calhoun) Literary Department
H. C. Twiggs, '09 (Palmetto) Literary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
G. G. Weathersee, '08 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto) Y. M. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian) 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



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

The Fair—but no Clemson. Upon the return in Septmber, great were the hopes of the corps; a month later, greater still was the disappointment. And we flatter our—The Fair selves that there was some regret at the other end of the line when it became known that the inmates of the lair in the mountains would not be in evidence to take part in the festivities of Fair Week and to encourage, with lusty roars, the Tiger warriors, in their aggressions on the Tar Heel invaders.

It is true, that the trip does interfere to some extent with the regular scholastic duties, but we believe that it is equally as true that in return there is as much benefit to the corps and college derived from the excursion. The college being so situated that it is socially isolated, an occasional glimpse of the outer world relieves the monotony that is so strongly felt. On account of the many unjust attacks by the newspapers of the State, many people have formed an unwarranted opinion of conditions. When these people actually come in contact with the corps as a whole, they almost invariably alter their preconceived ideas. But there is one important point that is so often overlooked: the creating and fostering of a healthy college spirit and of a dearer love and greater pride for his college. Each one, perhaps unobserved, by himself, has awakened within him a spark of pride and ambition, which would not otherwise have been kindled, and which once created will grow and accumulate in volume until is reached that supreme result—a sacred love for one's college next to the reverence for home.

* * *

'Tis heard almost simultaneously from innumerable points within our fair borders each year as the soft, golden days usher in the spirit of action and good cheer. Football, with all of the enthusiasm and activ-The Slogan ity of youth, is here once again. Perhaps of Battle there is no college game or sport in which there is more life and vigor than this branch of athletics. reason for this is that the season comes just at the time when the dull influences of summer are being supplanted by the mellow days of the invigorating Indian summer. Then, too, this sport appeals to people because it combines the two prime factors in human development, muscle and brain, or, in other word,s the physical and the intellectual man, neither of which can be eliminated without working detriment to mankind.

Now that some of the big games have been pulled off, "dope" is busy with its calculations on the relative strength of

teams that are yet to meet each other. At the beginning of the season the outlook at Clemson was not very bright. The material was light, and, as several of Clemson's old stars did not return, men had to be developed for these positions. But, under our efficient coach, the men so far have shown themselves to be a fast bunch of athletes. Now, let us stop and think an instant. No matter how good the team may be, unless the proper spirit is shown by the student body the team will not win as it should. Do not be a "knocker." When the team plays, get into the game with them. If you play hard on the side-lines, the team will play harder. If the team should lose one game, or two games, or three games, don't droop your mouth and say that they are not doing this or that right, or so and so is to blame. Here is the best plan yet: The more the team meets adversity, the louder for you to yell and the stronger for you to give your support to the men who are working for the honor and the glory of dear old Clemson.

* * *

The second annual Bible Study Institute of the Y. M. C. A. was again held at Clemson College on October 18, 19 and 20. This is a significant fact in the history The Y. M. C. A. of the college. Clemson is the youngest col-Convention. lege in the State, yet it is one of the leaders in this great movement. Last year at Asheville, Clemson College had more delegates than any other college in the South, with the single exception of Vanderbilt University. Only a few years ago the Y. M. C. A. represented only a handful of young men. Now it is the strongest and most influential phase in college life at Clemson College.

At the recent convention every college in the State was represented by students and members of the faculty, some sending as many as twenty-five delegates. Several distinguished speakers were also present. With such strong influnces per-

meating the student life of our colleges, may we not soon hope to see the moral standard of our institutions placed upon a plane so high that none can reproach it with words of shame? How soon may the men in authority realize this fact, and place adequate buildings upon our campus!

* * *

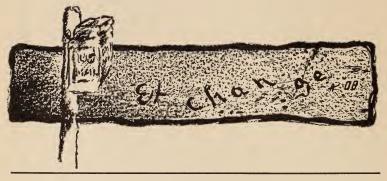
We, here in the South, can appreciate more than any one else the immense harm wrought both to the Jap and to the people of the Pacific slope by ignorant, meddle-The Newspaper someness-in its most literal sense-of newsvs. the Jap. paper editors and magazine writers. writers, to a large extent, have not the least conception of the real condition of affairs in the far West. They are thousands of miles from the scene of disturbance, and have never been any nearer. Yet each one comes forth with a mighty article on the injustice of the American people to the Jap, or vice versa. The articles are copyrighted, and are then published in the great periodicals, which are read by the people of every civilized nation. And these are supposed to have been written by representative men who have studied every phase of the conditions! The man in the East has no more idea of affairs of the West than the people of the North have of the race problem in the South. And here is a lesson that some might take and study. We have seen the havoc brought about by the so-called "reformers" who have been conspicuous by having made matters more complicated by their ignorance, instead of leaving to the men who, living in that locality, know the circumstances and who alone can solve these problems that involve races and nations.

At last they have met upon the mat. Two styles of play are to be exhibited—one of crookedness and treachery, the other of straightforward dealings and fair play.

The Cotton There are three figures ready for the contest:

Growers' First, a big, brutish-looking fellow, with a low Association. and wicked-looking expression on his countenance, and wearing a belt with the words, "I have always been champion;" second, two honest lads, one from the country and one from the city, with clean sinews, and from their eyes gleaming the expression to live or to die for the right. They advance. The contest is on.

You ask who they are? The big fellow is the cotton gambler. The country lad is the cotton producer, while the city youth is the consumer. Both consumer and grower have for years been subjected to the sayings of the Wall street gamblers. Now the days of the gamblers are numbered. At first glance the full significance of the meeting cannot be comprehended by the world. With the gambler out of the way, consumer and producer may meet in mutual agreement on a conservative business basis. The result will be regularity in cotton and cotton goods and satisfaction to all—except the curse of the South, the Wall street broker.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

The Georgian is, on the whole, one of the most creditable exchanges that has come to our desk. The editors seem to have caught the true spirit of what a college magazine should be. It is well balanced in all of its departments and is bound in neat, attractive style. We are glad to note that the contributors are taking an interest in poetry, a branch of composition sadly lacking in most of our exchanges. The stories and essays are very good. We congratulate the business manager upon his excellent Ad. Department.

Athletic enthusiasm is a commendable emotion, but in the *Orange and Blue* we find it in excess. Almost the entire magazine is taken up with athletics. The sum total of the Literary Department is one story, which is little more than a tame account of a football game.

The *Erskinian* began well, but did not go far enough. When we got through reading a few essays, we found nothing else but local matter. We searched diligently for some fiction, but in vain. The essays, "A Universal Language" and "Have a Purpose" are worthy of favorable mention.

Though nothing worthy of special mention can be found in the *Red and White*, yet there is one thing on which they should be commended, and that is, that theirs is the only college magazine staff which has been able to issue a September number.

The Furman Echo is passably good, and nothing more. The Literary Department is full, but very poorly balanced. Of the ten contributions, only one, "A New Theory for the Solution of the Tariff Question," contains solid matter. In "An Age Ago" a very hackneved subject is treated and something of a story made out of it. "Changed Her Mind" is the subject of a story which we hardly expected to see in a magazine of the Echo's standing. Sickly, sentimental stuff of this kind might be excusable at a girl's boarding school, but not so at a university. The poetry in this department is the one redeeming feaure. "San Francisco," in two parts, deserves special credit, both as to subject and treatment. Very little work seems to have been done in any of the other departments, with the exception of the editorial. The editor-in-chief has caught the right spirit, and in an entertaining manner given some well chosen and timely talk.

CLIPPINGS.

The College Laundry.

Oh, where, oh where, is my other shirt?
Oh, where, oh where, can it be?
I sent it out some days past
To the college laundry.
Just never you mind,
But wait till they find,
Which of the six hundred it be.

-Ex.

Alas!

Last night, Louise, I held your hand And shyly kissed you, too; And then I drew you to my heart— What else was there to do?

But, strange to say, as often as it is "When things aren't what they seem," You had no thought of what I did—'Twas nothing but a dream!

A Song from the Canebrakes.

A bruised and bleeding bruin lay dying in his den, While the canebrake rang around him with the yelps of dogs and men.

And as his cubs foregathered to catch his parting word,
He feebly moved his fevered jaws, and this is what they heard:
"A half of peck of bullets are ballasting my head,
Along my spine, O children mine, are ninety pounds of lead;
But no black market hunter, or white of low degree
Laid low your Uncle Billy—the President shot me!

"He let the trusts escape him; he lost his deadly grip
Upon the nature fakir's throats to come to Mississip,
And public business waited the while he patiently
Sought out the chance to take the shot that did the work
for me.

Oh, I'm the chestiest, proudest bear that ever roamed the globe,

For this is one job he's done for which he won't blame Loeb! How high my heart was beating as I tumbled from the tree To think how I was honored when the President shot me!

"To bears that roam the canebrake death cometh soon or late; Some teg snarled up in dead-fields, a mean and sordid fate; Some rifle sugar-houses beneath the wandering moon, And fall afoul a shotgun of some too wakeful coon.

But I was born to glory, from the vulgar set apart—
The patron saint of Teddy bears has hashed my head and heart.

Go forth, my cubs, to greatness—you may be lucky, too!

Make haste, and Mr. Roosevelt will do the same for you!"

—New York American.

A daring theft Jack wrought last night
On darling little Rose:
He stole something he wanted, right
Beneath her very nose.

-Philadelphia Press.

'Tis to be hoped that if fair Rose Returned the blissful smack, Jack did not overlook a bet, But turned and kissed her back.

—Houston Post.

That may be as they do this job
Down in the Sunny South;
But if Jack lived here in the North
He'd kiss her in the mouth.

—The Commoner.

Why 'rouse again the bitter strife, And North and South wax hot? Let's all agree to compromise— Jack kissed her on the spot.

-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Last Schooner-New Year, 1908.

(With tear-bedewed apologies.)

Darkness and not a star,
At that last call for me!
Ah, there'll be many moaning at the Bar,
When I shall cease to be!

And such a crowd as moving seems to fall,
All full of song and "hic,"
When that they drew from out this boundless hall
Leaves this bailiwick.

Midnight and New Year bell,
And after that no booze!
Ah! there'll be naught that dryness to dispel
When me they lose!

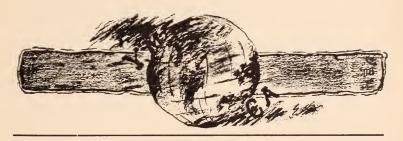
For the from out their boon of "Locker Club"

A few may bear me far,

The crowd will miss me from their grub,

When last I've crost the Bar!

—W.



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

The Bible Institute.

The most important part of the work in any association is the Bible study work of that association. Some authority on these matters has said that with the problem of the Bible study department properly solved, there will be no difficulty in the adjustment of the other branches of the work. There can be no doubt that the vitality of any association depends, to a large extent, upon the amount and character of the work done in Bible study.

On October 18, 19 and 20, the second annual South Carolina Intercollegiate Bible Study Institute held its session at this school, to consider the best methods of the student association with regard to the Bible study department. This institute is a comparatively recent movement, having originated last year. The need for just such a gathering has long been felt throughout the State, and what was needed was a man to organize this. The man for this work was found in our energetic and able general secretary, Mr. Ray H. Legate. Last year's institute was a very successful one, but this year's was a still greater success. This conference had in attendance the largest gathering of Christian students in the history of the State of South Carolina; and it necessarily follows that it will be a source of great power for good, particularly in

the institutions of this State. Eighty-five delegates, representing seven of the prominent colleges of the State, and all of the Clemson Bible and mission class leaders, some sixty or seventy strong, carry out from this gathering into their work inspiration, lofty conceptions of the importance and responsibility of the work, and the best methods used in the colleges over this broad land of ours. There springs, too, from a gathering of this kind, a greater enthusiasm for the work; and this attribute is absolutely necessary for success in any business.

SATURDAY NIGHT, MEMORIAL HALL.

Summer Conference......Taylor

7:30. Address—Why Study the Bible......Murray 8:45. Reception to Delegates.

SUNDAY MORNING, MEMORIAL HALL.

10:00. Sunday School.
11:30. SermonJames
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 2:45, Y. M. C. A. HALL.
1. Bible Study and Personal EvangelismTaylor
2. Why Should I Lead a Bible ClassMurray
3. The Place of the Normal ClassBrackett
4. Our Bible Study Policy
SUNDAY EVENING, MEMORIAL HALL.

7:15. Song Service.

8:15. Closing Exercises.

9:00. Meeting of the Bible Classes in the Student's Rooms.

CONFERENCE SPEAKERS AND LEADERS.

Mr. Wm. D. Murray, New York; Dr. W. H. Forsythe, Korea; Prof. B. E. Geer, Greenville, S. C.; Rev. J. E. James, Anderson, S. C.; Dr. R. N. Brackett, Clemson College; Mr. K. G. Finlay, Clemson College; Rev. Wm. H. Mills, Clemson College; Dr. M. W. Twitchell, Columbia, S. C.; Mr. G. C. Huntington, Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. R. V. Taylor, Mobile, Ala.

The conference was very fortunate in that it was able to secure so strong a body of speakers and leaders. Dr. W. H. Forsythe, a medical missionary from Korea, was here at the opening meeting, and gave us a very graphic description of medical missions in that country. Mr. R. V. Taylor, Jr., one of the international secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association, was here from Mobile during the entire session, and did much hard work that counted for real good. From the office in Charlotte we had with us Mr. G. C. Huntington, interstate secretary for the Carolinas, and Mr. J. E. Johnson, office secretary. The work of the professors present deserves especial mention, and it is believed that on account of their

visit here they will do a large work in their respective colleges during this year.

The most influential man in the conference was Mr. Wm. D. Murray, of New York City. Mr. Murray is one of the most prominent lawyers in New York, but he finds time aside from his work to give aid to the extension of all phases of Christian work. He is a member of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is chairman of the Board of Foreign Work. Besides this, he is an author. "Studies in the Life of Christ According to Mark" is a very popular and attractive Bible study course prepared by him for young men; and, in addition to this, there are several other similar books, the productions of his pen. He stands out as one of the best Bible scholars of today, as well as a splendid type of a noble Christian character. This is his first visit to the South, and we were fortunate to have had him with us.

It might be interesting to know just who attended the institute from each of the colleges, so a list of the delegates is given:

Furman University—Prof. H. T. Cox, Prof. B. E. Geer. Students: J. W. Hicks, J. R. Quisenberry, E. W. Hardy, A. L. Brown, H. G. White, W. L. Bennett, Gordon Poteat, G. E. Smith, G. E. Rice, S. L. Watson, L. K. Simpson, R. H. Fender, J. J. Allen, T. R. Moore, G. A. Hamlin, G. C. Epps, R. I. Barton, R. A. McDowell, Abbott, Walter Going, R. F. Ulmer, Carson, Guess, P. C. Quattlebaum, W. M. Quattlebaum.

Wofford College—T. E. Craine, R. F. Morris, W. B. Garrett, D. L. Betts, F. W. Felkel, R. B. Patterson, R. A. Brown, R. Leon Keaton, C. B. Dawsey, G. K. Craig, H. C. Hardin, W. H. Blair, M. A. Lane, J. H. Glenn, J. W. Calvert, O. C. Turner, E. Myers, E. R. Herbert, N. S. Lachicotte, N. K. Edwards, C. R. Elkins, W. A. Bailey, E. B. Woodward.

Erskine College—Prof. McCain. Students: W. E. Simpson, R. G. McCowan, M. R. Plaxico, R. T. Kerr, E. R. Spence, K. B. Phagan, C. B. Williams, C. H. Sheffield, J. H. White, T. P. Grier, W. R. Gibson, C. H. Nabers, W. H. Stevenson, W. B. Roddey, Y. M. Brown, J. R. Chisolm, J. P. Kennedy.

Newberry College—Prof. C. W. Riser. Students: R. B. Geiger, W. C. Stone, F. W. Capplemann, E. L. Young, V. B. Sease.

Presbyterian College, Clinton—D. G. Crawford, H. K. Sligh, F. Holleman, W. C. Winn.

University of South Carolina—Dr. W. M. Twitchell. Students: J. H. Wessinger, Hughes, Rector.

Orangeburg Co-Educational Institute—Shuler.

Aside from the benefits of the institute already mentioned, it served to foster a friendly feeling among the colleges of the State. There is no other fellowship like that of Christian men; and the degree of friendship is determined by the number of interests we have in common. If this be true—and it is—then, when so many men from so many institutions meet together to establish similar lofty ideals in this so vital a work, what must be the effect on the cementing of the bond of fellowship among them! It cannot be estimated.

Campaign for Fifty Thousand College Men in Bible Classes.

BY CLAYTON S. COOPER.

The present college year will be notable in the history of voluntary Bible study among students. There has perhaps never been an advance campaign among college men in North America in which there has been evident a greater unity of purpose or a more thorough preparation than has been revealed in the plans in progress to make possible 50,000 college men in Bible classes this season.

The time is opportune for this advance. The student Bible courses were never so complete as at present, covering nearly every section of the Old and New Testament. The organized forces of the association movement are better equipped than ever before to enter with vigor, wisdom and devotion upon such an undertaking. Moreover, the college associations have acquired such prestige and practical co-operation from representative college students and faculty members that we might well expect to enlist for this movement the entire college body. In short, the cumulative work and successes of all our predecessors are at hand for the successful achievement of this unprecedented purpose.

The task, however, is a great one, and should not be minimized. The leaders of these great Bible policies in the various institutions will be told, as Robert Morrison was told by a ship-owner in New York City upon beginning his great work of missions in China, that "The thing is impossible."

The leaders should note that the policy calls for 50,000 students in attendance in Bible classes for two months or more. Many of the larger institutions have policies calling for numbers ranging from 500 to 1,000 apiece. This means that scores of institutions are planning to double and to treble the number in their Bible classes last year. In order to achieve the attendance of at least two months or more, which will be the sole basis of enrollment, most institutions will be obliged to enroll in their classes about double the number of men enrolled last year.

It is also of most urgent importance that the association officers appreciate the necessity for the thorough training of Bible class leaders in normal classes. The combined policy calls for at least 500 training classes taught by college professors or efficient Bible teachers. In some respects this is the most crucial point in the entire campaign. Efficiency must attend advance, else there is no real progress. If wisdom and far-sightedness are elements in the proper choice

and training of student leaders, there is reason to believe that in the immediate years the majority of the students in the institutions of higher learning of this continent may be brought into touch with this Bible movement.

The officers of the association and the leaders of Bible classes are pivotal men in this undertaking. They must really go ahead. As the London Daily News said recently, "There is really no possibility of an art of leading from behind." In these times of aspirational ideals, it is possible for a college man who really believes in magnifying the Bible to enlist during his college course literally hundreds of his fellow students in habits for renewal of the spirit which will cling to them through life. But men must discover the Bible by really studying it, and not merely by discussing it or by hearing it discussed. The habit of daily personal Bible study should be inaugurated in thousands of student lives the coming season. The Bible class will become, as never before, an introduction to the fellowship of Jesus.

The most thoroughly approved methods and literature are indispensable to the success of this movement. Every Bible chairman should become a specialist upon the literature of his department. In some cases trips are being planned by Bible study chairmen and leaders to those institutions where the Bible work has been most truly successful. A meeting of the members of the faculty with the college president should be one of the first events of this campaign. No college president would fail to see the importance of lending his hearty support to a campaign so vital in its bearings upon student The prominent alumni could help in enlisting students, especially in Greek letter fraternity houses and among athletic men. The student traveling secretaries of the International Committee are pledging their time and service to the extreme limit of their ability. Bible institutes are being arranged by States, by groups of institutions and for individual institutions. The most recent facts with lists of Bible courses and

specific points of interest will be sent upon application from the student Bible office, at 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York city.

This campaign, if rightly accepted, may be the means of a far-reaching development of religious life and the spirit of evangelism in the colleges. This great year of Bible study must deepen as well as broaden the entire movement. It should furnish new dynamics and new driving power for the college association machinery. It should inaugurate personal religion and make men who are real. Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, said recently: "The attention of the country is riveted upon worth rather than upon position; upon the means by which the end has been attained rather than upon accumulation."

True Bible study bringing a personal experience with God inaugurates that reality in our Christian activity without which our plans and schemes will be empty and vain. Last year 140 institutions reported 1,087 men led into Christian life through Bible study. Let us have Bible leaders who themselves are Bible students, living by the very foundations of divine resources, revealing no disparity between what they say and what they do, but exhibiting such an enthusiasm in their work as to be willing even to die for it. With such leadership there should be literally thousands of men who during the coming year will have seen God face to face and will have been changed by that vision. It is indeed a Divine service, and we are honored in having a part in an undertaking so eternal in its results.—The Intercollegian.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—T. C. Heyward, President; G. W. Keitt, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—F. J. Crider, President; A. L. Harris, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—W. O. Pratt, President; H. C. Twiggs, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—D. W. Daniel, Superintendent; W. A. Thomas, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. W. Lewis, President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club-C. S. Doggettt, President; S. B. Earle, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; E. B. Brown, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Christmas Number



THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE Vol. XI.

No. 3





The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals

Class and Fraternity Stationery

Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)

Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



	PAGE
Frontispiece	
LITERARY DEPARTMENT:	
A Soldier's Regret	89
Thornton's Christmas Present	93
A Rat's Dream	98
A Game of Destiny	99
A Christmas Present	106
Labor's Cry	108
Fired	112
Bashful Boy	116
When Woman Reigns	117
Mistaken Identity	120
A Baseball Game at the Fountain of Youth	122
The Destruction of Australia	125
The Wandering Atom	126
Thanksgiving	130
Paul Thomas Brodie: An Appreciation	131
Editorial	133
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	136
Y. M. C. A. Department	144
College Directory	156

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

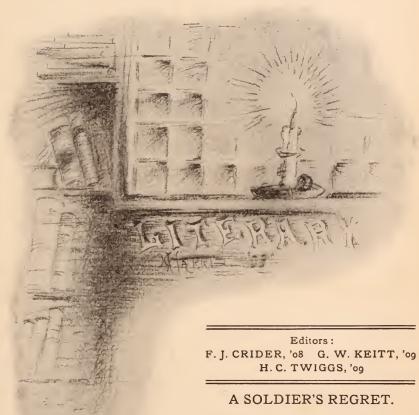




The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XI. Clemson College, S. C., December, 1907. No. 3



"Grandpa, why do you dislike To talk of war's appalling fright, Of battles fierce, and struggles wild,

To me your loving grandchild?
Is it harships that you then bore,
Or sights of soldiers bathed in
gore,

Or vacant homes, and barren fields, Or hunger caused from scanty meals?"

Grandpa hung his hoary head,
Wiped a tear, and then he said,
"Grandchild dear, you guess too well;
For none of these could I dispel;
But there's one action which impressed
Itself more deeply in my breast;
Come, listen as I try to tell
The story of how a soldier fell.

"Some troops were sent to act as scouts To find the hidden whereabouts Of "old Stonewall," who's here today, But tomorrow's far away. In every vale, on every hill, We searched for him with utmost skill; We saw no flag the foe displayed, No sign where they their campfire made.

"On top a hill near-by a road,
We stopped and spied a snug abode,
Beneath the long and swaying boughs
Of moss-hung trees. Nature allows
A moss-bathed rock, large and tall,
To form the background, lording all;
And keeping rain and cold away,
When north winds chill the breast of day.

"When we were told to mount again,
Keep on our search for Jackson's men,
I saw my girth was badly worn,
I stopped to mend, the rest rode on,
Meantime I saw a youngster ride
Down by the house and dash inside;
The foe's courier, 'twas plain to me,
Had come loved ones at home to see.

"It was decreed he should not stay,
He soon emerged and rode away;
"Twas a farewell, a fond good-bye,
They watched him go with tear-dimmed eye.
My mind recalled the home I'd left,
The joys and comforts long bereft,
My mother's face, so sweet and fair.
A lovely maiden waiting there.

"He rode away with measured pace, But soon dashed back in reckless haste To kiss his sweetheart once again, For fear of fate ere war should end. With tear-dimmed eyes, downcast and sad, The mother kissed her soldier lad; The stirring words she bravely spake Compelled his he art to glow, yet quake.

"The lad and lass were left alone;
Words cannot tell the fondness shown
Between them as they stood caressing
Whispering baby words and conferring a blessing
Upon each other. Time was gliding fast away.
He knew he could not longer stay;
He rode away, and said no more,
To serve the gallant gray he wore.

"A note was in belt that bound his waist. Perchance, thought I, it showed some trace Of Jackson's scheme to boldly rush Upon our ranks from some ambush; I must secure, though fray portends; For, perhaps, success on it depends; And if it tells of some affray, The news I'll quickly bear away.

"I left my steed lest it betray,
And hid myself beside the way
Along the road that he would pass,
To get the note and hold it fast.
I mused profound while waiting there,
How bad 'twould be for me to tear
The life-blood from this soldier brave,
An act repulsive, cruel, and grave.

"I heard the steed approaching fast;
I knew that he had come at last;
I lay full low upon the ground.
My heart did throb, I made no sound;
The import, then, of that dispatch
Flashed through my mind its aim to catch;
And then with spirit of war inspired,
I aimed well at his breast and fired.

"He reeled, he groaned, he fell, he died, His horse dashed up the mountain side. I seized the note as you'd surmise; I saved our men from dire surprise; But was I one who ruled his mien? I felt a murderer—a lowly fiend, A robber, too, the worst of all; But we must answer duty's call.

"I left him in the road alone,
Without a comrade hastened on
To 'quarters far, and gave the news
Of Stonewall's scheme and secret views.
'Twas sent to a subordinate,
A town close by did bear its date;
For this I was then looked upon
As one who had good service done.

From that time on I was promoted From private rank to captain, noted; But I was filled with grief and shame, For I had stained my father's name. When all the happy people rest From toils of day, at very best I groan, and turn and try to sleep; But conscience stings me sore and deep.

"A gurgling groan, so very near;
When I retire, I seem to hear
The mother's sobs, the young girl's moans,
As home by comrades he is borne.
When may my weary eyes repose,
And sleep in peace, free from these foes?
But light and beauty, joy and song,
Charm not the way I pass along.

H. K. Sanders, '09.

THORNTON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

On account of the shortness of his Christmas vacation, Jack Thornton, graduate of Clemson College, stayed for the holidays in the North Carolina mountains, where he was engaged in engineering work. Instead of regretting that he had not gone home, the young engineer rather enjoyed the novelty of the experience. Still there were times when, on thinking of the homefolks, Jack would feel lonely. Whenever this feeling would come over him, the boy would go up to an old mountaineer's cabin, where he would find a companion in the old man's boy, Rich. It was while on one of these trips that an adventure, which came near ending in Jack's death, happened to him.

This Christmas Eve was extremely dreary in the mountains. Clouds, like smoky canopies, hung over the peaks. Flashes

of lightning darted hither and thither, while the low moaning of the wind made a ghostly sound among the hills. Jack had just finshed writing a letter to his sweetheart, Madge Lawton, a native of these same mountains, telling her how dreary the scene was, when the thought of spending the night with Rich came to him.

The young engineer, after carefully sealing the letter and putting it into the mail box, put on his overcoat and started out. As it was rather late and there was a two-mile walk before him, the boy went along pretty briskly.

Jack had not gone more than half a mile, when the storm, in all its fury, broke upon him. The snow came in blinding whirls, while the wind, which before had been rather moderate, had now increased to almost a hurricane. The boy, seeing the hopelessness of trying to go on in such a storm, turned back. As he proceeded farther on the way, he noticed that the path was steeper than it should have been; but, attributing this to his imagination, the engineer paid no further attention to it. He followed this path till he came to an opening in the bushes, where the road abruptly ended. The boy looked in vain for some continuation of the way. He was undoubtedly lost. Lost! And on one of North Carolina's wildest mountains at eight o'clock at night! The engineer shuddered. One night in the cold and snow meant death. There must be some cabin near, to which he could go for shelter. As the thought struck him, the boy immediately acted upon it. Not knowing whither he was going, Jack wandered aimlessly over the mountain. At last, Heaven be praised! he saw a light. Without taking time to consider where he was going, the young engineer ran toward the freindly gleam. within forty feet of the cabin, when a rough voice called to him to halt. To his horror, Thornton found himself looking down the barrel of a Winchester rifle, at the other end of which stood a sturdy mountaineer. In a flash it occurred to Jack that he had run into the rendezvous of the moonshiners.

The boy's first impulse was to run; but, as he looked down the rifle barrel, he knew that this was impossible.

"Who in the thunder air you?" asked the moonshiner. "Jack Thornton, assistant civil engineer of the Southern Railway," answered Thornton. "Wall, I reckon I'll hev ter carry yer before the ole man," said the other. Jack knew that the moonshiners showed no mercy to anyone who, even through accident, ran upon their "still." This barbarous custom was because of the fears that a raider in disguise might come upon them, or that some one might tell of the location of the "still" in order to obtain the reward offered by the government.

When the mountaineer brought his prisoner into the circle of men in the cabin, a great commotion was raised. Some, thinking no doubt, that the revenue officers were upon them, seized their rifles and started for the loopholes. However, the man who had captured Thornton, reassured them. "Thar is only this one," he said. When quiet had been restored, and all the men had gathered around the two newcomers, the captor stated the case. The old leader said that it was mountain law that whenever anyone found out the location of a "still" he would have to die. The young engineer, in vain protested that he did not know the location of the place. old leader said: "I'm too old ter be caught by yer slick tongued furiners." However, it was decided to put off the execution till the morrow. "Yer take him ter your house for ternight, Bill," said the old man. The mountaineer made the boy walk in front for two miles or more, when they came to his cabin. The prisoner was put into one of the side rooms. When he was left alone, the boy tried to devise some plan by which he might escape. First he tried the window. It was fastened on the outside. Then he tried the door. This, too, was fastened. At length, in sheer despair, Thornton threw himself across the little bed. In a short while, he dropped off into a troubled sleep. He dreamed of home, and the loved ones

there. His sweetheart's eyes were beaming a welcome upon him. He saw mother and sister standing in the gateway, as he ran to meet them. All his old friends seemed to be there to greet him. Then the scene was changed. He stood up before an oak tree in the mountains. A rough mountaineer had a rifle pointed at his head, and was just about to pull the trigger, when, with a cry of "Jack!" Madge had come between him and death. The mountaineer lowered his rifle. With a sudden start, the engineer awoke. The gray dawn penetrated into the room. The birds were gaily singing their Christmas carols. The captor just then came to the door, and told the prisoner to come on.

After a light breakfast, the two men started out. When they got outside, the fresh air sent a thrill throughout the entire frame of the engineer. The earth had never seemed so beautiful. All nature seemed to be celebrating the day on which our Savior was born. The happiness around him threw a sadness on the young engineer. Here around him all was enjoying life, while he was on his way to die. After the men had gone about a mile, they came suddenly upon a crowd of people, who had gathered for the sports of Christmas. The young engineer could not realize that these men, who were talking about home and the little ones, were the same men who had the night before set the death sentence upon him. There they were; just as gay a crowd of young and old men as Jack had ever seen. Could it be possible that these persons really meant to kill him? Surely there must be some mistake. However, the boy was soon enlightened. One of the men, coming up to him, said, "Young feller, we air a goin ter hev the little sports fust, an then we'll take you." Jack did not deign to reply. He would show them that he was not afraid of death.

The ruler of the sports mounted a stump and began to call off the games. First came a "turkey shoot," in which the competitors tried their skill in shooting off a turkey's head with a Winchester. Then were the races. Last came the execution of the "spy." Jack was taken out and blindfolded. However, the engineer, tearing off the bandage, said, "I'll show you what it is to die like a man.' He then walked over to an oak tree, and faced the moonshiners. The boy gave a sudden start. He was in the same place that he saw in the dream. Could it be possible? Was that the same man that he dreamed of? The mountaineer, stepping forward, raised his rifle to shoot. There was a sudden opening of the crowd. With a cry of "Jack!" Madge rushed between the rifleman and her lover. The dream had come true. Jack cried "Madge!" The girl buried her face on his chest, and sobbed. Suddenly she turned, and facing the mountaineers, indignantly asked what they meant. One of them told her the story. The girl then told them to let Jack go. The moonshiners, to whom Madge's word was law, immediately fell back. The engineer promised them that he would not tell of their rough treatment of him. The girl and her lover then went to the station, where they took the first homeward-bound train.

Half an hour later, Jack asked Madge how she came to be up there. The girl replied: "I had just received your letter, in which you said you could not come home for the holidays, when your sister came over, and suggested that she, your mother, and I should come up here, and surprise you. When we arrived at Charlotte, the chief engineer told us that you were in the mountains. As I knew all this country, I thought I would find you." "And it's lucky you did, dear," said Thornton. Then he told her of his dream the night before. Madge bent over, and said: "Jack, it was God that sent me to you." The engineer then said lowly: "Dear, as you are here, I see no necessity for you to go back. Will you marry me tonight?" The girl gasped; then slowly answered "Yes." The train had pulled into Charlotte. Jack's mother and his sister met him at the depot. Both agreed to the marriage of their son and brother.

Thornton says that this Christmas is the most memorable he has ever spent, and that he regards Madge as a Christmas present from God.

H. C. T., '09.

A RAT'S DREAM.

A rat lay on his couch at night And thought of "Home, Sweet Home," And softly sighed with childish plight; "How long 'fore Christmas comes."

Fond mem'ries round his head Of "Pa" and "Ma" and "Sis;" 'Tis then his lips do softly say: "I love no life like this."

His heart beats fast within his breast, The night winds gently sigh; Although he's done his very best, A tear comes in his eye.

"Tomorrow, home I'll go," said he
"I'll come back here no more;
John can stay but as for me
My college days are o'er."

He cries himself to sleep at last And dreams of going 'way. Of course the train goes very fast; It has no time for play.

Oh, me! how fast we move along, How loud the car wheels roar! "Gosh! where I am I do not know; Gee! Whiz! I'm on the floor!"

C. P. RICE, '11.

A GAME OF DESTINY.

In what had once been an old schoolhouse, built by the early settlers, many, many years ago, of native blue flint of Carolina, were assembled a score or more of young men and boys, many of whom, judging from their beardless faces, were still in their teens. Notwithstanding their youthfulness, they had upon their faces looks that would have cast a suspicion upon the character of their doings. Instead of a gay, boyish demeanor, each one showed a disposition of unsteadiness and uneasiness, which he seemed to try to hide from his comrades. Their looks were shifting and unsteady; their movements sneaky and uncertain.

That their purpose was of a doubtful nature, might be judged from their manner of dress: they wore long white gowns on the breast of which were emblazoned fiery-red crosses; but, while they were indoors, their faces were undisguised.

In the unique old house, which was off in a lonely and secluded woods, many miles from the nearest residence, were an old rickety table, the remains of four or five chairs, a stool or two, an old slab desk that had withstood the attacks of the colonial urchins' jackknives, and, in one corner, stood an old apology of a wardrobe. The walls would have once been called plastered; but now they were so defaced by comic figures, cut and scratched into the plaster with knives and nails, so literally covered with names—names that the boys there assembled had never heard of—that it was next akin to impossible to tell of what material the walls were made. Strange to say, the doors and windows were in tolerably good condition.

On this particular evening, there were only young men and boys present; but there had been a time when, in this same old house, were assembled the leading men, both old and young, of the community. In this same house, it was that Dr. Hardin, when our Southland was being polluted by the lubber-lipped Africans, organized the K. K. K., that order which did it's work so quickly and well, and which so miraculously saved the country from utter ruin; but that organization had been long since disbanded, and everyone there knew of the awful threats Dr. Hardin had made against anyone who would try to reorganize the band. He had given emphatic commands that anyone attempting to reorganize the order would be doing so at the peril of his own life.

Hence, since the purpose of the young men was of a nature that was contrary to the opinions of the older men of the community, they had a double purpose for their secrecy, to keep their doings from the ears of the authorities and also from the knowledge of the older men of the community. The purpose for which they had come together was to punish a negro who had got the better of John Robinson in a fisticuff.

As they assembled that evening in the old meeting place of the K. K., the windows and doors, as, perhaps, had been done many a time before, were closed and securely fastened with heavy iron bars. Over the windows and doors were hung heavy blankets for the purpose of keeping any ray of light from the fire that was flickering on the hearth of the wide old colonial fire-place from finding its way out into the darkness and betraying the whereabouts of the party. Two or three boys were warming first one side and then the other before the fire, a dozen or more stood around the table, a few reclined on the floor. John Robinson had just sat down from saying his speech, which he closed with the words, "We shall make an example of him by going to the limit of our power." Standing at the end of the table, was the stately, soldierly-looking Bob McDonaldson, who, from all appearances, was leader, or at least an important figure in the society. He was speaking earnestly and forcibly, saying:

"Boys, not since the disbanding of the old order by Dr. Hardin has an organization of this character undertaken a matter of so serious a nature in every particular. The

suggestion offered by Mr. Robinson is too serious a piece of business for us. Although I am not afraid, I should rather not undertake this thing. I don't mind having a little adventure every now and then, but that will be going too far. We will be doing a vile wrong to ourselves, to our fellow-man, and to our country. We shall be disgracing the order of our fathers. We shall be disgracing the mighty organization that saved this fair land of ours. And—shall I say it?—we shall be heaping disgrace upon the heads of heroes that now lie sleeping in the earth. We shall be putting an indelible blot upon our character and an unpardonable sin upon our souls. Shall we do it? My comrades, shall we do it?"

Bob had unintentionally become eloquent in his talk; and, when he sat down, a death-like stillness reigned over the group. The stillness was broken by John Robinson's voice, saying sneeringly:

"Since the supporter of the opinion opposite to mine has disregarded the rules of this order by not agreeing to letting the majority rule, I move that we settle this matter by the results of a game of chance. That will be fair. Since we are nearly equally divided in opinion, Bob, you, taking to your side of that table those that think as you do, and I, taking my supporters to this side of the table, shall throw dice for our wishes; the winner's desires being the method of further procedure in this case."

"I shall not agree to that, John," Bob protested, "for you know that you are a crack dice thrower and can double me any time; but, if you are not willing to allow me any fairer chances than that, I shall have to yield to your conditions, and depend upon luck for my chance. Come to my side, boys; go over there with John, all you that believe as he does."

The sides having been arranged, and a set of dice secured, Bob reluctantly took his place at the head of the line. Opposite Bob stood the stalwart figure of John Robinson, his face

7374

beaming with the satisfaction of the promising prospects of having things in his favor.

"You go, Bob," John said exultingly, shoving the dice box toward Bob.

Bob took the box and, giving it a few short jerks, rolled the little speckled cubes out on the table. "Five, two, three, one, one"—"Twelve, twelve," echoed several voices.

John, with an air of superiorty, proudly taking up the box and giving it a few natural little shakes, rolled the dice out upon the table. "Six, five"—"hush!" The low mumbling of the players and the light rattle of the dice in the box and then on the table, gave place to a grave-like silence, save for the slight roaring of the little fire on the hearth, which noise, compared to the stillness of the house, sounded uncomfortably loud.

"Open the door!" came a voice of command rather than request from the outside. Bob, with eyes wide with amazement, looked across at John, and John, with parted lips, looked over at Bob. Each in his heart suspected the other of treason. Some of the boys involuntarily looked around for some place of retreat, some instinctly began to unbutton their revolver holsters, while others reached for their head disguises. Every boy, even John, turned his eyes toward Bob, as if trusting to his judgment as to what to do; consequently, Bob held up a finger for silence. His signal for silence was not necessary; for so uncommonly still was every living being that the small flame on the hearth seemed to roar and whip the air like a migthy conflagration. Over that youthful group, indescribable stillness reigned supreme.

"Rap, rap, rap!" continued the sound from without, louder than before. The unwelcome and unexpected intruder banged the door till it rang again. "Open the door before I am forced to batter it down."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" Bob courageously demanded in a clear, calm voice.

"I am one who has a right in this house. I know every one of you. Let me in peaceably, or I shall be forced to knock down the door and force my way in. Act the part of the wise and do not have me to force my entrance. I have around this house one hunderd trusted followers; there is no use for you to resist."

At this response from the unknown, some of the boys grew pale, some bit their lips, others moved closer toward Bob, who had advanced a little nearer the door, and it is safe to say that all felt an uneasy feeling coming over them. Believing that the intruder was really telling the truth, Bob proceeded to unlock and unbar the door. Every boy was transfixed with astonishment when he saw a tall, princely figure dressed in full uniform of the original order of the Ku-Klux Klan step boldly into the room. He, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walked with a slow, martial tread to the table around which most of the boys were still standing. The dice were lying on the table just as they had been thrown by The strange intruder, John Robinson. ing not to notice the dress of the young men, or to recognize any of the undisguised faces, simply said:

"You're playing dice, I see. What are your wagers?"

Again Bob, who had resumed his place at the table, looked at John, and John looked in wonder across at Bob.

"Is it ten dollars?" continued the stranger, "Is it a hundred dollars?" But no answer came from the bewildered boys. "Oh! perhaps, it is greatest of all, a human life." Bob blushed a deep crimson and felt his knees trembling; John caught his breath, while his hand covered his heart; some of the boys clutched the table for support.

Although Bok knew himself to be not guilty of representing the horrid side of the game, he felt a weight of depressing guilt upon his soul. Feeling sure that the stranger must surely have some knowledge of their doings, he determined to disregard the thoughts that his companions might think of him and relieve his feelings of guilt and shame by telling this mysterious being all he knew of the affair.

"Sir," Bob said in a subdued tone, "Mr. Unknown, we are assembled here in a kind of a secret order, you see, to act upon some business of more or less importance—to be plain—to decide what punishment should be given to Ike Green, a negro who grossly insulted one of our number. I, with several others, was in favor of whipping him and letting him go; but John Robinson and some others were in favor of making a public example of him by stringing him to a tree. I opposed that step with all my power; for I thought that would be going too far. After failing to come to any conclusion in any other way, we decided to pitch dice for the negro's life, the winner's wishes being law, of course. We were just starting when you came, so here we are."

The tall, straight figure stood like a statue, showing neither signs of surprise nor sanction at this astounding statement. He simply raised his long arm slowly and mechanically over the table, as if about to pronounce a benediction upon the youthful group, and said:

"Boys, since you have this night, by your own free will, taken it upon yourselves to decide the destiny of a human being, a citizen of this State, you shall now play for your own lives or deaths. Line up just as you were before; and each man play with the man opposite him. You know I could give every one of you ten years in the Federal prison, a task which but few would be able to get through with; but I am going to let half of the party go. Here is my proposition: play just as you did before, and the loser goes with me, while the winner goes free. You all understand?"

There was something more than ordinary about this man; his very voice was a comamnd that could not be resisted. Consequently the boys again faced each other; this time with a deeper look of dread and despair. Every one then and

there wished deep down in heart that he had heeded the advice of Dr. Hardin. When every one had resumed his place, the stranger in a tone that meant obedience, said:

"Play!"

Again Bob and John were the first to roll the little white and black spotted cubes upon the table. Bob threw first; and strange to say, the dice turned up just as they did the first time. John, with a look of rising hope, took the next throw. Giving them a dextrous little twist, he rolled them out on the table, a four, six, five, six, three, turning up, making twenty-four in all. Twelve to twenty-four in John Robinson's favor. John, putting his tongue in his cheeks to suppress an outright smile, and thrusting his hands deep down into his pockets, walked proudly away, plainly showing a feeling of self-importance. Bob stood several seconds without moving, as if trying to comprehend what it all really meant; then he slowly and deliberately drew his revolver from his belt and offered it to the stranger.

Surely any one, watching the game, could have told that the stakes for which they played were great; for so intense were they that they scarcely breathed. First on one side and then on the other a face could be seen to light up with the pleasure of success, while opposite him could be seen a face clouded with despair. Thus the great game of destiny progressed till every boy present knew his fate. All the unfortunate players gathered around Bob McDonaldson on one side of the room, as if, with him, waiting the will of the great unknown captor.

The stranger, turning to John Robinson and crowd, said: "Boys, you whom I shall send home, go home and behave yourselves. Do not ever let me hear of any of you being in such business again. You may go."

Turning to Bob, he said:

"Bob, take your boys home; I cant't take you with me: I am here alone and unarmed." So saying, he took the disguise

from his face; and the boys' jaws dropped in astonishment to see the familiar face of Dr. Hardin.

Bob sprang forward and fairly screamed, "Dr. Hardin, you are the greatest man in the State! We will stand by you in anything you may say!"

But Bob's words were lost to the doctor's ears; for he had stepped out the door and vanished into the darkness of the night.

It yet remains a mystery to the boys how their old teacher found out their doings; but suffice it to say that they never again forgot his advice.

O. M. C. '09.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Jack Crackston, the champion cowpuncher of the Southwest, was sitting huddled up in a dingy corner of a cheap hotel in the small minning town of Clearview, Arizona, when a ragged messenger boy stepped up to his side and handed to him a small yellow envelope. Jack's melancholy mood was immediately changed to one of alarm; for he, being a little superstitious, fearfully expected the news of the fulfillment of his dream on the preceding night. He anxiously opened the envelope; but, instead of reading of his mother's death, he was astonished by—

Mariatte, S. C., 12-2-'96.

Jack: Alice has waited long, she expects you on the twenty-fourth. (Signed) Mrs. Emily Wellston.

After a moment's thought, in which he recovered from his confusion, Jack crumpled the missive, dropped it into his pocket, and strolled out of the hotel, saying as he went:

"What a fool that old lady is, and what a fool I was to be scared nearly across the State for nothing. Who told her that I was coming home? I am sure Alice did not."

The following night, when the long eastbound through

freight rolled out of Clearview, Jack Crackston might have been found face downward balancing his huge frame on three small but rigid rods under the thirty-second car from the engine.

The thrilling adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, and physical privations experienced by Jack during this remarkable trip were too numerous to mention; but suffice it to say that on the twenty-third of December, he again looked upon the fertile soil of the old Palmetto State.

He did not endure all these privations, and take all these perilous risks in beating his way home because of financial disability, but because he was forced to use economy so as to be able to buy for his intended better half a Christmas present. This had been his cherished dream in the times of his greatest privation; but he was totally at a loss as to what the present should be.

The night following his arrival in Mariatte, he made a very informal and appropriate call at the Wellston home for the single purpose of having a heart-to-heart chat with his fiancee. Though he had not seen her during the past three years, the conversation was anything else than to the point, or satisfactory to the anxious girl.

During their rambling discourse, some mention was made of chewing gum, at which Alice giggled and said, "Isn't it fine? I think chewing gum is just darling!" After gruffly informing Alice that he preferred tobacco, Jack bade her good night and went to his home, glad of her help in his perplexing conundrum. He little knew that a girl sometimes says things that she does not mean, or even remember; for he was accustomed to the undeceitful Westerner who speaks as he thinks and what he means.

Christmas arrived, one dozen packages of chewing gum was offered as a present, where a diamond ring was expected; a few hot words from the astonished, and disappointed society belle, and all was over with Jack Crackston on his return trip to the land of the prairie dog.

F. B. W. '08.

LABOR'S CRY.

We are just emerging from a century that has wrought a mighty revolution in the habits and progress of mankind, and we stand today upon the threshold of an extraordinary age of progress and development in every branch of industry and science; and now, shall we, as loyal, energetic, progressive American citizens, allow anything to go undone, any law unpassed, which would in the least degree tend to lower this standard of progress and development?

If not, the time has now come when the masses of our citizens must be freed from the bonds of slavery. Yes, I say slavery, for not in England alone, but in every other country, and in America as well; not in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries alone, but even now in the twentieth century; the burden thrown upon the back of labor has still the crushing weight of centuries of oppression, and the iron law of wages, linked to the long and leaden hours of toil, has all but turned the laborer into an abject slave.

Justly aroused and indignant is the people's poet prophet, when he sees upon the canvas for the holy reverence of a thoughtless world the bent and broken form of a slave of the labor wheel indelibly preserved by the painter's finest touch in the humble attitude of prayer. No wonder his sympathetic soul was stirred to its depth, and brought forth rebuke with such stinging words as these—

"Is this the handiwork you give to God!
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched.
Down all the streets of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
More filled with signs and portents for the soul,
More fraught with menace to the universe."

Is the government justifiable in fixing the hours of labor? All right-thinking men who have given the labor situation in our country any consideration answer in the affirmative. For the time has come when the National Government is compelled to interfere between man and machinery, because, otherwise, man will be crushed by the demon of his own creation.

Looking back down the centuries that have passed, it is not without profit to notice, that as early as the fifteenth century, the eight hour working day was in force in England. today labor is only trying to regain lost ground. For with the coming of modern machinery and manufactures, these laws were rebuked and the working hours in the new employment were unlimited, as is always the case with laborers trying to stand solid with their employers, by producing the very largest results, and profits, even at the expense of their own vitality, and the degredation of their descendants. they received no mercy, or due recompense from their employ-Men, women and children-boys and girls less than ten years old-were obliged to work fourteen or sixteen hours each day in order to supply the factories with coal. Infants, five years old, were allowed to work in cotton factories from five in the morning to eight at night; and in the bleaching works, uncomplaining little ones were kept constantly at work during the same hours, and in a temperature of 120 degrees. Mothers might be seen taking their crying infants to work at dead of night.

In the coal mines of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the output had been greatly stimulated by the consumption of the mills, juvenile labor was in great demand. And boys four years old were brought to work, wrapped only in their night clothes; where they had to work naked, often in mud and water, dragging sledge tubs by the girdle and chain for a longer time than we now permit strong men to work in the hot sunshine.

Those who have placed themselves in opposition to the eight hour labor law may say that these infamies, wrongs, and woes of the labor class are at an end; but I ask them to look into our coal and metal mines, into the lumber and railroad camps of the South, into the sweatshops of our great cities, into the conditions prevailing in our mills and factories, into the debauching condition of labor's toiling daughters, in offices and stores—and I think they will then be permanently disillusioned.

The great objection raised to the eight hour law is that production will be diminished. But statistics prove that instead of a diminishing of products under the eight hour system, there is an increase.

During the year 1900 an experiment was conducted along this line, in one of our great factories. Only men who were over twenty-one were included, so as to make an all-round average test; the men worked eight hours each day, and at the end of the year it was shown that production on an eight-hour system, was not less than under a ten hour system; but that there was an increase of 3.3 per cent. per day, or one thirtieth of the former day's work.

A test of this question was made in the construction of two sister battleships, the Connecticut at the Brooklyn navy yards, and the Louisiana, at the New Port News company's yards.

In the private yards the men worked ten hours per day, while in the government yards they worked only eight; yet the government's employees, with short working hours, but intelligent and efficient application, made more progress than the private workmen, who labored two hours per day longer.

Another instance in which the eight hour system has proved a success is in the report of a large ironworks, which a few years ago adopted the system. They say that their experience since the first year the system was adopted has fully born out the conclusions then arrived at, and that they are fully convinced that as regards the comparison between eight and nine hours per day, the balance of advantage is in favor of the shorter period. It is evident, therefore, that shorter hours mean more efficient labor, less spoiled work, and an in-

creased or equal output; for this is an age when the production depends largely upon the intellectual and moral status of the laborer. It has been well said that a laborer should have eight hours work, eight hours sleep, and eight hours to be a man.

An eight hour working day would be beneficial, morally, physically, and by all means socially. The health of the laborer would be greatly improved, as he would not be compelled to spend so much time under unhealthy conditions.

A worn-out factory worker, exhausted by standing throughout long days, or by operating swift machines, is unfit to be a wife or mother.

All true and practical American citizens are heartily in favor of laws to prevent child labor, and child oppression. If so, they must believe in laws to protect them in their birthright of health and strength. Do not handicap the children of one generation by failing to care for the health and strength of the generation before them.

An eight hour labor day law would elevate the standard of living, and promote better citizenship among the masses of our people; by giving them more time for intellectual development, reading, attending lectures, and night schools. As it is today, a majority of our laboring people, working day and night, almost as slaves, are considered by some to be beings of an inferior race—but they are not, they belong to the same people who, for want of means, lacked educational opportunities. This is a condition which must be improved by our national government, for no race of people has ever maintained an honorable place among the nations, whose organization led to the cultivation of the servile virtues—obedience and submissiveness.

The eight hour system should be made a national law, because its voluntary adoption by the employers of the masses of the laborers is improbable; and because intelligent legislation is better than violent agitations and continued strikes.

We may feel assured that the time is not far distant when our government will arouse itself to the urgent needs of the laboring classes.

For the Giant Labor is at last awake, and is yawning and stetching ere he shall fall. Already the millions of threads twisted and wound about him during his centuries of slumber, are beginning to snap, and the Liliputians of oppression are falling off in dismay on every side. The giant is fast becoming conscious of his rights, and hence it is that good feeling, or even fair treatment is not enough; for labor comes to claim its own. It demands not a part, but the whole of the product it produces, and the eight hour struggle is its present tactics for introducing this demand.

F. L. M. '08.

FIRED!

It was rather late in the afternoon. George entered his deserted house from the rear, leaned his gun by the mantel, and kindled the fire. At another time the lively blaze smelling of pine tar would have been exceedingly pleasant to a damp, tired man. But George had no thoughts for the beauties of the fire. His thoughts concerned another kind of beauty, for he was still, as you may have guessed, a bachelor; not an old bachelor, not a rich, dashing bachelor, but a quiet, business-like, lonesome young man.

He sat down near the window, and gazed moodily across the damp meadows, to where the tall corinthian columns of a stately colonial mansion reared themselves among the leafless trees. Those columns gave the house an air of stability, the look of enduring strength that the damp, gusty, cheerless weather enhanced. George even fancied that the house had a frowning aspect, and this is not surprising when we learn that the owner of that house had, a day or two previously, told George, politely, but none the less positively, that he

was not welcome within those heavy, wrought-iron gates, except under certain circumstances.

"Understand, sir," the old gentleman had said, "I harbor no personal dislike for you whatever. From what I have seen of you, sir, I would take you to be a quiet, industrious young man of considerable brains and ability; and we will be glad to have you come over for a pleasant, neighborly chat whenever you feel so inclined; but, sir, I must warn you that your attentions to my daughter must cease. I do not object to you as a man, sir, but I cannot have you for a son-in-law. That is final. Good day, sir."

"Be hanged if he didn't say it as if he meant it to be final," mused George as he still gazed across the dreary low-lands. "Pleasant, neighborly rot! I wonder if he thinks I come over there just to hear him talk about the sudden drop in February cotton, and the scarcity of ready money in Wall Street?"

The setter, lounging before the fire, raised his head and gazed thoughtfully at his master a few minutes, but made no reply. George seemed not to be expecting any, and went on:

"The worst of it is, Alice doesn't object to my coming; at least, she produces that impression. And if I'm all right as a man, why does her most scrupulous father object to my attentions to her? I suppose he wants me to make a hit as something other than a man—as a donkey, possibly. Some of those long-eared young things who come out on Sundays have the upper hand of me there, anyway. Well, its the day before Christmas, and I suppose I ought to begin radiating some of the warmth of the season, but it does come hard—Hello! now why is that?"

This last exclamation came as a rude interruption to his moody soliloquy. It was called forth by the appearance of a curl of white smoke winding slowly out of the kitchen window of the house at which he was staring. As he gazed, the

volume of smoke increased visibly, and soon a tongue of flame began licking at the eaves.

"That begins to look interesting, and I wager my hat they don't know it." He reached for the telephone crank, and gave a number with which he was quite familiar. "Ring again, central," he said after an interval. Still no reply. George was not one to waste time when it was unusually valuable. He rang off.

"Either nobody at home, or they can't hear the bell. Maybe I can be of use anyway." He glanced out of the window. The fire was creeping up the kitchen roof.

Mounting his motor-cycle, George was soon popping energetically down the muddy road, dodging the worst places and going through the others. He gave the little motor all the speed it would take, and the wheel shot forward like a living steed responding to a spur. The brown mud pelted in his face, and covered his back, but he cared for nothing except speed. As he approached a negro's dwelling a half-grown rooster of doubtful breed, suddenly fluttered in front of his fore wheel and began a race for his neck. The little gas engine won, and a bunch of dirty feathers in the mud marked the finish of the race.

"Hard luck," George grunted, as the wheel claimed its victim; "haven't time to apologize." He turned his wheel into the avenue which ran up to the burning house, and dismounted at the big iron gates, leaving the gallant little motor still sputtering viciously. Tearing around to the rear, he bounded up the kitchen steps. The room was full of smoke, but in a corner, struggling frantically to disengage a chemical extinguisher from its hook, he recognized—Alice. He brushed her aside almost roughly.

"Get out!" he ordered.

Jerking down the tube, he poured out a handful of the gray powder. It seemed totally unequal to the task before it, but he hurled it at the base of the flames. There was a dull

boom as the powder struck the fire, and a puff of smoke ascended as from an explosion, but through the thick smoke he saw that there was no fire where fire had been. He poured out more of the powder and drove it forcibly at whatever point the blaze was hottest. Soon the smoke overcame him and he sought the outside of the house.

As he reeled into the refreshing outer air he espied Alice struggling at a ladder. He seized it and set it against the eaves. "Where's a bucket?" he demanded. Without a word Alice led the way to the cellar and began drawing out a hundred feet of lawn hose. Together they attached this to the kitchen spout, and George was soon mounted on the ladder, directing a very creditable stream upon the creeping fire tongues. Thanks to the damp roof and his carefully directed nozzle, the devouring element was stubbornly prevented from advancing.

When Alice's father leaped from his motor car a few minutes later, his face was a study. He and his wife had been to a church social in the city. The nurse had taken the younger children out to gather evergreens. The Lord only knew where the boys were. Coming up the avenue he had seen his house ablaze. Here before him a tall young man in a scorching hunting coat clung to a ladder and poured water on his house with a three-quarter inch lawn hose, while on the ground stood his daughter, following with eager eyes every motion of that young man. It was puzzling, to say the least.

But the old captain of industry did not puzzle for long. He tried to quiet his wife; he failed. Then he set to work. By the time he had pulled out a reel of hose and connected it to a hydrant at some distance from the house, the butler rushed up, very apologetic, but still useful. He helped to direct another stream on the burning building, and before many minutes had past all the danger was over. At this point the mistress of the kitchen came panting into view, gasping out that she and James had just thought they'd take a little stroll, and

that she guessed that beast of a stove had gone and set things afire, and oh! she was that sorry! This accounted for the fact that the house had been deserted, save for the fair daughter of the house, who had been doing some writing—and thinking—in her room, when she smelled smoke.

When every ember had been drenched, George dropped his nozzle and tottered down the ladder into the arms of the man who he hoped would some day be his father-in-law. The old gentleman remembered certain positive words he had spoken several days before, and the memory caused him some inconvenience, but he rose to the occasion nobly.

"Well, sir," he said, holding George's sooty hand in his clean one, "Well, sir, you have behaved most admirably, sir; most admirably. From what I learn, sir, my house would now be in smoking ruins, had it not been for your cool head and willing hands. And we will agree to forget anything I may have said in the past, sir. Alice, my dear, come thank this young gentleman."

George does not live alone now.

A. M. S. '11.



BASHFUL BOY.

"Sam, suppose the house afire, And had 'bout fallen through; Suppose that all rush out in haste, Tell me what you would do?"

"Why, Mary dear, the first of all, I'd take you safely out; Deliver you from scorching flames, And ash that fall about." "'Twould be so nice to think of me In such a time of need; But don't you think you'd lose much time So far from me you are indeed."

H. K. S. '09.

WHEN WOMAN REIGNS.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

"'In the Good Old Days'—faugh! This book makes me tired. The idea of a man playing the role of the ardent lover seeking a wife is absurd. I'll bet my last red that this book was written by some ranting men's rights crank." With an exclamation of disgust, Dorothy threw the book to the floor. For several minutes, she sat ildly puffing a fragrant Havana.

"I wonder if Charlie loves me?" she ruminated. "Well, I shall put on an extra coat of nerve and propose tonight; I can't stand the suspense any longer. I am afraid, though, that his grumpy old mother will kick me out of the house. She told some of her friends at the club that she was certain that she saw me drunk at the race track last week. I shall have to be more careful with my boozing in the future."

Dorothy took her feet off the piazza railing, and rising from her chair, she went into the hall, where she critically inspected herself before a large mirror. She gave an extra twist to her dainty mustache, smoothed her short black hair on both sides of a geometrically straight part in the middle; and after making an inspection of necktie, coat, and sharply creased trousers, she decided that she could break the heart of any man in New York city. She placed a white straw hat jauntily on the side of her head and sauntered out of the house.

As Dorothy walked down Fifth Avenue, she passed large numbers of men, clad in filmy summer dresses and peek-a-boo waists. Some of them returned her smiles and sly winks, while others passed her by with cold disdain. On the corners, men nurses were neglecting the children placed in their care to flirt with women policemen. Nowhere was a horse or an automobile to be seen, but above the city, great numbers of airships were flitting gracefully from place to place.

Hello, Miss Wilkins!" called a voice from the air. Dorothy glanced quickly up and saw immediately above her the smiling face of the man of her dreams.

"Good afternoon, Mister Belverton," Dorothy answered as she bowed low and lifted her hat. "Will you be at home this evening?"

"Yes, I shall be delighted to have you call," he replied. He waved a dainty lace handkerchief as the airship veered to the right and disappeared around a nearby corner.

"Gosh! that boy is a stunner!" Dorothy exclaimed. "If tall pleading will do any good, I'll get his consent before I'm a day older."

"Hello, Dorothy," called a voice across the street. "Where are you going?"

"Down to the Fourth Ward," she answered. "Big doings down there in political circles. Bridget Murphy has announced her candidacy for mayor, and will make her first speech this afternoon. Better come along, Mary, old girl."

"Don't care if I do," Mary answered. "I believe that Murphy is the woman for the place. By the way, take a beer on me. This weather calls for something off the ice."

The two friends locked arms and walked into a building, which bore in large, red letters across the plate glass windows the suggestive sign, "The Thirsty Woman's Haven." In compliance with Mary's order, a hard-featured woman behind a long marble counter supplied them with two large schooners of foaming beer.

"Have a whisky and soda?" Mary asked when they had drunk the beer.

"No, thank you. I am booked for a call on my boy tonight, and he might detect the odor on my breath."

The saloon in which the two friends had slaked their thirst was a large, gaudily painted room, with numerous costly mirrors built into the walls. Drunken women were loudly cursing, while one bully from Texas, swore that she could whip any ten women in New York. Her challenge was soon accepted by a brawny daughter of the Emerald Isle, who, with a torrent of Irish profanity, shook her huge fist beneath the bully's nose and dared her to repeat her vaunting assertion. With a howl of rage, the burly Texan rushed furiously upon the woman who had dared to dispute the divine right of bullies. A fierce fight ensued, which was interrupted by four policemen, who separted the bleeding combatants and hustled them into a waiting patrol airship.

Dorothy and Mary were amused spectators of the fight, but as soon as the excitement had subsided, they left the saloon. "This whisky problem is getting to be a live issue in politics," Dorothy said, as they walked down the street. "Every preacher in the city preached in behalf of prohibition last Sunday. Women are getting to be as squeamish about liquor as the men were a hundred years ago, when they voted New York dry."

"Yes," Mary answered, "liquor against prohibition will be the principal issue in the coming municipal campaign. As for myself, I am in favor of saloons. Some women cannot help but make hogs of themselves; but that is no reason why we should all be deprived of our 'morning afters.' I shall do all I can to elect Murphy; for she is strongly in favor of saloon interests."

Dorothy and Mary had now arrived in front of the "Metropolitan Theater," and they stopped to scan the anonuncements of coming plays. In large, red letters was depicted the arrival of Monsieur Jule Armond, the famous French ballet dancer, who would make his first American appearance that evening at the Metropolitan. There were many other theatrical advertisements, but the ballet announcement was the only one that held the attention of the two young women.

"I must see the winsome Jule this evening," Mary said. "If one can believe Parisian reports, he's the best kicker behind the footlights. I wish you could go with me, Dorothy."

"I would like very much to see her," Dorothy replied, "but I've got something better on for this evening. Well, we had better move on, or we shall be too late to hear Murphy speak."

As the two friends strolled through Wall Street, on their way to the political meeting, the great business centers were closing for the day. Stern-faced business women, typewriter lads, and self-important office girls were pouring from the towering sky scrapers. In a few minutes the great buildings would be deserted, and the feverish race for gold would cease for a few hours.

G. G. W. '08.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

With all the heartache that a big, awkward boy can have, I bade sister Rena and mother good-bye in time to catch the early train for A——, where I intended to enter college. Although A—— was not a great way from my home, I had never been there before, and knew but one person in the city—my cousin, who was attending college there. He had promised to meet me at the Central depot.

After a short and pleasant ride, I reached A———— at 10:30 o'clock. When I alighted from the train, I could not see my Cousin James at first, but at last got a glimpse of him, just beyond two young girls. I gave a familiar wave at him, but instead of his returning it, the two young girls, with radiant smiles, started toward me.

Now, naturally I am not very timid, but when one of those bewitching creatures ran up to me and assailed me with, "Oh! Charles, we were afraid you had come over the B. & O. road;

how is Rena?" and a myriad of other questions at once, I could utter no other sound except "Yes—all right." My mind completely failed to act, and before I could think to protest, one kissed me, while the other had hustled a porter off to their automobile with my grip.

All that entered my head was that I must get my grip; so, I started out with the two girls for their automobile. We almost ran into James, who, standing stock still, was gazing at us with a look of wonder. The girls, all the time keeping up that incessant rattle of questions, which seemingly needed few answers, hustled me on by him.

The next thing I recall is the familiar greetings of "Hello, Charles," etc., that we received as we went whirling up the avenue. Well, it was too late to back out now, so I decided to try being "Charlie" for a while longer; it had not been altogether unpleasant so far.

I was in a quandary as to the final outcome of the affair. Here I was fast approaching the home of these two young ladies, whom I had never seen before. No doubt there was a "papa" awaiting his dears and that mysterious "Charlie," and what explanation was I to make for this tangle of affairs.

Finally we stopped in front of a small mansion. Sure enough there stood their father and a young man of just my build, waiting on my beautiful captors. We jumped out; and "papa" began to ask them how they had missed Charles, for he had been there some time, having arrived over the B. & O. road.

For a minute all stood still, gazing first at Charles and then at me. The younger of the girls, being the first to take in the situation, burst into a smothered giggle. This brought me back to earth again; but before I could offer an explanation, the younger girl had introduced me around as Mr. Johnson, their old college friend! 'Tis needless to say that "Mr. Johnson' did not offer "papa" any of his cards.

A BASEBALL GAME AT THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A few days ago I was walking down one of the streets in my home town, and as I passed one of the hotels, I was joined by one of my friends. As he was a great lover of the national game, the course of our conversation soon drifted into that channel. We had gone only a short distance, when he asked, "Where was the most interesting game of ball that you ever saw?"

"Rob," I replied, "you wouldn't believe me if I were to tell you."

"Oh! yes I would," he replied. "Go ahead and tell me about it."

"All right, then; you may believe it or not, as you please," I replied.

"If you remember correctly, a few years ago I enlisted as seaman on board a vessel which circumnavigated the globe. Once, when we were in the Pacific, our water supply became greatly depleted, and as we were near some islands our ship dropped anchor, and I was given a number of water casks and sent ashore to get a supply of fresh water.

"Just as I landed, some one called, 'Hello there! come here!' At first I did not recognize the speaker; but when he spoke again, I noticed that he had a sailor's brogue, and then I realized that it was the voice of that famous old sea captain, Commodore Noah of the ark. After conversing with him for a few minutes, he told me that the boys were ready to play a game of ball, and for me to be sure to witness the game. 'What boys?' I asked.

"'Come and see for yourself,' "he replied.

"While we were going towards the ball park, my old acquaintance told me Moses was captain and player-manager of one of the teams. About that time, I heard some one shout through a megaphone, 'The greatest game of the season is about to be played; Julius Cæsar, the Roman spit-ball artist,

will be opposed by Socrates, the curveless wonder from Athens.' I followed the crowd, which was rapidly filling the grandstand.

"When I passed through the turnstiles, I was greeted by my old friend and colleague, Abe Lincoln; and, about that time, Moses' team took its place on the diamond.

"As Julius Cæsar walked into the pitcher's box, Adam, who handled the indicator, yelled out, 'Batter up!' and Demosthenes grasped the willow stick and took his place beside the plate. Methuselah, the veteran back-stopper, signed Cæsar for an 'out,' and when the latter 'wound up' he let go one of the 'speediest' balls that ever 'split' a plate, and the Ty Cobb of ancient times 'fanned the air.' 'Strike one!' shouted the umpire. The batter missed the next two balls and was declared 'out.' Alexander the Great followed the orator at the bat. Although he conquered the world, and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, he could do nothing with the terrific 'ins' and 'outs' thrown by the 'spit-ball artist from Rome,' and he shared the same fate that his predecessors had shared. Cicero was the next batter 'up,' and when Methuselah signed Casar for a 'drop,' the old orator 'lined' the ball out for a 'two-base hit,' and the fans, under the leadership of Chaucer, began to guy the pitcher.

"Ferdinand Magellan, the wonderful sailor, was the next man to face the old Roman warrior.

"As 'Ferdy' was one of the 'heaviest sluggers' that ever faced a pitcher, it was expected that a run would be scored; but Cicero was caught 'napping' on 'second,' and he was 'thrown out' by the catcher. This making three men down, the team took its place on the diamond.

"Socrates took his place in the 'box.' Cleopatra, the 'Queen of Rooters,' yelled out, 'Watch the curveless wonder from Athens!' and Hannibal, who first chased the 'leathered sphere' in Carthage, took his place at the bat. It seemed as if the curveless wonder was nothing new to the batter; for,

when the first ball was thrown, he knocked a long 'fly' to center field, and began to circle the bases. Every one thought that he had knocked a home run; but Archimedes, who was occupying the 'center garden,' exclaimed 'Eureka! Eureka! I have caught it.' Solomon, 'all-world shortstop,' was the next 'grasper' of the 'willow stick.' His coach, Cyrus the Great, signed him to 'bunt' and 'run it out to first,' but with all of his wisdom, the wise old Israelite did not 'place' the ball so as to keep that 'premier initial sackman,' Oliver Cromwell, from securing it. Nebuchadnezzar was the next batter 'up,' but the old Babylonian King could not 'find' the pitcher. This making three men 'down," the team took its place in the field.

"Robert Bruce was the first man 'up' in the second inning, and he got his base on balls. Louis XIV. of France followed at the bat, and he 'hit' a hot grounder to short, and Solomon fumbled it, letting Bruce to 'get to second,' and Adam called Louis safe 'at first.' Robert Burns was the next man 'up,' and he 'bunted safe,' advancing Bruce to 'third' and Louis to 'second.' The bases were full. Surely the pitcher was 'in the air!' And when Christopher Columbus faced 'the Roman spit-ball artist,' the 'fans' went wild with excitement; for the old sailor was known all over the world as being one of the greatest 'sluggers' that ever trod a diamond; consequently, great things were expected of him. The first two balls split the 'plate,' but when the pitcher 'wound up' and 'let go' the third, the 'big leaguer's' bat hit it, and the last seen of the ball it was going over 'center field fence.'

"As there were no more balls to be had, this ended the game, the score standing 4 to 0, in favor of Captain Moses and his team.

"Daniel Webster, who had staked all of his money on the game, declared that Cæsar had been bought by Sir Walter Raleigh, the greatest gambler that ever 'hit' the Fountain of Youth. Of course, Sir Walter resented it, and a fight ensued which, no doubt, would have been a bloody one but for the speedy arrival of Chief of Police Napoleon Bonaparte.

"After the excitement had subsided, Noah showed me the famous fountain, and I filled my casks and, with the sparkling H₂ O, returned to the ship."

J. M. N., '08.

THE DESTRUCTION OF AUSTRALIA.

After having spent a very pleasant evening at the club last night, I awoke this morning to find the entire population of the city in the streets, wild with fear and excitement. The air was filled with moans, sobs, shrieks, curses, and prayers. When I attempted to find out from a man what the disturbance was about, he paused in his hysterical weeping only long enough to point to the great head-lines of a morning newspaper which he thrust into my hands. I read:

"The End of the World!" in letters two inches long, and extending across the entire page. Under this was the following cablegram:

"Manila, Luzon Isl.—Australia is totally destroyed by fire. This afternoon at 3 o'clock officers on board a steamship saw through marine glasses every building in Melbourne suddenly leap into flames, and at the same time all the great forests farther inland began burning as if they were powder. The conflagration resembles an explosion more than a common fire; it is so rapid. The steamship was immediately brought about and put into port here. As the ship passed out of sight of Autsralia, the entire continent seemed to be burning.

"The streets of Manila are thronged with terror-stricken natives, who believe that the end of the world has come. The smoke from Australia can be distinctly seen here now.

"Just before the conflagration began one of the men on the steamer saw what he thought was a small volcanic eruption." Such was the remarkable report that I read. A little later we received another cablegram, confirming the first report, and adding that the continent of Australia had been burned clean as far as the eye could see.

Every one is greatly excited, and religious services are being held in all the churches, no one thinking of attending to any business.

This state of affairs has lasted for three or four days, and still no news of any more fire; so the people are gradually becoming more calm, and are beginning to suggest explanations of the phenomenon. The poorer, more superstitious class still declare that it is the work of the Almighty, visiting his punishment upon the sinful Australians; but Dr. Dorsmit, the learned chemist, explains it more satisfatcorily. He says that the small volcanic eruption is responsible for the whole thing. His theory is that in the mountain there was an enormous deposit of some chemical such as potassium chlorate. The earth's subterranean fires heated this, converting it into oxygen gas, and as the pressure increased, at last the entire top of the mountain was blown off and this huge mass of gas liberated. As it rolled down over the country, everywhere there was a spark of fire, everything was immediately consumed. Once started, of course, so large a conflagration as this could easily destroy everything on the continent.

R. H. F., '08.



THE WANDERING ATOM.

One day, a great mass of stone which separated two cavities in the earth fell in and crumbled up, liberating a molecule of water which had rested in the rock for thousands of years. It happened that the subterranean atmosphere was very hot, and soon this molecule, with a great number of its kind, was floating as steam; then it reached the surface through the opening of a volcano and soared far above, rejoic-

ing to see the granduer of the earth, filled with growing plants and moving animals, and furrowed by deep valleys and great gorges, and ridged by mountain chains. It was then a part of a big, white cloud, drifting steadily from the west toward the east coast. When it got away over the land, it saw that it was going to strike a mountain. The air began to be awfully cold, and the little molecule shivered some and stood still, imprisoned again, but this time surrounded by other frozen molecules of water, instead of the hard, passionless granite. It rested on the mountain side in the snowdrift until, one day, the sun, which had begun to come farther and farther up every noon, touched the frozen mass with one of its long, soothing rays, and, freed again, it and the others rushed headlong downward, seaward, leaping over obstructing bowlders, sliding down the smooth face of the stream-bed, resting for a moment, like a tired child, in a placid pool, soon to go rushing onward again, taking off a little of the side of the confining bank, rolling it and pushing it along, until the sea was reached, where, its present mission ended, it let the soil particle quietly sink to the sea floor.

In all these migrations it had not been moving slowly and easily, but was often darting hither and thither, striking its brother molecules, going fast when warm; slow, when cold. It kept on running this way and that in the ocean water, when, one day, it saw something bright above.

"Well, I declare," said the little fellow; "that is just the same kind friend who warmed me and got me free from my cold kindred. I'll just go up and take a peep."

The poor little foolish thing got right upon the surface, and, the first thing it knew, it was so hot, and all the others were hot, too; and it just raised itself on the surface, shook off its neighbors and got up into the air, and sailed up, and up, and up, until it was again a cloud. This time it fel las a gentle shower, and, landing away off from a stream, it soaked into the soil. Soon the other molecules began to get scarce,

and it couldn't go very fast, because the particles of soil reached out and clasped the little fellow to themselves, and the only way that it could move at all was to slide along the surface of the grains. First thing it knew, some great monster tubular thing, filled with a thick, sticky liquid, which the tiny creature was trying to pass, poured out a drop of this. The little molecules were incorporated and drawn back by an irresistible force. It, together with its mates, was carrying, entangled among themselves, thousands of other molecules—some potash, some phosphoric acid, some magnesia, silica, iron, soda, bearing them steadily among themselves, finally leaving them where they could make the grain of wheat. Some of them escaped into the air, to commence again their round of activity. Not so with our little friend. It was closely locked within the heart of a wheat grain.

The next time we have any account of it is in the cheek of a young girl, and O how glad! it could tell you, its young mistress was when her lover came; or of the small trials and difficulties which she had to bear. Once more it went into the ground—this time in the grave of her who was her father's love, her mother's most devoted child. The friend of the poor, the weak, the hurt; loving bird and beast and flower; filled with kind thoughts and good wishes, now lying in the lone churchyard.

One day the molecule got up in a very, very high cloud, and the breeze took it clear to the sunny vineyards of southern France, and it had a trip all the way to New York in a bottle of champagne! Three months later a great right whale whisked it off imperiously with one of its huge flukes. A little later in the same year, it helped to push a big locomotive from the east to the far west. At different times it was in some shoe-polish; in the ink which a boy in New Jersey used to write to his sister in Georgia; in an orange; was swallowed by a blind fish in the Mammoth Cave; helped to make a beautiful rose in a California rose garden. At one time it was coursing

in the veins of a show elephant; next it got into a glacier in Greenland. It took three years and thirteen days to get free from the glacier.

It was never satisfied unless at something, using the monster ocean liner or the palace car, and paying no fare; riding on the back of a South Carolina mule, sparkling in the dewdrop, glowing in the rainbow.

One cold, clear, windy day in March, it went up to the top of a city house to help put out a fire which was destroying the edifice.

For many years it continued its career.

Now I am going to tell you the end. It was very venture-some, yet it was afraid that it would be split up into its constituent atoms. It had seen one of its rivals go up into a big sycamore tree and get divided into its elementary form. It moved away from this tree and went toward a forest. At the end of a year it had gone half a mile away, and the very thing that it feared happened: it felt itself drawn irresistibly up a pine tree. Some of the cells wanted the oxygen it bore, and commenced to pull it, to tear it apart. Something slid in between the hydrogen atoms and the oxygen atom, and it came apart.

The poor little hydrogen atoms went out into the air. They found that they were very light. They rushed hither and thither. I could follow but one of them. It was moving at more than six miles a second; and anything that moves that fast overcomes the earth's attraction. It left the earth's atmosphere and soared into the fathomless infinity of space.

The derelict atom passed by our little moon with a contemptuous toss of the head and a nose high in the air; but the little planet's attraction made it swerve some from a straight line.

If you go up to Jupiter some time, and look very close, you will surely see this same atom of hydrogen.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Oh, Lord, to Thee I raise my face;
Beneath Thy glowing sun
I thank Thee for life, for peace, for joy—
For all that Thou hast done.

II.

Life is present in my breast—
I feel its mighty beat;
The sunshine on the earth is pure,
The air of life is sweet.

III.

Peace of heart, of mind, of soul,
Doth e'er within me dwell;
I feel Thy power day by day,
And its enlivening spell.

IV.

The joy of living in the land Of nobles brave and free, Show to us the kindliness That can come alone from Thee.

V.

Each day that Thou dost send
Does bring to us a call
That's heard both far and near,
That we may never fall.

VI.

The purest raindrop, sublime
In beauty, wealth, and power,
Waters the earth, the sea, the tree,
The slowly growing flower.

VII.

We lift our eyes and praise Thee
For the word in Thy great Book;
For every kind and gentle thing,
For every tender look.

VIII.

We thank Thee for the sunbeam,
For every drop of rain,
For all the gentle dewdrops,
For every sheaf of grain.

IX.

We magnify Thy precious name,
We praise Thee for Thy power;
We're thankful for Thy tender grace,
For every sheltering bower.

X.

We glorify Thy works on earth,
Thy never-dying grace,
Thy everlasting love,
Thy everglowing face.

XI.

We praise Thee for the promise That to us was given, By means of which we go above And live with Thee in heaven.

E. H. W., '09.

PAUL THOMAS BRODIE: AN APPRECIATION.

For twelve years a good man labored in our midst, and, just when he should have been in his prime, he has passed from us. Coming to Clemson in 1895, as assistant professor of mathematics, he was made professor of mathematics and civil engineering four years later, a position which he filled with dig-

nity, efficiency, and honor, until he passed to the great beyond, on Sunday, November 3, 1907.

Professor Brodie's work was of the quiet, earnest, serious, incessant, persevering, careful, thorough, high-aimed, unselfish, conscientious, sympathetic, and, therefore, highly helpful and successful kind. He gave of his labor unsparingly, and even recklessly, in the service of this institution, doubtless thus hastening his untimely end. Never man at Clemson worked more faithfully and hopefully for its good. Of him, it must perforce be said that his heart was in his work; and the fruit of his labor proves this beyond question. His every thought was for making Clemson a great institution in reality; and nobody doubts that his was a great share in its past rapid development and success. As for his special work, the large number of efficiently trained students in mathematics, and the goodly number of civil engineering graduates, speak in no uncertain language. His qualities as a worker inspired his students to do things worthily. He would not tolerate the idle, unindustrious, superficial, unambitious, or unworthy student. Hence his unusual merit and success as a teacher.

As a man, his life was modest, kindly, upright, fearless, generous, helpful, noble-minded, Christian. He had his faults: every man has. None of us is perfect. But this sketch is intended to be a sympathetic appreciation of his worth; and there is no room or disposition here to herald his defects, which, whatever they may have been, were so far overshadowed by the good in him, that students and fellow teachers always felt themselves in the presence of a true man, worthy of praise and admiration-not condemnation. The writer feels sincerely a great debt for the example of his life, and for the inspiration to dutiful service gotten by association with him. He was ultra-serious, but his seriousness was always optimistic; and his certain faith in the final success of right was unfaltering and inspiring. He was indeed a good man, and Clemson feels his loss. A. B. BRYAN.



A Tribute

Oh, Death! why didst thou come so soon, To take him from our midst, Into that everlasting home, Which e'er awaits the blest.

Indeed, we can not understand
Why he was called away;
But still we hope to clasp his hand
In that eternal day.

Is it a dream? Ah, no! he's gone
To join the glad refrain;
His toil is o'er, his work is done,
His body free from pain.

His form on earth no more we'll see;
His voice no more we'll hear—
Oh, what a happy time 'twill be
To greet him over there.

Unfinished stands the well-aimed row Which he had hoped to run; But this we all do truly know, That it was well begun.

'Mid toil and strife he journeyed on, Till he had reached the goal; His Master said, "Thy work is done; Come, rest thy weary soul."

C. P. Rice, '11.

In Memoriam



PAUL THOMAS BRODIE BORN 1886 - DIED 1907



The Clemson College Chronicle

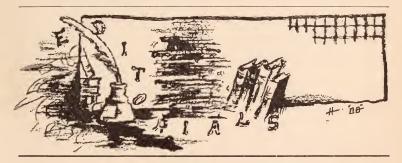
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

W. O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto) Editor-in-Chief
C. A. MCLENDON, '08 (Columbian) Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun) Assistant Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) Literary Department
G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Literary Department
H. C. TWIGGS, '09 (Palmetto) Literary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
G. G. Weathersbee, '08 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto) Y. M. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian) 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-half page, per year......12 00 One fourth page, per year....\$8 00 One inch, per year............5 00



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

When, in the course of events, this issue of the Chronicle shall find its way to its various readers, many of us shall have tasted of the sweet seclusion of "home, sweet home." Do we

Christmas and the New Leaf. ever stop to think what Christmas means in college life? Thousands of students, suddenly released from three months of hard study, and the stress of days of trying examinations, are hurled hither and thither

over the steel bands toward their loved ones-father, mother,

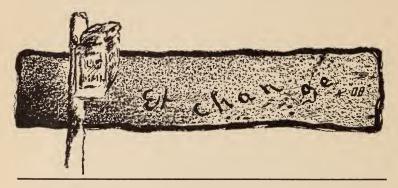
brother, sister, friend, sweetheart. Those who have never attended college cannot appreciate what this one event means to the student.

Immediately connected with Christmas, is the new year; and to New Year is attached the grand old tradition of the "new leaf." Many of us have turned over nearly as many new leaves as we can count years; and, though each may have been begun with a better foreword than the preceding, each in turn has ended with the same mass of blurs and blots. Perhaps the reason some begin a new page, is just simply because no more can be put upon the page of last year without changing ink; and, since every kind has already been used, there is nothing to do but begin anew.

At the request of the Young Men's Christian Association, Governor Ansel addressed the corps and faculty in the Memorial Hall on the evening of November 22. That our efficent and beloved Chief Executive of the State should leave his urgent business and the many demands The Governor's for his time, and take two days on a mission of this character, demonstrates to the public that Visit. their choice was well directed. There are certain requirements that a Governor must meet, in order to fill his office to the highest degree of efficiency. When lacking in any of these essentials, the State will suffer, and will fall from among the ranks of her sister states. But we may safely say that, if his administration so far is an indication of what is to follow, South Carolina and Governor Ansel will be looked upon by the other states as models.

Mr. Ansel's talk was one most appropriate for the occasion, and was most highly appreciated by the large audience. His subject was, "How Shall a Young Man Cleanse His Ways?" It is needless to say that the subject was handled in the most eloquent and beneficial manner.

Two entire states within six months is something of a record! Yet Georgia and Alabama have both voted whisky beyond their borders, after certain dates not so very far distant. No doubt many more will soon follow the same There has been much comment upon Prohibition, course. the reason for these steps, and the majority have come to the conclusion the negro is the cause of it all. be so, Africa may well be proud of the fact that her sonsthough in the negative direction—are causing civilized America to free herself from the grip of so terrible a monster. we do not believe that the negro has had as much to do with the great forward movement as many think. white man may claim drink brutalizes the negro; but if we stop and think of the cases that may have come under our direct observation, we come to the conclusion that there are about as many crimes committed by white men under the influence of liquor, as by negroes. We are of the mind that awakened realization of Southern manhood and womanhood has wrought this wonderful change, which is destined to have a marked effect on the civic life of our nation.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

Owing to the fact that we receive most of the South Carolina exchanges first, we confine ourselves entirely to this state in this month's criticisms.

The Palmetto has a full fiction department, but it is lacking in poetry and solid matter. The one original poem, "The Violet," is in the same category as all the other poems inspired by the seasons. They are all characterized by a sameness which has been common to poets since first the muse inspired man with the "bursting buds" and "sear leaves of fall." "Who Wrote Richard III?" is a well-written article, and shows considerable preparation on the part of its author. We are glad to note the absence of the "love me and the world is mine" type of stories so common to college magazines. have read that kind of trash so much that we are beginning to feel like the proverbial calf. "The College Girl" is a good story, written in an attractive style. "No Trespassing" has nothing to commend it to favorable criticism. It is written in frivolous, conversational style, with too much "sheep's-eye" sentiment to be of any literary value. "Uncle Bill's Chariot" is a very good negro story, although the dialect is somewhat

at fault. The remaining stories will do for space fillers—and very little else.

Isaqueena is essentially a Thanksgiving number. Being a holiday issue, the contents should be commensurate, in quality, to the attractiveness of the cover. "Thanksgiving" is an appropriate opening poem, and has some merit. "Origin of Thanksgiving Day" is an interesting historical sketch. "His Thank-offering" is a pathetic little Thanksgiving story, with a good moral. We are sorry to see the magazine so thin, as G. F. C. is capable of getting out a better publication.

In The Newberry Stylus, a few short essays, two poor poems, and two poorer stories—and the tale is told. The theme of "Old Age" is good, but it can hardly be graced by calling it a poem; jingle is more expressive. In "Musings," the much-abused Fall and Spring are again operated upon. There is nothing new in the line of argument in "The Need of a Reform in Criminal Prosecutions." Yes, as a matter of course, "little Hal" and "little Arthur" secured a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Of course, it was a miracle; but needy poor are never allowed to do without turkey in such stories as "A Thanksgiving Turkey." The author might have varied the monotony by failing to get the turkey this year. The author of "A Midnight Deed" tactfully informs his readers in the beginning that his hero will come to an untimely end. The retributive justice visited upon Jack's slayers was very tragic, and would make a fitting climax to the careers of the villainous followers of "Woolly Ike from Arizona." "Should Football Be Encouraged in Our Colleges?" is a strong argument in favor of football. The Stylus contains some creditable editorials on live subjects.

All that prevents the Converse Concept for November from attaining its usual high standard is the absence of solid matter in the literary department. A "Commencement Debate" and

"The Origin of Thanksgiving" are called on to support the whole department in this line. The former of these is very good, bringing out in clear and logical style the points in the subject under debate; but the latter could be improved if amplified somewhat. There are six pieces of poetry in this issue. All of these are above the average, but two of them deserve special mention, namely, "Thanksgiving Chimes" and "Hasheesh and History." Before we had read half of "A Thanksgiving Blessing" we were tempted to lay it aside as a poor football story, but were pleasantly surprised when the story changed and ended in a manner altogether different from what was expected. "In Case o' Sickness" is, we think, the best story in the magazine. It is free from that "puppy love" style so common in the stories of college publications. This, however, cannot be said of either "Her Ideal" or "Why Dick Decided To Go to the House Party." The first is a very tame recital of a girl meeting her ideal with the usual accident and rescue following. The second is hardly any better. Had a good essay been substituted for these two stories, a full and well-balanced section would have resulted. The presence of a large number of other departments is to be commended, as, in this way, the magazine's scope is enlarged and a more interesting publication produced.

The *Limestone Star* comes to us this month hardly more than a shadow of its usual self. Two very short essays, a story, and a poem, constitute the sum total of the literary department. As this is the *Star's* first issue, however, we will forget this one, and look forward to a better number next month.

We had about decided last year, in an unofficial capacity, that *The Carolinian* was among the best magazines on the Chronicle's exchange list. The receipt of the November number, however, has caused us to modify our opinion somewhat. It may be that the standard set was too high, and, instead of this issue being undervalue, our opinion in regard to

former issues was too high. Be this as it may, however, the fact remains that the November issue was not what we were expecting it to be. There seems to be lacking some of that snap and vigor which has characterized *The Carolinian* in the past. The above, we trust, is due to the fact that this is the first number for the year, and not to any lack on the part of eth editors.

In looking over the literary department one is struck by the prominence given to poetry. Of the nine contributions, five are poems. Of these, "Primeval Man and I" is easily the best. This shows unusual thought and composition, and grows better with a second and third reading. While poetry -and especially good poetry-should be encouraged, yet we think that if some equally as good prose had been substituted for some of this, the department would have been benefited. The four remaining contributions fail to cover the ground as "The Widow of Usher's Well" and "A Country they should. Pastel" are both very short, and attract attention chiefly because of their unusual subject and manner of treatment. "The University Immediately After the Civil War," while it possesses great historical interest, not only to Carolina men, but to the State and country at large, can hardly be called a literary production. The one remaining support, then, is "The Houseboat on the Euphrates." This story shows plenty of originality, and is written in an easy style which is very pleasing. We would not recommend this for a Sunday-school library, but this in no way detracts from it, if a few minutes of pleasure are desired.

The editorial and exchange departments give promise of getting into their former stride. We are especially pleased with the exchange editor's views. The other departments seem rather below what they might be.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Wofford College Journal, Orange and Blue, Ouachita Ripples,

The Mercerian, The Erskinian, The Georgia Tech., The Lenoirian, The Winthrop College Journal, The Georgian, The Kalends, The Criterion, The Arcade, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Concept, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Isaqueena, The Furman Echo, The Davidson College Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, The Piedmontonian, The Brenau Journal, The William and Mary Magazine, The College Message, The Wake Forest Student, The Hendrix College Mirror, The College Reflector, Our Monthly, The Carolinian, The Palmetto, The Limestone Star, The Index, The Guilford Collegian, The William Woods College Record, The Tennessee University Magazine, The Trinity Archive, The Florida Pennant, The Oracle, The Journal, Maryville College Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

Such is Life.

Knock, and the world knocks with you; Boost, and you boost alone. The bad old earth is a foe to mirth, And has a hammer as large as your own. Buy, and the gang will answer; Sponge, and they stand and sneer; The revelers joined to a joyous sound And shout from refusing beer. Be rich, and the men will seek you; Poor, and they turn and go; You're a mighty good fellow when you are mellow And your pockets are lined with dough. Be flush, and your friends are many; Go broke, and you lose them all; You're a dandy old sport at four dollars a quart, But not if you chance to fall.

Praise, and the cheers are many;
Beef, and the world goes by;
Be smooth and slick, and the gang will stick
As close as the hungry fly.
There is always a crowd to help you
A copious draft to drain.
When the gang is gone you must bear alone
The harrowing stroke of pain.

?

Sweetest thing in all the world, Just the dearest little girl— Is she?

Sweetest thing in all the land, Just the dearest little man— Is he?

Sweetest couple would they make, If the man she'd only take— Will she?

A Prep.—Query:

Oh! why must the derby appear
On those who have reached Senior year?
Do they need a strong cover
'Neath which they may hover,
Or is brevity all that they fear?

Lusitania (under way)—Over the waves I go, thirty an hour or so.

Neptune (in terror)—Golly! What was that went by?

Fresh. (at drug store)—I'd like to get some sulphur. How much is it per pound?

Dr. Davis-Twenty cents.

Fresh.—I can get it down street for fifteen.

Dr. Davis (growling)—Yep; go to h— and you can get it for nothing.

As Sung at Christmas.

My turkey, 'tis of thee,

Sweet bird of cranberry—

Of thee I sing!

I love thy breast and wings,

Back, legs and other things;

I love thy good old stuffings—

O luscious bird!

-Ex.

Lines to the Sophomore.

Heads of all Sophomores remind us,

If we dance the proper jig,

We may come back next September

With our own heads just as big.

(Signed) "Freshman."—Ex.

The Girl on the Dollar.

When my other girl has kicked me
And I don't know what to do,
I go to the girl on the dollar,
For she's always been true.

She does just as I want her to do,
She goes with me everywhere,
She gives me everything I eat
And everything I wear.

I wouldn't give her for all the girls
That ever walked the earth;
For really she's the only one
Whose weight in gold she's worth.

-Ex.

Why?

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?

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.

Caesar sic dicat un di cur egressi lictum.

Freshman translation: Cesar sicked the cat on the cur. I guess he licked him.—Ex.



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

THE SOUTHERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

History and Location.

S. E. Bailes, '08.

The first Southern Student Conference was held at the University of Tennessee fifteen years ago, and this first conference marked an epoch in the growth of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the South. During the past thirteen years it has been held in and around the city of Asheville, N. C., and has been a powerful factor in shaping the voluntary religious activities of Southern students. The number of colleges sending delegates and the size of delegations of individual colleges have constantly grown until those colleges are few and isolated which do not make an effort to secure the advantages of the conference by sending strong delegations of picked men. At the last conference, held June14-23, 1907, fifty-nine institutions sent delegates, and the total number of delegates and leaders reached 367.

The well-known purpose of this conference is to deepen the spiritual life of delegates, to train them for leadership of the organized Christian work in their institutions, and to open up to them opportunities for Christian service after leaving col-



ROBERT E. SPEER AND JOHN R. MOTT



lege. The entire program is always plannd to this end, and the speakers, teachers, and leaders are chosen because of their fitness in life, scholarship, and experience to help students to grapple with the problems which they are meeting, both in their own lives and in their associations.

For the past several years the conference has been held at Asheville Farm School, about eight miles east of Asheville, on an elevation commanding magnificent views of some of the most imposing scenery in the western North Carolina mountains. Asheville and surrounding country is one of nature's beauty spots. A more picturesque place is scarcely to be found in America. The town, of 20,000 inhabitants, is snugly sequestered among the mountains, which rise in their granduer as an everlasting testimony of the handiwork of God. During the past Summer, a movement was begun to raise funds to purchase a permanent meeting place for the conference. The Young Men's Christian Associations, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Young People's Missionary Movement have united under the name of "Blue Ridge Association for Christian Conference and Training," and purchased a fine tract of land containing 950 acres. On this they will soon begin the erection of suitable buildings for holding the annual Summer conferences. The tract of land is situated sixteen miles east of Asheville and one and a half miles from Black Mountain station on the Southern railway. Near its western boundary flows the beautiful Swannanoa river, winding like a silver cord among the hills, and its eastern boundary is the top of the Blue Ridge mountains, 4,000 feet high. Great Craggy and Mount Mitchell, the highest east of the Rocky Mountains, stand like sentinels keeping their everlasting vigil, in full view and within a day's climb. Surely a better location could not be found for the student, weary after a hard year of study, to consider the "things which are eternal" in the quietude of nature.

The Conference from an Intellectual Standpoint.

J. W. Lewis, '08.

A man cannot be at his best unless he gets out in the world and comes in contact not only with some of the large cities, but also with men of large intellectual caliber. He must come in contact with intense and practical thinkers along all departments of life. This need is practically as great among college men as others. We must often leave not only the narrow limits of our own college, but those of our state, if we are to broaden and develop our conception of life and its purpose. In few places will we find an opportunity for large mental development along so many lines, in such a short time, as at the conferences held at Asheville and elsewhere in this country. We come in touch with some of the broad. intellectual leaders, and secure their views of the problems and conditions of the present day. Mr. John R. Mott, who was present at the past conference, had just returned from a trip around the world, and brought to each of those present a message fresh from the Orient, filled with the needs of the people over there, and the part they are taking in the history now forming around us. Contact with missionaries who have spent years among different countries of the globe must certainly broaden our conception of the world.

Problems of cities are presented by specialists who are devoting their lives to this work, as well as are the different life callings. The Bible, that greatest of all educators, is studied daily; but perhaps the more beneficial results are due, not to the time spent at Asheville, but to the formation of habits of daily Bible study throughout after life, and to a clearer conception of how to study the Bible. Again, the addresses, delivered by strong men, quicken the mental perception and train one to think clearly. They develop the reasoning powers. There is also the advantage of securing books bearing on many of the problems of the day, enabling

delegates to carry away in durable form much which is of special use to them.

Perhaps the greatest advantage is the mental stimulus resulting from the influence of the leaders, and the spirit of progress prevalent everywhere. Man's environment has much to do with his efficiency; and here, in the invigorating atmosphere of the Blue Ridge mountains, surrounded by majestic peaks towering heavenward, one is prompted to be at his best. And the tendencies formed under this stimulus will show their marked effects long afterwards.

Speaking from the experience of two seasons at Asheville, I feel safe in stating that the benefits of the conference, from a mental standpoint alone, far more than justify one for the time and money spent in attending.

Its Relation to Athletics and College Spirit.

G. W. Keitt, '09.

The men who manage the Southern Student Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association realize that for a man to make the most possible out of himself in life, he should possess a strong, healthy body; a clear, active mind, and a good store of enthusiasm for his work. They realize, also, that there are few things in college life which so develop these qualities as do good, clean athletics and the prevalence of a strong college spirit. Acordingly, they set aside the hours from 2 o'clock until 6 every afternoon as a period of exercise and recreation; and, to encourage college spirit, award trophies to the successful athletic teams.

Scarcely is dinner over, when the boys begin to flock down across the beautiful campus of the Farm School, to the athletic field. Let us now, for a moment, imagine that we are with this happy crowd. The sports have already begun; for, if the heavy schedule for the week is to be carried out, no time

must be lost. In the foreground, the baseball "fans" are yelling themselves hoarse over an exciting contest between two favorite teams. Becoming interested, we stop to see the game through. As new teams take the field, at the end of this game, we pass on to the basketball field, where the enthusiasts of that game are no less excited than their neighbors, the baseball "fans." The tennis courts next attract our attention. There, some of the best college players in the South are battling in the finals. To our right, we see the track athletes, getting in form for the track meet, to which an afternoon is devoted; and, still farther away, we see fellows equipped with sticks and cameras, going out for a walk among the hills. passes the afternoon, until 5 o'clock finds a hot, tired but happy crowd making a headlong dash for the swimming pool, a shady stretch of the beautiful Swannanoa river. Soon, however, the familiar college vells begin to resound across the hills, summoning the bathers to the steps of the dining hall, where the delegations are singing and yelling to get in time for the "blow-out."

The "blow-out" is the afternoon given over to exhibitions of college spirit. Upon this momentous occasion the delegations enter the dining hall and take their regular places. After making a few appropriate remarks, the master of ceremonies calls out the name of the first college on his list. The delegation representing that college then comes forward, "pulls off some kind of a 'stunt," and gives college yells and songs. As a rule, the "stunts" are ludicrous; the yells and songs, excellent, and the speeches interesting. Consequently, the crowd is in a good humor, and every one determines to do his best to promote college spirit when he gets back to school. Then, after each delegation has carried out its part of the program, as an appropriate conclusion, the entire body lines up around the walls of the great dining hall; and, with hands clasped, sings "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Thus, at all times, athletics and college spirit are encouraged, not only for their immediate, but also for their permanent good effects.

The Conference and Life Decision.

S. J. EZELL, '08.

Today the demand for efficient workers makes an early choice of life-work more imperative than ever before. If we will only arrest the activity of our minds for a few moments, and consider what a man has to know in his profession before he can make a large success, we will at once see the supreme importance of an early decision. The intellectual progress in all vocations of life has made such strides that a man must decide early his vocation, if he would drink deep of the Pierian Spring. A conservative estimate places fifty per cent. of college students as men with no decision for life. This certainly is a pitiable state of affairs, when we remember that such a one is like unto a lamp with no oil in it. The old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," certainly applies, in a more or less degree, to this class of college men, who have no real goal in life, and who, consequently, never accomplish the purpose for which they were intended. An early-and right choice is half victory.

These statements lead us to ask, "How can we make this choice?" The answer is: "Stop and consider earnestly and honestly the importance of such a decision." For a chance to make such a decision, no place offers a greater opportunity than the Southern Students' Conference. Here a man is brought face to face with the facts, touching on all vocations, which should determine such a decision. Every evening, lifework meetings are held on the hillside, and an able address is presented in behalf of some life-work. This series of lifework meetings enables one to consider each of the different vocations, and, by comparison, to choose the right one. He not only has the opportunity to hear each life-work presented,

but also has an opportunity to consult a specialist on any of the different lines of work; and, with these advantages at hand, he is almost invariably led to make the supreme decision for life. Certainly no place offers a greater opportunity than the Southern Student Conference, where the very atmosphere is pervaded with the spirit of prayer. But, some will say, "That is not the proper place to make a decision: a man is not himself." These charges are erroneous; for it is here that we allow our better nature to control self. Then, is not this the proper place? Then, is not the real man making the decision over the unreal man? It is here that one is enabled to make the real decision—the decision which causes a man not to spend his life for self, but for the upbuilding of humanity. The day has passed when a superficial follower of Christ can accomplish anything. Here you are made to see clearly the fullness of what your life should be, by having your ideals raised on the various vocations of life. You are made to see that it is your duty to join the mighty host that goes forth to war against the mighty foe-Sin. It is here that we hear the sad words of Christ when he said: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name." Are we not willing to settle this important question in the presence of the truth?

The Conference Leaders.

RAY H. LEGATE.

Every man, in thinking of his assigned topic, becomes so animated with his particular phase of the conference, that he comes to believe that his is the *prima facto*. True, the scenery is awe-inspiring, the college life a revelation, and every day's athletic sports a thanksgiving contest; while the social intercourse is pictured in the stories of our grandfathers, when the chivalrous Cavalier entertained at the old plantation mansion. These are the experiences, over and over, in the lives of the delegates, and the ones repeated to



CONFERENCE VOLUNTEER BAND



Team of General Secretaries



Clemson Delegation



EVENING LIFE-WORK MEETING

SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE FARM SCHOOL, NORTH CAROLINA JUNE 14-23, 1907



our friends till they wonder what part the leaders really play.

I contend that the greatest single privilege of these ten days is the intimate association with those we term conference leaders. The reader must know who these men are, and the nature of the intercourse, to understand this assertion. Since the term "great men" is only relative, much abused, it does not convey all our meaning. Our boyish heroes have ceased to be our college ideals, for now the dominant factors are intellect, character, Christian manhood and actual accomplishment. Such men as Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott, Clayton S. Cooper, and Edward I. Bosworth are men of more than national renown. They have set great world movements in motion, and their touch has been felt by the educated of many nations. Every conference leader is chosen because he is a leader of American students.

In the second place, let us consider the intercourse or association with these men. It is the privilege of every delegate to know them personally and to talk with them intimately.

We hear them discourse on the great life-problems, and then in personal interviews, alone and in the quiet, we talk with them of our own life-fitness and investment. The power of these conferences lies in their ability to bring these masters into intimate association with hundreds of college students for a time sufficient for the motives and ideals of the one to become a potent factor in the life of the other.

The Spiritual Atmosphere of the Conference.

W. P. GEE, '08.

The ultimate end of all Christian work is to bring man into closer relationship with Jesus Christ. This aim is conspicuously the aim of the Southern Student Conference. The very atmosphere is a spiritual atmosphere; and here a man may see, if he will only look, the power of the personal Christ working

in the hearts of the men around him. A band of earnest Christian men they are, and leaders in not only the Christian but also in all the activities of college life that go to make for pure and noble manhood. It is certainly one of the greatest privileges of this "Mount of Privilege" to be able to be associated with such a large body of men recognized as men of extraordinary ability and of great power in the various institutions from which they come.

There is no better place within the reach of the Southern student for him to study, both by precept and example, the high ideals which are the dominating or motive forces in the lives of truly great men. The leaders are all men of deep consecration, who have given their lives to the great work of assisting men to mold their lives as they should be; and it is truly a pleasure to observe the satisfaction beaming from the faces of these men, springing from a realization of duty well done. The epistle most read by the college man today is his fellow man, and at this gathering we have the opportunity of reading the greatest of living epistles—men like John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, who in their daily life walk with the living Christ beside them. We cannot but feel the power of the divine in the presence of such men.

With such agents working around him, a man cannot help but daily be brought face to face with his personal relationship to God. Many and fierce are the struggles which have been fought out in the secrecy of those mountain fastnesses, with no witnesses but the deficient, weakened forces of evil, Nature, and God; and many are the victories which have been triumphantly won over the power of Satan. Every man has a personal relationship to God by which he is to be judged; and the sooner he realizes this fact and settles the relation aright, the sooner will he be contented, and the more successful will he be in the things that really count in life.

Then, too, the men who are already Christians are given training in Christian leadership. Last Summer, Mr. A. C.

Harte's talks on "Personal Evangelism" were among the best things of the conference. They afforded inspiration and encouragement to all the Christian workers who heard him. These talks were productive of much good during the conference; and since, the results, no doubt, are not permissible of estimation, so widespread have they been. The badge of the Young Men's Christian Association bears the words, "Mind, Spirit, Body." We cannot afford to slight the development of any of these essential parts of our make-up; but let us remember that the neglect of the spiritual means the eternal ruin of all.

Some Views of the Conference by Men Who Have Been.

If you are looking for a place which will net the greatest returns in broadening and developing your spiritual and mental nature, raise your ideals of life, and increase the efficiency of your body, with the least outlay of time and money, then attend the Southern Student Conference.—J. W. Lewis, '08.

The conference is an anchor to hope, a present and a future vision of the possibilities of life.—S. J. Ezell, '08.

It reveals the importance of and raises the prestige in one's own eyes of the Christian life; stimulates clean, pure athletic sentiment, and incites manly college spirit.—E. H. Wood, '09.

A place where a college man can realize just how small he really is.—B. H. Covington, '08.

To really live ten days with three hundred men without hearing a single oath or a single unkind word, is almost divine. At the conference, such was the case. Furthermore, a sweet sacredness pervaded the whole atmosphere.—S. O. Kelley, '09.

With regard to the complete man—physical, mental, and spiritual—the Southern Student Conference is the place where

the student gets the highest and noblest ideals of life.—J. H. Rhyne, '08.

The Southern Student Conference is ten days of the greatest physical, mental, and spiritual enjoyment that can come to a young man.—W. J. Roach, '08.

I know of no place where a man can get such a tremendous view of the manly college spirit.—W. A. Thomas, '08.

A College Professor's View.

R. N. BRACKETT, PH. D.

A revelation: Of the aims and methods of college Y. M. C. A. work; of the earnestness of purpose, whole-heartedness, and especially of the spirituality of the workers, leading to a better understanding of the religious life of the college student, and a broader and deeper sympathy with his aims and efforts to improve himself, to live a clean, upright life in the sight of God and his fellow students, and to help his fellow students to live the Christ-like life.

An inspiration to help forward this work by renewed consecration of self to God's service, and by personal effort.

A recreation from routine college work, giving an opportunity for social intercourse with college men, students, and teachers, and for meditating upon those things which make for righteousness.

The Importance of a Large Delegation.

J. C. Pridmore, '09.

What is the Southern Student Conference, you ask? At the Asheville Farm School, just about eight miles east of Asheville, right in the midst of the grand mountains of North Carolina, with the magnificent scenery and everything else that tends to make life worth while, there is, each year, an assemblage of college students from the various institutions of the South, for the purpose of studying the different methods by which the work of the Young Men's Christian Association may be carried on to the greatest advantage. The work is under the supervision of Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of Atlanta.

Why should Clemson College have a large delegation at this conference next Summer? The reason is threefold, the principal one being the privilege of taking advantage of the good things, such as platform addresses, Bible classes, mission classes, and the various institutes, with which each day is filled to the brim, and bringing them back to our institution, where they may be applied.

On the other hand, it is necessary to have every department of our association well represented, in order to put the associations of the other institutions in the light of our plans and methods of work.

The third reason why we should have a large delegation is, because of the fact that these conferences have been unsurpassed in the spiritual influence which they have exerted upon the delegates. Thus the personal good to be derived from them.

You next ask who should compose our delegation. Every man who is to be responsible for the leadership of our association should be included in our body of representatives. Our delegation, which would not be considered very large, comparatively speaking, if it should have fifty students and several members of the faculty, will not be completed until it has the chairman of every committee, every member of the executive committee, every Bible class leader, and, in fact, every man who intends to do earnest work next year.

No student who can possibly go to the Southern Student Conference next Summer, should fail to grasp the opportunity; for many men have found in the conference an exposure of themselves and the conceit of their purposes, or intentions, of life, and have, at last, found the true will of God concerning their lives.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—T. C. Heyward, President; G. W. Keitt, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society-F. J. Crider, President; A. L. Harris, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—W. O. Pratt, President; H. C. Twiggs, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—D. W. Daniel, Superintendent; W. A. Thomas, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. W. Lewis, President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club—S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; E. B. Brown, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)
Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



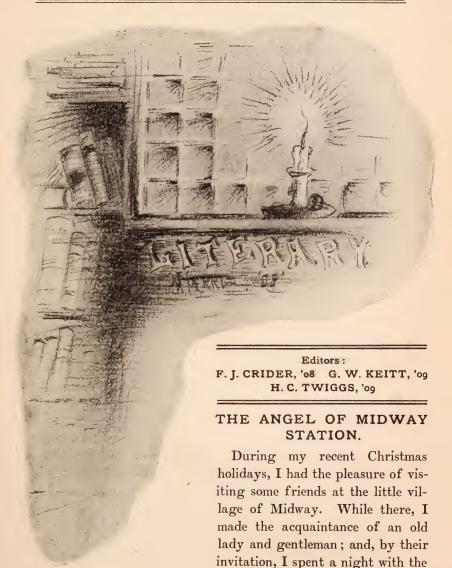
LITERARY DEPARTMENT— Pag	ge.
The Angel of Midway Station	57
1908	63
Education	64
Tomorrow	68
The Question1	69
When Woman Reigns	74
A Cadet's Reverie1	79
The Unspoken Promise	80
Constitution of the South Carolina Intercollegiate Ora-	
torical Association1	.82
Editorial	.88
Constitution of the College Press Association of South	
Carolina	.92
Exchange Department	.96
Y. M. C. A	04
College Directory	10

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JANUARY, 1908. No. 4



old couple. I had a good reason

for accepting, so promptly, their invitation—there lived with them their young and attractive granddaughter.

When we had assembled around the wide old fireplace, the first thing that attracted my attention was a gold cup upon the mantel. It was so unique in appearance that my curiosity was aroused, and upon examining it more closely I found engraved upon it this inscription: "From the crew and passengers of 52 to the Angel of Midway Station." Immediately I made bold to ask about the cup. The old lady looked into the fire with a smile playing over her wrinkled but pleasant face. The old gentleman and the young lady both looked at the old lady; and, consequently, I turned my appeal individually to her, but she smilingly shook her head. Knowing very well that there was an interesting story at the bottom of it all, I next asked the girl to tell me about it.

The young lady, smiling sweetly upon her grandmother, said: "Since it always falls to my lot to tell how came that cup here, I guess I shall have to tell you also."

The sweet smile playing around the inviting mouth of the young lady gave place to a look of seriousness. Readjusting herself in the big arm chair, she began:

"On a cold, windy, cloudy evening, just a week or so later in the year than now, a young lady was briskly walking down the railroad. The cruel wind would occasionally dash the light sleet and rain into her fresh young face. She would every now and then stop and listen, then murmur: 'No. 52 is not due yet.'

"The young lady, Miss Bessie Welch, better known about the village (which then contained only about a dozen houses), and by railroad men as the Angel of Midway Station, was the daughter of a poor widow lady who supported herself and her only help, her daughter, by keeping a boarding house. But you are wondering where in the wide world could boarders be found in this out-of-the-way place. Well, being the only stop for all trains going in either direction for many

miles, nearly every train stopped here for an hour or so, and the trainmen took meals at Mrs. Welch's boarding house.

"There grew up between Bessie and all the trainmen the staunchest friendship, particularly so was this the case with Joe Granger, a young engineer on No. 52. Theirs could be called more than friendship. On account of her kindness, pleasantness, innocence, and beauty, the trainmen called her the Angel of Midway Station.

"The evening of which I have made mention, Bessie was hurrying home; but she hoped 52 would not get to the station till she did, for Joe ran on 52. As she was hurrying by the telegraph office, she happened to look in and there she saw a sight that made her blood run cold. Four big, rough, masked men,—two tearing up the instrument, while two were binding the apparently dead operator. So intent were the men upon their deed that they did not notice the girl. So shocked, so horrified was the poor girl that she stood for a whole minute like one under the spell of an awful nightmare.

"She came to herself in time to get away without observation, when she heard one say: 'Now, Bill, you stay here and we shall go back to the trestle and wait on her.'

"Bessie's quick mind was not long in coming to the conclusion of what it all meant—the wreck and robbery of 52. Her first impulse was to run and give the alarm, but like a flash came the second thought; enough men could not be gathered from the few men of the village to whip the well armed outlaws in time to save the train—52 was about due. Her one thought was to save 52, to save Joe. Her next thought was to get some one to cross the trestle and flag down the coming train, but her presence of mind told her that the robbers would allow no man to cross that trestle, especially with a lantern. As a plan rushed upon her mind, she said, half aloud, 'I'll do it, I'll do it.'

"The frightened and trembling girl, composing herself as best she could, ran into the house and into the kitchen to her mother. She, knowing quite well that she dared not tell her mother, said, 'Mama, where is that old flagman's lantern; the operator wants it before 52 comes in?' But before her mother could answer, the girl had it and was running, as fast as she could, saying in her heart, 'Father, forgive that lie.' As she ran through the house, she snatched from the table a box of sulphur matches. Fearing that she would arouse the robbers' suspicion if she crossed the trestle with a lantern, Bessie picked up an old bucket and dropped the lantern into it.

"To avoid passing the station she took another path to the railroad, and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. The rain and sleet were falling faster and faster. The wind would dash it into her face, but she did not mind that—52 was due, and, oh, God! if it should get to the trestle before she did! She could imagine that she heard it blowing, and her heart would sink within her. On her way up the track she ran, only slacking her pace as she neared the trestle, coming to a brisk walk as she started across. Her heart pounded, oh, so loud.

"'Where you goin' wid dat bucket, gal,' came a rough voice from the roadside.

"Her heart for a second stood still, her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, but firmly peering into the fast falling darkness, she answered as calmly as she could, 'I going to take my brother's supper.'

"'Must we let her go?' she heard one say, and the answer came, 'Yep, better let her go.'

"Bessie's heart gave a bound for joy. It was almost too dark to see the cross-ties, but she knew the way by heart. Yes, there were two whole railings torn up—robbery was certainly their purpose. When her foot was placed on the ground again, she breathed 'Thank God!'

"About a quarter of a mile from the trestle, the weak, panting girl stopped; for this time her ears had not deceived her. She heard the familiar whistle of 52 blow for a crossing two and a half miles away. She sat down upon the track to light

her lantern. She was trembling so from cold, fear and excitement that she could hardly get the match from its box.

"When Bessie had waited a few seconds to calm her nerves, she, taking out a match, rubbed it against the bottom of the lantern, being the only dry substance she could get, but the strong wind blew it out. She drew another, but this one, too, the wind blew out as soon as lighted. A third she drew only to share the same fate. Another and another were likewise wasted. Her heart beat wilder, her breath came faster. Would one ever ignite? 'Oh! God!' she whispered. She heard the on-coming train only a mile away. What if they all would go out! What if Joe would have to plunge into that awful hole right before her eyes! A chill of horror shook her frame. She reached for another match—a cry of undefinable horror came from her lips. Only one more match there with one chance in a million of its burning—the only chance to save the ill-fated train and the man she loved! She could hear the train only a half mile away, rushing on to its destruction.

"For one second the trembling girl put her hand to her forehead to calm her whirling brain, then drawing her cloak about her to shut out the wind, she sat down to strike her last match or sit there and die with her lover. Covering the lantern under the cloak with herself she drew the last match across the bottom. Her breath stopped; nothing save the loud pounding of her heart broke the awful silence. A low flash, a small bluishyellow flame flickered feebly for a moment, then went out. A feeling that beggars all description seized her heart. No! No! it rekindled. For a moment a little yellow flame struggled between life and death, as if undecided whether it should allow the train to be saved or let it rush on to destruction; then it grew brighter. With trembling fingers she applied the match to the wick—it ignited; her heart swelled with joy of the possibility of saving her lover. She sprang up and

swung the lantern over her head in front of the awful, roaring, rushing iron monster.

"In the meantime Joe Granger, watching very intently out of the cab window, and humming a little love song that Bessie had taught him, saw suddenly flash right out on the track in front of him, not 200 yards away, a flagman's red lantern. By instinct the young engineer shut the throttle and swung back on the reverse lever. The jerking, roaring monster ran slower and slower, finally coming to a standstill. Joe, hanging back on the reverse lever, as if to stop the engine by main strength, drew his hands across his eyes. Could he believe them? There in the glare of the red headlight, not a dozen yards away, stood a woman, still swinging the lantern. Joe jumped out of the cab and ran to her. A cry escaped his lips when he found his sweetheart there.

"The passengers, wondering what the stop meant, craned their necks out of the windows, saw Joe Granger run and take the woman in his strong arms, but only Joe Granger heard the low, trembling words: 'Joe, Joe.'

"The news was taken to the passengers. A party went in search of the robbers; but the latter, hearing them stop, and suspecting something, had fled.

"About a month after that, Bessie Welch was presented with the cup," nodding her head toward the gold cup.

I was so deeply touched, so enthused by the recital, that I could only nod my thanks to her for the story.

"Could you believe," she continued, after a pause, "that Grandmother Granger there," indicating the person with her eyes, "was the heroine of that wonderful deed of heroism? and that Grandfather Granger is no other than Joe Granger, the engineer of 52?"

O. M. C., '09.

1908

Now is the time to start anew,

Indeed we must not fail;

Nor must we falter on the way,

E'en though our strength is frail.

Today's the time to do the deed,

Ere long 'twill be too late;

E'er keep the maxim on your mind-

No man can make time wait.

A day that's lost can ne'er be found,

No one will this deny;

Do then whate'er befalls thy lot

Each hour that passeth by.

If in this year you hope to rise,

Give every day its best;

Help those around, and all of us

Together will be blest.

-C. P. R. '11

EDUCATION.

1. How Obtained.

Education cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is gained by troubles and deep digging; but one who is willing to persevere will have his reward in the rich stores of knowledge thus collected, and which will ever be at his command.

In this enlightened and progressive age, one need not feel that an education is beyond his reach. Fitting schools, colleges, schools of technology, are located everywhere in our midst, and for a nominal sum no worthy and ambitious boy need be denied entrance thereto; but, even if he be denied (from circumstances over which he has no control) the grand privilege of spending his boyhood and youth within the walls of some classical seminary of learning, that he may commence his career with a college diploma, let him not be discouraged. Lincoln, Franklin, and countless numbers of others, have emerged from the narrowest quarters and illuminated the world as brightly as the most profound scholar from the college or university. A practical education, fitting him for the common duties of life, which often observation alone will give him, combined with a cultivated mind and a high type of character, will enable him to take his place in the arena of life.

Our great philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, through his beneficence, has given public libraries of untold value to almost all of our towns, so that even the working classes may have free and easy access thereto; each individual may improve his mine in his spare moments; for books and good reading are the greatest aids to education. The love of knowledge comes with good reading and grows upon it.

Chief among the educational influences of a household are its books. We may go without pies and cakes and make the old coat do duty another season; but, if we care for our best happiness and progress, we will not do without the best of books.

The influence of books upon man is remarkable; they make the man. You may judge him more by the books he reads than by the company he keeps, for his associates are often in a manner imposed upon him; but his reading is the result of choice.

Abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things about them, have also a mixture of evil. You have read books which had the two elements in them, and which have stuck to you. In an age and time when we are courted by whole libraries, and when no man's life is long enough to compass even those which are good and great, why need he bow down to those which are not?

To read books which present false pictures of human life is dangerous, and we would say stand aloof. If we depended upon many of what are called the modern books of the day, we would get the idea that life, instead of being real and earnest, is a fantastic and extravagant thing.

Every book has a moral expression. Bacon says: "Some books are to be tasted, others to swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested." Take them up as your best friends; and, as the years pass on, you will walk in the light of a multitude of well-chosen, silent, but never-erring guides. But let us turn aside for a moment and give an appreciative word to what has been done in the way of education for the youth of our land. Here, there, and everywhere we find schools, all gloriously free, well equipped and well governed in the most rural districts. Today in many towns we have commanding edifices and efficient school management, enabling many to obtain an education that otherwise would be debarred.

2. Its Value.

The value of an education cannot be estimated. From a business standpoint, manufacturers find that educated me-

chanics are more profitable to employ, even at higher wages, than uneducated ones.

The increase of wages is the least and lowest of the rich rewards of mental culture. "The whole being is enlarged, the scope of view is widened, life is more filled with emotion, and man is raised in the scale of creation."

How many opportunities have been allowed to pass by because one has had insufficient education to size them! How many lucrative positions have been declined because one did not have the education or ability to fill them!

Horace Greeley said that when he was a boy he would "go reading to the woodpile, reading to the neighbors, reading to the garden." His father needed his time during the day, but he saw the value of an education, pushed onward, and became the brilliant editor of a newspaper whose circulation knew no bounds.

Homer was the son of a small farmer, Demosthenes was the son of a cutter, Horace was the son of a shop keeper, and Virgil met with adverse circumstances in his boyhood; but all these, undaunted, surmounted the obscurity of their origin, and by dint of lore and learning, have perpetuated their names in history and in classics. Let no youth, who, realizing the value of an education, and finding his college career interrupted, abandon his purpose of study.

"Without fame at forty, without fame always," is the sentiment of many. It was after forty that Sir Walter Scott became famous; it was after forty that Palmerston was found to be England's greatest prime minister of the century; it was after forty that George Eliot gave to the world her best novels. At that age, many who now appear prominently in our political history were obscure citizens.

Education commands respect and gives a degree of importance to the fortunate possessor. Men rise in character and fame often as they increase in years. They are venerable

from what they have acquired, and are pleasing from what they can impart.

The value of an education cannot be estimated in any position in life which we desire to fill—in politics, in religion, in law.

In the political race, the prime question usually propounded by the thinking people is: "Is he an educated man?" "Is he fitted for the position?" In law, frequently, education is the weapon of the lawyer, for oft by his gift of speech and oratory, and fund of knowledge, he is able to cope with the most subtle argument, and frequently puts his opponent to flight by reason of superior knowledge.

Nowhere does the lack of an education stand out more conspicuously, and we might add more pitiably, than in the pulpit, and nowhere does the possession of one shine out more gloriously. The eloquence, the tender pathos, the mastery over the human heart, can all be acquired and wielded by the educated minister for the good and salvation of mankind. And though death frequently removes many conspicuous figures in the religious world and many remarkable men of their time, their deeds live after them: their noble record is made. Whatever of marble or bronze may be erected to their memories, their finest tributes will be the glowing words they have spoken, the many lives they have changed for better, the grand battles they have fought and the brilliant achievements which cannot die.

Last, but not least, comes the high and almost holy office of the school teacher. His or her example, precept, and personality are all impressed upon the minds and memories of the pupils which they teach. What a good opportunity is theirs for imparting that which is good, ennobling, and elevating; these qualities being the foundation stones upon which the education and character of our youth should be based.

We, as pupils, feel that to our kind and faithful teachers we owe much, yea, more than we can express. And as we leave our institutions of learning, so soon to go out into the world before us, let us each one remember that our education is not completed, but just begun.

TOMORROW.

We are back today,
To sail away—
Sail New Session's bay;
Each winged boat.
A bird afloat,
Is out for goal,
A place remote.

May here each one
A good race run,
And try ill fate to shun;
But if we fail,
We must not wail,
But try again
Our ship to sail.

Some soon no more
The ruffled shore,
Will heed its loud uproar;
But open eyes,
In grand surprise,
Will seek new seas,
Where treasure lies.

H. K. S., '09.

THE QUESTION.

The silence was absolute. A pine needle falling upon a dry oak leaf, would have made a startling crash in the oppressive stillness. The day was in late November. There had been no rain for six weeks. The leaves of the poplars and maples, instead of bursting into the gayest of colors when the frost touched them, simply died to a dull brown on the trees and waited in vain for a wind to snatch them from the sere branches and pile them in rustling beds in the hollows of the forest.

The weather had been dull and hazy for several days and usually warm for the season. The day before, the sun had set red in the smoky hills to the west; and, as the tall youth, who rode slowly home behind the cows, noted its splendor, he was filled with a feeling somewhat akin to awe; for, to his practical observation, it meant that there were fires in the scrub-oak woods far to the west, and fires in such dry times are apt to prove dangerous.

It was this same slender youth who now stood motionless at the head of a large pond, gazing out over its unruffled suface. He had taken his little rifle, and strolled along the banks of the dwindling, scarce-moving stream, omre because he loved the solitude of the woods than from any hope of finding game. Now, in the unnatural silence, he would hardly have had the inclination to fire his rifle, had a deer appeared across the pond, so strong was the spell of the silent forest upon him.

But even the silence spoke to him. From living much with nature, he had come to know some of her moods. Today, all wild creatures were silent; because, by some means beyond the ken of man, they had been informed that danger was in the air. The youth pondered on what the danger might be.

But his thoughts were soon interrupted. From a little pond, overgrown by tall reeds, and lying half a mile to the west, came a sharp explosion, then another. A second later, there

were so many that they all seemed merged into one crashing roar. That, then, thought the youth, was the trouble. The fire had traveled faster than he thought, and was among the marginal canebrakes of the pond. The air between the joints of reeds, becoming suddenly heated, split the walls of the cane with a sharp report. This was what had caused the explosions.

Even as the boy looked, the fire leaped into view, and the tongues of flame, darting upward, enveloped the hollow shell of a decaying poplar, climbed up through the inside and burst forth at the top in a roaring jet of flame ten feet high. Burning leaves, and even fragments of wood, were sucked up by the rush of the heated air, and some of these fell ahead of the galloping fire-wolves, setting the fire in advance. These messengers, and the hot wave of air that rolled over him, warned the youth that he was gazing upon no ordinary fall "brush clearer," but a raging, irresistible forest fire, gathering speed every moment, as it met thicker growth to devour. The pond was his refuge. Without waiting to remove his shoes, he pushed a dry log into the water, threw one arm across it and paddled with the other out to the middle of the pond. he struggled out of his coat, dipped it in the water, and drew His rifle he still kept hold of. It was a it over his head. habit of his to keep hold of it.

Letting down his feet, he touched bottom, as he expected, at a depth of perhaps five feet. He had explored the pond since he was first allowed to go there alone, and he knew that he stood upon a clay ledge several yards in diameter. Behind him the water was deeper; in front, the clay ledge upon which his feet rested, ended abruptly, and the water there was deeper than he had been able to measure. He had tied a shotgun cartridge to ninety feet of fishing line and let it down from his boat, but the shell had caught among some roots or old brushwood near the bottom of the fissure, and had been torn from

his line. Nothing he had ever let down there had ever come back up.

Being now fairly settled, the young hunter had a chance to The water was alive with small animals! look around him. Foxes, raccoons, rabbits, minks, squirrels, woodrats and even snakes, driven from their hiding places by the heat, were swiminng, floundering, struggling, and clinging to bits of wood all about the pond, none mindful of the others, so great was the common fear. More were arriving every minute. partridge, weary with flying and running, fluttered down into the mud near the bank. Suddenly a large buck burst from a thicket and plunged, with a great splash, into the water not thirty yards from where a man stood in the water, with a rifle across the log in front of him. But the rifle remained motionless, and the man gazed with wonder as the buck, his noble antlers laid back to keep his nose above water, pushed his way out to deeper water, while all around him smaller fugitives were trying to scramble upon his back.

Suddenly, above the roar of the fire, the youth's keen ear detected a new sound; it was a series of snappy explosions, not so sharp as that of the canes, and coming with more regu-The sound died away; then suddenly began again much nearer, apparently coming from the thick cloud of smoke above the tree tops. Straining his smoke-dimmed eyes the boy in the water made out, amid the smoke, the strangest looking object he had ever seen. It was sixty or seventy feet long, fifteen or twenty in diameter, pointed at one end and rounded at the other, presenting somewhat the shape of a flat In color it was somewhat lighter, being of a glossy Beneath this queer looking object was susorange color. pended a skeleton frame, running nearly the length of its supporting agent, consisting of three metal rods, one below and two above it, held in place by braces running from one rod to the other. At the rear end of this frame was some sort of motor, from which the sputtering seemed to come, and working over this machine, dimly seen throught the smoke, was a man!

As the upward rush of hot air caught this strange floating thing, it was borne upward, first one end then the other rising and tilting at a frightful angle. The little man clung spiderlike to his perch and tinkered with his engine. Soon it began to sputter and snap, a big fanlike wheel began to whirl, and the big bag righted, swung about, and began mounting with the wind. But, alas! the fire leaped up and claimed its victim. A shower of burning bits of bark and twigs fell upon the glossy bag, burned through it and fell inside. There was a slight, sputtering hiss, and little jets of pale flame began to spout from the skin of the monster. It wavered; suddenly a hot blast lifted it high above the tree tops and directly over the pond. The bag began to collapse; the forward end tilted upward; the little motor, with no resistance to meet, sputtered furiously; then the long steel frame pointed downward, the bag was consumed with a puff, and the metal, freed of its buoyant support, plunged end foremost into ninety feet of water! Hanging by his feet in a tangle of cordage, his agonized face blackened with smoke, a little man in scant tights, struggled in vain to free himself.

The weather was warm and cloudy, and the crowds were gay. It was the third day of the big carnival, and the city was thronged with thousands. On the public square a group of acrobats were doing a trapeze act, barkers were proclaiming the educational value of their various shows, grizzled farmers grinned at the antics of the trained dogs, pompous policemen made a show of keeping the crowds in order, smartly dressed young men threw confetti into the laughing mouths of all the pretty girls they met.

The actors bounded to the platform and bowed and smiled in response to the applause. A fat man with a megaphone advanced and began calling out:

"Everybody down to the old cotton yard to see the big airship! De Armand! De Armand, the dare devil! See De Armand in his thrilling voyage to the clouds! See the airrship that is to carry the commerce of the future centuries! The largest dirigible balloon in America today! The ascension takes place promptly at 12 o'clock! Follow the band!"

The small boys were already trooping to the vacant lot where a big orange-colored bag strained at its sand-bags. They crowded around to watch the helpers as they brought out a large inflated canvas bag from the balloon tent, attached the mouth of the bag to a valve under the balloon, and began mashing it to force the gas into the airship. The big skin of varnished silk began to grow tighter, and was soon lifting the sand-bags, first at one end, then at the other, like the elephant lifting his feet at the zoo. The little gas engine was oiled and started, and the helpers stood by to cast off.

The crowd had now collected, and a little dark-skinned man in scarlet tights sprang nimbly upon a wagon seat. He was greeted with a cheer, and was introduced briefly by the barker with the megaphone. Curling his upturned black mustache he called out in a rich, mellow, musical voice:

"Ladiss an' gentamen, stand back one moment from de palloon, an' I vill aska de gentamen please no smoke, as de palloon vill taka de fire. Dis peeg seelk ting vat you see iss fill weeth de hydrogen gas, wheech iss lighter dan air, an' vill taka me up, up, 'mong de clouds. If it burna up, I can not go. Dis maka de tree huder forty-seven time I go up in heem. Adieu . . . All ready?" he asked the helpers.

The little motor sputtered, the band struck up "Blue Bells," the crowd shouted, the sandbags were cut away, and the little man waved his hand from his perch at the steering gear. He threw the propeller in gear, and the ship of the air glided forward a little, then gradually lifted and floated over the heads of the people. After circling round several times, it rose several hundred feet above the city. For half an hour,

perhaps, it circled around above the church spires, then rose still higher and began sailing east. It followed this course until lost to the naked eye, several miles away. Some said that De Armand intended sailing to Cloverdale, ten miles away; but some, who have thought about the matter somewhat, still advance the opinion that De Armand's ship was seized by a strong current of air high above the earth's surface, and that the wind carried him away into the wilderness. No one could say what became of him after that. The last seen of him was by some boys who had an old field-glass, and they reported that the balloon had fallen rapidly as it approached the wooded hills to the east of the city, and that it seemed to be unmanageable; but little attention was paid to these vague statements. The people, for the most part, never troubled about what had become of the airship, so long as they had seen it.

The newspapers made brief note of the ascension, concluding with the statement that De Armand had sailed toward the hills to the east, and had not yet been heard from.

The question is: What became of De Armand?

A. M. S., '11.

WHEN WOMAN REIGNS.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART II.

The Fourth Ward was teeming with the waiting audience of the saloon candidate for mayor, when Dorothy and Mary arrived upon the scene. Women were roughly jostling each other to get places of vantage near the speaker's stand, and busy bosses were passing through the crowd urging the voters to stand by the "people's" candidate. One habitual toper was loudly proclaiming the superiority of Murphy over any other candidate in the race. On the outskirts of the

crowd, fashionably dressed men were clinging timidly to the arms of their escorts.

"Here comes Murphy," said Mary, as she and Dorothy secured places in the crowd. She had scarcely spoken before cheer after cheer arose from the great audience. A gayly bedecked carriage, drawn by four white horses, was bearing Murphy and four proud attendants through the crowd. Murphy, a tall woman with unmistakable Irish features, bowed from right to left in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic welcome accorded her by her constituents; and, as the carriage drew up beside the speaker's stand, she stepped out and took her seat in the chair of honor.

In a few well-chosen phrases, a prominent woman introduced the speaker of the occasion; and, when the applause had ceased, Murphy arose and, with a bow to the audience, began her speech. She was making the greatest speech of her life, when, in the midst of a spell-binding flight of oratory, she screamed in terror and, jumping from the platform, fought madly through the crowd. In a moment there was a wild stampede. Women were fighting and cursing to escape from that horrible monster—a mouse! A frightened, inoffensive little mouse had run across the speaker's stand, and had put to flight a great assemblage of women who had so often boasted of their valor. Women had long occupied the places once held by men; but, notwithstanding their many years of undisputed power, they were still imbued with the dread that had caused Mother Eve to scream at the sight of a mouse in the Garden of Eden.

It was some time before the women recovered from their fright; but, finally, they began to straggle back into the square. The men, who had been forsaken by their terrified escorts, fearlessly stood their ground; and, when the women returned, they greeted them with jeers and mocking laughter. They retained that one characteristic of the ante-twentieth century man—lack of fear in the presence of the awe-inspir-

ing mouse. The speaker, who was among the last to return, sheepishly took her place upon the stand, and the program of the evening was continued without further interruption.

Dorothy and Mary had shared in the general rout; but, in their eagerness to save themselves from the enemy, they had become separated. Dorothy, finding herself several blocks from the scene of the political meeting, decided that she would call upon Mister Belverton, the young gentleman with whom she had made an engagement during the afternoon. She was only a short distance from Mister Belverton's home; so she decided to walk. In a few minutes she arrived at the imposing brown-stone mansion on Fifth avenue, the home of Mrs. Henrietta Belverton, the richest banker in New York. ascended the broad marble stairs and pushed the electric button on the door. The door was opened by an expressionless butler, who received her card and ushered her into a spacious and richly furnished drawing-room. Dorothy had to wait only a short while before the butler returned with the information that Mister Belverton would keep her waiting only a few minutes.

Dorothy could scarcely control her agitation when Mister Belverton walked into the room. He certainly made a picture that would have charmed the most adept critic of masculine beauty. Tall and willowy, a matchless olive complexion, brown eyes, a wealth of raven hair, Dorothy thought that there could be no other in the world so beautiful as he. Mister Belverton greeted her with a gracious smile and, after conventional greetings, they took their seats on a lounge in a corner of the room. For some time the conversation consisted of light society chat, Dorothy wishing to ask the question uppermost in her thoughts, but not having the courage to turn the conversation into the desired channel. Finally, breaking off irrelevantly from a discussion of the relative merits of different makes of airships, Dorothy said:

"Charlie, I love you. Do you think that you could ever learn to care for me, dear? My heart is too full to tell you the whole story of my love, but I know that I love you a thousand times more than I love any other being in the universe."

For a moment Charlie was silent, and then he answered:

"I know that I shall not learn to care for you, for"-

"Oh! I might have known that you did not love me," Dorothy groaned. "What is life to me now without you!"

"Wait," he whispered. "You did not let me finish my sentence. I shall not have to learn to care for you; for I love you now, Dorothy; dear."

(For descriptions of love scenes similar to this, where the heroine folds the hero to her palpitating heart and showers kisses upon his rosebud lips, etc., read the fiction numbers of popular magazines for the year 2005. The author would save the reader this research work, by recounting the remainder of the love scene himself; but, after writing the several paragraphs above, he began to get sick.)

After the usual program in cases of newly discovered love had been brought to a successful termination, a discussion of plans for connubial bliss was begun. Charlie would not agree to a marriage without the maternal consent; and, when Dorothy was told that the mother was in the house, she decided to broach the subject at once. With a kiss and words of cheer from the fair one, Dorothy went into the adjoining room, where the arbiter of her hopes was at work.

Mrs. Belverton, a typical business woman of the twenty-first century regime, was sitting at her desk, deep in some great finacial problem, when Dorothy entered the library. She turned in her chair, with a scowl of impatience upon her face.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

For a moment Dorothy was nonplussed by the gruffness of her reception; and then, summoning her courage, she said: "Mrs. Belverton, I love your son, and I flatter myself that my love is returned."

For a moment it seemed as if the blood would burst the veins in the irate banker's face.

"You love my son!" she bellowed. "Why, you impertinent young puppy, you could not keep him supplied with candy! What right have you to ask for my son's hand in marriage, when you have scarcely sufficient income to support yourself?"

"The right of a lady, madam!" Dorothy proudly answered; "and you are mistaken in your estimate of my finances. I have ample income to support Mister Belverton in luxury."

Wrathfully rising from her chair, and shaking her first at the calm young woman, Mrs. Belverton ordered Dorothy to leave her house and never darken its doors again.

Without another word, Dorothy turned upon her heel and walked proudly out of the library. When she entered the drawing room, Charlie was anxiously awaiting her.

"What did mother say?" he asked.

"She would not listen to me. She ordered me to leave her house and never return. Dear, your mother will never consent to our marriage. Won't you elope with me? I can get an airship from a man who rents them, and we can go to New Jersey tonight and get married."

"I am afraid, Dorothy, mamma will never forgive me," he answered. "I love you well enough to marry you now, but I can't go against mamma's wishes."

"Please, darling, if you love me, accede to my wishes," Dorothy pleaded. "I'll wager that as soon as we are married your mother will forgive you."

"Well, darling, for love of you I will defy my mother."

"Spoken like a true little man," she answered.

She kissed him fondly and, bidding him be ready at his window in half an hour, she joyously left the house.

At the appointed time an airship soared gracefully up to Charlie's window, and Dorothy called softly that she was ready. Man like, Charlie kept his ardent lover waiting for some minutes, but finally he stepped upon the deck of the airship; and, after various hatboxes, steamer trunks, etc., had been taken aboard, the happy pair sailed off to their goal of bliss.

G. G. W., '08.

A CADET'S REVERIE.

(Echoes of Christmas.)

Near the dawning of the morning, At the time for reveille, When the bugle call is blowing, Dear, I always think of thee.

There before me, in its glory,
Near my own, your sweet face seems,
Beaming love in subtle beauty—
The ideal of my dreams.

Even in the busy classroom,
All throughout the toilsome day,
Urging me to all my duties,
Your sweet smile still leads the way.

When I lay me down to slumber,
As the bugler blows tattoo,
In the closing of the evening,
Dear, my thoughts are still of you.

H. C. T. '09.

THE UNSPOKEN PROMISE.

Howard Willis was a very timid, gentle young man. All his life he had been the butt of the senseless, and often rude, jokes of the neighborhood young folks. There was an exception to this—one of the girls, Mary McMahan, saw and appreciated his virtues, and loved him.

Now, there was a dashing, swaggering young man who openly said that his quiet rival stood no showing, and that he himself was going to make Mary his bride. Everything went well for some time. Howard always gave place to Louis, but he could easily tell which one she loved.

The father of the girl, kept the village store. One fine evening in February, a small crowd had gathered there, and among them were the two lovers of Mary, and some other young men. Willis soon left the crowd and entered the home of his sweetheart. They had a few minutes of quiet conversation, and by the time Louis came in, Howard had gained the promise of the young lady to become his wife. Louis soon saw that he was not wanted and, deeply chagrined, he went back to the store and planned with a boy friend a big practical joke to play on his rival.

He called a little, stunted negro boy.

"Jim! Jim, come here quick!"

The negro ran to him.

"Say, we'll give you a dollar to do something for us. Will you?"

"Yessir."

"All right; then come on back to the store."

They went together to the shop. They took him to a small room in the rear, cut holes in a meal sack, and put it on over his head. They then rubbed some flour on his face until it was all white.

That evening, as Howard was driving slowly along the darkest, most dismal part of the road home, he heard a slight commotion behind him in the buggy.

"Bet that's one of Mrs. McMahan's cats."

That indefinable something which tells us of the presence of a living being seemed to say to him, "Howard, old fellow, you've got a companion."

Now, from childhood, he did not like to be alone in the dark. He was always afraid that something might happen. Just suppose that those clumps of bushes could come walking over and bow to him, or the chairs at home should all grow wings and sail around and around and around his head and hit him with some of their legs! He couldn't see their wings, yet he could! One night, he certainly saw a ghost dog dash by him, some little distance off, and it had four bicycle wheels instead of legs!

Visions of Mary vanished from his head, and, crowding in, came all kinds of fantastic images, induced by the noise of his buggy. There it was again! He cautiously turned his head—mercy! There stood a big black—and white—! He turned his head back again, and struck the horse with the lines. But the ghost wasn't done. Oh, no! Something stole around his neck. Two cold paws clasped under his chin. He was terror-stricken—in an ecstasy of fear. His hair stood on end. His blood receded to his heart. Weakening very much, he almost fell.

In the small hours of the night, Mrs. Willis was awakened by the crying of some animal. She awoke her husband, and together they went to investigate.

They found Howard in the buggy near the house. He had caught both of the little negro's hands in his mouth, and sat there, rigid, with his eyes distended, and the blood from the little African's hands running down from his mouth.

They carried him to his room and put him in bed. His father saw that he was not recovering from the fright, and that he could not speak. The physician whom they summoned looked grave.

"With quiet and close attention, he may get all right again; but he has had a great shock. It is very serious."

The tenth day he ceased his delirious jabbering and moaning, and asked for Mary.

"Tell Louis I want to see him, too."

Mary came. The great love she bore him would have made her surmount any difficulty. She sat by his bedside. For a long time he did not move his eyes from her face. Then Louis came, shamefaced and penitent. He went and knelt by his wronged rival and begged for forgiveness. Howard placed a hand on his head.

"Louis, won't you be a better boy?"

No other words were spoken, but Louis saw that he was forgiven, and that gladdened his heart. Howard's few words were more than a sermon; and he, too, saw that if he died, he left a young man who never again would indulge in mean or low tricks.

As the pastor of the largest congregation in W— looked from his study window, a pensive mood was on him. He was thinking of a lone grave away off over those hills to the east.

His little daughter came and placed her hand on his knee. How wonderfully like her mother, Mary, did she look! The deathbed scene came back to him, and the unspoken promise, he knew, had never been broken.

W. H. R., '08.

CONSTITUTION OF 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, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV-OFFICERS.

- Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.
- Sec. 2. All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot, the nominations being made by a nominating committee appointed by the President; and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be decided the choice of the Association.
- SEC. 3. The President of the Association, on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen, shall have their names enrolled on 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 certificate of membership; and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.
- SEC. 2. The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and, as a representative of his institution, he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the committe. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall became the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Comittee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.
- SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the

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

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

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

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

ARTICLE VI-EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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

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

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

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year, at its meeting, a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal the Palmetto Tree.

ARTICLE VII-COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

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

Sec. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them, and shall grade them on the following points: Originality, thought, and rhetoric, giving one final grade for each oration This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred; the best oration, if considered

perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

- SEC. 3. Section B shall be selected by the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on delivery. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each 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 at least twenty-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.
- Sec. 5. The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors, or the orations, nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of committee, Section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.
- SEC. 6. At the close of the contest, and in the presence of the audience assembled, the Secretary of Sealed Marks, assisted by the members of committee, Section B, shall make a final average. At no other place and time and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.
- Sec. 7. The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, committee, Section B, shall retire, and, without consultation, shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize, or prizes. The chairman of committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII-ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached

to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX-REPRESENTATIVE.

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

ARTICLE X-FEES.

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

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

ARTICLE XI-PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association, there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII-Conventions.

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

SEC. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President may direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest, and all officers of the Association present, shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject the 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 Interstate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE XV-PUBLICATIONS.

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

ARTICLE XVI-AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

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

ARTICLE XVII-AMENDMENTS.

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

OFFICERS.

The list of Officers is as follows:

President, D. W. Neville
Vice-President, W. E. SimpsonErskine
Recording Secretary, J. I. KoonNewberry
Treasurer, S. B. MarshallFurman
Corresponding Secretary, J. F. NohrdenS. C. M. A.
Secretary Sealed Marks, L. W. Perrin

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. B. Fraser, Jr., P. C. of S. C.; E. R. Spence, Erskine; H. G. Goggans, Newberry; J. W. Hicks, Furman; Harry Wilkins, S. C. M. A.; J. B. Davis, U. of S. C.; E. H. Harley, Wofford; J. B. Brown, Charleston; C. A. McLendon, Clemson.

The Clemson College Chronicle

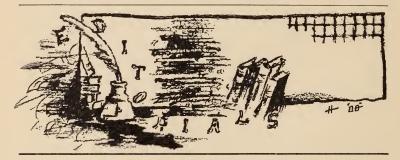
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

W.O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto) Editor-in-Chief
C. A. McLendon, '08 (Columbian) Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun) Assistant Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) Literary Department
G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Literary Department
H. C. TWIGGS, '09' (Palmetto) Literary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto) Y. M. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian) 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.....\$80 One-half page, per year.........\$5 00



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

Why has not the South at least one great university? Why should the youth of the South be compelled to seek the universities of the East, or to cross the seas, in order to attain the the higher branches of learning? Though Greater perhaps not often given the thought due them, Universities yet these questions should command the most serious consideration of the thinking men of today. It is a most lamentable fact that, though we have colleges and small universities galore, we have not a single university that can rival those of the North or of Europe. If

we should visit the numerous colleges south of the Mason and Dixon line at present, we should find numbers of those who epxect to graduate with the coming spring, preparing for a course at one or other of the great universities—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and others.

Today the world looks on in wondering admiration at the development and progress of the South. New life seems to permeate every phase of her existence; prosperity keeps step to the throbbing and pulsing of whirling machinery from coast to hill; common education is wending its way farther into the frontier of ignorance, decreasing the percentage of illiterates by one-half in three decades. Truly, you say, we are taking great strides in the matter of education; but, we should remember, we are taking far greater and more rapid strides in material progress. While it is right for us to do all in our power to help prosperity, we should not be content to let education rest in the mediocrity.

When the men of the South vie in knowledge with the men of letters of other countries; when the South stands forth among the nations as a center of learning and culture, then will the South have attained to her finer traditions. What we need are greater universities that make for a richer South—richer, not from a material standpoint, but from the greater and grander one, that of men of letters and of culture.

Though we have one of the richest languages in respect to words, one would judge from the number heard in the average conversation of our people that the English tongue is one of localisms, slang, and contractions. In our daily Words conversation, we hear only the most common and most used words. Even those who are constantly before the public, and are expected to employ the most chaste expressions, seem to forget that the rich assortment of words was intended for other than ornaments between the covers of unabridged dictionaries. So few there are who can delve into

the treasures of our language and appreciate its fullness to the highest extent, that these are unintelligible to the average person, if he deviate from the well-beaten path in order to diversify his conversation. How often does one who would otherwise choose from the plentiful store refrain from the use of any but the much-used words, lest one embarrass one's companion or audience, or subject one's self to be looked upon as attempting to appear learned and classical! And the poor victim has often to mumble his assent to a choice selection of words which, to his mind, would express just as much as if spoken in the Sanskrit of antiquity.

Though a fault of the nation at large, this butchering and disregard of the grand array of the units of our language, which have been pruned and ripened in the sunshine of the classical ages, is more general and more wholesale in the South. Perhaps the main reason for this is because of the presence of the negro, whose influence upon our language has, no doubt, been appalling—a sufficient reason why mothers should look more to the care of their children, instead of leaving it to jabbering pickaninnies.

And yet, kind reader, do you ever stop to consider the part played by the inert way in which we command and retain and use our words? A cut-off here, a short-cut there, and a desire for as little expenditure of time and energy as possible, are degenerating the richest language on the face of the earth in a manner disgraceful to our prided "advanced civilization." It is time for the scientists to halt long enough to consider that, unless he employ and preserve the present rich store of words of the English tongue, his successors of future centuries will be as far removed from the language of today as we are from the hieroglyphics of antiquity.

The effect of the present "money scare" has been a great deal more drastic than was at first expected. The influence has been felt in every department of business life. And when

this happens, the nation has received a blow that cannot easily be overcome. Though many claim The Panic that the crisis had to come sooner or later, it is rather hard to see why such should be the case. Never has the country been in a more prosperous condition than at the beginning of the present trouble. The past year was not one of poor crops and general failures. It is true that for a while it was thought that the cotton crop would fall short of its usual standard, but recent reports show an average yield. But if we look closer, we shall see that the panic was thrust upon the people by themselves. It is not on account of the financial status of the nation that thousands are being thrown out of employment and that business houses are going into bankruptcy; but it is because the people have simply lost confidence through an unwarranted fear of losing their savings. Take, for example, the thousands of washerwomen and the like, who recently made such a demand on the banks of our large cities. When all of these suddenly take their meager earnings from the banking institutions of the land and stow the money away in trunks, millions of dollars will thus go out of circulation. Until the people, especially the small wageearners, can be induced to place more trust in themselves and their fellow-men, the present panic, which already has caused great damage, will continue until it assumes alarming proportions.

As the time for the next meeting of the College Press Association is not very distant, it seems that it is time to begin the necessary ararngements for the literary contest and the other business to be transacted prior to The. College meeting in Spartanburg in April. No Press Association doubt many recall the confusion of last year, resulting from a general misunderstanding on the part of all. It is hoped that those who have charge of the association this year will begin in time, so as to

assure the best possible results, and, in every respect, a successful meeting. With the plans that the organization now has in force, and the objects that it has in view, there is every reason to predict a wonderful change in the standard college magazines of the State.

At the meeting in April, representatives from the different magazine staffs will discuss before the delegates the best and most expedient way of getting up the different departments. In this way, ideas will be exchanged that will greatly benefit the standard of all journals. Also, the business and financial basis will be discussed; and, perhaps, plans may be arranged to insure a uniform and reasonable printing rate for all of the magazines of the association.

Below is given a copy of the constitution. From this it is seen that there is a provision for three medals. So get busy, boys.

CONSTITUTION OF THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSO-CIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The objects of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this state, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at any annual meeting.

Sec. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the second Friday and Saturday in April.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: Furman University, College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Clemson College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskine College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina,

Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

- Section 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary, elected annually by the delegates present at the convention.
- Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed at once by the President.
 - SEC. 3. The new officers shall hold their office for one calendar year.
- Sec. 4. If any office of the Association becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.
- Sec. 5. The President of the Association shall be appointed from the college that entertains the Association, and no college shall have the President for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

- Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the requests of three of the colleges represented in the Association.
- SEC. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President.
- SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitutions and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.
- SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college of the Association as to the time and place of meeting, one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him.
- SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

ARTICLE VI.

- Section 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of thirteen members, one from each college, and shall be appointed by the President, as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble at the call of the President, acting with the Chairman of the committee.
 - SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power to select medals.
- Sec. 3. The annual conventions shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall have the power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

ARTICLE VII.

- Section 1. Five persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.
- Sec. 2. This committee shall pass judgment upon all essays, poems and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric.
- SEC. 3. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision; such objection shall be sent in writing to the President one month before the annual convention.
- Sec. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one poem and one story from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.
- Sec. 5. A medal, not exceeding ten dollars in value, shall be given for the best essay, best poem and best story appearing in any magazine of the Association for the year. Only one poem, essay or story shall be submitted. The Secretary will read before the Association the prize essay, poem or story.

ARTICLE VIII.

No essay, story or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contest are not eligible. Every essay, story and poem shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, and they must be members of the student body at the time they are written.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays shall be selected by the colleges of the Association, and no college shall send in over one contribution.

ARTICLE X.

Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of \$5.00, which shall be paid on or before every annual convention.

ARTICLE XI.

Section 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the delegates from the several colleges, and the officers of the Association.

Sec. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XII.

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

ARTICLE XIII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary; the roll to contain the names of Presidents and winners of the medals.

ARTICLE XIV.

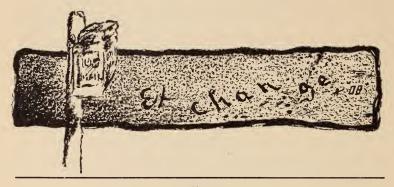
The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish in their December issue the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present at any annual convention, the Constitution may be amended.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

Thirteen pages in the literary department of The Criterion seems to have been unlucky for that magazine. These meager contents are balanced properly—four poems, three essays and two stories;—but are sadly lacking otherwise. The three essays all promise well, and are, to a certain extent, both entertaining and instructive. "The Influence of the Literary Societies," however, covers the ground only in a very smattering way. The ideas are good, but are not developed. we not already been assailed so many times by Westminster Abbey, in one form or another, "Christmas in Westminster Abbey" might have interested us more. Value of a Journal" is a timely essay on what a college magazine ought and does do. Very much the usual poem is given in "A Christmas Song," but it is decidedly the best in the issue. We cannot, for the life of us, see why the two stories were printed. It would have been much better if these had been left out and the department cut down to nine pages. This, from "In the Shadows," is a fair sample: "Louise," to test "Edwin's" love, goes abroad without bidding him goodby. Louise pines; Edwin pines, and goes to seek his love. They meet unexpectedly. "'This is your cruelly treated

sweetheart, my love! cried Edwin, sinking on the floor beside her and covering her face with kisses,"—and so forth. An appropriate and well-written editorial is found in "Christmas." The Y. M. C. A., the magazine, and the local departments are all full and well up. The business manager is also to be commended on the good line of advertising and the neatness of the printing and binding secured.

The December issue of The Mercerian is one of the best exchanges upon our table. While it is well filled with fiction and solid matter, we regret the scarcity of poetry. "Mount Mitchell," a three-stanza poem, is the only poetical composition in the magazine. This poem is good, and shows real ability. The resume of the life and some of the poetry of "John Charles McNeill, Poet," is well written, and the extracts from the poet's works show appreciative selective power on the part of the author. "Ups and Downs" can scarcely be placed in the category of poetry; as a jingle, it does fairly well. Taking into consideration the difficulty of writing dialect correctly, "A Midsummer Tragedy" is an excellent negro story. It is written in an amusing style, and the dialect is fairly typical of the negro. "A Tour of the Yosemite" is a very interesting sketch of the Yosemite Valley, that wonderful region of the West. The grandeur of the region is described in enthusiastic terms by the author, and the descriptions of places of interest are clear and concise. Good cuts of the most interesting scenes accompany the article. invited Guest" is a humorous "Cracker" story. The published list of college songs at the close of the football season is appropriate and of interest to those who were not fortunate enough to hear the rooters sing them. "A Poetic Freshman" is an amusing college story, written in light, frivolous vein. While the story has little literary merit, it is a good example of fiction of the lighter sort.

We agree with the editor in his views on college spirit. To quote from the editorial on "Mercer Spirit:" "We must let our college loyalty and enthusiasm be heard and felt—not sometimes, but at all times." There are some other excellent editorials on matters of local interest.

In the Sophomore number of The Tattler, "College Song," the opening poem is a beautiful tribute to alma mater. sentiment of the poem is good, and it has considerable merit from a poetical standpoint. "The Rescue" is a well-written story, though the theme is somewhat threadbare. The plot, common to so many stories of the same class, is well worked out and holds the interest to the end. "Why Greek Should Be Studied in a Woman's College" contains some strong arguments in support of the subject, but the author deviates somewhat from the original line of reasoning in some parts of the essay. "Vain Dreams" has some poetical merit. "The Coachman and the Waiting Maid" is too juvenile for a college magazine. It is written in childish style, and might amuse the children if it were published in a book of fairy tales. As far as poems of the seasons go, "In Winter" will do to fill an incomplete page. "Supernatural?" is a good story of the awe-inspiring class. The tragic part is well written, and shows a vivid imagination on the part of the author. "Consideration for the Rights of Others" deals with evils prevalent in all colleges. The habitual borrower and the meddler are roundly scored in this article. The editorial department is not proportional, in amount of matter, to the remainder of the magazine.

We were disappointed in the December issue of *The Winthrop College Journal*. A college of Winthrop's standing should issue a much better magazine, especially so in the case of a Christmas number. Three poems, one very short literary essay, and two stories, is a very scant collection of material

for a holiday number of a magazine. The sentiment of "A Christmas Prayer" is good; but, in some parts, the meter is bad. "To ——" should have been relegated to the editor's trash-basket. It has no qualities whatever to give it the merest excuse for being. "The Christmas Lily" is an excellent poem; in fact, it is much above the average of poems found in college magazines. "Applying Principles" is dull and uninteresting, and rather poorly written. The editorial department contains some good editorials.

"Bethlehem," in The Tennessee University Magazine, is the only article in the whole issue that has any merit. There are several other articles in the magazine, besides two very short and poor poems. All of these are more or less alike, in that they would ordinarily be taken for schoolboy compositions. "A Westerner's Story" and "How Johnnie Prevented the Hold-up" are extreme examples of this. The first is simply a tame recital of a man's being driven from home, when a boy, with his mother, wandering around awhile, meeting his father, and a sudden ending. The second is, if possible, "Johnnie" rides on the engine with his father, the engineer. The train is held up and the treasure in the express car about to be taken, when "Johnnie" opens the throttle and runs the train, containing the robbers, to the nearest station. This, we think, needs no further comment. Holmes, the much-abused and long-suffering, is here again called into use. In "A Triumph of Reason," the defaulting cashier is run to ground; and in "A Midnight Experience" it is the midnight assassin who comes within the clutches of the sleuth. "The Convict" and "Camping Out" do not tend to raise the general average. The magazine is entirely lacking in essays, history and, in fact, any solid matter. One short editorial, with practically no exchange department, is all that is left—besides the index.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Trinity Archive, The Erskinian, The Concept, The Howard Collegian, The Red and White, The Georgian, Maryville College Monthly, Wofford College Journal, The Bessie Tift Journal, William Woods College Record, The Polytechnic, The Oracle, Georgia Agricultural Quarterly, The Georgia Tech, The Limestone Star, Ouachita Ripples, The Criterion, The Tattler, The Pennant, Tennessee University Magazine, The Lenoirian, The Florida Pennant, Orange and Green, Isaqueena, Gray Jacket, The Acorn, The Mercerian, Orange and Blue, The Cosmos, Black and Magenta, The Winthrop College Journal, The College Reflector, Davidson College Magazine, The Columbia Collegian, The Emory and Henry Era, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Prep. Record, The Newberry Stylus, The Jeffersonian, The Kalends.

CLIPPINGS.

"Hush, little Barroom; don't you cry. You'll be a drug store bye-and-bye."

-Ex.

Just a Girl.

For a girl,
Just for a girl.

Many a king has had to crawl

For a girl, Just a girl;

When a hero goes to war,

He may battle for the right;

But 'tis likelier by far

That he sallies forth to fight

For a girl, Just a girl. When the doctor turns to say "It's a girl,

Just a girl,"

Papa murmurs, with dismay:

"What! A girl, Just a girl?"

Ah! but why the sadness there,
Why the bitterness displayed?
Some day some strong man will swear
That the great round world was made

For a girl, Just that girl.

Why did Adam take the bite?

For a girl,

Just a girl;

Why was Troy swept out of sight?

Why was Troy swept out of sight?

For a girl,

Just a girl.

Oh! would heaven still be bright,
And would any good man care
To achieve it, if he might
Never claim forever there
Just a girl,

Just a girl, Glorious girl?

--Ex..

Miss Amelia May Hortense Tried to scale a barbed-wire fence; When she had finished with the climb, She had had a ripping time.

"To the Cat on the Fly Leaf of the Hymnal."

Goodness me! Why, what was that? Silence be!—it was the cat.

-"Pinafore."

Are we so very wicked,

Do we deserve the rack,

The wheels, the fire, the thumbscrew,

Just because "the cat came back?"

We thought the kittens harmless,
But, oh! alas, alack!
We were plunged in degradation
Just because "the cat came back."

Oh! vicious little feline, Retribution's on your track; Tho' your many lives be doubled, We vow you shan't come back.

--Ex.

Absinthe.

My glitt'ring green fairy,
With features so airy,
Come back to me once again.
Come waft off my sorrow
And care for the morrow,
And all my unbearable pain.

Most torturous grieving
And sorrow relieving,
My hovel you've made a sweet heaven.
Tho' some may detest thee,
Forever I'll bless thee
And think of the bliss thou hast given.

--Ex.

Love and Mathematics.

"Do you love me as much as I love you?"

The college girl smiled. "Do you wish me to prove it?" she said.

For answer he bent forward, expecting to receive the usual binding of the promise.

"I mean mathematically," she continued, drawing her face back. "Now, don't be cross! We belong to a certain circle. We are the radii of that circle. Two radii of a circle are equal to a third radius of the same circle."

He wasn't good at mathematics, but he conceded the point. "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Well, supposing that you and I are equal to X, an unknown quantity."

He was perfectly willing to suppose anything.

"X is our love for each other. We are equal to X. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another; therefore I must love you in the same ratio that you love me."

He didn't wait for any more mathematics. The X became X'tasy!

—Ex.

The Garden.

Out in the world's great garden, Numberless flowers aglow, Crimson and gold and purple Or white as the driven snow.

Out in God's great garden,
Fairer, the flowers that blow;
Sweeter, the incense arising;
Whiter, the petals of snow.

Hearts are the blossoms, blooming, God is the gardener there. Souls are ever expanding Under His loving care.



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

A New Year Appeal.

A new year has been ushered in, and, with it, new possibilities for self-improvement and a life of larger service to our fellow-man. As an association, we look back upon a record of which we need not be ashamed; but before us, in the shape of this year's work, lies a field of ever-increasing magnitude. Whether we, as an association, are to grow during the coming year depends entirely upon our interest in the work and our activities in behalf of it. Stand forth boldly to champion the cause of right in all things, and make your influence count in that direction. Be men. What we need to make more of success in the world today is more men of sterling character.

If we are to accomplish our duty in this work, we must be willing to get to work for the association and stay at it. This will demand a sacrifice, but with this will come the pleasure accompanying the victorious achievement which is sure to result. And let us not forget our ideals. As the work increases, our ideals should extend far in advance. "The good is the worst enemy of the best." It is easy to become satisfied with the good; but let us, in what we accomplish as the work of this year, be contented with nothing less than the best.

Governor Ansel's Visit.

Never before in its history had the Young Men's Christian Association of Clemson College been so signally honored as by Governor Ansel's recent visit. It was a pleasure to have with us the Governor of the greatest State in the Union. He came at the invitation of the Association; and, on the evening of November 22, addressed the student body and many outsiders in the Memorial Hall. The topic on which he talked was "The Young Men's Christian Association and Citizenship."

After the address, Governor Ansel was the guest of honor at a banquet extended him by the Association. The whole of this was pervaded with a wholesome college spirit, and on every side was the din of yells and songs. Toasts were made by the Governor and members of the faculty who were present, and these were responded to by members of the Association. The entire occasion was a very enjoyable one; and is an historic one, for it serves to show that our Association is a part of an organization which is large enough and deserving enough to receive the recognition of the chief executives of our land.

The Bible Study Department.

As it stands today, we have one of the most flourishing Bible Study Departments in the country. Now, at the beginning of the new year, we see spreading out before us an almost unparalleled opportunity for the extension of this greatest of all features of Association work. The question is whether or not we shall be content with the maintenance of the present standard or shall push forward to larger achievements. The determination is to push the movement for all it is worth. An effort is being made to secure new leaders, and the classes already started are to be more thoroughly organized.

The Mission Study.

At present, seventy-five men are enrolled in ten mission classes, which meet Tuesday evening of each week. For the leaders, there is a training group, and this is found to be quite an assistance in the proper management of the classes. The Volunteer Band now consists of ten members, and, as an aid to this and mission study, a library of seventy-five volumes has been obtained.

The committee has planned large things as the work of this year, and the prospects of their being carried out are encouraging, especially in view of the increase of last year's work over that of the year previous. The enrollment is to be raised to one hundred men, by means of a personal canvass. As our contribution to the support of those in the foreign field, the committee last year pledged \$300. This money is to be raised in the spring, and every effort is being put forth to realize the amount promised. In the middle of March, a series of meetings are to be held, at which time some prominent missionary is to be secured as the speaker. These addresses will constitute our "Mission Week;" and, after this, a canvass will be made for the amount we intend to contribute.

Prayer-Meeting Committee.

The regular Thursday evening prayer meeting is one phase of the Association work that needs no little commendation. It now has an average attendance of forty, which is an increase of over five hundred per cent. of what it was last year. This is very encouraging, but nevertheless we do not intend to stop with this increase. It is the determination of the prayer-meeting committee to make this number still greater. This it intends doing by more personal work, by getting the leader better prepared on the topic assigned him, and by making the meeting just as attractive as possible. No one should feel embarrassed at these meetings, but should

feel that his presence is needed in order for them to be a success.

Work of Religious-Meeting Committee.

The Religious-Meeting Committee is making a special effort to secure some very strong speakers, and thus they hope to make the Sunday evening meetings interesting and helpful to the students. They have been fortunate in securing B. Rhett Turnipseed, of Columbia, an early graduate of Clemson, to conduct an evangelistic meeting the second week in January. Mr. Turnipseed is one of the strongest young preachers of the South Carolina conference.

W. M. Forrest, professor of biblical literature and history at the University of Virginia, will conduct a series of Bible lectures in February. Professor Forrest has been with us before, and those of us who remember him know him to be an attractive speaker.

S. Walters McGill, State Association Secretary of Tennessee, will deliver a series of life-work lectures some time in the early spring. These lectures are always interesting and are especially so to young men who are deciding upon their life work.

Besides these, the following men have been secured: Rev. D. E. Camak, of Saluda; Dr. A. S. Phillips, of Richmond, Va., and Rev. A. N. Brunson, of Columbia.

Conditions in China.

Mrs. Dr. Fearn, of Soochow, China, lectured in the Association Hall on the evening of December 12, her topic being "Conditions in China." Dr. Fearn has for several years past been in charge of a large hospital in Soochow, but is now in America on her vacation period. For an hour she held unbroken the attention of a crowded hall, describing graphically

conditions just as she had actually seen and known them; and when the lecture closed, every one felt as if he could have listened at least as long again without tiring.

What the Washington Convention Stood For.

(A review and an estimate by Lt.-Col. E. W. Halford.)

Colonel Halford has so lucidly presented the Washington convention in his article to "Association Men" that we print extracts here, believing they will prove interesting and instructive to Clemson men:

"The thirty-sixth convention passes into Association history among the notable few of similar gatherings. In its personnel, it was distinguished. The strongest Association men from all parts of the continent were present, and gave the force of their ability and wide experience to the proceedings and to the results. Without exception worth mentioning, the two thousand delegates making up the roster of this latest exhibition of Association strength and zeal, evinced a steadiness of purpose and an appreciation of responsibility, as representatives of more than half a million members, that were not only commendable but conspicuous. The attractions of the National Capital were not sufficient to lure many of the delegates from the serious work intrusted to They were not in Washington for vacation or for them. play.

"The convention struck a sure note in its utterances and in its results. No uncertain sound has gone forth from Washington as to what the Young Men's Christian Association stands for, what it will abide by, and what its hope and purpose are for the future. It opened with a notable utterance by Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, upon the real equipment of life and for true service, and concluded with an equally notable utterance by Mr. Speer, who spoke for the half-billion

young men of the Orient, and by Mr. Bryan, in emphasis upon the spirit of Christ as the essential power in the lives of young men.

"In its deliverances, the convention was fortunate. No one may further question the absolute, unanimous, and enthusiastic devotion of the Associations of North America to Jesus Christ as God and Savior, and to the Church, the established, of which the Association is not only the outgrowth and expression, but to which it means to continue to be loyal and to be vitally related. The convention also evinced the spirit of wise adaptability, as far as mere methods are concerned, declining to confuse method and principle. Methods are but temporary; they may be modified as conditions demand. The Association declares an open mind, an attitude that must be maintained if the Association is to continue and to grow."

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—S. H. Sherard, President; B. E. Wolff, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—H. B. Riser, President; O. M. Clark, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—E. L. Hutchins, President; W. A. Friday, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thos. W. Keitt, Superintendent; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. W. Lewis, President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club—S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club—W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association—W. W. Kirk, Manager; A. C. Lee, Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; F. P. Caughman, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.





THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES \$10.00 TO \$35.00



HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

LEARN THE WAY



Parlor Restaurant

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Everything the Market
Affords

B. DAVID, Proprietor
Next to Skyscraper
Phone 207 1336 Main Street

COLUMBIA. S. C.

CLEMSON STUDENTS AND FRIENDS ALWAYS WELCOME

CLEMSON Agricultural College

CLEMSON COLLEGE, SOUTH CAROLINA

State Agricultural and Mechanical College

Course of Study

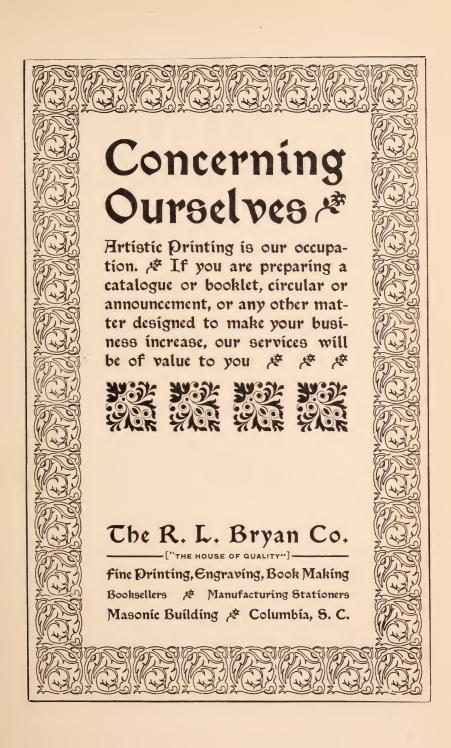
¶ The various courses of study are fully explained in the catalogues. Diplomas will not be issued to those who take irregular courses. ¶ In the Agricultural Department there are courses and equipments for pure agriculture, horticulture, botany, bacteriology, entomology, veterinary science, geology and mineralogy, dairying and animal husbandry. ¶ In the Chemical Department instruction is given in chemical science. ¶ In the Mechanical Department the courses are applied mechanics, physics, drawing, forge and foundry work, machine shop, electricity, mechanical engineering and electrical engineering. ¶ In the Textile Department instruction is given in weaving, designing, textile engineering, dyeing, etc. ¶ The other departments are mathematics, civil engineering, English, political economy, history and military science.

Expenses

¶ The deposit required from each student on admission is \$63.23, except in the case of students who receive tuition free, when it is \$53.23, which includes full uniform. Free tuition is given only to residents of the State. Blank applications for free tuition will be sent when applied for. After the first deposit a quarterly deposit of \$26.88 for pay tuition students, and \$16.88 for free tuition students is required at the beginning of each quarter. The quarters begin as follows: September 11, 1907; November 13, 1907; January 27, 1908, and April 1, 1908. ¶ This gives a total of \$143.77 per year for students paying tuition, and \$103.77 per year for students who receive tuition free. ¶ These deposits pay for board, tuition, laundry fee, incidental fee, medical fee and one uniform. There are one hundred and sixty-five scholarships given to beneficiary students desiring to pursue the Agricultural course. Books and other necessary articles not mentioned will be furnished at cost. ¶ Each student is required to bring four sheets, two blankets: one comfort, six towels, two pillow-cases and one pillow.

For further information, address

P. H. MELL, Ph. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT.



Charlottesville WOOLEN MILLS

Charlottes ville, Virginia

HIGH GRADE

Cadet Grays, Sky Blues and Dark Blues, Indigo Dye—Pure Wool

Free from all Adulterations, and Absolutely Guaranteed



We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Gray Cloth used for Uniforms of the Cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Our Goods are Prescribed for Use in the Uniforms of the Cadets of Clemson College



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)

Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	Page.
A Little Adventure	.211
Debate	.216
A Siesta—2-3 P. M	.231
The Daughter	.232
Precious Today	. 239
Who Saved Him?	.239
A Just Reward	.242
Frank Scott Shiver	.248
Editorial	.250
Exchange Department	.254
Y. M. C. A	.261
College Directory	273

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

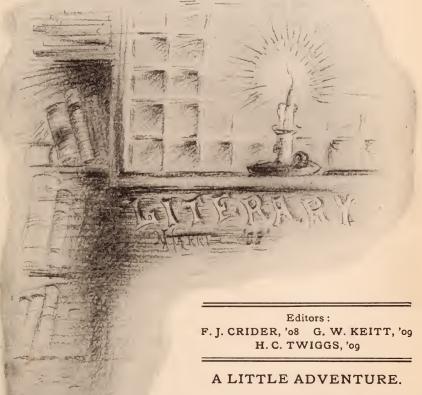


'07-'08 "VARSITY"

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valerc Potest

Vol. XI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1908. No. 5



On a fair but cold February day, in a United State's army officer's tent, overlooking the white, frozen lake below, two officers sit smoking and chatting leisurely. By their uniforms you could distinguish their ranks to be major and colonel. The Major, leaning far back in his

chair, and looking out across the lake with a far-away look in his eyes, was saying:

"This day, this weather, and that frozen lake remind me of a little adventure I had once, long ago."

"What?—with wolves?" the Colonel grunted, crossing his legs and puffing his Havana, deep and long.

"Don't suppose you could quite call them that," the Major smiled.

"Let's have it, Major," the Colonel asked rather than commanded.

"'Twas like this," the Major began, taking his cigar from his mouth and stroking his long white beard. "It was on this very month and day, if I mistake not—let me see—some forty years ago. I was a boy of sixteen or seventeen years then. I was a soldier in the Confederate army.

"One day, in the fall of '63, I, with several of my comrades, was taken prisoner by a party of Yankee soldiers. It being just then a time when prisoners were not exchanged, we had to face the bitter fate of going North and starve in Yankee prisons; but we did not quite starve, for we were sent to a little place—Loraine, Ohio—on Lake Erie, where only a few prisoners were kept. We were guarded by quite young men, and old men that were too old to go to the front. The old men being officers, the guard duty fell to the lot of the boys, the confidence and trust of whom we soon gained.

"For the first few weeks, or months, perhaps, we were kept in close confinement; but, after a lapse of a few weeks, as we won their confidence, we were allowed to go out walking. Finally, some time after Christmas, we prevailed upon the guards to let us go down to the frozen lake and try our skating ability; and, thinking that they would have some fun at our expense, they let us go.

"After several days of sport for us, and none the less for the guards, we were told that we had better make use of our time now, for within a few weeks we would be removed to a fearful pen in New England. Although I knew how to skate, I pretended from the very first that I had never seen a skate. I had in my head a plan which, if successful, would win my freedom. The idea had come to me the first day we went out; and now, since we were going to leave, I thought more seriously of it. The more I thought of it, the more doubtful, uncertain, and uneasy I became. When I walked by day, and in my cell at night, I could see freedom, home, friends, honor; on the other hand, I could see prison-walls, dark and fearful, where men ate each other from sheer hunger. Of course, I cherished the first; but there always loomed up before my imagination, great and awful, a shadow—death!

"February 22d, '64, dawned bright, fair, and cold, just as today is; and I, having overheard the day before that the officers were going some distance away, to review a company of schoolboys on Washington's birthday, arose early, with a full determination of taking advantage of the officers' absence and making a dash for my freedom.

"That morning, about 11 o'clock, the guard, joking and jollying, came around as usual for us. My heart was in a flutter, but I managed to keep my nerve. When we got to the lake, I knew less about skating than ever before. My skates would manage to carry me around in a ring at a terrific rate for a second or two; then one foot would go one way and the other another. I could not stop till I would light upon the ice with a heavy thud. Over and over I would roll, tumbling and falling, always managing—without the guard's suspicion—to get farther away from the shore.

"I had managed to get something like fifty yards from the shore, when the guard called out:

"'Hi, there, Johnnie, back this way!"

"'All right, sir; I am trying,' I answered, as I rolled again on the ice.

"Getting up, and standing for an instant as if trying to balance myself, I took a slight glance at the young guard, sitting there unarmed, save for a pistol in his belt; then, turning my eyes in another direction, I scanned hurriedly the blue shore far beyond the bay, where the land, covered with heavy forest, jutted out into the lake. 'If I could only reach that blue shore,' I thought; but I knew many miles lay between me and that shore.

"I gave a last glance at the unconcerned guard and—dashed away across the ice with all possible speed.

"'Halt! halt!' Bang! bang! rang out the guard's voice and revolver, in rapid succession.

"I glanced over my shoulder. The guard had called assistance and was hurriedly putting on a pair of skates. He was going to give pursuit. I was, for the present, at a safe distance from the guard; but how could he skate? was the thought that came to my mind. I was surprised at myself. How familiar skating came! I skimmed over the surface of the lake like a swallow. The wind cutting through my hair and past my face felt like a gale. I was moving at such a terrific rate that I could hardly breathe.

When I thought that I was at a safe distance to slacken my break-neck speed, I glanced back. My heart gave a bound. A chill passed over me. There, not a hundred yards behind me, came the guard like the wind. Instead of slacking my speed, I strained every nerve, and dashed forward with all my might. On and on we went! I feared to look back, but I knew he was coming. How long would it last? My legs became weak, and my breath came thick and heavy. I managed to look over my shoulder. I almost fell. The guard was not seventy yards behind me. Still I kept on. My legs became weaker and weaker; my breath came faster and faster. My meager supply of food was telling on me dreadfully. My breath came in great gasps. My God! would I have to be killed, or should I surrender? I would not look back, but I knew he was gaining on me. I imagined I could hear his

skates gliding over the ice and hear his heavy breathing close behind me.

"'Halt!' Bang! bang! came at close range from the rear. Bang! and I felt something cut through my hair.

"Of the thousand thoughts that rushed upon my mind in that instant, two stood out supreme: the choice between death and great uncertainty hereafter, and the awful prison walls. My legs became lifeless and my brain whirled. The ice looked like a great white sheet spread far out before me. I did n't know which way I was going, but still I knew I was moving. I seemed to be going in one direction a while, then in another; then it seemed like one foot was going forward and the other backward.

"Although I was insensible to almost everything, somehow I managed to see a place of bluish hue in the ice some distance ahead of me. I knew what it meant, and tried to steer around it. I must have succeeded; for the next I knew I was passing the blue place.

"Bang! bang! sounded the guard's revolver so close that I could smell the sickening odor of the burnt powder. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my left arm; I guessed the rest. I became sick; the ice seemed to be turning around and around, then overhead and back under foot. I tried to turn back in my original direction when I thought I had passed that place in the ice. As I turned I seemed to be turning around in a ring at a desperate rate; a great nausea came over me. I stumbled, staggered to my feet; stumbled and fell face down upon the ice. There I lay waiting my fate. The cold ice on my face seemed to revive me, gave me strength, and dispelled the sickness. I heard a great crack, splash, a great plunge, a crack of the guard's revolver, the ball of which cut up the ice by my face. I looked around to see the guard go down through the ice; he had not noticed the thin place in the ice.

"When I saw the poor wretch go down, I, thanking God in my heart, scrambled to my feet. I took my time, and got to shore. I walked all the way across the State of Ohio, back home."

When the Major had finished, he took up his neglected cigar and proceeded to light it.

"Did the guard drown?" asked the Colonel, adding, "Guess that was quite a little adventure for both of you."

"I don't know whether the poor devil drowned or not; I guess, perhaps, he froze to death."

The Colonel smiled. "No, I didn't freeze, but it was pretty blame cold under that ice."

The two old veterans looked into each other's eyes for an instant, then, laughing, grasped each other's hands in a warm clasp.

O. M. C. '09.

DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, that street railways, electric lights, and waterworks should be owned and operated by the municipality.

AFFIRMATIVE.

A public function is a service performed without compensation, solely for the general welfare. An industry is a business undertaking or vocation carried on or followed as a means of making a commercial profit, or a living. In political organization, government occupies the domain of function; individuals occupy the domain of industry. Governments are supported by taxation; individuals by industrial incomes, as earnings. To pay for the administration of law is one thing, to pay for gas burned, water used, or transportation for others is a very different thing. And this difference illustrates the difference between a governmental function and an industrial service. A government is a political corporation, and a political corporation has no industrial capital. The treasury is supplied by payment of taxes, assessed under authority of law. It has been claimed by advocates of municipal owner-

ship of public utilities, that a municipality is a moneyed business corporation in which every resident is a shareholder. This is not the case, for members of a political corporation are citizens, not shareholders. The voting power is based on manhood and not money.

The increasing use of streets and public ways by private corporations engaged in the transportation of passengers and the transmission of electricity for light, power and intelligence, has created a public sentiment in favor of requiring these corporations to pay a franchise tax, or make some compensation for the privilege of conducting their business upon locations maintained at the general expense of the public. Advocates of these theories claim that such use of the streets and highways is inconsistent with the purpose for which they are constructed and maintained, and also that these privileges constitute a benefit conferred upon corporations at the general expense of the public.

They assert that there is a large class of people in every community that do not patronize the corporations to which the free use of streets are given, and that it is neither right nor just that they should be compelled to contribute, through the medium of taxation, toward the expense of maintaining streets which are used by these corporations for the purpose of carrying on a business for private gain. The difficulty with this proposed method is twofold. First, it assumes that the streets are being used for a business inconsistent with the purpose for which they were constructed and maintained. Secondly, that these corporations benefit one class only. These assumptions are untrue, for these great agencies of transportation affect the business and prosperity of every individual in our great cities. There is no one who is not benefited by their operations. The prosperous merchant and the wealthy landlord, who probably may never enter a street car, are, as a rule, most benefited by a street railway system. The influence of these street railways upon the commercial and social life of the

American people cannot be measured. They scatter the population of our large cities, thus relieving the congested and debauching condition of the slums.

The street railway system, water and lighting plants of our American cities stand out pre-eminently the crowning glory of the industrial age. Their method of operation calls for the admiration and careful study of all foreigners. These utilities are owned, operated, and brought to such a high state of proficiency, not by municipalities, but by private ownership and operation. Why should we take their business from the hands of private men, who have put so much capital into these utilities, who have been so faithful to the public, who have toiled and labored for years better to serve the people, and who have at last brought these systems to so high a plane of perfection?

Municipal ownership of light, water and transportation plants is unwise in theory. No government, National, State, or municipal, should embark in a business that can be as well conducted by private enterprise. Government ownership carried to logical conclusion, would put all business enterprises under governmental management and control and leave to no citizen any hope, ambition, or aspiration, beyond that of seeking an official position that affords only a meager existence.

If these utilities owned by private corporations had not given the best of service, they could not have been maintained. Thus far private owners have succeeded in managing and controlling these institutions in such a wise and judicious manner as adequately to meet the purpose for which they were established, and give to the people a service for which they may well be proud; and until proof to the contrary is forthcoming, we are justified in thinking that they are the persons to whom this industrial and social function may most safely be intrusted.

The operation of these industrial plants is not a proper function of city government, and to place such enormous in-

dustrial institutions into the hands of our already overburdened city councilmen, would only result in a still further degrading and demoralizing condition in the government of our American cities. John Stuart Mills says: "The true reason for leaving to voluntary associations all such things as they are competent to perform, would exist in equal strength if it were certain that the work itself would be as well or better done by public officers. The mischief of overburdening the chief functionaries of government demands on their attention, and diverting them from duties which they alone can perform to objects which can be sufficiently well attained without them; the danger of unnecessarily swelling the direct power influence of government, and multiplying occasions for collision between its agents and private citizens; and the inexpediency of concentrating in dominant bureaucracy all the skill in the management of large interests, and all the powers of organized action, existing in the community—a practice which keeps the citizens in a relation to the government like that of children to their guardians, and is a main cause for the inferior capacity for political life, which has hitherto characterized the overgoverned countries of the continent whether with or without the form of representative government."

Russian policy is precisely that of the advocate of municipal socialism—namely, the creation of an omnipotent state owner or sole disposer of all sources of wealth. No more subtile means of concentrating the wealth of the people could be hit upon—to mislead taxpayers into the belief that it is philanthropic and progressive in spirit. It is this concentration of wealth and centralization of power that has lowered and is still lowering the standard of the Russian government.

It may be claimed that public ownership of the street railways will tend to relieve the congested condition in city slums by scattering the population over a wider territory; but statistics on municipal operation and control of the street railways of Berlin and many other foreign cities, prove to the contrary, for in the city of Berlin three-fourths of the population are crowded into tenements. In that city there is an average of sixty-six persons living under one roof, against eight in the average American city.

Have we forgotten the sole function or object of government? The chief function of government is to protect its citizens and their individual prosperity, and to give the greatest individual liberty consistent with the liberty of all. Municipal ownership of these utilities is directly opposed to the democratic principle that government shall not interfere with private business. The interference of municipalities with private corporations is not only an interference with private business, but it is an indirect intrusion upon personal rights. A governmental activity which commands and compels is mischievous, inadequate; an activity which says "Thou mayest" to Here-are-the-means, is helpful.

Municipal ownership deprives industry of the moral and economic advantage of that individual self-interest so necessary for the success of any business. This incentive of selfinterest in those charged with the labor and responsibility of management of any kind of business which is not an essential part of the administration of affairs, strictly governmental, is one of the most important factors lacking in the government of our American cities. Certain functions, as the construction and care of streets, parks and other public places, police, fire and provisions for public health and general education, must come under the supervision of organized government; for they are things into which private self-interest and profit cannot enter. But the production, distribution of gas and electricity for light, heat and power, and the organization and direction of facilities for travel, are business matters, involving capital, expeditures, financial control and direction and questions of profit and loss. And no motive has yet been found to take the place of that individual self-interest, sufficiently strong to induce the expert knowledge and training, the energetic effort, constant attention and watchful care over expenses and receipts so necessary to secure successful results. In response to a request for the latest report of the electric light plant, the City Clerk of Topeka, Kan., replied: "The city owns its own plant and has no report."

Statistics on municipal ownership of street railways, lighting and water plants in England and other countries where it has been tried, prove it to be financially disastrous. If American cities municipalize their public utilities in the same proportion as has been done in England, their local debt will increase by the following astounding figures: Increase in street railways, \$800,000,000; in lighting plants, \$175,-000,000; in water plants, \$250,000,000; in telephones, \$130,-000,000, making a total increase of \$1,355,000,000, and this added to their present local debt of \$1,600,000,000, would make a total burden of \$2,955,000,000. Australia and New Zealand have gone further in municipalization than any other countries, with a result of debt-making as compared with other nations, as follows: Great Britain, per capita, \$91.68; United State, \$11.91; Australia, \$309.66; New Zealand, \$348.17 greater than that of the United States by \$287.75. average debt per capita of 18 American cities is \$40.96 while in England it is \$113.62. As a direct result of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities in England there has been the following increase in expenses during the past thirty years: Taxes, 162 per cent.; valuation, 65 per cent.; local debt, 300 per cent.; local expenses, 140 per cent.

In English cities, a large proportion of the local debt is incurred for industries owned and operated by the city government, argued to be productive, and defended on the ground that they yield profits for the relief of taxation, while it is shown that the rates of taxation and indebtedness of the cities is determined by the extent of their indulgence in municipal ownership. The lighting of a number of London boroughs

is still in the hands of private companies, and the economy shown in the company lighting as compared with municipal lighting, is proof of the fact that private ownership is the best policy. The heaviest taxed districts, Poplar and Bumondey, 60 per cent. and 46 1-2 per head, respectively, are municipally lighted districts, while the lightest taxed district, Paddington, 32 1-2 per cent. per head, is lighted by a private company. The latest report from the bureau of statistics of Indiana shows that in 28 cities which own their own water and light plants, the tax rate is 1.96, while in 57 others the rate is only 1.77.

Municipal ownership is inefficient because it does not employ the best men to carry on the work. Competent men cannot be secured, because they are not paid a reasonable salary and have too small an opportunity for advancement. It is not alive to the progress of the world, but the progress of the world in politics, in arts, in inventions, in manufactures, in ideas, and all that goes to make up our complicated existence, centers around individual man. Who have taken the steps forward? Not governments, nor States, nor municipalities, nor communities of citizens, nor town meetings, but individual men, inspired with new ideas and earnestly intent upon carrying them into effect. A measure of success from municipal ownership in English cities should not be regarded as necessarily indicating that municipal management of the same utilities in this country would be followed by a like measure of success, for conditions are very different in the two countries. During the past month the newspapers have given out reports for fifteen prominent American cities that have been trying to operate their own public utilities, but have at last given it up, and even their chief executives are proclaiming it an utter failure. They have either already sold out to private corporations or have advertised for bids.

The present status of city governments in this country should alone preclude further consideration of this question.

And when Americans, in the stormy race of life, pause long enough to compare our city governments with those of English cities, they should hang their heads in shame at the type of government in our cities today. In England and Scotland we find a type of government which is the result of many years of hard struggle and improvement. But, much to our discredit and our shame, the government of our large cities is a failure. Jobbery and corruption are common. In all great American cities, there is today as clearly defined a ruling class as exists in the most aristocratic country in the world. Its members carry wards in their pockets, make up the slates for nominating conventions, and distribute offices as they bargain together. They are men of power, whose favor the ambitious must court, and whose vengeance must be avoided. Known integrity and competency hopelessly incapacitate a man for a city office. Popular government in our cities is degrading into government by "a boss." As Herbert Spencer says, "We have retained the form of freedom, but with a considerable loss of the substance."

Today one of the strongest forces at work against private ownership is public opinion and public sentiment. But we are going to allow ourselves to be ruled and handled by the opinion of the masses? Are we going to allow our government to become so unstable, so unsteady, as to succumb to the clamor of public opinion? Let us now, instead of giving away to public opinion, and to public ownership of cities, street railways, lighting and water plants, which will be, beyond a doubt, financially disastrous and ineffective, devote our energies to the purification of our already corrupted city government, and seek to throw such a glare of publicity upon the management of corporations as to secure the very best possible service and the greatest progress. And let our motto ever be, "Less government and more democracy."

NEGATIVE.

Looking back through the dark mist of the ages, we see a time when man was free from the great problems of economic, political and social life which confront us today; but as we follow time in his ceaseless course, we find man, forced by the onrushing torrent of progress, passing from his sylvan home, where benignant patriarchal rule held sway, into the complex civilization of modern times, where corporate greed and lust for gold enslaves a once free and happy people. Step by step, as the ages passed and man multiplied and grew in civilization, it became necessary for him, as a unit of the great and increasing family, to define his rights and consider his relation to those of his fellow-men.

At an early stage of the world's history, we find the beginning of a crude form of government, which has, through the succeeding generations, undergone many changes, and which today comes down to us a glorious heritage of priceless value culminating in the American constitution—the synonym of liberty and justice—which sets forth in clear and unmistakable words that government exists to establish justice, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to ourselves and our posterity. Government has been properly defined as a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. All agree that the city government which does not have for its function the providing for human wants is not a true government; and that the aims of city government should embrace all the benefits and all the immunities from evil possible.

All have longed for the betterment of mankind, but in the suggested remedy for existing evils that the honored gentleman would offer you tonight, namely, the control of street railways, light and water plants by private corporations, is found a pivotal question, the great pivotal point of divergence. Aside from the financial condition of our country to-

day, the most serious problem confronting us is that of rescuing our cities from absolute control of corporate monopoly, and to restore the voice of the citizens in the rule of their government. One of the first principles of municipal ownership and operation lies in the fact that street railways, light and water plants are of a public nature, and should be owned and operated for the public interest alone. No one can deny the fact that an enterprise which involves the fortunes, lives and liberty of a people should be under the control of the people. Never before has the solution of the problem of municipal ownership and operation become so necessary and so imperative as at the present day. Despite the fact that newspapers, controlled by private corporations, have tried to check public sentiment in favor of the change, by publishing volume upon volume of false reports and statistics, the gale of success in municipal ownership and operation in European countries has blown those principles across the broad Atlantic, and has securely lodged them in twenty-five per cent. of our American cities today.

From the sunny glades of Florida to the frozen climes of Alaska, we hear the cries of an oppressed people against the tightening grip of private corporations which has proven false to the public trust. Corporations that were to be servants, and begged the privilege of supplying our cities with public utilities, have become masters and are no longer servants to the public. Having learned what vast sums they could extort from the American people, private monopolies have used a part of the wealth from this source to corrupt the people's representatives, and thus obtain unlimited privileges of plunder. So far have these conditions of plunder gone, and so bold are these pirates, that week after week we are horrified at reading reports announcing to the public that the mayor or the city council of such and such a city has been bribed. Such action on the part of private corporations tempts the manhood of our country, destroys their integrity,

and will eventually ruin our nation. I need only call your attention to Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, Philadelphia, Rochester and San Francisco to prove to you, beyond doubt, that these are the existing conditions of a large majority of our cities today. How familiar the disgraceful infamy of these cities sounds to us, and not only to us, but also to the civilized world. The people of these cities pay millions of dollars into the treasury of private corporations, and receive as a reward poor service, corrupt officials, and eternal disgrace and shame. Of this oppressive system, corporate control, there are many parts and contrivances, all skillfully woven together in a network of corruption, and having the same object in view—the extortion of large sums from all classes of citizens for the enrichment of the protected few.

It is sometimes said that certain old sins of the city government should not be recalled at this late day; that they have the sanction of time, wear a venerable aspect, and should be condoned. When ministers of the gospel cease to denounce the sins and crimes of the human race because they are hoary and white with age, then, and not till then, shall the fraudulent manner in which our cities are bound in slavery be forgotten; then, and not till then, shall the degradation and shame the American cities have fallen into through frauds of private corporations, existing not for the public good, but as a hyena to gorge the few at the expense of the many, cease to exasperate and inflame the righteous indignation of every American citizen who is true to the red, white and blue.

And yet in view of these deplorable conditions the honorable gentleman would have you believe that competition would regulate business and prices, and that the demands of public sentiment are unjust. The allegations can not be sustained by the facts; for street railways, light and water plants are natural and virtual monopolies; and, as a consequence, competition, which is the life of trade, is stifled, and the public is forced to pay private companies more than twice the value

for services rendered. Under private ownership, Toledo was forced to pay private corporations thirty-five dollars per horsepower for electricity for lighting and transportation purposes. Today the city of Toronta, Canada, under municipal ownership and operation, furnishes Toledo with electricity for fourteen dollars per horsepower-an amount less than three-sevenths what she was forced to pay private corporations. Gentlemen, I ask what this means, when the public is forced to pay greedy corporations one hundred and fifty per cent. interest on money invested in such concerns? It is not in accordance with the laws of God or man. nothing is more plainly written in the book of time than that the people shall be free. "Prone to the dust, oppression shall be hurled, her name, her nature, withered from the world." This oppressive system can mean nothing less than the robbery of the public; it can mean nothing less than the robbery and extortion for which the Savior condemned the Pharisees who were robbing the widows and children of His time.

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin signified the downfall of a kingdom upheld in injustice. My earnest hope and belief is that a handwriting, beginning on the walls of unrighteous monopolies, is now heralding the speedy overthrow of a system of robbery and extortion more wicked in the sight of God and man than all the sins of Babylon when her robes were most scarlet with iniquity. It yet remains for history to record where the aristocracy of wealth has ever been mindful of the public's interest.

And now, sirs, having pointed out, to some extent at least, the present condition of the American cities, the widespread evils which have befallen them through the criminal policy of existing government, it yet remains as a part of my duty to suggest the proper changes—the changes which will, to a great extent, eliminate the present bad conditions, and lift from shame and degradation the cities that have fallen so low through frauds of private corporations. The changes I sug-

gest are not theory, but are plans which have in the last thirty years done so much in rescuing the cities of Italy, Germany, Scotland, and England from the widespread evils found in American cities today. They are: 1st. A charter that provides simply and directly for a commission of six to ten men -a mayor and an administrative body-with concentrated personal responsibility, chosen from the city at large, without reference to the wards. 2d. Non-partisan nominations and election of officials. 3d. The initiative and the referendum, including the submission of all franchises to the people. 4th. The separation of the finances of these undertakings from those of the rest of the city. 5th. The merit system in all departments of the work. In this direction we must proceed if we hope to achieve the ideal city of which men have so long dreamed. In this commission plan of city ownership and operation of the public utilities is found the panacea which has set free one hundred and eighty-five municipalities in Great Britain alone, and which so rapidly set right Galveston, Houston, Louisville and San Francisco.

Listen to the commissioner's report ending May 7, 1907, from Glasgow, a city of one million and a half inhabitants. Thirty years ago there could scarcely be found a city in a worse condition. The condition of the laboring classes was one of degradation and misery; children were growing up morally, mentally, and physically weak; a generation was coming which threatened to be an expense and menace to the country. The city was furnished a poor lighting and car service by the private corporations at an enormous price. companies furnished a poor and filthy quality of water from the Clyde river. Now, see the change. Patriotic and publicspirited men, seeing the bad condition of the city, came to the rescue. The city rid itself of the private companies by buying them out, and now brings a fine quality of water from lake Katrine, a distance of sixty miles, and furnishes fifty-eight gallons per day to each individual for one-half the price paid

private corporations for a filthy quality of water from the Clyde.

The city now not only lights the streets and public places, but all passage and stairways—experience having shown that good lights reduce crime and require fewer policemen. With far better and more lighting service the commission reduced the cost of lights for private consumers from \$1.14 cents to 58 cents. The municipal street car sirvice collected 224,063,-098 fares. Eighty-eight per cent. of all passengers carried paid either one or two cent fares, and less than 2 per cent. of all that traveled paid four cents for their rides. With these low rates the commission collected \$4,479,000—something over \$2,032,000 above working expenses. This mine of wealth from the car service is turned into the city treasury to be used in improving the sanitary conditions, establishing public parks and open spaces, extending the car service and lowering the taxes.

Not going further into detail, let me say that the history of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Cologne, Hamburg, Berlin and London is that of Glasgow's—London having collected \$5,000,000 from her car service alone. The combined work of street improvement, supplying parks and open spaces, furnishing pure fresh water, distribution of the population by car service, and the stringent enforcement of sanitary regulations has reduced the death rate of these cities from thirty-three to eighteen to the thousand, and now places them amongst the most healthful cities in the world.

The experience of European countries has conclusively shown that corporate control of the public utilities is not only a failure, but that it is a positive evil; and the experience of American cities has been wonderfully corroborative of these facts. Today two-thirds of our cities own and furnish their water supply; and twenty-five per cent. own and operate lighting plants. So successful have been European and American cities, that, within the last year, seven States have passed laws

allowing the cities to take charge of these utilities. The idea is apparently nothing more startling than that the interest of the people should be considered before the interest of private corporations, and that loyalty to the people is higher than loyalty to the party machine. Statistics show that Cleveland, Columbus, Joplin, Newark and Toledo, under municipal ownership and operation, furnish lights far cheaper than American cities under private ownership. The experience of European and American cities speaks volumes in favor of municipal ownership and operation of the public utilities. In the light of this experience, this question can no longer be considered a debatable theory. Time, the critic of all things, has rendered an imperishable verdict in its favor.

And now, in conclusion, I have shown: 1st. That the public utilities should be run for the benefit of the public; and, therefore, should be owned and operated by the municipality. 2d. That private ownership gives rise to great political, economic and social evils, in that private corporations are false to their promises, and therefore unworthy of trust; that they stifle competition, which is the life of trade; that they are tempters and bribers of mankind, therefore dangerous to the morals of our country; and that they are extortioners, rendering poor and inefficient service, but charging enormous prices. On the other hand, I have shown by many examples, that municipal ownership and operation has been wonderfully successful in both European and American cities; that it gives far better service, cheaper rates, promotes health, lowers taxes, and removes the cause of bribery and corruption.

Gentlemen, with these facts before us, with the favorable experience of European and American cities, shall we longer hesitate to recommend to our cities a plan of government which will in no distant day shatter and destroy every bulwark of human slavery on our continent? To that august assembly that shall grant these privileges and liberties, brass and marble will perpetuate their heroic deeds to distant ages, and the

heroes of that day shall live with those to come. It is time that our people arise in their might and purge our political, economic and social system. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue; righteousness demands a change in methods. Already has the change swept the shores and liberated every Teutonic nation with the partial exception of our own. Shall we libertyloving Americans longer hold in abject slavery eighty million people? Shall we hear their cry for liberty and not give Shall we turn our back on public sentiment, the only means the people have of expressing their desires and crushing corruption? Shall we refuse to let the eagle of freedom soar higher and higher until the azure blue is reachd and mankind is free? Forbid it, Almighty God! Half-hearted city and State regulation has been a complete failure, and the future must reveal to the passing generation that public ownership and operation of the public utilities is the only policy to secure public rights and justice.

S. J. EZELL, '08.



A SIESTA-2-3 P. M.

Through the moonlit woods we strolled,
She and I.

Of our ardent love we told,
She and I,

Till our dreams of highest bliss
Seemed to be as dross to this,
And our hearts were light as moonbeams
In the sky.

Through the class a junior slept—
It was I.
From the room a section crept,
Without a sigh.

Of a sudden I awoke;
But I couldn't see the joke,
Though the section showed it to me
By and by.

Heart to heart, we had a talk,

The Prof. and I.

Ten long "extras" did I walk,

My gun and I,

Meditating all the while

On the folly of a smile,

When Diana holds aloof

Within the sky.

MORAL.

Be it "Dutch" or higher math.,

Tough it out.

Even though you lose your path,

Tough it out.

If a friend's advice you take,
In the class you'll stay awake.

Diana loves not "quitters",

Tough it out.

G. W. K., '09.

THE DAUGHTER.

During the year 1844, in southern Kentucky was born a bright boy—Ralph Jenkins. Of his early life, very little is known. However, when the boy was six years old he was sent to the village school—a small building made of logs and covered with boards.

Among the twenty-two pupils who attended this school, was Millie Worthington, a rosy-cheeked lass with blue eyes and brown hair. Millie's home was between the schoolhouse and Ralph's home; and the boy, when he went to school, would always wait for Millie. These two were almost inseparable. During the summer vacation they played together in the bluegrass; and long before their young hearts could realize what it meant, they loved each other.

In a few years they had grown up, and then both knew what true love meant. Ralph was so sure of Millie's love that he did not even dream that he had a rival in Philip Delaney. In the autumn of 1859, our hero went to college. It had always been his desire to be a preacher; and, when the opportunity presented itself, he eagerly grasped it. The boy studied hard, and took advantage of every opportunity.

When the summer vacations came, and Jenkins returned to his home, he was greatly surprised to find that Philip had been calling on Millie quiet often. The two rivals did not like each other; and, consequently, they kept up a continual quarrel during the summer. At times it was difficult to say who would be successful.

When September came, Ralph went back to his school, and Philip went to a medical college. Our hero, having heard from Millie quite often, had about decided that he would win her, when the great war which broke out between the States shattered all his plans. Jenkins, thinking it his duty, decided at once that, after visiting home, he would enlist in the army.

Ralph had been at home several days, when he heard that Morgan was but a few miles away. The boy rode off to join this famous leader. On his way to the soldiers, our hero passed Millie's home; and, not being able to resist an impulse, he stopped. He and Millie strolled down to the spring, where they sat upon a log; and, after a few minutes' silence, Ralph made a declaration of his love. He told her how he had always loved her, and asked her to be his wife. To his amazement and grief, she refused. They then went back to the house, and Ralph told the girl good-by.

As the boy rode away, Millie gazed after him until she could no longer see his head over the rolling hill. She had intended to beckon to him to come back, but he did not look around. The girl then ran to her room and, with her face in her hands, wept like a child. Oh! if she could recall the past, she would give her life to him.

After leaving Millie, Ralph went directly to Morgan's headquarters and enlisted. The newcomer was, on account of some previous military experience, appointed captain, and was assigned to Company G, in the First battalion.

Although Millie had refused him, Ralph loved her still; and often during the heat and fierceness of battle his thoughts would turn to the blue-eyed girl.

In a few months, Jenkins, having obtained a furlough, went home on a visit. After he had ridden all day, he came in sight of Millie's home. As he did not want her to see him, he waited till after sundown before going any farther. About 8 o'clock he resumed his journey homeward. When he reached Millie's home, he saw a large crowd in the diningroom. Being curious to know what it was about, he rode around the house until he could look through the window; and what he saw there almost made him fall from his horse: for on one side of the table sat Philip Delaney and Millie, his bride. Ralph turned his horse and galloped back to headquarters. He did not go to his home, as he wanted nobody to know that he had been in the neighborhood.

Two years later, when Ralph was walking over the field after a severe battle, he heard some one groaning and begging for water. The boy went to the place whence the noises came; and, to his surprise, found Ben, his old servant. The old man told his master all about Millie, and that she had married a drunkard. The boy, seeing that Ben was not able to talk, forbade his saying anything more. In a few minutes the old negro passed away. Ralph wrapped his own coat around the old man's body and gave him a soldier's burial.

Time passed on, and the war was over. One night, after the soldiers were dismissed, in the eastern part of Kentucky, two tramps might be seen lying beside a little fire. They were talking of their past lives. Up to this time, Ralph had told nobody about his former life. After the tales were finished, the two tramps dropped off to sleep for a few minutes before the freight train, which they expected to catch, should pass. Soon our hero, having heard the train, went up the road to get on, and left his partner to get on as it passed the fire. Ralph safely made his leap; but, to his sorrow, the other man was killed. The soldier leaped off; and, kneeling, kissed his old friend good-by. While he was thus alone, Ralph's younger days came back to him. He then determined to go home and see if his father and mother were still living.

It was about 10 o'clock the following night when our hero passed a small log house, from which came the sweet melodies of an organ; and, going to a window, he saw that the music was made by a girl about fifteen years old. He at once recognized her, for she was a perfect image of Millie. The tramp, not able to stand the sight, went on; and, by daybreak, he was at his old home.

About 10 o'clock one fine summer morning, Ralph went up to his old homestead, where he found the house almost fallen down. Going to the door, he knocked, and an old negro woman came out. He asked for a drink of water. After he had refreshed himself with the draught, the man sat down to rest. He inquired of the negress about her old master and mistress. She told him they had been dead several years, and that the old place now belonged to a Yankee. Then the old woman told of the son of her master and mistress, who had gone to the war, but who had never returned. Ralph did not let the negress know that he was the lost boy. She told the story of Philip and Millie. Our hero then found out that Millie and her only child lived a few miles down the road.

The man then told the old woman good-by, and started on his journey, not knowing where he was going.

When he was passing the cemetery, he saw, on a monument, an inscription to his father and mother. Ralph knelt by the graves and wept. How long he stayed there no one knows, but when he arose, it was with the determination to go to New Orleans, where tramps gather, and there to preach the gospel.

In after years, the entire neighborhood of our hero's old home was very curious to know how the daughter of the poor widow of Delaney was able to attend one of the best colleges in the State. But the secret was locked in the heart of a great tramp revivalist.

J. C. H., '09.

MISS HEPSEY'S VALENTINE.

Miss Hepsey was a trim old maid of about thirty-five. She lived with her father, in the brown cottage on North Main street. Not that she was unusually strange, but the fact that no one knew much about her, attracted my attention. She and her father had moved to the little town years ago.

As usual in small towns, there is always a class of bachelors ready to make love to any new maiden. These, in turn, made their proposals, but were flatly rejected. It then became the topic of the town to discuss Miss Hepsey's love affairs. Every now and then some rumor of a new lover would begin to circulate, but soon died out.

Now, the postoffice was the general exchange for gossipers. The postmaster had little else to do besides entertaining the loafers of the town. The only mail that ever came to Miss Hepsey and her father was the county paper, so that a letter for her would necessarily create a stir in the town.

One morning there was an unusual sensation at the postoffice. There was a large blue envelope addressed to Miss Hepsey, in a bold hand. Half an hour later the news was known to every one, except Miss Hepsey. There was much talk as to what was in the letter. Some knew it was a business letter of great importance, because it felt so. Others thought some of Miss Hepsey's relatives must be dead. A blue envelope was not so rare at the little office, but one to Miss Hepsey certainly foretold some great event.

Then Joe Evans suggested that it was a valentine. Five years ago, on the very day, he had sent Miss Hepsey a message of love. Thus it got abroad that Miss Hepsey had received a valentine.

At least four dozen men and boys offered to carry the missive to its address, but the postmaster was too curious to know its contents; so he said that he would send word, and at least four dozen people called to notify Miss Hepsey. She received the news calmly, as though it were an everyday occurrence. She thanked each new informant, and then proceeded with her household affairs. Each one stammered his gladness to be of any service and, after shifting from one foot to the other several times, left the house.

Shortly after the last kind-hearted man had called, the postmaster himself came with the letter. Miss Hepsey's father met him at the door and asked him into the sitting-room. The postmaster readily accepted the invitation, thinking how the people would crowd around him when he came back with the secret. However, the letter was left unopened on the table when the postmaster took his departure.

The people of the town were kind and generous, but their curiosity was unequaled. Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Brown came bustling in. She greeted Miss Hepsey with, "My Mary Jane got a valentine, too."

Miss Hepsey said that she was very glad. Then Mrs. Brown ventured: "Mr. Brown said he thought it was the same handwriting." Miss Hepsey said that she didn't think it could be. After half an hour of questioning, Miss Brown left, declaring to herself, "I never did see such folks."

Then came Mrs. Jones. She prided herself upon knowing something of every person in town. If nobody could find out, surely she could. With tears in her eyes, she embraced Miss Hepsey, and said: "It's awful to have death in the family."

Miss Hepsey became alarmed, and exclaimed: "Who's dead?"

"Why, I heard that you had received a letter telling of the death of a—of one of your—your friends," faltered Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones left, soon after, with less satisfaction than Mrs. Brown had received.

Mrs. Carey and Mrs. Smith called together. They were more refined than their neighbors, but their curiosity had forced them to call. All of their questions failed to get the desired information. When they left, they resolved not to ask Miss Hepsey to the club meeting when it came to their homes.

As the visitors continued to come, Miss Hepsey showed evident displeasure. When Mrs. Johnson's little Tommy began prying around the sitting-room, Miss Hepsey became exasperated. She seized the youngster just as he drew the blue envelope from a work-basket. Mrs. Johnson beamed upon Tommy.

"Bring that here, Tommy; you mus n't bother in other people's things."

Thus they came until dinner time. The sitting-room was filled with women and children. Miss Hepsey showed her annoyance more as the time passed. The women had just chosen Mrs. Wiggs to ask Miss Hepsey just what was in the letter, when the door opened. For a moment, every one was bewildered. Then a strange old lady, with a traveling bag, came in and said:

"Hepsey, didn't you get my letter saying I was coming?"

A few minutes later, Miss Hepsey and her aunt found themselves alone in the sitting-room.

W. J. M., '10.

PRECIOUS TODAY.

No sun is like today's; Brilliant light it oft displays. Tomorrow's day may be tonight: Therefore, do today, and in the light.

Leave tomorrow's task undone; Toil today from sun to sun; Always leave the row complete: Then tomorrow's work is sweet.

Remember, no time is like today, No likeness of which we can portray; Fight onward, and we'll reach the goal A true, devoted, ransomed soul.

Time is fleeting fast away, Life is shorter every day; The moon is darkening, so the sun: The day is o'er—our race is run.

Today we sing of earthly joy; Tomorrow's echo; "Ship ahoy!" We board the ship and sail away To realms unknown—to endless day.

E. H. W., '09.



WHO SAVED HIM?

Old Jerry Dee, a farmer of the solid, hard-working, thrifty sort, lived in the Big Spring Valley, with his wife and little son. In all the country 'round, the good things which Mrs. Dee could cook were as famous as were the fine stock and large crops of her husband.

Now, Jerry just loved pies, especially those his "old lady" made.

On a fine morning in June, he came from the field and went into the kitchen. He sniffed vigorously.

"Ha! somethin' smells good in hyer. Bet it's pies."

On opening the stove-door, his eyes lighted on four big, luscious, brown pies. Thinking that he would tease Mrs. Jerry, and seeing that they probably were done, he took two of them out to the back porch and set them on a box to cool.

"Bet the old woman 'll be mad as blazes. Ha! ha!"

Chuckling, he left for the field. He had not noticed that a pair of small eyes, peeping from a corner, had taken in each movement of his. Tommy tiptoed out and, with his jackknife, was cutting a sample of the pie. Just as he was conveying the morsel to his mouth, his father saw him, and the boy saw that he had been caught.

He dropped the pie and scampered off, turning over the box. Old Jerry chased Tommy up into the hay-loft and proceeded to belabor his small relative very vigorously with a stout persimmon sprout. The beating the boy got rankled deeply.

"Daddy was stealin' hi'self, an' went an' beat me for stealin' what he stole."

Small, sad, lonesome little Tommy crept out from the loft and wandered aimlessly down the East Turnpike toward the creek.

About 9 o'clock he came to the little bridge across the stream, and climbed up on the railing to sit and look into the water. He could not become interested in what usually was so filled with wonders for him. He began to think over his woes and to pity himself.

Now, if anything is bad for a person, it is self-pity. The humming birds and the bees in the flowers by the roadside near the water did not attract him. A big brook trout swam lazily diagonally across the stream. If he had been in the right mood, nothing could have excited more his desire to watch them

than the seeming carelessness with which they displayed their beauties to him.

He said, in an undertone, to himself: "I b'lieve I'll drown myself. I wonder if Mammy will be sorry? An' Pap 'll wish he hadn't beat me so!"

The tears trickled down again, and just as he was about to tumble over——

Tommy had a little white pet pig, that he called "Clarice." Clarice felt his importance, and was very tame. He would walk into the parlor or the pantry, if the door were open. Clarice was very fond of Tommy, and of good things to eat. He promptly found those pies.

Picture a small hog with a big pie in its mouth, and this pig going at a gallop around the farmyard, with Mrs. Dee in pursuit, with uplifted poker! The pig took to the road, and Jerry, attracted by the rumpus, took the poker from Mrs. Jerry, and down toward Fleabite Branch Creek Bridge went the pair, each doing some record-breaking sprinting.

Just as Tommy was about to tumble over, the two hove in sight; but Tommy did not see the pig. The old man he did see—vengeance, murder, blood written in every feature and every motion—as he hove down on the son, with upraised poker and streaming hair and beard. Really, Tommy did not know that the pater could work his knees so rapidly! He did not ponder long. He forgot all about drowning himself. With wonderful dexterity, he unfolded himself and leaped from his perch. Three racing beings, like frenzied specters, flitted into the woods near by. Tommy darted into a thicket and lay still. Papa and the pig lost sight of each other. Jerry gave up the chase and went home.

Late that afternoon, as the boy lay dreaming of hobgoblins with owls' heads, mules' ears, and flaming beards; or seeing himself fall into the creek and turn to a fish with a head like a pie, he felt a hard, rough hand on his forehead; and penetrat-

ing the thicket, borne on the dreamy summer air, faintly and far away he could hear-

"Clar-ee-e-e-e! Clar-ee-e-e-e! pig-ee-e!"

And no one knows till this day how Tommy was saved from suicide.

W. H. R., '08.

A JUST REWARD.

On a blustery, rainy, windy March morning, John Howard stood looking from the window of a dingy law office in a Northern city. He was only apparently watching the great tide of humanity, as it ebbed and flowed along the dreary street below; for in his mind he was slowly turning the pages of Memory's precious volume. And, oh! how carefully he handled the time-worn pages.

Upon the first page he saw a picture of a little barefoot boy playing at various games around his old black mammy's knees. His eye lingered there a few seconds. Then he turns more rapidly. Presently his eye falls on the scene of the old fish-pond, where he used to go swimimng and do other boyish pranks in the clear water. Next he turned to the old woods just beyond the house, where he had chased rabbits when snow covered the ground, or where he had caught fireflies on summer evenings. There was the thickly shaded spring—he felt its icy water chill his heaving throat—with its laughing, babbling outlet, where his daily rambles always ended.

As night spread its inky solitude over all, he heard the impatient lowing of the cattle, as they stood about the old pasture gate; the melody of the darkies' voices, as they sang on their way home from their daily toil, gave inspiration to his innermost soul: the crickets and katydids began their nightly——

"By George!" muttered John, surprised at finding a message boy standing at his elbow.



MANAGER REID



He received the message without any further apparent surprise, and returned to his desk to read it. Before reading the message, he muttered a few half-inaudible syllables like these:

"I am tired of this hellish, life-draining hole. I want the old place back again; and Ma and Sis once more a—an—a—and, if it could be arranged, Alice, too—But, oh!"

The sigh spoke volumes regarding the difficulties in the way of accomplishing so much.

Howard was a direct descendant of the Old South's proudest aristocracy. He was proud, chivalrous, ambitious. His pride lay in the works of his ancestors. His chivalry was inherited from them. His ambition was to be a credit to their memory, and an honor to their name. But over all this was a canvas of the blackest darkness.

His eyes fell upon the neglected telegram. It was an invitation from an old college friend, inviting him to spend a couple of weeks shooting ducks and turkeys in the mountains. To most young men, this would have been an unconquerable temptation. Too long ago John had learned that self-denial was his only choice.

While he was writing his regrets, a letter came from home. It was cheerful as could be. Yet, knowing the state of affairs as he did, John found volumes between the lines. It saddened his heart to think of his utter helplessness, with only a literary education.

Howard's father had been a wealthy Southern planter before the war. But the old Howard estate had gone, just as hundreds of other wealthy Southern homes had—into flames, started or urged, at the hands of the so-called Northern heroes and gentlemen. John Howard was kept at school during all this. He had begged continuously to come home, to help in the hard struggle for his State's rights, but his father as often refused him.

When his course was at last finished, he came home to find the war over and his home devastated. His heart grieved most, however, over the fact that his mother and sister would doubtless have to become manual laborers. They had been the chief cause of his staying in school so long; for they said he could help them more when he had finished than he could have done if he had come home and been killed in battle.

Unfortunately, not long after John came home, his father was killed. This piece of ill-fortune threw a great responsibility upon young and totally inexperienced shoulders. They were energetic and willing ones, however.

Upon looking into the affairs of the estate, he found it, and nearly everything upon it, under a heavy mortgage. This was a most mortifying surprise to both him and his mother. Imagine, if you please, how dark the way must have looked to a young man just starting out o'er life's tempestuous seas. With no equipments, no experience, no money, what was to be done? After transacting all business necessary, John consented to accept a position as assistant in a large law firm in New York; for he realized money must come from somewhere at once.

Thus we found John working away from home, when duty to his State bade him stay and help in the struggle for existence. Every other man in the office was a Yankee, which fact naturally put John in a class, socially, at least, all to himself. The day before, John had had his spell of homesickness; the eldest member of the firm had been telling him what a fine Southern estate he had "raked in." The lawyer said he would have foreclosed sooner but for the fact that quite a neat little sum had been coming to him each month toward paying off the mortgage. And again, there was a widow living in the house. He ended by saying:

"I guess the old hen can hunt her another perch some time soon, now."

"And I guess you had better be just a little bit more careful about your choice of words when speaking of Southern women.

My mother is one of them, I'll have you know, sir!" snapped John, his blood rising.

"I'll consult with you further, Mr. Howard, about this," said the lawyer very sternly. He had fully determined to discharge John immediately after his return from the South.

That night gave John very little refreshment. He could not sleep for thinking of his mother and his home in Dixie. The dawn found him pale and haggard, but determined. Immediately after breakfast, he proceeded to the elder lawyer's office. It was rather late when the lawyer came down. He was in his traveling suit, and evidently intended leaving town on the next train.

"Good-morning, sir! You seem ready for a trip this morning?"

"Good-morning, Mr. Howard," rather coldly. "Yes, I am going South this morning. Anything I can do for you before I am off?"

"Yes, sir," answered John, ignoring the proffered chair. "I want you to give me the location and description of the plantation you have in mind. Perhaps I may have a new neighbor near me."

The lawyer gave the location very accurately; but when he came to the description, he said:

"The home is almost indescribable. It is one of those old Southern homesteads, nestled down among large spreading oaks, where the birds keep the air constantly alive with their songs. All around the house, as far as the eye can see, lie acres of rich farming lands. There are also acres of rich pasture lands and creek bottoms. It was once a palace—way back in the balmy days. Everything has been allowed to run into decay since our great victory. Do you recall the place?"

"Yes; I have been there a good deal"—appearing unconcerned. "I also know you would not repeat what you said about that old lady before her son."

"Why not? He is no better than she, I judge. I most assuredly would. Write the youngster to meet me there. You come, too; I'll bear expenses."

"All right, sir. He and I shall be there on time."

Two days later, Howard and his employer arrived at the widow's home. John told the lawyer to walk in, and he would wait in the carriage until the third party came. As the lawyer closed the sitting-room door, John was close behind him. John placed his ear near the keyhole and listened.

"Where is your son? He was to meet me here," spoke the lawyer, with not so much as a bow.

"I know nothing of it," answered the old lady. "His work prevents his coming home very often. Anything I can do for you?"

"No. One of my assistants and I wished to see him here this morning. If he had been here, I was going to inform him of the fact that he would have to transfer his old hen to another perch."

"Hush!" shrieked the woman. "How dare you"-

"Quiet, mother!" spoke John, as he entered. "You and Sis will please leave the room a few minutes."

"By h-he"----

"Dry up, you whelp!" commanded John, his very teeth clattering, in his intense anger. "Hold your tongue until I am through; then you've got to speak.

"Sir, you were my employer once; you are not any longer," spoke John, more self-possessed. "You were looked upon as a gentleman by me at one time; I regard you as such no longer. You have unpardonably insulted one of God's own creatures—my mother. And you are to apologize, first to her, then to my sister, and then to me. Furthermore, you are to give her a receipt in full for the payment of this mortgage. Do you hear? You thief, liar, blackguard!—in short, you are the most disgraceful piece of humanity that ever disgraced a decent world!"

"Young man, do you realize to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes. Will you comply with my request?"

"No.

"What?"

"I say, No! most emphatically. If you were"-

But the sentence was never finished. Quick as lightning, John's fist shot forward, then sideways, and our friend staggered, groaned, and fell heavily upon the floor. At the same instant, John was upon the semi-conscious form, with a firm grip in its collar. John slowly drew from his pocket a large jackknife, and laid it upon the floor. At the sight of the ungainly weapon, the lawyer shuddered, and stammered:

"For G-G-God's sake!"

John ran his hand into the lawyer's vest pocket, and brought out a receipt book.

"Here, take this and write as I dictate to you, you infamous cur!"

After the receipt had been properly made out and signed, the victim was allowed to rise to his feet.

"Now, bathe your face and dust your clothes. You shall at least appear decent once before my mother. When Mrs. Howard comes in, you politely and cheerfully present her with this receipt; and then leave this place, never to return. Do you understand?"

"I shall do that now, but you shall repent this whole affair in the near future."

The lawyer carried out his instructions fully, but nothing else was ever heard of him.

When the excitement was over, and John had had time to think of it all, it seemed as though he had been dreaming for four solid days. The whole affair seemed too far-fetched to be true. To insure himself of its reality, he called upon Alice that evening. Yes; 'twas indeed a reality; for he had "Ma and Sis a-an-a-and Alice, too!"

And all went on their way rejoicing.

"LAZARUS," '09.

FRANK SCOTT SHIVER.

Prof. Frank Scott Shiver passed away "in the hope of a blessed immortality," December 30, 1907, at 11:30 a. m., at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

For nearly two years he had bravely, patiently and silently struggled against the encroachments of a fatal malady. Eight years ago failing health forced him to spend four or five months in a Northern hospital under treatment. While he never recovered his health, his condition was sufficiently improved to enable him to take up his work again, and to accomplish a very considerable amount of good work.

Mr. Shiver was born March 28, 1871, in Columbia, S. C. He was an extremely delicate child, and grave fears were entertained of his ever reaching maturity. He was left fatherless at the tender age of three years, and was deprived of a mother's loving care and counsel at the age of sixteen years. The early death of his parents possibly accentuated his natural reserve. Certain it is that Mr. Shiver was of a singularly quiet and reserved disposition and manner. Even his own wife was not aware of the constant suffering he was for years, thus unselfishly, daily enduring. He was prepared for college by Miss Ellen Janney of Columbia, who still maintains a private school there. He entered the South Carolina College in September, 1886, and graduated in June, 1889, with the degree of Graduate of Pharmacy (Ph. G.). From 1889 to 1890 he was a post-graduate student at the same institution, in the Department of Agricultural and Analytical Chemistry. When the fertilizer inspection and the state analytical work and the chemical work of the South Carolina Agricultural Experiment

In Memoriam



FRANK SCOTT SHIVER MAR. 28, 1871-DEC. 30, 1907



Station were transferred from Columbia to Clemson College, Mr. Shiver, who had been connected with the Fertilizer Department, came to Clemson as assistant chemist in that department July, 1891. With the advent of the first senior class in 1896 Mr. Shiver was made Instructor in Agricultural Analysis, and has since that time done the bulk of all the strictly Experiment Station work, both original and co-operative, of the Department of Chemistry, having given up entirely fertilizer inspection analysis. In 1902 he was elected Assistant Professor of Agricultural Analysis. As an analyst he was careful, painstaking and accurate; as a teacher, conscientious, faithful and efficient.

Mr. Shiver was married October 17, 1893, to Rebecca Pickens Calhoun at Clemson College. He leaves a widow, four sons, and a sister, Mrs. W. E. Gonzales of Columbia, to mourn his death. At an early age Mr. Shiver joined the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia. He was one of the founders of Fort Hill Presbyterian Church at Clemson College, and served as Deacon from its organization in 1895 till made an Elder in 1897. He was a consistent church member, and for several years, until prevented by ill health, an active church worker, and having served some time as Superintendent of the Fort Hill Presbyterian Church Sunday School.

For the second time during this college year, and in the course of only three months, have we been called upon to mourn the loss of two young men, the one 41, the other only 36 years of age. But though their span of life was brief, their years of service for Clemson College of each of them had been many. Mr. Shiver had served as Assistant Chemist of the S. C. Agricultural Experiment Station for more than sixteen years, and as a member of the Faculty of Clemson Agricultural College for twelve years. By his death the College has lost a useful and faithful member of her Faculty, and the Department of Chemistry has been deprived of one of its most capable workers.

R. N. Brackett.



birthright, but by the most conservative and the most influential men of the nation. Many of these made sound and practical addresses, while others expressed by letter their hearty coöperation.

It amounts to almost a shame on our country that this most important matter should go on unrestrained by either custom or law for so long. Lumber interests have again and again swept down upon stately forests; and, after depleting them of every stick of timber, they have left fires in their wake to complete the devastation of America's pride—her vine-clad slopes. Scientists have shown that the country is affected other than by losing its timber. It is now generally known that the forests have an important bearing upon the weather conditions. Experiments, extending over several years, show that where all of the forest has been cleared away the streams are subject to great variation. These variations are so uncertain, and have such wide extremes, that they have been a menace and a cause of disaster to certain parts of the country.

Few of us but like to get out into the open and, standing beneath nature's green canopy, breathe the fresh elixir of the wildwood. For the sake of nature alone, cannot the forests be preserved? The sallow faces of the children of city slums are a woeful protest against the receding forest line. Let the people—let the law—rise up and cry, "Enough!"

If PEOPLE should stop for a moment and reflect, many would tremble at the thought, as the realization of the fact dawned upon them, that the number of murders of the past year reached appalling figures. A paper of a sister State has remarked that South Carolina can calculate her own doom, if she continues to depopulate herself at the rate of last year's percentage. Now, it does seem that conditions are bad when men, amid prosperity and peace, walk the highways of crime unmolested, and continue to appease their brut-

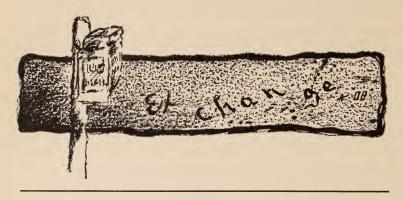
ish appetites for carnage. Yes, numbers of them have slain and have escaped the law of justice—and are now in search of other victims. A few, however, have hung at the rope's end. But what is it that is so peculiar about the atmosphere that hangs like a veil around those few? Is there some law upon the statute books that says only those that fall within a certain category shall receive just punishment? Or do the prosecutors and executioners possess some inborn instinct which enables them to discriminate so closely? Truly, there must be something beyond the ken of the average mind that can send the outcast to the gallows, and that allows his influential accomplice to stand aloof in liberty!

Nowadays, we never look over a newspaper without being greeted, at first glance, by an account or accounts of murder. Take the daily newspaper and count the many such accounts appearing on the first page. Often, nearly one-half the articles recount heinous crimes that one would hardly expect to meet with, except in some uncivilized land; while a large portion of the remainder describes terrible accidents, resulting in the loss of many human lives. So hardened have people become to such affairs that they read of them with the same indifference that they would manifest in the killing of a straying cur. It is this utter disregard for human life, and the chance of escaping the law, that increases the percentage of killings.

Recalling an incident of some months ago: a train had killed a negro. As the engineer stepped to the ground and stood looking at the victim, he calmly remarked, without the sign of tremor in his voice: "Just two weeks ago today, we killed a white man." Can the nation keep that pace? If it does, the modern phrase of "race suicide" will be substituted by the more formidable one of the "murder of the nation."

FOR A LONG TIME, all have seen the expediency of having a name for the Annual, published by each Senior class, instead of simply calling it "The Annual." Realizing this, and hoping thereby to have succeeding classes adopt the "Taps" same name for each volume, the present Senior class has named the book "Taps:" this year's publication to be the first volume. Few colleges or universities of any note but have an official title for the yearbook, which is adopted for all following editions. In selecting this title, the committee had in view the necessity of choosing one which, while characteristic of the institution, would, at the same time, express more than a mere word or name. "Taps" seems to best meet these requirements as an appropriate title for a Clemson annual; for not only is it short and catchy, expressive of a military college, but it also conveys the idea of the last combined, concentrated, and truly brotherhood friendship and cooperation of those who for four years have labored side by side, sharing alike each other's woes and joys.

Now that their work is about completed, the editorial staff await the result of strenuous labors, fully prepared for all criticism of the unappreciative and ungrateful. But in finding fault with such works, critics should remember that those in the responsible positions know who were ever ready with a helping hand, and also those who were always "busy"—and the "busy" are the fault-finders. The staff has done all in its power to place in the hands of the students and others the largest and one of the best annuals ever gotten out. How well they have succeeded remains to be seen. But we shall say this much: If you have not subscribed for a copy, do so at once, for we feel safe in saying that you will not regret buying one.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

The William and Mary Literary Magazine is one of the best of our exchanges, and in the January number we find a magazine that is a credit to any institution. The opening poem, "Hymn to Alma Mater," is a beautiful tribute to the mother of American colleges. "The Little Quarterback" is a good story, though the description in some parts is rather tame. The climax could have been made more effective, if more space had been given to a description of the game. Robert Lee" is a fitting tribute to the memory of a great man. "The Spirit of the New Year" is an excellent allegorical description of the passage of the old and the arrival of the new year, with the rejuvenation attendant upon a new order of things. "Student Life at Johns Hopkins" is a carefully prepared dissertation upon life at that great institution. author shows considerable familiarity with the subject, and describes in an interesting manner the wonderful strides that the young university has made since its foundation. flakes" is worthy of favorable mention. In "The Hidden Hand" we meet with the old threadbare plot "in which the irascible father" refuses the hand of his daughter to the penniless but talented lover, but who in the end accomplishes something that meets with paternal approval, and the young couple live happily ever afterward. "A Little Picture," written by a distinguished alumnus, is a creditable contribution. "The Early Independence of the Anglican Church" is an interesting historical sketch of the Church of England in the early period of its existence. "Toll the Bells" is an appropriate New Year poem. The remaining contents of the magazine come up to the high standard attained by the productions above mentioned. The editorial department, though not extensive, contains some live editorials upon contemporaneous subjects.

The College Reflector is, on the whole, very good. The January issue being a short-story number, the absence of solid matter in the literary department is in accordance with the fitness of things. "The Ring of Gold" has a good dramatic plot, but it is very clumsily handled. The story is filled with inexcusable grammatical errors, and a number of words are misspelled, while very little attention is given to punctuation. "Taps" is an excellent poem, beautifully describing the sad, sweet notes calling the weary to rest. If the second installment of "A Rebel's Love" is not more interesting than the first, it should not be published, even though there is a demand for "space fillers." Although the climax of "The Dream of a Love-Sick Lad" is rather common, the story is well written and holds the interest to the end. "The Mississippi Boy" is an appropriate athletic poem of local interest. "A Rush in the Pork Business" is a very good story. The climax of "Who Knows, But-" is not as effective as is its sister story in this issue.

The opening poem, "New Year's Day," in *The Mountaineer* has some poetical merit. An essay entitled "Socialism as Against Reason and Justice" is an extended and interesting treatise on Socialism. "Sonnet" contains a beautiful thought and is well written. The plot of "The Richardson-West De-

bate" is considerably overworked. Stories in the same category have appeared in college magazines year after year, with little variation from the old cut-and-dried plot.

The editorial is given the most prominent place in The Mississippi College Magazine. Some of these are well chosen and are treated in a forcible manner. We are sorry to see, however, first place given to an "editorial" which is in reality simply a dun to delinquent subscribers from the business manager. Another thing which we do not like is the putting in of one or more clippings between editorials. They are also run in the Literary Department after each article. This is often done in the advertising sections of magazines in order to induce readers at least to see the advertisements. Whether or not this is the case here, we cannot say. We would also criticise the general arrangement, or rather lack of arrangement, of the magazine. There are no departments nor hardly any attempt at any. With the material in hand, this could have been very easily done. Material for Literary, Editorial, Exchange, Local, Athletic and Literary Society departments are present, but are all jumbled together. "'Oho!' Laughed the Devil" is decidedly the best thing in the magazine, and will bear a second and third reading. "From the Professor's Note Book" also deserves mention as being out of the ordinary, but is drawn out too long for a story of this kind. "A Benevolent Feudalism" and "Henry Esmond" are both good subjects to write on; but, in this case, nothing much is made out of either.

The Journal, from the Southwestern Presbyterian University, comes to us this month with some interesting matter, but is sadly lacking in several respects. There is no poetry, to begin with, which is to be regretted, for if there is one thing in college magazines which needs improvement, that thing is poetry. The Journal has none, hence has no place at which

to start. "Siegfried and Brunnhilde" was read with great interest. It is written in a clear and dignified style and bears the marks of careful preparation. Had "Horse Fly" acquainted himself just a little with a locomotive engineer as he really is, "Fearless Jim's Last Run" would never have been written. "Centralization of Capital" is a timely essay, well written and above the average; but there are many parts of it which sounded very familiar to us.

We have received the following exchanges for January: The Mercerian, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Black and Magenta, The Mountaineer, The College Reflector, The Isaqueena, The Kalends, The Emory Phoenix, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Collegian, Davidson College Magazine, The Stylus, The Eskinian, The Tennessee University Magazine, The Maryville College Monthly, The Polytechnic, The Criterion, The Orange and Blue, The Tattler, The Georgia Tech., The Concept, The Oracle, The Mississippi College Magazine, The Carolinian, The Winthrop College Journal, The Guilford Collegian, The Acorn, The University Magazine, The Florida Pennant, The Red and White, The Wofford College Journal, The Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal, The Gray Jacket.



CLIPPINGS.

The Silent Watches.

At midnight when all the house is quiet in sleep,
And silently the shadows creep
Across the floor,
With the candle lowly, dimly burning,
Then is your mind the day's work turning—
Nothing more?

Comes to your heart no stillness and no sadness,

Black fear that grips with hand of madness—

No inward fright?

Do you hear no lost voice in the silence calling, Grim cadence to the cold rain falling Out in the night?

Close you then your eyes in calm and holy rest,
No tearing conscience at your breast,
No haunting face?

Then thrice blessed you whose sleep is sweet, serene,
Whose eyes no thronging shapes have seen—
To God give grace!——Ex.

Cupid and the Honey Bee.

From Anacreon.

Cupid, plucking roses red,
When the world was bright and young,
Did not spy the lurking bee
Till his finger-tip was stung.

Weeping o'er the swelling pain,
Swift he flew to Venus fair,
Sobbed in anguish at her knee,
While she stroked his golden hair.

"Oh, my mother, now I die.

See the sting that tortures me!
"Twas a winged serpent small,
Which the farmers call the bee."

"Does the finger throb with pain?"
Questioned Venus, kissing it;.
"How much they suffer then,
Who your little arrows hit!"

--Ex.

A Loving Couple.

I sat beside her on the steps,

The moon was sinking low;

Her big blue eyes looked up in mine;

She said, "I love you so."

Then she nestled nearer to me;
And I took her hand in mine;
She pressed her head against my cheek,
Her hair was soft and fine.

Then I put my arms around her—
You think that was wrong of me?
She was my little sister,
And her age was only three.
—Ex.

A Bevy of Misses.

The tattler—mis-inform Engaged girl-mis-taken. The heavy-weight-mis-lead. Ballet girls-mis-understandings. The heiress-mis-fortune. The hustler—mis-do. The grafter—mis-appropriate. The gossip—mis-tell. Liberal girl—mis-treat. The typist—mis-print. Well informed girl-mis-read. "Bridge" enthusiasts—mis-deal. Leading lady-mis-chief. Chewing-gum girl-mis-choose. The robust girl-mis-fit. Woman's rights girl-mis-represent.

--Ex.

They were being served, and this young pair were eating from the same plate.

He said, "If this were a loving cup, it would be a loving couple."

Said she, "Yes, but since it is only one plate, it is only a platonic friendship."—Ex.

He sent his son to college,
And now he says, alack
I've spent two thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back.

--Ex.





COACH SHAUGHNESSY



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

Our department of this issue of the Chronicle is, with one exception, a discussion of the missionary progress in the Empire of China. We hope in this way to bring before the students and professors some of the latest facts from the most interesting mission field.

Later in the session our collections will be called for, and we ought to know what is being accomplished, that we may give intelligently.

The story of Sheppard, a recent Congo pioneer, is full of adventure and Christian heroism. We will read the story with a greater degree of interest, because Sheppard is supported by a South Carolina layman. It may be interesting to know that this layman has given \$17,000 to foreign missions. How small our pledge of \$300 looks when compared with what other institutions, and even individuals, are doing!

The Young Man of the New Far East.

(Extract from an Address by Prof. T. H. Yun, of Songdo, Korea.)

The Korean is the only language which I can speak with any degree of fluency. Nobody realizes more fully than myself the difficulties of addressing a cosmopolitan audience like this in a tongue not his own. Yet there is one distinct advantage

in speaking in a foreign language. As the menus of certain steamers are printed in French, apparently for no other reason than to make elegant terms cover a multitude of sins of bad cookery, I can take refuge in the excuse of my imperfect knowledge of a foreign tongue when I am hard up for thoughts.

For convenience of treatment, I have divided the subject into three headings:

- (1) The Young Man of the Old East.
- (2) The New East.
- (3) The Young Man of the New East.

1. The Young Man of the Old East.

What are the attributes—the distinguishing marks of a young man? Is it age? Is a man young because he is seventeen and old because he is seventy? To my mind, age and physical strength are either non-essential or secondary attributes of a young man, because he possesses them in common with lower animals. We must, then, look for the essential attributes of a young man in the realms of intellect, of ethics and of spirit. In short, energy, the spirit of improvement or renovation and progressiveness, are, for all practical purposes, the essential characteristics of a young man, while inertia, stagnation and retrogressiveness are those of an old man.

Judging from this standpoint and view, the Far East—the Old East—produced some magnificent sets of young men twenty or twenty-two centuries ago. These great young men did their work well—some of them so well that their memories are still young. Since then, we have had no young man for the past twenty-odd centuries. Instead of taking up the splendid works of the ancient young men and carrying them forward by fresh inventions, fresh discoveries and constant improvements, our forefathers of the Old East fell into the habit

of thinking that because such and such a sage or scholar had lived so many years ago, he must, therefore, be an old man.

Starting from this misconception, our fathers of the Old East transformed the world they lived in into a manufactory of old men. The watchword of the Old East was "Backward Ho!" The life of a young man of the Old East was divided into two halves. The first half was devoted to learning from his great-grandfathers how to think old, talk old, and act old. The second half was given to bringing up his children in the way they should go—backward to the dead past.

2. The New East.

But the New East has come—to stay. In the eloquent words of a Japanese statesman, Commodore Perry rudely disturbed the peaceful dreams of centuries. Our eyes, still heavy with the sleep of twenty centuries, are dazzled with the new marching orders, written by the hand of the Almighty in burning letters of fire around the globe. "Awake, thou that sleepest!" is the call to us who have too long been asleep. "Let the dead bury the dead," is the command to us who have too long buried the living present in the dead past. "Replenish the earth, subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," is the divine blessing reiterated to us who have too long worshiped and served the creature more than the creator. This is the message which Christianity has brought to the young man of the New East.

3. The Young Man of the New East.

Now, let us ask some questions about this youth yet "to fame and fortune unknown." Who is he? It is —you! It is—I! Where does he live? Wherever you or I live. What is the work of this young man? It is even the rejuvenation, nay, the resurrection, nay, the regeneration of the East. The

question of questions is, then, How is this tremendous task to be done?

The other day Count Okuma, in addressing the Chinese students who represent four hundred millions of the East, said that the only possible and efficacious means of harmonizing the East and the West is found in the love as taught by Christ, and the benevolence as inculcated by Confucius. A remarkable statement this. Count Okuma is a non-religionist, but he did not say that it was through atheism, or agnosticism, or materialism, that the East could be lifted into a higher civilization. He is a statesman; but he did not claim that China or the world could be bettered through politics or diplomacy, which too often means duplicity. He says it is the love of Christ and the benevolence of Confucius that will break the wall separating the East and the West, knitting the races in the common brotherhood. But, in the higher and nobler language of the Bible, we are more clearly taught the only means by which the young man of the New East can accomplish this work: "Not by might, nor by power, but by spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Facts of Encouragement From the Annual Report of Charles L. Boynton, Office Secretary of China.

On December 16, 1906, I arrived in Shanghai, China. At 9:00 a. m., on December 17, it was more than gratifying to find that the position which I was to assume was one which already commanded the respect of the local business community, and that the associates with whom I was to work were men who had gained as high praise from the other men in the missionary service and among Christian civilians as has ever been given to men of their years in missionary work.

I. Publication Department.

The most far-reaching function of the General Committee with which the Office Secretary has immediate connections, is the work of publishing and distributing the best Biblical and apologetical literature obtainable, both in Chinese and in English. About one hundred and fifty different publications in English, chiefly Bible study and devotional literature, issued by the International Committee, are kept constantly in stock in the office. Sample sets of these books are sent to the principal vacation resorts for missionaries, such as Kuling, Putaiho, Kuliang and Mokansan. Up to the 1st of January, 1907, the Committee had published twelve books and pamphlets in Chinese.

CHINA'S YOUNG MEN.

The Office Secretary is the advertising agent and business manager of both periodicals issued by the General Committee, under the title of China's Young Men, and is also the managing editor and proof-reader of the quarterly English edition. Since the first year, six regular numbers and one double number of the Chinese edition of China's Young Men have been published in monthly editions of three thousand five hundred copies. This paper circulates among students most largely and reaches every province in the empire. At least two schools have clubs of one hundred subscriptions, and there are at least fifty others where as many as twenty copies are taken. Practically every letter bringing a remittance in payment of subscription contains words of recommendation for this periodical. Under the able editorship of Professor Zai, it has assumed a very high position among the Christian periodicals of the country.

The English edition of *China's Young Men*, of which two thousand copies are issued each quarter, is absolutely unique in the literature of China, being the only publication entirely in English which is also entirely under the editorial management of Chinese. It is even more satisfactory to know that this paper, which occupies a position by itself, is so thoroughly and evangelically Christian from cover to cover. No contri-

bution has ever come into my hands for proof-reading which has not shown the realization on the part of the writer, where at all professedly Christian, that the only hope for the salvation of China, as a nation, and of the Chinese as individuals, lies in Jesus Christ. The largest circulation of this paper is among the English-speaking young men in the port cities, who are becoming the leaders of New China, and among young students in Anglo-Chinese schools. It has also a considerable circulation among missionaries, who have frequently expressed skepticism as to our statement that the contents of the paper, aside from the mere news items, were entirely the composition of Chinese.

II. Visitors in Shanghai.

It has been the pleasant privilege of the Office Secretary to cooperate with other secretaries in Shanghai in rendering the visits which have been made this year by many eminent Christian men, of increased interest and enjoyment to them and of profit to the Association cause. Although the fact that I was without a home of my own made it impossible for me to do any entertaining during the course of the year, it was possible, by placing the facilities of the office at the disposal of these men, in the suggestion of many items of business convenience and in the giving of information, particularly with regard to shipping, to facilitate, in no small degree, a number of the tours made. This is another opportunity which will increase with the passage of time and the growth which is certain to occur in the volume of tourist traffic in the Far East.

III. New Offices and Equipment.

By far one of the most encouraging features of the year has been the occupation of the new suite of offices on the third floor of the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association Building. We have not yet been able to adequately house the new Biblical Literature Library. Furniture must be purchased for

the largest of the private offices, which will constitute the library and reading-room and the meeting-room for the General Committee, but even at this date we are assured of the adaptability of these rooms and their adequacy to our needs for at least a year or two to come. At the beginning of my term of service we were able to add to the office equipment a beautiful office desk for myself, the gift of a college friend, Mr. William G. Renwick, of Pomona College, '07, and of a first-class new Underwood typewriter, the gift of a college classmate, Mr. Llewellyn Bixby, Pomona, '01. Within another week we shall have added to our equipment a new Victor fireproof, burglar-proof, combination safe, for the safe custody of the more valuable records of the General Committee, of the International Committee and of the internation secretaries in China. This safe is the gift of the Y. M. C. A. of Pomona College.

Facts of Encouragement From the Annual Report of D. Willard Lyon, China, 1907.

1. Administrative Reforms.

Last year great cities all over China vied with one another in giving expression to their delight with the promises of the government relative to a constitution. This year there has been a noticeable indication that the government has begun to realize the greatness of the task which it has set before itself. She realizes that much must yet be done in the way of general education before a popular franchise can safely be granted. It is well for China that she has many conservatives. Her peril is that of attempting to push her reforms too rapidly. It is, therefore, a matter of congratulation that the influence of the conservatives is again beginning to be felt.

An imperial edict was issued on November 6, ordering a new arrangement of the metropolitan administration of China. Fourteen ministries, entrusted with the vari-

ous departments of government, were formed. These have for the most part made for advancement during the month since their appointment. The growing influence of Japan in the Far East and the mutterings of revolution, to which reference will be made later, are goading China's greatest leaders on to their supremest effort for her reformation.

2. Educational Reforms.

Last October, an imperial examination was held in Pekin, which, for the first time in Chinese history, furnished an opportunity for young men educated on Western lines to compete for imperial degrees. Thirty-two candidates were successful, eight of whom were Christian young men. Nine were given the doctor's degree, five secured the M. A. and eighteen the B. A. Of this number, fifteen had secured their education in Japan, fourteen in America, two in England and one in Germany. The high place held by America in the list of successful competitors is an indication of the great share she has already had in educating Chinese young men, and is, at the same time, a prophecy of the future. America owes it to China to do all she can to supply the educational help which this awakening nation needs at the present time.

Another interesting innovation was the holding, under the auspices of the Ministry of Education, on July 3, 4 and 5, of a competitive examination open to young Chinese men and young women desiring to go to the United States to study at the expense of the government. Seventy-two young men and twelve young women presented themselves for examination. About a score were successful in attaining the standards qualifying them to go, and have already proceeded to the United States. It is proposed to make this examination an annual affair. It will without doubt do much to stimulate a healthy ambition on the part of many young men to avail themselves of these exceptional privileges.

3. Moral Reforms.

The most notable effort in the line of moral reforms during the year has been in the direction of the suppression of the opium trade. An imperial edict of a most drastic character has been issued, ordering that immediate steps be taken toward the complete suppression of the opium traffic.

If the Christian world will give China her moral support in this deserving campaign, there is every reason to believe that China will do her part to eradicate the curse.

Experience of a Pioneer Missionary on the Congo.

In 1890, as the Adriatic slowly steamed out from the pier in New York, a kind voice called out, as she waved us good-by, "Sheppard, take care of Sam." It was the voice of Mrs. Lapsley, wife of Judge Lapsley, of Alabama, who had not only given her prayers and money, but now her most precious gift, her own son, to Africa. We sailed away, our faces turned toward next to the largest continent of the world, the richest of the world, the darkest of the world, and the most neglected of the world. Judge Lapsley's good wife returned to Alabama. The home had changed. There was a vacant chair; there was a voice that was never heard there again. After a short sail we reached Liverpool; then we went up to London.

From here a twenty days' sail brought us to the coast of Africa. Here we disembarked at Banana and went to Matadi, ready for the trip to the interior. There were no horses or oxen, the burden-bearers being natives of the Ba-Congo tribe. During this journey of fifteen days, over the barren mountains and through the valleys, we had daily evening prayer, calling the carriers around and talking to them by signs and in English. The Holy Sabbath Day was never broken by travel. At Stanley Pool we met missionaries of the Baptist and Methodist churches. While waiting here for a steamer to

get into the interior, we spent a good deal of our time in fishing and hunting with the natives, killing some thirty-six hippopotami, two elephants, and many crocodiles. We also picked up their language in this way.

Hearing of a country called Kinguwegi, on the Kwango river, we proceeded there in two canoes. These two months we suffered very much from natives, wild beasts, rain and exposure. But the voice of Jesus cheered us, "Lo, I am with you alway." We will mention only two or three things that happened to us when the Master, who called us forth to darkest Africa, proved that He was with us.

One day, by accident, one of our canoes turned over; a native was dragged away; he screamed for help. Immediately we put our canoe on land and rescued our man. Back again in our canoes, we crossed to the other side. Soon we heard drums, and the natives told us, "They have telegraphed ahead that enemies are coming." For two days we were driven from one side of the river to the other, and were shot at with poisonous arrows.

Up the Congo we went. One day Mr. Lapsley, my comrade, was sick with fever. As we attempted to land we saw women catching up their babies and running to the jungle, and men getting arrows to shoot. I stood over Mr. Lapsley, and called, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" and asked them if we could sleep there for the night. "Tomorrow we go away," I said.

"No. Go away; go away!" they cried. So we started for the other side and landed on the sandy bank. We got out the tent and had Mr. Lapsley carefully moved into his bed. Walking up and down the river bank, we could hear the excitement on the other side. At 12 o'clock at night it still was going on. At 2 in the morning those people had not retired; nor had I. So we said, "In the morning something will happen." Coming outside early, as we looked across the river we saw one of their war canoes, filled with men, starting up stream, and then another. I ran to the tent and said to Mr. Lapsley, "Those

people are coming; what shall I do?" He was there, sick with fever, with no chance of running away. He said, "There is nothing that we can do." He meant by this that the Master could do something. I came outside. They had started in our direction. I could hear their war whoop. Just at this extremity a hippopotamus came. We shot him. Then the thought came, why not offer them this meat? They were crazy for meat. I walked in the water to my waist and beckoned to them, calling out: "Come this way, all of you. Don't be afraid." The nearest canoe approached me as I was wading in the water, and I surprised the first man by saying, "Leave your spears." The next canoe load that followed I turned the hippopotamus over to, and then they began with their long knives to cut it up and fight over it.

I went into the tent and told Mr. Lapsley that we were saved. It was no surprise to that servant of God. He was so near to the Master always that he believed He would save us.

We returned to Stanley Pool and went on a small steamboat up the Lulua. After thirty days, we landed at a placed called Luebo. At Luebo, the captain put us on shore; he told us that we could go no farther toward the cataracts. But there were towns there; we could see the natives on shore. We could not speak the language. We went across the country, and men came to fight. We said: "We have come here. We have been sent as foreign missionaries to live with you and teach you, if you wish us to remain." They talked over the matter between themselves and decided that we could live with them. Our tent and belongings were all put on shore.

We went with our tent and loads up near a town and pitched our tent. The first thing that we did was to have prayer. We bowed and dedicated ourselves to the Master, asking His protection, that we might be a blessing to those natives. The next day the natives, hearing of the foreigners, came down, thousands of them, from all the towns round about, surging around our tent and looking at the strange people that had

come among them; and we looked at them. They were strange to us and we could not understand a single word they were saying. It was a new dialect. But the worst time was during the nights, when they had withdrawn to their tents. We could then hear only the chirping of the crickets and the calling of the jackals.

A tribe varies from 50,000 to 350,000, living in villages ranging from 1,000 to 20,000 people. Contrary to common belief, the country is well populated. These people, the Baketo, all seemed bent on doing us some kindness. The boys would go with our jugs to the creek and bring water. The men and women brought plantains, bananas, pineapples, chickens, sugarcane, dried field rats, peanuts and fish, as presents. We bought of them for cowrie shells two well constructed houses of bamboo, which were larger and cooler than our tent. We were indeed glad to find such a responsive people.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—L. C. Littlejohn, President; T. B. Reeves, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—S. T. Ezell, President; L. C. Boone, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—S. E. Bailes, President; W. H. Morgan, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thos. W. Keitt, Superintendent; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. W. Lewis, President; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club—S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association-W. W. Kirk, Manager; A. C. Lee, Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; F. P. Caughman, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

You'll Shine In business or society, if you come to us for clothes. You needn't be anxious about your appearance. • We sell Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes, and that means quality, fit and style

The same standard of quality all throughout the store

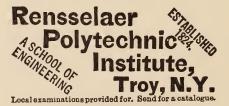
B. O. Evans & Company

The Spot Cash

Clothiers

Anderson

South Carolina



KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

General office and factories, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO

Drawing Materials, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Measuring Tapes

Our Paragon Drawing Instruments enjoy an excellent and wide reputation. They are of the most precise workmanship, the finest and are made in the greatest variety. We have also KEY and other brands. We carry very requisite for the drafting room, We make the greatest variety of Engine-Divided Slide Rules and call especial attention to our Patented Adjustment

which insures permanent, smooth working of the slides. Our complete Catalogue (550 pages) on request Highest Awards: Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904; Gold Medal, Portland, 1905





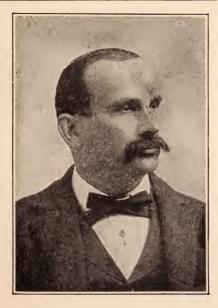
THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES \$10.00 TO \$35.00



HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

LEARN THE WAY



Parlor Restaurant

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Everything the Market
Affords

B. DAVID, Proprietor

Next to Skyscraper

Phone 207 1336 Main Street

COLUMBIA, S. C.

CLEMSON STUDENTS AND FRIENDS ALWAYS WELCOME

CLEMSON Agricultural College

CLEMSON COLLEGE, SOUTH CAROLINA

State Agricultural and Mechanical College

Course of Study

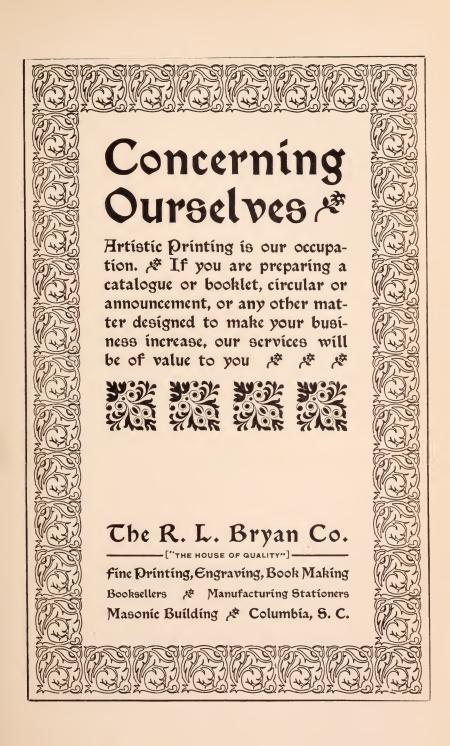
¶ The various courses of study are fully explained in the catalogues. Diplomas will not be issued to those who take irregular courses. ¶ In the Agricultural Department there are courses and equipments for pure agriculture, horticulture, botany, bacteriology, entomology, veterinary science, geology and mineralogy, dairying and animal husbandry. ¶ In the Chemical Department instruction is given in chemical science. ¶ In the Mechanical Department the courses are applied mechanics, physics, drawing, forge and foundry work, machine shop, electricity, mechanical engineering and electrical engineering. ¶ In the Textile Department instruction is given in weaving, designing, textile engineering, dyeing, etc. ¶ The other departments are mathematics, civil engineering, English, political economy, history and military science.

Expenses

¶ The deposit required from each student on admission is \$63.23, except in the case of students who receive tuition free, when it is \$53.23, which includes full uniform. Free tuition is given only to residents of the State. Blank applications for free tuition will be sent when applied for. After the first deposit a quarterly deposit of \$26.88 for pay tuition students, and \$16.88 for free tuition students is required at the beginning of each quarter. The quarters begin as follows: September 11, 1907; November 13, 1907; January 27, 1908, and April 1, 1908. ¶ This gives a total of \$143.77 per year for students paying tuition, and \$103.77 per year for students who receive tuition free. ¶ These deposits pay for board, tuition, laundry fee, incidental fee, medical fee and one uniform. There are one hundred and sixty-five scholarships given to beneficiary students desiring to pursue the Agricultural course. Books and other necessary articles not mentioned will be furnished at cost. ¶ Each student is required to bring four sheets, two blankets: one comfort, six towels, two pillow-cases and one pillow.

For further information, address

P. H. MELL, Ph. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT.



Charlottesville WOOLEN MILLS

Charlottes ville, Virginia

HIGH GRADE

Cadet Grays, Sky Blues and Dark Blues, Indigo Dye—Pure Wool

Free from all Adulterations, and Absolutely Guaranteed



We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Gray Cloth used for Uniforms of the Cadets of the United States Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Our Goods are Prescribed for Use in the Uniforms of the Cadets of Clemson College



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)
Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



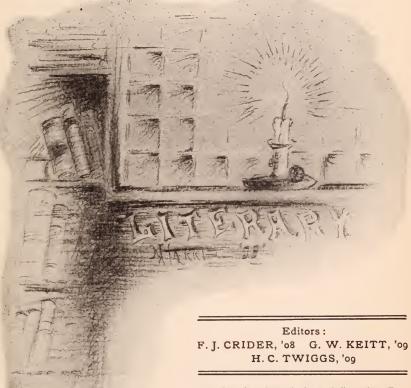
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE
Is Oratory a Lost Art?	. 275
Bob Harvey's Last Run	. 279
Last Consolation	. 283
Education	. 284
Love's Sacrifice	. 289
The Adventures of a Pioneer	. 296
Coöperation of Labor and Capital	. 300
The Double Steal	. 304
Senator Latimer's Memory	. 308
Editorial	. 310
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	. 314
Y. M. C. A	. 319
COLLEGE DIRECTORY	390

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valerc Potest

Vol. XI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1908. No. 6



IS ORATORY A LOST ART?

Must we keep the door of our lips closed and give our thoughts no tongue, but simply let them be opaque to men? Did the wise men of the past keep silent their thoughts when they had occasion to stand before some great and mighty power, whose energy

thrilled their souls, and stand speechless, letting no tongue describe the beauty or emotions thereof? Heroic beyond all panegyric were the orations of the little band of men in that old hall at Philadelphia on the fourth of July 1776, and glorious beyond all imagination have been its results. Can silence be more effectual than stirring words of eloquence to convey to the minds of others the striking thoughts of perplexing problems that daily confront us, and to demonstrate the invincible truths which underlie these problems? Surely she is not more harmonious to the ear of those who are called to demonstrate some phenomena than enchanting songs of birds.

Silence in time of need may be best, and silence at another time may not be best; still it is fairly well admitted by all that silence does not always mean wisdom, nor is it always the herald of joy. Those of us who have the ability to instruct, and those of us who are endowed with the art of conversation, should not be gossipers of idle talk, but should be as a candle which consumes itself in illuminating others. If, on the other hand, you have no confidence in yourself, and if timid thoughts from fear of betrayal of some blunder are entertained, and fall upon you sharp as reproach, then, and not till then, should you resolve to be silent; for, in this case, silence would make no mistake.

Though a few silent appeals may excel the eloquence of speech in the accomplishment of some purpose, still, on the other hand, oratory is the bank of the highest sentimentalities and the purest enthusiasms. It has been successfully mastered by almost all peoples. Demosthenes is, by consent of all antiquity, the prince of Grecian orators, and is still acknowledged preëminent. The history of this great genius is interesting and inspiring to those who, like him, have to encounter and surmount many natural defects of voice and physique in attaining success or eminenec in this desirable art. Though at first you be laughed at and frequently interrupted by sar-

castic outcries; though your voice may stammer so that the words are almost unintelligible, still, by incessant labor, undaunted courage, and persevering energy, let each one who is a member of a literary society strive to become master in a fair degree of this great and desirable art. Breed joy in the tongue, and soon it will become expressive; breed joy in silence, and your joy will be shared by you alone.

There are many reasons why oratory should reach a higher plane in this age than ever before. Not only does the political and the lecture platform afford an unprecedented field for its exercise, but the bar and the pulpit offer a splendid place for its practice as well. Tell me not that China's starving millions, Cuba's recent struggle for freedom, the invidious attacks of falsehood on right, and the oppression as well as the injustice suffered by the industrial class are themes unworthy of the most impassioned eloquence. If this is so, then not only can we say that oratory is a lost art, but, also, that sympathy and humanity are lost arts, and that man has become a heartless and emotionless machine, to run for a few brief years, only to be lost to view in one final and awful catastrophe. fore, in the accomplishment of this great purpose, let us endeavor to play no second fiddle nor discordant trombone. Let us not be still as the peaceful walks of ancient nights, but nerve ourselves to roar against the perplexing problems that daily confront us, such as the attacks of falsehood upon right, and oppression suffered by the industrial class. If we be silent in thought as we can; silent in desire as a dream of unmolested disturbance; silent in speech as the long shadows that trail after us when the evening sun is low,—we should soon become entangled with binding chains of indifference; then misplaced desire and guilty passions, disordered hearts and violent prejudice would withdraw everything from us that is sweetest and purest in human existence; and the march of humanity would become as nightfall. Not only would man no longer contribute to the achievement and upbuilding of

earth's glorious missions, but even as the wheels follow the man who draws the carriage, so would the swallowing gulf of oblivion follow our posterity.

It is the eloquence of the orator that causes our hearts to become more sensitive to words of praise; it is the eloquence of the orator that makes the ear more responsive to sounds of appreciation; and it is the eloquence of the orator that quickens memory to give us an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment. Not only this, but we are warmed by a glow of inspiration to strive to become better men, or better women. Let us not cherish the spirit of bashfulness, for it propagates itself, and soon we give more offense by our silence than by our impertinence. A hungry man dreams of plenteous banquets; a thirsty man, of flowing fountains and running streams; and a poor man, of hidden treasures: but a bashful man ever dreams of awkardness in full dress, stumbling in an attempt to gain recognition in the world. A flower, grown in the bracing air of summer, blooms in beauty, becomes a tender flower, graceful in its form and foliage; but soon it ceases its graceful swaying to become a cherished bouquet to some young lovers, and nothing could be obtained that would soothe the pang of separation more than the presentation of this flower from the one to the other. So it is with our thoughts. If they are aided by the leaf-mold of your past; if they are made beautiful by being born in silence of your own leisure and study, then transplanted in sunshine of expressive words, oratory grows and engenders thought, becomes a welcome guest and a stepping-stone to loftier hopes and ambitions. Then, by careful planning, so display these thoughts in words that they may reflect its brightest and noblest deed, and whenever there is an opportunity to address some large audience commemorating the celebration of some great event, or if a man is needed to inspire others, or if the welfare of the nation is at stake, you may be the chosen one to represent the occasion.

Shall not each member of a literary society strive to make himself equal to this occasion?

H. K. S., '09.

BOB HARVEY'S LAST RUN.

On a clear morning, with a rather brisk breeze blowing, characteristic of the windy, blustering, uncertain month of March, Bob Harvey, the stage driver, with his old soft hat pulled so far down upon his head that it rested upon his ears, dexterously brought the old stagecoach up alongside the steps of Spring Hill Hotel, a stage station. Scarcely had the old coach stopped, when Bob jumped down from the box and, pushing back his hat with an air of no little importance, began to examine his team, as he did at every stop; but he was scarcely half way around when he was almost carried off his feet by the sight of a dozen or more ladies running out of the house and climbing into the coach. Alas! so crowded was the coach that one laughing, romping young lassie sprang lightly and boldly upon the driver's seat. When Bob saw the young lady upon his seat, he grasped the horse's hames to keep from falling from sheer fright.

Scarcely knowing what he did, the driver climbed upon the box and brought the veteran coach horses to a trot down the road toward the village; the passengers all the while laughing and jesting, to the bashful bachelor's indescribable annoyance.

Bob had hauled but few ladies on that run for many a day; and now, of all times, he least expected to haul any; it being but a few years after the Civil War, that left our fair South to the mercy of negroes and outlaws, the country was in a tumult,—all the more so in the Hill Spring section, since a number of its leading citizens had been arrested and put in the county jail. They were as good as doomed already, and no earthly help could reach them.

The old stage horses, jogging along with their fair load, received more than due attention. Bob, to keep from looking at his companion on the box, would first work nervously with the lines, then with his whip, all the time feigning exclusive attention to his team. This nervousness and uncomfortable

feeling partly subsided after a while, and Bob cast a few sheepish glances at the young lady by his side. To his surprise, she did not look half so dangerous as he had at first imagined. Glancing dubiously to the right and left to assure himself that no one was in sight or hearing, he summoned up courage enough to ask, in a stammering, husky tone:

"Who-er-why are there so many ladies on here?"

The young lady, giving him a look of surprise, answered: "Why, don't you ever have ladies? I would have judged this a ladies' special, from all appearances."

"I—I have hauled some ladies," Bob stammered; "but not so many at a time. Besides, I didn't think ladies could be hired to go into the village these times," he added, in the same breath.

"Why?" asked his young companion, appearing somewhat startled.

"Don't you know the village is full of yankees and negroes?" he answered, surprised at her ignorance.

"Oh! you see they are not going to hurt us; we are their wives and daughters. Besides, you are entertaining an erroneous opinion——"

Bob, having found his sense of speech, asked, in a husky tone:

"Are—are you a yankee's wife?"

"No; I am a yankee's little daughter," she laughed.

While crossing a rough plac, the "little yankee," clinging to Bob's arm in order to maintain her position, asked:

"Are you married, Mr. Coachman?"

"No," he answered, dejectedly.

"I should have judged you were married, from the way you hold yourself aloof from me. I actually believe you would let me fall off and break my neck before you would hold me on," she scolded.

"Oh! you want me to hold you on? You see, I---"

"That is not the— you will pull my arm off!" she laughed, nestling a little closer to him.

Bob, who had never before been so close to any woman—since childhood—felt his heart pounding his ribs as he awkwardly put his long arm around her waist to hold the fair burden on the box. How long he remained that way Bob never knew. It all seemed like a dream to him. At the lagging of the conversation, which was such as was not intended for public ears, Bob would picture to himself his awful predicament if he should be seen in that position.

While their driver was in this dreamland, the neglected horses, jogging along through a thick forest about a mile from town, came to a stop so suddenly as to nearly throw the occupants of the box from their seats. Bob, confused and blushing like a bashful schoolboy, dropped his arm from the "little yankee's" waist; and, looking around quickly, he saw a negro soldier, wearing sergeant chevrons, standing in front of the horses.

"Wat you got der?" asked the sergeant, walking toward the box.

"I've a load of Nothern ladies coming to see their husbands and fathers," Bob answered, curtly.

"Don't think day's lookin' fur dem. Got er pass, lady?" the sergeant asked, addressing the "little yankee."

"I didn't think we needed a pass in order to get into our own camp," she replied, hotly.

"We haven't any passes, and you had better let us pass, too," squeaked a voice from the coach.

"You'd better have some, if yo' want ter pass," the sergeant replied boldly.

The young lady tried begging, threats, bribery and everything else that she could think of, but to no avail. Finding that nothing would tempt the negro soldier to let her pass, she cried, "We will pass. Drive on."

"Come on, boys," called the negro over his shoulder; "we'll hafter take em."

A dozen or more armed negroes in blue uniform began to dart out from behind the bushes. The bold sergeant, climbing upon the box, called out, "Gemmy yo pass, er I'll hafter take yo'"

"Here's my pass!" cried the "little vankee." Quicker than a flash a blue-steel revolver darted from under her shawl, a little flash of flame, like a spark of lightning, leaped from the muzzle, a sharp report of a pistol, mingled with the piercing cry of a man, and the sergeant fell dead at the carriage wheels. The first report was followed rapidly by others from the coach. One, two, three soldiers fell; the others turned and fled; another volley and two more sank to the ground with a cry. The firing ceased, the smoke, like the echoes, was soon wafted away upon the blusterous March wind, and there, upon the ground, lay several blue and bloody figures, some wriggling and groaning in the dust, others as motionless as stone. After the skirmish, Bob was seen still sitting upon the seat, though frightened and puzzled. He had stood the fight well, the dying of men was nothing; but what puzzled him most, and what cast a heavier load upon his heart was that he had seen all his expectations ruined; more than that, he could see nothing but shame for him; for the "little yankee," by some miraculous means, had been transformed into none other than Jack Miller, one of the Hill Spring boys. And the passengers turned out to be Hill Spring men and boys. Jack, notwithstanding the seriousness of the position, pointing his finger at Bob, said, while he nearly convulsed with laughter, "He asked me to marry him." The group of men sent up a shout, the remembrance of which is still sickening to poor Bob.

Bob, with downcast countenance, climbed down from his seat, saying as he did so, "I will never go on the run again." It may be added that the Hill Spring men went to the village, battered down the jail and escaped with their friends. Bob,

who is still a bachelor, went to another community; but, in Hill Spring section, the remembrance of "Bob Harvey's Last Run" is still maintained, and has become quite a chronological term.

O. C., '09.

LAST CONSOLATION.

In the evening just at sunset
I saw a maid with golden hair,
Gently leaning on the bosom
Of a youth, so young and fair.

Far away into the distance

Could be heard the tramp of feet,
'Twas the feet of soldiers, marching

On, the dreaded foe to meet.

"Hark!" said he, "I must be going, Though I fain would linger here. But ah! no! I must be fighting For the flag that is so dear!

"But, alas, when all is over,
When our country's freedom's won,
Then I'll come to you, my darling,
And shall claim you for my own."

Then he left her there in silence—sadness,
And her poor heart ached with pain,
As she stood alone and wondered
If they e'er should meet again.

Would this fighting e'er be ended,
Would the hour ever come
When her true and faithful lover
Would retrace his footsteps home?

Many hours of anxious waiting,
Many hours of sorrow spent;
Many humble supplications
To the throne of God she sent.

Now the stars and stripes are waving O'er a country that is free, And the maiden still is waiting For the face she longs to see.

But upon some lonely hillside,
Where the flowers nod and wave,
Lies the boy, peacefully sleeping,
In a rough, unnoticed grave.

Still she knows the cause was noble; Ay! that cause for which he died! And she knows that she will meet him On the river's other side.

C. P. R., '11.



EDUCATION.

The educational world is in a state of rapid transition. From the remotest period of time, a sort of simple intelligence has grown through the change of centuries into the vast, complex, modern civilization. Like a tide, it has ebbed and flowed. It first culminated in the ancient nations of Greece and Rome, and registering their civilations high on the annals of time, succumbed to scepticism and vice. All Europe now merged into a period of darkness. Everywhere barbarous tribes contested for despotism; law and order were swept away by the debauchery of battle; feudalism and caste crystallized, and ignorance, superstition and depravity almost universally prevailed. But a great change was soon to take place. As the winter stores up energy for the blossoming of

spring and the fruit-bearing of summer, so the dark ages were to prove an incentive to the education and civilization of the world. Not content with mere traditional records of the Divine, the crusaders visited the Holy-lands, and these, with the leaders of the mighty reformation, unlocked the fetters of a new learning; ushered in the days of chivalry and knighthood; and gave to education an enthusiasm that bore it to the western shores of the Atlantic.

On these shores, where the deer, buffalo and other animals roamed wild in the wilderness, where the seat of savagery extended across the broad continent, the little band of pilgrims sowed the seed of intelligence, overcame the difficulties of colonization, and laid the foundation of a great nation to be. Their endurance constitutes one of the brightest pages of history. Still, they were to become a prosperous people. Like the vanishing of mist before the morning sun and exposing to view the beautiful green foliage of spring, so the red man disappeared at the appearance of the white, leaving at his command undeveloped and untold resources of wealth. The development of these resources was the foremost object of the American; so much so, indeed, until it became necessary that a training in the sciences be given in our early schools. Gradually this demand has become greater and greater until today the youth who neglects this training will find himself seriously handicapped in fighting the ordinary battles of life.

In the early days of our educational system, when the inefficiency of the apprenticeship was practiced, skilled tradesmen in sufficient numbers were produced; though, indeed, with what would now be regarded as a waste of time. But as new lines of trade opened up, facilitated by new machinery, and with the establishment of the modern factory, there sprang up a corresponding demand for a larger number of trained workmen. As these men could not be be supplied in sufficient numbers by the old apprenticeship system, there had to be a new system devised to meet the demands. This new system

found its being in the technical and industrial schools of the country. For manually, mechanically and practically trained men there is still a great and increasing demand, which ought to be met, and is being met on all sides in a normal and rational way, -a demand which marks another great stage of educational development. But an education which trains men only to make a living and does not fit them to make a life, would sap the very sources of inspiration and make a monotonous workshop of the modern world. The present is built on the past; and one of the chief uses of education is to show the young man or woman just where the world stands. The defect of the half educated lies in the inability to make this adjustment. So important is it that we should understand this relation, and so important is it to our well-being, that no one with the average ability, and under the present distribution of wealth, is justifiable in neglecting the training necessary to, at least, partly understand its complexity.

Some one has truly said "that the power and leaders of a nation, or State, come from the rural districts." Here, where the flowers of meadow and mountain cover the landscape; where the birds and streams sing a lullaby of rhyme; and where all nature exerts herself supreme, the youth gathers energy, which, with the proper training, becomes a source of inspiration, and later, the ideal of manhood. But if this educational training is neglected while the mind is in its plastic state, then it must be neglected for all time. How much, then, is the welfare of our State dependent upon the rural districts! How much care and prudence should be exercised in the training and cultivation of the future subjects of our State! It can not be denied that our rural schools are already doing an immense amount of good, but every effort possible should be directed toward the betterment of their condition.

As a connecting link between the rural schools and colleges, we have the graded schools and the high schools. These are evolved forms which have been established to meet the pressing demands in our educational system. In them, instead of seeing in the boy or girl just entering only one more to be registered and put through half a dozen books of each study—instead of seeing merely a pupil, the school sees a pupil in progress of becoming a man or woman, and looking beyond the present, it requires what demands the future will make upon him or her in the complicated relations of modern life. These schools should stand for thoroughness in preparation, for by them the standard of our colleges must be regulated.

We are passing through a period where the general enthusiasm for scholarships and of respect for intellectual ability among students has been at low ebb. The student who attains the qualities of distinction in his studies which tend to make him more influential in after life, often fails to rank high among his fellows. There is a great deal of thorough work done in our schools, but there is probably far less intellectual enthusiasm and passion for general culture than there was a generation ago. Is it that the student's mind is occupied by other interests to the exclusion of his studies? No. The great trouble comes from the homes; from the poorly equipped and college, whose homes afforded little or no training in literature, art and similar branches; whose preparation has been confined to the subjects on which they are to be examined, and, consequently, whose intellectual aspiration is sadly lacking. this condition of affairs is vastly changing. Since the passage of the high-school law, and the library law, fifty-seven high schools and more than one thousand school libraries have been established within the State,—extending even to the rural dis-To still further facilitate conditions, a large number of educational workers and teachers, ill-paid, ill-supported, self-sacrificing, are spending their lives in behalf of the coming generation. Under these conditions, what boy or girl can afford to neglect the amount of training necessary to keep abreast of the times? Who is there among you who will not use every means in your power to push the great movement forward?

But besides the intellectual faculties, there are the physical and religious faculties, which should also be developed. All the best that has been wrought in the arts for sculpture, painting, music, and the sciences, has been due to the inspirations that have come out of these. We can not afford to have our coming generation live on the doctrines of their forefathers; and they must be so instructed in the schools, while their minds are receptive and plastic.

And now, looking back over what has already been accomplished, we must confess that the high point of educational progress that we hope to reach is not yet attained. will be denied us unless we advocate a higher standard of scholarship in our State. If we would maintain her grandeur, her power and her genius, it is of vital interest to her superior classes to elevate and educate the masses of workers who hold in reserve a force still virgin, but able to develop inexhaustible treasures of activity and aptitude. We must learn and then teach them what they owe to society, and what they have a right to ask of her. On the day when it shall be well understood that we have no grander or more pressing work; that we should put aside and postpone all other reforms; that we have but one task—the instruction of the people, the diffusion of education, the encouragement of science—on that day a great step will have been taken in the history of our State.

The increasing facilities of our school system; the numerous periodicals of the public press; the telegraph flashing messages over the land; and the railways penetrating every section of country, extend the bounds of human possibilities beyond the conception of man. And these, with countless other enterprises calling for skilled managers and offering a means of preparation for the unskilled, should be sufficient to receive response from the ordinary student whose ideals for once have been directed toward a successful vocation. Never before, I

say, was there such a call for men of science and technical skill as today. Never before have students faced such wonderful possibilities. And to you who may grasp the opportunities that loom up before you on every hand, there lies a broad field of experiment and investigation,—a field which lies all covered up to the scientific world.

And now, as we go through the corridors of time, with the present advantages, and with our splendid environment, let us help to establish correct views of the nature and end of education. Let us help to break away from traditional views and customs; and let us help to ascertain the laws governing human development, and subject anew to careful investigation the physical and mental constitution of man. And having done all this, we can shift our responsibility to a posterity more able and better qualified to ever lift higher and higher the ideals of men.

A. J. BAKER, '08.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

When Alice Campbell came down to breakfast one cold Sunday morning, her pale, drawn face bespoke an unrestful night. Her red eyes and tear-stained cheeks gave evidence of grief intermingled with restlessness.

Her father noticed, with a little mixture of sadness and hopelessness, the marks of a sorely perplexed state of mind. His knowledge of Alice's temper and her stubborn will-power caused the old gentleman to refrain from speaking to her until they had returned to the sitting-room.

"Why are you so sad this morning, daughter?" asked the father, in his mildest tones.

"There are several reasons why—everything is miserable this morning," replied the girl, turning to the window.

"Daughter, you are——"

"To begin with," Alice continued, ignoring her father's

words, "I have made up my mind that I must pointedly disobey you—something I have never done before in all my life. But, father," she said sadly, tears springing into her eyes, "I am not doing it just to grieve you. I am doing it because I think it is my duty.

"All last night I could see the most hideous, ghostly creature groping about in the darkness for me, as I lay upon my bed. At times, when I would fall nearly asleep, I could feel his long, grimy hands entangle themselves in my hair, and then he would drag me from my bed across the room to where a wasted, ghastly body lay upon a bed of unclean straw. Standing there, with his long claws cutting into my very flesh, he would croak harshly in my ear: 'There now, look! See what you might have prevented, had you been Christian enough to sacrifice a little individual comfort and face a little danger."

"It is not because I am not anxious for you to go and nurse the sick man, that I refuse to let you undertake the trip. It would be worse than foolish for anybody to try swimming Lawson Fork after this thaw," said her father, little thinking Alice was determined.

"Joe would do it for me, you know he would. He shall not suffer if I can help it, and I can. I have often taken the creek as high as it is now."

The evening before this controversy took place between father and daughter, a message had come to Alice, telling her a serious accident had befallen the foreman of the lumber camp some forty odd miles from her home. The injured man had contracted a severe cold, which had lapsed into pneumonia before his wounds began to heal. He was little more than a boy—too young and tender for such a rough life, but of necessity, he had long since assumed a man's responsibilities.

Notwithstanding the fact that he and Alice were the same age, she had taught him all he had ever learned from books.

He had become so attached to Alice during the days he had gone to school to her, and had shown his affection for her in so many little harmless ways, that she could not soon forget him. And better than all, she knew what he did for her was from the depths of his large, generous heart.

Though several years had hurried by since those happy old school days, they were ever fresh on the girl's mind. During the course that she had just completed at the hospital, she had lost sight of the awkward, timid schoolboy; but she could never forget him. Therefore, it was quite a surprise to Alice for him to send for her, of all trained nurses, to nurse him through his sickness. A note in a strange handwriting had come with the message, explaining the seriousness of the case. It told how the boy would talk of nothing else but her. This note said, that unless the boy's mind was quieted, he could not live many days. Alice reread these lines and began preparing for her journey.

By noon she was ready to take her departure.

It was spring, and nature had just begun her house-cleaning. Despite the changeable days of March, great quantities of snow had been removed into the streams Mother nature had shaken the dead twigs from the naked trees, and had begun chasing the dead leaves over the fields wherever she could get to them for the snow. The melting snow had transformed the small streams into maddened torrents of muddy water.

Alice planned to reach her uncle's that night, and stay there till next morning. By doing this, she could make the ford by nine or ten o'clock the next day. This would put her across the shoals before the snow had begun to melt in the morning. Good fortune favored her, and she reached her uncle's in safety. The good night's rest left the girl in a better frame of mind.

The first rays of the next morning's sun found Alice in the saddle. As her slender figure swayed with the easy swing of the galloping horse, she looked as young and fresh as a freshly bloomed lily. Her sleek, black horse, inspired by the beauty of the morning, charged through the mud and water as though he enjoyed it. He was so full of life that Alice had to rein the steed in in order to save him for the hard ford ahead.

The day was unusually warm for the season, and it caused Black Prince to fag a great deal. Nevertheless, by nine o'clock, the girl was riding through the broad sheet of shallow water which covered the river bottoms. There was nothing to keep her in the road but her natural instinct, along with that of the horse. It was easy enough to tell where the old run was; for through it the water was swifter than elsewhere. But it required an expert to distinguish where the bank stopped and the stream began. This Alice knew and Prince knew also.

At first, the horse was disposed to play, but now he settled down, and began feeling his way very cautiously. As they neared the old run, Prince became more and more deliberate in every movement. Alice's nerves began to tingle violently, as she braced herself and waited for the take-off into the deep water. She had not long to wait; for suddenly, Prince plunged under—head first. At almost the same instant, the graceful young horsewoman was off her struggling animal, keeping one hand on the saddle. Scarcely had she relieved her horse of the weight before he rose, cleared his nostrils, and began, with a steady, regular stroke, to pull for the opposite shore.

So well was Prince breasting the current, that his rider began congratulating herself upon her fine progress, when, suddenly, a floating log struck the horse squarely. The animal was shoved out of his course, and carried some distance down stream before he could recover himself. Before he had made more than half a dozen strokes, a second body struck him. This time it was a jagged tree top. The large limbs bore heavily down on both horse and rider, sweeping them into the full sweep of the current. Alice began trembling with fear lest her horse should become frightened and strike her with his feet. They were now at the mercy of the angry torrents, and it swept them on and on toward the "Big Rocks." The girl's brain was thinking as it never had thought before. How on earth was she to save herself? Oh, had she only listened to her father! If she were only safe ashore.

While Alice was thinking of such things, her feet struck something solid. Prince felt it too, and he tried to get a footing. However, it was vain, for the object they had felt was nothing more than the framework of an old bridge, which had come down from above and lodged there. For only a few brief seconds did the horse and rider have a breathing spell. Then they were again hurled on down the stream.

On, and on, the foaming, turbulent water swept the two! Could nothing save them? Were the jagged rocks their doom? Although the noble black horse, with his neck outstretched, his eyes bulging almost from their sockets, and with every muscle in his body as rigid as cords of iron, fought bravely and courageously against the current, it would take more than mere horseflesh to stem such a stream.

The sight of the rocks below made the woman weak with fear and trembling. Her head became giddy, and she felt her strength begin to ebb. Still, she had presence of mind enough to realize that she was battling for her life. She knew that the issue rested solely upon the endurance and strength of the horse. Who would be the victor? This thought sickened her. And as it deepened its impression upon her, various things came to her mind. She thought of the hasty words to her father, the intense suffering of her old schoolboy, as he lay gasping upon his deathbed with none to care for him,—all these, with many other wicked little events that had occurred during her life, came crowding down upon her. Then she began wondering what would or would not happen if Prince failed. Directly everything faded from her vision. She

began dreaming of balls and music, picnics, holidays and other similar pleasures. Suddenly everything grew dark—she was alone in some bad place; where was she? Who—who—what?— Then the hand released its grasp from the saddle, and the benumbed form began sinking below the water.

Although Alice had shown presence of mind far above that of her sex, she was too excited to see a second horse and rider that were trying to overtake her. The rider, this time, was a man. A tall, cool-headed fellow, who knew how to make every stroke count. His horse was rather a small one, of the Texas-pony type. Every inch of the pony was muscle, and he handled himself admirably well. It was his second trip across that morning.

Just as Alice's insensible body had sunk beneath the surface, the little horse and his rider overtook her. With a strong hand the mand raised the girl's body above the water.

Now, could the little horse land his double burden? He was not even given a trial. With a distressing neigh, he floundered, floated down stream a few rods, made several fruitless attempts to regain his course, and then collapsed. The man saw blood-stains rise to the surface just in front of him, and knew that a snag had done its work. Now, it was one man, carrying a motionless woman in his arms, pitted against the force of a swollen mountain stream. Could human flesh conquer forces which had overpowered the strength and fortitude of two well-trained horses?

Nothing daunted, the man gathered the back of the girl's collar between his teeth, to keep her mouth and nose above the water and concentrated all the strength of his brawny frame for the uneven combat. He started with a steady stroke, when lo! his feet struck ground—the bank! He was across, and had saved her! The remaining fifty yards of comparatively smooth water was little more than child's play for the man.

When he reached land, he hurried to a near-by farmhouse

to obtain some stimulants for the girl—he had no idea who she was.

After being carefully nursed and rubbed, Alice opened her eyes and gazed abstractedly around. In a few hours, with the aid of strong stimulants, her mind began to clear. And, although a high fever had set in, she would leave her bed and push on to the camp.

For four days and nights the girl never allowed herself to leave the bedside of the sinking man. His fever had risen so high that his mind wandered at irregular intervals. During these moments he would tell about how, some day, when he became a man, he would make Alice his wife; and how they would enjoy a happy home together, and bear each other's burdens, while their little ones made everything bright like the sunshine. Then, when his senses came back, he was the same shy, innocent, honest-faced lad of former days.

At the end of the fourth night Alice allowed herself the first moments of relaxation. She did it then only because the physician announced the crisis had passed, and that the patient would recover. Alice gave in completely at such good tidings. It was more than her overtaxed nerves could stand.

They nursed her through many long, anxious weeks of a raging fever. During her delirium, she talked incessantly of the sick man and would cry out that she was so sorry because she could not reach him in time. She grieved about the wound she had given her father. Then she would come back to the scene of the young foreman's death and picture it all over again. Finally, the long days of anxiety came to an end, when the doctor proclaimed the good tidings that she would live. But the young foreman was still as sick as Alice. He had met with a rather severe relapse. This was fortunate for him, perhaps, for it allowed him and Alice to be together during their convalescence.

All this happened a long time ago,—before there were any railroad bridges across Lawson's Fork, and before any cotton

factories had disfigured its banks. One may still visit the sight of the old lumber camp, however, but the ravages of time have long since destroyed every building, save one little, rickety log cabin. In this lonely, brown cabin lives a very old man, whose brow has long been whitened by the frost of life's winter. If you ask him, he will show you—but you must go slowly, for his feeble limbs are barely able to hobble alongthe summit of a little knoll, where you will see two solitary mounds, each inclosed by a low wall of decaying brick. Here, the tottering old gentleman tells you, is the last earthly resting-place of his father and mother. Then, with large tears welling up in his dim eyes, he tells you the story about his mother's giving up everything and coming way up there leaving her intimate friends, her parents, her all-and spending her life among the lumbermen. He will tell you how "The Little Boss" saved "Young Boss" and then how she continued to nurse the men when they were sick, or mended their broken limbs and cared for their strained muscles. Then, as her three score years and ten neared the close, they had to nurse her. At last, the Great Voice called and she answered, as she had lived, doing her duty cheerfully and willingly.

A. L. HARRIS, '09.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

The year of 1848 was one of great tumult among the people of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. Particles of gold were discovered in the various rivers of California. The California mines proved to be the richest in the world. A great rush of people to the new territory set in. Ships, loaded with passengers, sailed around Cape Horn, and trains of ox-carts, followed by people on horseback, went across the plains then occupied only by Indians.

Among those who were very much interested in these events was one William Armstrong, of Virginia, who, feeling sure that there was a great fortune in store for him, decided to visit this far-famed region of wealth. William was a strong, healthy fellow. His very looks revealed the fact that he was both strong and brave.

Before leaving his home, he purchased a horse, a Texas saddle and a broad-brimmed hat, which gave him the appearance of a Texas cowboy. On the morning that succeeded the last night that William spent at his home, the honest boy might have been seen riding away from his sister, father and mother, who were standing in the front yard with tears in their eyes, and with a sad feeling in their breasts—feeling sure that they would never see their brother and son again. As William rode along the path leading from his home to the main road, sitting erect in his saddle, his shoulders thrown back, his muscular legs inclined to the front, his broad-brimmed hat sitting on one side of his head, he presented a glorious picture of the noble, the true and the brave.

After traveling for several weeks, overcoming the many difficulties that lie in the path of a stranger in a strange land, he reached his destination, where he spent eight years, with various experiences, before returning to his old Virginia home. One of his stories, which he seemed to delight in relating, and the one which interested me most, I shall endeavor to relate in his own words, as nearly as possible. It is as follows:

"Did you ask me where I was born? Right here in old Virginia, sir; and though many consider this a dull country to spend the greater part of a lifetime, I have, nevertheless, tasted certain of the 'sweets' of life here, the recollection of which make me glad that I was not born elsewhere.

"To begin with, I must relate the circumstances connected with my first rise in the world. It was about forty years ago that I made a trip to the California mines and was employed, while there, as a section hand in one of the East Side mines. At that time, California had not one-tenth of her present population, but the country was receiving, almost weekly, new bands of miners. With one of these parties there came two persons whose influence has gone far toward fixing the course of my life. One of these persons was a female, a beautiful German maiden, whose childhood home in the 'fatherland' had been on the banks of the Rhine. I believe that hers was the finest face and loveliest form ever possessed by a maiden. It was her great charm, together with her natural home-loving temperament, that early captivated the miner's heart in my breast.

"I soon saw, however, that my love for the beautiful Beatrice was not reciprocated; and the cause I laid to that other person—Joseph Brant, by name—of whom I spoke. This new miner, being an excellent specimen of physical manhood, was placed to work by my side in the mine. I soon found him to be quick-witted, and versatile of speech. He had, however, one weakness—a love for strong drink. Of this failing Joseph Brant contrived to keep Beatrice entirely ignorant; for he, as well as I, had often heard her opinion of drunkards.

"One day in the mine, I told Joseph Brant that he should not marry Beatrice, ignorant as she was of his drinking habit. I even threatened, unless he should immediately reform, to tell her of it myself. He became so infuriated at what he considered my meddling, that he hurled a stick of dynamite at my head. This dangerous missile, which I had not before noticed in his hand, flew wide of its mark, but struck the main supporting column of our pit with force enough to explode. I was blown violently against the back wall of the pit, where I remained for some time, almost senseless.

"When I recovered sufficiently to take notice of the surroundings, the first thing that I heard was the groaning of Joseph Brant. I got to my feet and, groping across to where he lay, I found him with a large stone on his leg. Then it was —God forgive me!—that the hideous thought of murder entered my mind. 'How safe it would be,' whispered some infernal fiend of blackness, 'to overcome your bitter rival forever by simply rolling another stone upon him, or even by letting him lie as he is for an hour! Nobody would ever know of it; for you could tell them——' Tell them, indeed! I thought, as I suddenly came to my senses. How could I, buried three hundred feet beneath the realm of sunshine, ever hope to tell them anything? With the realization of this serious state of affairs, all thought of the cowardly crime left me.

"As quickly as I could, I pried the stone from the suffering man's leg and placed him in a comfortable position. Luckily for us, the explosion had not destroyed the air-pipe; for it was only at the end of this pipe, where the air was poured in constantly, that we could escape the deadly marsh gases. If the men above had stopped the pump for ten minutes, they would have found two corpses when they came to clear out the debris. As it was, we were sitting in silence near the air-pipe, when, several hours later, the first welcome thud of picks came to our ears.

"The noise of the picks seemed to arouse Joseph, and presently I was surprised when he unexpectedly reached out with a knife and gave me a vicious whack across the side. I sprang back in surprise and pain just as the men, with lights, broke into our prison.

"The miners reported the scene to the superintendent exactly as their lights had revealed it. The bloody knife in Brant's hand and the corresponding gash in my side were evidence enough of Brant's murderous intentions. This, together with my own story of the affair, was enough to secure Brant's dismissal from the mine.

"The news soon spread over the mining town, with the result that Beatrice refused to see Brant again. From that time, my own suit seemed more hopeful every day, until, one day in June, I placed my heart at her disposal. When I succeeded in convincing her to think as I did, my first rise in the world was accomplished."

B. B. E., '08.

CO-OPERATION OF LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Labor and capital should coöperate. This fact is recognized by all leading men of today. The cause of so many strikes and so much disorder among the laboring classes of today is the lack of harmony between the labor unions and the capitalists. To achieve the greatest success for all concerned, it is absolutely essential that there be perfect harmony between the employer and the employee, and a thorough appreciation of each other's value. Take, for example, an army in the field: for it to win the greatest victory, there must be the utmost confidence and concerted action between the commanderin-chief and the men behind the guns. And, furthermore, there must be the most thorough organization, and the battle must be carefully planned. The planning is left to the general, but organization must exist in the entire army. course, the generals get the more praise and the greater pay, for it is recognized that their services require the greater skill and experience. Nevertheless, the privates get their share of both pay and praise.

The same thing is true of labor and capital. In the creation of wealth and in its distribution, not only is coöperation necessary, but organization is necessary—organization of labor and organization of capital; organization which tends to make human effort more effective, to increase and not to curtail the production of wealth.

Labor unions and farmers' unions are valuable, not only to their own members, but to the whole community; and honest, law-abiding organizations of capital are valuable, not only to their own stockholders, but the whole community.

Capitalistic combinations in restraint of trade and establishment of monopoly are not combinations for production, but extortion; and activity of this character is not industry, but robbery.

There is the same difference between legitimate organization and criminal combination as there is between commerce and piracy, between house-building and house-breaking.

But united effort is always more effective than distracted effort; and organization and combination may be said to be beneficial whenever their objects are legitimate.

Without organization and combination, what kind of rail-roads would we have? What kind of banking and manufacturing enterprises would be possible? Very few individuals have enough capital at their command to build a short railroad in a single State. Then what about our great interstate and transcontinental lines? The same thing is true in the mining and manufacturing industries.

To these organizations of combined capital thousands of small investors look for results and hundreds of thousands of wage-earners look for employment. When disaster comes to these great enterprises, think of the hundreds of thousands of small investors and wage-earners directly affected, to say nothing of the millions who would be indirectly affected.

Some may say that the capitalists get more than their share of the earnings. In a few cases this may be true, but when you think of the great responsibility that rests upon every man's shoulders who has large capital invested, and of the great amount of work and worry that he has to contend with, and think of the multitude of poor people who are benefited by his efforts, you will see that he deserves quite a large share of the proceeds of the enterprise.

The main purpose of labor unions is to secure comfortable conditions and adequate compensation for the wage-earners.

The main object of farmers' unions is to secure the proper recognition and compensation for those who produce the necessaries of life.

The farmers and wage-earners comprise two-thirds of our population, and the distribution of wealth throughout these large bodies is absolutely essential to general prosperity. As a matter of fact, if the farmers and laborers are not prosperous, there is no prosperity.

Prosperity means first the creation of wealth and then the distribution of wealth. We all realize the advantage of putting money into circulation, but how are we going to put money into circulation on any large scale except in good wages to workers and good prices to farmers? Prosperity for the producing classes means prosperity for the commercial classes.

The effectiveness of combinations of capital is seen in their enormous power for good, and their menace lies in the misuse of that enormous power for evil. There is no greater danger to our form of government, to our popular rights, and to our public morals than the corrupt use of the great power of corporate wealth.

There is no greater traitor to this nation than the man who has made money under the liberal institutions of this government and uses that money to undermine those institutions and debauch the government. Let us recognize and reward the good which honest corporations accomplish, but let us, with equal justice, condemn and punish the evil which corrupt corporations spread.

What would there be of our great nation today if it had not been for the united effort of the thirteen original States? They united and struck, rebelled—or call it what you will—against the tyranny and oppression of England. They fought a great fight and won, establishing the greatest of nations, with independence, equality, and opportunity for all men. Therefore it seems to me that it little behooves our citi-

zens to be opposed to unions. What is our government but a union? What is our motto? "In union there is strength."

We have come into the light of a higher civilization, and in it we see plainly the advantage of organization and cooperation, the enormously increased product of united effort.

There is no reason for hostility between employer and employee, between capitalist and wage-earner. Capital is but the accumulation of wealth which the employer and employee created together. Wages are but the division of profits of which both employer and employee are entitled to their share; and if the division is just, there is no occasion for conflict and strife. If the division is not just, it should be made so by arbitration.

After the great disaster to San Francisco, the cost of living in that city was nearly doubled, and there was no criticism of that. The cost of building material went almost unreasonably high, and there was no criticism of that.

The union laborers who had to rebuild the city had to live; and because they demanded a reasonable living price for their work, everybody over the country kicked about it. If high wages had not been paid these laborers, thousands would have had to leave the city, because they could not have lived under the financial conditions. Those high wages were spent liberally at the stores, and the profits of the stores deposited in the banks. Consequently, business was on a boom and the city prosperous.

The workingman is worthy of his hire, the business man of his profits. The man who digs the precious metal from the earth is worth his wage. The man who tells where to find the gold deserves his profit, too. The great financial promoters, organizers, and executives of finance are worthy of recognition and reward. They work as hard as any of us, and their work is absolutely necessary to the full production of the riches out of which is paid here in America the highest wages in the world. The riches they amass and call their own

are seldom spent in extravagance and luxury upon themselves, but are put into new industries to produce more wealth and give employment to more men.

The true captain of industry is the general of our industrial army. He can not do without soldiers; and yet, no matter how well the soldiers fight, the victory depends very largely upon the general's skillful conduct of the campaign.

Let us go forward, and not backward; let us organize, since the faculty of organization is the measure of intellectual development; but let us proceed with due regard for each other's rights, with consideration for each other's service, with appreciation of each other's value.

Let us organize unions of labor, unions of farmers, unions of capital; and let us conduct them, not narrowly and selfishly, but broadly and liberally, for our own best incrests and for the public interest as well.

C. E. McLean, '08.

THE DOUBLE STEAL.

One warm summer afternoon, as I sat by my window in Atlantic City, lazily puffing at my meerschaum and idly watching the vessels come and go in the harbor, I fell into a deep reverie. It seemed to me that I ought to be a perfectly happy man. I had no family ties to worry me. No business continually bound me slave. At thirty, I was the possessor of a comfortable income, the fastest auto in the city, and the best chum in the world—Tom Mansfield—who, like myself, was a sworn bachelor. Surely, a man could wish for nothing more! Yet—

Just then my meditations were interrupted by Tom's coming into the room. As soon as I saw his face, I knew that something was weighing heavily upon his mind; for to me my chum's face was an open book.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked, growing uneasy; "has the 'Governor' cut off your allowance again?"

"Nope; worse 'n that," sadly.

Then I began to feel alarmed; for I knew that some great misfortune must surely have befallen one of us.

"Nobody sick, I hope?"

"Nope; worse 'n that," dolefully.

"Tom," I said, in an awed voice, "surely nobody's dead?"

"Nope," came the melancholy reply; "worse 'n that."

"Then what in the world makes you go moping around here as if you had punctured your last tire in an endurance race?" I cried, relieved to know that none of Tom's relatives had made an untimely demise. I have no relatives.

"Billy!" he cried, dramatically, rising from a couch, where, in his perturbed state of mind, he had just seated himself upon my new silk hat; "Billy, I'm in love!"

"In love!" I shouted, scarce crediting my senses.

"Yes; and it's worse 'n that. I—"

"Thomas Mansfield," I contradicted, sternly, "it is not worse than that. Nothing could be worse! To think," I continued, bitterly, "that, after I have guarded and protected you all these years against match-making maiden aunts, designing mammas, and heartless flirts, you should flop right down at the feet of the first girl you see! I——"

"Oh! don't get so chesty, Billy. You would have done the same thing yourself. Just wait till you see her! I'll bet you'll want to cut me out!"

I said nothing; I was too disgusted. The impudence of the young cub! (I was two full years his senior.)

"And Billy, it is worse than that. I can't get her," lugubriously.

"Can't get her!" I cried, both elated and nettled.

After all, Tom might not leave me. But this girl had been playing with my chum. She must be taught a lesson. Nobody should make my old pal miserable.

"Humph! Serves you right, Tom, for not knowing a flirt when you see one, after all the pains I have taken with you. Well, let's have the whole mournful story."

"Oh! you're mistaken. It's not that way at all. She's all in for it. The pater's the man that's running foul of us You see, it's like this:

"When Ethel was a child, her mother died. Ever since then, her father has packed her off to school in the winter and to Europe in the summer. The old boy is the whole show up on 'The Street,' and all he thinks of is making money and marrying his only daughter to a 'pile.' Hence, '23' for yours truly. Catch? Now, it so happens that the righteous 'papa' is very much interested in copper. A business alliance with a certain 'copper king' is absolutely necessary. The said monarch positively refuses to see the point. But his majesty is possessed of a 'crown prince,' who is severely smitten with Ethel's charms. Hence, to further his own selfish ends, 'papa' demands that, within the next two weeks, his dutiful daughter must marry this figurehead of a son. Claims that his fortune is at stake, and that he is doing everything for her good, —and all that kind of rot!

"Ethel and her aunt, who is a kind of 'companion,' are staying here with the Masons. It also happens that, if I am allowed to steal Ethel, 'papa' will foreclose a certain mortgage worth about a hundred thousand. You may imagine how welcome I am beneath the amiable Masons' roof-tree! Ethel is always 'out' when I call, and my letters are all intercepted. I even went so far as to send her a typewritten missive, postmarked 'New York'; but she never got it." He ended with a profound sigh of discouragement. The poor fellow's downcast air troubled even my hardened old "tobacco" heart.

"Tom," I said, rising, "we've been in many a hard race together; and we have always come out ahead. Now, if you outdistance the 'Pater', I know you'll be forgetting old Billy in your happiness; but I'm going to stand by you, old man,

and here's my hand on it." A sudden mist swept over the harbor: yet the day was perfectly clear.

"Let's take a spin, Tom," I suggested, as soon as I could release my hand from his vise-like grip. "This love business is getting on my nerves, anyway."

"What sort of machine did you say you are up against?" I asked, ten minutes later, as we sped across the country in that pride of my heart, The Yellow Peril.

"Why, it's that little sinner, Winston; and I don't see how to get ahead of him. The old man is such a da——"

"Not the Winston that tried to foul us in the Beryl Beach race?"

"That's the man, and"——

"Then you just rest easy, my son; for, if that Winston's in the game, you may rest assured that your uncle W. Percival Gordon, Jr., will make a way to get ahead of him."

At half-past eight that evening I entered Tom's room, which adjoined mine.

"Hello!" cried Tom, "what's up? I haven't seen you on such a dike in years. This disease of love must be highly contagious.

"Tom," I said, gravely, "if you have any farewell message for Miss Ethel Miller, write it speedily; for I am about to call upon that devoted damsel. If you have any parting tears to——"

"Bless your old soul, Billy, but you're a trump!" cried Tom, seizing a pen. "You've at last found your calling. Hang out your shingle, lad: 'W. Perciavl Gordon, Jr. Counsel at Love. Expert in the case "Cupid vs. Cupidity"."

Ten minutes later, I followed my card into a richly furnished drawing-room. As I walked restlessly to and fro, I fell to thinking. What! Was this the night? Yes, just ten years ago tonight I had stood with a lovely young girl in a moonlit Southern rose-garden. I was twenty: she sixteen. We were engaged, living in a land of dreams. That night we

had quarreled. Two days later, in anger, I had left for Europe.

Three months later, I returned to find that, a week after my departure, her father had, at one blow, lost his whole fortune. The shock had been so great that he had died of heart failure. Friendless and penniless, she had gone to live with her relatives in New York. In repentance, I immediately went in search of her. The relatives had moved West. She had stayed in the city—a girl of sixteen—fighting for a living in that great, selfish world, while I was throwing away thousands in Europe. A thousand times I cursed myself. Search as I would, I could not find her. I swore that I would never love another woman. I grew morose. Men call me a "woman-hater." Yet here I was, to pay my first social call in ten years!

Just then, however, I heard the swish of skirts, and all these thoughts vanished, as I turned to behold the most beautiful vision of female loveliness that had ever cried shame upon my thirty years of bachelorhood.

[To be continued.]

SENATOR LATIMER'S MEMORY.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY FOR BEREAVED FAMILY ADOPTED BY CLEMSON ALUMNI AT WASHINGTON.

The State Bureau, 12 Post Building, Washington, February 25, 1908.

Expressions of deep regret at the untimely death of Senator Latimer, and sympathy for the bereaved family, are heard on all sides, not alone among South Carolinians, but among many who knew and admired the popular Senator. The Clemson College alumni of Washington have formulated the following resolutions:

"Whereas, It has pleased an All-wise Father to call unto Himself one who was an honorary member, a true friend and a loyal supporter of our organization,—one of whom the people of South Carolina should justly feel proud; for his record has always been that of a broad-minded statesman and a loyal patriot; be it

"Resolved, 1. That we, the Washington Chapter of the Clemson Alumni, do most sincerely sympathize with the family and relatives in the death of Senator Asbury Churchwell Latimer.

- "2. That in his death Clemson College has lost a friend who was devoted, not only to her best interests and welfare, but also to the people of South Carolina.
- "3. That a copy of these resolutions shall be sent to the bereaved famly, to each daily newspaper in the State, to the Clemson College Chronicle, and that a copy be placed in the archives of this chapter."

L. E. BOYKIN.

D. H. HILL,

J. M. Moss, Jr.,

Committee.

-Zach McGhee, in The (Columbia) State.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

W.O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto) -		Editor-in-Chief
C. A. McLendon, '08 (Columbian)		 Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun)		 Assistant Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) -		 Literary Department
G. W. KEITT, '09 (Calhoun) -		 - Literary Department
H. C. Twiggs, '09 (Palmetto) -		 - Literary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun)	-	
G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08 (Palmetto)	- (- Exchange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto)		 - Y. M. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian)		 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-half page, per year......12 00 One-fourth page, per year....\$8 00

One inch, per year....



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

Though a subject of common discussion, that part of the animal termed the physical, the foundation stone of life, both of beast and man, is one which never grows old or out of date;

for life continues to exist in all of its pri-Athletics for All meval forms with respect to brawn and muscle. Many there are who claim that

the physical man has declined; and when we listen to facts set forth by them, we do not feel so sure that the men of today are the equals in all respects to those of the past. Science tells us many wonderful things, but common sense and a little observation should convince any one that the man without muscle is

almost a burden to the world. In this strenuous day, the man with long hair, hollow cheeks, and far-away look in his eyes has not much chance against the man who combines physical and intellectual strength into a great, energetic, living human ma-Athletics is now claiming its rightful place, which for a short period it nearly lost. Its scope is gradually widening so that all, from the weakest to the strongest, may find a place where one has no better chance than another. In football, once the man of might was supreme. That is changing. baseball, basketball, hockey, and others, this is less marked. But there remains one branch that should, by virtue of freedom from unfair play and of its manliness, appeal to all—track. The track, more than any other, develops those qualities that will be most useful in after life. If a man can not command his body, it is very rare that he has any power over his will. In the successful track man are always found those qualities that are most needed in life—agility, speed, forbearance, endurance.

Now that the football season has come and gone, and the winter has dragged through, the spring sports claim the athlete. The baseball diamond is swarming with contestants. These have been training for many years, and so know their ability. But on the track, it is different. Some of the best track athletes become aware of their ability almost by accident. The man who least suspects that he can do anything along this line has often found, to his own surprise, that he has within himself the requirements for a track athlete. No doubt, many who read this have yet to discover this fact. Now is the time to get out and prove your worth. The track is calling you, boys; it needs you today. Go out for practice, and stay out. Stick to it, and be not a "quitter." Clemson is claiming rank among the foremost. Help her to take the lead. There is a place on the team for every one who tries; and then, too, there are some good trips for the team this year. So come out and try. We shall look for you.

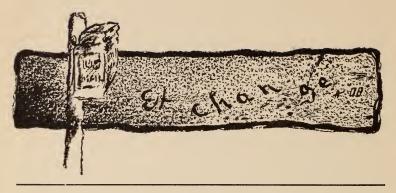
The CHRONICLE is fortunate this year in having Exchange editors who seem to have grasped the true conception of what the Exchange Department should be. Justice to all, partiality to none, is the real object of the The exchange. Running water will always keep clear and crystal; but if standing wa-Exchange Man ter is never agitated, it will never purify. So if the exchange man finds a quiescent board of editors, he should proceed either to break away the confines and allow them to run forward, or prick them occasionally with the point of his pen in order to keep them alive to surrounding activities. None of us like to be criticised; but, personally, we know that if the critic's pen did not sometimes spur us on, we should tend to degenerate. The exchange editor should not merely say that this is bad and that is good. By telling frankly what is wrong, and pointing out errors, using all the adroitness in his power to make the department incresting, he can make it, if not the most important, at least the most influential. After an article is written, the writer will derive no further benefit from his efforts if he is not told in plain language his mistakes. We certainly hope that all exchange departments will do their best to raise the standard of college magazines. Whenever we do anything worthy of praise, we are always glad to get credit for it; and so we appreciate the fact that several have confessed our worthiness, and especially those who

And what some of those men who annually pack the sand around the capitol will do next, the prophets art at a loss to tell. Who ever heard of handing out money with one hand and taking it back with the other! Yes, my Winthrop daughter, I will buy you a new frock, for your old one will soon be worn out—but you must pay the market-tender. Such seems to be the working principle of at least a few of our men in high authority. Oppressed educa-

have honored us with personal mention.

tion cries for relief: indifferent legislation would calmly relieve the pressure at one point only to apply it at another. Truly, we should like to know where is the wisdom of the act of the State in erecting more buildings for the accommodation of more students, if in the end the daughters of South Carolina will have to pay for them. It would be just as well to let them pay for the building at the start, and get credit for it, as for the State to withdraw the scholarships from Winthrop in order to provide more room. If money is needed, why not appropriate less to the care and culture of carnations around the grounds, or the like, and give more for the training and the dvelopment of South Carolina youth? If a bill comes up for an appropriation for a commercial or similar purpose, it usually passes at once; but bring up one for education—oh, no! we are too poor.

But, fortunately, those who care not for the rights of education are in the minority. And may it be the earnest prayer of every high-thinking person that this element will decrease so rapidly as to soon free our State of men who are a menace to education and civilization!



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

The January-February number of The Cosmos, taken altogether, is a very good magazine, although the literary department, for a bi-monthly publication, is rather meager. The sentiment of the poem, "To Mother," is beautiful, and it contains considerable merit from a standpoint of poetical compo-"The Legend of Mononock" is a touching little story, written in clear, simple style. The essay, "Julius Cæsar," is nothing more than a prosaic paraphrase of Shakespeare's great play, with little originality of conception on the part of the author. "Such Is Life" is a clever little story. "Examinations!!!" is a very poor apology for a poem. The meter is very crude and the rhyme is imperfect. "Modern Language versus Ancient" is a well-written essay and displays studious preparation by its author. "All's Well That Ends Well" contains a hackneyed plot and is very poorly written. Grammatical errors detract greatly from the interest of the story. The editorial department contains some good editorials on current events.

The Gray Jacket for January contains very little except matter of local interest. This would be very well if V. P. I.

had no local paper; but, having a local paper, it would have been better had a large part of this been replaced by matter of wider interest. There are two articles in this issue, however, which we read with especial interest. One of these is "Traveller," General Lee's War Horse." The author evidently had first-hand information on the subject, and wrote in an interesting manner. The other piece, "The College Library," is from the pen of the libraran. The advice given and the information imparted are the best. The space devoted to the magazine habit" could be read with profit by any one.

The Pennant (Virginia Institute) for February, while a small magazine, contains some excellent matter. The editorials, comprising the first department, are well-written treatises on live subjects. "Saving and Losing Life" is a good essay dealing with the great problem of life. It is a carefully prepared religious article, filled with beautiful thoughts and suggestions as to the conduct of life so as to do and get the most good. "Consolation" is a poem that is of average worth, with no striking merits or demerits. The story, "His First Communion," contains a good example of the beneficial influences of a good woman on the life of a man. The story is well written and holds the interest of the reader to the end. "Uncle Moses' Ghost Story" is a rather poor dialect poem. "Such Is Married Life" is an amusing little story of the trials of a henpecked husband.

We can not pass without mentioning one of the magazines received. This is *The Carolinian* for January, and is, to our mind, the best publication that has come to us this year. While not attempting a criticism, we still wish to say a word or so in reference to some of its contents. Of course, all the pieces in it do not attain so high a degree of excellence as to merit special mention: one or two, in fact, are just the opposite; but taken as a whole, the average is much better than is usually found in Southern college magazines. That part of

The Carolinian which could least be dispensed with is the poetry. Any one of the six poems would add to any magazine's contents. "Timrod; In Lighter Vein," and "The Burning and Rebuilding of Rutledge College" were both read with absorbing interest. We would recommend that the various exchange editors of other magazines give their coworkers the opportunity of reading "Some Aspects of College Journalism: The Staff and Its Duties." It will be worth the time spent on it.

CLIPPINGS.

The Day of Life.

Fair breaks the day of mortal life,
No mists nor clouds appear;
There is no trouble and no strife,
No conflict and no fear.

Ere long the sun shows clear and bright,
The storm-cloud rises high;
The pilgrim rushes on with might,
Aware that danger's nigh.

And now I hear the vesper bell,
The darkness gathers fast;
The traveler speaks his last farewell,
And finds his rest at last.

--Ex.

Extract from a Freshman's letter to his folks:

"Dear Father: Please send me fifty. Have just purchased a pair of track shoes and have some other running expenses."

--Ex.

Suppose.

A bird, my dear,
Spoke in my ear
Of recent fear—
Thy father's fear—
That I'll propose.
I think it's clear
We'd better hear
Its warning dread.
But have good cheer;
Your mind compose.

Since Leap Year's here,
It doth appear
'Twould not be queer
From use to veer;
And so suppose,
As I don't care
His wrath to bear,
We try to steer
His anger clear,
And you propose!

--Ex.

First Daddy—In what course does your son expect to graduate?

Second Daddy—From looks of things, in the course of time.

—Ex.

Prof.—What were you doing;—learning something? Freshie—No, sir. I was listening to you.

-Ex.

A Monotone.

Sing song, a sea song, Ringing all the night long; Night long, light long, Sing still a sea song.

Blue green, gray green, Dancing into white sheen; White sheen, bright sheen, Glancing into gray green.

High roll, low roll, Seeming so without soul, No soul but God's soul Dreamless o'er its vast roll.

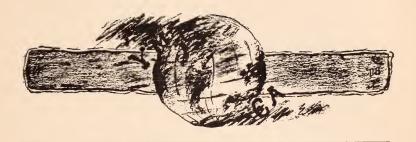
-Ex.

The "Freshies" are green,
The "Sophies" serene,
And the teachers are ever more stern;
The "Juniors" are shirking,
The "Seniors" are working—
Diplomas are what they will earn.

-Ex.

The Latin teacher sat in his chair; His brow was marked with dire despair. "When," quoth he, "in this horseless age, Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

-Ex.



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

The Bible Lecture Course.

It is a custom in the associations of many of the larger institutions of our land to supplement the work done in the Voluntary Bible Study groups with a Bible lecture course. At some time during the session, one or more eminent scholars of the Bible deliver lectures, partaking of the nature of a study, on some of the leading characters of the Old and New Testament dispensations. With the rapid growth in our Bible Study Department, there has been felt here an imperative need for something similar to this in connection with our work.

Not until this year, however, were we able to satisfy this much-felt need. For four nights in the first week in February we had with us Dr. W. M. Forrest, who occupies the chair of Biblical Literature and History in the University of Virginia. Professor Forrest is a man of national renown, and it was only upon a special and urgent invitation that his services were secured. He came to us, though, not as a stranger; for last year he delivered a splendid address here on the subject of missions. We knew what to expect of him, and we were not disappointed.

On Tuesday, February 4, the topic of Dr. Forrest's lecture was "Amos, the Shepherd Prophet." The subjects for the

succeeding three nights were "Hosea, the Prophet of Love," "Isaiah, the Statesman Prophet," and "Jeremiah, the Prophet of a Lost Cause." In discussing these, he gave a connected sketch of the history of the Jewish nation from the division of the kingdom after the death of Solomon, to the destruction of Jerusalem, in 586 B. C., by the Babylonians, marking the fall of the kingdom of Judah.

The course was well attended, especially by the students, and proved a vast source of information as well as enjoyment to all who came out. We hope that our association will be able to make this a permanent institution.

Annual Business Meeting.

The first Sunday night in February was the night for the annual business meeting of the association. The weather was bad, but despite this fact, the majority of the members were present. The Advisory Board and the old set of officers made their reports. We are glad to be able to say that they are all encouraging ones, and that the work has made a marked advance over that of last year. The membership has increased to slightly over three hundred, while the Bible Study Department is now able to report four hundred and fifty men in Bible study.

At this time the election of next year's officers took place. They are as follows: President, J. C. Pridmore; vice-president, G. W. Keitt; treasurer, S. O. Kelley; secretary, W. J. Marshall. This is a promising cabinet, and we predict for them a large success in their work.

Several elections were also made to fill vacancies on the Advisory Board. Prof. A. B. Bryan, whose term had expired, was re-elected to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Captain Clay. Three other vacancies, caused by the expired terms of Professor Bryan, Colonel Donaldson, and Professor

Brodie, were filed by the election of J. E. Johnson, a member of the alumni; Prof. R. N. Brackett, and Prof. T. W. Keitt.

Dr. A. L. Phillips.

Dr. A. L. Phillips, secretary of the Southern Presbyterian Sunday-School Association, lectured in the association hall Sunday night, February 9. His subject was a continuation of the one on which he preached that morning in the chapel,—"The Investment of a Life." He is a very instructive and entertaining talker, and we enjoyed very much having him with us. Dr. Phillips is thoroughly in sympathy with the Young Men's Christian Association work, having assisted in the leading of several of the association conferences. He is a recognized authority on all lines of Christian work; and after his talk in the hall, many boys profited by his visit through personal interviews with him in regard to the decision of their life work..

An Atlanta Guest.

Rev. S. A. Belk, of Atlanta, at the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association, talked in the college chapel Sunday night, February 23. One of the largest crowds of the year was out to hear him, and each man present left glad in his heart that he had come out. The man has a wonderful power of illustration, and this makes the morals thus pointed out sink into one's soul with a more tremendous force.

Mr. McGill's Visit.

S. Walters McGill, State Association Secretary of Tennessee, will be with us, beginning March 7, for several addresses, at least one of which will be a life-work address. Mr. McGill is what would be popularly termed a "hustler in associ-

ation work," and is thoroughly competent for the task he is to perform. Though he has not been to Clemson before, many of our men have become acquainted with him at the Southern Student Conference, and have found him a man with an attractive personality. Mr. McGill's visit is looked forward to with much pleasure.

Report of Buildings and Grounds Committee.

[Note.—The report of the committee sets forth some of the association's greatest needs. The statements with regard to the carpet and the tennis courts, we would like to call especial attention to, since these are both badly needed.]

As we understand the purpose for which this committee was created, it is to look after the property of the association and keep it in running order; to see that the hall is always as attractive as possible, and that it is comfortably heated and lighted.

Our hall can never be made comfortable during the cold winter months so long as it is connected with the heating system of the main building. Some improvements can be made, however, which will add materially to its comfort and cheerfulness. A light is needed over the speaker's stand; a few ugly patches on the wall need the brush of the kalsominer. We have a few pictures which should be framed and hung. Fifty more seats and one hundred song-books must be added soon. But the greatest need is for a carpet. If we expect men to come to religious services, we must have an attractive place for meeting.

The office of the general secretary will need to be refurnished, for a large part of the funiture in this office is the personal property of the secretary.

It is not the purpose of the College Y. M. C. A. to run an athletic association, any more than to run a literary society;

but just as the meetings encourage literary work, so the association purposes to stimulate athletics that can be indulged in by every member of the student body.

A basketball outfit has been purchased, and a court should be laid off as soon as possible.

There is an urgent need for more tennis courts, since the two belonging to us are entirely inadequate for the three hundred members.

R. O. Poag, Chairman.

The President's Report.

The Young Men's Christian Association has been one of the largest controlling factors in the lives of many of us. We feel that we have by no means measured up to our opportunities yet this would serve as an inspiration to influence us to redouble our efforts in the future. It shows the large results that may be obtained from comparatively small investment.

Of inestimable value is the opportunity for engaging in practical Christian work during the formative period of one's life. It not only develops the habit, but it creates a desire to continue in the work after leaving college. It strengthens the moral and spiritual nature and promotes a broad, unselfish interest in humanity.

We are forming our characters and purposes here, and if we are to reach its maximum efficiency, we must develop habits which will remain with us in after years. Each has a work to perform—a service due humanity, a preparation for eternity. No individual may be aware of the extent to which the association has influenced him; yet it will undoubtedly be felt throughout after life.

Th objects of the Young Men's Christian Association are broad and comprehensive. It is an organization of departments, all of which contribute to the purposes of the Association, which are: "To lead students to become disciples of Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Savior; to lead them to join the Church; to promote growth in Christian faith and character,—and to enlist them in Christian service." It also develops a happy, wholesome Christian spirit, raises the conception of life, and brings one out of the narrow confines of self into the world as a social being.

The year is drawing to a close, and as we look back over the work accomplished, we must feel that the association has done much toward developing our characters and giving us a determination and strength of purpose which will remain with us in after years. As a parting word, may we not wish that the work of the association may go on and on, deepening and perfecting the lives of coming generations of students!

J. W. Lewis, President.

Report of the Advisory Board.

[Note.—There is a difference in the weight of a young man's view and an older man's; for with age and experience comes a saner and more conservative manner of thinking. The Advisory Board is composed almost entirely of faculty members: therefore, we print their report in full, in order to present the views of capable outsiders with regard to our work of the past year.]

To the Young Men's Christian Association of Clemson College:

One year ago this Advisory Board submitted its first annual report on the work of your association under the new organization and the guidance of a general secretary. That report emphasized in various ways the "remarkable increase in the number of members and in the activities of the association;" and it is the very great pleasure of your board to be able to say in its second annual report that steady progress and improvement in those activities mark the year which has elapsed since the submitting of its first report. While your association is strengthening its work along lines already begun,

it shows also the spirit of the wide-awake, aggressive society, in that it is ever ready to undertake new lines of work for good. One of the most inspiring and hopeful things about the Clemson Young Men's Christian Association is that its influence is exerted not merely upon its members, but upon the entire student body and the community.

This board desires to repeat its hearty indorsement of the work of your general secretary, Mr. R. H. Legate, and to express its sincere regret that he can not be kept longer with us than the end of this school year. But we feel that you are to be congratulated that he was influenced to stay among us during the past year in the face of strong inducements to go elsewhere. The services of such a man can not be estimated too highly, especially during a critical period when the character and policy of an association are being formed. Great care should, therefore, be taken in the selection of another to take his place, in order that there may be no break in the progress of the work which he has so admirably begun among us, but that his policies may be continued and carried out and his influence upon your work be felt long after his departure.

The auditing committee of your board has made inspection of the treasurer's books, and finds that the total receipts of \$1,574.48, from various sources, have been judiciously expended. In fact, the advice of this board has always been sought by the officers entrusted with the expenditure of moneys, and if there were to be any charge of unwise expenditure, such charge should justly fall upon this board. We desire, therefore, to commend the association to the board of trustees, the faculty, and the alumni who have so liberally contributed funds for its support, and to ask a continuance of such support as they may feel able to give.

Our hearty approval of the action of the association in bringing to Clemson such able lecturers as Professor Forrest, who has just given a series of lectures on the Bible, can not be too strongly expressed; for such lectures can not but be of much benefit to the association as an organization, and to the student body and the community as a whole. Our indorsement is also heartily given to the plan of having prominent men address the association frequently, at its Sunday evening services, thus giving a broader scope to the work than would be had from services conducted exclusively by the members.

Too much can not be said in favor of bringing to Clemson prominent and distinguished laymen like Governor Ansel, in order that doubtful ones among the students may see that the Christian life is not the concern solely of the preachers and religious organizations, but that statesmen, business men, and men of affairs generally find time and consideration for the culture of the spirit and the salvation of the soul.

We believe that one of the reasons why the association has made such rapid progress is to be found in the thorough and effective departmental organization. Too much can not be said in favor of emphasizing the plan of having a sufficient number of committees and giving each something definite to Let the members and officers bear in mind more and more the desirability and necessity of having the organization as a whole, and each member individually, take an active part in all of the general activities of the college life, so that it may always be felt by the entire student body that the support of the Young Men's Christian Association can be depended upon for anything that is right and good. But let them not forget that supporting the good is only half the duty; that condemnation of the evil in college life and the serious effort to rid the student body of such evil is a legitimate part of its work.

Finally, we wish to emphasize the importance of sending large delegations to the Southern Student Conference and other gatherings, where the association through such delegates may receive broader views and better conceptions of its work, study better methods, and receive nobler inspirations. We are gratified that a good delegation attended the last conference, at Asheville; and we urge that you send an even larger representation to the coming conference.

As the association grows in experience it will grow in usefulness. New lines of activity will suggest themselves. Your organization is the only one that can really solve the problems which arise in the spiritual life of the college. "Be strong, therefore, in the Lord," and ready to serve Him in whatever activity you may. Respectfully submitted.

A. B. Bryan, Chairman. (For the Advisory Board.)

Welfare Work in Cotton Mills.

In a recent issue of the American Textile Manufacturer a very interesting article appeared discussing the relation of the cotton-mill official to the educational, social, and moral development of the employee. The prospects for an increased activity on the part of the capitalist and management in behalf of the betterment of the common laborer are described as being very encouraging. This we are glad to note, for the problem of the mill population is one of the greatest of our time.

The following statement made might relieve false impressions in the minds of many as to the attitude of the management of the mills toward this work:

"It seems to have been taken as a matter of course that the cotton mills should have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to educate the children in the mill communities, and it seems now to be taken as a matter of course that they should be spending money with a lavish hand for the building of libraries, lyceums, bowling alleys, churches, and even swimming pools. The new field has been entered with perfect willingness by the cotton mill presidents."

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association in connection with the pursuit of this work is quite favorably mentioned. There can be no doubt that the movement is well started, if the mill officials are awake to the true situation; and that it is sure to meet with large success, because the need is so tremendously great. There is in this, though, a call for more workers,—men of organizing and managing abilities. Everywhere the door to Christian service and a life of usefulness opens itself to the young man of today.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. C. Littlejohn, President; T. B. Reeves, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—S. J. Ezell, President; L. C. Boone, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—S. E. Bailes, President; W. H. Morgan, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thos. W. Keitt, Superintendent; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club—S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association-W. W. Kirk, Manager; A. C. Lee, Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; F. P. Caughman, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

You'll Shine In business or society, if you come to us for clothes. You needn't be anxious about your appearance. • We sell Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes, and that means quality, fit and style

The same standard of quality all throughout the store

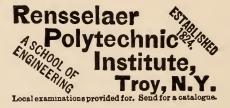
B. O. Evans & Company

The Spot Cash

Clothiers

Anderson

South Carolina



KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

General office and factories, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO

Drawing Materials, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Measuring Tapes

Our Paragon Drawing Instruments enjoy an excellent and wide reputation. They are of the most precise workmanship, the finest and are made in the greatest variety. We have also KEY and other brands. We carry every requisite for the drafting room. We make the greatest variety of Engine-Divided Slide Rules and call especial attention to our Patented Adjustment which insures permanent, smooth working of the slides.

Our complete Catalogue (550 pages) on request Highest Awards: Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904; Gold Medal, Portland, 1905





THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHES \$10.00 TO \$35.00



HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

LEARN THE WAY



Parlor Restaurant

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Everything the Market
Affords

B DAVID, Proprietor
Next to Skyscraper
Phone 207 1336 Main Street

COLUMBIA. S. C.

CLEMSON STUDENTS AND FRIENDS ALWAYS WELCOME

CLEMSON Agricultural College

CLEMSON COLLEGE, SOUTH CAROLINA

State Agricultural and Mechanical College

Course of Study

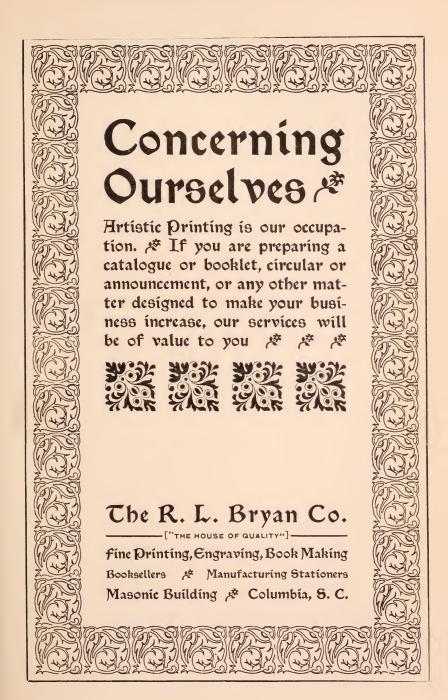
¶ The various courses of study are fully explained in the catalogues. Diplomas will not be issued to those who take irregular courses. ¶ In the Agricultural Department there are courses and equipments for pure agriculture, horticulture, botany, bacteriology, entomology, veterinary science, geology and mineralogy, dairying and animal husbandry. ¶ In the Chemical Department instruction is given in chemical science. ¶ In the Mechanical Department the courses are applied mechanics, physics, drawing, forge and foundry work, machine shop, electricity, mechanical engineering and electrical engineering. ¶ In the Textile Department instruction is given in weaving, designing, textile engineering, dyeing, etc. ¶ The other departments are mathematics, civil engineering, English, political economy, history and military science.

Expenses

¶ The deposit required from each student on admission is \$63.23, except in the case of students who receive tuition free, when it is \$53.23, which includes full uniform. Free tuition is given only to residents of the State. Blank applications for free tuition will be sent when applied for. After the first deposit a quarterly deposit of \$26.88 for pay tuition students, and \$16.88 for free tuition students is required at the beginning of each quarter. The quarters begin as follows: September 11, 1907; November 13, 1907; January 27, 1908, and April 1, 1908. ¶ This gives a total of \$143.77 per year for students paying tuition, and \$103.77 per year for students who receive tuition free. ¶ These deposits pay for board, tuition, laundry fee, incidental fee, medical fee and one uniform. There are one hundred and sixty-five scholarships given to beneficiary students desiring to pursue the Agricultural course. Books and other necessary articles not mentioned will be furnished at cost. ¶ Each student is required to bring four sheets, two blankets: one comfort, six towels, two pillow-cases and one pillow.

For further information, address

P. H. MELL, Ph. D., LL. D., PRESIDENT.



Charlottesville WOOLEN MILLS

Charlottes ville, Virginia

HIGH GRADE

Cadet Grays, Sky Blues and Dark Blues, Indigo Dye—Pure Wool

Free from all Adulterations, and Absolutely Guaranteed



We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Gray Cloth used for Uniforms of the Cadets of the United States
Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Our Goods are Prescribed for Use in the Uniforms of the Cadets of Clemson College



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)
Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. ¶ One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



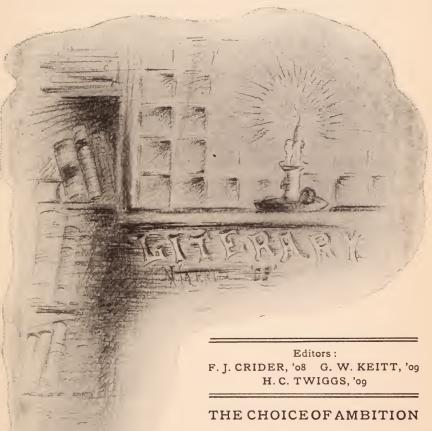
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	Page
The Choice of Ambition	331
Just Begun	. 336
Debate	336
The Double Steal	342
A Revelation	. 349
Love and War	352
Now	. 357
The Struggle for Commercial Supremacy in the	2
Far East	357
A Night in Paris	360
In the Evening	364
Editorial	367
Exchange Department	. 371
Y. M. C. A	. 379
COLLEGE DIRECTORY	385

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valerc Potest

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1908. Vol. XI.



It was the night before Commencement day at Clemson, ten years ago. The graduation parade had been held that afternoon, and the Senior class—the graduates of tomorrow—were acting as hosts for the many visitors on the campus. It had been a beautiful

June day; the sun had just sunk in his sea of golden glory behind the western horizon, and the stars—those "for-get-menots of the angels"—were making their appearance one by one in the canopy of the heavens.

Louise Wilson, a young Washington society girl, sat on the veranda of the Clemson College Hotel, looking toward the now almost obscured outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains which almost engirdle our little college town. Suddenly, there came the sound of a rapid footstep on the gravel walk that leads up the hill to the hotel. The girl's eyes brightened. Lonnie Gordon, a member of the graduating class, ascended the steps. His heart was light; and his face, aglow. He was one of the best looking fellows, physically, to be found in the whole corps of cadets. He went straight to the girl, and she held out both hands and greeted him.

Lonnie Gordon had met Louise Wilson during the vacation between his sophomore and junior years. That summer, her father had been elected to Congress from the —th South Carolina district, and the following winter she spent in school at a female institution at Richmond. The next summer she spent her vacation at her old home in South Carolina, where Lonnie Gordon saw her many times during the summer. Well, it is the same old story,—the same thing that happens to almost every one, perhaps, but is more likely to happen to a Clemson cadet than to any one else because he is not thrown into the whirl of society. Lonnie Gordon, this youthful cadet, fell deeply in love with Louise Wilson. As for the girl—well, truly the ways of women are past finding out. She certainly gave Gordon every reason to believe that her affection for him was something more than mere superficial sentimentality.

After the girl's return to the Capital City on the Potomac the following winter, she came out in Washington society, where the men soon found out that she was a beauty. Her father was not rich, and she was ambitious. That was a gay winter in Washington for Louise Wilson. Her mother had promised to take her to graduation exercises at Clemson the following summer.

June, that month of all the months the best, had now come, and Louise was sitting upon the veranda of the Clemson College Hotel. It was then that Lonnie Gordon came up to the hotel, greeted her, and said, "Let's go for a walk." She took his arm, and with her little white hand resting upon his gray sleeve, they descended the hotel steps. In descending the hill that leads to the beautifully lighted campus, they passed a carriage; and as Louise Wilson glanced within at the occupants, she gave a little start and half withdrew her hand from Gordon's arm. All solicitude, he turned and asked, "What is it?"

"I felt a little cold,"truthfully replied the girl. "Shall we go back?" asked the cadet. "No, let us walk."

They walked for some time over the beautiful moonlit campus, and finally seated themselves on a rustic bench beneath one of the giant oaks in front of the main college building. It was an ideal summer night, and Lonnie Gordon thought that the campus, and the moon, and the stars, and life had never seemed more beautiful. Yet he fancied that this was only the beginning of the happiness that would be his when he had asked the one question that would make Louise Wilson his for life.

Well, it's an old story that has been told from time immemorial, and will still be told when a hundred generations to come have passed from earth into the mysterious unknown. It is the story of love versus ambition. Louise Wilson was ambitious, and there was no life such as she dreamt of as the wife of an electrical engineer (Gordon's prospective calling), with perhaps a stipend of \$1,200 a year. She had led Gordon to believe that she loved him, and when he proposed, this is the romantic lie she told him:

"Oh, really. I didn't know it was like this, and I am sorry,

but it can't be. I do not want to wound you, if such it is to be; but I did not know."

Gordon's disappointment was too bitter to be described in words, and must be felt to be appreciated. But he stood it like a soldier, and standing up straight on the moonlit campus, gave Louise Wilson his arm, and they retraced their steps to the hotel. There were many visitors at the hotel, and within there was music, and laughter, and merriment; but these had lost the wonted charm for the boy's heart. Just before they reached the hotel steps, she said to him: "You can not know all my heart, but it is best that what you have asked me should not be."

They ascended the steps; and, as they paused a moment where they had met earlier in the evening, a heavy-set man standing in the door called in a strident voice, "Louise!" She seemed stunned, and dropped her companion's arm. The man advanced and said: "I came down to Washington yesterday to surprise you, but finding that you had left, I concluded to take this opportunity to make my first visit to the Sunny South, and came on to Clemson today."

There was almost a sigh in the girl's face as she turned to Gordon and said: "Mr. Gordon, allow me to introduce Mr. Walker, of New York." As Gordon looked into the man's eager and self-satisfied face, and saw that he was holding out both hands to Louise Wilson, he looked from one to the other and knew it all.

The following winter, Louise Wilson, aged nineteen, was married to Ralph Walker, aged thirty-four, and worth fifteen millions.

Ten years passed. Mrs. Walker sat in her brown-stone residence on Fifth Avenue, New York City. Her husband had just left the room, after having related to her some of his plans for increasing his fortune by some doubtful methods of gambling on the New York Stock Exchange. Louise Walker's face was cold, but she was a beauty yet. As Walker

left the room, her eyes followed him with something like a sneer in them.

As she sat thus, her thoughts turned backward. It was just ten years ago that day that she had married Ralph Walker. She asked herself what happiness had these ten years brought her, except the vain happiness which the pursuit of ambition gives. With a sigh, she turned and picked up a newspaper to glance at it for the sole purpose of diverting the current of her thoughts. What kind of fate brought these two paragraphs into juxtaposition? The first read as follows: "

"Ralph Walker's deal in wheat yesterday was one of the most noteworthy in recent years, and he pulled out something like \$2,500,000 as a result of it. The little fellows were squeezed and several lost everything they had in the world. Charles Darney, one of the heaviest losers, committed suicide last night, leaving his wife and child penniless."

In a parallel column, the other paragraph, a dispatch from South Carolina, was like this:

"The inauguration of Governor Lonnie Gordon took place yesterday at the State Capital. Governor Gordon is one of the youngest governors in the United States, but his inaugural address was one of the best ever heard here. His election over an able opponent was due principally to his clear-cut stand for prohibition and to his able and almost sensational fight against graft and corruption in the county dispensaries."

Louise Walker dropped the paper. The two paragraphs were printed in her heart. She looked back ten years. Which was better? She looked around on the luxury of her home and repeated the question. Which was better? "Let love be without dissimulation." '08.

JUST BEGUN.

The "March Exams" are over now, And most of us have passed; The calendar has told us that The third term's here at last.

We "rats" will soon be glad to know That we are "rats" no more, And by our puffed up heads you'll know That we're in Sophomore.

The Sophs and Juniors, too, are glad To see the goal draw near, But ah! those Seniors, brave and true, Have nothing now to fear.

Naught to fear! Indeed, you say!
Their work has just begun,
For they must take the place of those
Whose life work now is done.

C. P. R., '11



DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, That a constitutional amendment should be adopted, providing for the election of United States Senators directly by the people.

Affirmative.

The present method of electing United States Senators is as follows: Each house of a legislature must take a viva voce ballot for Senator; majority vote in each house elects. If no candidate gets a majority of each house, the two houses meet in joint session daily and take at least one viva voce ballot until a majority of the votes are cast for one man.

We may study then the proposed change under four heads:
(1) Is the change in method desirable for its effect on the Senate as a political institution? (2) Is it desirable for its effect on the character of Senators? (3) Is it desirable for its effect on the State? (4) Is the fact that a constitutional amendment is required a serious objection?

The Senate, as a political institution, would be most favorably affected by the proposed change. The Senate occupies in our government a position of far greater dignity and power than was intended by the framers of the Constitution. long term of office, the gradual renewal and the great honor carried by a seat in this august assembly have been influences of great weight in contributing to the efficiency, conservatism and self-control that once distinguished this body. But within the last fifteen years the Senate has so greatly deteriorated that those qualities, which were once its distinguishing feature, are sadly wanting. We have ceased to rely with confidence upon the Senate for salutary conservatism; its measures are often as erratic as those of the House. More than once within the last five years, the debates have degenerated into the shameless banter of the race-tracks, and the vulgar badinage of the slums; and resulted in disgraceful and brutal fistfights between its own members. Again and again its muchvaunted freedom of discussion has been wantonly abused; important measures have been talked to death, and a single Senator-in the words of Speaker Cannon-"Has held up Congress until he had fed fat the ancient grudge he bore."

Thus, the Senate has woefully fallen in the estimation of the public, and has lost its wonted prestige. It has gained in tyrannical power, but lost public confidence and esteem. On all sides is heard the charge that the Senate has ceased to be representative of the people; that in its membership, statesmen are lamentably few, and are today becoming rarer; that the Senate has become a rich man's club, a paradise of millionaires; that it is now the stronghold of the trusts and of cor-

porate interests; that through successive congresses, some of our greatest States continue to be represented by Senators without a mark of statesmanship, men who owe their elevation to the power of the money kings and the arts of the ward politician. When it is remembered that in the Senate of a single Congress—the fifty-eighth—at least one out of every ten members had been put on trial before the courts or subjected to legislative investigation for serious crime or for grave derelictions from official duty; and that in every case the accused Senator was found guilty or failed to purge himself thoroughly of the charges, there certainly is enough indication of low standards in the Senate to warrant the inquiry whether the process by which the Senate is constituted is such as to insure the selection of men of great ability and high character.

This deplorable condition of affairs is due, in a large measure, to the obsolete, undemocratic method of choosing Senators—a method that lends itself readily to bribery and to the unholy schemes of unprincipled politicians; and which can best be remedied by placing the election of the United States Senators in the hands of the sovereign people, where it rightfully belongs.

The limited number of members in the State legislature permits of bribery, which practice would be impossible under the proposed amendment, due to the stringent laws against such practice in public. Take a look at the past record concerning bribery.

It is impossible to determine how often, in connection with Senatorial elections, resort has been had to bribery or corrupt pledge of office. This much, however, is certain, that in not fewer than seven States, during the past fifteen years, charges of corruption have been put forward with enough of presumptive evidence to make them national scandals. In Ohio, California, and Montana, the charges were made the subject of formal inquiry by the legislatures, and in each case the

majority of the committee of investigation declared that the evidence of the corrupt use of money was conclusive. Ten Senators have been brought before the bar of the Senate to be tried on similar charges, and in nearly every case, these candidates have promptly resigned the office without waiting for an investigation.

The adoption of the proposed amendment, by removing opportunity for bribery and machine manipulation, would result in making it possible to reward true merit, by the election of men of sterling character and recognized ability, who would truly represent the people instead of being puppets of predatory wealth. Hence, the amendment is desirable on the ground of securing better representatives.

The proposed amendment would have the following good effects on the State: It would, to a great extent, divorce State and national politics, and leave State measures to be settled upon their merits. It would increase the efficiency of State legislatures, not only by clarifying the issues on which nomination and election are made, but, also, by removing one of the basest motives that lead designing men to seek election, namely, the hope of being bribed to vote for the candidate with the money barrel. And, moreover, it would leave the legislators free to do their legitimate work.

Under the old system, there have been forty-five deadlocks, lasting on an average of thirty-eight days each, and resulting in fourteen failures to elect. And often, as scores of examples will show, after months of ineffective balloting, some unknown, incapable man is elected as a compromise. Besides the cost in money, who can estimate the loss in character through strife, and acrimony, and blind factionalism that results from these contests?

A striking example of what Senatorial election contests may mean for a State, is the experience of Oregon in 1897. A sufficient number of members of the lower house absented themselves to prevent the completing of an organization.

Twice every day an attempt was made to convene the House; but not a single time during the entire session were there enough members present to effect an organization. During this entire legislative session, when State affairs should have been looked after, not a single bill was passed; not even an appropriation for current expenses was made. In these long contests, it is hardly conceivable that the participants should face the prospects of a drawn game with the calmness of opponents at chess. The stake is too great. Feeling of intensity evidences itself in parliamentary strategy, riotous demonstrations more appropriate to prize-fights than to Senatorial For instance, the Missouri election in 1905, which elections. took place in the midst of a riot, is a good example. bitterest kind of a fight had been waged during the entire session; the clock on the wall of the assembly chamber warned the contestants that time for adjournment was near at hand. An attempt was made by Republicans to stop the clock. Democrats interefered; and when the Republicans brought forth a ladder, seized it and hurled it from a window. fights followed. Desks were torn from the floor. A fusillade of books began. The face of the clock was broken, but still the pendulum swung; finally, a volley of ink-bottles broke it from its hangings. The presiding officers of both houses mounted the Speaker's desk, and, after strenuous efforts, succeeded in securing a semblance of order. Such disgraceful proceedings would not be possible under the proposed method of election by popular vote.

By removing the possibility of a deadlock, popular vote would insure representation, and promote home rule in the States, by giving to the people the final verdict in the election of Senators, which verdict would not name some unheard-of dark horse, wholly unfitted for the service, but would result in the choice of a man entitled to the honor by virtue of statesmanship and character.

Is the fact that a constitutional amendment is necessary a serious objection? The framers of the Constitution prepared that instrument so that it could be amended at will. All this talk about the Senate's representing the States in their political capacity, and a change in method of electing that representation causing a change in the organization of the general government, is absurd. Changing the mode and manner of electing Senators does not in the slightest degree keep the Senate from representing the States in their political capacity, nor does it affect the organization of our government. As is plainly shown by the debates when the Constitution was under consideration, it was the ratio of the representation and not the manner of electing the representative that occupied the minds of the framers of the Constitution.

It is well to venerate the memory of the framers of the Constitution; but changes of such great importance, affecting the welfare of a mighty nation should not be blocked by mock patriotism and sentimental gush. Changing the Constitution casts no reflection upon the framers of that document. can we expect mortal man to make laws that would never need changing? We must make changes in keeping with the growth of intelligence and the complexity of civilization; and public opinion now calls loudly for a change in method of electing Senators. There can, therefore, be no serious objection to amending the Constitution in order to obtain a public benefit for ourselves and secure the best interests of posterity. To summarize now, a constitutional amendment providing for election of United States Senators directly by the people is desirable for its good effects: (1) In raising the standard of statesmanship in the Senate as a political institution. improving the character of the Senate. (3) In elevating the character of State legislatures by removing opportunities for bribery, and because it will benefit the States by divorcing State and national politics, thus leaving the legislatures free to devote their time to their legitimate work. And, lastly, a

change in the Constitution is not only not objectionable, but it is desirable, when the proposed change, as in this case, has for its object, not only the improvement of the character of the law-making bodies of the nation, but also the uplifting of individual representatives, and the placing before the people at large of higher ideals of public service and private living.

L. G. RICHARDSON, '08.



THE DOUBLE STEAL.

(PART II.)

"Gee!" I thought, "but isn't she peaches and cream, though! Old Tom surely has absolution in my sight henceforth and forever." However, I said nothing. I merely stood, staring like a dummy.

After the tiniest pause upon the threshold, she glided gracefully forward. "Good evening, Mr. Gordon," she said, as she proffered me her hand in a delightfully informal manner, which so often distinguishes the lady born, from the article made-to-order.

I murmured some kind of self-introduction—just what, I have never found out—and I forgot to release her hand. The little speech that I had spent an afternoon in framing seemed, literally, "to fade away."

"Oh, I feel that I know you already," she said, easily, releasing her hand, motioning me to be seated. "I've heard Tom speak of you so often. But, oh! he says you are such a terror—a regular old woman-hater. But you don't really look so ferocious," naively. "You don't bite, now, do you?" Mock horror spread over her face—that is, all except her eyes. The laughter pent up there could not be concealed. Where had I seen those eyes before?

"You have been grossly misinformed," I replied, my wits at last returning. "That young rogue has been playing a trick

upon me; but I won't repay him in his own coin. Now wouldn't I have paid him up, if I had turned this little missive over to 'Auntie's' tender mercies!" I said, handing her the letter. "Wouldn't she have ripped things up, though! I should like to get a glimpse of this amiable 'Auntie'—from a distance," I said, laughing at my brilliant (?) idea of getting even with Tom.

Instead of being amused, the girl flushed quickly. Pain, surprise, comprehension, malice (?), played successively over her expressive countenance. "What's this Tom has been saying about me—I mean about 'Auntie'?" she asked quickly.

"Now you've asked me two very different questions," I replied, facetiously. "There's no use for me to tell you what he says about you. If he hasn't already told you for himself, he ought to be shot; but, anyway, it's all in the letter. As to 'Auntie,' he hasn't had time to say anything; but, my, it doesn't take much imagination to picture her. Does she keep cats and poodles, and wear stunning little side-curls, and turn up her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees, when any one mentions a man, and tattle, and—"

"You'd better hush," she cried in mock horror; "she might hear you. You know such old people sometimes have remarkably acute hearing."

"All right," I replied, pretending to be very badly frightened. I was very much pleased with myself just then. Evidently, I was making a good impression upon Tom's intended.

"Now, run along and read Tommy's letter," I said playfully; "and be sure to send him the right answer. I suppose the mails work all right from this end of the line?"

"Oh, yes; and it was so kind of you to come."

"And run the risk of falling into the clutches of 'Auntie'?" I laughed. "Well, good night. Tom surely is a lucky chap," I continued, very earnestly.

"Good night," she replied; "and mind that 'Auntie' doesn't

catch you!" Something in the last remark caused me to turn quickly to look at her—but she was gone

* * * * * * *

"What news, Tom?" I cried, as twenty minutes later, I entered my chum's apartments.

"Glorious!" he answered. "It's all right. She's going; but," he added, with a sly twinkle, "she says 'Auntie' heard every word you said!"

I wilted. Cold sweat appeared profusely upon my brow.

"'Auntie' agreed to the runaway, provided she herself sees the knot properly tied. Ethel says her aunt took it all better than she expected; but she says she'll never forgive you, until you apologize, and take back all those ugly things you said about her. I certainly envy you that half hour!" he continued, with a broad grin.

I could cheerfully have choked him. I could see myself, kneeling in the midst of a pack of poodles and cats, telling the wrathful old lady that her poodles were charming, her cats beautiful, her side-curls adorable, her lectures instructive, her very gossip dignified and just. Oh, why had I dabbled in this love business, anyway, and what on earth did Tom see so funny in my predicament! It was all his fault anyway! I went to bed (but not to sleep).

I spent the next day madly tearing about the country in the Yellow Peril; but, try as I would, I could not out-distance the thoughts of that lovable "Auntie" and our coming interview. Still more, I thought of Ethel Miller. Where had I seen that face before? I finally ended a miserable day by breaking my high-speed gear, and returning to my hotel at a pace at no time exceeding thirty miles per. Disgusting, wasn't it? I had done seventy-five upon the same road many a time.

When at last I reached the hotel, my troubles were made manifold. In the last stages of melancholia, Tom was reading a message. "What's the trouble now?" I asked, rather testily.

He merely handed me the slip of paper.

"Oh, Tom, papa is here; and he says I must marry that Winston man tonight! He seems terribly worried. Copper, I think. Isn't it awful for your own father to sacrifice you for money? What can we do?" Tears had very evidently taken the place of a signature.

"Well, what do you propose to do? You aren't going to sit down here and let them take her away from you? Why, I've only seen her once, and I'd go to the ends of the earth for her right now!" Strangely, neither of us noticed the tell-tale words.

"By heavens, they shan't have her!" he cried, now thoroughly aroused. "I'd be sorry to meet that devoted 'papa' just now," he hissed; "there'd be a scrap. Try to help me be sensible, Billy. What would you advise?"

I thought the situation over for a moment. Then, seizing a pencil, I wrote: "Pretend suddenly to become reconciled to the marriage. Hastily invite a number of friends. Let them arrive at eight o'clock. Receive in person. Say it's your whim. At 8:15 we arrive in the auto. Three short blasts will warn you of our approach. Run out as if to welcome some one. The rest is up to us and the Yellow Peril."

"The very thing!" cried Tom, as he rang for a messenger. Twenty minutes later, we received this message: "We will not fail you. At 8:15 then." A "V" certainly does lend wings to a messenger boy.

"Now, Tom, it is seven-thirty. While you primp, I'll make all the necessary arrangements. We can do the twenty miles to X—— in time to catch the nine o'clock vestibule, which will carry you to New York. Shall I arrange the honeymoon for Europe or the Yellowstone?"

"Europe for mine," he responded, with a grin. "The Yellowstone is too close to the copper region."

"Great Cæsar, Tom!" I exclaimed, as, half an hour later, we climbed into the auto, "we can't do over twenty-five miles

per hour to save our lives! I broke the high-speed this evening, and forgot all about it in this mix-up."

"Well, no use to worry about it now, old man," replied Tom, who was now thoroughly aroused. "It is too late to get a new machine, and all the high-gears in America couldn't stop us now."

A few minutes later, in answer to our signal, two hastily veiled, white-clad figures flew down the Mason's steps; and in less time than it takes to tell it we had them into the machine and away.

Fully expecting to see "Auntie," I hazarded a fleeting glance at the figure by my side, as I skidded around a corner. To my equal surprise and delight, I saw, instead, Evelyn Miller, the bride-to-be, the girl to whom I had given Tom's letter. Truly, a man who would, under these conditions, inflict upon himself the company of an acid maiden of forty-five, in order to save the feelings of a pal, was worth serving. I loved Tom for that. But was I worthy of his trust? Hardened old bachelor that I was, I realized now, as the landscape flitted past us, how much I loved the girl at my side. How could I ever be happy without her? Then my better nature triumphed. Of course I didn't wish that we would run against a tree and kill Tom and "Auntie"!

Suddenly, however, my thoughts were diverted. Not a quarter of a mile behind us, sped a yellow light and an angry horn; and behind that light, working the said horn, I knew by instinct were a furious "papa" and a vengeful suitor. In a flash, I had shoved all possible speed upon the Yellow Peril. Oh, for our high-gear now! With it we could laugh at anything in the country; without it we would probably be overtaken in five minutes. The prospect was not alluring. Nearer and nearer crept the vengeful light, until it was scarcely seventy yards away. I looked around. For some unaccountable reason, Tom had his arm about "Auntie," cheering her as best he could. "Never mind, dear," he was saying; "we

could not have made the train anyway, without the highspeed. I'd just as leave face Mr. Miller right here as anywhere in North America." Really "Auntie" seemed very appreciative for a disinterested old maid.

Just then our overworked low-gear snapped, and we came to a standstill. Then it was that a plan entered my head. I hastily revealed it to my companions, as our pursuers rolled up and the irate "papa" leaped to the ground. Then I stood between him and Tom, as he poured forth volleys of abuse upon that youngster's devoted head. Quietly the ladies climbed into Winston's auto; and, just as Mr. Miller, still loudly vociferating, was about to follow them, Ethel cried, "Oh, my jewels, papa; right under the seat!" This was our signal. As the old gentleman turned to the Yellow Peril, Tom and I sprang into the other machine; and, before the surprised Winston knew what had happened, he was seated upon the dusty roadside, blankly watching his machine round a near-by curve. I have since learned, however, that he was soon very effectively aroused.

Now, our hopes revived. We counted our chances. We had twenty-five minutes in which to travel seventeen miles, catch one fast train, and perform one marriage ceremony. Really, our chances were improving. I drove as I had never driven before. Ten minutes! Ten more miles. I must go faster. Five more minutes: Four and a half miles. Perhaps the ceremony would have to be postponed. At last! The station! The agent informs us that the train is ten minutes late.

Hastily we retraced our path to the parson's. I had already notified him, and the reverend old gentleman, with his smiling partner, welcomed us cordially.

Somehow, I was now not nearly so elated. I began to wish after all that we had missed the train. The minister called for the couple to come forward. Sick at heart, I looked away. I was now fully realizing the extent of my foolish passion.

However, determining to pretend, at least, to be a man, I slowly turned my gaze upon the scene before me.

But stop! I could scarcely believe my eyes; for there stood Tom and "Auntie," hand in hand.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?" the minister was saying.

"Hold on, Tom!" I shouted wildly. "You're not going to marry 'Auntie,' are you?"

Thereupon Tom and "Auntie" burst into the most unrestrainable laughter. "Oh, you old fool!" yelled Tom. "Haven't you caught on yet? Is it possible that you've been riding by 'Auntie's' side for twenty miles, without making your apologies? Why, where are your manners, my son?"

Utterly bewildered, I turned to my companion for an explanation. She threw aside her heavy veil, and suddenly stood transformed before me—the same figure that had confronted me in the rose garden, nine years before—yet so changed, so developed, so entirely bewitching. How could I have failed to recognize her at the Masons'? I shut my eyes, and opened them again to see if I were dreaming. At last, I found my voice. "Evelyn Millard!" I whispered, hoarsely, "Evelyn, can you—can you still love me?"

The next thing that concerns you, kind reader, is this: The minister's sonorous voice rang softly through the room. Two responses—not one—answered each pledge. Then, somewhere, a great way off, the shrill whistle of a locomotive broke harshly upon the stillness of the summer night. Then we were in the auto once more, madly racing through the darkness. Once more, a yellow light and an angry horn were pursuing us. Then we were pulling out from one side of the station, just as a yellow automobile, bearing two frantic men, tore up to the other.

What, you ask, became of "papa" and the Yellow Peril? Why, when the old gentleman cooled off a bit, he did a little piece of good, hard thinking; and the result was that he

forwarded his blessings—and the Yellow Peril—to make our honeymoon trip on the continent more enjoyable. He has now left "the Street" to become the abject slave of Thomas Mansfield Gordon, aged three and a half, and Evelyn Gordon Mansfield, aged three, whom, as I sit by my study window conculding these memoirs, I can now see, seated in their miniature Yellow Peril, happily absorbed in their favorite game of "runaway."

[THE END.]



A REVELATION.

Having decided to spend our vacation on a camping expedition, I and a few of my classmates went to the lake region of Florida, and established what we called "Headquarters," near the town of B——. One day, unconsciously rambling a great way from camp, we became aware, late in the afternoon, that it would be night long before we could reach camp; and, being tired and unacquainted with the country, we decided to seek lodging in the first house we came to.

We had not gone far when, off to the right in a magnificent grove of orange trees, we saw a very portly old mansion. We turned from the main road into what was once a beautiful driveway, but now neglected and overgrown with shrubs and weeds. As we approached the mansion, the same evidence of neglect and decay was observed. The once beautiful garden was now a confusion of weeds and briers, with here and there a choked rose bush. The mansion was in a state of decay and neglect as viewed from the outside, and being admitted into a spacious hall, the same was to be observed there.

After supper our conversation naturally turned to the peculiar circumstances surrounding the mansion of which we were inmates. Where was the master or mistress of the house-

hold, and why so old-fashioned in his or her ideas? furniture and decorations were of a very old date, and the library contained not a single volume of recent production. None of our theories could satisfy our minds as to the mystery that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of the place. From the subject of the old mansion, our minds gradually turned to ghost and goblin stories. For where could be a more suitable place than a deserted house, whose very walls seemed to hold secrets of tragedy and woe, and where the dim flicker of the candle causes shadowy phantoms to creep from one corner to another? My companions treated the subject lightly, and told their yarns for hours, trying "to shake the other fellow's nerves," and I must admit that mine were pretty well shaken when they had finished. I am as firm a disbeliever in ghosts as anybody in daylight; but when darkness creeps over the earth, I begin to think of the ghosts that are probably lurking around me at this very moment, for some people have mists over their eyes and are unable to see what others see; and right then and there I offered up a prayer that the mist may never be removed from my eyes. Suffice it to say that by bedtime my nerves were so wrought up that I knew there would be very little sleep for me that night. Furthermore, it was agreed, although I protested strongly, that we should each occupy a separate room, and tell our dreams on the morrow.

My room was on the south side of the house, overlooking what was once a flower garden, but now only a few remained, the rest of the space being covered with weeds. An old-fashioned bed, a bureau, a washstand and a few other articles constituted the furniture of the room. I retired and tried to sleep, but the boys had taxed my nerves to too great an extent, for I could not think of anything but ghosts and tragedies.

Finally, I fell asleep and slept for I know not how long. Suddenly I became aware that some one was in my room, for I could hear the soft footfall move from one place to another.

Then the footsteps ceased and the intruder seemed to be ransacking the drawers of the bureau and piling the contents on the floor. Again the sounds changed; this time it seemed to be the jingle of coins as if being taken from the bureau and dropped into a bag. Really this was becoming serious. was just raising myself on my elbows to ascertain the cause of the noise, when a dark shadowy form rushed from the corner and, seizing me by the throat in a grip of iron, began to crush the life from me. I beat the dusky figure madly with my clenched fists, but those grim hands clutched me with a grip of death, till I fell dazed and almost senseless to the floor. I was conscious of being thrust into a huge bag and dropped to the ground, thence I was dragged across the garden and over rooks and logs, till I thought I would be torn to pieces. At last my captor came to a halt, and, seizing tools that he must have placed there beforehand, began to dig furiously in the ground. Gradually the truth dawned upon me; I was going to be buried alive! Great heavens! Could the brute-

I awoke with a shudder. I was in the same room, in the same bed; and the room was unchanged. Great drops of perspiration were streaming down my face. I felt for the finger-prints on my throat, but none were there. It was only a dream. I would go back to sleep. But sleep had fled from me, and I was the first to rise in the morning.

Each had some frivolous dream to tell at the breakfast table, but I replied that I did not dream anything. Some one noticing my pale face and troubled look, I simply told them that I did not rest very well.

Some weeks after this incident we were in a small town near the old mansion, and becoming engaged in conversation with a very old inhabitant of the place, I finally asked him something about the history of the mansion. He was a very agreeable old fellow and told me the history of the mansion in about these words: "The mansion now belongs to a law firm of this place. This firm came in possession of it several years ago and keeps a few employees there to look after the orange groves. It formally belonged to Godfrey Cummings, a crippled bachelor, who was rarely seen beyond its walls, and was supposed to have a great amount of money somewhere in the house. He had a few slaves who attended to his needs, but one negro man was his attendant everywhere he went, and, I believe, occupied a room adjoining his master's, which was on the south side of the house overlooking the garden. One night the negro man and his master disappeared and have never been heard of since. The room showed signs of being ransacked, but no signs of violence to the inmates. Whether the master and servant were both murdered and the money taken, or whether the slave murdered his master and eloped with the money is not known."

Others may not know, but I know.

J. T. C., '11.

LOVE AND WAR.

It was during the latter part of the Revolutionary War in the South, a time when a few of the wisest leaders on both sides began to see that the struggle was going against the British. A few leaders among the Tories had also begun to see that they were receiving very poor pay for their loyalty; and, as a consequence, many repented and joined the American cause just before the close of the war.

On the fifteenth of January, 1782, there could be seen, about twenty miles due west of Orangeburg, S. C., five troopers wending their way down the main road toward the South Edisto River. Four of the partisans were in the advance of the other, who was about two hundred yards in the rear.

The young trooper in the rear suddenly drew the reins of his horse and stopped right in the middle of the road, so as to get a good view of the beautiful scene stretched out before him. The bright rays of the sun had just shone for the first time in about two days.

The youth abruptly broke into a low conversation to himself. His thoughts naturally wandered to the lady of his heart, for the greatest patriots are generally the greatest lovers.

"So it will be with us," the youth spoke, half aloud. "Our people are in mourning now, but the sun is coming out; and, when Greene has driven the British away, then Helen—." The words of the "homesick" lover were abruptly ended by the call of one of his comrades, down the road. He stuck spurs to his splendid black charger, and in a few minutes joined the others of the squad.

"Well, Mobley," said Lieutenant Wilcox, who was in charge of the squad, "what in the thunder were you doing back yonder? Thinking about your girl, I guess." "No," replied the youth, "I was just thinking about the first time that old bachelor Wilcox went to see his girl." This witty reply was followed by a peal of laughter from the others, except the lieutenant, who could do nothing but turn red in the face, and give one of his old, familiar grins. There was soon quietness again in the party, and the squad rode on, in the sunshine, toward the South Edisto.

It was very near sundown when the party reached the north side of the river. The squad now came to a halt, for this was as far as the three privates had leave to go.

After giving the three subordinates a few instructions, the lieutenant, followed by the others, mounted his horse; the officers to go on their short leave of absence to the lieutenant's home, on the "Old Hickory Plantation," which was about three miles below the South Edisto; while the other three were to retrace their steps back to Marion's camp, north of Orangeburg.

The young officers rode nearly a mile without speaking, when the lieutenant suddenly broke the silence. The poor,

depressed lieutenant had, for about four years, brooded over the unwise choice of his brother, who had, in the beginning of the war, became a Tory; and, whenever one of his friends was around, he would tire his ear with the story of his good-hearted, but unfortunate brother. So, the conversation began:

"Bill," said the lieutenant, "what do you think of the case of my poor brother?"

"I think that it is a pity he ever went to England for an education," replied the youth. "I don't believe that we could ever win him to the American cause," continued the younger trooper.

"Well," said Willcox, "my dear little cousin, Helen, sees him very often."

"Don't you suppose that she might do something with him?"

"Helen is a wonderful creature," replied the youth, "but I don't believe she could do anything with him."

The two again rode in silence for awhile. When it became too dark to go farther, they dismounted.

As the two were dismounting, a band of Tories suddenly burst upon them. The partisans tried to flee, but it was useless. The horses of both were killed, while Wilcox was shot dead in his tracks. The gang was lead by James Hamilton, one of Husk's subordinates.

Poor Mobley, tied as a dog, was led through the narrow paths of the forest to a place where he had never been before.

It was nearly midnight when they came to a large, twostory structure, which was surrounded by a large opening. Everything was very quiet. There were no lights to be seen,—not even the moon being out at this time. To add to the death-like stillness of the place, two old owls gave their timely hoots from each end of the structure.

A light rap by the leader of the Tories, brought an aged woman to the door. When all were within, the door was closed and bolted with the same alacrity as it had been opened.

The prisoner, after being given a plate of cow-peas with a piece of combread, was led down a long, dark stairway into a slimy cell.

The prisoner was shoved into the dark cell without being given a light, and without being even told of a place to sleep.

The only light entering the cell, was from a small crack, which was about eight feet above the floor. This light, though small, added greatly to the facility of seeing in the cell.

The poor man, heartbroken and wretched, stood upon the slippery ground for a few minutes in suspense, when he heard something move in the upper part of the dungeon.

"Friend?" spoke a voice from that direction.

"Sergeant Mobley, of Marion's brigade," replied the feverish youth, as he began to recuperate himself.

The youthful prisoner listened for awhile, when he heard a little scramble, as of some one trying to support himself from falling. There was silence for awhile, when our youthful acquaintance called, but received no answer. He knelt down and crawled to the place whence had come the voice of the unknown person. When he had crawled to the place where he had heard the voice, his hand suddenly slipped, and he fell on his face, his head and breast being over a hole, seemingly nothing but a muck-hole. He had not realized his imminent danger, when he heard a low moan, far below him, which immediately unfolded to him the secret danger. The poor man, trembling with fear, almost lost his breath as he sprang back from the deep pit. About ten feet away, he fell to the ground from his weakness. As he stretched himself out upon the ground, one of his feet went over another sink, which fully told him of the deceitfulness of his surroundings. The poor, crazed man felt, with care, his way to one side of the cell, where he lay down to die.

The poor, hapless prisoner had lain in this position for about twenty minutes, when he heard a noise toward the door. He started up; but, finding himself too weak to walk, dropped back on his knees and watched, with strained eyes, in the direction where he knew the object must be. He was gazing intently, when he heard the moving object and, at the same time, saw the glimmer of a sword-point in the moonlight, by the crack in the wall.

Poor Mobley, trembling with fear, could hardly believe his ears, when he heard a sweet and low voice call his name.

"Helen!" the poor man gasped, as he sprang from his resting-place. Sure enough, it was his Helen, his schoolmate, his sweetheart, and his future wife.

"My dear Helen; why did you come into this dreaful place?" asked the passionate youth.

"No time for words, William. We have only about fifteen minutes in which to escape," she replied. "Take this sword and follow me."

Mobley gladly followed his lover, and in a few minutes they were on the outside of the door, standing by a tall and well-built figure, who Mobley immediately recognized to be the brother of Lieutenant Wilcox.

"I have brought him over," Helen whispered into the ear of her lover, as the converted Tory closed the door behind them.

The lovers followed Wilcox down a narrow path, until they reached the stables, where they found three of the best horses of the place held in waiting for them by a darky. They mounted and were soon going at a rapid rate toward Marion's camp, near Orangeburg.

NOW.

Come, fellow-men,
Let's fall in
Ere 'tis too late.
Many a chance has been lost;
Some at a terrible cost.
Others win deserved fame;
Now, why can't we do the same?

Can we not see
Our degree?
Look up on high!
Live and do what is right;
Ever keeping in our sight
Good resolves of the past,
Even to the very last.

T. S. M., '11.

THE STRUGGLE FOR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY IN THE FAR EAST.

As I look towards the sunrise at the beginning of day, and behold the majestic sweep of the inflowing tides of the morning, I think of the vast lands, far beyond the eastern horizon, where nations are being born in a single day,—nations which are destined to become not only the foremost powers of the East, but also the ruling centers of the commercial world.

Here, in Japan and China, the same principles that once characterized our own nation are in the light of history, and the same tact and stability of the American people is even more prominent in the fiber of these men of the far East. Nor do they lack in population and extent of territory. The same sun that shines on eighty-five millions of people in the United States, shines on nearly five hundred millions in Japan

and China alone; and the same appliances used on an area here of three and a half millions square miles, with enormous results, are also being successfully applied on an area of four and a half millions square miles in these nations. What such throngs of men, with their vast territory, containing uncounted millions of wealth, can do, or will do, only remains for a short lapse of time to prove.

Only yesterday, the far East was enveloped in utter darkness; but after Perry's expedition, and after the work of our missionaries had thoroughly begun, a new day began to dawn. Its dark pall was uplifted and forever rolled back, so that now but the faintest image of its tragical past remains on the misty chronicles of time. It is no longer the old, but a new East. The old has forever receded into the background. We have taught them Western customs, and they have learned and applied them to their own conditions; we have taught them science and art, and they have become lovers of knowledge; we have taught them economy, and they have become alert and resourceful; we have taught them the secrets of our war power, and they have startled the world.

It may be said, however, that the leading nation in this far-away East is Japan. All the great national strides there, whether in material progress or in war, have been like closely contested games in which she always played her part, and in which she was always the chief hero. More than other nation, she has absorbed Western civilization, and adapted to her mode of warfare the battleships, repeating rifle, bombs, floating mines and dynamite,—using them with such skill as to defeat all the forces and men of war that the mighty nation of Russia could put forth. It has been alleged that the late war between Japan and Russia settled the great question of land supremacy in the far East; and it is now well understood that this success gave rise to another great question and one of far more importance—a question of commercial supremacy.

It is in the Japanese that we recognize the union of the warrior and the gentleman, that combination of the spirit of chivalry, of gentleness and of learning, all in one individual. His desire for higher intellectual attainments is so great as to make the department of education of Japan far reaching, and such as might well be imitated by other nations. vear large numbers of Japanese students are coming over to American universities engaging in such studies as political economy, finance and banking, for which they have shown themselves particularly fond; and after becoming masters of these subjects, they return to their home country full of vigor and enthusiasm to lead commercial and industrial lives. And more than this: Japan is annually sending out special experts to investigate the various methods of manufacturing, transportation and trade of other countries, and to keep the government informed as to the best and most modern way of carrying on a good commercial system. Thus it is that Japan is becoming a great center of trade, and is gradually outstripping the other nations in the far East.

No nation ever born has had thus far in history a success so peculiar, so magical and perfect, so completely acknowledged by the nations of the world, as has been won by Japan. There is in her a spirit of unconquerable sequence, and a oneness of determination that sets her on an equal footing with all of those mighty powers of the past whose military and intellectual achievements were unsurpassed, and whose struggle in active competition and rivalry in industrialism was conducive to their national welfare. At present, she ranks first in trade among her sister nations, and every agent within her borders seems to be at work under great pressure striving towards a commercial end—to rival in commercialism.

When the results of the Hague have changed the mode of warfare of the world; when the civilizing agents of the West have taught their lessons in every corner of that distant land; when the opening of the Panama canal permits the industrial Atlantic to disturb the calm of the Pacific, and when a few more years of peace and prosperity have been recorded on the the pages of time,—then the center of the commercial world will have been transferred from the West to the far East, and Japan, glorying in her success, will have reached that goal for which she is now striving—commercial supremacy.

A NIGHT IN PARIS.

Three years ago I took a trip to Europe. Soon after reaching the Old World I went to Paris, where I expected to spend several days. One night while I was sitting before the fire in my room, tired out by tramping over the city during the day, I heard some one knock upon the door. I got up very reluctantly and went to see who was my visitor. As I opened the door, I found a youth, apparently about seventeen years of age, standing there.

"Is this Mr. Jones?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; "what do you want?"

"Mr. James Wilson, from America, is at his hotel, very sick—the doctor does not think he will live till morning. He says you are the only American here whom he knows, and he wants you to come to him at once."

It was true that I knew a Mr. Wilson, but how could he have found out that I was in Paris? This puzzled me somewhat, but after thinking over the matter for a few moments, I realized that it was an easy matter for one to find out from the register the names of the arrivals at the hotels.

"But how am I to find him tonight?" I asked, for I did not like the idea of going to a strange place with a stranger on such a night.

"Oh! I shall show you the way," was the prompt reply of the youth.

I did not relish the thought of leaving my comfortable room and going out into the raging storm, and, perhaps, exposing myself to unthought-of dangers; but the thought of a fellow-countryman sick, and perhaps dying, in a strange place, among strangers, dispelled all my fears. After putting on my heavy overcoat and examining my six-shooter to see that it was ready for use, I told the boy that I was ready.

Descending the stairs, we soon found ourselves in the street below. We went down Main Street several blocks, then the youth turned to the right. Down this dark street we went for half a dozen blocks more. I then asked the boy how much farther it was.

"Only a little farther now," he answered; "just two blocks." On we went, till at last we stood in front of a very large and dilapidated four-story building. Into this we entered, going up three flights of stairs. When we reached the top of the third flight, the youth turned to the right, and I expected soon to be at Mr. Wilson's room. But soon the boy led me down another flight of stairs. When we reached the bottom of this flight, the youth started down another, but I called to him to hold on.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"Only down this one and we are at his room," he said.

I said no more, but followed him. On reaching the bottom we passed through a door and turned to the left. A few steps brought us to another door. Here the youth stopped and opened the door, then turned and faced me.

"You will find Mr. Wilson in there," he said; and by the time he had finished this speech he was back at the door through which we had entered at the foot of the stairs.

"Stop!" I cried; but by this time he was gone, and as he closed the door I distinctly heard the lock click, as he turned the key. At first I thought of following him and bringing him to account for his conduct, but I knew this was impossible, for the door was locked. I realized that I was caught in a

trap and knew that it was impossible for me to help myself; therefore, I decided to go into the room and see Mr. Wilson.

When I entered the room I found it vacant. There was no furniture in it except two chairs at the farther side. I stood dumbfounded for a few minutes. Soon I began to think of finding some means by which I might make my escape. Oh! how I wished I had stayed in my room.

While thus meditating, I saw a door which opened from this room into another apartment. Perhaps Mr. Wilson is in there, I thought. I now opened this door and went into the next room, but my heart stood still at the sight which met my eyes. In the middle of the floor lay the lifeless form of a young girl, perhaps about seventeen or eighteen years of age. There was a blue ring around her neck which looked as if it had been made with a rope, and on her right temple was a large bruised place as if she had been struck with a club. She was dressed in the plainest of clothing; certainly she had not been murdered for her apparel, and one of her class seldom wears jewels. What could have been the object in murdering this poor female?

I turned the body over that I might better examine it. As I did so, I found an old pocketbook on the floor underneath the body. I opened the old purse, but it contained nothing except some old papers. One of the papers was a record as follows:

"One body, male, to Dr. A., for 40 francs.

One body, female, to Dr. B., for 20 francs.

One body, female, to Dr. H., for 20 francs.

One body, male, to Dr. J., for 40 francs."

It was now very plain to me what I might expect. I was to be murdered, my body sold to some doctor for 40 francs, and be cut to pieces by his dissecting knife. Terrible thoughts crowded into my mind. Escape seemed impossible. I realized that if I hoped to save my life I must keep cool, for I had villains to deal with. After several fruitless attempts to get out I sat down to study for a few moments. I had

scarcely sat down when I heard voices in the hallway. Soon I could hear them very distinctly. As they opened the door through which I had entered a few minutes before, I heard one of them say:

"Where is he? Eugene could have made no such blunder as this, surely?"

"No," said the other; "I saw them enter not more than fifteen minutes ago."

"There is some mistake, to be sure," said the first speaker; "for Eugene has never failed to do his duty; in fact, he has never given us the slightest reason to think him unfaithful."

"Perhaps he is in the next room," said the other. "Let us go in there and see. Have you everything ready—club and rope? Now hist."

While this had been taking place, I again carefully examined my revolver and found it was in perfect condition. As the outlaws approached the door, I stepped to one side, where I should be to one side of it when it was opened. In a moment the door was pushed open and one of the men stepped into the room. When he was far enough into the room to be seen, I sent a bullet crushing through his brain. He fell lifeless across the doorway. At the report of the pistol, his companion rushed headlong into the room, but he met the same fate that his partner had.

I stooped down and examined my fallen foes, to be sure that they were dead, then I made my way out of the building as soon as possible. The doors were all unlocked, and the task of getting into the street was soon accomplished. When I reached the street I looked at the house very carefully in order that I might find it again without difficulty. I then hurried to police headquarters and told my story. The officers were very glad to hear my tale, for they had been working for months trying to locate the outlaws.

I led the police back to the quaint old building. The doors were all still unlocked. We found no difficulty in making

our way to the room containing the dead men. Everything was as still as death. If there had been other inmates of the house, they had fled, for we could find no sign of them now.

IN THE EVENING.

In the dusk of the evening, just before the twinkling stars begin to adorn the twilight, and while in the far away West the crimson rays of the setting sun begin to kiss the heads of the snow-capped range, a tall youth sits by his humble fireside, making pictures from the dying embers. Many an angered word, many a wicked act are pictured very clearly before him; and, in such a way that his very bones creak with As he sits gazing into the consuming flame, after a siege of conscience,-pricking into his very heart, feeling that, during his budding into true manhood, he had never uttered a kind word or brought relief to a suffering soul,—he draws a painting of an old, broken-down and decrepit man, standing on the darkened sands of fleeting time, with one foot thrust far over the bottomless precipice, the other gently resting on the border of approaching eternity. Leaning his weary body on a golden cane, this man of many years offered a prayer to the ever-willing God. This grand support was Desire. into the dim outlines of the West, the poor, broken-down man of sin beheld the sun as it darkened from his vision; and, presently, the moon o'ershadowed the face of the mighty lightgiver, and it too became as dark as pitch—this was Lost Suddenly, as all the rays of hope had almost Opportunity. vanished, and nothing less than hell seemed staring him in the face, a new sun, kissed in all the brilliancy of heaven itself, and sweeter than the purest nectar that angels quaff, appeared o'er the darkened brow of the Eastern highlands-this, Renewed Strength, Renewed Possibilities.

The lad, wishing to portray a sweeter, a nobler impression on his imagination, sped into the chill breezes of the evening and collected fuel with which to rebuild the dying coals. Soon he returned; and, taking his seat near the open grate, he cast his eyes into the rising blaze, as it found its way up the chimney's wall; and again his pupils began to form images, but sweeter, ah! far, far sweeter than he had ever seen. looked long and deep into the cloud of blackest soot; and, presently, a little babe appeared before his picture-makers this was a vivid representation of the youthful Christian Life that he had just begun. His imagination grew broader and broader; and, as he sat gazing, he saw the little babe, unable to crawl, grow into a strong, robust little girl-this a signal for him to be innocent of all transgression—Innocence. eyes were not yet satisfied, so he again glanced into the consuming flame, and this time he beheld the innocent little girl as she was transformed into budding womanhood. Above her head, this youthful personage held a large photo, on which angels' faces rested, and in the center of which, written in letters of pure gold, adorned in all the beauty of the lucent sun, as it sets on some towering pinnacle, was this, "Purity." Under her feet, this woman, carved by God's own hand, crushed the very life-blood from the worldly women of the earth, and in the center of this, supported by some devil's hand, was written, in letters of the blackest pitch, this sign: "Impurity." The youth remembered his younger days with shame and disgrace, but this vivid painting pictured to him more clearly than ever before the heartrending results of living in sin, and left with him the longing desire to be forever pure. The young heart was very anxious to see the next picture; soon it came; but, this time, the budding flower of his previous painting had reached its full maturity. old woman, broken in years and slow in step, appeared before him. Across her furrowed brow, these words were sunk: "Innocence, Purity, Honor." The lad sat gazing into the fire; and, presently, the life chords that supported the old woman were snapped, and in the twinkling of an eye, she fell into that long sleep that knows no waking.

The youth, weary from much exhaustion, lay back in his chair and slept.

When the morning's dawn broke, the young man decided, determined to thrust aside all but the true, the noble, the Godlike, and trust in Jesus Christ. He won from a life of shame, he conquered himself, he won the victory.

E. H. Wood, '09.

The Clemson College Chronicle

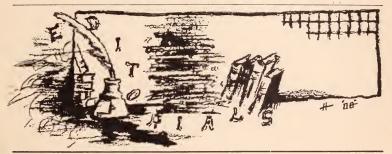
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1808

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

W. O. PRATT, '08 (Palmetto)		 	Editor-in-Chief
C. A. McLendon, '08 (Columbian)			Business Manager
E. A. GARDNER, '09 (Calhoun) -	-	 Assistant	Business Manager
F. J. CRIDER, '08 (Columbian) -		 Li	iterary Department
G. W. KEITT. '09 (Calhoun)	-	 - Li	terary Department
H. C. Twiggs, '09 (Palmetto) -		 Li	terary Department
JACK SPRATT, '08 (Calhoun)		 - Exc	change Department
G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08 (Palmetto)	-	 Exc	hange Department
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto)		 - Y. M	. C. A. Department
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian) -			- 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-fourth page, per year... \$8 00

One page, per year......\$20 00 One-half page, per year......12 00 One inch, per year..... 5 00



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

Thanks to the two ladies and seven gentlemen who could afford to miss their 8 p. m. siestas.

"Literary society celebrations are of young men, by young men, and for young men."-Faculty.

June will soon be here—have your four years of college life been wasted?

This year THE CHRONICLE has done away with the local department, and put more work into the literary department. Has the change been beneficial to the standard of our magazine?

Within one year seven Senators have died. It is quite a significant fact, the majority of these were Democrats.

It is strange how some people are always hunting faults. Just look at the newspapers. With most seekers after public favor they can find something very objectionable. But with Bryan—they are lost. If he writes a letter and leaves out a comma, quick as a flash they jump on this as a grave mistake. But they can't fool the people. Bryan is all right.

"The societies are doing fine work." Now, undoubtedly, some one told you that.

Only one more issue of The Chronicle. Give us your aid and we will make this one the best ever published.

Poor old Kentucky, not content with the time-worn phrase of the "State of pretty women and fine horses," she must also hold the record in regard to men-bad men, though. Now, we talk of our liberty and civilization, Lawlessness. but we should stop a moment before boasting too much. Kentucky, once so famous for her feuds, seems still to retain traits of her barbarous customs. Within the last few months, thousands and thousands of pounds of tobacco have been wantonly destroyed by "night-riders." Not only this, but numbers of peaceful citizens have been whipped and otherwise mistreated. Such accounts have become so frequent in the newspapers that they cease to produce any excitement. If the men of that State have not enough pride for themselves and their State to obey the common laws, the men in authority should take the severest measures to suppress this spirit of lawlessness and anarchy. This spirit, unless throttled in its infancy, will widen its scope, until, before the country has become aware of its condition, it will be enveloped in the coils of a mighty revolution. Children brought up under the shadow of such conditions and disregard

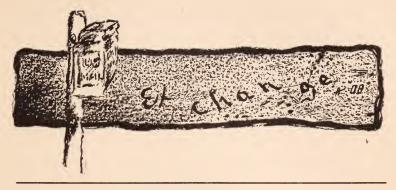
for law will become imbued with the same spirti that is grappling at the throat of Russia. In our opinion, however bad the effect of lynching, the effects resulting from this state of affairs will have a greater effect upon the destiny of our nation if it is allowed to continue.

Probably there is no one thing which has put more issues into successful execution than enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm, no enterprise will ever attain its highest efficiency; while with it, the most hopeless things are at times car-Enthusiasm ried to an unlooked-for success. The secret of Roosevelt's wonderful personality and magnetism lies in his ability to put enthusiasm into everything to which he lays hand. The same might also be said of Bryan. And if we but look to the secret of the success of the great captains of industry, we shall find the same thing permeating the great enterprises. If a man goes at his work with a will to do or fall trying, and puts interest into his every move, he will become so imbued with the spirit of enthusiasm as to feel a new power within himself. Befitting it is that the young college man, soon to begin his life-work, should realize this at the very beginning, and start into his work determined to succeed, never allowing his ambition to wane, his interest to subside, and his enthusiasm to cool.

And now that this organization has got under way, there are great hopes for its future. It is conceded by all that the college magazine has a great work and a great responsibility.

Anything that may tend to raise the standard and the influence of this organ has a direct bearing upon the institution. When the young editors are thus brought in contact with each other, better conceptions of this phase of college work are obtained, and ideas are exchanged.

Each present at the meeting in Spartanburg, at Converse and Wofford Colleges, feels that much benefit was derived from it. Not only publicly was every part of the magazine ably discussed, but also in private conversation were methods for best editing it considered, thus affording a great opportunity to those who experience great trouble along certain lines to gain a clearer insight into the work. We feel sure that this is but the beginning of great organization.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

A superficial examination of The Trinity Archive makes a very favorable impression upon our minds, and a close inspection in no wise disappoints us. The magazine is arranged in an attractive style, and the different departments are filled with matter well worth reading. "The Instruction of United States Senators by North Carolina" is a comprehensive review of the subject in hand. The author discusses the changes that time has wrought in the powers of State legislatures, and traces the history of those changes especially applicable to North Carolina. The article is well written, showing careful thought and preparation. "On Hatteras Bar" is an excellent poem. The meter is rather irregular, though deviation from a set form is the poet's license and, if properly handled, adds charm to rather than detracts from the value of the poem. The plot of "The Mission of the Rifle" is well worked out, the author displaying considerable ingenuity in his explanation of the mystery of the story. The capture of the prisoner, however, is rather commonplace, while some of the deductions are tedious and lacking in interest. "Gray to Gold" is a poem of some merit. "Oxford as Revealed Through Matthew Arnold" is an interesting and well-written

essay. "China's Awakening" is an excellent poem, which has for its theme the religious awakening, the great Empire of the East. The climax, in which a new China is revealed, is very striking. "Dan Cupid, Linguist," is a captivating little story. "The Voyager" is worthy of favorable mention. "In Memory" is a touching tribute to the memory of a departed comrade. In the editorial, "Not Pessimism, But Reality," the editor strikes a keynote that vibrates in harmony with the convictions of all right-thinking students. Unfairness on examinations is not an unknown thing at Clemson, but the better element of students here agree with the editor of The Archive in his hearty condemnation of a practice so inconsistent with honor and the standard of gentility, of which the Southern student is generally supposed to be an ardent supporter.

The Wake Forest Student contains some readable matter and some otherwise. In the former class can be placed "A Sophomore's Mistake." This tells, in a very amusing way, the experience of a worldly-wise Sophomore gallant's visit to an institution for the education of colored youth. tricity as a Motive Power" is another article which is well worth reading. The subject, however, is so large and extended that it is hardly more than touched in high places. We haven't yet decided whether "O'Hooligan's Dream" was intended as a tale with a moral, a temperance sermon, or a story for children; but are tempted to believe it was the last. "McFadgen's Inn" is the usual ghost story, where some one sleeps with a corpse by mistake. "A Narrow Escape" is another that is not up to the standard. There is nothing in an ordinary schoolboy prank to make a suitable magazine story out of. "The Lost Letter" promises, at the outset, to be a stirring Revolutionary story, filled with blood and thunder, but, instead, it dwindles out by the time that the fighting commences. "To the Third Generation" is another piece which seems to have found itself in the wrong place. It was not the fault of the author that he was not able to make anything out of it. There was nothing in the subject to get out. A number of short poems add much to the magazine. The effort to secure rhyme at the expense of sense is shown in most of these, however, to a greater or less extent. Both the editorials and the exchanges are got up in a creditable manner. This is especially true of the latter.

Upon opening the Wofford College Journal, the first thing that we see is the poem, "Spring." In it we find the same threadbare sentiment that tradition seems to require for a poem of this charcter. We pass it over with a sigh of resignation, as repetition has taught us patience. In the story, "Alone," there is a surprising series of changing romances. There is no real plot to the story; several pages being filled with passionate professions of love, expressed in choppy, disjointed sentences. The ending is lacking in force, the author seemingly having cut it short because of lack of time. Wordsworth" is a good poem, containing a fitting tribute to the magic power of the great poet. "Messenger Thirteen's Last Request" is an excellent little story. The plot is well handled, and the reunion of the lovers is ingeniously brought about. The thought in the poem, "Change and Sleep," is rather weakly expressed. "His Substitute" is an excellent story. The story is much longer than the average college magazine story, and the author is to be congratulated upon the skill with which he worked out a plot for a story of such "To —" is a poem worthy of favorable mention. "The Reward of Rashness" is a very poor story. In addition to the faulty expression and lack of originality, the author shows little knowledge of football. "Musing" contains a good thought. The editorial department contains some thoughtful editorials on subjects of contemporary interest.

We regret to note the entire absence of solid matter in the literary department.

The Bessie Tift Journal for February is, on the whole, a very good magazine. It contains several poems of somewhat above average merit, while the essays and stories are good. The issue seems to be essentially a Southern number, as most of the productions deal with some phase of the greatness or the development of the South. "Unknown," a poetical tribute to our Southern dead unknown; "Land of the Heart's Desire," an expression of loyalty to our beautiful Southland, and "De Spirit Time Ob Night," a negro dialect poem, are all poems worthy of favorable mention. In the stories and essays, Southern scenes and Southern characters are the dominating characteristics. We especially commend the essay, "The Leader of the Lost Cause." The author in this article treats, with true Southern loyalty and enthusiasm, the character of the great Lee. The editorial department is not as well filled as it should be to suit an issue of this character.

Judging from the sober covers of The University Magazine, one would expect its contents to be of a grave and heavy order; but such is far from being the case. The fact is that there is not a single essay, debate, or such-like piece in the whole magazine. The reason for this lack of the usual matter of college magazines is given in an editorial. We quote: "Should the old, out-used story of love and adventure, and the stereotyped essay on 'railroads,' 'taxation,' 'the tariff,' or some like subject, be adhered to, or should we attempt something more original, something more in keeping with the advance of our time?" The answer to this question is found in the contributions to this issue. "Jonsey, Naval Innovator," is decidedly the best in the above respect. The superb seamanship displayed by Gustave de Frederick Jones is certainly brought out in an entertaining manner. Though it deals

with supposedly historical facts, the clever manner in which these facts are manipulated, leaves no room for us to question their authenticity. If the "Autobiography of a Print-Shop Manager" has any foundation of reality to it, we pity the poor individual on whose shoulders rested such a burden. "Jim Brandy" and "A Run North in an Express Car" are both written well, but there is not much of a story to either of them. "The Man's Side" tells in an unusual manner the usual story of a drunken spree and the morning after. The poetry in this issue is good, but we note that most of it is written by the same author. The license of the poet was called into use when "The Eyes of the World" was written—but better this than to have the same story strung out in ten or fifteen pages of prose.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following March exchanges: The Florida Pennant, William Wood's College Record, Isaqueena, Hendrix College Mirror, The Concyst, The Erskinian, S. W. P. Journal, The Georgian, The Mercerian, Mountaineer, Wofford College Journal, The Kalends, The University Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Georgia Tech, The Trinity Archive, The College Reflector, The Criterion, Orange and Blue, Wake Forest Student, The Wesleyan,



CLIPPINGS.

A maid, a man, a fan, A seat upon the stair; A stolen kiss; Six weeks of bliss, And forty years of care.

To Ireland.

Sing, my soul, of dear old Ireland Sleeping in the western sea; Rocked by ocean's lulling billows, Soothingly, yet mournfully.

Far away in mighty Europe,
Sits she proudly there, alone;
Fairer she than all the islands
Kissed by northern ocean's foam.

Fairer still when Patrick found thee; England's sword was yet unborn. Thou wert then serene and joyful, Now disconsolate and forlorn.

Tho' thy cheeks be scared with sorrow, There's a bright light in thine eye; Tho' thou'rt Briton's strictest vassal, Thou hast faith that ne'er will die.

Art thou pining still for freedom?

Dost thou chafe beneath the rod?

Happier thou than many a nation,

Thou hast Christ, and Christ is God.

The Voyager.

BY A. SARTOR BERGHAUSER.

My boat is launched upon the wide world's sea,
And I am steering in my eager quest
To find the golden sands, where'er they be,
That gird and circle round the Isle of Rest.

And when I've found the wondrous fairy-land,
I'll come again across the billows blue,
And kiss you, Love, and take you by the hand
Back to the Isle of Rest that waits for you.

Leap Year in the Stone Age.

I.

There was a lusty maiden bold,

Her mind on business intent;
One early morning—freezing cold—
Out to the mountain cliff she went.

II.

With rocky chisel in her hand
She hammered on (oh! wondrous Art)
Until from out the solid sand
She had exhumed a granite heart.

III.

At night, when all the warriors brave
Were gathered there upon the plain,
The maiden stood before her cave
And whirled that heart with might and main!

IV.

It whizzed right thro' the still night air,
And as her aim was strong and true,
She hit her sweetheart, I declare,
And bowled him over, too.

V.

Thus modestly she choose a man,
(Most luckily he wasn't dead!)
She raised him gently by the hand,
And on the spot the two were wed.

Lives of College Profs. all remind us We'll not make our lives the same, And departing, leave behind us, Such absences of fame. A youthful fan surprised his mother one Sunday morning by the information that he did not intend going to Sunday School, but to the ball game.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished parent. "The idea of going to a wicked ball game on Sunday!"

Rob was unabashed. "Well, mamma, there ain't much difference between a ball game and Sunday School."

"Why, Rob, what has gotten into you? Where is there any resemblance?"

"Well, mamma, at Sunday School they sing 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' and at the ball game I heard 'em saying 'Sit down, for God's sake!"



Editor: W. P. GEE, '08

Mr. McGill's Visit.

Mr. S. W. McGill, State Association Secretary of Tennessee, was here for a series of addresses Saturday and Sunday evenings, March 8 and 9. The topic for Saturday was "Avoided Subjects," and the lecture was a discussion of the social impurity of the present age. This supplemented the talks made by Dr. Roberts of Atlanta last fall. Sunday morning Mr. McGill made a talk to the Christian leaders in college upon the subject of "Christian Leadership." The few minutes spent there were a source of inspiration and encouragement to all those present. Sunday evening "The Young Men's Christian Association Secretaryship as a Life-Work" was presented. Mr. McGill has the reputation of being probably the best informed man in the South on this particular subject, and what he said during the evening served fully to justify what has been said about him.

The Young Men's Christian Association Secretaryship is a practically unknown profession in the eyes of the general public today; but with the marvelous growth in the association work it is destined to become more and more recognized. The question as to whether it is really a life-work has been raised by many, but this objection Mr. McGill meets with the answer that the experience of many men has alreay determined positively that it is. There can be no doubt that the oppor-

tunity offered in the work is measured by the ability of the man entering it, for the work of the association is to show men how religion touches every phase of a man's life.

As students we are likely to restrict our view of the association work to the Student's Young Men's Christian Association; but this is only a branch of what is a world-wide organization. The wonderful development of the association in the sixty-four years of its existence goes to prove the great need which it is daily meeting. There are now 800,000 members in associations in the United States, and more than 2,000 men have their lives invested in the work. In America alone the property of this organization is valued at \$45,000,-000. All classes and conditions of men are being touched for good along physical, intellectual and spiritual lines through the agency of this noble work. The call for more secretaries is urgent and the need is great. Who will lay down his life in order that he may find it anew in a life of busy, varied activity, teeming with unexcelled advantages for personal development and unrivalled opportunities for service to his fellow-man?

New Committees.

At a recent meeting of the association the president announced the appointment of the following committees for the present association year. The work of the Bible Study Department has grown so during the past two years that it has been found advisable to separate the original Bible Study Committee into three distinct committees in order to attain the maximum efficiency in the work as a whole.

Bible Study Leaders—O. M. Clark, chairman; J. T. Morgan, W. J. Marshall and J. W. Harrison.

Bible Study Enrollment—W. G. Hyrne, chairman; J. T. Folk, P. M. McGee, J. S. Knox, K. Easterling, M. W. Beach.

Bible Study Reports—C. F. Inman, chairman; R. M. Simpson, G. L. McCord, M. Fudge and G. W. Byars.

Religious Meetings—C. E. Baldwin, chairman; C. M. Wootan, W. D. Barnett, J. A. Goodwin and K. B. Shuler.

Missionary—M. Quattlebaum, chairman; W. H. Phillips, J. E. Jenkins, H. H. Herbert, H. Ellenberg, J. A. Self and M. D. Elkins.

Prayer Meeting—F. G. Tarbox, chairman; H. S. Johnson, W. M. Wiggins, J. H. Hayden and H. C. Beaty.

Buildings and Grounds—W. C. Pitts, chairman; A. L. Harris, J. H. Wilson, H. H. Martin and J. T. Crawford.

Membership—L. W. Summers, chairman; J. P. McMillan, T. H. Yeargin, T. D. Williams, F. H. Aull, W. D. Ezell, R. A. Stribling and H. T. Prosser.

Finance—S. O. Kelley, chairman; H. C. Twiggs, L. S. Lindler.

Social—J. C. Covington, chairman; L. P. Byars, R. P. Jeter, E. H. Wood, G. D. Garner, R. E. Adams, K. Easterling, W. P. White, B. T. Knight, M. Hamer and T. S. Marshall.

The chairmen of the different committees, together with the president of the association and the general secretary, constitute the Executive Committee. All of the committees are not completely made out, but the chairman of each is busy and the full number will soon be obtained.

The Southern Student Conference.

Announcements are out for the fifteenth annual Southern Student Conference. The conference will meet this year as usual in the mountains of North Carolina, fifteen miles from Asheville, on the Salisbury division of the Southern Railway, at Montreat, N. C., June 12-21, inclusive. The three hotels of the Mountain Retreat Association and grounds have been leased for the use of the conference. The overhanging moun-

tains, the crystal waters of a branch of the Swannanoa and the bracing mountain air furnish natural conditions ideal for such a gathering. Last year there were at the conference three hundred and sixty-seven students and professors; this year the number will be four hundred.

A priceless privilege it is to meet, in hearty good-fellowship, the representatives of what is best in the educational institutions of this Southland of ours; and here you enjoy that privilege. And more, you experience, after a hard year's work, the delightful recreation of a ten days' stay in the heart of a wildly picturesque mountain region, where the call of nature sounds clear and loud, and yet more, the mind and soul revel in the store of intellectuality and spirituality given from the platform by the deepest thinkers of America.

The daily program does not by any means consist solely of work. The morning hours are full to the brim with good, hard thinking and attentive listening, but when the dinnerbell has sounded and that pleasant duty has been performed the afternoon hours are yours to spend as you will. They may mean a long, hard, tiresome climb up the steep, jagged mountain slope, with repeated halts to regain breath and summon courage to falter on. And when half way up, every footstep tempts you to let it be the last, and you wonder whether, if you would even then begin to retrace your footsteps, you could reach the camp before nightfall. The desire to win possesses you, and with it comes renewed strength and you struggle to the summit. Here your labors are rewarded. Down below is the small, green valley, with its network of small blue streams, while on every side loom the majestic peaks of the old Blue Ridge, that have stood sentinel over the surrounding regions for many centuries past. The awe of the scene is impressive, and through it, in a still, small voice, God speaks to his humble servant -man. Or you may spend the hours in a quiet afternoon of good, hard tennis, an exciting game of baseball, a

tough scrimmage of basketball or a strenuous cross-country run. Or you may take your book in hand and wander into the deepest recesses of the shaded wood, and there, apart from man, with only the voice of God through nature speaking to you, meditate on the great things of life.

The bell for supper calls those who have not wandered too far away—and most of them get back for supper—to a pleasant, lively and tempting meal. Then, on the mountain side, in those quiet hours when the daylight blends into the shades of night, you listen to the opportunities and needs of the various life-callings. Night comes on and after an evening address in the auditorium by such men as Mort and Speer, and a delegation meeting to discuss plans for the morrow, you retire for the night and sleep the sleep of the weary, healthy man; soul, body and mind alike having been nurtured during that day.

John R. Mort and Robert E. Speer both are to be present again this summer. Mr. J. Lovell Murray of New York City, Dr. O. E. Brown, Vanderbilt University; Prof. F. L. Jewett, University of Texas, and Mr. S. W. McGill of Nashville, are among the speakers and leaders to be present. For fourteen years the Southern Student Conference has been the most potent factor in shaping the voluntary religious activities of college men, and it is a fact determined by experienced that the size of the delegation from a college to that conference has been a measure of its efficiency along those lines. What about the size of our delegation this year? It was the largest there last year. Men, get busy.

Some Notable Comment.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, said, when introducing William J. Bryan to the audience in Washington: "Clean manhood and Christian living are exalted in the Young Men's Christian Association.

May the sublime faith and the practical helpfulness which are so dominant in your organization sink deeper and deeper into the hearts of our people. However much we may differ on passing themes of the moment, you stand for those things which do not pass away."

* * * * * * *

The Textile Manufacturers' Journal, in an editorial recently, said: "The Young Men's Christian Association in its work takes the best there is from the various educational systems, the best there is in social life, and the best there is in Christian life, regardless of church or creed, and brings them to bear directly upon the efficiency of the employee in his work, and the best use of his hours when out of the mill. This is a movement of the operatives for their own best interests."

* * * * * * *

"The Young Men's Christian Association offers an opportunity to men of wealth who wish to give their money so that it may be usefully expended for the benefit of their fellowmen. If there is one thing really difficult it is for those who would really help their fellowmen to know how to spend their money to the best and most useful purpose. * * * Those who give to the Young Men's Christian Association may know that every dollar that they give goes for the purpose of elevating the brotherhood of man, and every dollar that they give will be economically administered by men who know how to administer it for the purpose for which it was donated."—

Secretary Taft.

* * * * * *

Hon. Henry G. Davis, "The Grand Old Man" of West Virginia, has agreed to give \$25,000 for State Work Endowment provided \$75,000 additional be secured. With farsighted wisdom Mr. Davis realizes that speedy development of Young Men's Christian Association work in West Virginia is largely dependent on substantial State supervision.—Ex.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. D. Graham, President; W. C. Pitts, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—C. A. McLendon, President; L. C. Boone, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—W. P. Gee, President; H. K. Sanders, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thos. W. Keitt, Superintendent; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club-S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association-W. W. Kirk, Manager; A. C. Lee, Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; F. P. Caughman, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

You''ll Shine In business or society, if you come to us for clothes. You needn't be anxious about your appearance. • We sell Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes, and that means quality, fit and style

The same standard of quality all throughout the store

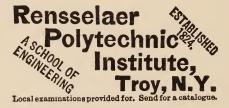
B. O. Evans & Company

The Spot Cash

Clothiers

Anderson

South Carolina



KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

General office and factories, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO

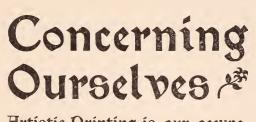
Drawing Materials, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Measuring Tapes

Our Paragon Drawing Instruments enjoy an excellent and wide reputation. They are of the most precise workmanship, the finest and are made in the greatest variety. We have also KEY and other brands. We carry every requisite for the drafting room. We make the greatest variety of Engine-Divided Slide Rules and call especial attention to cur Patented Adjustment which insures permanent, smooth working of the slides.

Our complete Catalogue (550 pages) on request Highest Awards: Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904; Gold Medal, Portland, 1905







Artistic Printing is our occupation. A If you are preparing a catalogue or booklet, circular or announcement, or any other matter designed to make your business increase, our services will be of value to you A A



The R. L. Bryan Co.

-["THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"]-

fine Printing, Engraving, Book Making Booksellers & Manufacturing Stationers Masonic Building & Columbia, S. C.

Charlottesville WOOLEN MILLS

Charlottes ville, Virginia

HIGH GRADE

Cadet Grays, Sky Blues and Dark Blues, Indigo Dye—Pure Wool

Free from all Adulterations, and Absolutely Guaranteed



We are the Sole Manufacturers of the Gray Cloth used for Uniforms of the Cadets of the United States
Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Our Goods are Prescribed for Use in the Uniforms of the Cadets of Clemson College



The Chas. H. Elliott Co.

THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commencement Invitations

and Class Day Programs

Dance Programs and Invitations Menus
Class and Fraternity Inserts for Annuals
Class and Fraternity Stationery
Wedding Invitations Class Pins and Medals (Write for Catalogue)
Calling Cards (Special Offer to Students)

JACOB REED'S SONS Are Makers of QUALITY Uniforms

All "Reed Quality" Uniforms are designed and fashioned by skilled Military Tailors and made on our own premises in light, clean, airy work-rooms by competent work-people. They represent the highest skill and exact knowledge in Uniform Making, and cost no more than ordinary goods. • One of the most important and satisfactory features of our Uniform business is that of outfitting the students of Military Schools and Colleges. The results obtained are highly creditable and our contracts are renewed yearly.

JACOB REED'S SONS

Manufacturers of "Quality Uniforms"

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA



Contents



Literary Department—	F	AGE
Man's Development		387
From Under the "Six-Shooters"		390
To the Old Crossing-Log		395
The Cotton Mill Problem in South Carolina		396
A Fatal Error		400
Jack's Home-Coming		402
The Graveyard	• •	405
A Phase of Commercialism		406
A Wound of Civil War		4:09
Tichenor's Confession		412
The Double Victory		415
To Love		421
In Memoriam		422
Editorial		423
Exchange Department		427
Y. M. C. A		439
College Directory		447

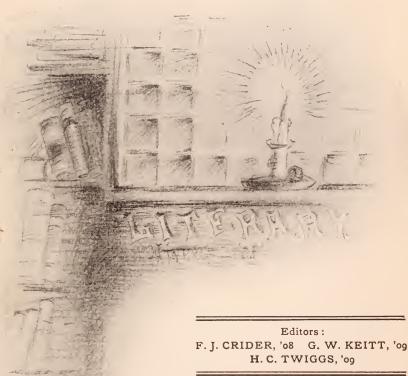
[Entered at Clemson College, S. C., Post Office as second class mail matter.]

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valerc Potest

Vol. XI. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1908.

No. 8



MAN'S DEVELOPMENT

We know but little of the men who lived far back in the dim, mysterious past. Yet we are aware of the fact that they lived exceedingly simple lives, in many respects no different from the animals around them. The man of that time spent little time in securing more than the necessaries of life, only looking after his needs from day to day, and little concerning himself regarding his fellow men.

As centuries passed, we find him gradually developing, mentally, in his desires, and his manner of living. He learned the use of various implements, and improved the means of carrying on his existence, ascending higher and higher in the scale of life. He became able to cope with the larger and fiercer animals, and his life was more of a certainty. His interests gradually extended to the family, and later to the tribe, and nation. Our historic man perhaps developed his mental powers most rapidly of all. He finally organized a form of government, learned the use of characters by which he might preserve his thoughts and the records of his actions on stone or other material, and so pass them on to others. And so we find him coming nearer and nearer to the type of man as we have him today.

In what striking contrast with the simple, plodding life of the past is that in which we now live! Let us picture the present civilized world, with its impatient, hurrying life. Instead of the weary traveler of the past, making his way as best he may to his destination, we find him on sumptuously equipped trains, rushing over miles and miles of territory, and so, brought into contact with regions hitherto but little Instead of the rude vessels of the past, venturing but little beyond the then known world, we have the monster floating palace of today, hurrying humanity and food and products of civilization to practically all the waters of the globe. Telegraph and cable lines have brought remotest parts into vital touch with each other. Machinery and conveniences for every manner of life have come to our aid during the past years, along with the results of scientific investigation, and volume upon volume of information which it is necessary for man to possess in order that he may successfully compete with those around him. Even the work of the brain has, in some cases, been supplanted by mere mechanism.

And in the midst of this, as the one who has learned to harness nature and to use so many of the powers of the universe, stands man-once the simple, cringing man, even cowering from the very life around him, and the simplest expression of nature's laws. Man has not only evolved this complicated relation between himself and the laws of nature, but each of us is daily coming in closer and closer touch with, and more dependent upon, our fellow-men. Instead of the quiet times of the past, when man concerned himself with little beyond his immediate surroundings, we find him brought more and more into contact with the entire world. The average man depends upon certain articles of food or clothing from the remotest parts of the globe, while his mere actions may affect untold numbers. As a concrete example, we will consider the daily American newspaper—the labor expended in securing the final product. Off in the woods of Maine, or Michigan, perhaps, numbers of lumbermen have been securing the logs which finally are to be converted into paper. Men have been digging the metal which is to form the type and printing presses, while others converted this metal into the desired product. Others have been in all corners of the earth, securing the latest news, which is rushed to headquarters with all the dispatch possible. The newspaper has called into play railroads, telegraph and cable lines, and various other agencies; so we see that millions may often contribute, either directly or indirectly, to our simplest conveniences.

We find man drawing more and more not only on nature's store of energies in the earth in general, but on those of his mental and physical being. On the other hand, to satisfy all these wants, to hurry him from one part of the globe to another, to meet all the small necessities of today, he is forced to draw on nature's store of minerals, water-powers, and other supplies as never before. He now uses hundreds of pounds of

coal or iron each year, for instance, where formerly one or two pounds satisfied his demands. The up-to-date American now spends twenty or thirty years in preparing himself for his future work; and then he begins a strenuous round of social and industrial life such as was never before known. Hurried from one part of the globe to another, kept in close contact with events over the entire world, buffeted about by our fellowmen, our days spent in a never-ceasing round of strenuous anxiety and of planning for the means of securing our existence, we often, if we but take the time, pause to wonder what will be the outcome of this new life.

Just how much farther will the human race be able to advance along these lines? Will man be able to stand the strain of further development, drawing more and more on nature's resources, harnessing more of her powers, and still further complicating his manner of living, or will the tension give way and the race fall back, losing some of its standing and the gains of the past centuries? The power of the streams which turn the great mill-wheels begins back in nature's solitudes; and so it is with much of that which is strongest in the life of today. And as we more and more destroy the possibilities of taking advantage of that quiet and reserve, and fall in more and more with the strenuous life, what will be the outcome? We may hope that man may realize the necessity of heeding nature's demand for rest and solitude at times and, furthermore, that man's nature may gradually readjust itself to the new conditions, as it has done in the past. We may certainly look upon this as the most natural solution of the J. W. L., '08. problem.

FROM UNDER THE "SIX-SHOOTERS"

Upon her father's great Texas ranch, Helen Worth had developed from the romping, tomboyish, brown-eyed girl to a blooming, dignified young lady of eighteen. Having spent

the greater part of her young life under the dominant influence of the reckless, fearless cowboys, and having had instilled into her young soul some of their fearless spirit, she could ride like a cowboy and shoot like a ranger.

Regardless of her superior position, she treated the rough but honest cowboys as if they had been lords; and, consequently, there was not a single man on the ranch who would not have thought it an honor to die for her. Particularly so was this the case of two young foremen, George Oren and William Butler, who, it was whispered among the "boys," were more than friends to beautiful Helen Worth; but, judging from her actions, no one could have told which was the fortunate young man, since she had the same encouragement and the same limit for both.

One Saturday evening, just after the spring "round up," all the "boys" had gathered in and were amusing themselves in various ways; some were shooting mark, some were doing the "stag dance," and some were playing cards. At the latter game, the two young rivals were playing. Over some trifling misunderstanding, a dispute arose. The jealousy rankling in each heart for some time came forth, hot words passed, and William put the lie, emphasizing the statement by reaching for his revolver, but, his thumb catching in the holster, he failed to draw. Quicker than the blow of a Rio Grande rattler, George had him covered with a large "six-shooter;" but, seeing what had happened to his rival, he put up his revolver without firing, which demonstration of manhood won for him the admiration of every "boy" on the entire ranch.

On account of their misbehavior, Mr. Worth sent them away, each to a different quarter of his extensive ranch. Before taking their departure, each called at different times upon Helen. William called last, but, unlike George, he left in a heat of passion. Helen knew from thence on which one she loved.

A few hours after William had ridden like mad from the Worth house, Helen's little brother, who had been playing in the yard, by a chance remark, told Helen that William had said, muttering in an undertone, that George Oren would never see Star Field, his new station.

Helen tried to pass it off as the child's own thoughtless and meaningless remark; but, try as she would, she felt that it had meaning, a deep meaning. She tried to go about her work and forget it, but the thought haunted her. The more she turned it over in her mind, the larger it became. If anything should happen to George, would she be responsible? She jumped up, trembled as if seized by an ague, as a horrible thought engulfed her mind—the thought of William Butler, or some one by his orders, waylaying and killing George.

Helen was in great excitement; she did not know what to do. Her father was away; no one was in sight or hearing. Her only companion was her little brother, whom she sent back to play, as she ran to the stable and saddled Black Charley, the fleetest horse in her father's stable; for something must be done, and be done quickly. The predominating thought in her mind was, "I must overtake George."

As she sprang into the saddle and galloped away, she breathed a prayer upon her home and little brother. Like the wind, she sped along George's trail, all the time straining her eyes upon the long, dusty road before her, expecting every second to see some one coming to tell her of George's having been found by the roadside, murdered. Although she did not expect to see George, since he had several hours the start of her, she looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept her eyes bent upon the endless road before her. Her heart would give a wild bound for a second as she saw a horseman hurrying toward her—no, 'twas only imagination; she did not see anything at all. Then she could see George lying all alone by the roadside, bleeding and dying.

Mile after mile she left behind her; still she swayed gently with Black Charley's steady gallop. She had become more composed now and prepared to meet the worst; but still she thought that William had not intended doing that awful deed himself, or he would have gone ahead of George, but he had hired some one to do it. Somewhere upon that very road her lover, no doubt at that very minute thinking of her, was galloping along ignorant of the awful fate that awaited him.

Black Charley was panting and sweating, but still he galloped with the same steady gait. Helen had long since given him the reins, and was now occasionally encouraging him with a light tap in the side with her heel. The noble black horse, as if conscious of his important task, was galloping his strength away with his precious, anxious burden.

Helen was still galloping away, miles and miles from her home, when the sun, long since past its zenith, was sinking lower and lower in the west. Away to the front and right of her the great, grassy prairies blended into woods. She had hoped to overtake George before he reached there; for somehow she thought that there the awful deed would be done.

Just ahead of her, a path turned to the right, leading into the wood, at a nearer point than the main road and joining the main road farther on. Since that way was much nearer, Helen decided to take the path, since she could not overtake George before he reached the forest, though the path was rough and narrow.

Before turning out, Helen scanned the broad prairies as far as her poor, burning eyes could see, but to no avail; only the trackless plain of short grass, with the dusty road like a great yellow ribbon stretched out across it, could be seen. Helen turned into the path, and Black Charley galloped along the narrow, uneven trail. He was becoming weaker and weaker, his breathing was thick and heavy, his glossy black coat was covered with flakes of foam. The jack-rabbit and prairie-dog, scared up by the clatter of Black Charley's gal-

loping feet, would give a look, as if in surprise, before scampering away to their hiding places. The sun was getting so low that its rays fell full into her face, in which the cares and toils of the day had left their mark.

Just before entering the woods, Helen stopped for a second, and, raising her thin, white hand to her puckered brow, she took another long look across the grassy plains far, far away. She was about to move on when, scanning a knoll over which the road led before entering the woods, she saw just above the horizon, outlined against the clear evening sky, the profile of a solitary horseman, moving onward. Her heart gave a bound. That was George! She was not so far behind him; but could she make the main road before he passed? She would try.

Giving him the word, Black Charley bounded forward and galloped away into the woods. Helen, leaning over his neck, said, "Now, my noble Charley, your very best;" and the noble beast, as if comprehending every word, exerted himself anew, and dashed along the path as if mad. With all his strength, he galloped along the winding path, but still Helen leaned far forward on her saddle, as if helping him along.

The noble horse, panting and foaming, stumbled, became slower, but galloped on. The girl almost screamed: "Oh, Charley, do not, do not!"

He galloped a few hundred yards farther, stumbled, staggered to his feet, stumbled and fell. He made a desperate effort to rise, but could not. His heavy breathing ceased, his rigid muscles relaxed, he sank limply to the ground—he was dead.

The poor girl, looking at the noble beast, the furrows between her eyes deepening, allowed, for the first time, a teardrop to steal to the outer edges of her lashes and drop to the ground. But there was no time to lose. She had only a little way yet to go, but she must hurry. Running up the gradual incline of the hill, she neared the road. She stopped and

listened; sure enough it was the tramp of a horse's feet. moved towards the road as noislessly as possible, since she thought, perhaps, it might not be George after all. The horseman came in sight, sure enough. It was George; she was about to scream to him, when he suddenly stopped, not a dozen yards from her. She heard talking. Moving a little closer, she saw a sight that made her blood run cold. There on either side of the road stood a rough-looking man, each covering George with a "six-shooter." One was saying, "If vo' old covote got anything ter say fur vo'self, say hit now; fur we fi-" But the speaker never finished his sentence in this world. Helen whipped out her revolver and sent a bullet crushing through his body, while the ruffian sank limply by the roadside. George Oren looked up to see the girl he loved covering with a smoking "six-shooter" the other ruffian, who was so surprised and frightened that he missed his mark, and the bullet whizzed harmlessly over George Oren's head, whereupon he darted away into the forest.

George, with a cry, sprang to the side of Helen, who, when she saw what she had done, letting the smoking "six-shooter" sink lower and lower until it dropped to the ground with a heavy thud, sank unconscious upon George Oren's manly breast.

O. M. C., '09.

TO THE OLD CROSSING-LOG

I remember, long ago,
In the days that are no more,
As in a dream,
How he, his face aglow,
Placed you where you lie now
Across the stream.

How at morn, with bounding gait,
With whistling lips and shoulders straight,
Your length he trod;
How at eve, with weary pace,
With stooping form, but smiling face,
Would homeward plod.

Oh, then the brook went babbling past,
Its leaves and blossoms bearing fast
Beneath your span.
The world was fair below—above.
His great heart overflowed with love
For God and man.

But Fate is sure, and grief must come;
They crept into his quiet home,
Where once was peace.
His children left their native hearth,
And wandered far about the earth,
To west and east.

The stream is slow and sluggish now;
The old foot-log has sunken low,
Its duty o'er.
And he, companion of the past,
Has crost the silent stream at last,
To yonder shore.

'11.



THE COTTON MILL PROBLEM IN SOUTH CAROLINA

It has been a matter of discussion for some years as to whether there is a cotton mill problem or problems in South Carolina; some writers and speakers claiming that there are no problems. But all those who have investigated and studied the situation are unanimous in the opinion that there are problems connected with the cotton manufacturing industry in South Carolina. The cotton mill industry is, with the exception of the farming industry, the largest industry in the State, its capitalization exceeding by many millions the capitalization of all the national banks in the State, having several millions more capital than the railroads, more than one-half the capital of all the personal property of the State, and with more than one-fourth the population of the State making their living in and around the cotton mills. Since all these things are so, I think no one need make any apology for discussing this great industry.

We do not wish to bring any railing charges against the cotton mill presidents or superintendents, or against the cotton mills themselves. We are glad that they are here—glad to see the great industry among us. We feel proud of the great material wealth and prosperity that it has brought to our State. But we do assert that, under the present system of management, the cotton mill industry is injurious to family life, to the individual, and to society. Since we have boldly made these charges, we shall endeavor to bring forth some facts to substantiate them, and also some remedies for existing evils.

First, it is injurious to family life. The husband and father is no longer the head of the family in a great many instances. Cotton mill work is not suited to a man past middle age, who has moved in from the country. The wife and children support the family; because they can become better than a man can. The skill with which one can tie knots largely determines his success as an operator. It is injurious to family life because the members of families are kept separated all day, thus keeping separated the component parts of a family. I think that one of the saddest sights to be seen in this enlightened age is to go into a mill village and see three or four small white children being watched over and cared for for twelve or fifteen hours every day by one

of these latter-day African wenches. They had just as well be in charge of a beast of the field. I maintain that to thus separate the family and let the husband's only occupation be to carry the dinner to his wife and children, is reversing the natural and Scriptural order of things. What is the remedy for this condition? I think that our legislators already see the remedy, and are applying it in reducing the number of hours of labor. Give the operatives shorter hours, so that they will have time to impress upon their children more of the refining influences of real home life. The purity, refinement, and love found in our homes is the basis of American civilization. Destroy these, and the priceless fabric will be crushed. What the home is, this and nothing else will our nation be.

Next, the cotton mill industry is injurious to the individual, physically, mentally, and morally. Let us consider first the physical danger. Take the boys and girls of impressionable age and keep them in a cotton mill twelve to fifteen hours per day, breathing the lint that is always present, and the result is, that they lose their robust vigor and healthy complexion. In addition to the lint, there is the great heat generated by the spindles, which often reaches a temperature of 100° to 106° F.—as hot as the boiler-room of an ocean steamer, where men are relieved every few hours; but in the cotton mill, children are required to stay a whole August day. We should not be surprised to see the haggard faces of the men and women, and the puny frames of the children. Fortyeight per cent. of the cotton mill operatives are women, and any system that causes the paralysis of the home and the decay of that abounding physical vigor which has characterized us for a century, is but sapping the strength of the mill population by draining the life of its future mothers. No army can be more vigorous than the mothers who bore the soldiers. Besides the physical danger, there is a mental danger. Young people are tied down to the workings of one

piece of machinery; learn nothing else; know nothing else, but to toil at a single machine so many hours each day from day to day and year to year. They are thus reduced to mere automatons; their self-reliance and independence are destroyed. It makes of them machines that unfit them for anything else, saps their vitality, and destroys the sturdy spirit of self-reliance which a century ago impelled men to go forth into a wilderness and subdue a continent, and lay the foundations for our future civilization. They grow up to know nothing of nature and of nature's God. They know nothing of the phenomena of freezes, draughts, etc., and they never learn to appreciate the beauty of the flowers, the trees, the carols of the song birds. They do not have an opportunity to go out into the country, the great citadel of nature, where the green hills and beautiful landscapes broaden their views, and where the great mountains point upward toward God. The operatives get so that they obey the mandates of the president or superintendent, and know no will but his. They lose their individuality, and thousands of them are always at the mercy of their employers. The young men have no time for the cultivation of their higher nature; no time to educate the ethical or moral side of their being; and by 35 or 40 they are dyspeptics, their hopes and their ambitions starved, and their manhood dwarfed, by the conditions under which they labor. What are the remedies for these conditions? Again, shorter hours, recreation, parks, gymnasiums, schools, churches, libraries, lyceums, bowling alleys, swimming pools, etc.

Lastly, the cotton mill industry is injurious to society, because it destroys the desire for home ownership. The mills own all the adjacent land and houses, and the operatives soon forget the meaning of what it is to own a home. Wherever it has been tried, the operatives who own their homes have given better satisfaction. The home is the unit of society and the foundation of our civilization. How important it is

then to keep alive the desire for home ownership. "The influences of the home perpetuate themselves. The gentle graces of the mother live in the daughter, long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echoes in the nobility and character of sons who come to wear his mantle and fill his place."

I do not say that the above conditions exist in all our mills, for some of our progressive mill men have already adopted many of the needed improvements and remedies which I have mentioned. But it is a fact that the majority of the mill owners in the State believe in immediate returns, and not in "spoiling the operatives," or "pampering them by paternalism." The cotton mill owners have it in their power to make great improvements in the sanitary, educational, and moral conditions of their operatives; and when public opinion makes its demand for these things, as it will do in the near future, the mill owners will have to grant them whether they wish to do so or not. In addition to what the mill owners can do. the legislature can pass three important laws which are needed for the whole State, but which are so obviously essential to the mill population that they do not need to be discussed here. These are: a marriage license law, a law compelling the registration of births and deaths, and a compulsory education law. These laws would prevent so many child marriages, would cause a wider dissemination of education and religion, and raise the standard of our citizenship. S. E. Bailes, '08.

A FATAL ERROR

"Did I never tell you why I quit the confidence business? Well, it came about in this way:

"When the summer of 1848 came, I had accumulated about thirty thousand dollars by various 'skin-games,' which I had worked in different parts of the country. I determined to put my money into some paying investment, and settle down and become a law-abiding citizen. Just at this time, news came of the discovery of gold in California. I thought I saw my chance, and was among the first to reach Sacramento Valley.

"I staked my claim on a little creek. Just below was staked the claim of an old-looking man and a young girl, whom I surmised to be his daughter. This daughter was tall, with a beautiful face, symmetrical figure, and a most soothing and pleasant-toned voice. Of course we were soon on friendly terms; and I began to visit them every night after supper, and would stay for two or three hours, talking to them, but mostly to the girl, Pauline. I was soon head over heels in love with her. One night, I proposed to her. I was accepted, but I could not get her to agree to marry me before the old man's death.

"During all this time, I had been working on my claim. This hard work was not in my line, and I began to plan to get rid of my claim for a good price. So, one night, under cover of darkness, I proceeded to 'salt' my claim.

"The next night, when I called on Pauline, she seemed highly elated, and taking me to her father's claim, she showed me some rich gold quartz. I promised not to tell anybody of her father's strike.

"It seemed as if luck were playing to me; for the very next day, along came a tenderfoot, John Drew. He asked me what I would take for my claim. I told him that I did not care to sell, as I had just struck 'pay-dirt,' and turning up a spadeful of earth, showed him some of the previously placed gold. He became insistent, and finally, I reluctantly sold him my claim for twenty thousand dollars, half cash, and balance payable in six months. I then crossed over to see Pauline, and ask her to leave the country with me.

"I found Pauline in tears, at her tent door. Between sobs, she managed to make me understand that her father had been taken deathly sick, and wanted to go to his old home in the East, to die. She said that her money was all gone, and begged me to buy a half interest in her father's claim. I jumped at the chance, and paid her the ten thousand I had just received and twenty thousand more.

"When the stage coach came the next morning, I placed her old man in the stage coach. She gave me a parting embrace and kiss, and promised to write as soon as they reached home. After placing her in the stage coach, I went to our claim and started to work.

"The result of my first day's work was very good, but began to fall off during the second day. I had resolved to scrap it out with John Drew if he found out that I had 'salted' the claim, but fate had ordained otherwise.

"The third day after Pauline's departure, I received a letter when I went on my daily trip for my mail. The following was the letter's contents:

"'Dear Mr. Buncoer: Did you really think I loved you?
"'We knew you were crooked, and saw you "salt" your
mine. We also "salted" ours. John Drew knows all; and
I am sending to the sheriff a sworn statement of what I
saw you do. Therefore, Mr. Sharper, hit the grit.

"'Yours, for "skin-games,"

" 'PAULINE.'

"'PS.—The old man, my husband, sends his regards.'"
M. R. K., '08.



JACK'S HOME COMING

Jack Smith was born on the bleak and barren shores of New England. His father was an old-time mountaineer, and lived in the backwoods, several miles from any village. Jack's father was very poor, and needed his boy's assistance on the little farm; consequently, Jack did not get to go to school very much. Each year Jack's father gave him a piece of land, for his own, and on this he was permitted to grow anything he wished to. The products of this patch were always gathered and sold with the greatest of care. The boy was always permitted to store away the money received for the products raised on his patch, as his own.

When Jack was eighteen years old, he had saved \$100. He often talked to his father and mother about what he intended to do with his money. His greatest ambition was to be a better man than his father had been.

Occasionally a story paper found its way into the humble mountain home. These Jack always eagerly read. Once in one of these papers there was a story of travel and adventure in the Rocky Mountains. With this Jack was delighted. From that day on, he had an ambition and a desire to go to the Great Rockies, and win a fortune.

Day and night he thought and planned what he should do when he reached the great West. He was afraid to tell his parents of his desire, for he knew they would not be willing for him to go away and leave them.

The more he thought about it, the more determined he was to go. By this time his mind had reached such a state that he carried his money in his pocket all the time.

One night during the month of September, just after supper, Jack's mother asked him to go down to the spring and bring the milk for her. Jack went for the milk, and had started from the spring, when a desire to go to the Rocky Mountains seized him as never before. There was an old hollow log near where he was, and in his he hid the pail of milk. He then turned around and walked down the mountain road to the depot, where three hours later he took the train for Denver, Colorado.

Soon after reaching Denver, he secured work in a gold mine near there. He seemed delighted with his work, and day by day he grew in favor with his employers. In eighteen months from the time he entered the mine, he was made an overseer.

He continued to be an overseer for three years, then he bought an interest in the mine. By this time he had saved a considerable sum of money, and when he became one of the owners, his income was quite a neat sum each year.

Five years later, he was elected president of the mine, which at that time was one of the most prosperous in the West. Under Jack's management, the mine continued to prosper and pay large profits.

After he had been there twenty years, he sold all his interest in the mine. He sold out with the intention of going farther into the mountains and starting another mine. But while he was waiting at the depot for the train that should carry him away, his mind went back to his old home in the far East. He thought of his parents, and wondered if they were still living, and if they had changed much since he had left home. He thought of his playmates, of the happy times they had spent together, and many of the places on the old farm, where he had spent so many happy days. Suddenly a desire to return to the home of his youth filled his being.

Instead of going to invest his \$100,000 in mining stocks, he took the train for the East. When he reached the little village that he had left twenty years before, he could scarcely believe his eyes, for it had grown into a thriving city.

When he got off the train, the moon was shining brightly, The night seemed almost like the one on which he had left, twenty years before. As he walked up the mountain road, he saw here and there places that were familiar to him. When he crossed the brook, which was about a mile from his early home, his mind went back to the happy days he had spent fishing along its banks. Soon he came to the old spring, from which he had carried so many buckets of water. As he sat there on a large rock, looking down into the clear, spark-

ling water, he thought of his last visit there, and of the milk he had hid in the old hollow log. A smile crept over his face, as he thought of all this. He said to himself: "I'll just go by and get the bucket and carry it to mother."

When he reached the log, he found the bucket, but it was almost gone. The handle was there, and part of the side; but the bottom had decayed. He went on towards the house, smiling to himself as he thought how happy his mother would be when she found her boy had returned.

He went to the back door and knocked, but no one answered him. Again he knocked, but still no answer came. At last he opened the door and stepped into the kitchen. An old man, bent with age, was sitting near the fire, while an old woman was sitting near him, feebly churning.

"Mother," he said, "I have brought your pail of milk." She looked at him as if she thought him crazy.

"Mother," he cried, as he put his arms around her, "this is Jack, who left twenty years ago!"

"Oh! I remember hearing them talk about it now," she said. "After you left, your mother died, and I married your father. Then he died, and I married William; so you see, we are not your people, after all."

As she finished saying this, Jack staggered toward the door, without saying a word. He started down the lonely mountain road towards the depot, and that night he went back to the West.

F. Fleming, '09.

THE GRAVEYARD

I stood one night in the pale moonlight, In the graveyard, cold and still; And thoughts of the dead, in the clay so red, Were flitting through my head. I thought of Death and caught my breath— He might have been hovering near; And the pale, pearly beams of the cold moon seemed To carry me away in a dream.

Dimly outlined, by the cold moonshine, White marble shafts uplift; And, as sentinels, stand, to warn every man Of Death's remorseless hand.

Is this the end of all our dreams
Of life beyond the grave?
To leave with a groan,—too late to atone,
Ghastly, ghostly morals on stone.

A PHASE OF COMMERCIALISM

The commercial spirit has a firmer hold upon the people of this country, and a more controlling influence over them, than ever before. The desire for wealth—the insatiable greed for things material, like a fantasy of delight, is alluring us on to a state that is not easy to predict. We do not wish to deny that the commercial spirit is needed. Far from that. But the prevailing conditions point to the fact that the people, as a whole, are too much predominated by it.

The existing mania for wealth must be met in some way. The impending evil that threatens to sap the lives of many of our citizens must be met upon the arena of our country, and to it administered a blow that will forever place this dangerous foe to our people's happiness in proper subjection. Nothing can be more deplorable than to witness men who daily place a higher value upon money than upon virtue, who would rather be rich than honest. And so long as this state of affairs exists, just so long will embezzlement and

other forms of fraud continue to be perpetrated—just so long will men look upon their neighbor as only a machine that may be used as a means of increasing their finances.

Sad to relate, there are many of our citizens who view the man of the nation possessed of the most wealth, as the most prosperous. But such conceptions of prosperity can but have a source contaminated by unworthy principles. What then, is prosperity? Martin Luther defines it as consisting in the number of cultivated citizens—in its men of education, enlightenment, and character. And such a declaration coming from a man who, by his noble life and influence, revolutionized a continent, can not be set at naught. Of the ancient countries, Sparta was one of the least wealthy, and Carthage was one of the richest. Carthage represented the spirit of commercialism, and Sparta represented that other spirit, which held commercialism in subordination. can be no question as to which has left the richest heritage. Sparta lives today immortalized by the deeds of her heroes, while Carthage lies buried in the ashes of materialism. Athens, if compared with some of our modern cities, would seem an almost poverty-stricken community. But what a galaxy of immortals in art, literature and philosophy Athens has left us!

If this spirit of commercialism is threatening to engulf our nation, to destroy those ideal principles of liberty, of which we have always been the greatest example, what giant of strength and nobleness will rise up in his might and check its wide-sweeping influence? The only remedy lies in substituting culture for greed. By inculcating in the minds of our people the proper conception of their duty to themselves, their fellow-man, and to their country, through the channels of higher education and development, we may hope to resist the propelling influence of this mighty tendency. As the great institutions of learning are increased throughout our country, and the educational advantages of the peo-

ple multiplied, there will go forth a constantly increasing number of young men and young women who shall be impressed with the idea that true wealth does not consist in the accumulation of money, but in the accumulation of great and noble ideas that will enable one to drink deep at the fountain of inspiration, and study those things which present higher and more permanent pleasures.

It seems very natural that a man of little culture and education, but of good business ability, should look upon the acquisition of wealth as the chief aim in life. But how often do we see such men whose natures become dwarfed and narrow. They may be rich in the world's goods, yet their lives are pitiable failures. For when a person becomes so wrapped up in himself and his own personal gain, when his every spark of unselfishness has been transformed into an insatiable desire for wealth, his life is almost a disgrace to society.

I am not speaking against wealth, but against that spirit of money-making, or hoarding, that has taken hold of so many of us. Every nation or individual should seek and acquire, if possible, a certain amount of wealth. Up to a certain point, the pursuit of money is not ignoble, but a duty which every man owes to himself, his family, and his State. But while it is desirable, and should be encouraged, its pursuit beyond a certain degree results in deterioration of a people or of an individual.

It is highly probable that in our present state of civilization and enlightenment, such deterioration must be due to the fact that so few of us understand the proper use of wealth. Suppose that every citizen were educated to proper use of it, to a realization that it should be used for the advancement of art, science, and generally, to promote human welfare and happiness; what a glorious thing wealth would be, and what an illumination of power it would have!

When this stage is reached, and commercialism has been

confined to its proper sphere of usefulness, our people shall have made a great advancement toward real progress and development.

F. J. C., '08.

A WOUND OF CIVIL WAR

"Then if you insist, your parents say go. The victory of 'Stonewall' Jackson at Bull Run has caused a glow of inspiration to swell your bosom, and the desire to be there to share the glory of the victory has caused you to be responsive to the call for volunteers. Though our hearts forebode danger, or misfortune, perhaps, awaits you on the battelfield; though your presence and your help to us in our old age will be lost; still, we shall try to endure the sacrifice, and let you go to fight for our country's cause. Go," said the father and the mother of this Southern lad, as they shook his hand, "and glad would we know you safe and well."

As he left, the lad's heart leaped within him, but the pang of separation from his loved ones almost overwhelmed him. In his right hand, he took a stick; no gun was there on his shoulder; on his left side swung a knapsack full of garments made of homespun, such as were worn in the early days before mills were established. Forth he went to the recruiting grounds, to enlist as a common soldier. Nobody cared as he went to war how it would go on, but his mother. Nobody decked him with immortelles. He had no trunk enclosing fine raiment and officer's fare—only a knapsack held what he might wear, or eat, or love, or own.

After having been tried by standing on many a field of blood, and after having fought many a foe with unflinching courage, it fell, one day, his unfortunate lot to be struck on the ear with a piece of flying bark from a near-by tree, caused by the force of a minnie ball. Stunned he was, and deep was the impression left on his face. No other shock had he received during the four years of war, but this one shock caused him to hear no more. Often in his wind-shaken tent, he would sit beside an unsteady, smoky oil lamp, whose dim light flickered on the sheet of rustling paper, and there, with heart content, he would write to his parents at home, whom he knew would sit with folded arms and downcast eyes, when their day's work was done, thinking of the absent one; but never did he mention his affliction.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, and after the Army of Northern Virginia had been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources, he wrote home to his father and his mother, naming the day that he would come home. father rejoiced, and prepared to meet his son. Immediate preparations were begun for a dinner, such as could be afforded at that time. All the neighbors were invited to come and be with them. The soldier rejoiced as he was coming home; for his hope to see his own people, and pace the sacred old familiar fields, had not perished. The vaulted sky was bathed in rays of sunset flames, and sweet memories haunted him as he thought of the old folks at home. The singing forest seemed to greet him, and soon, while he was nearing his destination, the receding rays diminished, then night dropped her curtain over the death-bed of a calm, clear day. Anxiety increased as night wore on; and though tired, he walked on beneath the milky way with apparently unflagging ease. Modes of traveling in those days were uncertain, and he reached home exactly one day earlier than his parents were expecting him. There were many people who plundered houses at night, and sometimes these rogues paid for their deeds with their lives.

Believing that the son would come when promised, the father prepared to meet him, and arranged for him a spread such as the conditions of his surroundings at that time would permit. Those plates, which had been hidden for a long time, to keep plundering warriors from destroying them, were

brought out; and with the gold, which, for the same reason, had been hidden, he bought such delicacies as the Southern markets afforded. As many of the old-time neighbors as were living in the vicinity were invited to the home-coming of the returning soldier. He arrived at the old plantation the night before the earliest date he had mentioned in his last letter. It was late, and the father and the family had retired. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, save the barking of a dog, and as the soldier entered the gate, the increased rapidity of the dog's barking caused the owner of the manor to arouse. The country was overrun at that time with stragglers, some of whom had not hesitated to commit burglary.

The father stood in his doorway, and challenged the approaching stranger, as he supposed; but being deaf, caused by flying bark from the force of a minnie ball, the stranger continued on his way. The man in the door challenged again, raised his gun and fired. The stranger fell; and as little children tired of play, at night close their eyes and drift away in dream, so did he pass from the bounds of time. A dawn of apprehension seemed to twinkle in his eves as he neared the dying soldier; for this one prostrate form was recognized. Of course the father was inconsolable; his soul was set to grief. Even as the dew is condensed into large drops on the grass from the chilling breezes of Autumn's early days; so did tears of bitter bereavement gather in his eyes and slide down his furrowed cheeks. The father well remembered his own youth, and all of its bounding rapture; but Stonewall fell, smitten by the hand of his own soldier; so did this man fall—that youth, piteous and lonely, lying near the edge of the yard, like some beautiful flower, slain by the hands of an unskilled gardener.

As the father gazed on the pitiable sight, the blood left his cheeks, his knees tottered, and he smartly struck his hand against his breast, while to his heart he pressed the other hand. A dark cloud seemed to roll before his eyes; his head swam, and he sank to the earth. Finally he crawled to where his son lay dying, and put his arms about his neck. He tried to call him to life again, but alas! the grave had won him. It was a high-wrought picture of sorrow to see the sight. A hungry man dreams of plenteous banquets, but a man who is heart-broken dreams only of distilled drops of bitterness, and thorny seems the stem of time.

The next day, the invited guests began to arrive, but soon their anticipated merriment was changed into an all embracing sympathy, and friendship wept over his untimely grave.

The body was wrapped in the flag for which the brave man had fought. The community was used to funerals, for every private family had its own burial grounds, caused by the unhappy war; but never had funeral like this taken place.

H. K. S., '09.



TICHENOR'S CONFESSION

As the golden disc of the setting sun slowly sank beneath the western horizon at the close of an October afternoon, its last rays fell slantingly on a tragic scene in the jail yard of a small county-seat in Georgia. A newly made gallows was surrounded by a morbidly curious crowd, and on the platform stood a well-built man of about thirty-five. He was clean shaven, and had clear-cut, intelligent features.

Julian Tichenor was about to pay the penalty of his crime, for by his own confession he had murdered Arthur Doughtery in cold blood. On his head was the black cap, and the sheriff was just preparing to place the fatal noose around his neck, when he said, "One moment, sir, I wish to make a statement.

"I have already confessed to the murder of Doughtery, but I gave no reasons for the deed, nor did I admit that I poisoned him. For a long time I have been determined not to make the statement which I am about to give, but I must relieve my conscience. If you don't mind, I'll start at the beginning.

"After obtaining a good grammar school education, I entered W—— College, specializing on Bacteriology. When I was graduated from that institution, I took a special University course in Pathogenic Bacteriology at Heidelberg.

"Some months after I had finished my course at this place, my father died, and in a day or two it was publicly known that he had embezzled \$75,000 of the government's funds. This news almost prostrated me, and I determined to replace the money if I had to deprive myself of the common luxuries of life.

"For eight years I saved every penny possible, and at the end of that time had accumulated \$10,000, and becoming discouraged, I devised a plan by which I hoped to obtain the remainder of the sum at once. In making some original research work, I had found that by reducing the temperature slowly, I could keep the spore-bearing bacilli of the disease known as Black Plague alive at a temperature below freezing, the bacillus, of course, remaining dormant. On this fact my plan was based.

"After securing a position with Mr. Siward, an eccentric old bachelor, whose only relative was a spendthrift nephew, and who was one of the great financiers of Wall Street, as confidential clerk, I carried with me constantly a small double bottle, with some of these dormant Black Plague bacilli in a nutrient bouillon media, in the inner bottle, and a certain amount of liquid air in the outer one to keep the temperature down.

"At last one day, about six months after I began to work for him, Mr. Siward instructed me to prepare for a trip to Paris, and to draw from the bank that afternoon \$100,000, as we started early the next morning. As I left the office, he sent the office boy after a lemonade. Loitering in the hall until the boy returned, I sent him up to the next floor with

a message, and while he was gone, poured the bouillon containing the bacilli into the glass of lemonade.

"We embarked the next morning, and that afternoon Mr. Siward was suddenly taken seriously ill. The next day the ship's surgeon diagnosed the case as Black Plague. When I heard of Mr. Siward's illness, I immediately secured the small handbag containing the money, and secreted it in my stateroom.

"He died in three days, and as he had not mentioned the money, no one knew of its existence. As there was not the slightest grounds for suspicion of foul play, I returned to New York and helped Mr. Siward's nephew settle the estate.

"After this crime, the temptation was so great, and the chances of being apprehended so small, that I continued to commit these diabolical crimes, the micro-organisms being administered in the most convenient manner in each individual case, until I had murdered seven people. The end came when the barkeeper saw me pour something in that glass of wine which I handed poor Doughtery.

"The professional testimony of those physicians was absolutely false; the man died of Black Plague, and not from poison, as they stated.

"I have had a presentiment all along that this would be the end of it, but I could not stop. All right, sheriff; I've finished."

The sheriff quickly placed the noose around Tichenor's neck, and with a shudder, sprung the trap. With a sickening, muffled crack the body fell, and swung, spinning around and around.

In ten minutes he was pronounced dead by the surgeon.

R. H. F., '08.

THE DOUBLE VICTORY

"Extra! Extra!" shouted a band of newsboys at the railway station of Kingston, Jamacia. "All about the battle of Corrientes in this issue!"

"Here, boy!" called one of a group of American ladies, "bring me one of your papers." These young ladies had just been discussing the probability of continuing a yacht voyage to Buenos Ayres, when the shouts of the newsboys attracted their attention.

"What's the news, Alice?" asked one of the group. The girl addressed, on glancing at the *Journal*, suddenly turned pale. But in response to the inquiries of her friend as to whether she were ill, she answered, "No." "Louise," called Alice Jackson to her chum, "come on with me to the hotel. I want to see you alone for an hour."

On reaching her room, Alice unfolded the newspaper, and pointing to the pictures of two Argentine generals, said: "Louise Wharton, who are these men?" Louise gasped. "They resemble Henry Carlisle and Raymond Harvey," she answered. The other girl said: "They are those two boys. You know when they left South Carolina, they told us that they would never come back. And, Louise, you and I are to blame. You know when Raymond refused to fight John Wells, who had insulted him before a crowd, I said that I could never care for a coward; and when Henry took Raymond's part, you told him that he was also afraid. There is but one thing for us to do: go to Argentina and make some reparation for what we have done."

When Alice finished speaking, Louise, her face lighted with inspiration, proposed that they persuade her father to carry them to Buenos Ayres on the yacht. That same evening they obtained the old gentleman's consent; and the following day set out for the Argentine capital.

Two days after the terrible battle of Corrientes, three men

met in the tent of the commander-in-chief. One of these was a large, light-haired, blue-eyed person, who wore the uniform of a general of the army. The other two were very much alike, both being small, dark-complexioned men, in the uniform of lieutenants-general. The last two soldiers were very young, while the commander was rather old. So lax was their manner, that to a passer-by they would seem as if the three were of the same family, instead of a general and his subordinates.

The old general was the first to speak. "Well, lads," he said, "we had pretty tough work of it, didn't we? You two seemed as though you were trying to get killed. In the thickest of the fight, I could see Henry's white horse, and your gray."

The boy addressed, answered: "Uncle Sandy, we were trying to meet death, and have been trying ever since the war started." The old man seemed astonished. "Lad, why do you two try to throw away the lives that do not belong to you?" The other answered, "If you care to hear about it, I will tell you."

"Three years ago, while Henry and I were at work in South Carolina, we met two girls, with whom we fell deeply in love. Henry loved Louise Wharton, and I loved Alice Jackson. For a while things ran smoothly, and we both thought we were making fair progress; but at last, while we were at a picnic, we were disillusioned.

"At this same picnic were our two rivals, John Wells and Robert Hall, both large, handsome men. I was aware that Wells hated me, so I tried to avoid him. However, so persistent was he in following me, that we met. Wells threw a glass of wine in my face. For an instant, I was on the point of killing him right there; but I quickly realized that it would be a disgrace to fight in the presence of ladies, and my only demonstration was to warn him that I would demand satisfaction later. The man sneered, and told me to fight

him just then. When I refused, he called me a coward. And at this, I would have shot him in his tracks, had Henry not caught my hand. My chum took my arm and led me away. Two days afterward, I asked permission to call on Alice. In her reply, she said that she would never see a coward. Louise treated Henry almost as shamefully.

"Henry and I met that night, and decided to leave the United States. We assumed the names of Kirk and Hill, and came to South America. And you are the only person in this country who knows our real names."

When the boy had finished the story, the old man, looking in Henry and Raymond's faces, said, "Boys, you have been so near to me as though you were my own sons. You may have just cause to act as you do; but remember that your lives are as precious to your adopted uncle, Sandy McPherson, as if you were his own kin."

Just at this moment, a courier galloped up and handed a despatch to General McPherson. After reading it, the general turned to the boys, and said: "Orlando has been defeated at Las Puntas, and the Brazilians have besieged Buenos Ayres. This despatch calls you two and me, to the defense of the capital. Be ready to ride in an hour."

At the appointed time, the three men set out for the metropolis of Argentina. After three days of rough traveling, they arrived at the Brazilian outposts; and, that night, they made their way into the city.

Inside the capital, the three soldiers found a state of great demoralization. The troops were discontented. The people were on the point of starvation, while the president and his cabinet were carousing in the government mansion. The night after the three greatest generals of the country arrived, the president gave a masquerade ball. Of course, the three generals were invited; but only Kirk and Henry went; and they were present only to prevent the president from being displeased.

When Kirk and Henry reached the ball room, the sight that met their eyes was disgusting. There the government officials were spending the public money, while the people were starving. However, the boys stayed.

During one of the dances, Hill called Kirk's attention to two girls, who frequently glanced towards the two boys. Hill said lowly, "Raymond, if it were not impossible, I would say that the two girls were Louise and Alice." Just then two large men walked over to the girls, and sitting down beside them, unmasked. To the amazement of the boys, they recognized John Wells and Robert Hall. No doubt then existed as to the identity of the girls. The two young men did not see the ladies' cool reception of the large men.

At this juncture, a dull boom was heard, and a shell burst over the house. The Brazilians had opened the bombardment. Instantly, the door opened, and a soldier handed Hill an order. The boy, after reading it, called to the frightened dancers to put out the lights and leave the place. When this was done, Kirk and Hill left the building also. On their way to headquarters, they passed Louise and Alice, accompanied by old Mr. Wharton. However, the two generals did not betray that they knew who it was.

* * * * * * * *

The morning after the ball, Louise Wharton and Alice Jackson were rudely awakened by the roar of battle. They were ordered to move to the American Consulate, which was not so much exposed as was the hotel. As they were nearing the consul's house, the remembrance of the ball of the previous night came to the mind of Louise, and she remarked in a whisper to Alice, "I do not believe those two boys were Henry and Raymond, for they would surely have recognized us." Alice did not reply.

The two girls were hardly inside the house, when the consul's daughter called to them to come and see the Argentine troopers attack the Brazilian fortifications. All the ladies

hurried to the door. They reached it just in time to hear General Hill's speech to his men. Short as was the time, it sufficed for Louise to recognize Henry. When she went back into the house, she asked for a field glass, that she might view the fight. Each of the young ladies then procured glasses, and went to the roof, where they could see the battle to the best advantage.

"Look!" cried Alice, "How the Argentine men go up that hill." Quickly but steadily the khaki uniformed men had deployed, and were marching up the hill. In vain did the Brazilian guns thunder. Two hundred were falling—the Argentine soldiers pressed on. Alice, turning to Louise, saw her face deathly pale. "What's the matter?" she asked. "It's Henry and Raymond," answered the other girl. Alice turned her glass again to the field. Sure enough, the two leaders were her's and Louise's lovers. At that moment, Henry's horse was shot; but the plucky little general pressed on up the hill on foot. Finally, with a shout, the Argentine line closed in, and the bayonet settled the conflict. The Brazillian flag came down, and the standard of Argentena unfurled itself to the breeze.

Although the two girls were fearful lest the leaders had been killed, they felt a thrill of triumph. Were not these men their countrymen? Alice and Louise had a perfect right to feel proud of their splendid achievement.

The Brazillians, seeing all hope gone of retaining their outer fortifications, made a break for the town. They were hotly pursued by the Argentine troopers, led by Kirk and Hill. The battle had now shifted to the vicinity of the consulate. The Argentine men were few in numbers, but they fought like demons. Kirk and Hill seemed possessed, so hard did they fight. Suddenly, from the side of the street, a pistol shot was fired. Hill dropped. Kirk turned just in time to see John Wells reloading his revolver. With a cry, Kirk

sprang at him. Wells turned to fly, but the little general was upon him. The large man sank to his knees, and begged for mercy. "You scoundrel," said the general, "you once called me a coward. Take it back, and admit that you are the greatest scoundrel and liar alive!"

"I admit it! I admit it! Spare my life," said the other. Giving him a kick, Kirk told Wells to go. The man needed no second bidding.

Meanwhile Hill, who had not been fatally wounded, stood up, and cheered his men on. The Brazillians, seeing the futility of further resistance, agreed to surrender. Said the Brazillian general to Hill, "Sir, since in consideration of my men, I cannot longer resist, I hereby deliver my sword. As I have to surrender, I am glad it is to such a brave and distinguished general."

Hill answered: "General Mendoza, you have put up such a gallant fight, and have proved yourself to be such a courageous man, that I cannot accept the sword of such a gentleman. Keep your sword, sir." When he had finished speaking, the little general fainted from exhaustion and loss of blood. The Brazillian, catching the boy in his arms, carried him into the consul's house. Kirk followed.

The two girls, who had stood bravely watching the scene of the bloodshed, turned to the consul, who had just come up. "Oh, sir, are they seriously injured?" asked both of the girls in a breath. "No," said the consul, "the doctor says that a long rest will make them well again."

A few minutes after this, Louise stole down stairs to the room where Henry lay. The doctor at first looked vexed, as she came in, but when she asked to be allowed to nurse the wounded soldier, he readily gave his consent. The doctor, after giving some directions, left shortly after this. Louise, bending over him, said: "Can you ever forgive me, Henry?" The boy smiled and pressed her hand. She knew that he

still loved her. Just then the door opened, and Alice and Raymond walked in. It needed no asking for one to know that love had conquered.

H. C. T., '09.

TO LOVE

A child lost in the night,
My life strayed in life's throng,
No thought of joy and light
Until it heard Love's song.

O Love! thou art divine, Stop with me yet I pray; Grant this glad heart of mine May always with me stay.

Love, pity those who stray
Upon life's tangled strand;
Oh, let them know the way,
And feel thy guiding hand.

—A. McD., '10

An Memoriam

WHEREAS,

It has pleased God in His all-wise providence to remove from our midst our beloved friend and classmate

KENNETH MCLAURIN

Be it Resolved,

- 1. That we, the members of the present Junior Class, do most keenly feel the loss.
- 2. That we extend to the bereaved family and relatives our tenderest sympathy and love in this hour of deep grief.
- 3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family and to their county paper.
- 4. That a copy be published in the "Clemson College Chronicle" and "The Tiger."

T. B. REEVES, J. C. PRIDMORE, L. P. BYARS,

The Clemson College Chronicle

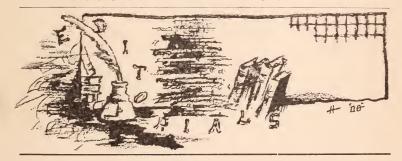
FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

	- Editor-in-Chief
C. A. McLendon, '08 (Columbian)	- Business Manager
	Assistant Business Manager
	- Literary Department
G. W. KEITT, '09 (Calhoun)	- Literary Department
	- Literary Department
	- Exchange Department
G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08 (Palmetto)	
W. P. GEE, '08 (Palmetto)	
D. N. HARRIS, '08 (Columbian)	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



Editor-in-Chief: W. O. PRATT, '08

At last, it has arrived! This time, of all times, means much to those who have for four years striven to attain the goal of a college course. Though we have longed for this triumph and now hail it with joy, a touch of sadness seems to mellow the last days spent at our Alma Mater. But now our college career is over. As we remove from the molds those four years of study, we may examine the defects of the finished product. Is it pitted and scarred and sand-blown? The care and the watchfulness which has been exerted during the process have already

determined this. But, unlike the metals, it can not be cast back into the cupola and remolded; a new charge must be added. This charge is the future; and if the completed article is not rounded and perfect, the next run should profit by the faults of the first, and be directed into channels from whence will come a life-casting, perfect and pure and ideal.

While the chair of the editor of a college magazine is by no means an easy position, it is yet a place from which the student, by proper application, may derive great benefit

The Old and the New himself, and at the same time do a good service to both his institution and his fellow-students. When a student taking

a regular course consents to edit his college journal, it means that he must make immense sacrifices; and also he must so concentrate his duties as to keep pace with the men who have only their diploma in view, for we can say from experience that those giving thus freely of their time and energy, receive not the consideration from student-body and faculty that is so often manifested in behalf of the athletic parties. But in spite of the many attending difficulties, work of this character will broaden the mind of the student as much or more than many of those subjects laid down in the curriculum.

And now, as many of us who have labored over many editions, wield the pen for the last time in behalf of the dear old Chronicle, we would say a few words to those on whose shoulders will fall the burden of future works. Before you consent to accept this arduous task, you must resolve, come what may, that your every thought is to be to uphold the reputation of your journal and keep it in the front rank of college publications. You must realize that yours is a mighty responsibility. Beyond a doubt, as you daily have zeroes recorded against you, and have your professor frown upon you as "dull" or indifferent, you will feel that you could lay aside the pen and lead your class. But remember,

the bravest soldier is not always at the front: he who can retire from the lead to minister to his fallen comrade is great indeed. Our last word to the new staff is, to take the reins firmly in hand, and keep the Chronicle at the front.

Many things have transpired to discourage football at Clemson for the coming session; but the indomitable spirit that has made the Tigers famous asserts itself now in time of sorest need. Some time ago, the famous "Stein"

Football for Next Year

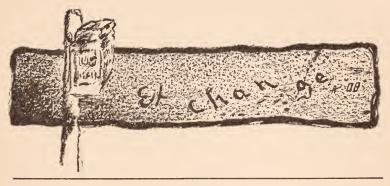
need. Some time ago, the famous "Stein"
Stone, of Vanderbilt, was secured as head coach for next year. Recently, Mr.

R. A. Fetzner, who was with Davidson last season, signed a contract for the first part of the season; and the well-known "Bob" Williams, whose services here two years ago will long be remembered, agreed to help put the finishing touches on the team the latter part of the season. With such men at the head, a football team could be made out of almost any kind of material.

Now for a word to you who will be here next year. As you know, the new rules forbid first-year men to play. So the team for next year is practically in college now. Boys, big and little, get out on the jump next fall and show them that Clemson is still a hard problem. And you who can not or will not play, begin now to organize the greatest "rooters'" club ever seen at any college. Get enthusiasm into the whole school, team and all, and Clemson will still be at the top.

No event was ever hailed at Clemson with more joy than that of the establishment of the Honor System throughout the entire corps. Though this has been in effect in the two upper classes, the lower classes have never pledged themselves to honest work as a body, until recent mass-meetings of the student-body and of the several separate classes. Now, those coming here will know at the beginning

that their classmates will not tolerate unfair work, in or out of the classroom. So often, in schools where there is little regard for honesty, young boys, who have hitherto never thought of unfair work, go to college and soon fall into the easy way of letting others do their work. This one thing has perhaps ruined more college courses than all others taken together; for, when the student gets into the higher classes and honor asserts itself, he finds that he lacks the necessary foundation. For some time, we have seen that the Honor System was inevitable at Clemson, sooner or later; and we believe it is here to stay now, not in form, but in reality.



Editors

J. SPRATT, '08

G. G. WEATHERSBEE, '08

As a plugged penny is to a double-eagle, so is Harper's Magazine, Scribner's, or any of the other great magazines of world-wide reputation to The Winthrop College Journal. In it, we find the stuff that truly great magazines are made of. From cover to cover, compositions of a literary merit superior to the works of the world's greatest authors meet our admiring eyes. It is with a feeling of awe that we turn to the pages of this great magazine; for surely genius has left the sordid paths of commercial life, and sits enthroned once more on its former high pedestal of literary attainment. The Winthrop College Journal sounds the clarion note of a great literary awakening, and the Augustan Age of Literature has surely come again. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, tune your harps to joyful music in your homes on high; no longer play the dirge of a dead literature—at Winthrop College, many brilliant stars have been added to the literary firmament, changing this practical old world to the state of sentimentality in which it reveled in the time of the old masters of the emotional arts.

Surely, no magazine ever boasted of so beautiful a cover as that of *The Winthrop College Journal*. We can not find

words to express our great appreciation of this matchless work of art. Were we an artist, endowed with an eye capable of analyzing true beauty, inspiration might point the path to an adequate eulogy; but no—our pen fails to do its duty, and we must leave this work to one more gifted than we. We turn back the cover with all due respect to old age; for this artistic design, having endured the ravages of many years of continual use, creates a feeling of veneration in the heart of the beholder.

How can we, untutored in the fine art of literary expression, expect to do justice to the work of genius? "Where the path of duty leads, no one should fear to tread," and we must try to do our duty. "Evening" lifts our souls to the ethereal realms above, and as we read it, the strident sounds of earth pass away, and we hear the music of the "The Short Story in American Literature" will ever stand out as one of the world's greatest essays. Macaulay at his best could never have employed such matchless logic and forceful expression. "God's Country:" all former fiction may now be relegated to oblivion, because in this story, the long-sought world's masterpiece has been found. Lesson of Life" is short, but in it we find the exemplification of one of the sweetest thoughts ever penned by mortal hand. Had an Elizabethan poet written "The Dance of the Fairies," he would have been accorded a seat at the queen's own footstool, and courtiers and ladies would have forgotten the gaieties of the court to listen to the enchanting rhythm, expressing the fairy dance. We regret that we have not space to express our great appreciation of the remainder of the literary department, consisting entirely of fiction, but, suffice it to say, that the greatest story writers of the world would consider hemselves truly great if they could attain the standard set by the stories of The Winthrop College Journal.

The deep thought in the treatment of contemporary subjects in the editorial department is entirely beyond our com-

prehension, and we pass it by, hoping that those who possess the faculty of taking to heart high and lofty thoughts, will glean the great truths from these editorials. The advertising and exchange departments are both of the hightest order, the latter department being especially noticeable for its display of fair and unbiased criticisms.

The Wesleyan for April does not come up to the standard set by former numbers. The most noticeable defect lies in the stories, of which there are a good number. Without exception, these all treat of silly little girl and boy affairs. An extract from "The Difference of a Few Hours," is a fair example of all of them:

"'He's an S. A. E., isn't he?' asked Mabel, looking at her own pin, 'and maybe he will pin you, Louise, but I bet his pin can't equal Tom's. O! wait, yonder is Tom! Look at my hair, Louise, it's all coming down—do let me on the outside, he can't see me here—fudge, walk slower, he'll never recognize us at this gait. Isn't he cute? Louise, I'm simply crazy about him—I—oh— Howdy-do, Mr. Fields—look Louise, he is speaking. Pshaw, he's gone,' and Mabel excitedly wheeled Louise around and ran to meet another group of girls, exclaiming, 'Oh, girls, did you see Tom?'

"'Well, how did we know Tom? I only saw a drove of the best-looking boys! Hope I can have a date with them all. I could talk forever to a good-looking man,—and in the moonlight it's easy to spiel to a "stick," said an enthusiastic Junior, 'and I bet I know something more exciting than Tom.'"

It may possibly be that the above is the style that the students of Wesleyan demand; but we hardly believe that this could be true. There is one redeeming feature about them, however; and that is that they show there has been work expended on them; which work, if turned into different channels, might produce something worth while. To balance up this very light section, there is only one short essay, "Evan-

geline." This, though somewhat lacking in originality, is decidedly above the average. It shows both thorough preparation and skill in arranging. The poetry, too, is another redeeming feature. "In the Forest" is the best. "The Remedy" and "Senior Hymns" are both rather local, but can nevertheless be appreciated by an outsider. Numerous departments, and a general neatness in its get-up, makes *The Wesleyan*, on the whole, very acceptable.



CLIPPINGS

Broke, Broke, Broke

Broke, broke, broke;
And it always seems to me
That just when you need the money
You're as broke as broke can be.

Oh! well for your millionaire,
As he spends his money each day;
On my desk lies a bunch of letters,
And there for a while they'll stay.

And I watch the mail in the morning,

No check comes my debts to pay;

And it's just the same in the afternoon,

And the same thing day by day.

Broke, broke,
And the truth of it seems to be,
That the faith I put in my fond mamma
Will never come back to me.

Ideals

To live is true to be; and true

To self means live for all; man's guide
Is man; to act the right and do

Thy best, not in thyself to hide;

The one is none, if unity
Of lofty purpose, lofty goal,
Aid not that sacred liberty
In self to rise, unchain the soul.

Virtue as art, to all is free;
'Tis wounded when immured; if fettered
Half 'tis of what it ought to be;
Once stain-befouled, can ne'er be bettered.

-Ex.

A Siesta-2-3 p. m.

Through the moonlit woods we strolled,
She and I.

Of our ardent love we told,
She and I,
Till our dreams of highest bliss
Seemed to be as dross to this,
And our hearts were light as moonbeams
In the sky.

Through the class a junior slept—
It was I.
From the room a section crept,
Without a sigh.

--Ex.

June

The birds have ceased their singing,
The brook still plays its tune,
In every ear is ringing,
The mirth of life in June.

O'er hill and dale and valley, The shadows gently creep; For night approaches softly, The stars their vigil keep.

--Ex.

"All the Time"

Baseball is our national game; It brings some men honor and fame, By hustling as to the top they climb, By playing the game "all the time."

Never say die, is the spirit to use, If baseball as a profession you choose, Never quit running down the line; Squeeze everything out "all the time."

A little ginger is all you need To play baseball with plenty of speed. You'll surely outclass the other nine If you play the game "all the time."

Work for runs, they win the game. The errors marked opposite your name, With the rooters you'll always shine, If you win the games "all the time."

Say something encouraging to every man; Always work, do the best you can. As I stop to think, it would be fine If the season only lasted "all the time."

-Tommy Stouch, Coach, in Davidson College Magazine.

For the benefit of our fellow-students, who have not had the opportunity of reading the exchanges, we publish some of the criticisms of The Chronicle, which will give some idea of how we are viewed by other college magazines:

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE is without a doubt the best college magazine received. The author of "Cupid Conquers" is to be congratulated. There is nothing elaborate about THE CHRONICLE, but it is a plain, common-sense magazine from cover to cover.—College Reflector.

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE is well-proportioned as to material and arrangement. Each department receives an equal share of attention. Most of the college magazines seem to "shy" at poetry and fiction. The Chronicle makes a brave showing in both these departments. The editors rightly believe that a little fun is relished by the wisest.—Bessie Tift Journal.

THE CHRONICLE is to be congratulated on its attractive cover for the holiday season, and the originality of the students was not all spent on the outside, for the Christmas number contains some very good reading matter. There is a quantity of fiction, the best of which are the stories, "A Game of Destiny," and "A Baseball Game at the Fountain of Youth," which are well-expressed, and have good plots, while the latter shows a pleasing familiarity with renowned characters, as well as with the equally renowned game, baseball. There is a marked absence of poetry, the monotony of fiction being broken only by a few verses. We criticize severely the plot of the sketch, "A Christmas Present;" also think "A Mistaken Identity" trite and commonplace. On the whole, however, we think THE CHRONICLE contains a pleasing selection of matter to be enjoyed during the holidays. -Converse Concept.

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE contains some very interesting reading matter, such as "A Cigarette," "Cupid's Conquest,"

"A Freak of Nature." They are well-written and also romantic. The poetical sketches, "The Revery of a Student," "An Invitation," and "Autumn," are well composed. — *Gray Jacket*.

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE is a good exchange. All the material is good; though, of course, the articles vary in their value. The essay entitled "A Dissertation on the War Between the States" is written in a forecful, convincing style. "Loyalty to the Right," an essay, deals with the corruption in politics, which is the greatest evil in American economics. The article tells of the proposed establishment of a People's Lobby, whose purpose it shall be to point out to the people the men and means by which legislation favoring corporations is effected. Success to the "People's Lobby."

In the continued story, "Cupid Conquers," we find an entertaining piece of fiction, and we shall look forward with pleasure for its conclusion. The editorial columns of The Chronicle are unusually good. The editor correctly views the functions of editorials in college magazines. Although the magazine, as a whole, is good, it could be much improved by more good verse.—William and Mary Literary Magazine.

The Christmas number of The Clemson Chronicle is a treat to the reader and a compliment to all on the staff. Most of the literary department is very good. The story entitled "Fired" has a "wornout" plot, but it is told in such an attractive manner that we read it to the end, knowing all the time what the development will be. The verse of Mr. C. P. Rice is exceedingly good; if he does this well as a Freshman, how much better will he do as a Senior?—Florida Pennant.

"The theme of 'Old Age' in the Newberry Stylus is good, but it can hardly be graced by calling it a poem; jingle is more expressive."—Clemson College Chronicle. Oh, for

a word to express the "Bashful Boy" and "A Rat's Dream." The poems (?) might have looked well under a local department, and they may do for some jingle-loving exchange editor to clip, but why put such as this in a department intended to show the literary merits of a student-body?

Not changing the subject, however, we read some very good fiction in the last issue of The Chronicle. The large amount of stories, though, makes the dearth of solid matter all the more striking. We found only one essay.—Newberry Stylus.

The best publication to come to our table was The Clemson CHRONICLE for February. It is bound in an unusually neat and attractive cover and is quite a full issue. This issue is the first one omitting all the various departments, and we were anxious to know exactly what appearance the magazine would have. We were agreeably surprised to find it filled with good, heavy literary material. "A Little Adventure" is a fine story and excellently written. The debate, "Resolved, That street railways, electric lights, and waterworks should be owned and operated by the municipality," was discussed pro and con, and both sides displayed a full and clear understanding of the subject. This was indeed instructive reading, and we were able to get a clearer conception of the problem now so vital and full of interest. "The Daughter," and "Miss Hepsy's Valentine" are excellent stories. "A Just Reward" deserves special mention; for the plot is good and well developed. This is so true to life. The Y. M. C. A. department is somewhat larger than is usually the custom in so great a number of our college publications. Let us profit by this example and give so good a phase of college life all necessary space in our magazines.—Wofford College Journal.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE comes to us as the leading exchange. It has almost gone beyond the limit of a college publication. The work is all well arranged, and is

interesting; but if a few more original poems were placed through the well-selected material, it would add greatly to the appearance and interest of the publication. The story, "Little Adventure," is fine, not turning out to be a love story, as we expect, but takes on a very different style. It is indeed pleasing to see the editors taking up the live subjects of the day, as is manifested in the editorial, "Our Forest."—The College Reflector.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE is, as usual, one of our best exchanges. We look forward with pleasure to the arrival of the March issue.—The Oracle.

The Clemson College Chronicle opens with a short story, "Dr. Jennings' Patient." While the story does not possess much of a plot, it gives a beautiful illustration of devotion to duty and self-sacrificing love. "The Debate: Resolved, That the class of immigrants now admitted to the South will prove a desirable and beneficial addition to our citizenship," is exceedingly interesting, and calls attention to a very important problem of to-day. The arguments are admirably sustained on both sides. If we were the judges, we would find it very hard to render a decision in favor of either side. "Fate" strikes us as being rather too tragic. We found the "Wreck of the Dreamer" highly amusing, and wish to encourage the writer by telling him we are sure he will some day rival Longfellow, whom he so ably imitates.—

The Erskinian.

The second and final installment of "Cupid Conquers" in The Clemson Chronicle comes up fully to our expectations. This was indeed an interesting story, and we thoroughly enjoyed reading it. "The Cigarette" deserves special mention. It is vivacious and lively, and we enjoyed along with George the discomfiture that his wife experienced from his teasing.—Criterion.

The January number of The Clemson College Chronicle is exceptionally good. The article on "Education and Its Value" is excellent. It contains two or three interesting stories, besides several short poems. The Editoral Department is especially interesting, also helpful.—The College Message.

The Clemson College Chronicle.—There is not a magazine which comes to our table we enjoy more. It is neat and well-arranged. The editorial staff deserves credit. "The Angel of Midway Station" is an excellent, well-told story, thrilling in the extreme, presenting an ideal heroism. "Education" is a well-written essay. It is a good discussion of the subject, but there are other viewpoints. "The Question" is a very good narrative, yet it presents the effect of incompletness. The departments are orderly.—The Emory and Henry Era.

Decidedly the best magazine of the month is The Clemson Chronicle. Filled from cover to cover with bright, interesting stories, refreshing poetry and newsy departments, it is a pleasure to review it. The magazine opens with a poem of unusual strength entitled "A Soldier's Regret." The best story is "A Game of Destiny," a tale of Ku Klux times. "Mistaken Identity" and "A Baseball Game at the Fountain of Youth" are both very amusing short stories, the denouement in the former being cleverly arranged. The article "Labor's Cry" completes a magazine of exceptional merit, and the best that we can hope for The Chronicle is that it may never fall below the standard of the present issue.—

Exchange.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE for November is a full and interesting number. In fact, this is always one of the best exchanges we receive, and we trust that it will keep up its good work hereafter. "The Cigarette" is, in our opin-

ion, by far the best thing in the issue. The plot is well laid and handled, showing that the author has read Conan Doyle to some purpose, and in the lively, vivid narrative and conversation we have something that is usually sadly lacking in our college writers. "Cupid Conquers" is a rather improbable story, but very well told. The gap of a month, however, between the two installments gives us time to lose interest in the result, as well as to forget the beginning. Continued stories, as a rule, are dangerous things for college writers to attempt. The poetry does not measure up with the rest of the magazine, although "An Invitation" is a "cute little thing," as our feminine friends say. The other departments show hard work, and the editorials are also good.—The Carolinian.

Now, we are in a very bad humor with The Clemson Chronicle this month, because it says, with all its conscious superiority, that a very enticing little poem we published has no excuse for benig! This is annoying, to say the least. We thirst for revenge.

The Clemson Chronicle for February is not good. It is full, but of what? The literary department contains one story of unoriginal plot, entitled "The Angel of Midway Station;" one large-lettered acrostic ("Nineteen and Eight") in enormous capitals; one divided, sub-divided, topiced, subtopical, pedagogic paper—"Educational: 1. How Obtained; 2. Its Value;" one poem consisting of a great many inverted sentences and called "Tomorrow;" two anecdotes joined together to form one unconnected story, "The Question," the second part of "When Woman Reigns;" a somewhat forced "funn" sketch; a four-stanza poem; one story with an illogical ending, and two constitutions. This is the contents. (Revenge is sweet!)—Extract from criticism in Winthrop College Journal.



Editor: W. P. GEE, 08

Mr. Weatherford's Visit

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, the Southern Student Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, was here Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 25, 26, 27, for a series of evangelistic meetings. On account of the recent diminution of numbers in the student-body, the meetings were held in the Association hall, and this was generally well-filled at each meeting.

On Saturday evening, the address was on "The Social Meaning of Sin." Sunday morning at 9 o'clock he met the Bible leaders' training class, which includes all of those men who intend to lead classes next year. The regular Sundayschool hour was turned over to him by the superintendent, and he spoke on "The Power of Jesus Christ in the Lives of Men." This was one of the most masterly talks we have ever had at this College. The chief source of beauty and strength of Mr. Weatherford's lectures comes from the exercise of his abundant power of illustration, gleaned from the lives of college men of the South during his seven years of hard and faithful labor among them. Sunday evening the title of his lecture was "Behind Prison Bars." This was a noble appeal to a college man to break away from the shackles of his besetting sins, and step out into the life of glorious freedom of action; and many of them that night expressed their decision to lead a better and more Christ-like life from that time on.

It was purposed to have him deliver a missionary address Monday evening, at which time the annual missionary collection was to be made; but upon the request of many of the student-body that his talk be a continuation of the same line of thought as that along which the others had been, he spoke on "The Power of a Clean Record." This subject alone is calculated to make the young man of today pause and seriously reflect; but with the light thrown upon it by this address, it not only challenges, but compels, in the case of every thinking man who has the least claim to term himself such, a resolution to make his record, whatever it may have been before, at least from that time on pure and unspotted in the sight of God and man.

Mr. Weatherford appeals to the college man today, because he has had a long college experience himself, and can understand and sympathize with the life of a student. Then his seven years of hard work among them has given him a wide field of experience as their leader; and his messages are, on account of this, always fresh and inspiring, for they come straight from the hearts of fellow college men. There is also a power in the man which appeals to any other man—the noble qualities of an attractive personality, wonderful intellectual attainment, and most of all, a deep spirituality. The meetings were a great success; and our association is always proud to welcome such men as Mr. Weatherford into our midst.

Missionary Collection

One year ago the newly appointed missionary committee, headed by Mr. George M. Truluck, was carefully considering the policy for the missionary department of our association. They felt it wise at that time to plan for one hundred men in

mission study, to arrange for the thoughtful and intelligent presentation of the claims of the foreign field, and to work for \$300 for the foreign work. The large success of the policy is a tribute to their intelligent plans and conscientious work.

The collection was taken on April 27, with only a small audience, at which time \$142.02 was pledged. Since then contributions have been coming in, until we have nearly \$200. By the time this article appears, the \$200 mark will have been passed. Six men in the present Senior class are volunteers; by the time they are ready to sail to the foreign field, Clemson, we believe, will be ready to support one of them as her representative.

An Expression of Appreciation

We would not be doing ourselves justice if we allowed the year to close without an expression of our appreciation to the people on the Hill who have welcomed us into their homes. In coming from a cultured home to the narrow confines of barrack life, there is the tendency to drift away from the æsthetic and grow indifferent to social courtesies. We are subject, to a greater or less degree, to our environment. In the light of these facts, and because we do not wish to lose any of our former culture, but rather are zealous to perfect those social graces which have ever characterized the true Southern gentleman, we beg to say to the members of the faculty that we are always glad to be in your homes. To meet with your family and to know you in the home is a privilege every wellbred young man covets. We thank you most heartily for having us in your homes. In this expression to you, we do not overlook the fact that it is your wives to whom honor is due, and we would not be true if we did not admit that we mean this largely for them.

The Past Year

Throughout the accomplishments of the past year may be plainly discerned the note of victory, and the cry of "Forward." The association feels that its labors during the past season have been crowned with large success. Each of the departments has moved forward in the extension of the scope of its influence and the efficiency of its work.

The Bible study department has reached the largest development in its history. Last year there were about 286 men who continued in Bible study for two months or more. This year there were about 457. This might seem to some a phenomenal growth, but in view of the splendid foundation laid the year before, it was perfectly normal. And the movement is by no means at a standstill; next year will witness a still larger field of accomplishment. With the division of the committee, the amount of work cast upon the shoulders of each man has been considerably lightened, and hence the efficiency will be increased with a still larger amount of work done than ever before. We predict that in a very few years every man in Clemson College will be in Bible study. May this be possible next year! What a glorious record that would be.

The missionary department has made vast progressive strides. The collection of last year has been doubled many hundred per cent. and the enrollment in mission study has made a proportionate increase. This has been largely due to the energetic missionary committee, and the thoroughly earnest volunteer band. There is a growing interest manifested throughout the student-body in the cause and study of missions, and this, too, may be attributed to the men who have been "dead in earnest" in their work to arouse a sympathetic interest in the glorious work in the foreign fields.

The prayer meetings have been very much superior in attendance and in preparation to those of last year. The

few minutes spent in prayer and song service in the association hall every Thursday evening have proved a source of inspiration and comfort to all who have attended. Much ingenuity has been exhibited in the topic sheets which were distributed by the committee; and many new schemes were made use of to encourage and maintain attendance. The committee and its able chairman deserve much commendation. It will take considerable effort on the part of next year's committee to outstrip them in what they have accomplished.

Probably next in importance to Bible study work comes the religious meetings, particularly the Sunday evening meetings. The entire student body is very often out at these meetings; and they are the best means at hand with which to touch all of the students in college. Many able speakers have been secured during the past year and the results of their addresses here will live throughout eternity. Many men through the agency of these talks have been led to take a definite stand for the Christian life; and many others have been caused to resolve deep down in their "heart of hearts" that they will profit by the words of truth and grace which were uttered.

More might be said about some of the other departments. The social committee has done a splendid work; while the membership committee raised the number of members from the two hundred mark of last year to over three hundred this year. The whole management deserves much credit for the successful way in which all of the work has been carried on. But to our secretary comes a large share of the praise. He has suggested in many cases where our minds were incapable of judging, and we have carried out the suggestions. He has truly been a great help to us in this forward movement. Let those upon whom our burden falls take up the note of victory and have as their slogan, "Forward! Forward!" Let nothing daunt you, men. The work is certainly worth your while.

Our Present Secretary

For the past three years Mr. Ray H. Legate has labored among us; and it is with a feeling of deep regret that we face the fact that we must lose him at the end of this college session. He has truly been "one of the boys" in spirit, and yet he has at the same time shown us by example what it is to be a man of a stalwart Christian character. We feel safe in saying that there is no other man who could have done for the college in three years what Mr. Legate has done-

The association when he came here was a comparatively insignificant organization in the college. But now it stands forth for size and quality of work as among the leading student associations to be found anywhere in the South. And this is not the chief value of his work—the reputation of the association which he represents—but the chief value is in the effect of his labors on the lives of the men who have left the institution during his stay and also those at present in daily contact with him. This is not capable of being estimated.

But each man who has come in contact with him has realized that in him he had at once a friend, an adviser, and a Christian leader in all things. He has in his broad nature touched every phase of college life, and everywhere that his touch has been felt there has been a good influence exerted. The value of his work in uplifting the moral tone of the institution is known throughout the country. We do not see how he can ever be replaced, yet we can not hold him always. Then, too, he has remained with us at a denial of self; for several times have better positions been offered to him, and he has always remained true to Clemson. Not only the association men, but also the college as a whole regrets the departure of Mr. Legate; and all join in wishing him a successful course of study in the university to which he will go.

Next Year

The opportunity for definite Christian work in the college next year will be greater than it has ever been before. There can be no doubt of that fact. The association has now an established reputation and its vast importance in the institution is unquestioned. On account of this acquired hold on the lives of the men who have been here in the past few years, and especially of those who will be here next year, the men who are working for the proper maintenance and development of the association can approach a man, and, with deep-seated convictions, gathered from the light of past experience, convince him that the association is worthy of his support and makes more than ample returns for the money invested.

New men, too, just from the sacred restraining influences of their homes, are more susceptible, as a rule, than old men to an appeal to enter into associations and relationships that make for the most in college life. The opening of the next session will very probably witness the presence at this college of more new men than ever have been here since the opening of the college. This of course means more responsibility upon the few who have been left to bear the heavy burden of the entire work. But with the responsibility, as it always does, comes an enlarged opportunity. Next year will be a very, very favorable time to mold the sentiment of the entire college far more in favor of the work and to obtain more men as active supporters.

Then a new era will have occurred in the history of our association. Our present secretary will have left us, and a new one will have come in his stead. There are a number of things in which he will need assistance and information for at least the first year of his stay; and, upon the officers of next year and the active workers of the association, he will have to wholly rely for this aid. As men, therefore, loyal to an organization which we love, it behooves us to redouble the

effort we first intended to put forth and warmly welcome and support the new secretary who will come into our midst. He is "one of the boys," and will come with the desire to be such; for, although he has not yet been selected, we know that is the attitude of an association secretary.

The work done by the association leaders next year can be made to count for inestimable good in the actual lives of the men who come under the influence of the association, and that means every boy in school. The efficiency of the work done next year will largely determine the standard of efficiency of the work to be done for several years to come. Next year might be considered another crisis in the history of the asso-But we feel safe in leaving the work in the hands of the strong men who will have charge of it. The new set of officers is a band of worthy men, and the old set would leave to them, in the shape of a good standard of work to rise above, all the encouragement they ever received and would bespeak in their favor the loyal support of the faculty and entire student body. But first of all we would desire for them an abundance of power which is not of man, but comes from a higher source, even from the throne of the Eternal God.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; C. A. Mc-Lendon, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. D. Graham, President; W. C. Pitts, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—C. A. McLendon, President; F. Fleming, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—W. P. Gee, President; H. K. Sanders, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1908—W. O. Pratt, Editor-in-Chief; Jack Spratt, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thos. W. Keitt, Superintendent; J. C. Pridmore, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Science Club-S. B. Earle, President; D. H. Henry, Secretary.
- Athletic Association-W. M. Riggs, President; J. W. Gantt, Secretary.
- Football Association—J. N. McLaurin, Captain Team '07-'08; R. A. Reid, Manager.
- Track Team-Jack Spratt, Captain; D. M. Fraser, Manager.
- Clemson College Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- German Club-C. W. Marston, President; J. M. Wylie, Secretary.
- Baseball Association-W. W. Kirk, Manager; A. C. Lee, Captain.
- The Tiger—G. G. Weathersbee, Editor-in-Chief; F. P. Caughman, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

You'll Shine In business or society, if you come to us for clothes. You needn't be anxious about your appearance. • We sell Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes, and that means quality, fit and style

The same standard of quality all throughout the store

B. O. Evans & Company

The Spot Cash

Clothiers

Anderson

South Carolina



KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

General office and factories, HOBOKEN, N. J.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO

Drawing Materials, Mathematical and Surveying Instruments, Measuring Tapes

Our Paragon Drawing Instruments enjoy an excellent and wide reputation. They are of the most precise workmanship, the finest and are made in the greatest variety. We have also KEY and other brands. We carry every requisite for the drafting room. We make the greatest variety of Engine-Divided Slide Rules and call especial attention to our Patented Adjustment which insures permanent, smooth working of the slides.

Our complete Catalogue (550 pages) on request Highest Awards: Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904; Gold Medal, Portland, 1905









