Clemson University **TigerPrints**

Clemson Chronicle Publications

1908

Clemson Chronicle, 1908-1909

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, 1908-1909" (1908). *Clemson Chronicle*. 42. https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson_chronicle/42

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 COLLEGE LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2013

Ryslace vol Stolen.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE

FORT HILL. S. C. S

VOLUME XII

OCTOBER

NUMBER 1



The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity

and

Class Inserts

for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class

Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms

SC LHI , C6C5 1908/09 (V.12)



Contents



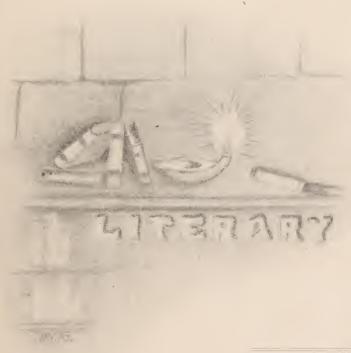
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE
The "Average Man"	. 1
Sing On	. ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
An Old Pair of Gloves	. 7
Duty	. 11
The Value of a Practical Education	. 11
Ernest to the Rescue	. 13
Eternity	. 15
Games, and Other Games	. 16
The Watchword of the Day	. 19
Clemson Song	. 21
Editorial	. 22
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	. 28
Y. M. C. A	. 31
Colleg Directory	

Interd at Ohn som College, S. C., Postoffic as second class mail matter.]

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1908. No. 1



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID,' 10 N. E. BYRD, '10

THE "AVERAGE MAN."

Beyond the mist of retreating centuries, we see the dim outlines of palaces and prison walls, and hear the faint cry of oppressed and weeping millions. The scene hangs like the

Complete in

mirage of a mystic city above Stygian waters. From the watch-tower of that spectral abode comes to us, on swift ethereal wings, the hollow voice of the watchman, telling the story of crowns of carnage and of slavery. They were slaves who built the great walls of China, slaves who reared the pyramids of Egypt, slaves who erected the classic monuments still visible in the nation-making peninsulas of the Mediterranean, and slaves again who scattered all over England the memorials of the Roman invasion.

Nor did the slavery of labor belong solely to the ancient world. It lingered among our more modern nations till, with the breaking up of the feudal system and the development of the burgher order, the long-crushed armies of the laboring classes, remembering the suffering forms of their fellow-comrades strewn along the pathway of oppression, rallied around the standard of truth and set up the banner of freedom. Thus the abject slave of antiquity has been enabled to become a living, moving, well-proportioned man—the average man of today.

"And freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won."

In other countries of the world, the average man is almost an imaginary character: we find the nobility at the top, the laboring classes at the bottom; but in our own land, where the emblem of liberty waves over seventy millions of happy people, he is indeed a reality. He is not the man who dwells in the mansion, nor the man who spends his millions. He is not the man of fashion who glories in his broadcloth, nor the man who stands a king in society. He is not heralded a national hero. But he is the simple man of truth, honor and virtue. He is the true, law-abiding citizen, who lives, not only for himself, but for others. He is the man who has for

his motto, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—who knows his duty and, knowing it, dares to do it though the heavens fall.

He goes forth into his field of labor, no matter what or where it may be, with a determination to accomplish something to benefit himself, his community, his State, and his nation. His it is to bring from the bowels of the earth crude ores and transform them into articles of usefulness and beauty; his it is to turn the fallow, scatter the seed, and reap the golden harvests to feed mankind; his it is to gather the gossamer web to feed mankind, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock, and weave them into raiment to clothe the world. And, looking beyond the scope of such activities into the blissful realm of the home, we see him nurturing those noble elements of character and manhood that give strength to the individual and vitality and power to the nation. He may never wear the poet's chaplet of bays or the stateman's laurels, he may never bring to a successful issue a great political revolution, his name may never be heard beyond the narrow confines of his own community, yet his mission is truly one of greatness, grandeur and glory.

The average man is a soldier in the ranks of the common people, and, in proportion as he is cultivated and developed, a giant of strength and usefulness is being reared in our midst. While it may be necessary that new countries and civilizations be marshalled by wise leaders, with followers of indifferent or meager intelligence, a country like ours must look for its well-being and perpetuity through the uplift of the average man—must feel the warm breath and pulse-beat of him who constitutes the vital force of her existence. He is the guardian of those ideal principles of citizenship that bind together into one inseparable union the people of our Commonwealth—principles written not in great statute books, stored not away in the archives of a nation's forgetful lore, but which are indelibly written in the honest heart of every

true American citizen; principles which he fosters in time of peace and stands ready to defend in time of war.

In 1776, when English oppression hung like a mighty pall over the thirteen colonies, he it was that kept alive the spark of patriotism. Forty years ago when war held in its gory grip the destiny of a proud people, he it was that maintained the honor and reputation of the North and the South. It is true that we had our great leaders, great statesmen and great generals, but it was not they alone who saved our country, who preserved our integrity. It was the indefatigable will and the superb heroism of the average man. With his steadfast loyalty, with his cheerful sacrifices, and, most of all, with his simple faith in God and the triumph of right—he it was who saved us in the times of supremest peril.

Think not, however, my friends that the highest type of bravery is manifested amid the shout and din of battle's roar: think not the greatest courage is displayed in the forum where intellect clashes with intellect. Far greater is the courage displayed by the average man in his silent effort and patient endeavor amid the humdrum duties of a life of daily toil. Though his name may not adorn the pages of history: though his deeds may not be heralded in poetry and song: though no marble shaft may mark his resting place, he is a hero great, grand and noble. Show me greater courage than that required to drive the locomotive through the midnight darkness over chasms all too unsafe on account of financial greed. Yea, show me nobler courage than that displayed by the dust-covered miner as he plies his pick and heaves his shovel, unafraid of the dangers lurking in the black about him. These are peerless representatives of the vast array of toilers who day after day and year after year perform in factory, field and quarry unrecorded deeds of heroism.

The coming age demands, not great masters of finance, not great captains of industry, but individual efficiency—men who with trained hands and intellect, are willing to unite

their every effort, aim and purpose into one supreme universal movement, the awakening of the giant forces that lie slumbering about us. It demands the effort of men who are worthy of our past and prophetic of our future; demands the effort of men of heart, conscience, brain and brawn. And, as the truest embodiment of these qualities, the average man is destined to be the most potent factor in shaping and directing the future of our country. All about us are unmistakable evidences of his worth and power. All about us are members of his valiant band, who, like armed warriors, like plumed knights, have hurled their shining lances of determination and purpose full and fair against the brazen foreheads of difficulty and disappointment and have arisen from the conflict bearing palms of victory, crowned with garlands of success. And now as we stand on the borderland of the twentieth century and look into the vista of the future, we see signs prophetic of still greater achievements to be wrought through his energetic, persevering effort.

The average man of America is interested in the lawmaking body of our country and in every public question that may arise. He is ever contending for the banishment of bribery, fraud and corruption in politics, and, through the glorious privilege of the ballot box, he will right these wrongs—rebuke the wayward politician. He loves honor, and honors whom he will. He despises hypocrisy and burns the demagogue in effigy. It is his to choose and his to reject; his to exalt and his to depose, and no earthly force can reverse his decrees. He spurns royalty, and acknowledges no title of nobility: yet every man is a sovereign and every woman a queen. Then let party remonstrate with party: let the centralization of wealth go on; let monopoly be piled upon monopoly and trust be linked upon trust, but when the free sovereign will of the average man shall demand the extinction of these illegal and baneful organizations, their doom will be sealed.

But the average man does not wield the sword of political power only. To him has been delegated a higher, a nobler and a grander work—the work of promulgating the principles of morality and spreading the blessed influence of Christianity. He is proud of our country's flag and delights to gaze on its bright folds; but with the light of true Christian character beaming from his countenance, he holds aloft to all the world the pure unstained banner of Christianity proclaiming, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Tell me not that his is an aimless life; tell me not that he is unworthy when today the greatest philanthropic enterprises, the noblest Christian institutions, the most chivalrous fraternal organizations, and the most far-reaching reformations are fostered and supported by his industry, sacrifice, benevolence and unswerving patriotism.

It is true that we are a great nation, crowned with vast and marvelous achievements, of the past three centuries, directed and controlled by a government the equal of which the world has never seen. Truly we are proud of her. We love her. We are willing to die for her. But this government lives, not by the might of its standing armies, not by the strength of protected battleships, not by the prestige of wide-extending territory; its vitality, prestige and power are fed from the deep fountain of the heart of the average man. He contributes most to a civilization breathing liberty and patriotism, claiming no affiliation with princes, asking no favor of royalty, seeking no enemies and fearing none, but building a governmental structure more imperishable than bronze—a structure that shall rise above the darkness of the storm, shine above the splendor of the noonday sun, and that shall grow stronger and nobler with the flight of time.

F. J. CRIDER, '08.

SING ON.

Sing on as down life's path you go;
Be not so dull and sad;
Sing on and all will sunshine be,
For we will all be glad.

Perhaps the thorns are thick and sharp,
As we go traveling on;
Yet we do know the Shepherd now
Is gently saying, "Come."

Thy weary feet may sometimes stray,
And hope seem almost gone;
But darkest night will turn to day
If we will but "sing on."

Beyond the clouds there is a light,
Which if we watch will dawn
To guide us safely through the night;
Then let us all "sing on."

Then when we reach the golden shore,
A new song will be given;
And while the ages ceaseless roll
We'll all sing on in Heaven.

AN OLD PAIR OF GLOVES.

As the cool October breeze stripped the stately old oaks and maples of their gay attire, and tossed the richly colored leaves to the ground, some pelted lightly upon the heads of a happy newly married couple—Captain and Mrs. Lowell. Mrs. Lowell had been Miss Lillian Fredrick, the blonde belle of the community; Capt. Charles Lowell was the bravest and handsomest man in the neighborhood.

"This afternoon," Mrs. Lowell was saying, as she leaned toward her husband and held a pair of time-colored gloves in her hand, "reminds me so much of the autumn afternoon long ago when I dropped my gloves upon the lawn."

A slight blush colored Captain Lowell's ruddy, handsome face, as he smiled affectionately into the innocent blue eyes of his little wife, then looked away as a flood of pleasant thoughts of the long ago engulfed his care-free mind.

The time to which Mrs. Lowell had reference was the autumn of the year 1898. Charles Lowell had just the June before graduated with honors from Clemson College, and Miss Lillian Fredrick, too, had at the same time taken her diploma from a prominent Southern institution. In view of the fact that Charles and Lillian had been playmates in childhood, had always been in the same class at school, and had graduated from the high school together, there had grown up between them a mutual feeling that could not be attributed to ordinary friendship. But in all these many years, notwithstanding the fact that Charles stood without a peer in bravery, he could not find courage enough to tell his love to this kind, pleasant little girl.

"Now that both she and I are through college, she very naturally expects me to propose, and I shall certainly not disappoint her," was the thought he continually kept in mind. But each time his most beautiful language, his most cloquent speech, his noblest appeal would vanish into nothingness when he looked into innocent Lillian's smiling blue eyes.

It was a beautiful, calm afternoon in October, a memorable Sunday afternoon, at least in the hearts of two people, when Charles Lowell, looking into the mirror to put the finishing touch to his tie, said, almost aloud, "I am going to tell her this evening; if I cannot find words with which to tell her, I am going to get this to her," as he glanced at a tightly folded piece of paper, held tightly between his thumb and forefinger.

A few hours later Charles was swinging and chatting with Lillian—or rather, Lillian was chatting while Charles sat in moody silence. He was in an attitude of listening, but his mind was working upon another thought—how to propose to Lillian. Several times he had worked himself up almost to the point of telling her, but some jovial, light remark from her, so far from his line of thought, as many times drove away his courage, as a cyclone would a straw. The sun was almost down, and he hadn't told her yet. He was walking with her back to the house, still she didn't know.

While walking with Lillian across the lawn to the house, Charles picked up a pair of gloves which Lillian had dropped a few hours earlier in the afternoon. After secretly putting the note into one of them, where he was sure she would find it, he gave them to her.

Charles went home and waited patiently, but no news came from Lillian. He grew anxious, but still nothing was heard. He became desperate, but to no avail. Finally, on the following Sunday, the community was startled with the surprising news that Charles Lowell had departed for Tampa, Fla., from where he was going to Cuba to join the American army. In the meantime Lillian, too, was looking and longing for Charles; but he did not come. To her, also, the anxiety became almost unbearable. And when she heard of Charles' departure for the army she, so heart-broken over what she considered his falsity, went North to visit some of her schoolmates.

Weeks came and went, and neither heard a word from the other. Weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, and still not a word passed between them. Lillian returned to her home and tried in vain to forget Charles Lowell. Charles, when his services were no longer needed in Cuba, went to the Philippines, with the vain hope of blotting out of his mind the remembrance of Lillian Fredrick; and yet no news found its way from one to the other.

Several years afterwards, when Lillian, for lack of anything else to do, was looking through some old clothes in an old trunk that had not been opened for many years, she came across an old pair of gloves, which she had not worn since the day she had last seen Charles Lowell. Just for curiosity, and for the sake of the pleasant memories associated with them. she tried them on; and, to her untold astonishment, she found a note, which proved to be nothing less than the proposal put in there ten years before by Charles Lowell. All was clear to her then. She understood. She was glad, and she was sorry; she laughed and she cried. She was glad Charles had not been false as she thought, and she was sorry, oh! so sorry, that she had not found the note before. Her one supreme thought was, "I must find him and explain." But, how could she do it? She could not advertise unless she told the whole story, and that she dared not do. But, nevertheless, her heart was set upon finding him; consequently, she made all preparation to become a twentieth century Evangeline.

A few hours before the time for her departure Lillian saw an account of how young Lieut. Charles Lowell, of South Carolina, had a few days before been dangerously wounded while with but a handful of men he checked what might have been a mighty rebellion. She had located her Charles. He was dangerously wounded, but covered with the true military glory of a hero.

As quickly as modern conveyances could take her, Lillian was in the Philippines. The manner of their meeting has never been told, but this we have learned from other sources: Lieut. Charles Lowell was promoted to the rank of captain for bravery, and Miss Lillian Fredrick returned to America Mrs. Captain Lowell. She still has the pair of gloves as a sacred keepsake.

O. M. C., '09.

DUTY.

Idle, idle all the day
Idly slipping time away,
Soon we will—but all too late—
Learn to labor—not to wait.

Let us then in bud of life
Face the trials, endure the strife,
Thus when we are worn in years,
Well may we rest from earthly cares.

Some day the youth shall change—not now— From golden threads to silvery brow; But we may sleep and know we've won The ever-joyous, "'Twas well done."

E. H. W., '09.

THE VALUE OF A PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

That almost all the tastes and the habits which the equality of condition engenders lead men to commercial and industrial occupations is a certified fact. Educators throughout the country realized this fact long ago, and for this reason began to establish training schools where the head and the hand could be trained to work together. It is just as essential in these lines of work as in any other walk of life that man exert much effort in the preparation for these duties, especially if any of them is to be a life-work, and the highest degree of success is to be attained.

We are living in an age of progress such as the world has never seen before. The sciences and the arts are so diversified that the human mind is not capable of intelligently comprehending the underlying principles of them all; and the human hand is incapable of performing the duties which more than one of these will require, if chosen as a profession.

Formerly it required wealth to accumulate knowledge, and, as a result, the means of getting an education was in the hands of a few. It is true that any kind of education costs a great deal of time, money, patience and endurance, but the opportunities of a college, even a classical, training, are within the reach of all classes today. But, knowing that high scholarship is a hard goal to reach, and, if ever reached gets favor from the classes so slowly, and the assurance of wealth much more slowly, it is not to be wondered that so many shrink from the laborious tasks which it demands. But if the highest attainments of the human intellect are within our reach and we fail to take advantage of them, we shall have reason to blush.

Knowledge to be effective must be practical. An education to be most effective must be practical. It should train the young men of our country to make the most of the many opportunities that are now within their reach. It should teach them the dignity of the different kinds of labor, and fit them to carry them on better than they have ever been carried on before. It should enable them to be masters, and not slaves, of the conditions about them. To see that a practical or scientific education is a necessity, we have only to look at the natural resources of the country that yet remain undeveloped. We would not for one moment underrate the value of a classical education, but there is a growing tendency to magnify the practical.

What we most need today is men who are prepared for developing the resources of the country. Not only now is this need felt, but it will be so even in the distant future, or until the number of prepared men exceeds that of today.

ERNEST TO THE RESCUE.

On a quiet Saturday afternoon in August a few years ago, Ernest Staunton sat astride his father's warehouse, which was on the rear of the store, pretending to stop a leak in the roof, but in reality he was throwing crackers to a visiting dog, trying to entice him into a fight with his bull terrier, lying in readiness for the impending fray.

"Ernest, you have been on that roof long enough to have shingled the whole building. Come down, and go bring me a pitcher of cool water."

Ernest had really gone no farther with his job than to rip up the damaged shingle. He thought a moment as to whether he should tell his father that he hadn't finished his work, or whether he should leave the shingle out and "keep mum." It didn't take long for him to decide, for he knew that if he left the hole in the roof and the ladder at the building there would be a chance for him to catch Mrs. Bennett's cat in the warehouse next morning. Mrs. Bennett was accustomed to seeing her cat, with a tin can on its tail, chased down town by Ernest's bull terrier. Ernest put the shingle in his blouse, slipped down the roof, left the ladder standing and ran after the water for his father. He stopped long enough at the corner of the store to see his pup roll the visiting dog out of the gate.

Ernest Staunton was a boy about fifteen years old, neither too tall nor too stout for his age, but of medium stature and very muscular. He had sharp grey eyes, which showed mischief in time of play and strength and courage in time of trouble. A close observer would say at once that all this boy needed was the opportunity and he would become a college favorite, in both scholarship and athletics. He was quarterback on the football team at school, and was anything but full-back in his studies. Ernest was a great favorite among the boys in town, for it was he who taught them to swim, fly

kites, shoot marbles, spin tops, and to do many other things that bring joy to a boyish heart.

After seeing his game rooster whip Mr. Smoak's "dominecker," Ernest started back to the store with his pitcher of water. He had gone only a short distance when he heard vile cursing in the direction of the blacksmith shop. As we have seen, Ernest was fond of witnessing a scrap; therefore, we are not surprised at his putting down his burden and running toward the scene of impending action.

"John Denton, you owe me for a pistol you got six months ago. I want you to pay me or give me back the gun."

"D—— you; I'll give you what there is in the old gun, if you'll take that."

This is the conversation Ernest heard as he approached the shop. He saw at once that Denton was under the influence of whiskey, and he knew that Mr. Winston had been ill and was not able to fight. Netwithstanding his poor physical condition, to be cursed by a drunkard was more than Mr. Winston could stand. He picked up a wagon-spoke, lying nearby, and hit Denton over the head. Denton became furious, and, rushing backward, he fumbled his pockets in search of a weapon. A quart bottle of one-X fell from his hip-pocket, then he reached into his coat and pulled out a large forty-four calibre pistol. Mr. Winston was now standing within a few paces, seemingly unable to come farther. Denton raised his gun level with Mr. Winston's breast, saying, "I'll put out your lights right now." The click was heard as he cocked the pistol, then he pulled the trigger and the gun fired—but the bullet missed its mark.

When Ernest ran up, his first thought was how to save Mr. Winston and not injure his assailant. The only way Ernest knew to do this was to get hold of Denton's pistol. As soon as he heard the click of the gun as it was being cocked, he threw himself on Denton's back, caught the pistol in both hands and gave him a knee trip, which sent him flying to the

ground. So intent was the drunken man upon killing Mr. Winston that he fired his gun as he was falling, the bullet going through the leg of Ernest's trousers.

The assistant blacksmith helped Ernest hold Denton until the police arrived, and in a few minutes Ernest's friends were crowded around congratulating him on his bravery. Mr. Winston's appreciation towards Ernest was unbounded.

Sometimes yet Ernest enjoys a dog fight or a cat chasing, but his thoughts are usually upon subjects of much deeper meaning. The hero of our story is now a student of one of the largest colleges of the South. Ernest has been given the opportunity, and he is surely making good.

ETERNITY.

Eternity creeps as the hidden snake, Many a life is at the stake, Many a man in tempest tossed Has gasped for breath, but still was lost.

There is no pilot at the helm To guide the ship to other realm; There is no helpmate in the sea To guide our weary steps to Thee.

The days of eternity never end, On me, on you, 'twill all depend. Are we to live and die in vain, Or, dying, shall we live again?

Eternity's stone is quickly rolling Ever onward, past controlling; Soon the time of man is o'er, Then eternity's "evermore."

E. H. Wood, '09.

GAMES, AND OTHER GAMES.

In response to an invitation, received only a short time before, Ralph McCrady and Joe Norton might have been seen packing everything that they could think of as indispensable to high sport on the western coast of Florida. In fact they had decided to spend the rest of their summer vacation at "The Palms," the beautiful home of Joe's uncle, Henry Norton. This was in 1900.

Ralph and Joe were both sophomores at C—— College previously to this vacation, and had ranked among the first in their class; so they truly deserved the certificate required for the junior class. On the athletic field they held their places and did credit to the team, football and baseball in their respective seasons.

At 9:30 a. m., July 21st, the lumbering noises of No. 36 were heard just out of the city. The boys were shaking hands with all around, as all were their friends. "All aboard," and the train moved on toward that country where the orange-blossoms grow. They arrived at Tampa, for this is Mr. Norton's nearest depot, in due time. Mr. Norton himself met them with a two-horse wagon, but the boys were glad of the change, however. On the way to "The Palms" they saw a great deal of game crossing the road, so there seemed no difficulty in the way of hunting, and they found later that the fishing facilities were just as favorable.

When they reached "The Palms" they found Mrs. Norton, a prim little woman, bustling about in the kitchen, preparing a late dinner for them. The boys were kept equally busy in answering Mrs. Norton's questions as in satisfying their appetites.

Soon after dinner Ralph and Joe took possession of the little skiff that Mr. Norton had purchased for their benefit, and proceeded to replenish the larder with meat. Mr. Norton

assigned them the pleasant, but still useful, position of "meat winners" of the family.

They, being somewhat skillful in the management of boats, spent the greater part of their time on the water. They made frequent trips to a large port, about six miles to the south of Mr. Norton's. On these trips they could not help but admire a fine, white house, with stately columns in front, set in the midst of a beautiful orange grove. This home was about half-way between Mr. Norton's and the port. However much they admired this house, it never occurred to them to ask Mr. Norton who lived there.

Now, strangers in Florida are often amazed at the marvelously short time required for a storm to appear and then envelope everything in its dark clothing. The boys were warned of this, however, so that, should they perceive one coming, they might use their time for acting and not for thinking. It was quite well that they were informed, too, for on their little expeditions they often made very narrow escapes.

On one especial evening the boys were leaving the port, not knowing whether they could "make it" home or not, but, boylike, they determined to try it. The clouds were flying fast, the waves were rising higher and higher each minute, the boys lost all control of the skiff and were left to the mercy of the storm. But Providence was with them, as they saw a glimmering light not very far away. Both boys turned the boat loose and allowed the waves to wash them ashore. They then struggled to their feet and started for their goal—the light.

This light, they were pleased to find, was in the large house in the grove. Their knock was answered by a genial little man in a smoking jacket. This was Mr. Alden, a retired merchant. Mr. Alden showed them up to his own room, and got a change of dry clothes (I'll admit they were a

little short) for each. Mr. Alden recognized Joe at once as kin to Mr. Norton, on account of the similarity of their faces. When they came back to the sitting room, they met two charming young ladies, Mary and Nellie Alden.

After supper the young folks, joined by Mr. and Mrs. Alden, played several enjoyable games. Ralph and Mary, Joe and Nellie, and Mr. and Mrs. Alden were usually partners in these games. Mr. and Mrs. Alden invariably lost in whatever game was played, but they enjoyed the evening nevertheless. So did the young folks. In addition to these games they had a candy-pulling, which was also very interesting. After this they retired.

After the storm had abated somewhat, Mr. Alden sent one of his negro laborers to inform Mr. Norton of the boys' safety.

It is needless to say that the boys' and girls' dreams were pleasant ones. No; you will have to imagine for yourself the nature of their dreams.

Several years had elapsed, and the boys had graduated and become adepts in their respective vocations. It was in the spring of 1907 that the two large houses near Mr. Alden's were built. These were built under the direction of agents, so it was unknown for several months who their real owners were. On the seventh anniversary of that memorable storm Mr. R. C. McCrady and Mr. J. H. Norton again appeared at the home of Mr. Alden. Simple games were played again, in memory of the former ones. But the Rev. Mr. Hart was judge in a more serious game, and awarded one prize to Ralph and another to Joe. Each cherishes his prize very much. Mary McCrady occupies one of the new houses and Nellie Norton the other.

THE WATCHWORD OF THE DAY.

We are all admonished by the divinity that stirs within us, as well as by experience in human affairs, that there are eternal principlies which can never be subverted and truths which can never die. I know not where this can be more strikingly demonstrated than by saying that education has become the watchword of the day. Not only has education become the ruling passion in the world, but it is also insisted upon as a panacea for all evils, whether they be foreign, domestic, industrial, social or political; and in some cases it is being substituted for religion. What is the great demand of our time that is being so constantly agitated throughout this Southland of ours? It is for a better education; not education obtained merely for social decoration; not education whose solar heights only reaches the castle of indolence; not education which tends to make merely money-making machines of men, but it is for education sought in the spirit of education—education by which the innate possibilities may be developed, the mind broadened, and the intellectual activities cultivated. It is for education sought in its natural bounds and laid in principles which seek to intensify the uplifting of a community to a higher and better plane. This must not only embrace the mind, but the body as well. We should have physical training as well as mental training. A welltrained mind in a well-trained body is not like starting a great engine on an ocean liner a little out of plumb, thereby destroying it by friction, but it is like founding an organization upon a solid foundation where, by running it right, it goes on and on for generations. It is incumbent upon every parent to see that his child has this two-fold development. Today we have problems confronting us such as the world has never seen, and he who is not intellectually developed is wholly unable to grapple with these problems, and, therefore, sooner or later, he must experience inevitable failure.

We need leaders of men in every walk of life, men in our industrial and in our intellectual life, and we know that only education can give that qualified leadership. Suppose the young men of today were to analyze their ambition and each define his goal twenty years hence: it would be the president of a bank or a great corporation, the head of a large firm, the foremost place in the chosen profession of law, or, perhaps, a seat in Congress. And now here comes the surprising and encouraging truth, that these great prizes of life are not hard for the well-equipped to attain. All that you have to do is to let each day mark an unfolding of your best, and this will be the largest life that you can live. Education is not a finality, but a preparation which does not look backward to a musty antiquity, but onward to a coming age of larger promise.

Education begins at home, where the character is formed. The parent is the first teacher of the child, and "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." The second place of training for the youth is in the schoolroom; and how many people neglect the duty here to their children! Some do not care whether their children attend school or not; others seem to have no interest in the welfare of their children and let them go whenever they please; others send for a few weeks and soon find an excuse for stopping them, which is generally with the teacher. Some claim that the sacrifice is too great. though it may be such to send a child to school or to college, still, if he is sent in such a way, he will realize it and some day more than repay for all the sacrifices made, and the parents will never regret what they have done, but will be only too proud of their boy, and will feel that he has hved in the world for something. But sometimes young people are not willing to devote themselves to the slow and laborious process of studying. They prefer to soar into eminence upon the wings of genius, but whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may bestow upon her favorites, only to the studious and laborious does she grant success.

And now, finally, you boys are the diamonds of the South. Do not squander your time; for life, however short, is made still shorter by the waste of time. How you do enjoy to speak of Anglo-Saxon superiority and harp on white man's supremacy! History repeats itself, and we shall see in the not far distant future, as we have seen in the past, "the rarest jewels in Columbia's crown will be diamonds dug from Dixic."

H. K. S.

CLEMSON SONG.

Oh, yes, I am a Clemson lad,
And glory in the name;
I boast of it with greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
I envy not the other schools
Or collegs around,
Though all may boast of "mortar-board"
And classic trailing gown.
The Clemson band's a glorious corps,
And has a glorious cause;
So give three cheers for Clemson's right,
And for the Clemson boys!

So, now young man, a word to you:

If you would win the fair

Come to Clemson, where honor calls,

And win your sheepskin there;

Remember, 'tis our highest aim

The South's good name to stay,

And that our love pours out to those

Who wear the suits of gray.

H. K. S.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. Clark, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. Sanders, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department

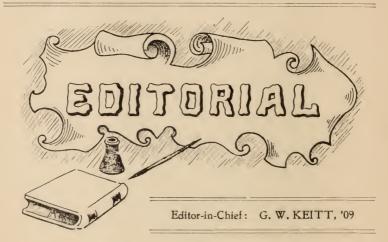
Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

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... 12 00 One inch, per year..... 5 00



Once again Father Time has turned a page in his volume of years, and, with the new college year, come corresponding changes and responsibilities. Not the least apparent have been the changes in The Chronicle staff, since Greeting. but one man of last year's staff is left. Thus it is, indeed, with great hesitancy, that we, the new staff, assume our duties and responsibilities, and present to

the public, in this issue of The Chronicle, our maiden effort in the field of journalism. We fully appreciate the quality of the work done by the staff of last year, and can only hope that our work may attain to the high standard which they have set for us. However poor, therefore, kind reader, our efforts may appear in your eyes, we can only say that we have put forth our best efforts, and that, after all, "It is better to have strived and failed than never to have had a striving worthy of being called a failure."

"Why, hello, there, old Pal! Hello, Bill—Sam—Jim! Gee, but it's good to see you good-for-nothing old rascals again! Did you? Yes? Just left the sweetest little— Aw, forget it! Say, come 'round to No. — when you can. The New So long!" Yes, the new school year has really Year. begun. How are we going to spend its precious months, so fraught with joy and sorrow, opportunity and temptation, success and failure? Will we be content to scrape through on sixty, as we did last year? Are we once more going to wait until "next year" to join a literary society? Will we wait until the "next issue" before writing our story for The Chronicle? Will we go out upon the football field "tomorrow afternoon?"

On account of our depleted numbers, the work for this session will be unusually heavy. It must be done, and it will be done. Will you do your share? Brace up, fellows, "put your shoulders to the wheel:" and even though we labor under a disadvantage, let us bend all our energies toward making this year of old Clemson's history—proud as is her past record—the most successful year of her eminently prosperous existence.

It is our desire to point out briefly, for the especial benefit of the new students, some of the things that help to make Clemson what she is today, and to urge them to cooperate with us in our efforts to maintain for these instituStudent tions the high standard set for us by our
Organizations. predecessors. It is such organizations as
the literary societies, the college publications, the Y. M. C. A., and athletics that lift our college out
of the limited sphere of the "trade school," and enable her to
turn out—not mere farmers and mechanics—but polished men,
well-rounded mentally, morally, physically.

The Literary Societies.—It is our fixed belief that, besides being a source of genuine enjoyment, the literary societies present to the earnest worker a greater field of opportunity than does any one branch of study in his regular college course. Through society work one may gain ease, polish, readiness, self-possession, ambition, an insight into human nature, and last, but not least, the powers of speaking the English language correctly and of thinking while upon his feet. In the life of every man there will surely come a time, not necessarily in the halls of Congress or before the directors of some great enterprise, but somewhere, sometime, when the presence or the absence of these very qualities will mean to him success or failure.

Many a time have we heard graduates, when leaving this institution, say that the chief regret of their college life was not having joined a literary society; never have we heard a man regret the little time and less money spent in society work. Now, while habits are easily formed, is the time; the literary societies have proved themselves to be the place; yours is the opportunity for improving yourselves. In behalf of the three literary societies, we not only extend to each and every student—old and new—a cordial invitation to attend their meetings, but we urge you, in justice to yourselves, to your college, and to those who are sending you here, to take advantage of the opportunities offered by society membership

and to do all within your power to maintain for these organizations the proud record of the past.

The College Publications.—In our opinion, the college publications fulfill a three-fold mission. To the individual they furnish an opportunity to learn to write easily, to express himself well, to develop ideas, to cultivate literary talent. To the institution they afford organs through which the problems pertaining to college life may be discussed, its traditions and epochs recorded, and its work and history made known to the public. Among the colleges, as among individual students, these publications form bonds of sympathy and create a feeling of fraternity which adds greatly to the pleasure of our collegiate and intercollegiate relations. Taken all in all, then, we may say that these publications perform functions which no other organs can perform, and fill a gap which no first-class institution can, or will, afford to leave open.

The Y. M. C. A.—Through the untiring efforts of our general secretary, Mr. Legate, and the faithful support of the faculty and the student-body, our Young Men's Christian Association has grown with unprecedented rapidity. Though instituted primarily for the moral and spiritual uplift of young men, our Y. M. C. A. has always sought to encourage mental and physical development as well. Besides securing for us some of the very best religious lecturers in the United States, our Association offers to the cadets that homelike atmosphere so seldom found at college—yet so dear to the heart of every true man. Thus, if you are homesick, come to the Y. M. C. A., and if you are not, why come anyway. You will find the best men in college there.

ATHLETICS.—While we cannot go into anything like an exhaustive discourse upon athletics, we esteem it our duty to say a few words in behalf of that phase of college life which

tends to develop the physical man. In years past Clemson has made for herself a proud record in football, baseball and track work, and now gymnasium exercises and tennis are coming rapidly into prominence. In these various sports there is a place for every man. Though, perhaps, you might be of no earthly use upon the gridiron, who knows but that you could do the hundred in ten flat? The best way to find out is to go out and try the things in turn, until you find your place; then go in and win.

It is upon the athletic field that the man of brain becomes also the man of brawn. It is upon the athletic field that one learns those lessons of perseverance, self-control, agility, strength, endurance—lessons of such vital importance in after life. It is upon the athletic field that friends grow closer than brothers. It is there that college spirit is fostered, and courtesy toward "the foe" is to the highest degree encouraged. There it is that the hard-working student—whether player or spectator—may relax long enough to get the benefit of the fresh air and sunshine. Thus, even putting aside the physical development which they bring about, the different branches of athletics form one of the chief sources of good wholesome college spirit, and enable one to derive the greatest possible amount of benefit from his college course.

GREAT interest is being manifested by the corps as to our chances of attending the State Fair. Those of us who are so fortunate as to have been with the corps in Columbia three years ago find our memories full of pleasant. The State recollections of happy days spent in our Capitol Fair. City among friends from all over the State. Even putting aside everything but the educational value of such a trip, we consider our time and money as well spent. From a military standpoint, what can be of more value to the cadet than a week of actual camp life under military discipline? From an educational standpoint, what

can be of more value to the student of an agricultural and mechanical college than a week spent among the best machinery, the best produce and the most wide-awake men of the State?

The fact that the Clemson Alumni are to have a reunion in Columbia during Fair Week makes us all the more anxious to be there. However, we can but hope with the rest, that it may be our good fortune to be present.



Editors:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

To all of our exchanges, we extend our hearty greetings; and not only shall we be glad to see every old exchange on our table, but we shall be glad to welcome any new ones.

As this is the first issue the present staff is to publish, we will say at the outset that it is with a feeling of awe we undertake this difficult task. There are some pleasures and many annoyances attached to everything we undertake, but in the discharge of this duty we trust that we shall be able to say at the end of this session that the pleasure exceeded the work. The exchange editor comes in touch with other colleges through their respective magazines, and it is he who is responsible for many of the friendships formed, as well as the enemies. If any criticism we make should be unjust, we beg you to ascribe it to our inexperience and incompetency rather than to any selfish or revengeful motive. Above all, let the writer of any material criticised by us not become discouraged and abandon trying to write, for who is he that is perfect in the art of writing? Let this be a year of encouraging effort in the literary work of undergraduates, and let all strive toward the accomplishment of raising the standard of the exchange department as a means of communication between magazines. Let the department be ruled by a spirit of friendly emulation, instead of a spirit of intense rivalry. We do not intend to discourage young writers by selecting only

the scum of college literature to criticise, leaving the more worthy matter to go unspoken of. The critic should find the gems. Anyone can find the flaws, but the full merit of the best is at most times hard to comprehend. We do not intend to ignore all that is bad, but surely more time will be given to that which is instructive and ennobling.

In response to the suggestion made in William and Mary Literary Magazine, relative to every magazine's stating, at the beginning of the session, its conception of the puropse of the exchange department, we say that though we are a new staff and have had no experience whatever in this line of work, nevertheless this fact does not prevent anyone from speaking his opinion. We wonder how many regard this important place only as a repository for borrowed jokes and rhymes, or as a department by which a carping, quarrelsome set of cynics, because of some unfavorable criticism made about their magazine may, through its columns, seek revenge, or from the outcropping of an inherent desire for trival controversy may fill its columns full of sneers, threats and challenges? Surely there are none who sanction such views, and surely there are none who favor such; if so, may the wind of annihilation blow such approval from them. It is through the medium of the exchange department that the standard of magazines may be raised, and it is through the medium of the exchange department that communication between magazines can be had, thus obtaining the highest possibilities of mutual assistance toward the accomplishment of a great and noble aim. Take this department from our magazines and just as surely as swallows follow summer, so would a lower standard of literary merit follow in our line of work. No one knows your real standing in your class except the section that recites with you; no one knows how much work you put on your books except the professor who instructs you; but whenever a college magazine goes to the exchange table of other colleges, it is by the material which it contains that the standard of the college is judged.

Let there be freedom of speech. Can silence be more effectual than stirring words of eloquence to convey to the minds of others the sublime thoughts of perplexing problems that daily confront us, and demonstrate the invincible truths that underlie these problems? Silence in time of need may be best and silence at another time may not be best, still it is pretty well admitted by all that silence does not always mean wisdom, nor is it always the herald of joy.

Finally, may an ever-inappeasable longing to write something for the college magazine move every member of the student-body, and may each be satisfied only when he has unfolded his best determined efforts toward the accomplishment of this purpose. So, here is to the success of the exchange department of all the magazines, and whenever the heart has ceased to quicken with words of praise and the ear no longer responds to sounds of appreciation, then, and not until then, may the loyalty to the department become chilled.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

A Word of Welcome.

To both the new and old students, a hearty welcome and an urgent invitation is given to take part in the Y. M. C. A. work. Many of the new students are lonely and homesick; any and every Y. M. C. A. man will be glad to help him.

Here at college there are none of the home influences; the nearest approach is found in the Y. M. C. A. And, boys, the Y. M. C. A. needs your support as much as you need these influences. Many of the new fellows ask, "What will I get by joining the Y. M. C. A.?" And then they are told of the tennis court, socials, and so on. That is not the right way to look at it; rather ask yourself, "In what way can I help the Y. M. C. A.?"

Our secretary will be here soon, we hope, and then every student will be gladly assisted in any way they devise. Any puzzling questions which confront you will be undertaken by the Y. M. C. A. men. You are welcome to all the meetings and at the secretary's room at all times.

College Night.

Tuesday night, September the 15th, was observed as College Night by the students here. The meeting was for the purpose of giving the new boys a fuller idea of the various phases of college life. Mr. Legate, our former secretary, acted as presiding officer. Nearly the entire corps was present, and great enthusiasm was aroused.

The Literary Societies, the Honor System, the College Publications, Athletics and the Y. M. C. A. were presented in order.

Professor Daniel gave an excellent address on the Y. M. C. A. work and its importance. It is encouraging to know that the professors take an active part in our work, and we appreciate it.

A little while was spent in practising yells and songs. Each year two popular cadets are elected "Chief Rooters" for the various games. It was planned to elect these men, but our time was limited. Such meetings do much toward arousing friendly feeling and college spirit, and it would be well to have them oftener.

The Opening of the Y. M. C. A.

The opening exercises of the Young Men's Christian Association were held in Memorial hall Sunday night, September 13, 1908. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. Ray H. Legate, our former secretary, who is on his way to New Haven. After a short prayer and song service, Mr. Legate, in a forcible manner, introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. J. H. Graves, of this place. Mr. Graves spoke for a short while on the attitude of a young man toward right living, or the questions a young man would naturally ask himself in regard to his relationship with a business proposition. Mr. Graves applied these questions to a young

man's relationship with Jesus Christ. Mr. Graves presented his thoughts in a clear, forcible manner, and impressed the importance of grave consideration as to what our attitude shall be in regard to religious matters. Some of the people on the "Hill" were present. It gives us new strength and courage to know that they are taking an interest in our work. We gladly welcome them to our meetings. The presence of Mr. Legate was an inspiration to us. The meeting was very beneficial, and all who attended will enter into their work with greater zeal.

Our Delegation at the Conference.

Clemson had twenty students and two professors at the Asheville Conference, last June. Each year our delegation grows larger. Our men were among the leaders in everything, and we ought to feel proud of them.

Professor Daniel made one of the greatest speeches of the occasion, and the crowds went wild over him. Now he has requests from all over the country, asking him to speak. The mornings were spent in the different parts of the conference work; the afternoons were given to athletics and amusements.

We won the pennant for championship on track. This is in a great measure due to Mr. Byrd, who won in three races and broke the Southern record for broad jump. He cleared twenty-one feet and seven inches. Clemson had five of her varsity track men there, and they all showed to good advantage.

Our team did not win the baseball game, though it pushed the University of Alabama in a game of 2 to 0, in favor of Alabama. In next issue a fuller account will be given, taking up more of the details of the conference.

Bible Study.

The Bible study prospects are brighter this term than ever before. Last year regular training classes were organized and sixty-five men were prepared to lead classes this year. Of the sixty-five leaders trained last year, all but five are back ready for work.

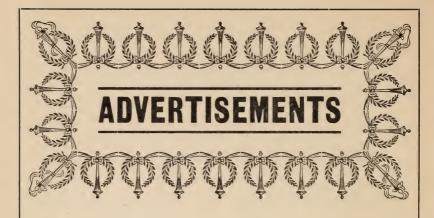
The college course offers no study of the Bible. The Bible is the most widely read book in English literature. It therefore follows that a young man's education is not complete without a fair knowledge of the Bible. These groups of six or eight men gather every Sunday night for an hour. The students who lead the classes are not spoken of as teachers, but as leaders, and as such they enter into the work.

The new men are urged to join a Bible class. There is a regular four-year course offered, and it is better to take them in order, though many take the course they prefer, regardless of its complexity. The only very great difference is in the time it requires for preparation of the lesson. With such an efficient committee on Bible study, the work should be more thorough and more enjoyable than ever before.

Clemson stands fifth in the United States for the number of students in Bible study. Last year there were nearly five hundred enrolled. Can't we at least equal that this year?

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—G. W. Keitt, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—O. M. Clark, President; L. W. Summers, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—J. H. Earle, President; W. D. Barnett, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; H. W. McIver, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas 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—S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Team—F. Fleming, Captain; , Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger—O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers

The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity

and

Class Inserts

for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class

Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE
The History of Thanksgiving	. 37
Autumn	. 42
The Razorback	. 43
Sadness and Gladness	. 50
The Fruits of Ambition	. 51
"Winning the Meadow"	. 54
The Rat's Gun	. 56
A Purpose in Life	. 57
At Home Once More	. 58
"Big Bob's" Last Game	. 61
"Mächtig der Stunden"	. 65
Editorial	. 66
Exchange	. 73
Y. M. C. A	. 79
COLLECT DIRECTORY	83

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 2



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

"THE HISTORY OF THANKS-GIVING."

To enable us to realize more fully the value of the great inheritance which came from that band of sturdy pioneers on the "Mayflower," and to appreciate more fully our twentieth century thanksgiving, it is indispensable, for those of us who are inclined to be oblivious, to refresh our memories with a review of the most important features connected with the first celebration. History tells us that the leaders were all young, and that the fondest tendrils of hope closely entwined around each one's heart. Surely this remarkable spirit of hope was shown by the persevering energy and undaunted courage with which they met cold, hunger, and danger; and surely by knowing their history, we, in the midst of our plenty and prosperity, can get a better realizing sense of the privileges and luxuries we enjoy.

While the sea beat angrily against the stubborn shore amid a blinding storm of snow and sleet, the Plymouth colony landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, and they immediately began to hew logs and to haul them to the chosen spot for the purpose of building a hut. The only covering that could be obtained was frozen sod, and, in consequence of this fact, the women naturally suffered most from privations and colds. The first to be buried in the little churchyard on the wind-swept summit of Coles Hill were the young wives of the sturdy old Capt. Miles Standish, William Bradford, and Edward Winslow. Soon others were added to the number in the churchyard until half the company rested there without even a mound to mark their burial place lest the cruel savages learn of the diminished number of the colonists. Before the winter was over, there were only seven men who had sufficient strength to administer to the wants of the sick, and to bury the dead. Notwithstanding this fact, courage and hope were not downed by the heavy ordeal; for the few weak and ill survivors were able to "thank God and take courage!" As William Bradford expressed it: "They knew that they were pilgrims and looked not much on those things, but lift their eyes to ye heavens, their dearest countrie, and quieted their spirits."

After the hard winter had passed away, it was in the fall after a bright summer that these famous pioneers instituted the happy harvest or Thanksgiving festival that has been a permanent feature on the autumn calendar ever since. Edward Winslow described it thus:

"We set the last spring some twenty acres of corn and sowed some acres of barley and peas. Our corn did prove well, God be praised, our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth harvesting. Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much game as, with a little help besides, served the whole company almost a week, at which time among other recreations, we exercised our arms. Many of the Indians arrived among us, and among the rest their great king, Massasoit, with ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on the governor, the captain and others."

The first celebration of Thanksgiving by these people is interesting. Every morning at dawn, the cannon on the hill nearby belched forth its thunderous salute, impressing the savages with the power of their new friends. Immediately after dinner each day a company, consisting of twenty soldiers, gave their drills, while the Indians followed along in the celebration with their war dances. The English and Indians joined in their athletic contests. Every day there was a prayer service with singing of hymns and preaching, a fact which set the keynote for all that have followed combining sociability, recreation and feasting with religious exercises. In 1623, after a glorious rain which saved the crops after a long dry period, the devout Governor Bradford issued a second call for a Thanksgiving celebration by a day of thanksgiving and prayer after harvest; and,

from this, the observance became a general custom. As the country opened up, the Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims was regularly observed, the custom traveling westward much faster than in the south; nevertheless, on the other hand, the south finally began to regularly observe the day in compliance with the usages of their homefolks at the north, at least so far as the dinner of plum pudding and turkey was involved until in Maryland and Virginia history tells us that the Thanksgiving idea was cordially received, and its observance was regularly named by the governors.

Even before the Revolutionary war, Thanksgiving had become a well established local anniversary. It is interesting to note that the first national Thanksgiving was observed in 1777, during the progress of the Revolution, when Henry Laurens of South Carolina was president of the first Continental Congress. On October 30, 1777, just after Congress had received the news of the victory of Gates at Saratoga and after the surrender of the entire British army under Burgoyne, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, Sam'l Adams, of Massachusetts, and General Roberdeaux, of Pennsylvania, were appointed as a committee to draw up a proclamation of Thanksgiving; and a letter containing this proclamation was sent to each governor of the original thirteen States by the president of the Continental Congress appointing December 18th as a national Thanksgiving Day.

George Washington, in 1789, in compliance with a resolution of Congress, set apart November 26th as a day of thanksgiving and prayer by the people "for the many and singly favors of Almighty God, and especially by affording them an opportunity to peacefully establish a form of government."

Following this, Washington designated Thursday, February 19, 1795, as a day to thank God for our exemption from foreign war, and "for the internal tranquility of the nation secured by suppressing insurrection." These were

observed in addition to the customary New England Thanksgiving in November. Numerous special national Thanksgivings were held during the Revolution, and during the Civil war; but, finally, in 1862, the local and the national Thanksgiving became one and the annual festival in the fall was observed throughout the entire country. Finally, in 1870, by an act of Congress, it took its place on the calendar of national legal holidays.

Like the freedom-loving Puritans of the Plymouth colony, the early founders of this grand republic of ours were grateful to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for their many blessings, and they leaned on His divine strength in time of imminent danger. As they had a keen relish for festivals and merry-making, naturally, feasting and plenty of cheer accompanied each occasion. The very best specimens of fruit that had been grown during the year were put away for Thanksgiving; while autumn leaves were oiled and pressed to be used in decorations for the house and the table. For this grand occasion, all dressed in their gaudy autumn colors, and if snow happened to be on the ground at the time, they were all the more delighted. The children gathered about the old-fashioned fireplace, while the fire cracked and filled the room with its ruddy glow, and here they would talk, laugh, roast apples in the fire and crack nuts, a merriment which caused the Thanksgiving gatherings of families and friends to be the gladdest of all the year. It was here that the qualities of our foremothers shone so resplendent from a domestic standpoint, and to these gatherings are to be attributed the cause of the family reunions and feasts which contribute to the general joy and gladness as well as shedding the radiance of sympathy and cordial hospitality all about them.

Nowadays, the entire community, the church, and the home all unite in our Thanksgiving Day celebrations. At the churches, the chancel and the rail are adorned with the

best fruits, while the generous and prosperous give gifts to those who are less fortunate than they. Many of the old customs of our forefathers are sustained today—services in the church, family gatherings, and the turkey and pie-laden table. As game has become scarcer now than when it was in the days of the early founders of our country, Thanksgiving has become a day of excursion, recreation and sport. As one of the happiest of the holidays, it is dear to the hearts of the American people, especially to the student.

"SNIPE."



AUTUMN.

When summer droops her weary head,
And into autumn's arms outspread,
Sinks unresisting, unafraid,
To yield to him her vigor glad,
When, full of tender, loving care,
He places o'er her lowly bier
A mantle glorious, rich and rare,
Men say 'tis sad.

The weeping willow's trailing bough Sheds tears of crystal dew; and moan, In melancholy monotone,. The winds that through its branches sough, The songbird sings a requiem, The glorious leaves which eddy round Fall but to deck the new-made mound Where summer buried is to them.

Yet, then it is I love to roam Through field and wood and make my home, E'en though, perchance, but for an hour, In nature's fair autumnal bow'r—

To pause in some secluded dell, And wholly yield to nature's spell, Forgetful all of sordid cares, Apart from worldly hopes and fears.

For me no sadness holds its sway, No sorrow mars the perfect day. Stretched out full length at ease I lie, In happy dreamy revery, Where filtered sunlight sportive plays With gentle zephyrs through a maze Of gorgeous color, tint, and shade That human art dare not invade.

All nature sings in unison
A subtle, silent, symphony:—
The reaper, Death, is but a pawn
In life's great game of destiny;
The sweet and solemn autumn-tide
Is but the summer glorified;
The smallest leavevs, wind-tossed and whirl'd,
Have helped to make a fairer world;
And when the season's course is run,
Again will shine the summer's sun.

'09.



THE RAZORBACK.

What a subject!

And yet, to the tall, eager man lying in the sedge grass in the corner of the rail fence, "The Razorback" was a subject about which many things might be said—some of them not at all complimentary to the animal in question. For the Razorback, you must know, was just what his name shows him to be: one of those lean, sinewy, fleet-footed primitive hogs which are becoming scarcer and scarcer in the more thickly settled parts of the South. Whether they are degenerated domestic swine or partly tamed native hogs it is difficult to decide, but certain it is that they were once plentiful in the backwoods country of the Southern States.

But the Razorback was an unusual member of his tribe. At the shoulders he stood probably three feet high, and at the middle of his bowed-up back he was taller still. His thick, upstanding bristles also added to his formidable appearance. His long snout was flanked by a pair of enormous tusks, and his wicked little eyes, set in the sides of his narrow, flat face, were overshadowed by his enormous, upstanding ears.

This was the monster which Frank Farland watched from his hiding-place in the sedge. On the other side of the fence was his little crop of sweet potatoes, now nearly ready to harvest; and somewhere near the middle of the "patch," out of sight behind the stumps and bushes—for the ground was freshly cleared—the cunning marauder was having a feast on the fruits of Farland's toil. Now and then the watcher caught a glimpse of the muddy, bristly coat, but never enough to enable him to use the deadly rifle which rested in front of him.

Night was coming on. Farland determined to take his chance on a snapshot, and rose to his feet. There was a startled grunt from the direction of the ditch across the open space before him, and in less time than it takes to light a shuck the cunning thief was making the best of his right of way down the bed of the ditch, and at the same time exposing his tough hide not in the slightest. Farland smiled grimly, shouldered his rifle, and started for his nearby house.

It could hardly be called a house, since it was hardly twenty feet square; neither would it be classed as a cabin. While it was built of rough lumber, some of it even hewn, even an untrained eye could see that the design was the result of painstaking care and trained talent. The broad, graceful lines, projecting roof, timbered gable, and the treatment of the windows reminded one of the little cottages to be seen in some of the Swiss valleys.

You will not be surprised to learn that the builder and owner of this establishment was in former times a builder of houses. Five years before Frank Farland had graduated at an engineering school, and had at once begun the practice of his profession of architecture. For a time he did well, and saved a little money; and well did his thrift serve him. For it was about his fourth year in business that people began to see that something was wrong. The doctors shook their heads, and ordered him to Arizona. Farland shook *his* head and good-natured them to a point much farther south than Arizona. He had ideas of his own about treating disease.

And here he was, living out his ideas. Farland was a "lunger;" that is, he was a victim of tuberculosis. His friends, unknowingly cruel, had begun to shun him as they would a leper. So, instead of going away to the Western deserts to die the death of a homeless exile, Farland bought a tough little horse, packed a few necessaries in a covered wagon, and set out for the wild, "piney-woods" region of Aiken county. There, after disheartening difficulties, he succeeded in clearing a few acres of the sandy soil, building a snug little shelter to keep off the storms, and living, on the whole, tolerably well.

A little black cow and a flock of hens were soon acquired; for milk and eggs are a part of the religion of the consumptive. The native backwoodsmen cracked their ancient joke to him, when he spoke of growing feed for his stock, about the land being "so po' the roads cain't fawk," but here again he had his own ideas. And the ideas about plowing and tilling and saving moisture and fertility must have been

good, for in the second year of his exile Farland produced on his poor soil crops that would have made his neighbors sit up and take notice, had there been any neighbors who cared to walk the three or four miles to investigate. But Farland seldom received visits from anyone in the vicinity; not that he held himself aloof, for living a lone life as he did, he was glad of any human companionship. Sometimes he even walked the eight miles to the nearest town that he might talk with men who had read the papers. But the natives thought Farland queer. Why would any sensible man be always fooling away his time catching snakes, and keeping them in cages, and playing with all sorts of wild "varmints," and digging holes in the ground to look at the dirt, and eating raw eggs, and above all, sleeping outdoors? There was something wrong with that "lunger."

One of Farland's pet hobbies was the collection and possession of various kinds of guns, rifles and pistols. Not that he ever needed anything more than a light shotgun or a .22 caliber rifle. There was nothing larger than an occasional fox that he needed to shoot; but Farland had a motto which was like a creed to him; it was, "Be ready when the time comes." And to that end he wasted much costly ammunition in shooting at nail heads, and twigs, and pebbles, and other things more idiotic to shoot at and more difficult to hit. No wonder the simple "piney woods" folk thought him "queer."

But finally the "time" came. Farland had driven his wagon to the village for some needed supplies. In the general store he had unwisely exposed a rather fat roll of banknotes while making payment. He noticed at the time that two rather tough-looking men near the rear of the store exchanged glances with one another, but he attached little importance to this incident, and went about his business. As he came in sight of his cabin on his return, Farland was in no wise surprised to see his ancient foe, the Razorback,

disappear in the woods on the opposite side of the much-despoiled potato patch.

Farland had nicknamed the hog "Old Landpike," in memory of a porcine giant he had known in former days; but when he saw the ease with which this wonder of cunning threw aside the heavy rails of the fence by means of his powerful snout, he corrupted the name into "Old Handspike," a term which shows that Farland, though suffering from a fatal disease, had still a little humor left in him.

After caring for his pony and his cow, and feeding his little setter, Jess, Farland entered his lonely cabin, kindled a fire, and sat reading for some time. Then, after a light supper, he went to bed, to dream of his troubles in ridding himself of his greedy tormentor, Old Handspike.

But Farland was in greater danger from another quarter, had he but known it. But how could he know that poor, faithful little Jess, who had never failed to warn him when a fox raided the hen roost, or the cow strayed from her proper confines, was now huddled in a silent heap, the victim of a tempting, poisoned bit of meat she had found near the hay-stack.

And now the two dark forms appeared from the shadows of the pines, and stole silently toward the cabin where lay the sleeper. There were no windows to pry open, for fresh air is first in the consumptive's creed. The smaller of the two figures slipped in at the open door, while the other, a heavy, bearded man, approached the window, keeping his short gun leveled at the sleeping form within. There was a litter of trash beneath the opening, and lying in it a large, short, knarled log of wood. Upon this the heavy man stepped, keeping his shotgun cocked.

Farland, sleeping within, went over in his dreams the scene which he had enacted many times in reality: he was lying in the grass, with his rifle leveled at Old Handspike, at the instant of firing. He pressed the trigger of his new

automatic rifle. There was a deafening report, but the noise did not come from his weapon! Farland was awake in an instant. A shower of chips and splinters fell into his face as he opened his eyes. Outside the open window before him a thick cloud of smoke rose. And in the opposite corner of the room, near the fireplace, a little, wiry man stood as if transfixed, before an open chest, from the dark interior of which came a high-keyed, complaining buzz. No one who has once heard that sound can ever forget it. It was the singing of the rattles of four big diamond-backed rattle-snakes!

Farland had presence of mind enough to grab a big Colt's revolver that hung at the head of his bed, and dart outdoors. There a singular sight met his eyes. On the ground before his window a fat man writhed in the chips that lay about. Across his face lay a smoking gun. His hands and face were somewhat cut and bruised, but he did not appear to be seriously hurt. And twenty yards or so away, dimly outlined in the moonlight, Farland saw the gaunt figure of Old Handspike, in a grand rush for the pine saplings.

After disarming the still bewildered robber, Farland took the straps from the man's waist and bound his hands tightly behind him, telling his captive to remain where he was, or take the consequences. The little man in the house knew better than to move, with four pairs of deadly fangs ready to plant themselves in him at the slightest movement. Before him, however, hanging from a slender wooden peg in the wall, was a heavy revolver in its holster. The little man was not one to sell his life cheaply. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, he raised his hand to the weapon, and his freedom; the snakes kept up their maddening song, and a less resolute man would have hesitated in the face of such difficulties. His hand touched the holster. Farland, glancing up from his occupation of binding his prisoner's hands, saw,

and understood. There was a quick upward thrust of his Colt, a spurt of flame, and the weapon fell from the very grasp of the little man, the wooden peg upon which it hung being shot off clean. The heavy-laden holster dropping among the snakes started them once more to darting their venomous heads this way and that, and utterly disconcerting the nervy little cracksman, who had on several occasions wriggled himself free from the grasp of some of the best detectives in the South.

It was a comparatively easy matter for Farland to secure the sullen little prisoner, and, after quieting the snakes, to make him doubly fast, hand and foot. Next morning he drove with his sullen passengers to the village. The sheriff was telephoned for, and after several hours arrived.

"Well," he remarked, "you've got a nice brace of birds. They'll be worth about \$2,000 to you when the governor hears they are safe in my hands."

"Never mind about the reward," Farland replied. "You can take that, as well as the credit for capturing them; but I hate like sin losing my bird dog."

When our exile reached home that evening, the first thing that appeared to him was the omnipresent Razorback, calmly devouring more potatoes. Farland started to swear, but something one of the safe-crackers had said about the log he stepped on running from under him, made him pause and smile oddly to himself. A subsequent examination showed that Old Handspike had indeed been so bold as to sleep under the very window of his enemy's house, and had evidently been very much opposed to being trodden upon by so heavy a foot. His headlong rush had thrown the heavy man to the ground, causing the accidental discharge of the gun, the recoil of which played such havoc with the thief's hands and face, and the noise of which first waked Farland.

Procuring an ear of corn, Farland set out to make friends with his erstwhile foe; for he was not the man to despise a good turn. Old Handspike fled at his approach; but the corn was gone in the morning. "I guess he can stay," Farland muttered, "but I wish he wouldn't root my potatoes."

"And by the way," he continued, "since those rattlers have suggested it, I am going to keep my valuables in that snakebox hereafter. They'll be safe there."

The next time Farland went to the village he found the storekeeper waiting for him with the prettiest setter pup ever seen in that part of the country. "Must have cost fifty dollars," some one suggested.

"I guess the sheriff could afford it, with all that reward coming to him," the storekeeper replied.

And Farland still keeps his rattlesnakes.

SADNESS AND GLADNESS.

The shadows glide across the snow, Red breast has hushed his song; The spark of joy has faded low, For robin's love has gone.

The robin rises from his tree,
A song of joy to tell;
The forest rings a symphony—
Dame robin loves him still.

A. McD., "10."

THE FRUITS OF AMBITION.

Beautiful and inspiring is the custom of expressing gratitude to those who have so well served their day and generation, that their good works do follow on forever. It is so easy with the passing of the years to forget the influences that have touched us deepest and to forget even the memory of the men and women who have helped us most. The insistent demands of the immediate hours, the loud, clamorous calls of present duties, the fresh, ever-enlarging, everengrossing interest are forces that drive even the events of yesterday into the region of dim shadows. It is a virtue, then, to keep in vivid remembrance that past, the people who made it so vital and the forces that shaped it and influence us. It is even a greater virtue to select here and there a personality that somehow made that past radiant and memorable for us, who was of such stature of character and achievement as to bring us permanently into his debt.

There are two ways of knowing men: we may know them personally and directly; we may come to bask, as it were, in the full light and sunshine of their personality, and we may know them also through their influence on the lives of others. It is a joy to have the immediate acquaintance with the good and the great who come within the range of our own lives; but in many cases, we can only feel their powers as they are transmitted through the lives of others. Thus it is that our lives are brought into touch with the lives of the great heroes of history. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, are just as real to us as are many of those who live about us; for their lives are incorporated in the solidity and perpetuity of our institutions. Their virtues are conveyed to us from year to year as they will be to others from century to century, by the influence of their character.

So it is that as we look upon men from time to time, we see, not only the men themselves, but those who have

influenced their lives. We see the life of the teacher who has helped mold the character of his pupil; we see the life, perhaps, of the preacher to whose sermons he has listened; we see the life of the mother that has been taken up and incorporated into the life of the man and is exhibited in his tenderness, his conscientiousness, and in many traits which make him worthy and honorable. Thus, when we meet men at any point, we come into touch with the vital influence of other lives revealed through them.

Simply to develop the highest possibilities of one's nature to a state of even complete efficiency is not enough. To do only this may result in the worst form of selfishness. It is a divinely appointed duty to develop all that one is capable of. In the large economy of God, the idea for each human being is that every power of hand, heart, brain and spirit shall be brought to its approximate perfection. This is the lofty aim that exalts the work of every system of education and dignifies even the common toil of life. But the deeper and more significant question is, What are we to do with these perfect powers? Have they been developed for their own sake? This self-mastery, this trained skill, this added refinement of nature, this broader vision of life—are they ends in themselves? No, their real and essential value comes of the use we make of them and the spirit in which we apply them. Disciplined human power is for service; and training for service is the spirit that has moved deepest in the thoughts of all the great men of America.

So it should be gratifying to us to know that the lives of all ardent, courageous, patriotic and loyal men are not lived for themselves; but that their lives are diffused, that their fruitage has gone into the community and cannot be lost, and that is taken up into the life of the state and becomes a part of its heritage. A good man does not live to himself and he does not die to himself. We ask the question sometimes in our sober moments whether life is worth living, and

there are some lives which make the answer to the problem difficult.

That wholeness of mind and fullness of character which is the best friend of fame, those lofty aspirations and exalted ideas which spring from the impulse of a pure ambition, have ever caused man to strive after a receding goal. In the most remote days of history, the shepherds of the far East watching their flocks discovered the periodicity of the nightly progress of the stars, the monthly successions of the phases of the moon, and the annual journey of the sun through the constellations, and thus paved the way for a true science, the oldest of all sciences—astronomy. But many centuries had to elapse before the human mind, bewildered by the complexity of things, succeeded in laying hold of the girding thread in finding out law and regularity in these phenomena.

One of the greatest lessons and most inspiring thoughts which we gather from the lives of ambitious men is that there is nothing too late till the tired heart shall cease to beat. Cato learned Greek at eighty; Chaucer at Woodstock with his nightingales at sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales. These are indeed exceptions; but they show how brightly the glowing fires of youthful animation may burn in the shadow lands of the bleak December of life.

Then, though the pathway of life is sometimes lonely and seems to lead through dark uncertain ways, let us not be discouraged nor dismayed. It may be that some time, somewhere, we shall reach the goal for which we strive—that we shall be what we long to be and do what we have sought to accomplish. Nothing good striven for is ever lost.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of today
Will not fade when you *think* to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;

But another and holier treasure, You would now, perchance, disdain, Will come when your toil is over, And pay you for all your pain. For the *glory's in the gaining*, and The guerdon's in the strife, And the joy of doing something Is the robe and crown of life.

"WINNING THE MEADOW."

Fred Carver was a youth just twenty-two years of age when he left his New England home and came down South. He purchased a fertile farm in sunny Tennessee, and there began work preparatory to starting a stock farm. Mr. Charlie Moore was his nearest neighbor, and they soon became warm friends. Carver did not have as much land as he wanted, and decided to buy one hundred acres of Mr. Moore's meadowland, which joined his own on the south.

It was a rainy morning in May when Fred Carver walked up to see Mr. Moore about buying the meadow. There were only two members of Mr. Moore's family, himself and a daughter. His daughter was a very beautiful girl, just eighteen years of age, and strange to say her name was Sallie. Mr. Moore was down at the barn attending to his stock and cattle, but when he saw Carver he proceeded to the house. As they entered the door, Sallie was in the room arranging some pictures. There was no time for her to leave the room; therefore she ran into the closet and closed the door.

Carver and Mr. Moore sat down and began talking of the various subjects of the day. After some time, the subject of buying the meadow was mentioned by Carver; but Mr.

Moore told him it was useless to talk about it, as he had already given it to Sallie.

Fred was about ready to leave when a sound reached the ears of the two men. It sounded as if it were a smothered sneeze, and it appeared to come from the closet. Mr. Moore went to the closet door and tried to open it, but it would not open. He tried again, but with no better success.

"Look here," he said, "there is some one in here as sure as I am alive. Come and help me open the door; perhaps it is a burglar. I am sure the noise came from in there."

Young Carver was soon at the old man's side, and they began to force an entrance into the closet. Not wishing Fred to see her in her present attire, Sallie held on with all her might; but the strength of the two men was too much for her, and the door gave way at last.

As the door opened, both men fell sprawling upon the floor, and turned over a churn of milk. Each of the three received a full share of the contents as it scattered over the room. Before either of the astonished men could realize what had happened, Sallie rushed from the room, and fled upstairs.

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Moore, when Sallie was out of sight, "I might have had sense enough to have known it was she. Now she won't speak to me for a week."

That evening the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out. Just as the last rays of the setting sun bathed the little valley in a rosy light, Mr. Moore saw Fred Carver coming up the road. Instead of going to the barn, where the owner of the place was attending to his stock and cattle, he stopped in the yard, where Sallie was gathering some flowers. Her face was beaming with brightness, and every trace of the morning escapade was gone.

Mr. Moore glanced at the couple occasionally as he went on with his work. When he saw Sallie pin a rose on Fred's coat he remarked, "Well, I'll be darned, if it doesn't look like that chap is going to have that meadow, anyway."

F. FLEMING, '09.



THE RAT'S GUN.

One autumn day when peacefully
The rats discussed a meal,
The adjutant attention called,
And thus began to spiel:

"All men in rat detachments,
And Companies "B" and "A,"
Will report to "Sergeant Gooble,"
And get their guns today.

And as the rats stepped up and got Their rusty guns by files They went away a happy lot, Their faces wreathed in smiles.

When bedtime cruel came that night, They tore themselves away, And in each locker, shining bright, A thing of beauty lay.

But time rolled on, inspection came, With long delinquency, Where each unhappy mouse's name, Appeared with frequency.

"Willie Jones no gloves at drill, Same rusty bayonet, Same dusty gun, same oily sight Same talking at retreat, The following men for just the same
I hereby do report—
Each trembling "mouse" then hears his name,
And encore day by day.

And thus, wheen "week-end germans" start, To each rat falls a leading part, And from the bottom of his heart He "cusses" guns and "Sergeant Gooble."

W. R. D., '13.

A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

While I was passing down the hall of the college building the other day, I heard through the open door of an English class room the sound of a professor's voice, "How many in the class can tell me what 'to be' is?" I did not stop to hear the answer of the class; but the question remained in my mind, as I had had the same question asked me when I was in their place. I could not help but think of the suggestions and the possibilities hidden in the two simple words "to be."

It matters not whether we understand what they mean or not, we are what we are. It is a well known scientific fact that nothing exists without some reason for its existence, and so the question would naturally be, "why am I, or why are you?" It seems to us, sometimes, as if life is but one continual tire; and, in fact, we are insignificant when we compare ourselves with the thousands that have accomplished great things. There is a possibility of our being classed amid the throng of men whose deeds are known and approved of by all, "whose lives are a help, and whose being is a lamp unto the feet of their fellow-men."

Yes, I am sure you and I are for some definite purpose in life, and it behooves us as soon as possible to find it, and live

up to it. It might well be said here, "Things done by halves are never done right." Turning our thoughts from the present, let us just for a moment take a glance back to the days of the past. Let us hear what the class has to say about the past. We were, we have been, and we might have been. At once the remembrances of the failures, the faults that we found, and most important of all the neglected duties, which were the difficulties of yesterday. It seems almost too sad to believe that such golden opportunities were thrown away, and that we are almost ready to make a change, or to say, "What's the use? I will do better next year or at some time in the near future." If we have such an idea as this let us strive to overcome it; for a man who learns life's lesson well early, there is no doubt, will accomplish things that are good and noble.

Let us imagine the student has paused, and the professor asks him, "Be what?" I say be learned, be famous, be good, and above all be happy. To many of us these things may seem impossible; but nothing is possible to those who are willing to use self-sacrifice to accomplish the object which they have in view. Just here, let us leave the thoughts of the class and see what else we can find "to be." Of what use shall we be to our fellow-men if we do not learn the value of true worth, true nobility, and true character above all? These are obtained only by hard and constant application of the principles that are noble and uplifting; and to these we should fix our goal and begin pushing toward it. "G."

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

"Why is so much distinction shown Mr. Parker over there? Has he just married, or why is he the leader in everything?" These questions were asked at a "breakdown" last June by a Clemson boy who went to the grain fields out West. The only answer that he received was, "Don't you see the ring on his finger?"

Of course Wiley, the Clemson cadet, knew nothing more than he knew at first. The wearing of a ring is not unusual, and he could see nothing about this plain gold band to tell who Parker was, or why he was shown more attention than any other man in the crowd. Wiley noticed that the young ladies especially seemed to consider it an honor to be with the wearer of that plain gold ring of very little intrinsic value.

Having his curiosity aroused, Wiley determined to learn more about the ring. He questioned the young people at the dance. The next day he went to several of the oldest men in the neighborhood, and through them learned much more concerning its history. One old lady had carefully saved an account that her grandfather had written. The more he learned, the more interested he became. He did not stop questioning the whole neighborhood, until he had traced the history of the ring back over a hundred and twenty-five years and across the country to South Carolina.

The ring had been taken from the finger of Ferguson by one of Colonel Campbell's men during the battle of King's Mountain in 1780. After the battle, Campbell's men all took a shot at a target to decide who would wear the ring for the first year. On the fourth of July of every year, all the men who were near enough were to shoot for the honor of wearing it a year. This practice was kept up until 1808, when the wearer moved out West, and carried the ring with him.

For several years his four sons, who moved with him, kept up the custom of shooting on the Fourth of July, and letting the winner wear the ring. In course of time, their sons were allowed to enter the race, and then every young man in the village was given a shot.

The custom has been kept up ever since with a varying amount of interest. In 1870, one hundred years after the ring had been captured, much more interest was aroused in the contest. Rules were made and printed. Men practiced for weeks ahead of time. Everybody talked about it, and every young man in town was especially anxious to win. From 1880 to the present time a great deal more interest has been taken than before; but at no time in its history has the contest been more looked forward to, or created more excitement than on July 4, 1908. It was the hundredth anniversary of the bringing of the ring from the East. Men began practicing by the first of May. A better shooting ground had been selected, a grandstand had been built, and many other preparations made. A big hop was given on the night of third of July, and a big barbecue on the fourth.

At noon over a hundred men lined up for a trial at the target. Among them was Cadet Wiley. Ever since his introduction to the ring, he had determined to enter the race and had practiced whenever he had a chance.

The shooting began. Every man took a shot, and the twenty-five that came nearest the bullseye shot again. After the second shot, the number was reduced to ten. Then each took three shots, and the best five, including Wiley, remained in the contest. Again they took three shots, and the race narrowed to three men, with Wiley still among the fortunate ones. The next round left the race between Wiley and Parker, the 1907 champion. Parker raised a steady rifle and put a bullet a small fraction of an inch from the center of the bullseye. Wiley brought his rifle to his shoulder. Six thousand eyes turned toward him and three thousand people held their breath! This shot was to decide. "Bang!" went the rifle. The judges measured, and the ring was handed to Cadet Wiley of Clemson College!

By giving a bond for many times its intrinsic value, Wiley was allowed to bring the ring back to South Carolina, on

condition that he would return it in time for next year's contest. Anyone wishing to see it may do so by calling at room 46 of the Clemson barracks.

C. P. R., '10.

"BIG BOB'S" LAST GAME.

Never before had Thanksgiving day dawned more perfectly; never before had the students of P—— University looked forward with such intense interest and enthusiasm toward the game of the season; yet, when the referee's shrill whistle sounded, and the crimson-clad warriors trotted out upon the gridiron, a strange, unwonted hush fell upon the assembled thousands. Tens of thousands of eyes turned from the field, where lined up for the struggle which was to determine intercollegiate football championship of the United States, stood the two leading university teams of the world. What can be the cause of such universal concern? What can be the object of such attention? Ah, there is the man upon whom all eves are focused. Yonder, upon the "subs'." bench, with one ankle encased in a great bandage, out of the game for the first time in four years, "Big Bob" Wilson, P---'s captain and star half-back, must be a mere spectator at the greatest football game ever played in America.

During the first three years of his university course, Robert Wilson, a true son of the old Palmetto State, had developed into the greatest football hero that this great Northern university had ever produced. No line could stand against his plunging onslaught; no end was so wily that "Big Bob" could not elude him, or so fleet that P——'s idol could not outstrip him. Behind the line, a steadier, surer defensive back than Robert Wilson never broke up a play.

Yet, when his last season of football came on, and he was unanimously chosen to lead the crimson veterans on to vic-

tory, Bob seemed to lose a measure of his old strength and cunning. Somehow, he did not seem to have his old knack of intuitively finding "an opening." In some manner, he could not get in his old-time long runs. Occasionally, he missed a tackle. Try as he would, he could not get back into his old form. The coaches said he was over-training. His team-mates said, "That's all right, old boy; you'll get it next time;" but in their hearts they all-and none knew more surely than did Wilson himself-that "Big Bob's" best football days were over. To him was rapidly coming as there must come to every hero of the gridiron—that day when he must step back, and yield his place to newer and fresher material. O'Leary, the big Irish sub-half, was rapidly developing into a star; and, while the eyes of the students could see no fault in their idol, the coaches and the players could not overlook the way in which this comparatively new man was making plays with which the captain seemed unable to cope.

Now, to cap the climax, just when Bob seemed to be pulling himself into something like his old form, only three days before the great final struggle, he got a sprained ankle, which, though not very severe, gave the coaches a good excuse to leave him out of the line-up.

"Are you ready, Y——?" came the sharp call of the referee; and Bob heard Tom Jones, the veteran tackle, give the response that should have been his. Again the shrill whistle sounded; and as the thousands of eager spectators held their breath, the pigskin soared upward and onward until it seemed to the wearers of the crimson colors that it would never stop. Then as it came down into the arms of the giant full-back beneath P——'s very goal, ten thousand wearers of the crimson colors rose to their feet with a shout that made the old "stands" tremble. As quick as a flash, the veteran "full" was off.

Crouched breathless upon the side lines, his face white with excitement and pain, "Big Bob" saw him cross the fiveyard line—then the ten—then the fifteen—until an orange and black figure slipped through the interference and downed him. 16, 18, 9, 11, came Bob's own favorite signal; and O'Leary plunged over tackle for five yards. Again came the snappy signal, and the crimson tackle gained four more precious vards. Once more the tense figures crouched low to the ground; once more the crimson backs lunged forward. "First down!" shouted the referee. But "Big Bob" saw that the orange and black was rallying. "Third down, and seven to gain," shouted the official, after the crimson quarter had been thrown for a loss. Down the field went the pigskin, punted a full sixty yards by the crimson fullback. Slowly, yard by yard, the orange and black began to gain ground, only to be forced, in time, to punt. Thus, as the minutes of the first half dragged on, first one side and then the other had a slight advantage.

Crouching there on the side lines, willing to give ten years of his life to be in the game for one minute, "Big Bob" once more heard his old signal. But look! The stands are going wild; for yonder goes O'Leary, running as he never ran before. Only two more men are between him and the Y——. goal—he has stiff-armed one; now he is dodging the other. But look, the orange and black end has him! But too late; he is over the goal line! And now just as the referee's whistle sounds the end of the half, the crimson end kicks the goal. The stands are wild. The game is won.

Once more the whistle sounds, and this time the wearers of the orange and black receive the kick off. Upon his knees on the side lines Bob watches such a battle as he has never seen before. First one side, then the other seems to have the advantage; but, somehow, the crimson line does not seem to have its former steadiness. Why on earth doesn't the "quarter" work on that right tackle? There is the weak-

est spot in the orange and black line. Oh, for one minute in the game! Watch that half! Look out! He has blocked the crimson's kick; he is on the ball; down the field he goes for a touchdown; and, when the goal is kicked, the score stands six to six, with eight minutes to play.

Once more the orange and black receives the ball. Slowly but surely, the crimson team gives way before the fierce on-slaught. They are carried back across their fifty-yard line; then the forty, then the thirty. "Time out for P——!" shouts the referee. The head coach runs up and asks Bob if he will go into the game, while the stands madly shout, "Wilson, Wilson; give us Big Bob! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Wilson, Wilson, Wilson!"

The whistle blows. Once more twenty-two athletes crouch low. Behind the line "Big Bob" speaks a word of encouragement to each man. From the stand the great P—— yells are heard, and every one feels as if the game is saved. Once more the orange and black backs plunge forward; but this time they are met by a new strength.

"Second and eight!" shouts the referee. "Third and five!" The orange and black end drops back to try for a field goal. He rarely misses. The spectators hold their breath. The ball is snapped. The line surges—breaks; and, just as the oval starts its flight, true for the goal, "Big Bob" receives it squarely in his chest. "On the ball!" shout ten thousand voices, and Crosby, the crimson end, recovers it upon the run, and carries it to the Y—— ten-yard line.

"First down and goal to gain," shouts the referee. "One minute to play," yells the timekeeper.

Once more the little quarter is calling 16, 18, 9, 11; once more the crimson backs lunge forward. Five yards goes the captain—then six—seven. Both teams are "hiking" with all their might, and upon the result of this down depends the game. This way they sway—then that. One more lunge—one final effort, and "Big Bob" falls across the

line, just as the referee's whistle signals that the time is up, while three thousand cheering students rush madly upon the gridiron to bear away in triumph "Big Bob" and his victorious team.

'09.

"MACHTIG DER STUNDEN."

Forgetful of my books about
I now today
Do cast aside all fears and doubt
And sing today
About the living hope of life
Which is for us beyond the strife,
Where peacefully the waters flow,
On wings the golden moments go
Where tears will stop, for love I know
Will linger, never stray.

Hope's fondest tendrils closely twine
Around today;
Tomorrow's sun may never shine
Though bright this day.
Let this message then ring clear,
O'er the land that all may hear;
Though reproach entice your soul,
Or swelling surges o'er your roll,
O'er present hours have control
Of this glad day.

H. K. S., '09.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. CLARK, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. Sanders, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department

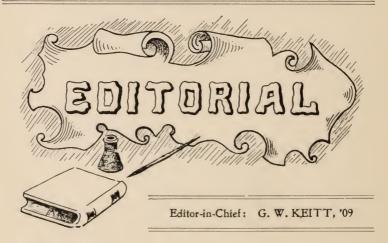
Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

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... 12 00 One inch, per year..... 5 00



For every young South Carolinian who gets a collegiate education there are ninety-eight who do not.

Much is expected from a college man.

Are you preparing yourself to live up to Clemson's reputation?

Have you joined a literary society?

Have you done any work for your college publications?

Have you taken any part in athletics?

Have you entered into anything that really comprises college life? Have you done anything for old Clemson?

Do you really stand for anything at college?

Men, don't be "quitters."

In spite of bad weather, our trip to the Fair was quite a success. Thanks to our commandant, every consideration was shown us; and it is with pride that we state that there was never so large a body of college boys

Our Trip to who appreciated more, or abused less, the the Fair. privileges granted them. Seldom, indeed, can one find, in so large a body of men at such a time, fewer evidences of rowdyism than were manifested by the Clemson corps of cadets while in Columbia. There are few things which so truly show up the moral tone of an institution as does such an encampment; and we are heartily glad that the Clemson corps has had an opportunity to show to the public that the Clemson boys are not

are true gentlemen.

The exhibits were unusually good, and especially well was Clemson represented. Every department had its exhibit, and our professors are to be complimented upon the courtesy which they manifested toward the public, and upon the patience with which they explained, day after day, to all comers alike, the various exhibits. Thus, in the camp, in the grounds, upon the streets—anywhere—every Clemson man might well be proud of the uniform that he wore—proud of the insignia of his union with such a body of men—in his connection with such an institution.

the ruffians that some people try to make them out to be, but

To Columbia and her hospitable sons and daughters, and to friends and visitors from all over the State, in behalf of the corps, we return our heartiest thanks for the hospitality and consideration shown us. It is our hope that such a pleasant and successful trip may be but the forerunner of many more yet to come; and that, at this season in the years to come, the Clemson boys may be in our Capital City to uphold and upbuild the proud record of the past, and to show to the public that they are worthy in every way of being called true sons of South Carolina.

Among our pleasantest recollections of our recent trip is that of the courtesy and hospitality shown us by the student body of the University of South Carolina. Not only did the

Clemson and Carolina.

Carolina men invite us to hold a joint mass meeting with them, at which they expressed a most friendly sentiment towards our institution—a sentiment heartily re-

ciprocated by our corps—but, also, they lived up to what they said. During our whole stay in Columbia, they extended us every courtesy, and at the Clemson vs. Davidson football game, the crowing of the "Gamecocks" joined the roaring of the "Tigers" in yells that made the old stands tremble, while "Flossie" wore garnet and black with her orange and purple: and at the Carolina vs. Davidson game the Tigers (or, at least those who had the requisite amount of "chink" left!) were there to yell for the Gamecocks, while "Tootsie" pinned a bit of orange and purple in with her streamers of garnet and black.

Although the elusive emblem of victory alighted upon neither of our standards, let us be proud of the fact that, while we can celebrate victory with the best, we can also suffer defeat like men. Let us be doubly proud of the fact that, when the tide of battle was upon the side of the doughty Tarheels, that the sons of the old Palmetto State never lost courage, but fought to the last ditch, and that when the last whistle blew, they could leave the grounds with as high a head and as much "college spirit" as if the victory were theirs. Finally, as student bodies and as individuals, let us be proud of the fact that we have done our part to show to the world that Clemson and Carolina, the two great educational institutions of our State, the representatives of the two great types of education, stand, as they should stand, shoulder to shoulder in the line of progress, cherishing for each other only the most friendly sentiments.

In stating our ideas of what the editorial of the college magazine should be, we have no desire to attempt to tell our exchanges what should or should not comprise *their* edito-

rials. We wish merely to explain to our readers our reasons for confining our editorial as nearly as is possible to the sphere of the college man.

It is the function of every editorial to furnish matter of the greatest possible interest and benefit to the greatest possible number of readers. To attain this aim in the highest degree, it is imperative that the matter should be written by the person knowing most about the subject in hand, that the subject matter should be capable of being intelligently read and assimilated by the average reader, and that the subject should be presented as well as it is in any other publication—preferably better—else the reader will naturally turn to the better source of information.

Shall we, then, present as editorials dissertations upon politics? Sometimes, when we are pressed for time, and can easily fill a page with popular sentiment—and not much else—we are sorely tempted to do so. But, do we set ourself up to know as much about the subject in hand as do the gray-haired men who have spent their lives in studying its

intricate phases? Can we hope to give the information as well as do the great publications, which employ hundreds of men, and spend thousands of dollars upon a single issue? Can the subject—as we feebly present it—be of the greatest possible interest to anyone? Certainly not. Similarly, consider the other great national and international problems of the day. Can we hope, in the limited space of the editorial, to keep up with these events and discourse intelligently upon them. We cannot, I am afraid, unless we give in poorer form what some one else has already published. Then where will the reader turn—to The Clemson College Chronicle, or to the World's Work, the Literary Digest, or some similar publication?

Thus, while we could not be so narrow as to attempt to lay down an ironclad rule, we reason that, in general, the college man should refrain from dissertations upon these subjects. That, however, he should touch as briefly and comprehensively as possible upon affairs of national importance and universal interest, upon things of scientific interest, and upon such topics as will elevate the mental plane of the reader, we not only admit, but recommend.

"But of what subjects," you ask, "do we know more of than do the great editors?" Possibly none. Yet, what great periodical ever touches upon the innumerable phases and problems of college life—petty, perhaps, to the public—yet of such vital interest to the college man? What great editor ever pens for the college student a line of encouragement before failure, of strength before temptation, of advice before the problems and struggles of college life, of enthusiasm and higher ambition, of pride in his own institution and of fraternity toward his fellow institutions? What great editor ever touches upon the joys and the sorrows, the successes and the failures, the opportunities and the problems in the every-day life of the college man? Who knows more about these subjects, and who derives

more interest and benefit from them than does the college man, himself? Where can they appear to greater advantage than in the college magazine? Is not this, then, primarily the natural field of the editorial of the college magazine?

HERETOFORE, the students at Clemson seem to have had

an idea that, when a Chronicle staff has been elected, the responsibility of the individual toward his college magazine ceases. The average student rarely gives Cooperation. his college publication a thought, unless, perchance, it be somewhat delayed or not quite up to the usual standard. Then he thinks aloud. Thus, the work of getting out the Chronicle usually falls upon the shoulders of the staff and of the small circle of students who have enough college spirit to devote a part of their time and energies to our college magazine.

Every college is judged by the standard of its publications. The college magazine cannot attain the highest degree of excellence until it is substantially supported by the entire student body. Give us your cooperation, fellows. Don't wait for an editor to seek you out and urge you to submit a manuscript. Get to work, and give your college magazine "a square deal."

"Oh," you say, "I'm no literary man; I can't write anything."

"Have you tried?"

"Well, no, I haven't, but"-

Just make an honest effort, and even though, perchance, your first production doesn't come up to the standard, try again. If you happen to know nothing of the action of Laccharomyces Ellipsoideus, why, don't try to discourse scientifically upon the subject. Choose some subject with which you are thoroughly acquainted, know what you want to write, then write it. If you will but do this, in nine cases out of ten, the result will be a very readable production,

and your efforts will keep the CHRONICLE in her old place among the foremost college magazines of the South.

How MANY times have you been to the library this year? There is no place where a man can put in a vacant hour to better advantage than in the college library. The reading room, or the reference room, will furnish you The Library. with matter upon any desired subject, while in the library proper you will find all the standard works, many biographies, scientific works, and books of travel, together with many of the newer novels.

Do you make any effort to keep up with current events? A few hours per week spent in the reading room upon such works as the *Literary Digest*, the *World's Work*, and the *World Today* will be a source of pleasure as well as of profit. No man can live merely within the limited sphere of his immediate surroundings. To get the most good out of our college course, we must keep in touch with the outside world. There is nothing which will better establish this connection than a few minutes each day, spent in the perusal of our best dailies and magazines.

When, in your studies, you come to a word or a topic about which you are ignorant, go to the reference room, and consult the proper authorities. That is the way in which our most learned men acquire their knowledge. In society work, also, this room is invaluable to the student.

If you have time from your work—most of us have—do some reading in your room. A good course of reading is an education in itself. The very best biographies, travels, standard works, and newer novels are waiting for you in the library. Use them in a logical, thoughtful, student-like manner, and you will find the pleasure as well as the profit derived even more than you expect.



Editors:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

It is a matter of regret that we must go to press for the second time having received but three new magazines from our exchanges. In consequence of this fact, we are compelled to do some clipping and to give another month's rest from many criticisms, though mark us at the outset, we consider these clippings entirely worthy of the space given to them. The Hollins Quarterly, however, has sent us their June issue, indicative that they are still existing, and who of us shall say that this is not a good plan for all of our exchanges to follow? We are enjoying the anticipation of their first number for the present session; for we enjoyed reading the contents of the June issue. "The Awakening" is a pathetic story and held the interest of the reader to the end. "The Greatest Year of Colonial America" is an appropriate subject, and considered by us second to none of the entire issue. Almost anybody, if asked the question, "What do you consider the most important year in the history of America?" would answer, "1776." This is a natural reply; for every child, second only to learning:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue,"

is taught to say, "The Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776," but by her deep insight into history and by her masterful argument, she maintains that because of the

founding of the Virginia Assembly, the outgrowth of the first House of Burgesses, the place where men of Virginia easily grew into statesmen; where Thomas Jefferson learned to draft an official document; where the leaders of the American Revolution received their early training; and the place where the most prominent part of the formation of the new nation took place, we must concede the palm of greatness to 1619—the year that gave to America the slaves, the maidens to the young colonists, and the first House of Burgesses.

We are well aware of the difficulties connected with getting the first number of a college magazine to the public, and we congratulate the editors of the *Trinity Archive* on the result of their first effort. The magazine is not as fat as it might be, but there are many other "first numbers" in the same box. From its dignified cover to the last advertisement it shows the effects of good printing and careful editing.

"The Spain of Today" is a well-written article, clear, simple and unconfusing. We hope the writer may some day be able to visit the interesting old country he talks of, and give us the benefit of his observations. The little dialect poem, "Since Remus Gon'," strikes a pleasing note. Half humorous, half pathetic, wholly true, it is a graceful and sincere appreciation of that great-hearted man who was the wonder and delight of the Southern child-Joel Chandler Harris. The story "Clarissa" involves a theory which cannot well be treated in so small a space; but the story itself holds the attention securely. It gives the impression of rapid action, which was probably not intended by the author. The "love" part is not overdone. Eternal Feminine" is a piece of clever, bucolic nonsense, written in the form of poetry, but nevertheless thoroughly entertaining, probably because it sounds like personal experience. If the author is as good at real poetry as he is at "light verse," we should like to hear more of him. "Scuffletown" is a very entertaining and instructive account of the doings of a little-known clan. The writer, however, seems to have imbibed some of the spirit of the place, and makes his account unnecessarily brief, rather than exert himself to the extent of writing a more extended description. The poem, "Love and Regret," sounds rather Poe-etic, but is not especially poor. The department, "Experiences in Novel Reading," is one that other magazines might adopt with profit. It is a clearing-house of impressions gained in reading standard works, and if for no other reason, it is valuable in that it gives writers practice in retelling what they have learned from a good book.

All the departments in the *Archive* are well cared for, and we hope the staff will live up to the high standard of quality they have set in the first issue.

Another one of our "early birds"—from its size we suppose it must be a wren or a chicadee—is the *Orange and Blue*, although we fail to observe either of these colors on the sober drab cover. The board of editors numbers thirteen, and there is hardly a page for each member. There may be something in that unlucky number, after all. The departments are neither well arranged nor well filled. The one headed "Sports" is probably the fullest. We notice an Agricultural and an Engineering Department, each very good in its way, but suggesting a Farmer's Bulletin. We would have read the description of the Wright aeroplane with more interest had we not already perused it under another cover. There is some good material in the booklet, but we would expect greater things from a school as large as Auburn.

In The Red and White we find several well-written articles; notably, the one dealing with the life and work of Capt. James B. Eads. There are no real stories. The account of the Southern Student Conference is written in an entertaining manner; the oration, "Labor," teaches that the working man is the happy man; and "The Relation of Science to Agriculture" goes to show that the farmers are very much indebted to the "man behind the microscope." The editors have evidently worked hard, but have not had the support of the story-writing students. The insertion of three or four full-page photographs adds much to the appearance of the magazine.

Since sending our magazine to the publishers, we have received the following exchanges, which will receive our immediate attention in the next issue of The Chronicle: The Lenoirian, Davidson College Magazine, Winthrop College Journal, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Emory and Henry Era, The Georgian, Wake Forest Student, The Wofford College Journal, The College Reflector, The Palmetto, Quachita Ripples, The Index, The Mountaineer, The Carolinian, The Red and White, Orange and Blue, The Furman Echo, The Criterion, Bessie Tift Journal, Howard Collegian, The Acorn, Guilford Collegian, Mercerian, Black and Magenta, Newberry Stylus, William Woods College Record, and The Southern Collegian.

CLIPPINGS.

There are no vacations in the school of experience.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

They are heroes who do every common day The common duties in a common way.

Today.

Slips quickly by—tomorrow's but a link, And while we idly dally, dream or think, Our golden opportunity goes by.

Mrs. E. V. Hill.

"What Determines."

One ship sails east, another sails west, With the selfsame winds that blow; 'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale, That tell us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides our goal,
And not the calm or strife.

C. R. Wharton, in University Magazine.

Woman.

In every land, in every clime,
In past, in present, through all time,
Oh, Woman, thou art queen.
In highest life, in lowest spheres,
In days of hope, in gloomy years,
Thy noble traits are seen.
Thou art the sov'reign of our hearts;
From thee each noble impulse starts,
Thou rulest all our ways.
We own thee as our guiding star,
A beacon to us, near and far,
To lead us by its rays.
Woman, we humbly pledge to thee
Our hearts, our lasting loyalty.
F. W. C., in Newberry Stylus.

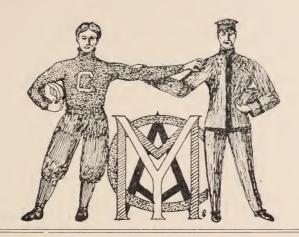
Summum Bonum.

It matters little what I do. The work be high or low; It matters not how long my stay Or where my steps then go. But one thing is of prime import The while I journey here, Is all my life from dawn till dark From dark till dawn sincere? No matter what else life may bring, What joys my path may cross,

Unless I know my day's been true, It's naught to me but loss. And so of all things I would ask Anent my sojourn here This prayer comes first: "Help me to live This day—all days—sincere." F. D. Peefrest, University of Texas.

Truth.

Somewhere amid the crevices of youth Lies hid a little germ of wholesome Truth, Which gently nurtured with a tender strength Puts out its roots and blossoms forth at length Into a flower fair, whose sweet fragrance Will permeate whatever circumstance Of life may chance to hold its lord in thrall; 'Tis earthly friendship's bond and 'twill enseal Upon the face of Confidence's appeal, Courage. To him, who this wee precious told Of God's omnipotence, hath won, the soul Of man lies open to the gaze. His life Is rare and priceless to the world. Suffice: His death will cast a pall of gloom o'er all. H. A. Ruberstein, in The Georgian.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

Other Recent Addresses.

Dr. La Flamme, who is a secretary of the foreign missionary movement, spoke to the students on the eighth of this month. He gave a very interesting talk on the work and the great need for more workers. The motto of this movement is, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." Among other things, Dr. La Flamme showed the great ignorance of foreign missions on the part of well-educated people. Clemson has a band of earnest mission workers and several mission classes.

Dr. Brackett's lecture at one of the recent Sunday evening meetings was one of the most interesting we have had. Dr. Brackett is naturally a lively speaker, and one who holds the attention of his hearers. Dr. Brackett spoke on the same subject last year, and by request presented it again. Besides many new facts concerning the Bible, many ideas were brought out that some of us had never considered. Many students have expressed their wish of hearing Dr. Brackett again.

Mr. Mercer's Visit.

The greatest feature of the Y. M. C. A. work, so far, is the visit of Mr. C. E. Mercer and Mr. Weatherford. Perhaps it would be well to give a brief introduction of Mr. Mercer, but Mr. Weatherford is too well known in the Carolinas to be a stranger.

Mr. Mercer's home was originally in Georgia. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a prominent mission worker in New York city.

On Tuesday night he spoke to the students of the mistakes of his college life, and what those mistakes led to. While in college he took part in all the phases of college life, and stood well in his class. Because the leader of his fraternity asked him to take a social drink, he accepted. Mr. Mercer then told of other similar instances, and how finally he did things that he never dreamed of. He very forcibly illustrated the danger of yielding the first time to temptation.

After leaving sthool, he went through a series of misfortunes, all brought upon him by drink and gambling. Finally, his father in despair disowned him, and he was left penniless to the world. One of Mr. Mercer's remarks that struck the student body rather forcibly was this: "A man that will drink, will lie; and a man that will lie, will steal." He then substantiated his statement with facts from his own experience.

He graphically described his first appearance at the mistion where later he was to do so much good. After giving a short history of the mission and its founder, Mr. Mercer told of the number of men it had saved from despair and ruin. At the close of his address the students reluctantly left their eats, so interested were they in Mr. Mercer's work. The second night Mr. Mercer showed the students that Christianity was for young men, strong men, and not for old women and children only. His talk was illustrated with pictures of the greatest athletes in the American colleges, and Mr. Mercer quoted what each said of the Christian life. The corps was surprised to know that many of the captains of the leading teams are presidents of the Y. M. C. A. Out of eighty well-known college athletes, forty-three are active workers in the Y. M. C. A. When Mr. Mercer had finished speaking, many saw the Y. M. C. A. and its work in a new light.

The attendance at these meetings was unusually good, as nearly the entire student body was present at both meetings.

Prayer Meetings.

Many of the students do not know of the Thursday evening prayer meeting. Every Thursday evening immediately after supper, a group of students gathers in the Y. M. C. A. hall. After a short song service and prayer by one or two of the students, an address is made by a member of the student body. The topics chosen are lively, up-to-date, and vital questions.

The committee has issued a program giving the name of the speakers and their topics for the first term. Anyone desiring a copy will find them at the secretary's room. Some of the best men in college are to speak, and we are sure no one will regret his coming to a single meeting. These meetings are for the boys only, and are carried on by the boys only. We would be glad for all who are interested to come to these meetings. The average attendance last year was forty-three. Let us beat that this year.

The Bible Study Conference at Furman.

Thenty-one of our leading association members attended the Bible study conference at Furman on the 9th, 10th and 11th. By coming in contact with such men as Dr. Fisher, Dr. La Flamme, Mr. Willis, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Huntington, Professor Clinkscales of Wofford and Professor Daniels of Clemson, our men could not help but receive inspiration. The plans and advice given by these men of large experience will, if put into practice, help us to reach our goal: That is, the enrolling of every man in Clemson College as an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and also as an earnest, consecrated student of the Bible.

We wish to thank the Furman boys and their matron, and especially Messrs. Hicks and Anderson, for their hospitality so generously and kindly tendered us during our stay among them. We also wish to express our appreciation to the homes of Greenville that so kindly helped to entertain us. The banquet given to the delegates on Saturday night by the Furman boys served to establish a stronger friendship among the boys of the different colleges.

The conference has meant the interchange of ideas, and the unifying of the work among the different leaders, a thing which will help to strengthen and promote Christian work among the students of South Carolina colleges. The conference was a grand success, and every Clemson man is glad that he was a delegate.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—G. W. Keitt, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—O. M. Clark, President; L. W. Summers, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society-J. H. Earle, President; W. D. Barnett, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; H. W. McIver, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas 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—S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Team—F. Fleming, Captain; , Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger—O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers

The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity

and

Class Inserts

for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class

Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



]	PAGE
Leap Year	Frontispiece	
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—		
The Light of the World		85
An Unwilling Rogue		86
The Postal Savings Bank		92
The Mating of Marcus		98
"Anticipation"		101
Stung!		102
Falsehood		104
The Wages of Sin		107
"Golderina"		108
To Mother		111
Some Experiences		112
"A Message from the Moon"		114
Man Overboard		114
After Many Days		118
A Toast		121
If China and Japan Should Unite		121
"The Night Before Christmas"		124
The Holidays		128
Blasted Hopes		129
The Wiles of Eulalia		133
"Good-Bye, Old Year"		137
Editorial Department		139
Exchange Department		149
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT		164
College Directory		175

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



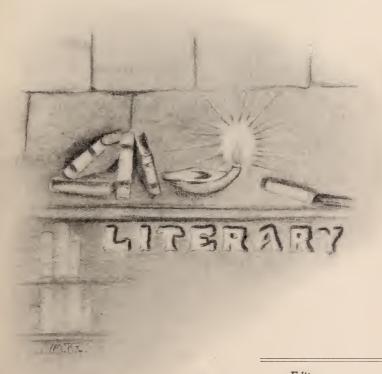


Leap Year

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DECEMBER, 1908. No. 3



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

The world was cold, and dark the sky,

No sunbeams lingered there;

Men knew not how, they wist not why The world seemed cold and bare.

But to this world, a child was born To bear its pain and woe, Within a manger, on that morn, Glad Yule-tide, years ago.

And from the greatness of His love,
He comforts still the sad,
Brings rays of kindness from above,
And makes the whole world glad.

AN UNWILLING ROGUE.

CHAPTER I.

The train pulled into Boyton, where I had come from New York for a rest. I was entirely unknown in the place; and, although I was rather a young man and was unmarried, I was so worn out by the constant strain of my work that I had decided to take a vacation.

I alighted from the train, carrying my suitcase, when to my surprise, I noticed that a negro porter was placing my trunk upon the rear of a near-by buggy. I ran to the spot with a protest upon my lips, which, however, was never uttered; for I was greeted by the occupant of the buggy, a vision in pink, who, with a pretty little hand outstretched, bade me, "Good afternoon," as naturally as if we had known each other forever.

To say that I was surprised, is expressing it mildly. I was simply stunned.

"I—er—I'm glad to meet you," I stammered; "but—er—there's some mistake, I believe—ah—I can hardly place you." Nevertheless, I shook hands.

"Why, Mr. Barclay," was the answer, and then, as an afterthought, "You are Mr. Jack Barclay, arn't you?"

I confusedly confessed my identity, and she continued: "Well, you came on the train you said you would, so just jump right up here, and we'll drive right over to the house."

"But—but, look here," I managed to protest; "I—I don't understand. I—"

"Oh, that's all right, I know convention would choose a hack for you to ride in; but papa and the girls are crazy to see you, so just jump in and we'll drive right out. Your rooms are all ready for you, now."

I had, by this time, reached a stage verging upon utter collapse; but, somehow or other, I managed to stagger into the carriage, and await developments. Soon we drove up to a large house, where I was royally greeted by the family, among which were three pretty girls besides my companion; but I was engrossed in *her*.

A gentleman, who evidently was the father of the divinity who had driven me over, greeted me effusively, and complimented me upon my athletic build and good looks; but I was too "rattled" to feel flattered. He also described a similarity in hair, eyes, nose, and mouth to his "poor sister Lavinia." He asked me "when I had left London? How Dick was?" and many other questions, which I answered after a fashion; for my wits had gone wool-gathering. I confess that I thought myself dreaming. I was not at all surprised when I was shown up to a beautifully furnished room, where my initials, "J. B.," were embroidered upon the pillow-cover. I pinched myself to feel sure that I was awake; and then cursed myself for being such a "dog-gone ass" as to ever come to the house. I determined, however, to see the thing through at any rate.

CHAPTER II.

Never before had I paid so much attention to my toilet as upon this night. Sitting down upon the bed, I tried to conjure a mental picture of what this English relative should look like. I soon gave this up in disgust, however, for the only picture that I could summons was one of a stoop-shouldered, drooping moustached, ænemic individual, who looked like a whole herd of sheep, and said, "Bloomin' Hass" and "Doncherknow."

Finally, resigning myself to the inevitable, with a muttered prayer to my guardian angel to awaken and "get busy," I descended the steps to the porch. At last, it seemed that the fates were with me. As I reached the piazza, "Dad," for as such, only, I knew him, almost embraced me, saying: "The image of her! The very image! Look, mother!" Again did this worthy couple look me over, seeing new points of resemblance. "The Morgan face," etc. While I stood feeling that, compared to me, Annanias was a veritable god, and thanking them in monosyllabic terms.

At last, Mr. Morgan said: "Enough of this. Can't you see the poor lad is famished? Kate, give Jack your arm, and let's go into supper." I mentally thanked my fates for having allowed me to pass the ordeal, and gladly giving "Kate" my arm, allowed myself to be led to the diningroom.

Ye gods! Memories of that meal bring perspiration to my brow today! In five minutes I was so tangled that I hardly knew what answers I gave to their questions of, "My mother," "The Old Grange," "Dunkirk," etc. Finally, events reached a climax when, in answer to "Kate's" question of, "Tell us about darling Dick," I went on a long tale of what chums we were, how we went on long rambles

together, and of how he was engaged to be married in the fall.

"W-h-a-t, engaged to be married!" broke in Kate, incredulously. "What are you saying?"

I was nonplussed. What had I done? I hurriedly tried to extricate myself, and, as usual in such cases, only succeeded in floundering deeper into the mire.

"Why—er—er I mean—er—Richard Freversham, the janitor, or yes—you understand—ah." I drifted on aimlessly, hardly knowing what I said. I was encouraged, however, by the sight of her rapidly clearing face.

"I hardly thought that you would make Dick married. It's a new custom, in England, isn't it, to marry dogs?"

I hardly know how I got through the remainder of that meal; but I finally found myself again in my room, with two thoughts clamoring for supremacy in my mind. One was, that I was deeply, hopelessly in love with Kate, and the other was the question of my position upon the arrival of the real Jack.

"'To stay or not to stay,' that is the question," thought I, with grim humor. "Shall I remain here, and 'bluff it out' until something turns up, or shall I 'vamoose' tonight while Kate and everybody else are in the land of dreams?" I tried to decide, but failing, I tossed a coin for my decision. Heads fell uppermost, and I stayed.

CHAPTER III.

The sun, streaming in through my window, woke me early the next morning, and, after dressing, I sauntered down to the garden to collect my somewhat scattered wits for the ordeal of breakfast.

I was very ill at ease; for I had noticed something in Kate's manner at supper that bespoke disapproval. That

she had discovered my fraud, I put down as impossible, but as any man in my position would have been, I was scared.

I was startled from my reverie by a pedestrian turning in at the gate; and, looking up, I met the clear eyes of a young man of about my own age.

"Good morning," was his cheerful greeting. "Can you inform me if this is Mr. Morgan's residence?"

"Yes," I replied; "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, you see," he said, "I'm expected here—or rather my arrival was expected yesterday. Jack Barclay is my name, and—oh, I say, what's the matter with you? You don't look well?"

To say simply that I looked unwell does not give one an insight to my mental condition. I looked at the man, hummed and hawed, and finally burst impulsively into my whole story, including my love for Kate; and then put myself on his mercy. At the beginning of my denouément, he looked rather angry; but slowly his face broke into a smile.

"Say, look here, Mr. Barclay," he exclaimed; "I'm something of a sportsman, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see this thing through; but you must see that it's almost impossible. Why, man, they're my aunt and uncle."

"Yes," I said; "I know all that; but please give me until noon to explain."

He pondered deeply, and at last impulsively extending his hand, said:

"Old man, put it there. You're my style. I like you. I'll do it."

He strolled out of the gate, and not long after I saw Kate coming down the walk. I determined that it was "now or never" with me. I advanced to meet her.

CHAPTER IV.

My nerves were fluttering in true lover's style as we approached one another; but I confess to a trembling in my knees that had nothing to do with the "supreme passion."

"Miss Morgan," I began; "will you—you—"

"Why so formal, Jack?" she asked with a little laugh.

"Well—I—I thought that—" The knowledge that I had almost given myself away took away all desire to complete the performance; but, with what I still look upon as superhuman courage, I gathered my wits and plunged again:

"Miss Ka—I mean Kate— I—I love you!" I really had not intended to say what I did, when I did: it came spontaneously. "Please—please don't look so pained," I resumed, and forgetting my dignity in my desire, I fell on my knees.

"But, Jack, we're first cousins."

"No, we ain't!" I blurted out, happily; "I'm not Jack Barclay. Yes, I am, too; but yes—no— Oh, won't you, or can't you understand? It's all a mistake. I didn't mean to deceive you, but you hurried me off so quickly that I—" I stopped on seeing the look of supreme scorn on her face.

"Yes, and you were cad enough to take advantage of my error. Finish it, sir. What! Have you no apologies to make? Oh, what a brute you are!" And she closed her tirade by woman's resource that has subjugated the world since time began—tears.

She turned and started to walk off, but I sprang to my feet and followed. When I caught up with her, I stepped directly in her path and said:

"Miss Morgan, I hope you will not be displeased with me, but you *shall* listen." And then I hurriedly told her of how I had tried to say at the train, and how, when I had reached the house, I had refrained from disclosing my identity because of my love for her. I told her how an eccentric uncle had compelled me to assume his name—John Barclay—what my real name was, and finally, how much I loved her.

She gave a little gasp as I disclosed my true name, and, as I finished, said: "James Ayres! Why, Ayres is the name of my college chum. Can it be that you are related to Hazel?"

"My sister!" I almost shouted; "but, Kate, won't you for-give me?"

"Yes," she whispered; and as I gathered her in my arms. "Oh, Ja—Jim, dear, I'm so glad we're not cousins."

O. R. C. & H. C. B., '11.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

In every age and nation, the all-absorbing subject of facilities for obtaining and saving money has been hailed as a very important subject. In every period of civilization recorded in the annals of history, money of some kind has been in constant and universal demand. The heathen and the enlightened man alike have their one common desire for barter of some kind. Therefore, even in this day of advanced civilization, the subject of facilities for saving money is a very important one. There is no one who would fail to recognize our sore lack of efficient, satisfactory savings bank system. Particularly is this the case with wage-earners and men of small incomes, such as are found among the laboring class of people in America. To better the condition has given rise to the subject of the Postal Savings Banks. The Postal Savings Bank has been advocated by many of the Postmasters-General, and many bills providing for their organization have been introduced in Congress. But vet they have not come in active operation in America.

The primary object of the Postal Savings Bank is to provide a better, safer and more convenient method by which the men and women of small incomes may save their earnings, and at the same time get some returns from them. The plan of the Postal Savings Bank is to authorize the post-masters to accept deposits, which they keep an account of and make reports thereof to the Postoffice Department. Of course, the amount that would be accepted would be limited in both extremes, as the minimum would be—after the first deposit—ten or twenty-five cents, and the maximum amount would be five or six hundred dollars. The government would use these deposits just as a bank would, for the service of which the depositor would be paid a low rate of interest, say, two per cent. or three per cent.

The object of the Postal Savings Bank is not to provide an ideal place for investment for any and all amounts, but rather to provide a safe, convenient place for deposits which could be put into ready and useful circulation. By this method, while the workman's money is being held in a secure place and bringing him an income, the country at large would be receiving an untold amount of benefits. There is a crying need of some such system for saving small deposits; especially is this the case in the South and West. two sections of the country, the people, as a rule, are so far from banks or have so trifling a sum that they do not care to open a bank account. Whereas, if they were allowed to deposit their surplus earnings at their postoffices, many a hard-earned dime would find itself to a secure, helpful place. The common workman, returning from his labors in the evening, finds the banks all closed, but the postoffice open; and, if he were only permitted to deposit his spare change there, he would, at the end of the year, find many a dollar to his credit that otherwise might have gone for tobacco or whiskey. Besides being inconvenient for the laboring man, the banks are generally looked upon as something beyond their reach; something for the benefit and pleasure of the rich only. They, as a rule, have but little faith in banks; and, in some instances, they are justified in so thinking; for in some States they are managed loosely and very unsatisfactorily.

Not only would the Postal Savings Bank be a ready and convenient place to deposit surplus dimes, but would be also an encouragement for thrift and economy. It is the pennies and dimes that count for the laboring man; and, when he sees, with satisfaction, his little account grow and multiply day by day, he is naturally urged on to greater and nobler things. But, on the other hand, unless he has some way of safely securing his small earnings, they will, by some unaccountable means, slip away from him ere he is aware, and the result is that the end of the year finds him without money enough to make a real bank deposit or purchase him a home. If he had the Postal Savings Bank in which to deposit his few cents each day, he would find, to his pleasant astonishment, that he had money enough to make a bank deposit, or make some other good investment. The rate of interest paid for the use of this money is low, we admit; but a low rate of interest and the satisfaction of a safe investment is far more desirable than a high rate of interest and the constant fear of losing it all.

Then, also, private savings institutions are generally looked upon with some considerable degree of skepticism, especially among the unlearned classes; while anything that has the safeguard of the government about it is considered as safe as if it were in the hands of Jehovah. This fact is plainly shown by the many postoffice money orders, made payable to purchasers, that are bought each year rather than deposit money in banks. Particularly so is this the case with the many thousands of foreigners that each year

come to our country. They, being accustomed to a system in their own countries, practically the same as the Postal Savings Bank, will not dare put their earnings in a private savings institution, but will rather hoard them or send them to their home countries. While they are men of only small incomes, they are so many in number that the amount they collect each year demands a consideration. Within the last ten years 7,000,000 foreigners have landed upon our shores; and a large per cent. of that great number are wage-earners or men of small means. This vast number of ignorant, stingy foreigners, being used to government savings banks, and having a great distrust in private savings banks, soon collect a great amount of wealth which they draw from circulation by hoarding or sending across the waters. During the one year ended January 1, 1908, the startling sum of \$94,892,716 worth of postoffice money orders, besides the millions of dollars worth of checks, bills of exchange, etc., was sent across the waters to swell the coffers of foreign countries. If we had some system of government savings banks, as the Postal Savings Banks, whereby these men could, without fear, deposit their money, we could prevent this hoarding and outflow of American money, drawing it from the much-needed circulation. But as long as cashiers run off with banks' money, and as long as banks fail, the foreigner is not going to put his money where it can be drawn into circulation.

Notwithstanding the fact that subject has been discussed and rediscussed, more or less, from 1871 to the present time, there is still a question in my mind why America doesn't provide some system, as the Postal Savings Bank, for the accommodation of the wage-earners. It has been successfully run in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Austria, Belgium, Canada, France, Hungary, the Philippines, Queensland, Russia, South Australia, Sweden, Victoria,

Japan, and British, Dutch and French colonies—in short, in every nation of any importance whatever, except Germany, and she has the municipal savings banks under the jurisdiction of the government, and is considering the Postal Savings Bank. If it can be successfully run in other countries, there is no reason under the sun why it can not be successfully managed in America, where we have the advantages of good mail facilities and the disadvantages of unsatisfactory banking system.

The greatest need of a Postal Savings Bank is felt in the South and West, where banks are rare and inconvenient, but the postoffices are in touch with every community. England, the average distance from savings banks is fifteen miles, in the Middle States the average is twenty-five miles, in the South the average is thirty-five miles, and beyond the Rockies the average is fifty-five miles. As a result of this inconvenient savings bank system, we find, out of the \$3,690,078,945 in savings banks in this country, thirty-eight per cent. in New York, thirty-three per cent. in New England, nineteen per cent. in Massachusetts, eight per cent. in California, four per cent. in Pennsylvania, five per cent. in Illinois, four per cent. in Iowa, and the pitiable amount of eight per cent. in all the other States combined. Or, in other words, we have one savings account for each two persons in New England, and one to one hundred and fiftyseven persons in the other States, except New York. Since people are the same in habits and desires the country over, it is quite easy to deduct a reason why the South and West have not any more deposits in savings banks. The fault will have to be laid to the deficient savings bank system.

Some may raise the objection that instead of bettering the already poor banking facilities in the South and West, the Postal Savings Banks would be detrimental to the banking system by being a direct rival to the private savings institu-

tions; but rather it would be a supplement to the private savings banks. It would bring into circulation the vast amount of money that is being hoarded because of inconvenient banking accommodations and distrust in private banks. In financial stringencies the Postal Savings Banks would be the means whereby the money would be kept in circulation. When great runs are made upon the bank, as are often the case, the Postal Savings Banks would be able to help out the banks by furnishing them with money with which to meet the demands and prevent a dreaded money panic. The Postal Savings Banks should never be thought of as a rival to private institutions, because the interest offered by the Postal Savings Banks is too low for people to make a regular investment. But the Postal Savings Banks will be a help and ally to the private institutions by encouraging thrift and economy and providing a secure deposit for his earnings, which, when his deposit has grown to some considerable amount, will be deposited with some private bank, where it will yield a greater return. Many a dollar, by the Postal Savings Banks, that otherwise would not have done so, will find its way into general circulation and ultimately into private savings banks. With the Postal Savings Bank in successful operation, there would soon be \$500,000,000 deposited with the government, without the business of the municipal governments being harmed in the least.

It has always seemed to be the general opinion that anything belonging to the government came from an inexhaustible source, and everybody had a perfect right to tear, break or destroy with impunity. While, of course, that is a false idea, we shall find it quite difficult to make everybody think so unless they are, by some means or other, drawn into a closer financial relation with the government. And there has never been advocated a better means of bringing about this condition than the Postal Savings Banks. There is

nothing else that would have the same effect upon the masses of America. It will create in them a deeper and more profound feeling and consideration for the government and government property. With the Postal Savings Bank to encourage thrift, economy and a fellow feeling for everything pertaining to the government, there would naturally grow up among the masses a loftier and more profound degree of citizenship.

THE MATING OF MARCUS.

A few minutes after Sylva returned from the theatre, her mother called her into the parlor and calmly, but firmly, forbade her to associate further with her lover, Marcus Shaw. The girl listened from the beginning to the end of her talk, without a word; but this was a hard task. As soon as Mrs. Beckman, the mother, had finished talking, she bade her daughter good-night and left her alone in the parlor. Sylva remained there a short while and then went to her room. She slept very little during the remaining part of the night, but lay awake, crying softly over the problem of obeying her mother and giving up her lover.

The next day, while out upon the street, Sylva saw Marcus, told him of her mother's command, and asked if he would forget the pleasant times that they had had together, and, in the future, treat her as a stranger. With this question unanswered they parted.

For the first two or three days after the meeting upon the street, Marcus could be seen going to and from his work with a downcast expression upon his face. Sometimes he passed one of his most intimate friends without speaking to him. He would not tell anybody his trouble—not even his twin sister. His love for Sylva increased every day that

he stayed in the town where she was. At last, when he could stand the situation no longer, he decided to leave home and go out West.

During these few days, a great change had come over Sylva. She had become despondent; hardly anything was done exactly as she wanted it. A few days later, when she heard that Marcus had left town, without telling any one where he was going, her whole world seemed to grow dark and cheerless. She tried to entertain herself at the piano; but, in some way, her fingers failed to strike the right keys. She went into the flower garden; but there her old friends, the flowers, no longer bore a charm for her. The canary failed to attract her attention, as it had done in the past. In such a state of mind, Sylva remained throughout the summer.

During all this time, her mother had been trying in every way to make her once more the same Sylva, but all in vain. Finally, she decided to send the girl to visit one of her rich uncles, who lived near Kansas City.

* * * * * * * *

Marcus had now been out West for three or four months. He had spent all the money that he carried with him; and, as yet, he was unable to get a position. He had started to "tramping," going from one place to another, asking for work, and, in every case, being turned away with the abrupt answer, "No." Finally, one afternoon, as he was walking up a long, dusty hill, he saw a magnificent house about three hundred yards from the road. He decided to make one last appeal for work. As he walked up into the yard he saw, playing near the well, a little girl, who he thought looked a great deal like Sylva. He asked this child if he could get a drink of water, and if he could see her father. She promptly replied: "You may drink as much water as you want, but papa is away and will not be back until late this

afternoon." As Marcus finished drinking, and was turning away, he saw a gentleman coming into the yard, leading a horse toward the well. The man immediately walked up to Marcus and said, "Well, sir, what are you doing here?" Marcus was a little nonplussed at first, but he finally managed to stammer out: "I—I—I am hunting work." "Work!" replied the man. "I have more work than I have workers. I can start you to shocking wheat tomorrow morning, at two dollars and fifty cents a day, with board." "All right," said Marcus, "I will go to work for you."

The next morning, Marcus's employer carried him about thirty miles to one of the camps in the wheat fields. Here the young man went to work with the determination to stick to the job as long as it lasted. Every day he gained the favor of Mr. Bender, the man who employed him. Mr. Bender became so much attached to him that every time he went home he would say something to his family about the young tramp whom he had recently put to work. On Saturday evening Mr. Bender would ask Marcus to go and spend Sunday with him; but he always declined the invitations. Finally, as the harvest season was closing, and as Marcus had finished his work, he decided to go over and spend the next to his last day with Mr. Bender, who had been so much impressed by the young man's worth that he had given him a permanent, well-paying position. They left the camp shortly after dinner and reached Mr. Bender's home just about sundown.

While they were getting out of the buggy, two young ladies came riding up upon two beautiful bay ponies. As they were yet a little distance away, one of the girls cried: "Papa, this is our cousin; she came the day after you went to the camp; we have just been out for a little ride!" During this time the other girl had noticed the young man, and had instantly recognized him. Leaping from her horse, she ran

to him, crying: "Marcus! Marcus! is it you? Do forgive me, Marcus; it has been harder upon me than it has been upon you." Marcus moved slowly forward and, taking Sylva in his arms, said: "It was all my fault, sweetheart! There, now, don't cry, dear,"—the public did not hear the rest.

Mr. Bender and his daughter stood off to one side, perfectly dumbfounded, until Sylva turned and told them the whole story.

* * * * * * * *

The next day, as Mrs. Beckman read the telegram handed her by the freckle-faced messenger boy, her eyes grew bigger and rounder, until the said astonished urchin remarked, *sotto vocc*, "Golly Moses, but de old gal's goggles is shure goin' ter pop out."

Thus read the dispatch: "Oh, mamma, I am so happy. (Signed) SYLVA SHAW."

To the credit of Mrs. Beckman, be it said that she was not a woman to "cry over spilt milk." In answer to the mother's invitation the next day, two happy young people and a considerable amount of rice boarded the train for the East.

H. C., '11.

"ANTICIPATION."

Yes, we're going home for Christmas,
There's not one to answer nay;
Going home, our anxious moments
Dimmed with grief to drive away;
And we'll have a tender message,
Or some loving word to say,
To the blushing, modest maiden
That has cheered us day by day.

Yes, we're going home for Christmas,
There to glad our hearts with song,
To hear the merry laughter,
That will ever cheer along,
Of the "wee" ones that will meet us,
'Mid the ever-moving throng,
And conduct us, skipping lively,
All the way, lest we go wrong.

H. K. S., '09.

STUNG!

Lucky Strike was in a ferment. Its inhabitants felt that fortune had at last smiled upon the town, and that the inevitable "boom" was certainly forthcoming, for had not the "Portland Special," that trans-continental flyer, stopped there? Lucky Strike had not by any means attained even the dignity of a flag station, but the locomotive had been foolish enough to get out of order at this particular spot. Much to the joy of the suddenly mercenary inhabitants of Lucky Strike, and to the dismay of the passengers, it was announced by the conductor that a delay of some time would be necessary; whereupon the people alighted, and proceeded to inspect the little place.

Among the sightseers there was a pretty little woman, who seemed to take a lively interest in all that was going on in the town. She strolled farther and farther up the road, that was graced by the title of "Main street," and was at least a mile from the railroad when a warning whistle announced that the train would start in a few minutes.

Frightened and dismayed, the girl started to run to catch the train; but, to her horror and to the amusement of the assembled cowboys, the train drew out while the girl was a long distance off. "Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed, turning in despair to the nearest man, for there were no women in Lucky Strike. "I—I haven't any money, or any clothes, or—or—;" and here she broke down and sobbed. At the sight of this pretty girl's tears Jack Morgan, a handsome young cowpuncher, leaped from his horse and, disdainfully ignoring the admiring glances of his companions, addressed himself in his grandest manner to the girl, offering to do anything in his (rather limited) power to help her. She made a quick survey of the men around her, and chose the young man who had addressed her as being the least of many, many evils. She put herself in his hands, and he obtained a room for her in the sheriff's two-room shanty, where he left her.

The next morning early he was at her door, inquiring after her. His appearance excited much comment, and one man remarked to another: "Sumpin's up—Jack's wearin' a biled shirt!"

He appointed himself her escort and protector, and proceeded to show her the "sights." This kept up until after a good (?) dinner at his cabin, when Jack, who was extremely smitten with the charms of the young lady, feeling that he could contain himself no longer, on the spot proposed that she become "Mrs. Jack."

Just at this time the news spread through the town that another train had stopped at the town—presumably after the girl.

In reply to the man's well-meant proposal, the girl, remembering his attentions, determined to deal with him gently, and poor Jack—not an adept in the ways of women—took this as a hopeful sign for his suit, when she burst out, "O—o—o—o—oh, Dick! Dick! Dick! is it really you?" to a young man from the train, and affectionately embraced him. "I'm so glad you've come! Now,

Dick, let me introduce you to Mr. Morgan, who has been very good to me—Mr. Morgan—my husband—Dick—Mr. Morgan."

Poor Jack Morgan! He walked away in a dazed manner, and one man heard him mutter:

"Married—Dicky dear—Oh, Lordy—Married—married—Oh, dog-gone it, Jack Morgan, you're stung! that's all—just stung!"

FALSEHOOD.

Today we find truth and falsehood in natural opposition to each other. As it has been said by George Eliot, "Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult." It may seem to us that this is true, yet where we find truth there is always an abundance of brightness and sunshine. As we all know, if it were not for this happiness truth could never reign as she does. If we will only look about us daily, we can see falsehood appear in all of his different forms, shrouded in blackness and sin, ready at any time to strike a death-blow at the first opportunity. A man who engages in any kind of falsehood can never be happy until he has laid aside these base and ignoble thoughts and actions. Carelessness about truth is the real source of much falsehood.

Looking at falsehood in another form, we say it is cowardice. For instance, we see a man who will slander his neighbor, yet, when he is brought face to face with his neighbor, he will try to make him think that he would not say anything against him for anything in the world. This is what we call a coward, a slanderer, or a two-faced man; or, as Junius says: "It is the coward who fawns upon those above him. It is the coward that is insolent whenever he dares be so." We see men lie, who lack courage to tell the

truth, and these men we call cowards. "Cowards die many times before their death. Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" says Shakespeare.

If we were called upon to divide falsehood into its component parts, it would be impossible for us to mention any three forms except lying, cheating and deceiving. These three go hand in hand. We may hear the question asked, How is the habit of lying cultivated? As a general thing, this habit is brought about first by telling little fibs, possibly when we were children; this habit grows on us until we become men; then we feel that we are free to talk and tell lies as we please. About this time our lies get us into trouble. When we get in trouble about lying, we are sure to have to tell another one to get out; so it goes, one lie calls for another. Things go from bad to worse until we have ruined our character and lost all of our friends. Then we may well say, with the poet—

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive."

In order to see which can win its way the faster, start a lie and truth together. It will be like a hare and hound: The lie will run fast and smooth, and no man will ever turn it aside; but at the truth most hands will fling a stone, and so hinder it, for sport's sake, if they can.

The nearest thing to a liar is a deceiver. Deceit may be called a pious fraud. We are never deceived, for we deceive ourselves. A false mind is false in everything, just as a cross-eye always looks askant. Take deceit from one-half of the people today and you will find them pondering over some way to hide their faults. As it has been said by Pollock: "With one hand he put a penny in the urn of poverty, and with the other took a shilling out."

Cheating is made up of three elements—lying, stealing and deceiving. When a man goes into business, or into any kind of contest, depending upon cheating his way through, he is sure, sooner or later, to be brought to inevitable failure. Take the business man. He may succeed in cheating his customers for a while; but soon they will find him out. This will mean that his business will soon go down, leaving the proprietor a complete failure.

Take, for example, cheating in a contest or on an examination. When a student cheats on an examination, and signs a pledge, he not only deceives his professor, but deceives his classmates and steals from himself. Cheating is lying, and the man who cheats, lies. Take a man who has cheated his way through college, and see the results.

A person who makes false statements is not trustworthy. Why should he not be? Because one can never tell when he is going to tell the truth. All boys in school know what it means when they hear it said that one of their number is not trustworthy. If there were no false statements in the world, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt, there would be no inquiry. If there is anything our world is looking for today, it is men who will at all times prove themselves trustworthy.

Taking falsehood from the very beginning and tracing it on to where it brings ruination to man, it may be compared to a plant's life. Starting, as the plant germinates from the seed, it is then a little "fib;" as the plant grows on, putting out leaves, we find it at the "story" stage; later we see the plant with large limbs and full-grown leaves—this we will call the "lying" stage; as the plant blossoms and puts out fruit, we see it has reached full maturity—this we call "white lies;" the next step, and last, the fruit ripens and begins to decay—this we call the stealing stage; for no man who lies will not steal. When we use the term "white lies,"

really we mean black lies; for there is no such a thing as a white lie—a lie is as black as a coal pit and twice as foul.

Then, by way of summary, realizing that-

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God's are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among its worshippers."

Let us endeavor to build our arguments upon facts that travel down from the heights of philosophy to the humblest walks of life. Then it would come home to the mind so naturally that, when we learn it the first time, it will seem as though we did no more than recall it to our memory. So great is its power, then, it will defend itself against all that ingenuity and cunning wisdom of man and against all the treacherous pests of the world.

W. A. B., '10.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

The innocent babe, on mother's breast, Sleeps in peace, in joy, in rest; The life of sin he does not know; A stream of joy in him doth flow.

But when in years the babe has grown, When childhood's peace has from him flown, He feels the mighty grasp of sin Crushing that which might have been.

And when the age of silvery brow Has come to him—he wonders how— To him, as to all sinful men, Comes Death, the wages of his sin. And, thus, a life—so dearly bought— In vain has lived, has died for naught. So print within your mem'ries, men, That Death the wages is of sin.

But know that far beyond the strife, Still flows the fountain-head of life; That he who to his trust is true, Reward shall reap, as is his due.

E. H. Wood, '09.

"GOLDERINA."

After much experimenting with my submarine boat, "The Dolphin," I decided to take a much longer trip than had ever before been taken in a boat of this kind. "The Dolphin" was shaped somewhat like a cigar, and was about seven feet in diameter at its largest part, and about twenty feet long. Two round windows, or port holes, which were placed on the extreme front of the hull, together with its cigar shape, gave my boat the appearance of a large fish. The interior of the boat was fitted with lockers, containing every convenience that would be needed on such a trip. The propelling power of "The Dolphin" was obtained from a twenty-horse power gasoline engine, which also furnished power for a small dynamo, which was capable of lighting the interior. An air purifier, which rendered the air free from all poisonous gases, and which supplied the proper amount of oxygen, was one of my indispensable inventions. Besides these machines, on the walls could be seen various kinds of gauges and indicators, which kept me informed concerning the speed and depth at which my boat was sailing, and many other useful readings.

When everything was in readiness, I boarded my fish-like boat; and after clamping the water-tight door, I started the engine. In a few minutes I was sailing through the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco, at a high speed and about twenty feet under water. I could hear nothing but the "chug-chug" of the engine, and frequently I could see a large deep water fish dart out of my deep sea monster's way. I had sailed about twenty-four hours without an accident, and I was quietly steering my boat when I heard and felt the scraping of the hull on sand. On looking through the port hole, I discovered I had run aground on a small island. After stopping my engine, I unclamped the door and stepped out into water, which was about two feet deep. After fastening my boat, I waded to the shore. Here I found little difficulty in drying my clothes; for the sun was sending its rays through a cloudless sky. As I did not know where to go, I wandered aimlessly up and down the beach. I was very much surprised to hear the faint "honk-honk" of an automobile horn; and, on looking around, I saw a little runabout, which was being steered by a dwarf, come spinning up to me. The sight of this wonderful little machine dazzled me; for, as it was trimmed in gold and precious stones, the sunlight was reflected on every side.

When he had brought his beautiful little machine to a standstill, the dwarf stepped out, and, soon after he had introduced himself, I was deeply interested in a conversation with him. After talking with him for some time, I learned that he was from the city of "Golderina," the city of gold, and that he would soon return; for he was out only on a pleasure spin in his automobile. Eager to ride in his beautiful car, I did not hesitate to accept his kind invitation to accompany him. Soon we were spinning along the little highway that led to the city, which, I had been told, was about ten miles from the place where I first landed. In not

more than fifteen minutes we came in sight of the beautiful walls of jasper, which surrounded the little city. My chauffeur again stopped his machine, and we were in front of a golden gate, which was the main entrance to the city. Above this gate was a golden sign, which had the letters of the word "Golderina" inlaid with precious stones. After some difficulty with the gatekeeper, the dwarf gained my admittance to the city. Then the little gold lock clicked, the gate swung open, and we were spinning down the street of "Golderina."

As we went flying down the main street of the city, I was amazed at the beauty and strangeness of my new surroundings. Beautiful little automobiles, similar to the one I was riding in, could be seen speeding up and down the street and disappearing around the corners. At the north end of the main street was a beautiful palace, which was made almost entirely of gold. I was so amazed at the sights, as they flew by me, that it was some time before I inquired of my newly-made acquaintance the reason for the city's being draped in mourning. All of the beautiful buildings were draped in crepe, and every little inhabitant wore a look of sadness on his little face. I soon learned from the dwarf that the king's daughter had suddenly been seized with a deadly fever, which was peculiar to this region, and which was known as the gold fever. As she was expected to die at any moment, the king issued a proclamation, stating that he would give his daughter in marriage to the one who saved her precious life. Many unsuccessful attempts had been made by ambitious young noblemen of the city.

As I had made the study of fevers a specialty, while I practiced medicine in San Francisco, I remembered the line of treatment for this very rare fever; and, knowing that the little princess would be unfit for my wife, I did not hesitate

to impart my knowledge of the case to my little friend, the dwarf.

The princess, under the dwarf's careful line of treatment, gradually grew better; and, in two days, all of the crepe and sadness of the town was removed, to be replaced by banners and merry-making; for the princess had regained her health, and was soon to be married to the fortunate dwarf.

After spending three days in the city, I was taken back to "The Dolphin" in the same little automobile, driven by my same little chauffeur. Before I boarded my boat, which was now to be bound for San Francisco, I was presented with a small gold casket filled with diamonds. On one side of the casket was inlaid in the gold, with diamonds, the inscription, "Souvenir of Golderina, the Beautiful City of Gold."

J. P. McM., '09.

TO MOTHER.

Tho' far from home,
'Midst a friendless world we roam,
The impress of thy life.
Is, on ours, ever rife,
When, from the paths of right we do depart,
'Tis then we tear the fibers of thy heart.

Should sin, or crime, or wrong, besmirch our name, For thee the very knell of death would ring; Ours then the task, if task it be, To force this haughty world to honor thee.

B. H. D., '11.

SOME EXPERIENCES.

Quite often I have a hearty laugh over some of the experiences I have had in life, and thinking that some others might care to laugh with me, I will try to relate a few of these little reminiscences, just as they come back to me. Please bear in mind that I am about three-fourths Irish.

When I was quite young, I had a great friend, Sollie, called Sol for short. He and I were together from morning till night; and we could always be found where there was any mischief brewing. I well remember one sunny day in the spring, when he and I had played "hooky" from school, and were upon our way to purchase a few fishing lines, when Sol punched me in the ribs, saying, "Look at that fake!" Just in front of us was a sign with the following notice written upon it:

"Will diagnose any ailment by examining a single hair." In a few minutes Sol and I walked into the doctor's office, and handed him a hair just pulled from the tail of father's old dray horse. We told him to be as quick as possible, as our friend was suffering terribly. The doctor handed us the prescription, with a bill for two dollars.

We commenced laughing before we were out of the door over the joke we had on the new doctor. The prescription read as follows: "One bushel of oats and four quarts of water. Stir well, and give three times a day; then turn your friend out to grass."

Mother made me go with her to church quite often. Upon this particular Sunday, there was a very attractive program at our church, children were to be baptized and new song books were to be given out. Deacon Brown, who was rather hard of hearing, had supervision of the books. After the sermon, the preacher said: "All members having children to be baptized please come forward." The deacon,

thinking he was speaking of the books, jumped up, and added, "Yes, and those who need an extra supply see Secretary Smith; soft backs, 50 cents; hard backs, \$1!"

Once, when I boarded the train for Atlanta, every seat except one was occupied by two people. This seat had as its occupants a young sport and a large, shaggy dog. I stood by the seat, expecting that room would be made for me. The young man did not take the hint, but regarded me with ill-disguised scorn. At last I remarked: "That's a fine dog ye have with ye. Phwhat breed is it?" "It is a cross between a skunk and an Irishman," he replied, scornfully. "Shure, then, its a relative of both of us, that he is afther being," said I.

When I reached Atlanta, I took a street car, and was soon seeing the sights of the city. Pretty soon the car was stopped, the conductor yelled out, "Johnston," and a gentleman passenger walked out. The car moved on for a short distance when it was again stopped, the conductor calling out, "Rallings," while another stepped off. My interest in the conductor was now greatly aroused, and I could not help expressing my thoughts aloud: "Sure," said I, "and that conductor is a very smart man to know the name of everybody on his car." The car moved on another block, stopped, and the conductor called out, "O'Rafferty!" I arose proudly and left the car. I started down a cross street, and had not gone far when I found a ten-dollar gold piece. I soon met a lady, who said, "Will you please tell me if this is O'Rafferty?" "It is," was my reply. "I am looking for ten," she continued. "Sure, and it's I that have it," I answered, and handed her the gold piece.

During my stay in the city I boarded with a widow who wanted the money from her boarders with the least possibly outlay on her part. Our hostess seemed very religious, and noticing that I habitually wore a most unusually

sanctimonious expression upon my face, one day she asked me to say grace before dinner. With reverently bowed head I solemnly said, "Hebrews, chapter thirteen, eighth verse, amen." (Look it up.) At the next meal our hostess announced that hereafter she would dispense with the asking grace.

N. E. B., '10.

"A MESSAGE FROM THE MOON."

I sit, and on you mirrowed moon do gaze;
And know full well that you are tangled in its maze,
And though alone, my body seems to be;
A feeling strange is whispered, and takes hold on me,
And tells me very sure, that though I be
More than ten thousand and a thousand leagues from thee,
And though so cold on me it needs must shine,
On thee, ever, soft, balmy Southern rays are thine,
And then it whispers, that although by thee
A seeming vacant place there oft appears to be,
That it is owned, and occupied alone by me.

"W. H. O.?"

MAN OVERBOARD!

The steamer "Lucania" left New York one morning with at least one very excited passenger. I can vouch for that, as I was the person in question. I was, at the time, a fresh young graduate of Clemson College, upon my way to middle England, with a well-paying position in store for me.

I was not so much interested in the ship, however, as to fail to see one of my fellow-passengers—as pretty a little blonde as it has ever been my pleasure to lay eyes upon. Don't forget, reader, that I was just out of college, and

girls had a great attraction for me. Then, too, as I had a fine position, I considered myself strictly upon the matrimonial carpet. Thus, I determined to see more of little Miss Blonde.

The deck steward announced that the seats in the mess-hall (oh, excuse me—dining saloon) would be assigned at once. Luckily, I found myself in line behind the lady of my attentions, and, not only learned that her name was Louise Carter, but that she had the seat next to mine at the table. I silently thanked my fates for this.

At supper, the first meal in the saloon, every one seemed constrained; and, although introductions were handed around generally, I did not meet HER—you see, I was already thinking of her as my affinity: yet, I had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight. It was a case of the unbelieving, suffering.

The next morning dawned clear and cold, with a very strong wind blowing. Despite the heavy roll of the ship, I was not seasick in the least, and, after dressing, I went on deck.

As I turned the corner of the deck-house on the promenade, the ship gave an unusually sharp lurch; and, with a little startled scream, a small bundle of femininity was precipitated into my arms.

Being of a somewhat chivalrous disposition, I made no effort to disengage myself—in fact, when I saw it was Miss Carter, I must confess that my efforts were somewhat in the other direction. It was not long, though, before she awoke to the unconventionality of our position, and hurriedly extricating herself, thanked me, and started away. Now, Clemson fellows are noted for their "nerve," and it would have been a disgrace to my college had I let this golden opportunity pass; so, murmuring something about her need-

ing a support, I joined her, and a mutual introduction took place.

This was the beginning of the end for me. There were only two people upon our crowded ship—Miss Carter and I. I was forced to admit myself hopelessly in love, and I ardently pressed my suit at every possible opportunity. I certainly had a fair showing, for there is no place where a man and a woman, who happen to be congenial, are thrown more into each other's society than upon an ocean steamer. In the midst of the wild waste of waters, there is a feeling that causes you to form friendships which inside of a day seem to have been lifelong. By the fourth day out, she knew my whole family history, and, incidentally, my fine business prospects; and we had reached that degree of intimacy where we were "Ned," and "Louise," to each other.

One day, after diner, the dread cry of "Man overboard!" was heard. The passengers crowded the rail, and to my horror I saw that the face just sinking beneath the whitecaps was that of Louise. A mad, unreasoning fear took hold of me; and, in spite of the restraining hands, tearing off some of my outer clothes, I leaped overboard, even before the man at the wheel had heard the cry.

I swam as I had never swam before, and when, almost exhausted, I reached the girl, the ship was a good two miles away.

I fought to keep on the surface until succor should come from the ship, until the struggle seemed hopeless, and Death stared us in the face. It was there, when I did not expect to live five minutes, that I poured into her ears the tale of my great love for her. She smiled, but seemed unable to speak; I became frightened, and let my grip upon her loosen; that instant a great wave broke over me, and I felt myself sinking—sinking—sinking. * *

The next thing I knew, I came to in my berth, with the ship's doctor and the captain standing by my side.

"Louise," I whispered, "How-how is she?"

After being told that she was safe, I quietly turned over and drifted into a deep sleep, from which I awoke within a few hours, with all of my original strength and vigor restored.

After donning my clothes, I went on deck; but, finding it rather cool there, I entered the seemingly empty grill room.

I was surprised to see Louise standing there, as well as ever, and so radiantly beautiful.

"Good evening," was my rather unromantic greeting, "er—er—I—er—I hope you're feeling well—and—and—oh, say, Louise—darn it all—I—er—I want you to forget what I said in the water—it was—er—all dog-gone nonsense, anyhow."

"Was it, Ned?" she murmured, reproachfully, with a beautiful light in her eyes.

"Well—I—I—did mean it—but, of course—of course—you didn't like it, and—"

"But, are you sure I didn't like it, Ned?"

"O, I say, Louise, dear, don't play with me—I'm in earnest—dead earnest—do you love me? Will you marry me?"

"Well," came the hesitating answer, punctuated by blushes, "I don't suppose I *could* do any better than to trust the keeping of my life to the man who saved it—especially—as I—I—love him. Oh, Ned—dear—not here—someone might see—there, I won't kiss you again—all right, just *one* more.

O. R. C., '11.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"No, Raymond, I will not forget you when you are gone; but will write to you very often, and long for the time when you will come back to Carlton,—and to me." These words, spoken by Mabel Wesley, were intended for the ears of Raymond Alden Blake, as the two were seated upon the vine-covered veranda of Mabel's home.

It was a typical Indian summer evening, and the moon seemed to cast its magic spell upon the boy and the girl seated together in its silvery light.

This was the last time that Raymond would see Mabel before his departure for S—— College, where he was a Senior; and he had been repeating the old, old story of his love for her since childhood. He had been her accepted lover; and now they were going to part for the last time, as they were to be married soon after his graduation. Thus he was bidding her a fond farewell.

* * * * * * * *

True to her promise, Mabel wrote to Raymond regularly, and received a speedy response to each sweet missive. Her letters were usually received on Tuesday, as she wrote upon Sunday afternoons, when she could devote some time to this pleasant task. After receiving one of her letters, to read and reread it, until the next one came, was his greatest delight.

Everything went well for about two months, when, one Tuesday, Raymond failed to receive the usual letter from his "Ideal." Thinking that perhaps the letter had been delayed by some means, he consoled himself with the hope that it would come the next day. But the morrow brought no letter from her. He would have thought her sick, but he had received a letter from home which told him that she was well.

Days passed and lengthened into weeks, but not a word came from Mabel. Raymond's sister wrote him that a young doctor, who had recently come to Carlton, was paying Mabel a great deal of attention. This only served to deepen his grief; for now he thought that she had thrown him aside for another. Trying to drown his sorrow, he plunged deep into his studies. He was soon called "Book-Worm" by his fellow-students. The first term examinations came. then the Christmas holidays. On the pretext of working on his thesis, instead of going home he remained at the college all through the holidays; but the real reason for this was that he did not want to meet Mabel, and, as he thought, renew his grief. Raymond studied so hard that "Father Time" seemed to take wings; and, before he knew it, June, the time of his graduation, came. All of his near relatives and a great many of his friends were there at commencement; but still there was one face lacking, and that was Mabel's. When he was presented with the medal, as the Honor Graduate, his heart swelled with pride. Oh! if "She" were only there to share his glory, how much greater would he have appreciated it; for, although he thought she had thrown him aside for another, he still loved her deeply and tenderly.

Immediately after his graduation he accepted a position in a large city, for which he left at once, not so much as going by home.

* * * * * * * *

One day, after Raymond had been at work about a year, while he was returning from his noon-day lunch, he saw approaching him a gay party of young ladies and gentlemen returning from a horse-back ride. Just as they came into full view, one of the horses, ridden by a young lady, suddenly became frightened by a piece of paper blown across the street by a gust of wind. With a side lurch, which

almost unseated his fair rider, the horse broke into a run. Down the street he came, the girl holding on to the horn of the saddle to keep from falling. Raymond saw in an instant that she could not hold on much longer, and resolved to stop the horse. It was a difficult and dangerous thing to do, for the animal was now running at full speed. On came horse and rider. When they got within a few feet of Raymond he made a leap for the bit. He caught it with his right hand, and the speed of the horse was checked; but now the excited animal began to rear and paw the air with his forefeet. His speed was finally slackened enough for the lady to jump to the ground; but the horse no sooner found himself free from his burden than he gave one mighty bound, which threw Raymond to the ground with a sickening thud. When he was reached by the crowd, who were watching the battle between man and beast, he was found to be unconscious, bruised and bleeding in many places. He was quickly moved to a nearby hospital, where his wounds were dressed; but it was many hours before he regained consciousness.

When Raymond slowly opened his eyes, whom should he behold bending over him but Mabel; for it was she who was riding the horse which he had risked his life to stop. He smiled faintly and dropped into a peaceful sleep. After many days of careful nursing, he was allowed to sit up; and Mabel, who had scarcely left his side since the accident, was reading to him. Again he declared his love for her. She answered that she had always loved him. Then she quickly explained about her not answering his letter, when he was at college. She told him that she was sending some invitations for a friend, and, when they were sent to the post-office, she had put the letter to him in the basket with them. It became fastened under one of the splints in the basket, and was not discovered for months afterwards. Thus she

thought all the time that he did not care to write to her, and he that she would not write to him. When the letter was found her pride would not let her send it; so, if it had not been for the accident, he would never have known of the mistake.

What a beautiful picture they present, as they sit there in the gloaming, with their heads close together, her hands clasped in his thin, white ones.

J. D. O'B.

A TOAST.

Here is to our Southland,
And here is to her people;
Here is to the colors;
Of the Purple and the Gold;

And here is to the Tigers,
Who won them such a name;
And may they ever carry them
To honor and to fame.

M. B. E.

IF CHINA AND JAPAN SHOULD UNITE.

Though you may say that the men of China shoot marbles and fly kites, shake hands with themselves instead of each other, though you may say that the roses of their land have no scent; that the roads have no carriages and their ships no keels; or the needle points to the south instead of to the north and that the seat of intellect lies in the stomach instead of the cranial cavity, nevertheless, on the other hand, if China and Japan should unite to form one nation conditions would be radically changed before the rushing pinion of Time could fly very far.

122

Let's glance at these nations for a moment. With a seacoast of 2,000 miles, with a soil of remarkable fertility, opened to ocean winds and watered by noble rivers; with a territory lying almost within the temperate zone and containing beneath its surface mineral wealth of untold value, China has not only been able to maintain a large population during past millenniums, but she is destined to be, in the future, the home of Asia's most numerous and influential inhabitants. With her many ports, seeking to be filled with the merchantmen of the world, railroads needed to be built and telegraphs extended to all of her provincial capitals, her mineral wealth, which is being coveted by all the nations of the world, would become an object of importance to her own prosperity. On the other hand, Japan's marine corps is astonishing the Pacific. They're working day and night, carrying mail, passengers and produce, building up her commerce and establishing Japanese supremacy, thus enriching her owners and their country. During the late war with Russia, Japan's navy outmatched anything that Russia could send out against her. China has caught the spark of liberty from Japan, and their union would give China a clearer view of their international rights and responsibilities. Inasmuch as ignorant prejudice against foreigners is gradually being removed, China, under the guidance of such a nation as Japan, would be brought to the front as one of the foremost nations of the world, and would soon become powerful in the degree of sympathy toward creating a right public sentiment. But this sympathy has already begun in a fair degree. A striking illustration of their influence in beginning to create a right public sentiment appeared recently in Hangchow, where wives met in an old ancestral hall and resolved to form an anti-foot binding society. Of the eighty present fifty signed. Under the guidance of Japan, the people of China would have ideas of social life and social aims

instilled into their minds, then society would throw around every man the protecting arm and guardianship of the government, giving him freedom of choice in the pursuit of life and the opportunity to develop his own powers and capacities, thus insuring justice among men and happiness as the final reward.

Not only would China be aroused from her social stagnation, but modern political ideas would be introduced, as well as educational matters. The two would advance in constitutional government and commercial freedom. All admit that China is the mainstay of eastern Asia, governs 400,-000,000 people and has prevented French stays—under their union the conservative government would improve, while material progress of any sort would be made more possible. As she stands today, the delicately poised empire is in danger of disintegration; but united with such a country as Japan, there would be no chance for absorption by European powers. China, with all of her natural resources, under the protection of the most energetic people in the far East would soon begin to reach the zenith of her civilization and their growth would never be oppressed by tyranny. This would elevate their minds to the contemplation of higher duties and resolutions to lay foundations of prosperity on that rock of private virtue which cannot be shaken until the laws of the world are revised.

They would not measure in shillings and pence the misery, stripes, and the slavery of an impressed nation; such peace as the wolf gives the lamb would not exist, but peace that will give advancement in the welfare of the world, thereby giving a new era in human affairs. This era would be marked by free representative governments, by religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, also by an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and, finally, by a diffusion of knowledge through the nation such as have been heretofore unknown and unheard of.

"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Several years ago, when railroads were very few, Arthur Wilson ran a small stock farm three miles south of the little village of Elkhorn, Montana. At the time when our story begins, Arthur, who was twenty-three years old, lived alone with his mother, his father having died when Arthur was a small child.

Upon the 22d of December, 18—, Wilson started for Helena, then a small city forty miles away, driving forty head of cattle. As there were no railroads, the only way to get cattle to market was to drive them through the country. Arthur reached Helena about noon, December 23d, sold his cattle that evening, made a few purchases, and prepared to start for home early the next morning, intending to reach there by 10 o'clock upon the night of the 24th.

Everything had gone well with the young man; his cattle had brought him a good price, and the weather had been all that one could have desired; but, about 4 o'clock in the evening, clouds began to gather in the east. Arthur urged his faithful horse onward, as he wanted to get home that night in order to be with his widowed mother Christmas morning.

The clouds grew darker and darker; and, finally, about nightfall, a slow but steady rain began. In a few minutes the water began to fall in torrents. Arthur disliked staying away from his dear old mother another night; but he knew that it was impossible to reach home in the face of such a storm. Thus, he resolved to take advantage of the first shelter that presented itself. He rode on for a few minutes; then his heart leaped with joy, as he saw a bright light shining through a window, a few hundred yards ahead of him.

He rode up in front of the house, and knocked upon the door. A very rough-looking man answered his summons.

He looked Arthur over very closely, and saluted him by saying, in a very gruff tone, "What do you want?" Arthur answered very civilly that he had been caught in the storm, and would like to get shelter until morning. "We don't take in strangers," he said, and started back into the house; but turned and asked, "Who are you—and where are you going?" Arthur told his name; that he had been to Helena with cattle, and was upon his way home, when he was caught in the storm. The man went into the house, held a hurried consultation with someone, and soon came back, saying, "I guess we will have to let you stay, as it is getting so rough outside."

When Arthur's horse had been put up and fed, the young man was shown into the house. The occupants were three men and a young girl. All the men appeared to be of a very rough character, showing no trace of education or refinement. It was different, however, with the girl. She seemed to have a very sweet disposition, and an air of refinement; yet, it was very plain to be seen that she was not happy; for her face was the very picture of sadness. This girl prepared Arthur's supper, while the four men engaged in conversation. After supper was over, the girl did not appear, but stayed in another room. The three men and Arthur talked until nearly 12 o'clock, when Arthur was shown to his room, and they all parted for the night.

Our young friend lay awake for over an hour, thinking about his mother, and wondering if she was uneasy about him. It was past 1 o'clock when he fell asleep. He had slept only a few minutes, however, when he was awakened by a soft knocking upon the door. He jumped out of bed very quickly, and picked up his revolver, determined to defend himself and his money against any danger which might present itself; but he soon realized that he did not need his pistol, for he heard the soft, gentle voice of the girl, speaking in a whisper to him. He dressed hastily, and

opened the door, eager to know why he should be awakened by a young girl at that time of night.

When he opened the door, the girl told him not to become alarmed, but that if he valued his life, to flee at once; for the men in the house were planning to murder him, as they thought he had money with him.

Arthur did not say a word, but got his possessions together as quickly as possible, and followed the girl into the yard. She told him that she had risked her own life in order to save his; that his horse was ready for him, and that the quicker he got away the better it would be; for if they were caught it would mean death for both of them.

Arthur thanked the girl very much for warning him of his danger, and was in the act of springing into the saddle, when she turned her sad but pleading face towards his, and asked him if he would not take her with him and thus rescue her from her state of slavery and bondage. After the kindness she had shown him, he could not refuse her request; therefore, she hurriedly brought out another horse, equipped it for the journey, and sprang into the saddle. Silently they rode into the darkness, and commenced their journey toward his home. As they rode along, the girl told Arthur the story of her life. When a very small girl, she had been left an orphan. She had gone to live with her uncle, who was an outlaw. He had become worse and worse as he grew older. Thus, he had gradually become the leader of the group of men from whose clutches Arthur had just escaped; and had descended so low as to become a common criminal, murdering travelers for their money. Since their secrets were known by the girl, the men watched her every movement, and rendered escape impossible. What pained the girl most, however, was the fact that her uncle had promised her hand in marriage to one of his associates in crime.

By the time the girl had finished her story, a noise was heard in the rear of the riders. Looking back, by the dim light of the moon, Arthur could discern three men on horse-back, following them. They realized at once that they were being pursued. Knowing of a blind trail not far ahead, Arthur bade the girl set spurs to her horse; and, by frequent turns, and by "doubling back" a time or two, he managed, under cover of darkness, to elude his pursuers, and to conduct his charge safely to his home.

The girl was left in charge of his mother, while Arthur hurried to the village to secure help, and search for the robbers. Posses searched all day, but Arthur had to return home that night without having seen or heard anything of the hunted men.

After a few days, the girl was sent East to a convent for protection, while Arthur continued his search for the robbers. Finally, after six weeks of hunting, he succeeded in bringing the three criminals to justice; and each of them received a long term of imprisonment.

A year passed, and Bessie Morgan, for that was the girl's name, came to visit Arthur and his mother. She had improved wonderfully, and was now, in every respect, a perfect lady. Her manners and appearance were much improved; and poor Arthur Wilson thought that surely he had never before seen such a wonderfully beautiful being. Arthur had never before been in love.

Young Wilson was just the same plain fellow that he had always been. He showed Bessie every attention, and did all that he could to make her visit a pleasant one. Often they went horseback riding together; and sometimes they would row across the lake in Arthur's boat.

It was not long before Arthur realized that he loved Bessie with all his heart; but he dared not even think marriage to this beautiful and accomplished girl possible. The days of summer passed, and autumn came on.

One morning, while the young people were strolling through the orchard, Arthur felt that he could contain himself no longer. He declared to Bessie that he loved her with all his heart and soul, but that he dared not even hope that she could return his love.

Imagine the delight of the young man, when, turning her great, brown eyes—no longer sad, but now burning with the radiant lights of love—full upon him, the girl said, simply, yet with a voice shaking with intensity of emotion, "Why should I be too good for you, Arthur? Didn't you save me from a thousand deaths, and make me what I am? Besides, I—I love you, Arthur."

And when, considerably later, Bessie cried, "Oh. listen, Arthur; there's the dinner bell. Is my hair straight?" Arthur rose in a dazed manner, and pinched himself to see whether or not he was dreaming.

F. FLEMING, '09.



THE HOLIDAYS.

Cheer up, companions, cheer!
The holidays draw near,
When school rules will be laid aside,
And all your books, with care.
Then bid adieu to old Clemson,
To "profs" and room-mates dear,
Happy with each thought of home,
And of the loved ones there.

The holidays given to you,
Accept with sacred trust;
Be true to God, who giveth all,
And saves from worldly lust.

Take heed to all your ways,

Make straight paths for your feet;

"Remember thy Creator," now,

Deport thyself as meet.

Passions—intemperance engenders
Disease and angry strife,
Sloth produces poverty thro' life,
Pride creates disappointments, oft times a fall,
Dishonesty to shame exposes all.
Revenge—the worst invader of the heart,
Poisons all pleasures from the start—
A passion too strong for mortal man,
And God reserves it for His own.

He who succeeds best in life,
Rules nature's passions well;
Ungoverned they engender strife,
And often crimes that lead to hell.
May God now help you to obey
The voice of Him who is the Way.
"Deny thyself; take up the cross;"
Let heaven's gain reward thy loss.

W. F. O., '09.



BLASTED HOPES.

It was an October evening. The last rays of the setting sun came dancing over the western hills, touching the brown leaves and causing them to shine forth with a lurid brilliancy. No sound, save the mournful note of a dove, calling to his mate, broke the evening stillness. A close observer would have seen two figures come from the house up on the hill and slowly wend their way down the leaf-

strewn path that led to the lake near by. These two strollers were none other than Alice Mabry, the only daughter of old Colonel Mabry, the occupant of the mansion, and James Barton, the only son of a rich banker.

A glance as to the history of the happy couple: Colonel Mabry came home from Appomattox to find that his plantation had suffered much from the ravages of war. Owing to the troubles and worry of war, his young wife was in a very delicate state of health. The colonel at once set about getting his affairs in good shape. In a short time he had succeeded in getting his business running as of yore, and had settled down to enjoy the luxuries of Southern farm life. One beautiful Sunday morning in May Colonel Mabry awoke from a refreshing sleep only to find that his young wife had passed away during the night, and had left to his keeping a little bundle of golden hair and blue eyes. The colonel named his little daughter Alice, in memory of her mother. As there were no relatives to take the child, Alice was kept at home. Old Colonel Mabry, grief-stricken, had no ambition save that of seeing his little daughter grow up into as beautiful and accomplished a young lady as her mother had been. Little Alice grew up into a refined young lady. She always had a smile and a pleasant word for all whom she met. The servants fairly worshipped her. Thus, one morning, when the colonel announced that "Miss Alice" must leave that day for college, they were stunned at the thought of parting from their young mistress. Alice graduated from college with high honors, and returned, a queen, to rule over her father's heart and home.

James Barton, as I have said before, was the only son of a rich banker. His mother, also, died when he was quite young, leaving him to the care of his father, a stern business man. Mr. Barton was too much engrossed with business cares to look after his son; so James was sent to school at a very early age. The only trouble that Mr. Barton took was to keep his boy supplied with enough money to cover expenses. Consequently, the two did not see much of each other. As James had a passion for travel, after graduating he mentioned the subject to his father. As Mr. Barton had already been impressed with the fact that his son was not a spendthrift, he advanced James enough money to cover his traveling expenses.

The young man had wandered over a large part of the world, when one day he chanced to stop for a day or two with a school friend at the little town near Alice's home. He met her at a ball and was struck with her marvelous beauty. He resolved to stay longer and learn more about this girl, who had so completely won his heart. Thus it is this happy couple, James and Alice, that we see strolling down to the lake.

The evening was spent very pleasantly on the lake. This beautiful, unassuming young girl cast a spell over the young man, which no woman had ever wrought before, and awakened feelings which the artful belles of two continents had as yet been unable to touch.

Upon returning to the house James was handed a telegram, which stated that his father had just died. This, of course, necessitated his leaving at once, without so much as a parting word with Alice.

Let us follow James. He goes home and makes the necessary arrangements for his father's funeral, and for settling his affairs. A party of friends, hoping to divert his mind from the sad surroundings, ask him to accompany them on a trip to France. Feeling that all home ties are broken, James consents. Thus, in his grief, and in the sudden change of scene and surroundings, our young friend gradually forgets the pretty blue-eyed Alice that he left behind.

A few months in sunny France have worked wonders in the life of James Barton. That bright, cheerful woman by his side is none other than Mrs. James Barton, a young English girl whom James has met, fallen in love with and married since reaching the continent.

But, as all things must come to an end, so must the happiness of James Barton. After two short months of bliss in this land of sunshine and flowers, death enters the happy home and takes away the loving bride. Realizing that there can never be any more attraction for him in France, Barton sets sail for America, hoping to drown his new sorrow in his own land.

* * * * * * * *

After spending several months at his old home, getting his business affairs in shape, Barton planned a trip over the South. One day, as he was speeding along on the train, his mind perplexed with business cares, the porter came through the train and pronounced a word which caused his heart to leap, and started a tumultuous train of reminiscent thought across his mind. The station which the porter had called was the place where he had met his first love, the blue-eyed Alice.

In a second he had made his plans. Notwithstanding the fact that he had treated her shamefully, he would stop here and see if Alice still loved him. He got off the train and walked swiftly up to the old mansion. Alice met him with a smile—the same loving Alice. He could see that she still loved him, and his heart leaped for joy at the thought of what this meeting might mean to him. She invited him in. They sat in the parlor and chatted very pleasantly for a while, and, finally, strolled down to their favorite spot, the lake. James tried very hard to tell liter that, though they had been apart for several years, he still loved her; but he could not. As the evening shadows began to play among

the pines, Alice turned and said: "We must be going—Gladys will be wanting me."

"Gladys! Who is Gladys?" said the puzzled James.

"Why, Gladys is my little girl. Don't you know?" And then it was that she told him how she had written to him, but had never received any answer; and how at last she had put him out of her life, and had met and fallen in love with the man who was now her husband; and little Gladys was now one year old. James wisely refrained from telling her of his love; but quickly carried her home and bade her goodbye.

That night, as the eastbound train pulled out of the little city, the porter passed through the car and saw in a rear seat a dazed-looking man, gazing intently at a piece of paper on which was written "Blasted Hopes."

H. S. J., '10.

THE WILES OF EULALIA.

Not a breath of air stirred the placid waters of the lake; not a sound broke the stillness of the crisp November night; the brilliant autumn leaves, detaching themselves one by one from their summer resting places, fell noiselessly to the ground. Suddenly, from his vantage-point upon the topmost branch of a veteran of the primeval forest, a woodowl broke the silence with his discordant hoots; and, as if in answer to his signal, the round face of the harvest moon appeared above the tree-tops, bathing lake and wood alike in its soft, silvery light. As if inspired by the presence of the newcomer, all the denizens of the lake and the forest seemed to find their powers of speech. The plaintive whipporwill sighed a song of love to his mate; the soft notes of that matchless singer, the mockingbird, filled the air with such music as man can never imitate; love songs of

enchanting beauty seemed to burst spontaneously from the throats of every living thing. But, hist! What is the sound which comes across the lake from the shadow of yonder willow? Is man, the highest type of life, to break the spell of this enchanted spot, where naught save love should come to the ear?

"The stars are quite numerous tonight," ventured the beautiful girl, reclining languidly in the bow of the boat.

"Yes," absently replied the youth in the stern, "and there are a good many of them out, too." Again the silence was unbroken, save by the denizens of the forest.

"It is growing very chilly out here," at last remarked the Bow.

"Yes, quite warm," answered the Stern, "but it will be cooler when the breeze comes on. Silence reigned supreme. Even the inhabitants of the forest lost their inspiration. Finally the croak of the bullfrog enlivened the scene with the stirring strains of "Slo-o-o-o-w! Slo-o-o-o-w!"

"Oh, dear," coyly sighed the Bow, in tones of genuine melancholy and unquestionable earnestness and modesty, "poor little me. Even the little birdies have someone to love them; but *nobody* loves me."

"I'm sure I don't blame them," absently remarked the Stern.

"Wha-a-at? Oh, how can you? Take me back to the hotel, please."

"Oh—ah'm—er. The birds—you misunderstand me. I mean the birds; I mean I don't blame them. Their songs come natural and they don't have to force them, and think beforehand what to say, and—"

"Oh, John! How can you? Am I so hard to talk to? Yes, I'll forgive you. Lovers must not quarrel, you know" (very naively).

John Hemmingway was overcome. She had said they were lovers. Oh, did she really mean it? "Why was I born so bashful, anyway?" he bewailed; "happy thought, I'll prove it."

"But are you quite sure we are really lovers?" he ventured in sepulchral tones from his vantage point in the stern.

"Do look at that shooting star," came the apt reply; and once more John sank back in mournful uncertainty.

Nearly half an hour had passed when Eulalia Winston, raising herself in the boat, determined to make one last supreme effort to extract a proposal from the much-smitten but over-modest John.

Eulalia was, as we see, a typical "summer girl," while John Hemmingway was a perfect type of the bashful young man. Indeed, we must agree that our friend, Eulalia, had in John a subject worthy of her steel. Had not all her wiles been of no avail in bringing him out of his shell? Yet she knew that he loved her devotedly. Thus, for the first time in her life, she was unable to fish out of a man a proposal—and the man she really loved at that. Is it not sad, long-suffering reader?

"John," she began, solemnly, changing her tactics, "you graduated at Clemson just five months ago today, and then came to this beautiful little lake, in the lower part of South Carolina, to spend your vacation. It was here that we first met each other. John, I believe I can picture your college life to you. Let me try. See if I make a mistake.

"You were a diligent student while in school, and made a good record. You did not perpetrate your society upon long-suffernig young ladies, or venture out into the social world. I imagine that you spent your recreation periods in seclusion, possibly rowing a boat, upon that beautiful river which is near your alma mater. From this practice of seclusion you have developed into a man who will not win his way in the world by words, but by deeds; and as you are familiar with the water, maybe there will come a time when you can win the girl you love by some heroic deed on the ocean."

John smiled, and his ears tingled with the blood of embarrassment as he heard her speak; for she had truly pictured his past life (and, he hoped, had planned the future).

"John," she continued, "I am sure you can swim, can you not? What would you do tonight if this little boat were to be capsized?"

"I can swim enough to save my own life in case of an accident, if I were not too far from the shore," he answered, "but as for this little boat being turned over, the night is too beautiful to even think of such a thing. The sky is perfectly clear, and there is absolutely no danger of an accident."

He turned his hot face toward the moon and stared at the celestial bodies.

Puddled in the bottom of the boat was a small amount of water—too small to be dipped out. Suddenly this puddle began to grow, and the water began to increase, spread and climb up the side of the boat. The little canoe was nearly half-full of water, when Eulalia exclaimed, in a tone of great excitement: "John, look, the boat is sinking!" For a moment John was confused with excitement. Then his military training came to his assistance, and, calming himself, he seized the tin cup at his side and began manfully bailing the water out, calling out to his companion not to be afraid. But, bail as he would, the water seemed to gain in volume; and, although there was no wind or current, there seemed to be some force dragging the boat toward the middle of the lake. Ah, if poor John but had eyes in the back of his head! The boat was in the deep water. Every minute John expected to see it go down.

At last Eulalia cried out: "John, jump out and swim for your life; let me die alone. It is better for one life to be lost than two."

For a moment he sat thinking; then he sprang to her side and blurted out: "Hang it all, Eulalia, I love you—I've been trying to tell you so for a month and couldn't; and now, if this old boat goes down, why, let her go—my heart is too light to sink. Eulalia, tell me that you love me, quick, before it sinks!"

Yes, Eulalia avowed her love for him; and before her arms were pinioned so tight that she could not move them, unobserved she slipped the cork back into the auger hole in the bottom of the boat, and the rest of the lake stayed upon the outide.

The little cloud drifted from over the moon, and all the denizens of the forest awoke, and poured forth their songs of gladness.

J. O. G., '09.

"GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR."

Thou aged Year, thy days are told, And soon the time must come When thou shalt be with thy comrades, Asleep within the tomb.

Thy life is ebbing fast, Old Year,
The clock is striking four;
And soon thy sun will sink from us,
Indeed, to rise no more.

We loved your boyhood, good Old Year, And summer's merry wing; The autumn, rich with big increase, And hale old winter's king. And now good-bye, thou summer friend, 'Tis sad to see thee go;
But death has come—thy certain end—
To claim thee evermore.

A few more storms will come to beat Upon life's rocky shore; But soon we'll be where billows cease, And surges swell no more.

And when the surges swell no more And time has sealed our doom, We, too, shall be with those that lie Asleep within the tomb.

H. K. S. '09.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

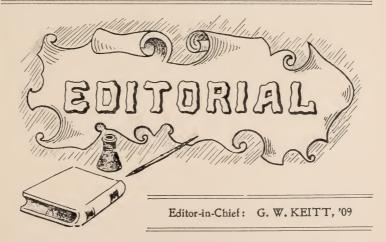
L. O. A. N. H.	W. KEITT, '09 P. BYARS, '09 (M. CLARK, '09 M. McDAVID, E. BYRD, '10 K. SANDERS, '0 M. SALLEY, '11	Calhoun) (Columbia '10 (Palm (Columbia)9 (Palmett (Calhoun)	n) etto) n) -	 - - - -		- Busin Literary Literary Literary Exchange Exchange	itor-in-Chief ess Manager Department Department Department Department Department
A.	M. SALLEY, '11	(Calhoun)	-	 -	- ~	Exchange	Department
	J. MARSHALL, M. RODDEY, '11						Department Cartoonist

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

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

Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Our Advertising Rates are as follows:

One page, per year.....\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year...\$8 00 One-half page, per year... 12 00 One inch, per year...... 5 00



Does the Christmas issue of The Chronicle remind you of the fact that one-third of your college year has been spent?

Have you improved upon last year's work?

Have you accomplished in this term all that you planned for in September?

Are you doing your duty to yourself and to your college?

Are examinations really necessary?

Can the professor gain a clearer insight into the state of mind of the pupil from the products of three hours of hurried work in the examination room, or from the results of three months of study work in the class-room?

What percentage of the students who make from eightyfive or ninety to a hundred per cent. as a class mark fail on examinations?

Suppose that men making a stated class mark were exempted from examination, would they not get the same benefit from the reviews that would be derived by those men who had to stand the examinations?

Doesn't the student learn the same lessons of self-control in his recitations and reviews that he would in the examination room?

Wouldn't the reward of exemption from examination stimulate the student to better work during the term?

Again, is this week of mental, physical—and, alas, often moral—stress, debilitating alike to faculty and students, good or bad, at all necessary, or even desirable? If so, why do the leading colleges and universities of our land seek to do away with unnecessary examinations by exempting those students who make a required class mark?

Why should not Clemson College follow the example of so many of the foremost educational institutions of the United States? "Studying for exams. Please call again." Such are the notices which will soon begin to appear upon our doors. Again is approaching the time to order non-regulation candles, and to carry to the store your friend Examinations. who is the happy possessor of an all-night light. Examinations, "the times that try men's souls," will soon be upon us. Are we better prepared for this week of tests than we were at this time last year? Have we worked faithfully during the term, or are we depending upon cramming up enough in one night to "scrape through with sixty"? However the case may be, there is a strenuous week's work ahead of each of us; and the best student, as well as the poorest, will find his strength, both mental and physical, sorely tried.

However, since we must stand the test, let us put forth every effort toward doing our very best work. Especially will the new men need to muster all their self-control. Don't sit up wondering whether or not you can pass: go into your work carefully and systematically, and do not leave the examination room until you feel that there is no point in your paper upon which you can improve. Leave the rest to the professor. He doesn't wish to see you fail any more than you do yourself; so, don't worry about the pass. Above all things stand to your principles like men, and pass or fail upon your own merits. Remember THE HONOR SYSTEM.

Some years ago, realizing that it is just as criminal an offense to steal a grade, and hence, a diploma from an institution as it is to steal property from an individual, the Senior class at Clemson College adopted "The The Honor System." This example was soon followed by the Junior class; and, since then, each class upon reaching the Junior year has taken the same step. For a good many years, however, the

lower classes would not take this pledge; and many a man "skinned through Soph." with a perfectly clear conscience, only, as a consequence, to fail in Junior, while, had he studied in the lower classes, he might have passed creditably, and received an honest diploma. Thus many a man has realized his mistake, but only too late for his own good.

When this matter was presented to the corps last spring, the classes met individually, and of their own accord, as individual classes, adopted "The Honor System."

Thus, in "The Honor System," we have established at Clemson a tradition which any institution may well envy, a tradition, we might say, which is capable of doing more good to our men as individuals and to our college as a whole than could the largest of monetary endowments without it. We have taken this stand for the right: it is "up to us" to stand up to our pledge. We hope that every new man will, of his own accord, fall into our ranks, and lend his aid toward upholding this system. If he refuses to do so, and violates the rules of the organization, we assure him that he must of necessity sever his connection with our institution. Thus, we urge every man, in justice to himself, to his fellow-students, and to the college and to the State which are doing so much for him, to uphold "The Honor System," and to stand for that which is fair and right.

"Beyond the clouds, the sun is still shining"; "The darkest hour of the night comes just before dawn"; similarly, beyond the worry and bustle of examinations, we may look forward to the brightest and happiest season Christmas. of the whole year, and through the toil and fatigue of the coming days may enjoy the pleasant anticipations of the happy season so soon to follow. Do we, however, in the rush and excitement of our pleasures, really stop to think of the deeper and holier meaning of this beautiful custom—universal

among all civilized nations—of celebrating "Christmas"? Does the magic word "Christmas" carry us back, as it should, nearly two thousand years to that memorable night, when "The Star of Bethlehem" first shed its radiance over the still Judean hills? Can we not, in our imagination, almost hear the chanting of those simple Hebrew shepherds, as they proclaim the gladdest tidings that the world has ever heard, echoing the heavenly chorus of "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace and good-will toward men?"

Since that night heroes have achieved fame, only to fade into oblivion; monarchs have waxed mighty, only to sink into obscurity; nations have risen from the dust of nations, only to succumb in turn before the ceaseless ravages of Time: yet, be it an inspiration to us to remember that, untouched by all the agencies of destruction, undaunted by time or eternity, "The Star of Bethlehem" has soared upward and onward, until today it sheds its holy light upon all nations, while millions of happy voices, in hundreds of tongues, are echoing from the uttermost parts of the earth the joyful tidings of "peace and good-will."

"How Long is it until the holidays?" inquires the Senior at dinner. Everyone replies at once. "Fourteen days, you bonehead," responds the Junior. "Aw, come on, its three hundred and thirty-six hours," says the The Holidays. Sophomore. "Twenty thousand, one hundred and sixty minutes," reproachfully corrects the Freshman, as visions of turkey, cranberry sauce, et cetera, flit across his mind.

At the far end of the table, the "Prep." shows signs of great and unwonted excitement. He is making valiant efforts to hasten the process of deglutition; but the larger part of a potato indignantly refuses to be swallowed so

unceremoniously. At last, the impossible is accomplished: the potato has been forced into subjection (?).

"It's one million, two hun—" The potato makes one last, supreme effort to gain the day, but is ignominiously defeated.

"It's one million, two hundred and nine thousand, six hundred seconds from 10 o'clock this morning until No. 12 is due at Calhoun on the day we go home." Having thus delivered himself, our future alumnus seeks new worlds to conquer in another and larger potato.

Thus, every boy is looking forward to the holidays as only college boys can, happily anticipating the joys of the coming days. It is, therefore, our earnest hope, as we lay aside our pen, and wish each and every one of our readers a "Merry Christmas!" that each one of us may quaff his cup filled to the brim with pleasure, and return to school next year prepared to take up his work with renewed zest and vigor.

In accordance with the rules of the College Press Association of South Carolina, we are publishing in this issue of The Chronicle the constitution of the said organization.

By bringing together the most efficient workres of the staffs of the college magazines of
Association. Our State, and by thus making possible a general exchanging of ideas by the representatives of the different institutions, the Press Association has done, and is doing, a great work toward raising the standard of our college magazines. By seeing what other people are doing, we may best find out those things which we most need, and gain new zeal for carrying out those things which have already proved themselves beneficial to the interests of our publications. By accomplishing these ends, and by bringing into friendly and intimate relations the workers for our magazines, by creating and fostering a feeling of fra-

ternity and mutual interest among its members, the Press Association is doing its great work.

From the constitution of the association, given below, it may be seen that three medals are awarded each year, being presented, respectively, to the authors of the prize poem, essay, and story. "Get busy," boys, and see that Clemson is well represented in this contest.



Constitution of the College Press Association 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 Constitution 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 medal.

ARTICLE XIV.

The Λ ssociation 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 Λ ssociation 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:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

Like a breeze from the mountains to the weary traveler on the plain comes the Alumni number of The Mountaineer, published by the students of Mt. St. Mary's College. The first thing we notice about it is its size, which is that of a real "ten-center." When we glance over the table of contents—which, by the way, fills an entire page—we are somewhat disappointed, and prepare ourselves to listen to the more or less commonplace experiences of a gathering of priests and teachers, come together to talk over old times. Such entertainment the titles would lead us to expect. But when we observe how many of the names of the authors being with "Mc" or "O'," we are not surprised to learn that, though many of the writers have taken priestly vows, there is still enough Irish in them to make an unpromising subject thoroughly entertaining to even an outsider. Most of the matter is, of course, historical or biographical. The alumni have plainly shown that this issue is their "funeral," and we, therefore, do not expect much light reading. But so far above the average are the songs and poems that we feel utterly unworthy of passing judgment upon them. The Centennial Ode, wherein the deeds of the shining lights of St. Mary's are sung, is deserving of special mention. A dozen articles deal with the great part the old college has played in the affairs of Church and State, of Dubois and

Brute, and the others who have made the Mountain famous; of the chapel, the grotto, and all the places dear to the hearts of these staid old bishops and jurists. And those of us who are prone to think of the alumni of our colleges as uninteresting people of the workaday world, let us learn the lesson which *The Mountaineer* has taught—that they may be capable of bringing out a better college magazine then we, even we, can produce.

Ouite the opposite in name, thickness and contents is The Palmetto, of the College for Women at Columbia. This little monthly, which is published every six weeks—no, not every six weeks, either—is just one-fifth as thick as The Mountaineer, but no doubt the contents were considered as being five times as good as the stuff in The Mountaineer, so we will not mention this little deficiency in size. But comparisons are odious. Besides, who would think of comparing a college girl with a Catholic priest? The Palmetto is filled with stories and poems which received honorable mention in the magazine's prize contest; and the magazine really deserves honorable mention itself. We cannot say much for the story, "In the Land of Dreams." It might have been made into a beautiful story, but as it stands it is characterized by a vague indefiniteness, a lack of purpose, which leaves the reader dissatisfied. We hope the author will try again. "The First English Novelists" is a rather wellwritten essay on a subject which is not altogether worn out. What little plot there is in "A Mistake?" is clever enough, but there is scarcely enough to weave a story about. Musical Courtship" is a clever skit, and might have been better developed and made more humorous. We find a little humor in "Between a Mule and a Sunshade," though some others might not find that situation especially humorous. We are confident that the Junior-Senior Meeting was

much funnier than the minutes show, but we are aware that such things must be seen to be appreciated.

One of the leading exchanges that came to our table for October was *The Mercerian;* nevertheless, on the other hand, the Literary Department is not as full in proportion as the other departments. We consider "The Bright Morning Star" the best poem in the magazine. The magazine is well-balanced, and we find every phase of college life reflected. Indeed, with the endeavors manifested, we know that it will continue to be a magazine of expression, as it has always been.

Brevity is the soul of wit, and we know not where this can be most strikingly demonstrated than by referring to the contributions of The Concept. Of the thirteen contributions to the magazine, the longest of these covers but three and one-half pages; nevertheless, the material is of good quality. Notwithstanding the fact that it is the first issue for the college session, we find, after careful examination, that every phase of college life is reflected, of which the Editorial Department and the Exchange Department are the best. Inasmuch as Converse College is a school of art, we suggest that a heading, placed at the beginning of each department, would add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine. Of the six poems in the magazine, we consider the tribute paid to Henry Timrod the most worthy. We especially enjoyed reading "A Trip to Mars," but if the author had not used such a lengthy introduction relative to the getting ready and going, but, instead, had told us something more about the queer inhabitants, their manners and custom of living. and other marvelous creatures, and so forth, we should have enjoyed it all the more. But she was afraid of these strange inhabitants, and left immediately upon arriving at Mars, for "The Good Old U. S. A."

From the Mountain City of South Carolina comes the magazine whose title is commemorative of the brave Indian girl, Isaqueena. By the deep insight of the editor's comprehension of college life, we find in this department many of the most vital issues of a student discussed in a commendable manner; and as we read her editorials, which are so realistic, we can almost feel the impulse of her presence, in an attitude of pointing to the new students, teaching them what their aim and purpose in college should be. She struck the right chord in saying, "many girls (yes, and boys, too) help in no way whatever to get the magazine out; then, when the editors, and some few assistants, do get it out, these unhelpful ones are loudest in their criticisms." We congratulate the staff upon the excellency of the first issue, but we hope the second will contain more poems. In "Hopes Thwarted" we find a well-laid plot. It is pathetic at first, because of the ambitious young character's hopes being blighted. We cannot help but admire the iron determination of the character to let no one know of her grief, and the noble resolution to alleviate her sorrow by endeavoring to make others happy. There are many who have really tasted of this very bitterness of life; but we are made to smile even, sometimes when in disappointment, as we think of the beautiful lesson that she has taught us—Cheerfulness in time of trouble, coupled with resolve to do good, are always productive of happiness.

We are delighted with the manner in which things are done in dear old Georgia, as evidenced by the appearance and contents of the October *Georgian*. Among all the stories in all the college magazines which the exchange editor could find time to read, "Long Trail" stands preeminent. We think it can be truthfully said that this story will prove a delight to any reviewer, no matter how jaded he may be. The plot is not better than many others in various

college publications, but the handling of the situations and the description are well above the average. While "moonshiners" today are not the desperate characters they are sometimes painted, they are sufficiently suspicious and jealous of their interests to make life decidedly interesting to anyone who presumes to interfere with their operations; but if the story is a trifle overdrawn, it may still be excused. It is our sincere hope that when the author next visits the streams and coves of Big Warrior and Hogback and the Dark Corner, he may be fortunate enough to gather the makings of another story of these interesting people of the Old North State's hilly borders. If the second installment of Professor Hooper's lecture on Heidelberg University proves as interesting as the first, we would consider the magazine worth issuing if it contained no other article of importance. That poker yarn about "Getting Even" would have been much easier to read if the author had not been guilty of the "comma blunder" in several instances, and of what might be called the "no-comma blunder" in several others. The lesson taught, better than any other, perhaps, is that a thief will steal from another thief, even though the other fellow may be his "pal." The affair was pulled off in Kansas City; but Uncle Pap was evidently not "from Missouri." "Roses" is a pleasing little story of lasting love, which goes to show that sentiment may be mixed with business to very good advantage. "An Estimate of Rudyard Kipling" is rather a forehanded piece of criticism, since Kipling is about as difficult as Ibsen to "place." One thing is certain, however: while Kipling may in time be forgotten, countless thousands of the present age are glad that he has lived. "The Jolly Hangman" is a story of the sort not usually met with in college magazines. It deals with the chivalry of the notorious highwayman, Dick Turpin, though Dick is, of course, not the Hangman. It is rather hard to see why the story

should bear the name it does. While most highwaymen are not as polished in manner as some romances would lead us to believe, enough has been written about this English knight of the road to make this story seem not impossible. And, oh, yes, those two little verses about "My Lady"—well do they deserve the full page allotted them. Just here I might issue a word of friendly warning to the poet: he who is in love with Lady Nature is likely to have many rivals. The Alumni Department has taken very good care of the last year's graduates, and the editorials are by no means empty paragraphs of high-sounding phrases.

The Wofford College Journal for October makes no apology for the thirty-six pages included between its front and back advertisements; perhaps it is just as well. It is a "first issue," and everyone is aware of that fact. On the first page there is a four-stanza poem to which the author forgot to give a name; perhaps it is just as well; let it remain nameless. The author of "The Maid's Frown" suggests that the habitual scowl of the maiden aunt is the manifestation of her contempt for masculine cowardice. We had never thought of that. With many people a frown is not always an indication of disappointed affections. Too often it denotes liver complaint. The author of this dissertation seems to have had one of the most carefully arranged dreams on record. "Education and the State" is an essay that many of our legislators ought to read before they try to say what our mill children shall do and shall not do. "The Christmas Jug" is another yarn from that worldfamed land, Frog Level, S. C. We read it with the expectation of being more or less entertained; but when we finished the last paragraph we were compelled to note that nothing had come of the deception, after all. Why didn't something funny happen? Into the discussion of "A Few Presidential Candidates" we waded, expecting a dry review

of the breadth of Mr. Bryan's views, and the circumference of Mr. Taft's—er—chest, when, lo! we were delighted with some of the brightest "newspaper josh" ever heard off a political platform. Thanks to the perpetrator. "The Call of the Bloods" is a somewhat anti-Tom Dixon story, with more or less rather dusky sentiment. It results as we would have it result, and, while it may be valuable as a study of racial characteristics, it does not leave a pleasant impression.

In outward form, The Winthrop College Journal has not changed. But let us hope that the attitude of the Journal staff toward the Chronicle has undergone a change for the better. There was never any real reason for a misunderstanding. Carolina and Clemson have "shaken." Why not Winthrop and Clemson? Here is our hand. The exchange editor, like the football player, is in a game where he must learn to take hard knocks good-naturedly. In the October Journal a space of twelve pages is devoted to a debate on the question of a larger navy. All the points on both sides are well threshed out, and there is little chaff in the result. We should be glad to know how the judges decided. The defender of the negative side exclaims: "George Washington said: 'In time of peace prepare for war.'" Well, may be so; but whom was George quoting when he said it? And when a shroud is changed into a bridal robe, is it "misused?" Think about it. "The Picture Girl" is a made-to-order story about a made-to-order marriage; but it has the quality of novelty, at any rate. The hero falls in love with the lady after the ceremony. He had not known her long, however. We thank the author of "Memories" for the sunshine she has let in. Such little glimpses of green fields and pastures new lessen the tedium of the reviewer's humdrum grind. We think the author must have slightly idealized the American crow when she spoke of scaring away the "lazy rooks." We will consult "North American Fauna" for the range of the rook. May be we are wrong. "A Downright Shame" is not exactly what the title would lead one to suppose, but it approaches that limit.

While the October Davidson College Magazine is fairly well filled, most of the matter seems to represent the efforts of only four or five men. Several contributors have from two to four articles each. This does not in the least put the staff in an unfavorable light, but reflects more or less discredit on the literary element of the college at large. At Davidson, as elsewhere, there seems to have been trouble in convincing the student body that the college magazine is not the plaything of the staff, but the property of the school. "The Origin of the College Motto" is rather an abbreviated account of what must have been an interesting circumstance. "The Philosopher's Stone" is a highly imaginative story, as its name suggests. The handling of the plot displays considerable ingenuity on the part of the author; and to bring the story to a fitting close he makes use of his knowledge of chemistry, which circumstance his instructor will doubtless be glad to hear of. "The Poet" is a droll bit of humor, and brings to mind the idea that many of the verses submitted to college publications might appear to good advantage in a department specially reserved for them, and intended to furnish the reader with harmless amusement. Then we could make our remarks and have our laughs, and no one's feelings need suffer. In an historical essay, entitled "History Not Well Known," we find that the portion of history treated of is thoroughly familiar to at least one person, he being the author of the composition. In the oration, "Ich Dien," the author doubtless intends to impress upon us that the motto is not so humble as it sounds; his discourse, however, strays from its mapped course in places, and may appear somewhat rambling to some persons. "Broadening a College Education" is a plea for wider reading among

college men; and no doubt reading along the higher paths of literature is highly desirable, even when it entails a slight sacrifice in monthly percentages; but some of us, alas, who may be connected with the college publications, have no choice in the matter, but must confine ourselves to one kind of literature; and, oh, ye that are brazen-cheeked, ask not what kind that is! In "Isaac Erwin Avery" we have presented a man such as we do not often meet—a newspaper man with a poetic streak. The hero of "How I Got a Wedding Ring" selected a novel way in which to obtain that much-to-be-desired bit of jewelry; but perhaps his way is as satisfactory as any. There is more accident that plot in the hero's pistol-shooting, however. The magazine shows several poems, several pages of editorials and several departments of miscellany, none of which is apt to prove dull to the Davidson student or alumnus. One poem, "The Making of a Kiss," seems to reduce a more or less poetic theme to the level of a science. The average happy pair will need no directions when the psycological moment arrives. A patch of shadow on a moonlit porch, the delicate perfume of a flower garden, the dreamy music of a mocking-bird—these are the only utensils needed for the brewing of this delectable draught. The kiss is one of the few concoctions which turn out best when not made according to any prescribed formula. The originator of the recipe in question will find that experience alone can show under what circumstances the best results are obtained. Nevertheless, we are glad the poem was written and published. To most of us it calls to mind pleasant memories. Enough.

CLIPPINGS.

Bu\$ine\$\$ Manager'\$ \$ong.

How dear to my heart
I\$ the ca\$h \$ub\$cription,
When the generou\$ \$ub\$criber
Pre\$ent\$ it to view;
But the one who won't pay
I refrain from de\$cription,
For perhap\$, gentle reader,
That one may be you.

-Bus. Mgr.

"Bright Morning Star."

O, Morning Star, at break of day, When all the others fade away, Thou, who hast kept me through the night, Art still alone my guiding light.

Thy blessed radiance I feel, And earthly sorrows from me steal, And when on bended trembling knee, Thy Truth reveals itself to me.

And thy soft rays fall tenderly Into my soul, and cheerfully I wander on; my path grows bright By thy eternal guiding light.

In life, in death, thou art to me A strong serene reality. I'll fear not when I cross the bar, Bright Morning Star, Bright Morning Star.

-C. C. Kiser (Mercerian).

"Pass It On."

The College President:

Such rawness in a student is a shame, But lack of preparation is to blame.

The High School Principal:

Good heavens! What crudity! The boy's a fool, The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

The Grammar School Principal:

Would that from such a dunce I might be spared! They send them up to me so unprepared.

The Primary Principal:

Poor kindergarten blockhead! And they call That "preparation!" Worse than none at all.

The Kindergarten Teacher:

Never such lack of training did I see; What kind of person can the mother be?

The Mother:

You stupid child! But, then, you're not to blame; Your father's family are all the same.

The Philosopher:

Shall father in his folk's defense be heard? No! Let the mother have the final word.

-Puck.

Has Miss Virginia Dame Elasticity in her heel? I'm afraid you don't know, Physics, She has the "Virginia Reel."

The Pillars of Fame.

Freshman—

We will tell you if we can.

Sophomore—

Versed in all the lore are we. Junior—

Our wagon's hitched to a star.

Senior-

How we wonder what you are, Up above the prep. so far, Like a diamond in the sky, When their candle light is set, And their prayers they all forget, Then you show your little light, Twinkling, twinkling in the night.

-Ex.

He sent his son to college,
And now he says alack,
I've spent two thousand dollars,
And got a quarter back.

-Ex.

Sweet Southern girls, they are to us, So precious and so dear; We love them and we praise the fact That S. C. has her share.

10-1-20, '09.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest of these, "It's soup again."

Downfall of a Dude.

Dolphy fell down in the rink;
It was an awful fall;
And when the girls their backs all turned,
He backed up 'gainst the wall;
He called a friend, took off the skates,
And giving him a wink,
Said: "Jim, lend me that long-tailed coat;
I want to leave this rink."

-Ex.

"Kissing's No Sin."

Some say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has worm'd in this world
Since ever there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu', Lawyers wadna allow it; If it wasna holy, Ministers wadna do it.

If it wadna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folks wadna get it.

Said a bearded "med." to a fair co-ed.,
"I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams. are near, and I do fear,
That I will bursted be."
"Oh, no!" she said, "I'll be a shore;
Come rest your journey o'er."
Darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.

A Freshman's Interpretation.

November 20:

My son, your report card has at last reached me; And why, after each subject, do I find the letter "c"? Father, "c" means that of all the rest, My class and exam. work is "considered best."

January 30:

And will you explain to me, my son, Why there's a "D" after your studies, every one? The reason is quite plain, father, dear; I "Deserve" better marks than anyone here.

April 1:

We read your report with much interest, But what does the letter "F" suggest? Father, trust me to do myself proud; "F" means the "Finest" student in the crowd.

June 16:

And what, my studious, intellectual son, Is the distinction that you with "FF" won? Father, dear father, congratulate me, "Fine, finer, finest," superlative degree.

-Ex.

"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" he said.
She nodded her sweet permission.
So they went to press,
And I rather guess
They printed a large edition.

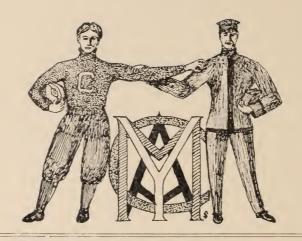
A Lonely Scene.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day.
Her eyes were tender, and large, and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling on her golden hair,
Those calm deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now,
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

--Ex.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

A Welcome to Our New Secretary.

As a student body, we welcome you, Mr. Prevost, as our new secretary. Such a genial disposition as yours is sure to win the friendship of every man in school. Call yourself a stranger no longer, but one of the fellows of Clemson.

You have a great and noble work, and the boys of Clemson will back you. At all times feel that you can rely on any and all of us to help you.

Last year Clemson stood third in the United States colleges for Bible study, having four hundred and fifty men enrolled. With our secretary's help and by the work of our leaders we hope to maintain our standard.

As the proverb says, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," so it is that we welcome you all the more. May you always feel at home in our midst, and that every Clemson student is your friend.

Our New Secretary.

Mr. Noel L. Prevost, our present secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was born at Stromsburg, Neb. At an early age he entered the common school at York, Neb. After finishing at the common school, he entered the high school at York. While here, he was very prominent in literary activities, having represented the high school in two State debates. After graduating from the high school, he spent one year in Ottawa University at Ottawa, Kansas.

The next three years of Mr. Prevost's life were spent in the office of the passenger traffic manager of the Burlington railroad in Chicago. While in Chicago, Mr. Prevost was very prominent in religious and social activities.

After leaving Chicago, Mr. Prevost entered the University of Nebraska at Lincoln. While here, he was noted for being a hard student. He was also very prominent in society work and in all collegiate debates. The university awarded him a scholarship in philosophy for the year '08-'09, but owing to existing circumstances, he could not avail himself of it. In June, after graduation, he entered the city Y. M. C. A. at Omaha, Neb., where he remained until coming to Clemson.

Since Mr. Prevost has been at Clemson, we have found him to be a man of sterling integrity and earnestness of purpose, in every respect a manly man. The genial disposition, the cheering word, and the pleasant smile have won for our little secretary the respect and admiration of every man in the corps. We extend to him a hearty welcome, and assure him of our strongest support in all that he undertakes.

A Survey of the Y. M. C. A. Work at Clemson.

Until Mr. Legate came here, four years ago, there was no real active Y. M. C. A. Association.

From the founding of the college there was always a few

who tried to do some religious work. Only a few were interested, however, and they received no encouragement. The Bible Study consisted of from six to ten men who met in the chapel at night once a week.

Finally, the faculty saw that there was a religious element lacking in the life of the students. Realizing that the Y. M. C. A. could not prosper without some one to lead, the trustees appropriated a certain amount towards the expenses of a general secretary.

The band of workers welcomed Mr. Legate with all their souls. When Mr. Legate reached here he realized his conditions fully, but set to work with high ideals. All credit and honor should be accorded him for the attainment of these ideals.

It was under his leadership that the student Bible classes were first organized. Each year the enrolled number grew larger, until last year it reached four hundred and fifty. The work last year was more systematic and thorough than ever before.

Of the four courses offered in Bible Study, over half of the men take the life of Christ; next in number is the life of St. Paul. The last course is studies in the Old Testament. The two courses in the life of Christ have always been the largest.

The weekly prayer-meeting was brought to its standard by Mr. Legate. That, too, has grown marvellously fast. The average attendance at the meetings last year was thirtyfive. This year has started out even more promising.

Soon after arriving here, Mr. Legate secured the present hall for the Y. M. C. A. work. A hundred and sixty-five dollars is to be expended on more furnishings and conveniences. The next movement will be for a separate Y. M. C. A. building.

The Sunday evening meetings are entertaining and instructive. Some of the best speakers that can be secured are brought here, sometimes at considerable expense to the Y. M. C. A.

Each year at least two socials or banquets are given. Expenses are not considered in making these a success. The library, of religious books, mostly, and foreign countries, is for the benefit of any member who desires to use it. Foremost in the minds of many are the tennis courts of the association.

With the association left in so flourishing a condition by our last secretary, it cannot help growing under our efficient new secretary. With the concentrated efforts of all the men, we can realize even our new secretary's ideals.

The International Bible Study Conference.

The first International Student Bible Study Conference convened Thursday evening, October 22d, at 8 o'clock, in Memorial Hall, Columbus, O. The chairman of the Church Brotherhood of Columbus extended a hearty welcome to the delegates. He then introduced Mr. John R. Motte, the presiding officer of the conference. In that forceful manner, peculiar to Mr. Motte, he outlined the great purpose of the conference. The dominating factor, as we all know, of the conference is the furtherance of Bible Study among college men.

The first address of the conference was delivered by Dr. Gladden. He pictured the great progress made in Bible Study among our college men; and this movement is not confined to our college men alone, for it is making great progress in all the civilized world. Dr. Gladden quoted the words of Martin Luther, of the sixteenth century: "One-third of the college students of Germany break down from

dissipation; one-third succumb to overwork, and the remainder disseminate knowledge to the German Empire." Dr. Gladden impressed his audience with the fact that America is expecting an outcome very different from this of her college students.

I am sure it was a pleasure for our boys to know that Clemson College is recognized all over North America as one of the first in Bible Study work. This fact was constantly commented upon by the speakers of the conference. Fellows, it is very likely that another International Bible Study Conference will be held next year; and now let us do such work this year that we will continue to be held as a model in Bible class work.

The evening meetings were open to the public, and on some occasions there were at least 8,000 people in attendance. On Friday evening Mr. Robert E. Speer delivered a lecture that will long be remembered by all present. His subject was "The Bible and the Culture of the Spiritual Life." He impressed the large number present, about 8,000, with the great fact that the Bible is the greatest source from which to receive spiritual culture. Mr. Speer held his audience spellbound for over an hour.

Following are some of the other speakers and their subjects: President Falkner, of University of Toronto, subject: "The Constitution of Scholarship to the Understanding of the Bible;" Colonel Lardy, of West Point, subject: "The Time Element in Bible Study;" Mr. Northrop, of Carlisle Indian School, subject: "The Spread of the Bible Among the Indians;" Hon. H. B. McFarland, subject: "The Call of the Nation to College Men;" and Mr. J. A. McDonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe*, subject: "Citizenship, the Bible and the College Man." In all there were about twenty-five addresses made in these few days by some of the most eminent speakers of our country.

The closing address was made by Bishop McDowell on Sunday evening, October 25th. He pictured very vividly the great opportunities of our college men, and he earnestly pleaded that every delegate present would return to his institution and do all in his power for the furtherance of Bible Study. In this last address, as in all preceding it, was seen the great fact that the people in every walk of life need the Bible as their guide. After this highly appreciated address by Bishop McDowell, the first International Bible Study Conference, which was indeed a success, was brought to a close with the benediction by Mr. John R. Motte. The end of this conference is hoped to be really the beginning of the great Bible Study Movement.

N. E. Byrd, '10.

The International Conference.

At the Bible Conference, which was held at Columbus a few days ago, one of the most prominent features was the entertainment of the delegates. The "Church Brotherhood" is to be highly complimented on their visitors while they were in Columbus. The few days of pleasure which was spent among these people will long be remembered and kindly spoken of by the delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada. It is hoped that the conference will continually improve; but in this phase, as well as many others, perfection is not far.

The brotherly feeling which prevailed among the crowd, though they were from all parts of America, was indeed striking. It was not necessary for one to be among them but a short time to feel as though he was among old acquaintances and collegemates.

The brightest feature of the conference for Clemson was that her new secretary, Mr. Prevost, was there, and came from there to his new field of work at Clemson. Though we do not especially need missionaries in our midst, the need of a general secretary was quite evident. After the three years of noble work which our former secretary, Mr. Legate, did here, it was practically impossible to keep the work in the flourishing condition which it was in without a leader to take Mr. Legate's place. The students of Clemson are very thankful for and congratulate the advisory board on their most excellent work in choosing our new leader. The South will always be proud of Nebraska, and praise her for such a jewel as Mr. Bryan. Clemson, I am sure, will always hereafter have a warmer feeling for her, and wish for more Prevosts. Arkansas will ever be remembered by those who knew her noble son, Mr. Legate.

It is indeed gratifying to know that the South is leading in Bible Study work. Are we to keep this good standing, or shall some other part of the country lead us in the future? I am certain that every man at our institution will do all in his power, not only to maintain our standing, but to promote it. The Y. M. C. A. leaders are working to have a secretaries' conference next summer, for the purpose of getting the methods of the South in training secretaries. It should make our men's hearts beat with joy to know that Clemson was the only Southern college of which special mention was made of her good work. Never in the history of the world has the opportunity for Christian work among college men been greater than at the present day. Shall we use it, or shall reflect upon it in future days as a neglected opportunity?

The report at the conference from the Carlisle Indian School was very gratifying. Mr. Northard, one of their students, reminded us in his talk of the fact that the Indian is naturally a religious person. We know that, even when they were in the savage state, they had gods. When the white man came to America, the red men were on the war-

path, looking for scalps; but now they are going out on a raid—not searching for scalps, but for the truth of Jesus Christ.

With so many things to encourage us, we should be like the good old Westerner's wife, who, after she was drowned, was too contrary to float down stream. May we all be too contrary to float down stream, and ever strive to keep the Y. M. C. A. and Bible work moving upward and onward.

L. W. Summers, '10.

The Asheville Conference.

THE GATHERING AND OUR DELEGATION

The Southern Student Conference, held at Montreat, was made up of nearly four hundred students, representing about eighty Southern colleges. All the States and nearly every college in the South had at least one man present. The delegations from each college varied in numbers from one to twenty-three. There were also a number of college professors, who took an active part in the work. Clemson was well represented by twenty-three men, with our former secretary, Mr. Legate, and Professors Daniel and Hunter. Our college was conspicuous in more ways than her numbers. Her enthusiasm was conspicuous in the afternoon sports, college spirit and general conference work. The conference, as a whole, showed much interest and enthusiasm in the work. In the morning all the fellows were eager to attend all the classes and lectures, and in the afternoon all were equally ready for sports.

On the athletic field, on the mountain side, or about the buildings, a more congenial bunch of fellows could hardly be found. In a word, it was an ideal assembly of Christian college men, gathered together to study principles for carry-

ing on Y. M. C. A. work, to get the fire and determination which every one receives in such a meeting.

Fellows, let us see that every man does his best this year, and next spring send even a larger delegation to the conference.

T. D. W., '11.

A SKETCH OF THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF THE CONFERENCE.

The students at the Southern Conference were particularly fortunate in securing so many forcible speakers for the occasion. It was one of the few times when John R. Motte and Robert E. Speer were together at a conference.

The conference was opened by Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt University. The address was especially forceful and duly appropriate. Some of the other speakers were: W. D. Weatherford, the Southern student secretary; Mr. Hyme, a missionary from the Philippines, who is out because of bad health; Robert E. Speer, the well-known lecturer, loved by students all over the United States; John R. Motte, chairman of the student volunteer movement for foreign missions; and Prof. D. W. Daniel, of Clemson. Professor Daniel spoke on "Teaching as a Life Work." He described the trials and difficulties and yet the pleasures and joys in such a way that every man could appreciate what it meant to become a teacher.

The addresses by Speer were worthy of the greatest lecturer. He won the deserved admiration and consideration of all present. John R. Motte, the "Man of Missions," had just arrived from a tour of the world, and his heart and mind were in his work. The addresses of Mr. Weatherford were among the most impressive and far-reaching of the conference. Some of his subjects of unusual interest were: "The Freedom of Manhood," "Organized Bible Classes," and "System of Finance for Y. M. C. A.'s."

Mr. Hyme spoke of the "City Problems," and of the "City Y. M. C. A. Work." Many men determined to become workers and leaders of the city Y. M. C. A. work.

Some other speakers, less prominent, perhaps, were: McGill, Legate, Murray, Taylor, Beverly, Sharp, Brown, Huntington and Johnson.

It is impossible to get others to see the conference as those present can. Fellows, you ought to go.

J. N. C., '10.

ATHLETICS AT MONTREAT.

In order to encourage college spirit and athletics during the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Montreat, a pennant was offered to the winning team in baseball, in basketball, and track.

Every college which had enough representatives at the conference to enter one of these countests put forth every effort to win. Many of the men entering the various contests were members of the college varsity teams.

The final championship for basketball was played between Cumberland and Vanderbilt. After a hard-fought game, Vanderbilt won by a small score. This was the only pennant that the great Commodores carried off.

Following the basketball games came a series of baseball games. In the game between Clemson and the University of Alabama, Clemson had no varsity baseball players, thereby losing to Alabama in a score of two to zero. The Clemson men were glad to see their nearby neighbor, Furman, walk off with the blanket for baseball. The final game was between Furman and Tech., ending in 1 to 0 for Furman.

However, Clemson was not disappointed in the track events, for she won what she expected, the championship. Five of the Clemson delegates were track men; these men were: Pridmore, Fleming, Byrd, White and Barnette.

With Byrd taking first on all of the dashes, and Fleming first on all of the weights, it was easy for Clemson to win the track championship. Byrd and Fleming had no equals at all, and every one stared and wondered. The final score was 34 to 14 for Clemson.

For those who did not care to take a part in the above named sports, there was always a mountain climb planned for every afternoon. The last and most important climb was to Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains.

To use a colloquial expression, "It was good to be there." W. A. B., '10.

Passing Notes.

Did you go to your Bible class meeting last Sunday night?

We have a secretary now who does not belong to the labor union. You can see him any time of day.

Why were you absent from the last Y. M. C. A. meeting? We missed you.

After this you will have to go to Sunday school. Each regular attendant is now held responsible for certain men in his class. We will soon have over two hundred present at this rate.

Did you know prayer meeting was changed to Wednesday night from now on?

Do you take an interest in the Y. M. C. A. work? Your parents expect you to.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College—P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—G. W. Keitt, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—O. M. Clark, President; L. W. Summers, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society-J. H. Earle, President; W. D. Barnett, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; H. W. McIver, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas 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—S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Team-F. Fleming, Captain; , Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger—O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers

The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity and

Class Inserts

for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class
Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



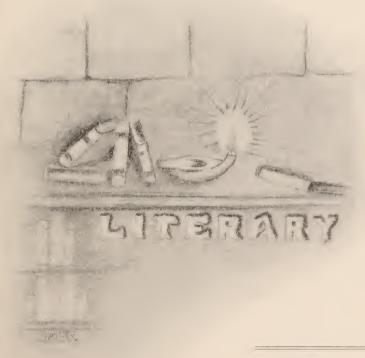
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE
"Thanks, Cupid"	177
"To Allah at the New Year"	182
The Great Conqueror	183
The Black Diamond	186
Her Answer	191
A Protest Against Immigration	192
It Pays to Advertise	196
The Little Brother	202
All's Well That Ends Well	204
A Debate	209
The Burglar	214
Editorial Department	220
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	230
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT	247
COLLEGE DIRECTORY	257

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JANUARY, 1909. No. 4



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

"THANKS, CUPID."

"In every woman," began Elsie, in a musing tone, "the homing instinct is supreme, and—"

"All save one," I interrupted, with quite a little bitterness in my

tones. "She has all the attributes of a true woman—yes, those of an angel—save that which you mention."

Now, I have always held that when Elsie muses, kings would cease to reign in order that they might better see that indescribably pretty face in a state of abstraction to all things mundane. Add to this knowledge the fact that Elsie had just refused me for the fifteenth time, and you will, I know, pardon my bitterness.

There was silence a moment. The "Billy B" cut through the waters of the bay, literally dancing over the little wavelets, which ruffled its surface. The summer sky was without a cloud. The "Billy B's" engine, unlike most engines, "chugged" softly to itself, as if entirely satisfied with affairs. It really seemed foolish to quarrel under such circumstances, so I made haste to restore the peace. and, naturally, made matters worse.

"Shall we turn around?" I asked, merely because it was the first thing to come to my mind, knowing that if she assented, I would never forgive myself the asking.

"Turn around?" repeated Elsie, "Why, certainly not—unless you are tired of my company," and her nose went a point higher at the idea.

"Of course I'm not!" I hastened to exclaim; "I thought perhaps—ah—er—it might be getting chilly for you and—"

"Now, Dick, you know it's not a bit chilly, and, besides, you promised to take me clear around Black Rock this afternoon."

"Yes, I did and we shall go there, too, if you still wish to," I assented, only too glad to get the conversation off my useless "fib." "By Jove!" as a brilliant (?) idea came to me; "why didn't I think of it before?"

"Think of what?" asked Elsie, curiously.

"Why, that Birmingham is only ten miles further on and that Ned Townsend lives there. What could be nicer? We can run there in an hour—he will marry us—and we can be back in time for supper," and I looked at her hopefully, thinking that perhaps she would be struck by the originality of this, the sixteenth, proposal.

"Now, Dick," she said reproachfully, and my hopes went to zero again at her tones, "I thought we had decided, not thirty minutes ago, to drop that, and have a real pleasant afternoon."

"Sweetheart," I burst out, unable to contain myself; I admit that my voice trembled—"how many times shall I have to remind you that all my pleasant mornings, noons and evenings are bound up in you, and until I have you there can be none in store for me."

"Oh, Dick—I—wish—y—you wouldn't!" and real tears stood in her eyes. Now, if Elsie's musing was enough to destroy a fellow's peace of mind, Elsie, in tears, would make him commit murder. The sight of her thus made me almost repentant of my words and I at once implored forgiveness for each separate pearly drop.

"Dearest, forgive me—I love you so madly that it makes me even break my word! I can't help saying what I—my heart has control of my tongue, and I am almost powerless. Won't you say you love me—just a little?"

"I can't—D—Dick," came in muffled tones from the pathetic little bundle of femininity; "I do like you—just lots—b—but—I don't—believe I love anybody. Oh, Dick, why can't you forget this and let's be friends?"

"Friends?" I returned, scornfully. "Friends? Offer a man dying of thirst one cool drop of water and find how he would thank you. Friends? Bah!" And in utter misery I turned my back on her and gazed off toward where a dim outline of Birmingham could be seen, lying like a white cloud on the darker outline of the shore.

I had hardly settled myself for a contemplation of the seriousness of this last rejection when the engine, as if disgusted with the turn affairs had taken, coughed consumptively once or twice—stopped, chugged again; stopped, and the "Billy B" lay rolling in her own swell on the broad bosom of Lake Champlain—five miles from anywhere.

With a muttered imprecation on engines in general and this one in particular, I turned and set to work in an endeavor to discover the cause of our stoppage—in vain. I looked over that entire machine, from batteries to carbureter, without finding anything out of place; and always when cranked, the engine would give a few mournful chugs and lie silent.

At last I arose from my knees, with an exclamation of surrender, to meet the half-amused, half-alarmed look of Elsie.

"Oh, Dick," she exclaimed, tearfully; "what's the matter? Won't the horrid thing run?"

"No," I returned, somewhat gruffly; "I can't find the trouble. It seems that we shall have to drift. I have one consolation—I have you with me."

"But, Dick, I've just got to be back by 8; I've promised to attend that bridge party at Mrs. Benson's, and—and—(almost in tears again)—it would be perfectly terrible out here at night."

"I'm more sorry than I can tell, little girl; but, wait a moment, I shall try again."

And once again I went over that infernal combination of stubbornness, and once again I failed to find anything out of order.

"If I were superstitious," I muttered, "I should think an evil spirit had entered that engine this afternoon—or, rather, a good angel; for, now she can't go to that party with Bainbridge."

"I tell you what I'll do," I said aloud, to Elsie, "it's not so very far to shore, if you will let me I will swim ashore, get a boat and be back—in a few minutes."

"What-and-leave me here alone-I'd die!"

This last idea being destroyed and no others coming to my usually fertile brain, I subsided, and sat down to wait for that forlorn hope: a passing boat.

An hour passed—two—and my watch registered 6 o'clock, when I became aware of a slight weight on my shoulder; turning, I saw the fair head of Elsie; she was asleep. Not at all angry at this act of impoliteness, I sat still. For a few moments I resisted the desire to seize her in my arms, and then partially succumbing, I pressed my lips ardently against her golden curls, on her eyes, and would have pressed my lips to her own, so completely had she enthralled me, had she not stirred slightly and opened her eyes.

"Elsie—Dear—(I could feel myself turning carmine; I felt like a man caught stealing something inexpressably valuable)—come, wake up; this won't do. You will catch your death of cold. Be brave; I'm going for help."

And I stood up preparatory to leaping overboard.

"No, Dick! No!" and she grasped me by the arm; "you shan't go! Say you won't; I just know a shark or alligator or something horrid will get you and—and—I—can't—spare—you—Dick—because—"

"Because what? Didn't you say you didn't love me at all!"

"Y-yes-but-Dick, don't go. Please don't!"

"Is it because you are afraid of being left alone," I asked, tremulous with the new hope, which had sprung up in my breast.

"No—not—that—I just can't bear to think of your going through that cold water," and her hand closed convulsively on my arm, at the thought. "Oh, Dick; please!" as I resolved to place all on one throw, attempted to take off my light summer coat, "I can't let you go, because—I—I—"

"Say it, dear!" I pleaded, placing my hand over her small one, still on my arm.

"-Love you," she finished in my arms.

* * * * * * * * *

"But this isn't getting home," I ventured, when my mind finally, I would be afraid to say how many minutes later, returned to things temporal. "Just one more, dearest—there. Now, I'll look over that da—blessed engine again."

I started to work again, but had cranked only a few times when—no, it did not start—SHE called:

"Dear, has this got anything to do with the engine?" Following the direction of her pointing finger, I saw the auxiliary switch, by the wheel—I saw also that it was open.

"Did you open that?" I asked, as I snapped it shut.

"Open it? Why, no; I only pulled that little handle, awhile ago, when you started to act so h—horrid. It hasn't anything to do with the engine, has it?"

"Yes-er-no; that is, not much;" as the engine responded to the first crank.

As we "ploughed" our way up to the little wharf, I turned once more to the "Billy B"—

"Thanks, Cupid," I whispered.

H. C. B., '11.

"TO ALLAH AT THE NEW YEAR."

In the temple of thy high priest
Give heed unto thy worshipping host.
Give thy children each thy blessing
In that which he needeth most.
Into thy home, O Allah,
Take the souls of those that faithful be.

Be merciful to them that, scorning thee, Among the wicked roam; And guide their ways, O Allah, Guide thou their ways.

Allah, lead thy lowly children
In the paths that they should tread.
Call their erring souls unto thee
Ere they join the living dead.
Into thy hands, O Allah,
We trust the souls of those who die.
Guard thou the bones of them that burning lie
Beneath the desert's sands.
And keep their souls, O Allah,
Keep thou their souls.
N. G.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

How many of us, after having read ancient history, or having familarized ourselves with the lives of Philip of Macedonia, Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte, would not class these men with the greatest conquerors that the world has ever seen? Each of these men was great in his time. As a rule, they were victorious in all their conquests; yet, one after another went down in defeat before the great conqueror. Although he went into battle with the determination to win, the great conqueror did not always summons the commanders to surrender first; sometimes he would go against their subordinates; more often, especially when in battle, he would attack the privates and make them yield up their spears. With the Spartan mother, this conqueror was welcomed, with the return of her son, second only to victory. During conquest or battle he was always victorious, sometimes defeating thousands. He did

not attack the flanks and the rear guard, as one commander will do to another today; but he went between the front ranks of both armies and demanded the surrender of a number from both sides. Let us look, too, as he turns with one army and makes a charge against the helpless women and children, how sometimes it seems as if he intends to wipe out their very existence. Then, again, picture him as he went with Pompey in his charge against the Gladiators. Does he not seem cruel? This conqueror, even greater than the greatest, stalked around over the world then and is now stalking about over this world, with the same commission, and doing the same thing that he did then.

It is not necessary for us to review the history of Greece and of Rome to get a picture that will show the results of this great conqueror's work; then, let us look for a moment at some of the pictures that he has left, showing his work in our own country. First of all, consider what he did for the red man. The Indian, as you know, was brave, not afraid of anything, although he would never meet his foe out in the open, always taking care of self and slipping up from behind or on the blind-side and making his victim yield to his tomahawk, yet, with these precautions and ideas, he would give up his weapon of war and go down in defeat when attacked by the great conqueror. Again, all of our great generals have been commissioned to go against this great conqueror; they, too, have gone and will continue to go down in defeat before him.

We must not think of him as conquering only men of conquest, and allowing the rest of the world to move on unchallenged; but we must think of him as dealing equally with all, and making his charges as hard against the rest of the world as he does against the warriors. The men engaged in fighting are very small in number compared with those of other callings. This great conqueror goes out into this larger number, striking, apparently, innocence itself with

the same bloody dagger that he has used in subduing every one of his combatants. However cruel he may seem, with all these terrors of war, yet one should not dread his coming.

The ordinary animal that roams around over this world, and who is commonly called man, has more undesirable qualities than desirable ones. But in the case of the great conqueror, there is an exception to this rule. The greater number of his qualities is far more desirable than undesirable, from the human standpoint. He relieves the sick and the wounded from their agonies when all medical attentions and surgical operations have failed. Then, too, watch him on a cold winter day when the snow and sleet are fast covering a coat of ice that formed from the rain that fell the night before, as he goes out into some alley or back lot in the city and takes from some poor body, half-frozen, and starts it on a flight toward heaven.

Isn't this a great calling? Again, look at him as he plays with the little babe, makes it smile, as it lays in its mother's lap, unable to tell from what it is suffering. Here, too, see how he breathes wings on this little soul and directs it to a higher and nobler life. He is doing similar deeds of kindness every day. He relieves the slave and restores him to his freedom. Again, he goes down into the slums of our large cities and gives alms to those who are deserving, and makes friends with those whom he intends to visit on his next trip. Is he lacking in charity?

This great conqueror is not an enemy to us; but our friend. Think about what he has done for the world and its inhabitants. Has he not been a blessing to it from every point of view? He has built a road over which we must travel; the kings and the slaves, the rich and the poor, the big and the little—all must go along this road together. He calls upon one class about as often as he calls upon another. In view of these facts, I hardly think there is one that would be so cruel as to call him unjust; he treats all in very much

the same way. Then, too, just think that after his visit we shall no longer be here in this sinful world trying to keep soul and body together, but we shall be transformed and put on our way to the place where many have gone before. I believe that one writer has said that nature deals with us in much the same way that we lend money; the only difference being that the time when the loan is to be returned is not specified. In conclusion, how many of us will be ready to return this loan when it is demanded—be prepared to entertain our friends when he calls, and to make our charge against the great conqueror, death?

H. R. C., '10.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

It was on a dull spring morning when the great steamship, Hudson, which had for the previous three weeks been making its way from Calcutta, came in sight of San Francisco. As the morning fog cleared away, a long stretch of coast appeared; and, finally, the harbor was plainly visible.

As I stood, with a small party, on the foredeck, watching the eager faces, all turned in the same direction, I thought that no one would be so glad to reach his journey's end as I. One is apt to think in this fashion, for, to everybody, his own concerns are more important than those of anyone else. Still my egotistical reflections were in a measure true; for, to me, the arrival at San Francisco meant more than a safe voyage from India to America. It meant that a mission on which my future career depended would be successfully carried out. It meant, in fact, the difference between success and failure. During my past life, I had had many weird experiences, but none which had ever caused me so much anxiety as the completion of a negotiation with an Eastern Rajah for a historical diamond.

I can recall the thrill of delight that passed through me when Mr. Wheeler, the manager of the American Jewelry Company, called me to his office and, after speaking of the negotiation, said: "Mr. Wilson, we have decided to entrust you with the responsibilty of going to India and bringing the diamond back with you."

My fellow-clerks, though somewhat envious of me, were loud in their congratulations, declaring that "Old Bill" was in luck's way. I reflected that if I carried out the mission I should never be classed as a common clerk again,

I was provided with a strong leather belt, to which was attached a small pouch, or pocket, in which the stone was to be carried. The belt was to be worn under my coat and waistcoat.

After I had purchased the diamond, I felt no little uneasiness until I had boarded the Hudson; for soon after the purchase was made, it was known among all the Rajah's servants, who were of a crafty sort. However, I managed to avoid all suspicious looking characters until I had embarked for San Francisco.

On the whole, the voyage was a fair one, and, as I came in sight of the harbor, I felt somewhat elated at my success.

As I walked along the gangway from the ship, I saw a tall black man, dressed in a shabby suit of American clothes, whom, strangely enough, I had not encountered during the voyage. He showed a striking resemblance to one of the Rajah's servants, whose eyes had dogged my footsteps as I left the Rajah's premises. This, I thought, certainly could not be the man I left in India; for the latter had shown no signs of recognizing me.

On landing, I made my way to the office of Mr. Grey, an agent for the company, who had been promised a sight of the diamond. I found that he was away from his office. As I had been instructed to show the stone to him, I had to

wait for his return. I wandered aimlessly about the city, had some refreshments, and passed off the time as best I could until I should find Mr. Grey at home.

In the early part of the afternoon, I visited his office again, this time finding him in. He, being one of those men who is always dissatisfied with things, simply looked at it without expressing any admiration. I spoke to him of my feeling of relief at being again on American soil. "My friend," said he, "do not elate yourself until you are out of the woods. There is time for many things to happen yet."

Mr. Grey asked me if I carried firearms; I told him I had not done so since I embarked at Calcutta. He advised me to get a pistol to take with me on the train to Chicago. We went out to purchase one before I should have to board the evening express, which I, on account of the delay, was obliged to take.

As I reflected on what Mr. Grey had said, I grew very much alarmed, and decided, if possible, to get a car to myself. Fortunately, I succeeded in getting a compartment on a Pullman for my use. On entering I had the porter to lock the door. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train pulled out from the station.

Finally, the train was moving off, and I, feeling greatly relieved, picked up my paper and began to read. It seemed that my pistol stuck out of my pocket at an unpleasant angle; I, therefore, laid it on the seat by me and resumed my reading. For some time I was much absorbed in my reading. Possibly half an hour had passed when, suddenly, I noticed that my revolver was not on the seat. I looked among my papers and on the floor around my seat, but found no revolver.

My first thought was to jump to the bellcord and give the alarm, but the thought came to me that if anyone should be in the car he might spring upon me and overpower me before I could succeed in giving the alarm.

Being undecided what course to pursue, I again leaned back in my seat. For some time I sat, gazing vacantly at the paper in front of me. I had been in this position for possibly a quarter of an hour when I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body, I looked down, and, to my horror, I saw a black hand on the floor near my foot. Then it was that I realized for the first time that I was in the deadliest peril, that I was at the mercy of a malicious wretch who had followed me from India with the intention of robbing me. As I sat reflecting for a minutes, death stared me in the face. Though whatever my feelings are, I am no coward. I decided, if I must die, I would die game. I gathered all my strength, and, with a sudden Iurch, I dragged the Indian from under the seat. Then a struggle followed.

The brute was a more powerful man than I, but my attack had been so sudden that he had not had time to get at the pistol, which he had thrust in his breast. Seeing my advantage, I clung with all my strength to his right arm, but the brute was on me like a lion.

In reality, I do not think the struggle lasted more than a few seconds when the train suddenly struck something in its path. There was a crash, and the car in which we stood collapsed, splintered and crushed like a nut between the crackers.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a bed in a place that apparently had been hurriedly arranged as a hospital for the wounded. I tried for some moments to think where I was and how I came to be there, when, suddenly, I thought of the diamond. On trying to feel for it, I found that my right arm had been broken and my left badly bruised and sprained.

As I looked around, I saw on the bed to my right a black face buried in a white pillow. I was almost horror-stricken.

The doctor must have heard my movements; for in a few minutes he stole softly into the room where I was, and looked down on me inquiringly. I saw at a glance that he would do to trust; so I told him the story of my experience, but did not mention the Indian. He placed his hand as directed, and assured me that the stone was still in the pocket. He asked me if I did not want him to take care of it for me until I was stronger. I told him that I could never part from it for a single moment. He gave me something in a glass, and soon I was in a deep sleep.

When I awoke, I felt the bed clothing move about me; and on opening my eyes, I saw the Indian bending over me. Before I screamed, he placed his hand over my mouth, cut the belt and was gone through the window and out into the darkness.

The doctor and the nurse, who were in the adjoining room, heard my screams and hurried to my bed. "Doctor, I am ruined," said I. "My hopes are forever blasted. I am robbed." "Don't be too sure of that," he calmly and smilingly said, as he took the diamond from his pocket and placed it in my hand. "Knowing that you were weak, I took the stone. I was afraid you would not rest easy if you felt for it and found the pocket empty. In my haste to get a substitute, I got a piece of coal, which was the very thing I wanted. So, you see, your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own color."

W. M. W.

HER ANSWER.

Beneath a beech tree in the wood Three merry, laughing children stood. Miss May was called the happy girl, The other two were Tom and Earle.

And Earle was cutting in the beech Initials for the name of each; For May's an M, and B cut he, Her last name, too, began with B.

He found that B was hard to make, So said to her, "For goodness' sake, Let me some easy letter make— Tom wants your last name to be Lake."

He thought that L would surely tease, But May, it did not seem to please, For she just said, "It will suit me To let it be not L, but T."

To make a T would suit him well, For his full name was Earle Tavell; And when he'd cut T in the bark, She shyly cut a question mark.

Five years had passed, when on a ride, Tom asked the girl to be his bride. Her answer was, "I can't say yet, But will by Friday at sunset."

In that same week, on Wednesday night, As May and Earle strolled by moonlight, He said, "I love you more than life, And want you to become my wife." Forgetting all about Tom's date, She said, "'Til sunset Friday wait, And I by then will answer you, But can't say now just what I'll do."

By chance, on Friday, these same three Sat down beneath that same beech tree. The sun went down, she gave a sigh, For then to both she must reply.

Already she had made her choice, Though each to tell she had no voice, So with a knife that question mark She nervously cut from the bark.

Her answer Tom could now foretell: She'd start her name with T not L. Without a single word to say, He turned about and went his way.

The thoughts of each I cannot tell, But in Earle's outstretched arms she fell; And there, beneath the rising moon They sealed their love as't should be done.

A PROTEST AGAINST IMMIGRATION.

The first record of immigration into America, from foreign countries, since the days when the original settlers came, is dated 1820. Those who came to this country during the first few years of its growth were from Germany, France, Great Britain, and Switzerland. No fault can be found with these pioneer settlers, for in truth we are descendants of this hardy people who populated our land. And also immigration and civilization go hand in hand;

hence these foreigners, who first came to this country, were doubly desirable for its future welfare; however, since colonization is no longer necessary for the populating of our land, we can conveniently exclude our part of the world's immigrants. Then, too, the stream has ceased to come from the countries from which it originally came, but in its stead there comes a mighty on-rushing tide of the dwellers of undesirable parts of Europe and the Orient. Since 1820, when the first real immigrants came, our land has been the field to which people from all the world have come. 'Tis true that this mighty and seemingly irresistible tide has had a few barriers to break down, but they have also had an equal reaction that brought them again in great numbers. The potato famine was one of the many foreign causes that brought these people to this land; also the discovery of gold in California and other Western States are American causes that tended to fill our land with a few desirable and hordes of undesirable foreigners.

Notwithstanding the fact that the United States has immigration laws with which an immigrant must comply, and stations through which the immigrant must pass, the loose administration for the last three or four years has admitted many hundreds of undesirable persons who aspire for citizenship. If the appropriations that were demanded for the building of more stations were given to equip and provide for the enforcement of the law of those already in service it would be of untold value to America; however, as long as these laws are loosely administered America will continue to be the dumping ground of the world.

During the fiscal year that ended in June, 1907, America received more immigrants than the rest of the world combined. The reason why so many immigrants come to the United States, is that the standard of citizenship admits those who are excluded from other countries. And, too,

many of these immigrants have no intention of remaining in America. This statement is borne out by the fact that 74,000 of the 1,500,000 who came last year have been here before.

Another problem yet unsolved and one that is daily becoming more and more complicated by the coming of immigrants, is the educational situation. There came into this country last year 337,000 who can neither read nor write, and 5,000 who can read but not write. We readily see that if this continues for a few decades, or even a few years, the educational condition in this land of the free and home of the brave will in all probability be altered. The seriousness of this condition looms up more black and unforeboding when we look more closely, and consider the fact that laws of the land prevent any other races than white attending schools with these white children, when the whites object: and it is highly probable that no clear-minded American citizen, who loves freedom and liberty, would permit his children to attend schools with the black African, yellow Chinese or Japanese, and other Oriental personages who might desire to attend our common schools. there is, also, a probability that the children who objected to these races attending the common school would not desire them in the colleges. Hence, we see that it will become necessary to construct more institutions where these foreigners might obtain an education, for, after they are admitted into this country, they must be provided with institutions where they may become educated. Therefore, we see that we are yearly adding 342,000 people to our now large ignorant class, and thus enlarging the problem with which we are struggling.

These immigrants, especially from Japan and China, should be excluded, because of the yellow peril that is now threatening our land. This question involves not only the

United States but Canada; for these Japanese and Chinese are fast becoming too numerous not only on our western coast but even farther inland. There are many reasons why the yellow man should be excluded, the most obvious to the ordinary mind is the gulf that separates them from us, mentally, morally, and, in the case of the Chinese, politically. This gulf cannot be spanned, or, if it were, it would take countless ages. Another of the great objections is the competition between native unskilled and foreign labor. Of those who came last year, a large percent were unskilled laborers, who can and will work for much less than the native. Then, too, these people congregate in the first large city in which they arrive, and usually form Bohemian settlements, where they come in very slight touch with American civilization and customs; consequently, they are living under almost similar conditions as existed in their native land, and, as a matter of fact, never become desirable citizens. However, in our present relation with Great Britain, we are almost compelled to admit the Japanese; and if we admit them, how can we exclude the Chinese? Therefore, will our government, seeing the imminent danger to which our nation's future is engendered, not with one universal acclamation from the people, dissolve the troublesome Anglo-Japanese treaty, and, freeing ourselves from our undesirable relation with Great Britain, keep this tide of immigration from flooding our land-and thus insure our country's destiny not only against the yellow peril, but all immigration. I. N. C., '10.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

James Adams threw down his paper, with an exclamation of disgust.

"These 'personals' make me tired!" he ejaculated. "Listen to this, Tom:"

"Sylvia—Come home. All is forgiven. Henry."

"Bosh! the idea that 'Sylvia,' whoever she is, will see this little two by twice slip, hidden down here in the corner of the paper, is more than foolish."

Tom Fulke turned and surveyed his friend disdainfully.

"Do you know," he said, striking an attitude, "that those same little two by twice notices bring more severed families together, find more lost children, and alleviate more unhappiness, than all other agencies combined?"

"Oh, come off!"

"It's a fact."

"Rats!"

"Well, now see here, I'll bet you any amount you name that I can procure anything reasonable, just by inserting one of those notices in tomorrow's *Tribune*."

"It's like robbery, but I'll take you—just to teach you better. How much shall it be?"

"Say five hundred dollars?"

"And what shall the object be?"

Adams pondered a moment, then burst into a roar of laughter. "I have it," he exclaimed, "it's taking a rather unfair advantage of you; but if you advertise for, and get, a wife—pretty, young and wealthy, without telling her your own assets, I'll say 'you win.'"

"I don't think that would come under the term reasonable," said Tom, "but—by George—I'll take you," and solemnly shaking hands, they bound the bet.

The next morning the *Tribune* appeared with this advertisement in its personal column:

"A young man of moderate means, but fine business prospects, desires to meet a young lady of affluence. Object—Matrimony. Meet at the cavern in Central Park, between 9 and 10 a.m. Wear pink carnation at left of coat."

James Adams saw it as soon as he picked up his paper.

"By Jove—he did it. I really didn't believe he was in earnest," he exclaimed. "I wonder if he will meet any one in the cavern—some old maid of forty-five, I guess, perhaps—maybe he won't get a rise. Yes, He shall! What an idea!" and he slapped his leg in high glee. Turning to the telephone, he called "Number 1-2-2, Madison, please."

"Is that you, Elizabeth?" he asked, "Pardon this early call, but really it is important. Do you know Tom Fulke? Yes, Tom, the one I speak so much about? No? Well, that's good—er-er—I mean all right. I want you to meet him—fine fellow—good family and all that. Three million in his own right;" and he went on to tell her of the bet and the resulting ad.

"Now," he continued, "I want you to meet him at the Park (exclamation of surprised indignation at the other end). Think what a lark it will be. You won't have to keep it up—just once. Please. Will you? You're a dear! All right. Good-bye."

At a quarter to 9 the next morning, Tom Fulke was at the specified spot, and although he was rather skeptical as to results, he determined to await developments.

About ten minutes after 9, his notice was attracted by the sight of an extremely beautiful girl coming in his direction—and did he, could he see right? By George, a pink carnation rested on her breast, near the left shoulder. He was stunned, and not a little embarrassed.

However, all doubts as to whether she was there in answer to the ad. were dispelled, when, after reaching the

rendezvous, she stopped, looked nervously around, and seated herself on a nearby bench.

Tom advanced, rather hesitatingly, it must be admitted, for he had not calculated on meeting a beautiful woman like this.

"Excuse me," he said, smiling; "but—are—a—er—you here in regard to an ad. in this morning's *Tribune?*"

"Yes," with a winning smile, which showed to advantage, two bewitching dimples. "I—I—did see your ad., and thought, perhaps, that if—if—I—a—liked you, that we might just possibly suit each other."

"Suit,-why my goodness, Miss-Miss-"

"Sherril."

"Miss Sherril—you're—why you're the prettiest girl I've ever seen—but—but don't you think we ought to drop formality? My name is Tom Fulke—Tom, to you—I hope, I may call you—?"

"Betty."

"Betty—what a sweet name. You know, I never before realized what a pretty name it is?"

"Tom is a sweet name, too," she said shyly. "I—I always did like it."

"Betty, you—a—are—say, I've two tickets for—for the opera tonight—and—and—would you—er—honor me by going?"

"Well—I don't know—you see—"

"Please, Betty."

"No, I can't say now-Tom."

"But, Betty, there's nothing unconventional about it—surely."

"I—I know—but—but it don't seem exactly right—I—I you see, I'm not used to going without a chaperon."

"Can't you see?" he pleaded; "I don't want a chaperon-

I—I want a chance to plead my own cause to you—alone. I—I want to make you—like—me a great deal, you know."

Betty thought of Adams, and what he would think, but—but—then she—she did like Tom immensely—was it more than liking? and with a most becoming blush, she recalled the words of Sir Christopher Marlowe: "Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?" No, she wouldn't admit that much to herself, yet. Maybe—but who could tell what the future had in store for them?

"Yes, Tom, I'll—I'll go."

"Oh, thanks, Betty—I'm so glad. I'll call for you at—at—"

"1229 Madison avenue."

"Tom started when he heard the address. It was in the midst of the ultra-fashionable district. No—the girl evidently was not an adventuress.

"All right, I'll be there for you at 7:30 this evening."

* * * * * * * * *

Adams sat in his office, chuckling as he thought of the hoax he was perpetrating on Tom, when the phone rang sharply.

"Hello—is that you, Tom? Yes, this is Jim—did you meet her— Yes?—a regular Venus, hey! How did you get along? What!—the devil you did. Oh, say, man, look here, that's going too far—going to the theatre with her. None of my business—oh, well. Good-bye!"

"Gosh," he mused; "Elizabeth is carrying this joke too far. I'll speak to her about it. She mustn't entirely ignore convention."

That night, when he leisurely presented himself at the Sherril home, he found Elizabeth handsomely arrayed in an opera gown. He was startled. He had not counted on any sudden infatuation between the two. He remembered, with no very pleasant feelings, that Tom was considered

very good-looking; in fact, as a rule, femininity generally acceded him to be handsome.

"I say, Elizabeth," he remonstrated; "this won't do at all. Here you are, going to an opera, entirely unchaperoned, with a man that you've never been formally introduced to. I don't like it."

"Jim, I think that's about enough. I started this thing for the purpose of helping you to make a fool of Tom—er—a—I mean Mr. Fulke, and now I will see it through, and—"

"Make a fool of me," he finished sarcastically.

"Yes, if you will have it that way."

"Surely, Elizabeth, you don't intend this Bohemian acquaintance to continue, do you? It's not correct!"

"Why not? You told me yourself that he was a perfect gentleman, and of a fine family, and so I'm safe at any rate."

"But don't you realize that he is under the impression that you are answering a fool advertisement of his. He certainly can't respect you."

Betty recoiled as from the blow of a whip. What Adams had said was the straight, unvarnished truth. Tom cou'd not respect her, who was an adventuress in his eyes, and she knew well that respect was a necessary predecessor to love! She instantly made up her mind to confess to Tom that night. However, she would hide any such intentions from Adams.

"Jim," she said slowly, in a calm, level voice, "I'm sure you've gone quite far enough. Mr. Fulke will call for me in a few minutes. You may call again."

Adams was forced to acquiesce to this very direct dismissal; but scarcely had he been gone five minutes, when Tom was ushered in.

Betty's heart gave a peculiar little flutter as she noticed how handsome he looked in an evening suit.

"Betty," he said gravely, "I am ready. Are you?"

"Yes-Tom."

"Well, then, let's go."

They entered a cab and soon reached the Metropolitan Opera House. They were both very silent on the way; a restraint had fallen between them, and for some unaccountable reason, the mutual silence was maintained.

They were ushered to seats in a very inconspicuous place, at the rear of the right proscenium box, where they were totally screened from the audience and were visible only to the actors.

Neither seemed to pay much attention to the play, and after the curtain was down on the first act, Betty, unable to control herself, said:

"Tom, I've something I wish to tell you."

"No, wait a minute, Betty, I've a confession to make before I'm worthy to hear anything from you. My ad. was not inserted as a result of any desire on my part for indiscriminate matrimony, but was the result of a foolish bet with a friend of mine. Betty, I—I'm telling you this, so that from now on, if you do not sever our acquaintance, my dealings with you can be absolutely upright and honorable, and not tainted wth deceit. Betty, pardon me for any seeming rudeness; I don't know who you are, or what your family is-but, Betty, I do know that I love you-love you with a love that is nigh to bursting my heart. I am twentyeight. I have never loved before; I did not realize the true, the glorious meaning of that small, sweet, magic word— Love. Betty-darling"-and his strong voice was trembling in the intensity of his emotion—"tell me, dearest, that you love me, please."

He noticed her. Her head was averted, and a crimson blush dyed her cheek.

"Tom," she whispered, gently, "I wish to confess something, too; this whole thing of my answering your ad, was

simply a joke, gotten up on you by your friend, Jim Adams, and---"

"Merciful heavens! Jim Adams. Dear old boy—just to think, Betty, he—he caused me to meet you. I knew all the time, dear, that you were not an adventuress. Don't you beleve me? I loved you, as you were in my eyes a few minutes ago—I adore you now. Betty, darling, can't you love me—a—a little bit?"

"Tom—I— never have met any one I liked more than I like you—and—and—"

"And what? Please, dear—just a little word or sign of encouragement—don't you—can't you love me a little?"

A little affirmative shake from the partly averted head; whereat Tom seized her unresisting hands in his, and said:

"Do—do—you—love—me—a—a lot?"

She turned, her face flaming with color; but from her eyes there shown the flame of a good woman's true love.

"Tom, I love you," she said simply, "and I glory in it."

They were way in the rear of the box, so no one saw that a romance from real life was being culminated in Box "A"; with the possible exception of a program boy, who, thinking not to disturb the occupants of the box, softly opened the door.

The tableau presenting itself to his gaze must have been rather unusual, to judge by the expression on his face as he said, "Gee!" and gently closed the door.

O. R. C. & H. C. B., 1911.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

"Oo, movver, dess what I saw last night?"
Said my three-year-old boy, one day,
As he gave up the joys of his numerous toys,
"An' I'll tell 'oo now—if I may."

"Me was playin' choo-choo in 'e parlor, An' 'e funt door bell dave a wing, An' I hid down back of 'e sofa— To see tould I see anyfing.

"Pitty soon in tame Mister Muwway,
All dessed in his Sunday close,
An' den in came Sister Betty,
An' her cheeks was wed as a wose.

"I peeked out fum under 'e sofa, An' 'e man had his arms awound Sis, An' Ma—praps you won't bleeve it— But I tell 'oo, I seen 'em bof tiss.

"An' wen dey sat down on 'e sofa, An' I dot w-a-y tlose to 'e wall— But muvver—I touldn't see nuffin, An' I didn't like that at all.

"They was only one dent in 'e sofa— An' I didn't see how 'at tould be— So I stuck my head way wound 'e torner, An' there was my Sis on his knee.

"An' he put his wight arm awound Sis's waist,
An' he dave her a orful hard squeeze,
An' Betty, she dot wed as a beet—
An' sed, 'Oo hurt, Jack! Stop, dear—oh, please!'

"Now, Ma, 'oo an' Pa, always taught me, If any one ever hurt Bett, To do an' see what was 'e matter, An' tend to 'e trouble she'd met.

"So I twawled out frum under 'e sofa, An' Muwway an' Sis looked so mad, Of tourse 'ats all wight for ol' Muwway, But I thought 'at my Sis would be dlad. "But I wasn't afwaid, an' I tol' him—
"Ook here, Mister Muwway,' I sed—
"If 'oo ever adane hurt my sister,
I'll till 'oo until 'oo are dead.'

"'Oh, the darned 'ittle brat!' sed ol' Muwway,
'Oh, the cute 'ittle boy!' sed my Sis.
An' he went out 'e door in a huwway,
An' he didn't give Sis any tiss."

O. R. C., '11.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"Humph! Still no letter from that ungrateful wretch," muttered Joe McDowell, as he opened up his morning mail, which consisted of notices that accounts were due and overdue. "I'll telegraph the scoundrel right now to send that money by 4 o'clock."

The fellow being thus anathematized was William Wells, a former friend and classmate of McDowell's, who had borrowed \$200 from the latter at their graduation, three years before. Since leaving college, McDowell had heard about his old chum's taking up the habit of gambling; and, like all others of his profession, Wells had lost all respect for honesty and decency.

During the three years following his graduation, Joe had made money rapidly; but now his fortunes were changed. The great panic had not only swept away his property, but had also placed him heavily in debt. Daily, his creditors were threatening to sue him for settlements. His financial condition, along with the panic, had placed him so that he could not borrow a cent.

Though Joe was honest, he was not writing and telegraphing so eagerly for money in order to settle off creditors' accounts. The next day was Alice Cary's birthday. Joe loved her dearly, and could not even bear the idea of not giving her a nice present. His only hope was that Wells would respond to his urgent message.

Four o'clock came, but brought with it no answer to either letter or telegram. "If I receive no message by 7 o'clock, I intend to go to Alice and tell her my exact condition," said Joe, despondently.

Wearily and slowly the hours dragged by until 7 o'clock came: but still no answer.

"Good evening! Walk right in," was the cheerful response to the loud ring upon the door bell of Mr. Cary's home. Soon Alice—for it was she who responded to the bell—and Joe were seated in the elegantly furnished parlor. Poor fellow! How nervous he was. To face a dozen impatient creditors and tell them that he had no money was far easier than to make this confession to a happy, smiling girl. After fifteen or twenty minutes of disconnected conversation about the weather and other such topics, Joe became more composed. Then he calmly undertook the hardest task of his life—the result of which he could not tell. Alice listened with intense interest until he had finished his story; but Joe had already read in her face that she was the same to him, even though she knew that he was only a poor boy. Alice told him that by his confession he had won-forever won-her confidence and admiration.

A business engagement at 8 o'clock forced Joe to bid Alice good-night.

The young man hurrying down the street was not the man of an hour ago. The whole world seemed to brighten up. The jam and push of the crowd did not irritate him in the least. Just as he was passing a large restaurant, where the street was very crowded, some one thrust some-

thing into Joe's hand. Involuntarily, he took hold of it, and, upon examination, he found that it was a purse containing \$200. "Good Lord!" he explaimed, wheeling about; but the person who had so surprised him had vanished in the crowd. "Why, Wells," thought he, "ought to have waited and received my heartiest thanks. Perhaps, he thought from the tone of my letters that I would come nearer kicking than thanking him. However, I am glad he still has pride enough to be ashamed of the way he has done. But my! the rascal would have saved me of a trying ordeal had he done this one hour sooner—yet it is not too late."

* * * * * * * * *

The following morning Alice seemed unusually cheerful; but her father was cross, and seemed troubled about something. So unpleasant had the early part of the day been spent, that she breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Cary prepared to leave for his office.

"Alice," called he, in a gruff voice, "have you seen anything of my purse that I laid here on this table yesterday afternoon?"

"No, father," responded a kindly voice.

"Well, some one has moved it; for I am sure I left it here on this table beside the radiator," he muttered.

Mr. Cary carefully questioned each one of the servants concerning the missing article, but none of them knew anything about it. He did not doubt the truth of their assertions; for he had tested their honesty time and again, and found each one of them trustworthy.

"Has any one been here?" asked he of Alice.

"Why, no fa—well—yes—Joe called last night," was the timid answer.

"So he has been here again, has he? I have been wanting to speak to you for some time upon this very subject—

there is no better time than now. Do you know that that boy's business has gone to the devil? Besides, he is this very minute overwhelmingly in debt. He has neither credit nor respect. You have my orders not to see him again—understand that?"

"Father," replied Alice, calmly, "you didn't object to Joe's suit so long as you thought him wealthy. Last night, he broke the sad news of his failure to me. Yet I love him all the more for it; because he is so honest—so sincere. Oh! how can you be so unjust to him!"

"I mean just what I say," he stormed. "You shall—"

"Ting-er-ling-ling," interrupted the door bell. As the enraged father opened the door, the postman handed him a small package. Without waiting to see to whom it was addressed, he hastily tore off the wrapping, and there found a beautiful necklace, with the following card: "With Best Wishes. Joe McDowell."

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, "this confirms my idea exactly." "What idea?" questioned Alice.

"This gentleman," replied he, sarcastically, "that you say is so 'honest and sincere,' has stolen my own money, and bought you this present. Blockheaded fool! He hasn't even sense enough to be a rogue."

"Surely—surely you do not accuse Joe of so base an act?" wailed the girl.

"Don't you take up for him again. He is guilty as sure as I am alive. He acknowledged to you last night that he had no money; nobody, much less him, can borrow any now—my purse is gone—here is the proof of where it went," said he pointing to the necklace. "You sit right down," he continued, "and write that villain the plain facts about this case—leave nothing out—while I wrap up this abominable thing, and remail it to the sneak. Of course, it really

belongs to me, but I am willing to lose \$200 to let him know that I have found out what kind of a character he is."

Reluctantly, Alice did as she was commanded, although every word that she wrote was like an arrow piercing her heart. In the letter she told Joe of the accusation her father had made against him, the evidence that pointed strongly against him, and her father's orders, forbidding his coming any more; but she added: "You still have my confidence. Prove yourself innocent." Soon this letter and a small package were dropped into the postoffice.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Joe, as he read this same letter an hour later, "what rascal has done this? That scoundrel, Wells—it wasn't he that paid me after all. But who could have done this? I have made a fool of myself by being caught in some low-down scoundrel's trap. 'Prove yourself innocent!' I might as well try to stop the rotation of the earth." He saw in a flash the precariousness of his condition. Who would believe so incredulous a story as his? He scarcely believed it himself.

As the depressed young man went about from day to day, "Prove yourself innocent" was constantly ringing in his ears. One week had passed, but his case had only grown to be still more mysterious. "Certainly, this infernal case would baffle every detective in the city. With no clue whatever, I can never clear myself, and must forever lose—it is too horrible to think of," Joe muttered.

On the eighth day after this great calamity had befallen him, Joe boarded a car to go to his office. He took a seat just opposite two men. Their mentioning a familiar name caused him to listen intently, and he heard the following story: "You see," said the man sitting nearest to Joe, "William Wells, a rounder from S——, came over to try his hand against us. We went back to our regular place in the rear of McPhord's restaurant. Wells claimed that he had

only \$200, and he lost it as fast as the cards could be dealt. As an excuse, he accused us of cheating, and was about to give us away to the officials. Of course, we couldn't stand that; so, while he was out looking for a policeman, we decided to give him his money back. I stepped into the restaurant, and, after pointing out Wells, I told a negro waiter to give him this purse. The negro boy knew the character of the fellows that *frequented our place of business, and he soon returned, saying: 'I jes' slipped it in his hand, den fairly flew.' Then, in walks Wells with his officer, and—"

Joe heard no more of this story, because the car had stopped in front of Mr. Cary's home. He jumped off and ran up the walk, but Alice had already seen him, and opened the door, crying: "We haven't told anybody. How on earth did you hear it so soon?"

"Hear of what?" gasped Joe.

"Why papa found his purse this morning over behind the radiator, and—Joe—er—he says you can come back."

Joe gently took her in his arms, and kissed away the tears of joy—silently saying, "All's well that ends well."

A DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, "That the Small School Prepares a Child Better for Life Than Does the Large School."

NEGATIVE.

It has been said, "America for Americans, and for their children." It is our boast that we are a people who aim for the highest of educational principles on which rest the bedrocks of our democracy—the greatest of all governments. But what is the good, I ask, to be derived from laboring to hold up a nation which our grandfathers have

placed among the topmost of the worldly great, if we are to be compelled to pass it down to a generation utterly too illiterate to carry it on to the place where its founders aimed that it should attain—as a small school graduate is, perforce, bound to be?

A people who have had only the most meager preparation can have none other but the most meager and narrow views of life and government. To be efficient in all things, a people must have the best of educational advantages, and that is only found in our larger, most up-to-date, modern-equipped, and best taught schools. Not every man or woman, girl or boy, who goes into a schoolroom can be called a teacher any more than every boy who goes out on the football field can be called a player.

A teacher that is a teacher, must take a keen interest in all his pupils, must be willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for them and for their welfare. To obtain such a teacher, we must have the price, and also must the school be backed by a large number of deeply interested and enthusiastic patrons, which circumstances never surround our small schools; for the simple reason that there is not enough to a small school to warrant business men to waste their time away on a poorly managed, poorly taught, school set away off somewhere in some out of the way place, on a deserted hillside, or, worse still, in the dirty, germ-infested suburbs of a large city. Thus, we see clearly, large schools are best; because they are in every sense of the word up-todate schools—schools worthy of the name, taught by competent up-to-date teachers—teachers who are earnest, honest, and concientious. To obtain such teachers, a school must be above financial embarrassment, which only the larger ones are.

My honorable opponent has so vividly pictured to you a very striking scene of a snug little schoolhouse nestled away somewhere among the trees of some sunny hillside, where all is quiet and cozy. A pretty, sedate little school teacher sits very meekly in one corner and pats the little curly heads as she hears the lesson or so tenderly makes a correction—unique little affair to be sure, where all are cheery and happy.

A very good plan this, if we are going to take lessons in studies of the unreal, but it is the most theoretical and narrowest conception of a school possible. He has very wittingly omitted a plain, cold statement of the facts as they exist today in our practical, everyday small-school life. He has all so gracefully declined to give you anything regarding the poor preparation of the teachers that are placed in his dear small school. He has not opened his lips as to the large number of open, poorly ventilated, unsanitary, cold and dreary, school buildings that shadow our fair Southland today. He has left out entirely the countless number of poorly fed and still more poorly clothed children that are forced to sit the long winter out in some cold hovel where they are sent by some careless parent to "git er edication bettern yo' daddy er yer mammy ever got."

Truly, there is nothing sadder to my mind than to see the suffering inflicted upon our little children in our hut-schools—they are forced to suffer their tender lives away in misery at what should be the greatest pleasure of their childhood days. Instead, it simply tortures in the extreme. Their tender bodies are forced to endure hardships too severe for mature years. Yet, with all, they are expected to quietly and patiently submit to it and become perfect men and women, both mentally and physically.

It takes only a moment's reflection to see that this is no fault of the child nor the teacher, nor even the parent directly, but wholly due to the lack of the required funds. Our large schools are no such misery shops. But, despite

all this, my honest friend over here has the face to tell you that a small school is the place where the best of educational advantages are to be had.

If the small schools are of so much importance, why are our wide-awake business men of today spending so much of their valuable time trying to combine two or more of the small schools into one? Is it not to get them together where they can control affairs to a far better degree? "Tis simply a practical demonstration of the old maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall."

A large and well organized school is the best and most practical from an economical standpoint, for it seldom is compelled to stop on account of shortage in supplies; it always commands the best of teachers, enforces the latest methods of teaching, uses better furniture, and controls the sanitary conditions better than can the small school; for "small boats must paddle near the shore."

A small school has nothing to employ the youngster's mind during the recreation periods but the fear of the big stick standing in the corner. There are no games provided, no apparatus for exercise, and if the word library is mentioned, an expression of terror comes over the face of all in the neighborhood.

It would be far wiser for some scientific fool to attempt a railroad track to Mars than for us to expect our children to be fitted for life in these measly old pneumonia and catarrh shops, that my most esteemed friend persists in calling an ideal school for giving a child a life's preparation. Go with me into a well-equipped school and note what is found there. The first thing that we notice is the purity and freshness of the air. Next, the children are all clean and warm, and seem interested in what they are doing. A deep stillness prevails, such as we find in places of deep

study. In short, all seem satisfied and busy. No hungry-looking faces are seen, they are all bright and cheerful.

My worthy friend may tell you that a large school has nothing whatsoever to do with the feeding of the children. But see for yourselves what the large schools of the far East are doing for their underfed school children. A few years ago, upon the advice of the medical authorities, the public schools of Berlin tried the experiment of feeding and giving medical aid to just one-half of their school children. Within the short space of two months the change for the better was so great that the government made it a law for the school to feed and furnish clothing to the school children at public expense. Nor did they stop at this. They traced the diseases back to the overworked mother, and caused the government to take steps to give these mothers more time for their home dutes.

This new work in school management drifted to our own shores in an amazingly short time. First, it came to New York, on to Chicago, then to St. Louis and thus all over the country where the schools were large enough to support it; but it cannot be carried on in small schools.

Among other things, it was noticed that the eyesight was a source of much pain and trouble. Upon investigation, it was found that this was largely due to the way the light was admitted into the building, and steps were at once taken to prevent such conditions. A small school must plod on with all these inconveniences because they are not able to afford any other.

There is one other advantage in a large school that cannot be had in a small one. The large school building may be used for purposes other than teaching. When the house is large and well-planned, it may be used for social, political and literary functions. It is the more suited for this than any other building in the community, for the reason that

it is in the center of the neighborhood. It belongs as much to one person as another, and all can gather there and have a royal good time or business meeting, as the case may be. Taken all together, in a community where you find a large and well organized school, there you are sure to find thrift and prosperity.

Now, to summarize: We see that large schools have marked advantages over the small school in that they are equipped better, their teachers are of a higher educational type and of a purer character, medical aid is furnished when necessary at public expense, the total physical comfort of the child is more closely looked after—food and clothing furnished when necessity demands, the sanitary conditions are vastly superior, and the patrons are not always finding fault with the authorities. Thus, it is clear, that the large school is by far the better for preparing the sons and daughters of America to meet the ever-changing vicissitudes of life which our modern methods of living force upon them.

A. L. HARRIS, '09.

THE BURGLAR.

Jack Barret had just finished a very busy day, and had a very satisfied look on his face as he strode down Seventy-second street, towards his hotel. He was a native of one of the Southern States, and was in New York on some business, which was turning out very favorably. He soon reached his hotel and, it being after midnight, he carefully climbed the stairs to his room, instead of using the elevator, the custodian of which was blissfully traveling in the "land of nod."

"Let's see," he mused, "was my room on the fourth floor or the fifth? Confound these large hotels anyway. Yes—I reckon it was the fifth—I'm certain of it."

He opened his door and carefully felt for the switch, which somehow he could not find. Fortunately he had a pocket searchlight, which he took out and flashed. His astonishment was supreme, when the light rested on a chair which had an assortment of clothes on it, which he was quite certain he had never worn; that is, unless engaged in college theatricals. In fact, it crossed his dazed mind that they belonged to one of the weaker sex.

"By jove," he muttered, I must get out of here at once, I'll—"

He was surprised and startled to find himself suddenly in the glare of another pocket searchlight, and to notice, with a nervous tremor, that alongside of it gleamed the barrel of a .32. It did not make him feel more comfortable to notice that it did not waver.

"Hands up," came a clear feminine voice, from the darkness behind the light; "I've got my pistol on you, and if you move—I'll shoot."

The earnest tone frightened him. "Oh, say," he began, as she pressed the button connected with the office; "I—I really—there's some mistake. I—"

"Shut up." came the command; "you may tell your whole story to the judge tomorrow."

Just at this juncture, the sleepy-looking night-clerk arrived, and putting his head in at the door, said: "Well, Miss. Did you ring?" Then, as the full purport of the tableau burst upon him, he retreated precipitately. "Ow—say, is it a b—bur—burglar. Y—Y—You h—hold him a minute, and I'll phone f—for th—the officers." In spite of Barret's plight, he could not help smiling as he heard the man's footsteps scuttling down the hall. The clerk, at least, was afraid of him, even if the woman before him was not.

In an incredibly short space of time, two burly policemen were in the room and Barret was securely bound.

All attempts he made to explain the situation were met by rough usage, so after a while he ceased to expostulate. As they were taking him out, he turned to his captor, who, by the light of the electricity which was now on, he saw was a remarkably pretty girl of about nineteen years of age, and said: "Madam, I can scarcely blame you for your actions; I can only assure you that the whole thing is a horrible mistake. I came into this room quite by accident. I presume mine is on the next floor. You will discover your error some day, and will then feel sorry. Good-night."

The man's natural gentleness of manner, and handsome, high-bred face, surprised an involuntary "Good-night" from the girl; whereupon the officers looked at her in amazement, and hustled their unresisting captor off. After reaching the station, the sergeant assigned him to a cell to await a hearing in the morning.

After the man had been taken away, the courageous girl suffered from the reaction of the nervous strain. In spite of her outward calm, she was of a highly nervous temperament, and the events of the night had affected her greatly.

Soon she rehearsed, in her mind, the events of the night. The man's gentlemanly bearing and words came back to her. What if she had made a mistake—she was sure she had. No man with such a handsome face could be a burglar; and, then, even if he was innocent, her evidence would be sufficient to convict him, and she would be constantly haunted by the thought that she had sent an innocent man to jail. Innocent? Yes, she really thought him innocent. But how could she get out of it now. Ah, she had it; it was very plain that unless she appeared against him, there would be no charge and he would go free. She'd do it. The man had seen the last of her.

As for the man, he was not as surprised as perhaps he should have been when his case was called for a prelimi-

nary hearing, and no prosecutrix appeared. After a well-meant warning from "His Honor," to "be more careful in the future," he was set at liberty and went direct to the hotel. The day clerk was on duty, and beyond the fact that a burglar had been captured by Miss Harcourt, the previous night, no details were known, except the night clerk's heroic actions, as told by himself. That the criminal (?) was handsome young Barret, no one even suspected; therefore, the excitement he had dreaded on his return to the hotel was not forthcoming. He walked into the reception room, and calling a bell-boy, sent his card up to Miss Harcourt, whose name he had seen on the register.

The boy presented the card to the young lady, with the gratis information that the good-looking young man was waiting for her in the reception room. She looked at the neatly engraved card, "John Barret; who on earth is he? Oh—oh, I know. It's Brother Jim's college room-mate, who Jim wrote to call on me. I remember now. Yes, John Barret—that's the man. I wonder what he looks like. According to Jim he's a combination of Apollo, Adonis and Hercules, with all defects thrown out. Well, I'll go down to meet this paragon now," and with a last satisfied glance at the mirror she descended the steps.

She walked with that free, easy stride, common to healthy college girls, into the room, with hand half extended. Seeing the man standing with his broad shoulders towards the door, she rapidly advanced, and started to speak:

"Mr. Barret, your card was just brought to me, I suppose—" the man turned and gazed full into the girl's eyes. She was startled out of her accustomed calm poise; "Oh, it's—it's—th—the b—burglar, er—er—a—excuse me, but I thought—that is, I expected to see a Mr. John Barret in here. And—and—I'm—a—rather glad they—they set you free—I know it was some mistake."

"Thank you," returned the man. "By the way, I am Jack Barret—I just sent my card up to explain to you how. last night, I stumbled into your room by mistake."

"Yes, I know," she answered; "but—but are you the Mr. Barret that went to Yale with my brother, Jim Harcourt?"

"Jim Harcourt?" he shouted, springing forward; "your brother—good gracious—I—I'm delighted to meet you—even if our meeting was somewhat—er—er—romantic."

"Yes, quite romantic," she returned, blushingly, as she recollected her costume at their first meeting; "but, but, then, I always did admire 'Raffles,' you know. Didn't you get Brother Jim's letter telling you I was here, and asking you to call?"

"Letter? No, I never received any letter."

"That's peculiar—he certainly wrote and told you to call—and—and sort of look out for me."

"Oh, he did, eh? Just like Jim to have the letter still in his pocket. I'll bet I can quote him without seeing the letter. I know one of his phrases was, 'Give sister a good time;' now, own up—wasn't it?"

"Yes, it—it was."

"I knew it. Now, look here, I intend to act exactly as it I had received the letter, and I'll start this afternoon at two. I'll be ready to take you driving then."

"Well-but-I-this is somewhat sudden, and-"

"No, 'ands,' or 'buts' about it. I'll be here at two for you, and you'll go driving with me."

Incidentally, they did go driving at precisely that hour.

* * * * * * * * *

Two weeks later the following exchange to telegrams took place:

JULY 17, 1908.

Mr. James Harcourt, 216 Plain St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Have met your sister, and she is mine. Married this morning at ten. Regards to my new relatives.

JACK BARRET.

And in reply:

July 17, 1908.

Mr. Jack Barret, Hotel Savoy, New York City:
Expected your telegram a week ago. Congratulations.

JIM.

O. R. C., 1911.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

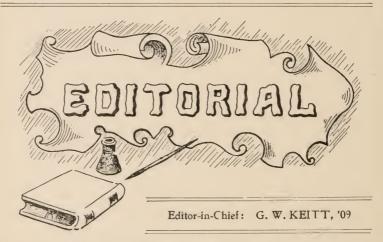
G. W. Kfitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager O. M. Clark, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department H. K. Sanders, '09 (Palmetto) Literary Department H. K. Sanders, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department W. J. Marchy L. '10 (Calhoun) Exchange Department Calloud Partment L. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief L. P. Business Manager Department L. Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief L. P. Business Manager Department L. P. M. Calloud Partment L. P. M. Callou
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Exchange Department V. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department
M. M. Roddey, '11 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... 12 00 One inch, per year...... 5 00



It is with a distinct feeling of sadness that we bid adieu to our old friend, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, and set another milestone beside the pathway of our lives. Whether we would or not, we are irresistibly im-

The Old Year. pelled by some vague, intangible force to stop for a moment to think upon the sig-

nificance of the passing of the years. We are forced to

remember that, "We can never pass this way again," and to ask ourselves what inscription shall be engraved upon the shaft of Nineteen Eight. Have we improved upon last year's record, or must the passing year mark a lowering of our standard?

However the case may be, let us turn to the future with the firm determination that, whatever may have been the past, we will conduct ourselves as men. Then, looking back as the years go by, we may experience the same inspiration felt by the poet, as he drew his beautiful lesson from the sight of the chambered nautilus, and sang those beautiful lines:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length are free,

Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE! Yes, the year that some

of us, with an eye to the future, placed upon our watchfobs nearly five years ago has actually arrived, bringing with it a store of pleasant anticipations.

The New Year. For some of us, it marks the beginning of the "homestretch" of our college course; for others, it marks the beginning of another "lap;" for all of us, it marks the opening of a new chapter in the record of our lives. With its changing vicissitudes, we know full well, there must come to each of us both pleasure and pain; yet, let us remember that it is within the power of every man to make of this year just what he will. "Optimistic," you say? If so, then, we are glad to be an optimist. Who, indeed, can be more of a

parasite, preying upon society, than is the long-faced pessimist, as he drags along through life, seeking trouble here, making trouble there, finding trouble everywhere, until life becomes one dark, melancholy dream? Look at life from the bright side. Don't let Nineteen Hundred and Nine shake hands with a pessimist. Remember the possibilities that the year brings with it. Here's luck to both of us!

OF ALL the evils of student life, let us seek to avoid that easiest acquired and hardest shaken of all habits—the habit of loafing. A speaker has well compared each day of a man's life to twenty-four golden dollars.

Don't Loaf. Suppose, for a moment, that this comparison were real: how different would be the manner in which we would spend our time; how many wasted hours would be turned to account; how careful we would be to see how each minute was spent; how systematic we would be in all our work.

How many hours of your day can you account for? Yet, you say that you are hard-worked. Why don't you revise your schedule, and spend your hours with thought and care? Gold may be spent and then replaced: an hour lost is gone forever. Be a "tight-wad" with your time, not your money. Take thought for your time; "For time's the stuff that life's made of."

How often in the course of the week do you ever stop to think?

"Why, often," you reply promptly; "I've been trying for the last five minutes to think whether 'pudd'n' day' Think. was yesterday or day after tomorrow!"

We reluctantly concede the point, and beg that thought for the necessities of the stomach be eliminated from our present consideration. Again, we propound our question.

"Think? You bet I do. Why, man, I spent twenty minutes last night trying to decide whether to get a brown suit or a black, and thirty-five in trying to prove to my room-mate that Ty Cobb had better chances than Hans Wagner to lead the world in batting next season. Think? Sure I do."

"But," we ask, with due regard for fashion and baseball, "Do you ever think upon anything higher and better than this?"

"Sure, 'brother,' I spent the rest of my time until ten last night wondering why my girl wouldn't answer my last letter, and figuring on how I could get out of 'Dutch.' Humph, ain't those high thoughts? But I flunked on 'Dutch' this morning, and didn't get my letter, either! Seems to me like I've been doing most too much thinking. So long."

"But say! Hold on! What are you coming to college for, anyway?" we shout after him.

Kind reader, he has gone; he is incorrigible; only the stray wreath of cigarette smoke floating lazily around yonder corner bears witness of his erstwhile presence. Unfortunately, then, it is to you that we must turn with our question:

What, after all, is the ultimate purpose of a college education? Are hundreds of fathers and mothers in South Carolina undergoing hardships and privations in order that their children may be taught to work out the relationships borne to each other by geometrical figures which they will probably never see or hear of again; to study the laws of nature governing phenomena which happen now just as they did before man emerged from barbarism, and will continue—just the same—when he has returned to the dust from whence he came? Are we going to college merely to study branches of science and of literature, the majority of which will never be of any direct use to us in our after-life?

Indeed, no. Although the present tendency toward a practical education tends to teach one how to perform the duties which will actually fall to his lot in life, we feel safe in saying that the ultimate end—the final aim—of a college education is to teach one *how to think*. If this be true, are we, then, really being educated? Are we taking advantage of the opportunities offered in our college course? Surely, we would do well to begin right here to THINK.

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 the honor roll of the Association.
 - Sec. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.
- Sec. 5. If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the college represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V-Duties of Officers.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to 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 committee. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy of all amendments to 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 contests. 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 Λ ; 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 Λ 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 grade 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 Λ .
- 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, nor 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 entir 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 program.

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

Sec. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the 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- E. R. Spencer, Erskine.

Vice-President-M. L. Kester, Newberry.

Recording Secretary-L. T. Rhoades, Furman.

Treasurer-T. G. Rainsford, S. C. M. A.

Corresponding Secretary-R. E. Gonzales, U. of S. C.

Secretary Sealed Marks-J. H. Glenn, Wofford.

Executive Committee—G. W. Keitt, Clemson College; Tom F. Hill, Wofford College; J. R. Quisenberry, Furman University; H. B. Hare, Newberry College; M. R. Plaxco, Erskine College; J. F. Muldrow, South Carolina Military Academy; J. S. Gregor, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; John L. Cosgrove, Charleston College; Halcott B. Thomas, University of South Carolina.



Editors: H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

I am nothing if not critical.—Shakespeare.

The author of "The Surf," the first poem in the November Carolinian, seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with all the various moods and tenses of the ever-changing sea. "Monah" is a wild, weird tale of a monomaniac, and, as a story, is thoroughly interesting; but, as an example of literary form, it would not occupy a very high rank. In one place, we find the sentence, "* * * we saw a solitary figure moving along this road toward the head of the valley, and every now and then * * * it is brought out in distinct relief." Aside from the fact that the general complexity of the structure renders the antecedent of the pronoun it rather difficult to discover at first glance, we notice that the tense changes from the past to the historical present—a change which is excusable only in rare cases. In another connection the expression, "ran toward the direction," is used. "The Arm of Fate" was evidently intended for a detective story, but the detective work fails to materialize. seems to be no motive for the passing of the death sentence; and we fail to find any hint given as to the time or scene of the plot. The same material could have been made into a much more complete story, wherein the author might have taken advantage of the opportunity offered to display his

ingenuity in creating and solving a more or less complex mystery, and to develop one or two interesting characters. The denouement is, of course, justified. Since reading the Reminiscences of Carolina in 1837, we have come to the conclusion that college boys in those days were just like the college boys of today, only more so. And yet, there are still some old men, who, perhaps, thought nothing of effecting a jail delivery, in which some policeman got his head broken, but who wring their hands, and sigh, "What a terrible game football must be!" We notice that the meter of the last line of the second and third verses of "A Bacchanalian Ballad" does not correspond to that of the final line in the other verses. But, then, we are in the habit of allowing some leeway to those who have imbibed of the spirit of Bacchus; so, perhaps, we might put the above-mentioned little irregularity down to "poetic license." In "Old Books and Their Lovers," Professor Snowden defines some bookish terms, and uses some very straight talk to certain unmentionable persons who borrow valuable books, and interpret, literally, the advice to "make what you read your own." It is doubtful whether "Burying the Hatchet" needs any apologies to Mr. Dooley. It can stand on its own legs. "Mr. Dooley" might have "minchined," however, that the occasion of the final burial of the hatchet was "the most joyful funeral I iver had the pleasure av ittindin', Hinnessy." The last story in the magazine—but not by any means the least bears the simple name of "Johnson." The hero—he proves to be a villain—and, in fact, the entire story up to the climax, bears such a striking similarity in general outline to another story we once read-"Nobody's Tim," if we remember correctly—that we should like to ask the author if he, too, had ever read it. But, no matter where the plot came from, the author has studied his character so thoroughly, and has suited the plot to his needs so well, that the story is really his own. He has shown that two men of the same mold may act differently under the same circumstances.

The Southern Collegian, of Washington and Lee University, contains much good material arranged in a very poor order. First is the second installment of the "Reminiscences"-"General Lee's Faculty," which mentions some of the great minds which have given their best to the instruction of the Southern youth. Then comes a page of gags. Immediately following is a critical study, "The Tragical Effect of Macbeth," wherein the author seeks to show Macbeth as a soulless villain, and ignores the fact that many a good man is driven to his ruin by forces over which he has no control. "The Call of Night" is a symmetrical, metrical arrangement of poetic phrases, all beautiful in themselves, but all vague, indefinite, meaningless, when connected in an inharmonious, rhyming group. "When Science Was Young"—another of those "philsopher's stone" stories. It seems that some college magazine writers have the idea that any plot having to do with the search for the philosopher's stone will prove as wonderful as the object of the hero's search, and turn pig-iron composition into golden legend. The author seemingly tries to conceal his distaste for chemical research by employing the term, "fuming liquid" instead of being more explicit, and running the risk of being wrong. One has to be explicit in chemistry. Under the general head of "After Commencement—What Then?" appears a ten-page article, "The Fourth Estate," dealing with the choice of journalism as a profession. True to his calling, the author employs newspaper style in the composition of his essay, and backs up his choice by the argument that crisp, snappy style is what the public must have. Certainly. But the newspaper man should remember that many busy people read very little else besides their papers, and that the persistent use of slang, for instance, may work a positive

injustice on humanity by keeping always before the public eye an inelegant array of choppy phrases. And what objection can be raised against the employment of a few commas and semicolons, to make the reading of a long and complex sentence easier for the busy reader? The presentation of the situation in the field of newspaper work is very clear, however, and offers food for thought to many a young man. "A Reportorial Evening," a realistic story of a correspondent's sacrifice of a great "scoop," raises the seemingly unfeeling newspaper reporter several degrees in our respect. The author of "The Old, Old World" is one of those who help to make * * * "this world a pleasant place indeed." Judging by the first act, "My Lady's Locket" bids fair to be a conventional seventeenth century English comedy, with more stage direction than action. If the writer of "A Nightmare" intends to publish any more of his studies of the phenomena of sleep, we sincerely hope that he will avail himself of the first opportunity to read Franklin's "How to Have Pleasant Dreams," before dreaming for the papers any more. The Y. M. C. A. department is sandwiched between this horror of horrors and "The Spanish Revolution of 1820," truly an unpleasant and more or less precarious position. "The Fatal Mirror of Karnash" was doubtless intended to show the uselessness of trying to escape an accusing conscience. We are not sure that the author is not having some trouble with his conscience, for he has foisted upon the world a new art term: he mentions a picture having so much prospective. We think it would be wise for all prospective authors to consult the dictionary on all points of doubt. We are especially pleased with that department of the Collegian known as "The College World."

To judge by the big gobbler on the cover, the November *Hendrix College Mirror* should contain a veritable Thanksgiving feast of song and story; but, on glancing over the

contents, we find that the turkey on the cover contains no stuffing. About half the literary department is occupied by an essay on "The Mission of Poetry," a really creditable piece of work, dealing with poetry from the time of the Shepherd King to the modern English poets. Without branching out into many details, the author of "An Appreciation of Coleridge" gives us an interesting sketch of this strange, fancy-loving, opium-eating poet. "The Ghost of the Stanton House" has a plot with which much could have been accomplished in the way of a ghost story; and the love interest of the story might have been very much amplified without impairing the action. As it is, the story occupies but little over three pages, and actually seems childish in places. The Squire has not spoken of his plans; yet, a paragraph or two farther on, we find Charley saying, "Uncle will give us Glenwood." "Country Life in Arkansas" differs from that of other States in that we there have the opportunity of observing a most unusual circumstance—a Saint Bernard dog driving sheep to pasture. Perhaps that is because the morning dew in Arkansas is so heavy that sheep must swim to pasture.

So even is the meter of that sonnet—we suppose it is a sonnet—on the first page of *The Criterion*, that we could imagine ourselves to be tramping through the dry leaves, and keeping time with our noisy footfalls, as we read the lively lines. But when we came to the last two lines—lo. we brought up with a jerk, and smiled to ourself as we thought of the expression of mischievous glee the author must have worn as she substituted those two lines for the climax one would naturally expect. Things interest us according as we are interested in them. Possibly that is why we found so interesting the essay on "Music in the College," which to some might appear too dry to have a flavor. The essayist throws some new light on the question of music

in the public schools, and, indeed, on music everywhere. This would be a pleasant world indeed if there were music everywhere, for there is a class of music for every time and every place. Perhaps there is music everywhere; but our dull ears are too busy to listen to it. "The Changed Model" is scarcely more than the skeleton of a story. It depicts a change of heart; and yet, in the very part of the plot where the change takes place, we are hurried on to something else, as if the writer wished to have done with the whole thing at once. In such a situation as this we naturally expect, and it is our right, to be shown some of the inner workings of the mind of the character: the mental introspection, the revelation, and the gradual formation of a decision to lead a different life—for no change ever takes place in the soul as 'suddenly as the author would lead us to believe. In a story of this character, the author should not forget what the story deals with. There is nothing notable about the essay on the "Political and Social Conditions in England During the Fourteenth Century," except, perhaps, the length of its title. Nor can we discover much that is good in "Decisions," an alleged love story, in which the love is distributed so promiscubusly that we seriously doubt its existence. We are not sorry, and possibly neither of the suitors is sorry, when the vacillating heroine, begging your pardon, ma'am, makes a fool of herself, and seeks surcease from sorrow in sunny Italy. The author, like many another young writer in the college magazines, has fallen a victim to the lure of the historical present, and never hesitates to sandwich it between two parts of a paragraph, even, written in the past tense. The use of the historical present in a story is permissible only when some incident must be vividly expressed; and to change from past to historical present indiscriminately, for no reason whatever, is a most detestable practice. And there is no literary usage which directs that the title of a story be inclosed in quotation marks, if the title is not a quotation. "The Origin and Observance of Hallowe'en" is a short, and rather pithy, sketch. "Thanksgiving: Then and Now" is still shorter, and less pithy. There seem to be some pretty sensible ideas expressed in "Music as an Art," especially with reference to harmless, but unelevating, popular music. There is some literary talent apparent in the first part of "A True Thanksgiving," but most of it disappears when the pathetic scene arrives. One is almost tempted to throw off all editorial dignity, and demand, after the manner of a big brother, "Why can't you girls put a little time and care on your work, and not try to see how soon you can produce a story, but how good a story you can produce?" Endeavor to write with more ease, or repose; try to add a little touch here, another there, to make your work attractive for its style alone, no matter whether the story is worth anything or not. Remember, one touch of nature makes the whole world kin:—and that it is our desire to aid in correcting faults, and not to injure feelings. We all have our share of both.

Though the green cover of the October number of William Wood's College Record might have been chosen because it represented a new staff, we were highly pleased to see this green cover turn into the neat and attractive white one on the November issue. In the exchange department we read, "We should be glad to add to our exchange list any magazine of reputable standing." We wonder if they consider as a magazine of this so-called reputable standing, one that has only nineteen editors, but thirteen pages of uninteresting association and literary society notes, as well as a full page for "Our Advertisements."

While it is well-balanced and full of interesting reading matter, we are inclined to think that the November issue of The Mercerian is not altogether representative of the student body at large; and we draw this conclusion from the fact that most of the articles contributed were written by two or three writers. We consider "The Ballad of Forgotten Knowledge" quite an appropriate poem for the college boy. "By and By" is an impressive article, containing several ennobling sentiments, and we recommend it to all our contemporaries. The editor is not brief in his editorials, and the other departments are about on a par.

"Out of Summer," in The Limestone St r, is a poem that was read by us more than once; and, if any one loves nature to the fullest extent, we recommend this beautiful poem for the scrap-book. We are looking forward with pleasure to some other production from this author. "The Summer on the Island" is not consistent with the subject. Too much space has been given to a lengthy introduction and discussion of the party preparatory to going on the trip. It should be the aim of the author to catch the reader's attention at once, to get the theme well under way, and to give an amount of space to each thought commensurate with its importance. "Should Immigration in the United States be Restricted?" is a topic well treated, and one of vital importance to every American; we trust that the author's arguments shall in the not far distant future find a measure by which it will be realized. We always welcome The Limestone Star as one of the attractive magazines of our sister colleges.

In consideration of the supposed tragic end of the hero, our heart quickens with words of appreciation as we read "O Sea, Hast Thou No Grace?" The mere accident of being lost at sea does not stir us so much; but, told in such thrilling and pathetic words, it will cause almost any one to pause and think for a moment. Though *The Howard Col-*

legian is a small magazine, nevertheless, what there is, is good; therefore, we wish to corroborate the editor's statement, when he said, "The readers of *The Collegian* will be delighted with the stories in the literary department of this (November) issue."

Next on our table is *The Chatterbox*; and we find all the departments very well treated. "Music in India, China, and Japan," is something new, and very interesting. Although the magazine contains very little verse, what there is in it is about on a par with the other departments. "Not the Man, but The Name," is a subject that never grows old; but here it is treated in a new light, and deserves credit.

The cover design of the November Furman Echo does not work for the best interest of the magaine. The design shows some balance; but it also shows a tendency to monopolize the entire cover, and to offend the eye with its rather obtrusive colors. So conventional is it, that we were surprised to find no green, purple, red, and bronze peacock perched on one of the newels in the foreground. In the poem, "Autumn Days," we find the frisky squirrel referred to by the uncompromising neuter pronoun, it, when we should naturally expect at least a hint at personification. A mature writer does not try to dodge these little distinctions. "Incidentally" is a duck-hunting yarn, with some exciting incident in it, but not enough story. The author is storyteller enough to try something more pretentious. "The Count of Monte Carlo" is a revelation of some of the gambling principles of the famous little kingdom of chance. In it we find some explanation of the truth that "In the end the bank wins"—a truth which many college men do not seem to realize. The character of the voluble old German is a clever conception. "The Rock" is more than a page of blank verse. There's a lesson in it. No one but an exchange editor knows how refreshing it is to come upon such a story as "Sir Hardshell." A hard-backed beetle might seem to most persons a very unpromising hero for a story of adventure, especially if the hero must also act as knighterrant for a solitary maiden lady. These doubters we respectfully refer to a careful perusal of Poe's "Gold Bug." In requires violent exercise of the imagination to work out a story of this stamp; but what is a story without the quality of imagination? If anyone would know, let him pick up almost any college magazine and read through—if he can get that far-some of the sickening love stories there set down-in the historical present. "The Last Class," while not an original production, but a translation from the French, is so much more interesting, and shows a so much deeper insight into human nature, that we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to it, and asking their emulation of its best qualities. We are surprised to see that the literary department ends at this point; true, there are some solid editorials following. However, with the talent which, we have seen, exists at Furman, The Echo ought to show a "something more swelling port."

The simple, tasteful cover of *The Acorn*, for November, promises much for the interior of the magazine. The promise, however, is not fulfilled. "A Scotchwoman's Heart and Hand" is the most pretentious piece of fiction in *The Acorn*, and in it we are disappointed. The plot is passable, albeit a straining after the dramatic; but the pernicious use of the historical present makes the style odious. Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, when he wished to emphasize a certain portion of his discourse, in order to make plain the significance of a clever piece of strategy, made use of this muchabused tense. If one is sure that his writings will some day hold the same place in the world of biography and history that Cæsar's do, he may also employ the historical present

occasionally in its proper place; but unless he is sure of his foothold in literature, the young writer should steer clear of the indiscriminate use of a tense which makes what is intended for a story to sound like the synopsis of a play. We notice three essays: "Shakespeare's England," "The Elizabethan Actors," and "Prehistoric Art." The last is possibly the best of the trio; the others, however, indicate that some care was taken in their preparation. "To My Father," a poem, is the redeeming feature of the magazine. There is no sacrifice of the sense to the sound: and sincere feeling was evidently the inspiration of the poetry. "Death and Autumn" is another bit of verse, the like of which we meet none too often. The theme is, of course, common enough, but the treatment of it is different—and better. The only point of note about "A Ghost Story" is its dearth of names. The author throws the whole burden upon "the Girls," when, if she had mentioned Ethel, and Maud, and Clara, and Hattie Sue, and all the rest, we might have imagined we were reading about real, live people. And if pretty, fictitious names are hard to "think up," why use real ones, and the result will be all the better. "Words to the Wise" is a suggestive title: it might imply that the words do not come from the wise. "Thanksgiving Ups and Downs-Mostly Ups," is one piece of writing about which we can truthfully say that everything is not told the reader: he is given credit for having a trace of gumption of his own. We, who do not go to a girl's college, cannot, of course, appreciate all that the discourse contains; but we can imagine a few things. And we are glad those "Slip Sheets" were inserted.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following magazines, viz: The College of Charleston Journal, The Florida Pennant, Orange and Blue, The Furman Echo, Maryville College Monthly, The Red and White, Our Monthly, The

Limestone Star, Isaqueena, The Newberry Stylus, The Trinity Archive, The Mercerian, William Wood's College Record, Emory Phoenix, The Wake Forest Student, The Mountaineer, The Emory and Phoenix Era, Hendrix College Mirror, The Criterion, The Winthrop College Journal, Wofford College Journal, The Carolinian, The Georgian, The Concept, The Gray Jacket, The Guilford Collegian, Davidson College Magazine, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Acorn, The Hollins Quarterly, The Mountaineer (from Stone Mountain, Ga.), The Chatterbox, The Lenoirian, The Palmetto, Howard Collegian, Chimes of Shorter College, Southern Collegian, The Peabody Record, The Index, Pine and Thistle, Black and Magenta, and The Radiant.

CLIPPINGS.

To study or not to study,—That is the question, Whether 'tis better to slip classes and flunk And run the risk of being caught by teachers, And being sent to the study to enjoy An hour's pleasant chat with the lord who rules there; Or work our brains to death in preparation For the teacher's grunt of mild approval, (Which never comes.)

—Selected.

"To kiss the Miss you ought to kiss, Is not to kiss a Miss amiss; But to kiss the Miss you ought to miss And to miss the Miss you ought to kiss, Is to kiss a Miss amiss."

-Index.

To a Pen.

Never write that way again,
Naughty Pen!
Terribly you shocked her then,
Naughty Pen!
When you wrote in language clear,
"You're a darling, you're a dear;
Honey, how I want you here—"
Naughty Pen!

You are old enough, I know,
Naughty Pen!
Not to cut up capers so,
Naughty Pen!
After this whene'er you write,
Start your letters, "Friend, Miss Knight,"
Leave the "Darlings" out of sight,
Naughty Pen!

What?—You still persist,
Naughty Pen!
Though I hold you in my fist,
Naughty Pen!
Still,—I s'pose 'twill have to go
If you really love her so—
I do, too, I guess you know,
Dear old Pen!

—Selected.

Parsing of a Kiss.

It is a noun, generally used as a conjunction, which is never declined. It is more common than proper, it is never singular, always in the plural, agreeing with you and me. —Exchange.

Where Us Fellows Used to Wade.

Frank A. Campbell, '09.

This world is full of troubles,
And I hate its empty praise;
And the thoughts come up like bubbles,
Of my childhood's happy days.
I have lived a good long lifetime,
And an honest way I've made;
But I'd like to rest a little
Where us fellers used to wade.

I can hear the oriole singin'
In the shady elm trees;
While his little mate is swingin'
Swayin', swingin' in the breeze.
Ah! the finest bit o' water
And the deepest, greenest shade,
Is along the old creek bottom,
Where us fellers used to wade.

There the alder shakes his tassels;
There the pussy-willows grow;
There you hear the last faint echo
Of the callin' of the crow,
There the bobwhite used to whistle,
There the chipmunk often played;
But both bird and squirrel hustled
When us fellers went to wade.

In my dreams I see them cornfields, With their green and yellow blades, And once more I skip barefooted 'Neath the elderberry's shades. I am gettin' tired o' workin',
Tired of all this rush and trade,
And I'd like to rest a little
Where us fellers used to wade.

Ain't got long to stay here no-how;
I have well-nigh played my part
In the world's broad field of action;
I have learnt it all by heart,
Now, fore long, my time's a-comin'
And I'd just as soon be laid
Down along the old creek bottom,
Where us fellers used to wade.

-Maryville College Monthly.

Now doth the sweet girl graduate wear A Merry Widow on her golden hair— That swagger circle of serrated straw, With toothy edges like a timber saw.

Ah, me! in sophomoric days of old, When certain youths on certain nights were bold, When cooing co-eds hurled Cupid's darts, We used to woo them—and we lost our heart.

But now, alas! we can't caress the curls Of cuddling female seminary girls, Nor even tackle up-to-date co-eds, In Merry Widows lest we lose our heads.

-New York Sun Ex.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said, The maiden's face grew bright. "Your teeth are like the stars," he said, "They all come out at night."

-Exchange.

Conversational.

"How's your father," came the whisper, Bashful Ned the silence breaking; "Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured, Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment,
Hopeless, Ned essayed another;
"Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
And the question, "How's our mother?"

"Mother? Oh, she's doing nicely!"

Fleeting fast was all forbearance,

When in low, despairing accents

Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

—Exchange.

"They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it."

A maiden at college named Breeze Weighed down by B. A.'s and M. D.'s Collapsed from the strain, Said her doctor 'tis plain, You are killing yourself by degrees.

-Selected.

How's Business?

"Business is poor," said the beggar;
Said the undertaker, "It's dead!"
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher;
The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author;
"Picking up," said the man on the dump;
"My business is sound," quoth the bandsman;
Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking!"
The parson, "It's good," answered he.
"I make both ends meat," said the butcher;
The tailor replied, "It suits me."

-Mustard Bits.

Stranded.

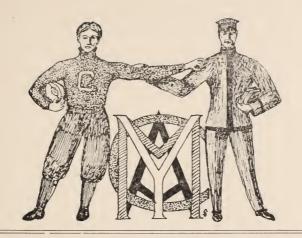
(Apologies to Coleridge; Sympathies to Others.)

Money needed everywhere, To pay for this and that; Money needed everywhere, My pocketbook is flat.

Maidens, maidens, everywhere, 'Tis maidens that I see; Maidens, maidens, everywhere, Nor any maid for me.

Amuck, amuck, all, all, amuck, Upon a bitter sea; The gods of love and luck have struck, And will not pity me.

-Orange and Blue.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

How the Bible Study Work is Carried On.

Every Sunday night forty-seven groups meet between half-past 8 and 10 to study the Bible. There are usually from six to fourteen men in each group. The men meet in some convenient room, usually in that of the leader, and spend an hour together. Quite often the social committee of the class will provide a little feast unexpectedly to the other members. This awakens interest in the class, and much better attendance is secured. Though the lessons are not always perfect, the men are interested and take part in the work. Each class has a secretary, who keeps the roll and turns in a report to the general secretary after each meeting.

In Murray's Life of Christ there are fourteen leaders, with a hundred and twenty-seven men. This gives an average of nine men to each class. This course is the most popular, though Bosworth's Life of Christ stands a close second. The new men usually take Murray's course the first year, as it is simpler and requires less time than the others.

Bosworth's Life of Christ is the next largest course. There are thirteen leaders and one hundred and fifteen men, an average of nine men to the class. It has been found that more than nine or ten men in one class can not do as good work. The Bosworth course is harder and requires a good deal more time than the Murray course.

In the Life of Paul there are nine leaders and ninetyeight men studying; this gives eleven men to a class. This course is taken up mostly by older men.

The last course is Old Testament Studies. This is an interesting course, but because of so much history the boys do not seem to care especially for it. There are only four leaders and twenty-three men. Mostly seniors take this course, usually when they have taken the other three.

The mission study course is not considered a part of the Bible study, yet it is closely allied. There are ten leaders and at present about sixty men. A canvass is soon to be made and more men will be enrolled. The work this year has grown rapidly, however, and a flourishing course is soon expected.

As a summary, let me say, there are forty Bible-class leaders meeting three hundred and seventy-five men. Then there are the ten mission leaders and sixty men. Isn't this a record for any college to be proud of?

Nowhere in South Carolina will you find as large a Sunday school as ours composed of young men only. Our average attendance is one hundred and seventy-five, though often there are about two hundred. The plan of teaching is the lecture system. This encourages the boys to come even when they haven't studied the lesson. There are seniors who graduate every year that can proudly say, "I have never missed a Sunday." While we all can't have such records, let's be there when we can.

President Harms' Lecture.

Another lecture of great interest was that delivered by President Harms of Newberry. Perhaps it would be well to take a survey of his life.

He graduated at Newberry College at the age of seventeen. After attending a seminary he entered into the ministry. For the past four years until recently he has had a church in Harrisburg, Pa. A few months ago he was called to become president of his alma mater.

President Harms preached the morning sermon in chapel, and all the students were anxious to hear him again. The association hall was crowded. It is becoming a grave matter as to how we shall accommodate the students in our hall. Many members of the faculty were present also.

The speaker's subject was, "A Modern Knight." For a clear explanation, he reviewed the characteristics of the heroes of King Arthur's Round Table. The modern knight has the virtues of all the heroes combined. A forcible statement was this: "Serve your conscience as your king."

As the fellows left the hall, many were heard to say, "That's the finest talk I've ever heard."

We congratulate the Newberry boys upon their president, and hope they will not keep him all to themselves.

Passing Paragraphs.

Fellows, you who do not attend these Sunday evening meetings, have no idea of what you are missing. This is one of your privileges and advantages and you should avail yourselves of them. Don't think you haven't time to go! The busiest men in college are the most regular attendants.

There are three hundred and seventy-five men in Bible study this year. This is seventy-five per cent. of the fellows in college. While this is a lower number, still it is a greater

percentage of last year's record. Is there any reason why every man in school shouldn't take Bible study? Again, we hear, "I just haven't got time." This will not do. Our football players even in their hardest season of practice had time for Bible study. Four of our 'varsity men are leaders, and the others are members. Religious work doesn't interfere with the highest physical success. Fellows, think over this, and join a Bible class.

Are you taking an active part in Y. M. C. A. work? Not only for your own sake but for the sake of others you should. Who knows but what six fellows do not belong to the association and a Bible class because you don't? You often hear men say, "I will if he will," meaning some person whom they consider their ideal. You can't say that you are not in any one else's way, for you never know who is modeling his life after yours. A man must be a leader or a follower; he cannot live his life apart from his fellow-man. If you are a leader, how can you do otherwise than lead aright?

Professor Geer's Lecture.

The Y. M. C. A. was fortunate in securing Professor Geer, of Furman, to speak at the regular Sunday evening meeting. Professor Geer was not an entire stranger to all of us, and the hall was well filled. The association has tried for several years to have Professor Geer here, but has just now succeeded.

His subject was "Life as it is Found in the New Testament." "The only real life is the Christian life," he said; and then he stated that every rule necessary to the fullest life was laid down in the New Testament.

The subject was quite different from any we have had recently, and the speaker an unusually good one. Professor

Geer has an ease and eloquence that draws everyone's attention.

We hope to have the pleasure of hearing Professor Geer again. We hope he will always feel welcome among us, and will come again.

Athletic Side of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has two very good tennis courts, but they do not meet the requirements of the members of the association. Heretofore many of the students have been unable to play because of lack of courts. Two more are being made now, situated between barracks. This is a more convenient place than that of the old courts. New nets have been ordered, so that after the holidays there will be four courts for players.

Then, too, a basketball field is being constructed. Within a week or so students will be playing every afternoon. All necessary materials are on hand, and there's nothing to delay our progress.

The association has decided to grant the use of the tennis courts and basketball field to any student in college, whether he be a member of the Y. M. C. A. or not. A great deal of interest is being taken in basketball, as there has never been a team here. For the present, Mr. Provost will do the coaching. Some of the students have played before, so there ought to be no difficulty in having a good team right away.

There will be some rules posted as to players using the courts. The chief one is that players wear tennis or gymnasium shoes. Any one who observes these rules is welcome to the use of any of the Y. M. C. A. property.

At present there are only two hundred members in the association, but a canvass is being planned and in a few days every student will have another opportunity of joining.

You will never hear a man say he regrets having joined or doing any kind of Y. M. C. A. work. Only by your help can we reach our ideal, that is to have some day a Y. M. C. A. building equipped as it should be. We need your help, and you need ours.

The Leading Institution of the South.

Such is the ideal before the minds of the Blue Ridge Association. With this lofty purpose in view, the foundations of this institution have been laid broad and deep; farsighted and comprehensive plans have been made for the future; and the support accorded them by loyal friends insures the attainment of this ideal. What, then, is this institution? Where is it to be located? Who make up the faculty and student body? And what are its courses and activities? To these natural inquiries this paper will give as complete an answer as space will permit.

ITS ACTIVITIES.

For many years assemblies of college men and college women have been held in or near Asheville, N. C., for Christian conference and training. Among them are those of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. P. M. M. Only those who have attended these conferences can fully realize the tremendous influence that these conferences exercise in moulding college sentiment and shaping college life. Ten thousand men in Bible study throughout the South are taught by leaders trained in these conferences; four thousand men in mission study are inspired by ideas and ideals gathered from these meetings; four hundred men have accepted Christ in colleges this year through evangelistic campaigns planned here and through personal workers trained here; scores of men give their lives to the ministry at home and abroad as a result of life-work addresses

given here; the ideals of many institutions have been almost transformed, due to the suggestions and inspirations coming from the conferences on college problems. In short, these conferences constitute a COLLEGE for the colleges and minister to the highest and best in student life.

INADEQUATE EQUIPMENT IN THE PAST.

Lack of equipment has forced these conferences to meet in quarters totally inadequate to their needs. Hotels, school buildings, and the like have crippled and hindered the work of the conference to such an extent that the leaders have determined to locate and equip such an institution as would fully meet the requirements of the conferences. The East could boast of Northfield; the middle West, of Lake Geneva; the West, of Cascade. Why should the South fall behind these in equipment when it did not yield to them in point of importance and efficiency?

THE PRESENT CAMPUS.

Consequently, a tract of land has been bought full worthy to be the campus of such a training school. It consists of more than a thousand acres of ground in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, fifteen miles from Asheville, and about two miles from Black Mountain, a station on the Southern railroad. It has now one of the finest forests in the whole Appalachian system; lofty ridges, deep caves, bursting springs of perennial flow, and splendid viewpoints make it a place of increasing beauty and a joy to the heart. Across the Swannanoa valley beneath can be seen the great Craggy Range, the Black Mountain Range, Klingman's Dome (6,611), the Seven Sisters, Old Graybeard, and Mt. Mitchell (6,711 feet), the highest peak east of the Rockies. It is safe to say that no institution in the South has a campus comparable with this one in point of natural beauty.

THE BUILDINGS PLANNED.

On this campus will be built a large auditorium, an administration building, a dormitory, mess hall, and such other buildings as may be needed. A lake for boating and swimming, and a large athletic field are also already laid out by the leaders of this movement. To play ball on the diamond high up on the mountain, with a view like that described above, would nerve a batter to drive out homeruns every time up. As a fitting compliment to the leading colleges, the numerous peaks, ridges, coves, springs and streams will be named for the various institutions represented in the Southern field. Vanderbilt Cove, Clemson Peak, Virginia Springs, North Carolina Gap will give a familiar and homelike air to the spot and help to make it the Mecca of college association men.

THE FACULTY AND CURRICULUM.

Its faculty consists of the chosen men of the United States, indeed, of the Christian world. Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt, is president; Dr. W. D. Weatherford, student secretary of the South, is dean; on the faculty appear such names as John R. Mott, greatest of Christian statesmen; Robert E. Speer, Dean Bosworth, Beach, Lambuth, Anderson, Turner, Murray, and many others of equal note. In addition to these, the strongest men in our Southern institutions will lead courses in Bible study, mission study, personal work, college problems and other subjects vital to college men. A secretarial training school will be conducted every summer following the regular conferences, other schools and conferences will be conducted to instruct and equip young people to act as efficient leaders in every phase of Christian work.

THE STUDENT BODY.

The student body already numbers nearly four hundred and is unsurpassed for character, diligence and esprit du corps. They are the picked men of the Southern colleges, dominant men who do things in their own institutions and bring all their strength and enthusiasm to the conference. In the class rooms, on the athletic field, and mountain climbs, in the dormitories and mess halls, they manifest a spirit of earnestness, of good-fellowship and of vociferous energy, such as only young men can display. The men bring their flags and pennants, they sing their songs, shout their college yells, and imbibe a spirit of loyalty to their alma mater which can not be estimated in sordid dollars. For a college to win a pennant in some of the sports, to offer a startling stunt at the blowout, or to have a splendid delegation, is a great advertisement for the school, and the colleges of the South could hardly invest a few hundred dollars more advantageously than in sending their leaders to this conference in order that they may gain the noblest conception of college life.

Business Men Back of the Institution.

The plan is no longer an experiment. Twenty-one Christian busness men are backing this with their thoughts, their money and their prayers; the company has been chartered under the laws of North Carolina as the Blue Ridge Association for Christian Conference and Training; the land purchased and partly paid for; a financial secretary is visiting the colleges of the South to secure funds to equip these grounds. Vanderbilt has led off with \$1,000 in cash and subscriptions and will increase this amount. The time has come for Clemson to respond promptly and liberally to this, the most significant movement among college men today. Money invested here brings rich returns in lives transformed; Christian methods improved and energized;

college ideals revolutionized, and this section of our country brought nearer to the loving Father through the evangel taught and preached at this place.

The prayers of the founders and promoters is that many young men, like Moses of old, shall ascend this mountain to commune with God, and shall come down wth faces illumined by a vision bringing with them a new revelation written, not on tables of stone, but in their hearts; men who shall teach the people of God and lead the hosts of Israel into the richer and fuller life.

Such is the character, the campus, the faculty and the student body of this growing institution. Are we not justified in calling it "The Leading Institution of the South?"

N. E. Byrd. '10.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—W. C. Pitts, President; C. P. Roberts, Secretary.
- Columbian Literary Society—D. W. Watkins, President; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—H. K. Sanders, President; W. A. Barnette, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas W. Keitt, Superintendent; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Biological Club—C. N. Shattuck, President; A. F. Conradi, 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—S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Team-F. Fleming, Captain; , Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger—O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers

The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity
and
Class Inserts
for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class
Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



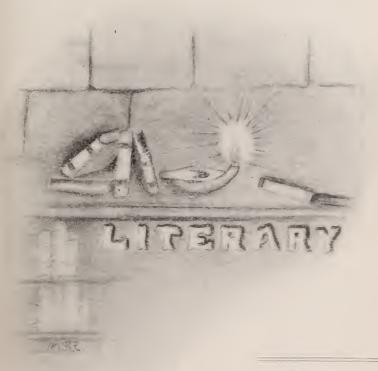
LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE.
Life	259
The Final Lap	261
Great Men the Glory of Their Country	269
Encamped on Old Manassas	272
A Summer Idyll	275
Attention!	281
"The Young Man's First Love"	283
Importance of Forest Preservation for Manu-	
facturers	286
My Memory	287
A Soldier's Reward	288
Duty vs. Dollar	291
"Innocents Abroad"	293
Editorial Department	297
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	303
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT	317
College Directory	324

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1909. No. 5



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

LIFE.

What meaneth life—and what is it to live?

A few years here—is this we've all to give?

What is success—what meaneth it to gain?
To have great fame—and hoarded wealth through others pain?

What meaneth joy—and what is it to prove? To laugh and dance—must it alone us move?

What meaneth peace—and what is it to rest? To sit and idle—can this be our behest?

What meaneth pain—and what can it attain? A dreaded disease—and must it thus remain?

What meaneth faith—and what is it to trust? To hope in vain—allow ourselves to rust?

What meaneth hope—and what is it to win? In vain to wait—this cannot be our sin?

What meaneth love—and what is it to feel? Fancied passion—must it alone reveal?

No! success be this—to reap a harvest sure, Of deeds and acts—well planted and secure.

And joy is this—to feel and know and learn, Something good well done—and true repentance yearn.

And peace should be—that calm that comes in rest When hard we've worked—and done in us the best.

And let pain prove—some lesson needed much, To turn to God—who healeth us of such.

So faith must hold—our soul and body firm, Strength and courage give—to keep us sure and stern.

And hope must have—always in every time, No matter what—a faith in the Sublime.

And let love be—a kindred binding soul, That will endure—and sacrifice the whole.

And life's success be—joy, peace, love, faith, hope, pain, To live for others—and wealth eternal gain.

"W. H. O?"

THE FINAL LAP.

Webb's running slippers padded softly around the cindered track—"pad-pad, you'll win—you'll win," they seemed to be saying. Though it was the third time around the quarter-mile track, Webb's movements were still as fresh and unwearied as if he had just started. His lithe, slim body moved like a machine; every muscle working in union, with their sole object, the getting of the most speed possible from those strong, firm limbs that even now was spurning the earth at an even "mile in six" gait.

In spite of the evenness of his movements, Webb was far from at ease mentally.

"Now, I wonder what she meant," he ruminated; "Bob will run, too, and I do hope he'll win.' Hope he'll win! I guess that's encouragement to get from one's best girl. What if he is her brother—well, I guess it is natural to give the preference to one's brother, but, gee! what wouldn't I give for her to say that to me," and with a mournful shake of his head he started around the fourth lap.

He had, however, completed but a fourth of it when he started, with an exclamation of surprise, "D—urn! What would you think, that—there's Alice now." It was indeed a surprise—for Webb had not expected any one on the track at this particular time; in fact, he had stolen away "to try himself out in secret," as he expressed it.

Noticing the young lady signalling to him he left the track and ran up to where she was standing, near the gate.

"Good morning, Miss Hart," he exclaimed as he approached; "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

"I thought I would find you here, Ted," returned the young lady, "and, as I wanted to see awfully badly—"

"Did you, really?" interrupted Webb, a happy smile on his face.

"Now don't be foolish," admonished Alice. "But, Ted, I—I—want you to do something for me—will you?"

"Why, certainly—ah—I—I suppose so. What is it? You know I would be glad to do—ah—anything for you."

"You know that little talk that we had about Bob's winning the mile race. Well—I was talking to his coach and he said that—that—you were the only man who could beat him, and—and—"

"Yes?"

"And I—I thought that—that * * * well, that if I asked you, you wouldn't beat him!"

It was out at last. Webb stared at her as if he did not believe his ears.

"W-H-A-T-!" he ejaculated, "I wouldn't beat him? But, Alice, you know I will if I get a chance—that is, unless he is the better man in the running game."

"Oh, Ted, won't you understand? You haven't the faintest conception of the way that Bob is wrapped up in that race—why, he talks of nothing else all day long; and the poor thing is wearing himself away training for it. Don't you see how imperative it is that he should win?" and she really thought that she had shown why.

"But, Alice—you don't know what you ask. You ask me to throw the race—turn traitor to the orange and black—become a veritable Arnold in the eyes of my schoolmates. I can't—I can't!"

"Won't you do it for me, Ted?" asked the girl, turning away with a gesture of despair and tears in her eyes.

"I can't! Dear, don't think that I don't think enough of you; it's not that; I can't explain it to you, but—"

"I—I—thought you'd do it for me," reiterated she, with more than a hint of tears in her voice, "and, now, you say you won't—oh, dear—I know Bob'll die if he gets beaten, and you'll be the cause of it."

"I!—I will be the cause?" Poor Webb was astonished by this piece of remarkable reasoning.

"Yes, Y-O-U—and I will hate you forever," and bursting into tears, she started back towards the gates.

Webb watched her in mute dismay, for he was "dead in love" with her—yes, and what is more, he had good reason to think that his love was not totally unreciprocated—and now she had said that she hated him!

"Alice," he called, finding his voice just as she passed through the gates, "don't go yet."

She slowly turned and awaited his arrival at her side.

"I told you I'd do anything for you," he said, "and I meant it. I'll do—no, that is—I mean I'll think seriously about what you said and tell you later whether I will promise you or not."

The girl gave a start of surprise and looked up into his strangely drawn face. To judge by the expression on her face one would think that she had relented, and was about to withdraw her plea; then she mutely nodded her head and passed on out through the gate.

"Well, perhaps I'm not in it," muttered Ted to himself. "Which shall it be—you, my dear old alma mater, or you, my sweetheart?"

* * * * * * * *

The Varsity track team was grouped in the gym, receiving the daily "twigging" from their coach, Fuller, known as the "Little Angel," by reason of his very "unangelic" language when roused up.

"Now, look here," he was saying, his whole five feet six quavering with righteous indignation: "What kind of yaps are you fellows, anyway? What's the matter with you, I say? Adams—why the dickens don't you take those hurdles lower; don't you know that you lose three seconds or more, taking them so high—you're no bird, even though you may think that you are—so come down. I don't want to have to tell you again. And you, MacCormack, what's the matter with that start of yours in the hundred? You run like an overloaded wheelbarrow;—a—a—superannuated cow! Benson, don't set such a pace at the beginning of that two miles run—just because you can run a little, don't fool yourself with the impression that you are the whole cheese"-and so on down the line, the recipients of his criticisms receiving them as a matter of course, and being men of common sense, held their peace, knowing that nothing riled the "Angel" so much as an excuse.

"And you, Webb," to this worthy, who was gazing abstractedly from the window, "your running has become simply punk. Say, look here, if you've got any idea into your head that you've got a cinch, get it out, and the quicker the better. That Hart fellow is going out for the single mile event for all that is in him, and that is saying a good deal from what I hear, and you won't have a showdown if you don't get a move on. You go it like you were taking a dose of medicine;" and so on, ad finitum!

Poor Webb was in sore straits. He realized that for the last few days he had not been in his usual trim. Somehow his heart was not in the work; he couldn't keep his mind on the track. That rebellious member would continually revert to a winsome, piquant face, stained with tears; and a voice, made for laughter, broken with sobs.

"I can't stand this," muttered he. "Why did I ever start running, anyway? All I get is a 'cussing out' from old Fuller, and"—but here a vision arose of a track event he had seen; a mile race, by the way; the madly cheering students, the racing figures; the winner borne on the shoulders of his friends around the track to the tune of college songs and yells. "What are you saying, Theodore Webb, you mutt-headed cad; no good can come from it? and the glory of your college involved? You are a prevaricator!" And he proceeded to relieve his overwrought mind with the tirade against his weakness, determining to win at any cost. Within the next half-hour, however, his mind would again conjure up a certain tearful face and he would almost decide to throw the race—for H-E-R.

But his "twigging" was not confined to the coach, however.

"Ted, want to box a little?" asked Buster MacCormack, his roommate, that night.

"Naw, don't feel like it; too sleepy," growled Webb.

MacCormack looked up from his seat in the window.

"Now, what the dickens?" he asked of the mute furnishings of the room. "Say, Ted, what's eating you?"

"Nothing."

"Aw, come off. Quit your kidding; haven't I got eyes? Say, Pal," coming over to Webb's chair and placing his hand on his shoulder, "tell a fellow, won't you? You know that it is not simply curiosity on my part; but when a fellow sees another fellow of whom he thinks 'bunches,' going around with a face as long as a meter-length and a look on his face speaking of mental anguish—isn't it natural for him to try to find the cause?"

Webb, repentant, looking up into his friend's unusually serious face.

"Pardon me, Bust," he implored. "I didn't mean to be so short; but I'm not exactly myself tonight. Nothing is the matter, though—that is, nothing much."

"I thought it. But, Ted, get that 'nothing-much' off your brain before tomorrow. You know how a mental trouble affects a man in a race. Why, man, this has played the very deuce with your running the last few days! Cut it out. I haven't any idea what's up; but I know that the game isn't worth the candle."

"Isn't it?" thought Webb to himself, "isn't it? Or is it? That is the question. My heart cries 'yes,' and my honor 'no.' Which shall have the precedence?" and he retired, with the problem as far from solution as before.

The athletic grounds were crowded: for this was decidedly the event of the year. The rivalry of the two colleges was well known and the spectators knew that the participants in the several events would give almost their lives to help their college win.

Webb sat on a bench, reserved for the athletes, and watched, mutely, the different results of the shot-putting, pole-vaulting and the minor races. One would have thought, to look at his white face, that he was oblivious of his surroundings, and so he was. In spite of his resolution to put his trouble from him, it still rankled in his brain, and the cheers of his comrades came to him only as a sort of insane chant of "Shall I—shall I not?"

"I wonder if she is up there," he muttered, looking at the grandstand. "Perhaps she is—and is wondering if I am going to cause her untold misery for a few moments' glory. May be, Bob will win; I need not do my very best; it would be so easy to stumble, or"—his soliloquy was interrupted by a "Say, old man, are you doped? The starter has been calling you for the last minute."

"Doped?" repeated Webb, vaguely. "I don't think so—who won the last?"

"Well, I'll be—you don't mean to say that you don't know? Why, they won both first and second places. Say,

Ted, you've got to win this. The score is a tie now, and if we lose this—"

Webb rose stiffly and walked to the starting tape, leaving the speaker standing where he was.

"Mighty touchy," mused that worthy, "but that's nothing—he sure can run when he wants to," and he composed himself to watch the most important event of the day.

"Ready," called the voice of the starter. "Get set-go!"

It seemed to Webb but pure force of habit that started him in that race in the orthodox manner. His faculties seemed numb with indecision. He could see, as if through a haze, the crowds staring at him. Maybe they could read his thoughts. Well, what if they could—certainly he was going to throw the race! Anybody else would—for Alice. What, around already? Why did the crowd stare at him so disgustedly and Fuller Webb had caught a glimpse of him tearing his hair and hopping about as if in great pain? Was every one going crazy? The starting place once more -only two more of these heart-breaking rounds and he could tell Alice that he had done it for her. Why, there is Bus—good old Bus—but what made him act so queerly: running along the track with a most imploring expression on his face and shouting—shouting—what was he shouting? Webb could not hear.

Suddenly, on his scattered senses broke the sound of the "Rally." It was sung by the entire student body and seemed inexpressively sweet:

Three cheers for old Nassau, my boys; Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Her sons shall give while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nassau.

His weariness fell off as if some one had cut the ropes binding it to him, and with a gasp of real horror he saw the other three runners half a lap ahead. There was Curtis, Gray and Hart; why, he could beat any one of them running. He ventured a glance to one side. It happened to be opposite the cheering section and he saw the boys rise en masse to their feet.

—"while they shall live Three cheers for old Nassau,"

came to his ears. He quickened his pace, and as his mind became clearer quickened it again. He was going the limit now, against all training, putting forth his best, with a lap still to go. But Webb did not realize that—that there was one object on his horizon: a white shirt with a blue band around it. He knew there was a "Y" on the other side. What were those yaps cheering for? Of course he had passed the first, but what of it? "For old Nassau—old Nassau, old Nassau," the refrain beat upon his brain, and with every beat he seemed to receive new strength, new speed, new power and will to RUN.

There, he had passed the second—and those fellows are yelling again. There was now only one person to pass before *victory*. Around the course and into the straightaway with only five yards separating them, the two runners dashed. The five dwindled to four—to three—to two—and with a last desperate burst of speed Webb threw across the tape, a winner.

"Alice," he murmured, as he lost consciousness in Buster's arms, "I—couldn't."

In the grandstand, Alice sat watching the races with all the obvious loyalty of one "wearing his frat pin." When the race was called one might have seen her turn a little white, or heard her whisper to herself:

"I wonder if he will? It was too hard a test—I shouldn't have asked it. There he is now, but he looks ill and—oh, they shouldn't let him run if he is sick," and she covered her face with her hands, her slim body shaking with sobs.

"Ted! Ted! I didn't mean to hurt you so! He will never forgive me—and I do love him. Oh (looking up and seeing Webb just as he made his spectacular spurt past the first man), beat him, Ted; dear Lord, let him win. Run—oh, run faster—there, he has passed the other and Bob is tired—just a little faster, dear—thank God!" Even she caught her breath in an effort to prevent screaming, as Webb fainted.

And so it was that Webb, coming back to this "vale of tears," found himself looking up into the sweetest face on earth and heard a soft voice pleading for him to forgive her. "I didn't really mean a word," she was saying, "but just did it to try you—and Ted—I can't bear to think that you believe me so horrid—"

But "Bust" MacCormack, with the hand of a true friend, scattered the gathering crowd and left them to themselves.

H. C. B., 1911.

GREAT MEN THE GLORY OF THEIR COUNTRY.

In every age, in every clime, and amid all circumstances, great men have been the glory of their country. From the very beginning of time, man has always glorified the men who have performed some great deed or accomplished some great task. It is natural that man should do this. In his immortal construction, there seems to be a principle that makes this a divine commission. To know that these facts are true, we have but to turn to history, and there we find that nearly all history is but the united biographies of great men, and nearly all literature but the story and song of the deeds of great men. We learn from history that, not only men have honored the deeds of greatness, but nations, too, have never been slow to recognize their great men, and have always decked them with wreaths of honor, and crowned

them with coronets of glory. Poets have put forth their greatest efforts to sing of deeds of greatness; and orators have raised their most eloquent appeals to declare glory to those called great.

There are many ideals of worth and valor and truth tied up in the word greatness. At the very mention of the word, numberless ideas of true greatness flash before one's imagination. All of them differing in outward semblance, but all are alike in agreeing that the great man is one who has performed some wonderful feat, or shown some unusual thought or action, and won for himself the respect of all mankind. This great man may be some Scipio or Hannibal; some Lee or Jackson, who has achieved brilliant victories on the field of battle, and made the whole world wonder. He may be some Shakespeare or Tennyson, some Longfellow or Poe, who has thrilled all time with his verse. He may be some Gladstone or Hastings; some Calhoun or Hayne, who has raised his voice in tones of eloquence and appealed to men with irresistible persuasion. He may be some Latimer or Livingstone, some Taylor or Moody, who has laid his life on the altar—a willing sacrifice to his country and his God.

What is it that makes these men the glory of their country? It seems to be instilled in the human heart for men and nations to honor and glorify the man who has lead his army to victory amid trying difficulties. For instance, who can repress thrills of admiration as Washington, the savior of our country, leads his rudely equipped soldiers across the Delaware in a series of brilliant movements that destroy the infinitely greater British army and save our country from destruction and set free our people from the clutches of George the Third. Where is a more admirable man than Robert E. Lee, when, for the sake of duty to his State, he turned his back on a good salary and ready promotion?

See him as he is compelled to bear defeat after defeat; see him as he dismisses his half-starved troops at Appomattox and sends them home to build up a new and better South upon the ashes of that which had been destroyed by Sherman. Where is a more universally loved man than Jackson, the greatest lieutenant of his great chief? See him as he dies, as he has lived, a Christian, true and fervent; a warrior, bold and tactful; a gentleman, knightly and upright.

Yet great as are these men, they are not the only great men that we have. In every community there are parents who labor hard and make many sacrifices for the sake of their sons and daughters. And, too, there are many doctors who answer, without a word of complaint, the midnight call and go to the bedside of some poor suffering person to relieve pain and suffering. They run many risks of taking deadly disease, but for the sake of humanity and their duty to God they toil on unflinchingly. There are many engineers who drive the mighty locomotives across the country with their loads of human freight without one thought of their own danger, but ever ready and willing to die for their passengers. There are many ministers and missionaries in all parts of the world who have made great sacrifices for the wicked and the heathen. All of these, too, are as great as any; though their names may not appear on the pages of history, they shall receive their glory and reward in the end.

Right here in Clemson College there are many boys who labor from early morn till late night, resisting many temptations and bearing many burdens without a murmur, so that they may fit themselves for a sphere of larger usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. These boys are looked up to as ideals of greatness in their home community and in the world at large.

Thus we see that no matter what a man's calling may be, or how insignificant he may be in the world, he can be truly a great man and thereby be honored by all men and be the glory of their country.

"Lives of great men all reminds us, We can make our lives sublime, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

R. M. S., '10.

ENCAMPED ON OLD MANASSAS.

After a long discussion of the historic battlefield on which we were encamped, and of the "hike" which would take place on the morrow, my tentmates and I had at last fallen asleep, but only to be waked in a few minutes by some one at the door of the tent. It was the sergeant, looking up the detail for duty for the night. Before I could realize who he was, he had given me full instructions as to the accourterments to wear, the time and place of meeting, and was gone.

Indeed, the task looked hard to me, then a boy of hardly fifteen, but, nevertheless, I prepared myself for it and reported to the headquarters at the time designated by the sergeant. After a great deal of wrangling and confusion, the guard was formed and divided into reliefs. By a "near-cut," as one of our professors would term it, I managed to enroll myself on the third relief. It being four hours before my time for duty, I was allowed to return to my company street, with instructions to report back at 2 o'clock next morning for duty. * * *

When I awoke next morning there was a general stir throughout the camp—everybody making ready for the long march. I soon realized my perilous position, so I lost no time in making my way back to the guard tent. I found the O. D. sitting near the fire with back toward me. Knowing full well that I was going to get one of the worst "hossings" I had ever got in my life, I paused a few moments before approaching him, but, seeing that instead of gaining courage I was only losing, I made my way directly to him. I was not badly received, for the tone in which he addressed me and the language he employed filled me with a feeling of awe that I have never felt since nor ever will feel again. After a due amount of belittling remarks, he turned to the sergeant of the guard, and said: "Burn this kid for not being here at the third relief formation at 2 a. m. Give him double duty." With these words heavy on my mind, I returned to my company street. Nothing could keep a peculiarly formed lump out of my throat when I thought of this outright tyranny. How could I, a farmer boy, accustomed to sleeping nine or ten hours each day, be expected to wake up at such an early hour as 2 o'clock? With all this on my mind, together with the fact bearing down upon me that I had used a "short-cut" which was the cause of it all, I spent a miserable day.

At the end of the two days, as specified by O. D., I was relieved from guard duty. Being released just in time to see the big fight (for both armies were gradually moving toward Manassas from Thoroughfare Gap), which would very likely be near Manassas on the next day. The country around was awakened next morning by heavy cannonading from the lines of both the "Browns" and the "Blues." Great excitement ran through our camp, and every one busied himself in preparing for a day of excitement. At the request of some of my companions, I went fully armed, with gun, cartridges, etc. We proceeded toward the place where the fight was raging thickest, and, to our astonish-

ment, found that the enemy, the "Browns," were between us and the "Blues." Having lost all hope of getting to the lines of the "Blues," we proceeded to a high knoll, from which we could command a view of the wide stretch of land lying along either side of "Bull Run." However, this pleasant situation was short-lived with us, for a regiment of "Browns" marching along a short distance below us mistook us for the advance guard of some body, and before we scarcely knew it, they had thrown their troops into lines of skirmishers and were advancing toward us. In the flight which followed, when we saw the great body moving toward us, we ran on a number of stragglers huddled together. They were eagerly listening to some instructions which were being given them by a little Connecticut lieutenant. We soon learned that their plans were to go against the main line of "Browns," and if possible to draw their attention from the "Blues," whom they were now beginning to beat back dreadfully.

We plunged into the corn-field and emerged about one-half mile beyond the starting point. The curious sensation which entered our knees, as we beheld below us twenty thousand soldiers fighting like tigers to uphold their respective banners, was one which I have never since had occasion to entertain. On hearing the crack of our rifles behind, the "Browns" detached several companies of their body to pursue us. We have read a great deal of a notable retreat of the Northern army on this historic field about forty years previous, but if any of them were more frightened than this little band, I feel sure they would never have reached Washington. It is true that I was badly frightened, but not too badly to forget that I possessed wonderful motive power. This presence of mind, however, did not exist with all of my comrades, for every one of them was captured and taken back to the lines of the "Browns."

After everything was quiet again, I came from my hiding place among the rushes, and turned my face toward the camp of the First South Carolina Regiment, National Guard. When I arrived at camp and saw the careworn faces of my comrades who had been on the "hike" for two days without sleep and with very little to eat, I came to the conclusion that the story of the first and second battles of Manassas, which was told me by my grandfather as being ones which tried men's souls, was indeed a true circumstance. But there was another fact which also impressed me as being a true condition. Although there was no bloodshed in the third battle of Manassas, and, therefore, was not a question of trying men's *souls;* nevertheless, it was a time which tried boys' *grit.* C. B. FARRIS, '12.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

Jack Townes let his canoe drift where it would on the broad bosom of the lake. He had come to this resort for pleasure and rest, and it was not for him to hurry anywhere. Suddenly, however, he was stirred into action by the sight of a remarkably pretty girl, paddling a little canoe in close to the shore. He gazed at her long and earnestly. There may be no such thing as mental telepathy, but something caused the girl to turn and look him in the eyes.

He smiled, and bowed. She smiled. She noticed that, although he still plied his paddle easily, he was slowly lessening the gap between the canoes. She increased the force on her paddle. The gap continued to lessen, as he paddled harder; but opened again as she went ahead. This kept up until it had developed into a chase, and both canoes were flying through the water. Somehow or other, even though the man was an expert canoeist, he could not catch

the girl. At last she seemed to weary of the game; and, in less than five minutes, had left him hopelessly behind her.

"Confound it!" he mused. "She's a perfect wonder with that canoe. By jove! she's pretty, too. I think I'll follow her. She lives in Beach Haven, I'm sure. No—on second thought, I don't think I will. She started our acquaintance as a nymph, and it's not for me to dispel my own illusion; a nymph she shall remain."

The next morning, he set out from his hotel with the express purpose of finding the girl. Finally, he saw her; and, instead of chasing frantically, as he had done the day before, he went at it in a methodical, business-like manner. His quarry seemed content to keep about fifty yards ahead of him. Slowly and surely he forced her towards an island. He was between her canoe and the lake; and, at last, it seemed that his desire was realized. She turned up a small creek. With an ill-concealed exclamation of victory he paddled with all his strength. She kept ahead of him—

"Oh, beautiful Naiad!" he called, "don't you see you can't escape old Neptune now?"

He had reckoned without the girl's knowledge of the lake, however, for the creek was nothing more than a small strait, which led over a miniature rapids into the other side. Down this rapids he attempted to follow her, but his boat slid on a smooth stone and overturned. He came up drenched, but smiling, just in time to hear her taunting laugh as he paddled off.

"I'll catch her yet." he said to himself, "and then I'll get a formal introduction. By George! she certainly is pretty."

The next morning, young Townes was out in his canoe on the lake as soon as he had finished his morning repast. Instead of having the rest and quiet he had made his journey to acquire, he found himself entering into the spirit

of the chase after this unknown girl with a zest that surprised him. There was a romantic fiber in him somewhere, which was touched by the very unconventionality of his acquaintance—if it might be termed that—with this sprite.

As he paddled around the lake, idly, in search of the girl, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by the sight of a canoe drifting, empty, on the lake. He looked more closely, and—did he see aright—yes, it was her canoe. Some feeling caused him to raise his eyes towards the island-scene of his former ducking. His face flamed with exultation, for he had caught sight of the girl, just disappearing into the woods, on the little islet. Here was his chance. The girl had evidently landed on the island, and, through some careless oversight, let her canoe get adrift. He determined to meet her; while he knew from experience that he could not overtake her in a canoe, he was certain that he was more fleet of foot than she was.

He paddled carefully to the spot, and, after tying his craft to a little tree, he struck into the woods in the direction he had seen the girl go. He searched for some time, but not a sign of her did he see. He rested a while, and then returned in a disconsolately, baffled manner to the shore. What met his gaze aroused him from his lethargy with a jerk! There was the girl, in his canoe, with hers towing behind, calmly paddling towards his hotel. He was chagrined. He had been clearly outwitted. After she had passed from view, he sat on a rock, alone, with only his thoughts for company, until after nightfall, when he proceeded to swim to the hotel. After gaining his room, via the fire escape, he dressed, and strolled to the boat-house, where, to his surprise, he found the canoe. On a little slip of paper, pinned to the stern, was written, in a pretty, wellformed feminine hand:

"Thanks! Was so kind of you to lend me your canoe.

Hope that your swim back will not cause you to contract a cold."

He looked at the paper, mentally rehearsed the events of the afternoon, and—laughed.

"She's a girl after my own heart," he mused.

The next morning he followed his usual routine—by this time it had gotten to be a routine—he dressed, ate his breakfast, smoked a cigarette, and went to his canoe. The day being uncomfortably hot, he was dressed in very light flannels, and it must be said that the picture he presented as he paddled off was one which was very pleasant to the eye.

As a matter of course, he paddled to the island; but not a sign of her presence could he find. He waited for a halfhour, or more, and then struck out for Beach Haven, a rather large summer resort on the lake, where he conceived her to be staying. When at least a mile from his destination, he was surprised by the sound of a cry coming from the water near by. He looked over the side and saw the girl's head on the surface. She was evidently in distress, for she waved her hand and, with a cry, sank from view. All the innate chivalry of his nature was aroused; he leaped to his feet and, kicking off his shoes, dived from the canoe to the spot where the girl had gone down. He stayed under the water, groping frantically for her until his lungs seemed on the point of bursting, but he could not find her. At last, gasping for breath, he fought his way, frightened and winded, to the top, only to see her some twenty yards away, laughing at him. Suddenly, as he gazed, her face turned white, she screamed, clutched madly, hysterically at the air, and sank. The bubbles, rising where she went down, showed that her mouth was open, and that this time something was really the matter. He swam, with strong, steady strokes, to the spot, and sank after her. He reached her, and, as a drowning person clutches anything, she fastened

both of her hands convulsively on his arm. Nothing could have been better, as he still had one arm and both legs free. He gained the surface somewhat exhausted and by dint of the expenditure of almost all of his tremendous strength, reached his canoe. Knowing that it was a physical impossibility for him to climb into the canoe without overturning it, he grasped the stern with his right hand, and, supporting the unconscious girl with his left, he propelled the whole with his feet, and slowly and surely he drew near to the shore. After what seemed to be a limitless space of time, his feet touched bottom. With a half sob of relief and joy he slowly worked his way up the bank with the unconscious girl in his arms. He laid her on the beach and nervously commenced to rub her face, chest and hands in a semifrantic effort to restore her to a knowledge of the things about her. After he had worked in this manner for some time, she gasped, quivered, and slowly opened her eyes.

Then, piece by piece, the whole incident as it had occurred passed in her mind. She looked at the man beside her, kneeling with an excess of tenderness in his eyes, and she, in her gratitude, seized his hand and convulsively pressed it to her lips. * * *

This was the start of an idyllic period for the pair. Each morning, Townes would leave the hotel wharf with his canoe filled with light refreshments. He would regularly meet the girl on the island, and then would ensue a day of almost perfect bliss. With tastes so much in harmony, combined with their romantic acquaintance, and the fact that they were so constantly together in such an ideal spot, is it any wonder that admiration bred a strong friendship, and that this in its turn propagated love? It was inevitable.

She was his ideal; pretty, petite, piquant, little Inez, brimming over with gay spirits, always ready for a lark; she fitted in to his every whim and humor with a wonderful

adaptability. There was a mental sympathy between them. A sentence could be left half unfinished, and yet be perfectly understood. Together they made a magnificent couple. The man, tall, broad, full of virility—a man in every sense of the word; and the girl, dark-complexioned, small and with a figure such as artists rave over. Surely this was his predestined mate.

Quickly the time approached when he was forced to return to the city and to his work. He left the hotel one morning full of a resolve to risk his all that day. She greeted him at their rendezvous with light laughter. However, she looked at his serious face, and, with a woman's keen intuition, she knew—and waited. To the man, she had changed that morning. No longer did she seem the care-free companion of his last two weeks. The girl, joyfully expectant of this man's declaration, was modestly afraid of doing anything which could possibly be construed as an advance. Womanlike, she wanted him to come and take her.

Their day passed rather silently. Time and again their eyes met, and every time her's fell before the frank adoration in his glance. They were ready to leave, her heart fluttered, and, unconsciously, she blushed furiously. At last, she knew it had come.

"Inez," he was saying, "I'm going back to New York soon. Dear—I don't want to go alone; won't you go with me? I want you with me always, darling. I love you—will you go?"

The girl's head was bent, and her bosom was heaving tumultuously; slowly she raised her eyes, glowing with love, until she met his gaze squarely, returning, look for look, the ardor which flashed from his eyes—

"Jack!" was all she said.

O. R. C., "11.

ATTENTION!

If you were asked to name the most important powers of the mind, what would be the first one to spring up? Would it be wrong to say attention? Indeed, it is impossible to think of any other factor of the human intellect which is called upon more and needs greater development than attention.

The question might be asked, What is the real meaning of attention? We might answer this in a short way by saying that it is attending or directing oneself to surrounding matters or conditions. The problem of attention is distinctly a problem of modern science, of the powers and functions of the human soul. It is, of course, possible now that the study of attention has been systematically undertaken. We might say from this, that attention is one of the most important faculties; for, if otherwise, our scientists could not spend so much time in studying it.

Some may say, What is the importance of attention in performing any duty? In fact what duties are there that can be performed without attention? Take, for example, in reading a story; we get into the plot, then all other ideas of the mind are banished and the incidents have full sway of the mind as they come to it. If it were not for having to control our mind, it would be impossible to enjoy any work that we undertake; having control of our "attention nerves" (using a slang expression) is the secret to enjoying our work.

Think for a moment of the evils that follow inattention. Where does this inattention begin? We might start with a boy who is inattentive in school. His teacher tries to break him of this habit, but all in vain. Later this boy enters college, and on account of his inattention fails to make his class. Seeing that it is impossible to make good at college, the boy becomes disheartened and goes off to

work at some big mine, or perhaps on the railroad. A few years later we hear of this boy being the cause of some great explosion in a mine, causing death to himself and hundreds of others—all because of the lack of training in attentiveness.

Next, we might say, What is the relation between attention and memory? If one is attentive he is almost sure to have a good memory, because attentiveness strengthens our memory. Take for example a student who is attentive in the classroom and one that is not attentive. When they are examined at the end of the term the attentive student makes a high grade, while the inattentive student will fail. This goes to show that our memory depends upon attentiveness.

The habit of inattention may be formed until it becomes second nature. Many times when one should be attending to what is being said his mind is wandering, or perhaps recalling something which has happened in the past. Very often we see one who has acquired this habit gazing or staring, never thinking of what is going on about him. One who has fallen into this bad habit is absolutely unfit for business.

If you wish to see what attention will do for a man, watch all of the great men; what remarkable power of attentiveness they have. Take the great physicians, how they watch and study daily the treatment of different diseases. Think of the astronomer, as he watches the heavens night and day that he may learn of the different changes. Watch the painter, whose mind is affected by the different colors upon the landscape. The great interest which these men take in their work is brought about by that one simple word, Attention.

Last, it may be said that attention is not to be acquired in a day or two, but it takes years after years of constant hard work to get our mind where it can be controlled, and even then it gets away from us once in a while. If one wishes to cultivate attention, he must be wide-awake and interested in whatever he is doing.

First become attentive, and then become a great man.

W. A. B., '10.

"THE YOUNG MAN'S FIRST LOVE."

The merry, happy Yuletide was at hand, with its hoard of joy and pleasure for him who knew not what it had in store.

So near was the joyful Christmas time that already the countenances of the homefolks were brightened up with looks of glad expectancy for the home-coming of dear ones who would add so much to the Christmas cheer. Already, aye, and for weeks before, was the joy in the hearts of these dear ones unbounded at the prospect of returning home.

And now they come; for the most part from college and school, but supplemented here and there by others who are already out in different walks of life. Fond embraces and salutations are over, the thousand and one spontaneous questions have been asked and answers given, and now the happy, reunited families settle down in the joy of each other's presence to spend the happiest Christmas they have ever had together.

And the happiest will it be for him for whom the Yuletide has so much in store. He was there with the homecoming throng, he has met homefolks and friends and rejoices to be with them again. Yet, nevertheless, there is something that is sadly lacking—something of which he is not aware, something which worries him not the least. Nearly all the other boys have "dearest friends," divine goddesses, to whom they bend the knee in abject surrender. He has none. Still this does not disturb him. He goes with the happy throng of young folks whither it leads in fun and pleasure, enjoying himself to the fullest extent, so far as the joys of one in his condition of heart can be measured. There are celebrations characteristic of Yuletide; there are parties among the young folks; there is fun and frolic and all the enjoyable occasions incident upon the reuniting of friends; and, withal, there are fair girls, the fairest of the land. Yet he wends his quiet way in and out, and the heart of the young man keeps its proper cadence, fluttering not once. He sees in the pretty face of one fair lass not much more than in another. His time has not come. But it will come ere long, and with its sudden, impetuous rush will sweep him into realms unknown to him before. He stands upon the threshold of his first love, but knows it not.

Suddenly, as if from the mist of years or from the numbed mind called violently into action, there springs a divinity, a face so fair, a form so lovely, a disposition so much in accord with both, that, had the time been of yore, all Hellas would have come to pay homage. So thinks the young man, and his heart no longer keeps its proper cadence. No longer does he wend his quiet way in and out. His soul is a turmoil, the even tenor of his thoughts is gone for a spell, and, instead, thoughts surge to and fro through his mind until hardly does he know where he stands. Each time his eyes meet hers and he beholds there the kindly, loving spark of recognition, rapture takes possession of his soul and, soaring, soaring, he is swept upward and upward until upon the highest clouds he dreams the dream of impetuous first love—eternal bliss.

Life has changed for the young man. It has been a rapid transformation, but the change has been the greater because of the rapidity with which it has come about. Whereas before, he saw no distinction worthy of notice between one girl and another, now he sees everything centered in one only, and with her he feels as though his whole future happiness lies; and whereas before he enjoyed only in a superficial way the pleasures of society, he now enters into them with zealous interest; for, by so doing, it means that he will have all the more chance of enjoying her company.

The rest of the happy holiday is bliss for him. Her every notice or attention, however small, her every glance or winsome smile, sets his heart throbbing with a keen delight, such as he has never experienced before. Now at every social gathering it is for her that he looks. At every opportunity he seeks her company. She wears white at the party this evening, and every movement of that radiant, whitegowned figure among the merry crowd is noted by his everwatchful eyes—eyes which are all for her. And why not? Is she not now the idol of all his affections? Has not the first flaming, impetuous spark grown into a steady blaze, which momentarily increases in intensity and which knows no quenching? Certainly.

The young man has entered upon an old, old game, but one in which he is new and inexperienced. Let us hope that he has set his lines aright and that almost, at least, as happy a future awaits him as he has pictured in his imagination.

The holidays are over; she has his heart. The young man returns from whence he came, to come back another day.

IMPORTANCE OF FOREST PRESERVATION FOR MANUFACTURERS.

The forest areas of the United States affect in some way the welfare of every citizen. To bring this truth home to the people generally and to create a vigorous public sentiment that will demand a national legislative policy for the conservation of our forests is the object of several energetic organizations now at work. Manufacturers are beginning to look upon this matter from a practical and serious standpoint in its relations to their future and are accordingly advocating forest preservation in a more positive manner than heretofore.

There is need, however, of much greater activity on the part of the manufacturing interests to prevent this waste and destruction of one of the greatest natural resources with which our land has been endowed.

If our water powers are to be preserved and further developed; if we are to minimize the disastrous floods which have descended upon us more frequently in recent years; if we are to store up for use of this and future generations the valuable woods that find their uses in factory and home; if we are to secure as a fixed asset the manifold beneficent effects of our forests, we must bestir ourselves and see that proper steps are taken for the intelligent utilization of the forests and their products. The broad significance of this question makes it one to be dealt with by the State and National Governments, and it devolves upon those whose interests are affected in a larger and more direct way to get behind the movement and use every means to bring about in every State a system of forest preservation. This is a public question and is entitled to the best thought and endeavor of every citizen and business institution or corporation of each community for its proper solution.

The textile industry cannot afford to wait supinely for

others to take the lead. The magnificent water powers which are being rapidly developed and are furnishing increased electrical energy to the cotton mills are dependent upon the vast storage reservoir provided by the forest in order to insure a steady water flow.

The superior advantages of this kind of power have been fully demonstrated by the number of mills and factories that are now availing themselves of the same, either by direct development or by contract with large power companies. We realize that textile manufacturing is practically in its infancy when we look ahead to the possibilities of the future. New mills and the enlargement of existing plants will make the demand for electrical-driven machinery an ever-increasing factor. The harnessing of our streams for the development of such power is attracting large capital, and it is of vital importance that these interests shall neglect no opportunity to insure the permanency of such investments. The stability of the water supply is the life blood of the power plant, and this will surely be adversely affected if the chief beneficiaries do not actively adopt every legitimate means to place our forests under such intelligent supervision as will make them everlasting.

L. C. L., '09.

MY MEMORY.

How fondly I think of the scenes of my childhood,
The spots where I now often let fancy roam;
Again can I hear the sweet sounds of the wildwood,
And remember the joy that pervaded my home.

As I sit and smoke I let memory take me,
Back to the stream where I swam, when a boy;
To the inviting pool, in the shade of the oak tree,
Whose cool, limpid depths were a pride and a joy.

Again do I sit by the large, roaring fire,
With all of the family gathered around,
Listening to tales, of which youth never tire,
While outside, a snowfall is mantling the ground.

They all pass before me, my sweet recollections,

I cherish them fondly; to me they are dear;

But a sound rudely comes, breaking on my reflections;

The last call for drill harshly bursts on the air.

O. R. C., '11.

A SOLDIER'S REWARD.

One delightful summer evening in 1861, just as the golden sun was sinking behind the western horizon, and before the twinkling stars came out to adorn the heavens, two figures could be seen slowly strolling up a lane that led to an elegant Southern mansion. One was a stalwart, handsome youth, while the other was a blushing Southern girl. The young man was telling his plans. Upon the morrow he was going to a drill station, where he would prepare himself for service in the defense of Southern rights.

After he had finished speaking, the girl shuddered slightly and exclaimed: "Must you leave us so soon? Oh, how cruel of fate to tear you, in the flower of manhood, away from friends, home and loved ones, to the cruel, bloody war, where there are such terrible privations and dangers! Yet, when the South calls for her young men, I would not have you stay." And the young girl, overcome with grief, sank weeping into the arms of her accepted lover. Within two short months the merry wedding bells were to have given forth their glad tidings. Now, should they ever ring? The thought of her loved one's danger almost distracted the girl.

After a moment of silence the youth said: "I know that I am leaving all that is near and dear to me, to engage in

the war. I hear the call of my people, the call of my country, the call of my God. I must go, and the thoughts of those behind will be my strength in battle—their prayers, my shield in heaven."

Then, resolving to let nothing of the vague, menacing future darken these last few hours of happiness, the couple resolutely put aside all topics relating to the war and the parting, and sat in the effulgence of the Southern moon, breathing to each other music as pure and as sweet as that which came from the care-free throat of the mocking bird perched in the fragrant shrubbery typical of the old Southern home.

Presently, the happy couple reached the house and seated themselves upon the steps of the broad veranda. They sat here for quite a while in the gathering twilight of the evening, talking in voices so low that they could not be heard on the porch above. 'Twas late in the evening when the youth departed, after bidding the girl a long and affectionate farewell; but before he left he had a promise from her that was to keep him happy.

The young man did not stay at the recruiting station very long, for he was easily taught soldierly decorum; and was soon sent to the front. From the first he was an ideal soldier, not once showing the slightest trace of fear, but always at the front where the fighting was the fiercest and the slaughter the greatest. Heroic were his deeds of bravery and many were the resulting honors, for he soon was promoted from the rank of private, to a captain noted. However, one day in a small skirmish when he was in the midst of the fray leading his men, he was knocked senseless and captured. His captors took him immediately to a train that was to take "rebel soldiers" to "Yankee prisons." For days and days he traveled, and try as he might, he could not escape. Finally he reached the end of the journey,

and was soon thrown into prison, where for two long years he languished, being unable to get out on parole or to escape. Finally, when the war was ended, he was paroled and allowed to return home. His strength, however, had forsaken him during his term of imprisonment, and his progress toward the South was slow. For months he journeyed with a heart full of the anticipated meeting between himself and a certain girl in a Southern State.

Alas! He did not know what had occurred since he had left home. His sweetheart had remained true until the last. She believed that he would return, and did not despair until the government informed his parents of his disappearance in a recent fight. She even doubted this official statement; but after two years had passed and nothing was heard of him, there seemed little doubt but that he had been slain.

Shortly after the reported death of the soldier boy, another youth began to woo the young girl. He had ever been an ardent lover, but the soldier lad had been more fortunate and won her love. For two years the young man pressed his suit, but apparently all in vain. Finally she promised to wed him, if her soldier lover did not return in a year. The time rolled swiftly by, but no lover came. The day was set for the marriage, and an elaborate affair it was to be; the day, the hour came, and the minister pronounced them man and wife, and merrily rang the wedding bells.

One evening, a week later, a weary foot-sore traveler entered the village. From the ease with which he made his way, he apparently had been there before. His thin, tattered attire, which from all appearances seemed as though it had at some time been a uniform, scarcely covered his body, and did not protect him against the chilling evening air, for he shivered and shook from the bitter wintry wind. After passing through the village he came to a brilliantly

lighted and elegantly furnished house. As he was passing, he paused and looking through an open window saw something that held his attention. What was it? Only a man and woman seated before a glowing fire. A panoramic view of all that had happened since he had left home flashed before him. His heart gave one mighty convulsive throb. he quivered and sank fainting to the earth.

The following morning a dead man's body was found in front of the home of one of the most prominent men of the village. The dead man's attire showed that he was a Confederate soldier, and this fact secured an honored burial. The soldier lover never returned.

J. N. C., '10.

DUTY vs. DOLLAR.

We have heard many times that there are two roads in this life: One leading us to success; the other, to failure. But there is only one road in life, and this is an inclined road. On the end of the road that leads upward to higher and nobler things in life, let us place the word "Duty"; on the one that slopes downward to things that are degrading and debasing, let us place the word "Dollar."

We, as individuals, are going to come—sometime, somewhere—to the brink of this road; that is, when we reach the age of responsibility. As we launch forth, are we going to allow our canoe to be swept downward, ever downward, by the onrushing tide of humanity, or are we going to put our hands to the oars and overcome the trials and temptations of this life? Man is as prone to go downward as sparks are to go upward; so we are carried downward merely by the force of the stream without any exertion on our part. To go upward, we have to put forth some effort to overcome our natural tendencies.

Take the Roman Empire for example. What built up and made the Roman Empire? What separated and tore down this same world-conquering power? Let us look at both these questions. At the beginning, the highest ambition of the true Roman was duty, loyalty, and fidelity to his country. As long as these forces prompted the heart of every citizen, how could the mighty city of Rome fail to cast a spell over the other cities encircling the Mediterranean To the Roman of this time, national wealth was everything; individual gain, nothing. The citizens being permeated with this spirit of duty caused Rome to push her way high up this inclined road of fame.

Now let us discuss the second question—one that will make any man who has any regard for greatness feel a deep sense of regret. As more territory was added, the Romans began to intermingle with these inhabitants. Consequently the ideas and customs of these less civilized nations gradually molded with the Romans. Though very different from the civilization that raised Athens and Sparta to the heights of their glory, Greek civilization began to influence Roman life. It was imbued with vice, slothfulness, secret intrigues and personal desire for gain.

The good and evil forces combatted for a time, but the latter, strengthened by daily corruption, proved the stronger, and Rome started downward. "Money, bread, no work," became the watch cry. Thus the momentum increased until the mighty empire burst asunder.

As it is with nations, so is it with thousands of individuals. The end of the road where the dollar is the goal post is always crowded. The great motto given by that memorable teacher has been corrupted into this: "Do others before they do you." A man in this vast throng has no true happiness, but he finds that he has descended so far that he is powerless to turn back. He sees there is plenty of

room at the other end. The ease and contentment of the ones above him only add to his misery. He hears the names of these great men honored and passed from generation to generation. He sees himself dead, and soon, ah, too soon! passes into oblivion.

Especially it behooves a college man to stand out for the right; for before he is aware, the rule and responsibility of this country will be upon him. College men will naturally be looked up to as leaders, and, because of their influence, can not afford to turn their backs upon duty. But how many go to college with no other purpose in view than to equip themselves to make money. It is all right to accomplish all you can in making money, but never let this be the chief end and aim in life. If so, that life is a failure. We all can not be great generals or heroes, but let every man so live that others following him may say: "He was a man."

C. F. I., '10.

"INNOCENTS ABROAD."

Four young men strolled up the Champs Elysees, in Paris, and to even the casual observer's eye they were flagrantly American. As a matter of fact, they were four college men, over on a vacation trip, and were rather at a loss as to what to do to amuse themselves.

"I say, fellows," broke out one, "I'll be dag-goned if I counted on anything like this when we decided to come over here. We can't even get one of these blame frog-eaters to direct us to one of those Parisian operas you hear so much about."

"It is a shame," agreed another, "still—we're some what to blame. We didn't take French at college, and now we're all at sea."

"Well," from another, "here come four mighty pretty girls, and I'm going to risk being called an eccentric American and speak to them." He stopped in his tracks, and, diving into his pocket, fished forth his "Baedeker on France," and hurried to the French translations. By dint of hard work he finally found "Miss" before the girls reached them, and, stepping in front of the others, he made a grand bow and uttered, with a grandiloquent gesture, his store of the French language.

"Madamoiselle."

"Oui. Monsieur?"

"A-a-er-er-I"—a hurried reference to his guide book for further information, with the result—

"Parley vous Français?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Say, you nut-headed fellows, hunt something for me to say, for goodness sake. These girls are too blame pretty to lose. What's the words for 'Where's the theater?"

"Let's see," said one of the others, "it is 'le diable c'est."

"Le diable c'est," said the interpreter, smilingly, to the young ladies, and then, noticing their shocked expression and laughter of his friends, he hunted it up and saw—"le—the," "diable—devil," c'est—it is"—"le diable c'est—the devil it is."

"Say, you boys better quit that," he said, angrily turning around, "or they'll have a cop—I mean a gendarme—after us;" then to the girls, again, with an elaborate bow, "Pardonez, Madamoiselles."

"Oui, Monsieur."

"What the deuce does that mean, anyway?" he thought; and then, as the girls showed no desire to move on, and seeming much amused at the young Americans, he, with a show of seeking information, turned, and, leaving the girls

laughing, together, joined in the conversation of his friends, which ran something in this vein:

"That girl in red suits me to a dot—she's a peach."

"Huh, she's good-looking, but, man, look at that one on the left; why, her equal died when Venus did or—er—a— Cleopatra, or some other of those mythological beauties. Why, she's superb—a—a—a regular Medusa."

"Medusa!—she was the one with snakes for hair. It's a good thing those girls can't understand you."

"I'd pick the light-haired one-she's my style."

Oh, you fellows haven't any sense of symmetrical beauty. Look at that one on the outside—why—why—Helen of Troy couldn't hold a candle to her. She can have my chocolate candy."

"I'd give five dollars to kiss the one in red."

More of this irrelevant conversation followed, and the color of the girls heightened until it rivaled the clothes of the "one in red."

"Oh, say, I'll introduce us," said the former spokesman; then, turning to the girls: "Madamoiselles—a—a—(say, what's French for "my")—my—(let's see, "fueied" is "garcon") mein—(no, that's German)—my garcons—Jack and Bob Lewis, Ben Joyce and myself—Bill Smith—and—a—a—mon dieu—no—no—pardonez—I mean—oh, doggone it—I want to swap names—that is—you see I—a no parley vous Francais." However, he made known their desire by that primeval language—the only language which was ever universal—the language of signs. One girl introduced the other three in rapid French, of which the poor fellows could not understand a single word.

They soon gave up any attempt to hold conversation with the girls, but, after escorting them to their hotel, they left them and, incidentally, their cards, with their hotel address on the backs. Next day the following letter was received, and, needless to say, it caused consternation among the young men. It was:

"Hotel Tuilleries, Paris, France.

"To Messrs. John Lewis, Robert Lewis, William Smith and Benjamin Joyce:

"Dear Sirs—I am taking the liberty, on behalf of my three friends, of thanking you all for the many and varied, sincere, compliments you paid us yesterday. You should be more careful. There are some people in France who can speak English and, anyhow, we happen to be New Yorkers.

"While your pretty sayings were couched in rather crude language, you were totally unconscious of our comprehension, and so we cannot doubt their sincerity. Besides, it slightly flatters our vanity.

"We are glad to have made your acquaintance—and, maybe, we may meet a little more formally in the future—who knows?

"Our French teacher would have been proud of us—don't vou think so?

"THE GIRL IN RED,"

"'MEDUSA, ALIAS VENUS,

"'HELEN OF TROY,

"'THE LIGHT-HAIRED ONE.'

"P. S.—We sail for New York at 11 a. m.—before you will receive this—so, save yourselves the trouble of calling.
"'Four Girls.'"

O. R. C., '11.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

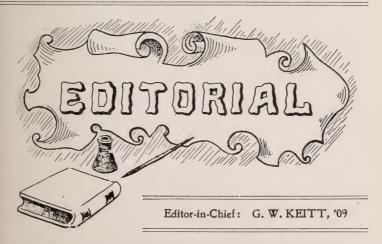
G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. CLARK, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. SANDERS, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. SALLEY, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department
M. M. Roddey, '11 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 inch, per year...\$5 00



Had you realized that only about four months separate us from June?

To graduate or not to graduate—that's the question.

Of course you have decided to subscribe to the Annual.

Which branch of spring athletics are you going in for?

Basketball is a great addition to Clemson's athletics, isn't it?

Did you ever try to write editorials? Then don't. Profit by the experience of others, and be cheered by the assurance that the worst is *yet to come*.

AT THE time at which this article is being written, every effort is being made by the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine to prepare for your hands an Annual worthy of suc-

The Nineteen Hundred Nine "Taps." ceeding those of preceding years. It is our aim and highest ambition to portray to the reader the various phases of our real college life; to picture scenes which will now carry back the alumnus or the reader

to those happy days—ever fresh within the vaults of memory—when he, too, was a care-free college boy; to bind ourselves together by a tie which, in the days to come, may ever keep alive within us the fires of a fond affection for one another and a true and loyal love for our alma mater. In addition to the usual departments, we hope this year to have the alumni especially well represented. All in all, we hope to put forth a volume which will be worth the "coin" of any man, much less that of a son of Clemson. Our numbers are small, owing to the fact that we lost forty-nine men last April, and the work is arduous. However, we are putting forth every effort within our power. Remember, that the little Class of Nineteen-Nine has lost more men, means and talent than many a class has had to start with. Help it in its efforts, at least by subscribing to "Taps." Enclose a check for two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50) to Mr. T. B. Reeves, business manager, today, and he will immediately issue you a receipt, plus the hearty

thanks and sincere appreciation of the Class of Nineteen-Nine.

REALLY, you cannot afford to sit in your room and stagnate. You need the athletic field, and the athletic field needs you. With baseball, basketball, tennis, track and "gym." to choose from, surely you can find a suitable field for your physical training. Go Spring Athletics out and work, because your college needs the work of strong men physically to uphold her reputation in athletics, just as she needs strong men mentally to uphold her standard in education, and true men morally to uphold her reputation in character. Most of all, she needs all three, combined in one, to uphold her past standard and her reputation for turning out sterling mengood citizens. If this be not enough inducement to draw you out of your "shells," look at the matter from the more selfish, yet perfectly correct, attitude of health. Remember that you cannot maintain a perfect state of health without taking a certain amount of exercise, and govern yourself accordingly. You have our cheerful permission to regard the matter from as many other standpoints as your please provided, you promptly appear upon the athletic field. It needs you; you need it. Sail in!

Study. Systematized while we certainly do not by any means Study. pose as an authority upon the subject, we hope that by offering to the reader (if, indeed, there be one!) a few suggestions, gleaned from the experience of better men, we may be instrumental in inspiring within him the ambition to evolve for himself the

plan of study best suited to his particular conditions. Our aim is, then, systematized study, with special reference to the conditions at Clemson. The plan is unimportant, provided it attain its end.

We do not advise that the student give, as some of our professors insist that he should, one hour to each lesson, regardless of everything. This would not be logical; for everyone knows that certain subjects are much more difficult than others, and the relative difficulty in mastering them varies with the individual. For instance, the girl who reads forty lines of French in one-fourth as many minutes, might puzzle half an hour over a relatively simple problem in algebra, which the boy who "can't see whyn'ter Dickens we hafter pester with these frog-eaters' lingo, anyhow!" could work in his head. Again, upon those days when we have five or six lessons, with about three hours for preparation, even the above-mentioned mathematician would have great difficulty in so dividing his time as to give one hour to the preparation of each lesson. True it is, upon other days the student has a correspondingly easier schedule; but, with his other duties, he finds it very difficult to prepare his lessons several days ahead of time.

The plan to which we alkade has been briefly outlined thus:

- 1. Attention.
- 2. Observation.
- 3. Preparation (for study).
- 4. Concentration.
- 5. Perspiration.

By the term "attention in class" we do not include that broadening culture course taken there by so many of us—that of keeping up with such current literature as *The Saturday Evening Post* (from the perusal of which in class we hereby resolve henceforth to abstain!) *Everybody's*,

The Cosmopolitan, down through "popular" monthlies to "Diamond Dick," "The Mystery of——," etc. Instead, we refer to paying attention to what the professor says—provided, of course, he says something. If he doesn't, it is well to be attentive in case he might so far forget himself as to say something worth while. No student is so bright but that he may gain a deeper insight here and there by listening to his professor or so dense but that he may receive instruction. Again, by paying close attention when each lesson is assigned, one may often be able to get an idea of its relative difficulties, and thus save himself time in planning his night's work.

Observation. How often have you seen a man fail upon a question asked him in, perhaps, the chemistry class, which he could have answered with ease in physics? How often have you seen a man fail to answer a question which, by a little deduction, he might easily have answered? We do not refer to that deduction in which the conclusion is reached by a study of the professor's expression, or by our idea of whether he wants us to say yes or no. And why these failures? All because we do not use our powers of observation, and do not apply the little knowledge we possess.

Preparation. How often have you seen a man sit down at night, pick up a book at random, strike a "snag," puzzle and "cuss" over the one lesson all night, and then "flunk" the next day, not only upon it, but also upon the other three, any of which he could, perhaps, have learned in a half-hour? Had he spent five minutes in preparing and arranging his night's work, had he allotted to each subject the proper amount of time and arranged them in the proper order, he might have mastered, not only the latter three, but, possibly, the others also. By thus allotting the time, and then working to conserve it, one may do the same

amount of work as before in much less time, or much more work in the given time.

Concentration. Having mapped out the night's work, one should next strive to master the individual lessons. How often have you seen a man fail on a recitation because he learned the trivial details instead of mastering principles? If the person in question had glanced over his lesson, picked out the most important points, studied with especial reference to these points, and, finally, summed up in his mind the whole lesson, he would have learned much more with the given amount of labor. To have studied thus, it would have been necessary for him to have put out of his mind everything but the work in hand—in other words, to have concentrated his mind upon his work.

Perspiration. Finally, we come—figuratively, at least—to the keynote of success, in study as elsewhere—Perspiration. Without this factor, all the system in the world is worse than vain. With it, used systematically, everything is possible. Know what you want to do and how you want to do; then do it.

If you carry out to the letter this or any similar plan you will succeed in doing more perhaps than any other man has yet done. However, you can carry out the principles involved; and, thus, do more work in a given time, or the same work in less time, than you can studying at haphazard. If you don't believe it, try it. If the sentinel inspects too often, throw a shoe at him; save the inkstand for the captain and lieutenants. Under no circumstances throw your books—you will need them later. USE SYSTEM!



Editors:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

A new name in the list of our exchanges is the Chicora Almacen, a tastefully dressed magazine, very neatly printed on a good quality of paper. On account of the youth and inexperience of this little quarterly, we are tempted to overlook a few of its faults, which time will correct; but, with the desire to aid the staff in putting a better production before the public, we wish to make one or two suggestions. In a college magazine, it is not essential that the matter should be condensed into a minimum of space; a larger size of type than that in which the Almacen is printed would therefore appear to good advantage, especially as small type is hard to read when used on glazed paper. We should be glad, also, to see the Almacen appear as a monthly instead of as a quarterly. The essay, "The Age In Which We Live" includes much, but is hardly so long as we should wish to see it. "A Masquerade Ball" abounds in crude expressions, is entirely guiltless of punctuation in many places, and, in the latter part, contains the unpardonable blunder of a change from the first to the third person without warning. "Pickwick Papers" is a criticism which is entirely free from gall, and which will in no wise tend to decrease the sales of Dickens's works. "The Legend of the Maid and the River" is a poem the like of which we do not often come upon in college publications. It is pleasing in

theme, meter and fluency. There may be some doubt, however, as to the advisability of setting an Old World legend to the meter and style of "The Song of Hiawatha." "Ungelac, a Daughter of the Northland," albeit a bit of conventionality in its plot, is by far the best story in the magazine, and one of the best in our exchanges for the month. We cannot bring ourselves to think that a Chicora girl wrote it. "Michael" contains more about Wordsworth than about Michael. The writer is disappointed because the poem ends without Luke's having reformed and returned to his parents. Perhaps Luke's parents were disappointed, too. And perhaps Wordsworth intended that his poem should leave the impression of disappointment, as many things in real life do. We, who read exchanges all day long, are sometimes disappointed-but, never mind. "A Christmas House-Party" is also carelessly punctuated, and reads somewhat like the expressionless chatter of a schoolgirl. This matter of careless punctuation will detract from the best of literature; it falls, we think, in the province of the editors to be watchful of it. Very little of the "story" part is told; but we get it by inference. The style is bright and breezy. "Woman Suffrage" is short but eloquent. Much more would still have been too little. The author seems to have some clear ideas about the business of being a woman. Many shriekers after woman suffrage would do well to consult a political economy upon the greatest service woman can do the state. The Almacen contains seven departments, most of which show abundant life. We wish the editors all success in the worthy and sometimes thankless efforts.

In the December *Gray Jacket*, part of the matter was unfortunately—we say it advisedly—unfortunately inserted twice; some of it, we are sure, hardly deserved one insertion. The *Gray Jacket*, we fear, is not the magazine it once was. "Anent the Poe Centenary" seems scarcely the pro

duct of the student pen. It is a careful estimate of a wayward, erratic genius, whose own people are the last to appreciate him. "When Uncle Remus Treed a Wildcat" is short, like the other stories in the magazine. There is not much story in it. The author, having treed his literary quarry, deliberately runs away from the situation. "A Legend of Florida" is a well-told Indian folk-tale. It seems unnecessarily brief. "Memories" do not seem to differ materially from those of other old men, except that they are shorter. "The Learned Boobies" is a clever attempt at a quiet satire on the direction that modern research is taking. The author might have advanced a few mock theories of his own invention, thus intensifying his derision of the ones he has enumerated. "The Negro in the Everglades," a dialect anecdote, contains a fair quality of negro monologue, but not enough of it. "Fresh-A Chronicle of College" sets down a few of the many "impressions" of a "Rat" at a military school. Besides the editorial department, mainly given over to some lengthy explanatory correspondence, and a lean exchange department, there are about ten pages more of matter which does not prove interesting to the outsider.

"At Nightfall," the first poem in the College of Charleston Magazine, contains pleasing sentiments and poetic thought in its well-constructed lines. Alliteration is introduced with discretion. Somewhere in the back of the magazine there is a plea for "a little nonsense now and then," in which the author questions whether or not there is a humorous spirit among the students. This worthy desire seems to be rather neatly gratified by the story, "A Retribution," which turns upon the circumstance that two contrasting characters have the same name. The dignified, proper minister, and the revenge-seeking tough are both well-drawn figures, and the rather commonplace literary situation is skilfully developed. Despite its promising beginning, "Lost in the Marshes"

can scarcely be called a story. It is little more than an incident. A man in a perilous situation has many thoughts: if he can set down on paper the impressions that flitted through his excited brain at the strenuous moment, and, by so doing, provide entertainment for a tired reader, his efforts will not be unappreciated. The setting of this story is unusual. We hope to see more from the same writer "Personal Recollections of Life Among the Cotton Mills" is a human document of no mean significance. The problem of what to do with the mill children is perplexing the minds of the Solons of the South, and an insight into the habits and manner of living of these children and their parents is particularly valuable, even though the author make no pretensions at a sociological study. The article abounds in many little touches of human nature. "A Matter of Life and Death" also contains the element of humor. We confess that we were unable to guess what the nature of the "robber" might be, in spite of the suggestive allusions to a "cat-like tread," et cetera, until we reached the final line. The exchange department seems to be well taken care of. The departments of the magazine, we were about to say, are necessarily small; we are more than half inclined to revise the statement, and say that they are unnecessarily small.

With the opening number of "The Radiant" we are not so well pleased. Taking into consideration the circumstance that it appears quarterly, and that it is blessed with a staff numbering seventeen, we should look for more than forty-odd pages between its brown covers. We cannot help but notice some glaring inconsistencies in "A Hero of Colonial Virginia." For instance, there was not, in 1663, and there is not today, any type in architecture known as colonial. And we doubt seriously if we could have found any "nice porch chairs" two hundred and fifty years ago.

The classic column of that day and time was probably a rough-hewn pine trunk. Nor was a young lady called "Miss." And the maid of that time possessed at least a spark of that rare jewel, maiden modesty. A band of Indians with any jot of sanity would not go to sleep in the woods without first posting a sentinel over their fair prisoner. All these are little points, perhaps; but they mark the division between the mature and the juvenile. "The Influence of Environment" is an essay which bids fair to transform itself into a sermon; it is not especially profound. The author of "The Reconciliation" seems to treat the people of her story rather unkindly, in that she brings the long-parted husband and wife together in the chamber where their daughter lies at the point of death, and allows them to engage in a dialogue that must have played havoc with the poor, sick girl's chances of recovery. "The Voice of the Wild" is given expression in a poem of that name. "Is Life Worth Living?" The author of this essay gives the affirmative answer to his question; but, to the exchange editor of a college magazine, it sometimes seems that "life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." "The Conversation of John" shows some little play of fancy, as befits an allegory of this type. To those who would air their literary ideas in "The Radiant," we recommend a careful reading of the editorial, "Profiting by Mistakes." In a prominent place, we notice the maxim, "Ignorance is vice; knowledge, virtue." We do not like to think that the students of the Atlantic Christian College are so vicious.

The table of contents of the Christmas Newberry Stylus well-nigh fills the page whereon it is set. Few of the stories are long, however. The poems are all in serious vein, dealing mostly with the spirit of Christmas. The mental setting of "The Saving of the Night Express" is interesting.

The short essay on "The Spirit of Christmas" strikes a true note. "The Problems of Today" is a large subject to treat in four pages; but the author makes a worthy attempt. "Hugh Sinclair" is the story of a reconciliation between two young hearts that was brought about through the interference of a dear old grandmother. The dialogue contains nothing especially bright. The author of "Our Educational Needs" is right about the need of male teachers in the advanced classes of our common schools. The hero of "Christmas Carnations" was lucky—lucky in having such a girl. "A Christmas Gift: Reward for Honesty" satisfies the demands of poetic justice; but the element of probability in its plot is lacking. There are some solid editorials. The exchange editor seems to be doing his duty; but perhaps if he had an assistant he could handle a larger number of exchanges. There is nothing coarse in the two pages of jokes.

Football occupies a secure seat in the affections of the students at the University of Florida, as evidenced by the sixteen-page athletic department, the two football poems, and a football story in the December Florida Pennant. "Jimmy's Scheme" is clever, full of life, and indicative of talent in more than one place. The answers to the string of verses describing the various shining marks at the University can no doubt be easily guessed by anyone familiar with the members of the faculty, but to the outsider, more than half their humor is, of course, lost. "Olustee" is the account of a battle fought under the sunny skies of Florida in midwinter—a battle but little known outside the State, perhaps, but deserving of remembrance by reason of the gallant young gray-clad cavaliers who died that it might be numbered among the victories of the Lost Cause. "The Man on the Floor" is told at the expense of the narrator; but like many another tale of that stripe, it is all the more worth reading. We are surprised to find that the literary department ends with "Earning a Nickname," a very short story of what must have been a very funny incident. We have seen that there are some able pens, and also some flexible imaginations at the service of the *Pennant*; we are of the opinion that they need a little more extended exercise. The editorial and the exchange departments are of average size. As before mentioned, the athletic department is heavily padded, and is embellished with several full-page protographic inserts of gridiron heroes. Locals seem plentiful.

There is some solid pudding to be found among the viands set before us in the Christmas Index of Arkansas College, particularly the stories, "Joseph Cartwright's Success" and "A Belated Santa Claus." The first follows the steady rise of a poor boy in search of an education, a remarkable youth, who did not allow the attractions and distractions of a great city to displace his love for his home and his people. The story is told with simplicity and a certain quiet dignity. The second relates the trials and triumphs of another struggling youth, upon whose slender shoulders rested the burden of a poverty-stricken family, in trying to provide a suitable Christmas for those dependent on him. An essay in happy vein, yet seasoned with a bit of pathos and a generous sprinking of common sense, is "The Country Boy." "In the Time of Puffs" is almost too realistic for some of us, who were not by any means model children. Yet all of us know children who would make admirable companions for those in the story. "Sin's Recompense" is a longer, more serious, and better poem than many we can call to mind. The miscellany is plentiful.

If variety is the spice of life, the Christmas viands set forth on the table of contents of *Ouachita Ripples* certainly lack seasoning. An oration, "The Nation's Burden," and an essay, "The Rise of Hughes in New York," are both puddings from the political pot. "Songs of Robert Burns" and "Samuel Taylor Coleridge" are both drafts of the diluted wine of poesy. "The Prisoner's Story" and "William Robert's Ambition" both have a pronounced bitter flavor. The dessert, in the form of the departments, notes, and miscellany, composes nearly half the meager feast. The orator, in his carefully constructed discourse, is prone to use words of six or more syllables wherever they can be substituted for simpler terms. His exposition of the problem of what to do with the negro is not especially lucid, either. The appreciative critical review of the poetry of Burns contains many fragments of the humble singer's verse; most of them serve their purpose of illustration successfully. The article on Hughes reminds one of the Saturday Evening Post—we will not say in what way. The critical commentary on Coleridge does not differ materially in form or workmanship from the one on Burns, or from many others we have read in other college publications. "The Prisoner's Story" is one of the two pieces of fiction in the magazine. It is principally a story, told in monologue, of the sacrifice of three young lives through the foolhardiness of two young men. The treatment is slightly juvenile in places. In "William Robert's Ambition" two more young lives are blighted as a result of the lack of a little common sense in the love affair of two silly young things who were too young to decide what they wanted to do. But such is life. Only five magazines are discussed in the exchange department, but more thought and care were devoted to this number than are often given to ten or more.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Florida Pennant, Orange and Blue, The Furman Echo, Maryville College Monthly, The Red and White, Our Monthly, The Lime-

stone Star, Isaquena, Trinity Archive, Wake Forest Student, Chicora Almacens, The Mountaineer, Emory and Phoenix Era, Hendrix College Mirror, Charleston College Magazine, The Criterion, The Winthrop College Journal, Wofford College Journal, The Carolinian, The Concept, The Gray Jacket, The Piedmontonian, Davidson College Magazine, The Acorn, The Chatterbox, The Lenoirian, The Palmetto, Southern Collegian, The Index, Chimes of Shorter College, The Bessie Tift Journal.



CLIPPINGS.

If a lemon, Let her tease; Lemons were Just made to squeeze.

Complex Geometry.

Problem: Jim and Bertha may marry. To prove Jim may marry Bertha.

Proof: If Jim was a millionaire and he had her consent they would marry.

By axiom: If we had some ham, we would cook some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs.

Substituting we have: If Jim had a million dollars, they would marry if he had her consent.

Now Jim is his millionaire aunt's heir and Bertha let him kiss her twice last night.

Hence he may be a millionaire and get her consent. Therefore, Jim may marry Bertha. Q. E. D.

Before It Is Too Late.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wat till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.
—Selected

'Long in Watermelon Time.

FRANK ARTHUR CAMPBELL, '09.

So ye think ye'll travel, do ye?

Let me tell ye where to go.

Did ye ever spend a summer

Where the watermelons grow?

Ever been 'way down in Georgy,

Where the June bugs hum in rhyme?

Ever stayed a while in Dixie,

'Long in watermelon time?

When at night ye hear the echo
Of the lonely whip-poor-will;
And at morn the bobwhite's whistle
From his home upon the hill;
And at noon the catbird singin',
In a wild, romantic chime—
Then ye somehow can't help thinkin'
That it's watermelon time.

When the gray mule's in the pasture,
And the meader's in the stack,
And ye hear the rocky hillside
Throw the drowsy echoes back;
When the corn is just a silkin',
And sweet-'taters in their prime,
Then a feller knows for certain
That it's watermelon time.

When the old hoe hangs a rustin',
And the plow and shovel, too,
Have been laid away for winter,
And ye'r kind o' glad ye're thru:
When yer summer's crop is finished,
And ye'd swear that work's a crime,

When ye jist git tired o' restin', Then it's watermelon time.

Now there's sights o' pretty country
In the North, South, East and West,
But I kind o' fancy Dixie
Just a little bit the best.
If you Northern lads and lassies
Want your prose to turn to rhyme,
Just come down a while to Dixie
'Long in watermelon time.

-Maryville College Monthly.

To the Old Year.

As thy days are slowly dying
We can hear a sound of sighing,
Dear Old Year.
And our hearts are truly grieving,
As forever thou art leaving,
Sad Old Year.

There's a coming with thy going,
'Tis another year that's growing,
Nineteen-Eight;
And we greet the new one gladly,
Tho' we leave the old one sadly
To its fate.

May the new one bring the pleasure,
And the good-will and the treasure
Thou hast brought;
And this New Year, Nineteen-Nine,
Add unto these gifts of thine
Wider thought.

-Kittie Minus, in Winthrop College Journal.

Wouldn't Be a Football Hero.

"Oh, Tom," she said, on greeting me, In tones of great alarm, "They said that in the game today You'd broken your right arm?"

"I calmed her tender, groundless fears With vehemence and haste, And just to prove the arm was sound, Slipped it about her waist.

"So nestled close beside me,
She smiled sweetly in my face;"
"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Not even out of place."
—Selected.

A Nature-Fakir.

The tadpole is a curious beast,
A paradox complete.
For he is but four inches long
When he has grown four feet.

-Lippincott's.

Men's words to men are flat, But men's to women flatter; Men stand about and chat, But women stand and chatter.

Here's to the lying lips we meet, For truthful lips are bores; But lying lips are very sweet, When lying close to yours. Our nation a great auto is, The chauffeur is T. R.; He runs the thing with lauging gas,— 'Tis named A-merry-car.

> If you want to help the staff Tell a joke and let us laugh. If a good thing comes your way To pass it on is sure to pay.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

Captain Minus' Address.

Just recently Captain Minus gave a most interesting, as well as instructive, talk on the Philippines. The meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and the address given to the mission study classes especially, though everyone was invited. Nearly three hundred heard the talk, and hardly standing room remained in the hall.

The mission study classes are now pursuing a course on the Philippines, and as Captain Minus was in those islands for five years, he was able to tell many new things, and awaken interest in the study. The talk was mostly about the geographical and climatic conditions of the islands, and the personal experiences of the speaker.

There are serious propositions confronting a foreigner upon his arrival on the islands. Everyone presents a new method as to how a foreigner should conduct himself. One thing is now certain—a foreigner should not live on the Filipino diet. The United States soldiers receive much the same to eat in the Philippines as the soldiers do here.

Captain Minus then discussed the four great diseases of that country. Two are slightly known to us. While small-pox and cholera often destroy thousands of victims, yet they do not cause the ever-present consternation of "Berry berry" and a disease caused by the amoeba, found in every plant and stream on the island. "Berry berry" is a swelling that starts at the feet and gradually rises, finally choking the person to death. It is not known what causes this disease, and one is never safe from it. The only preventive for the latter is boiling or heating everything that is eaten or drunk.

The description of a Filipino's clothing caused a great deal of amusement. It made the boys think of the summer time of their boyhood days. There, as in every other country, the people try to be in style.

The question of the Philippines is one of the livest of today, and should our government hold these islands, a wide field will be open for men of ability and brains. It will pay everyone to learn more of these islands. If you do not care to study with a class, at least come to every lecture of this series. Captain Minus will next take up the question of the Chinese in the Philippines. We expect the whole corps at the next lecture.

Our Faculty contributed a little over two hundred dollars to the Association. The professors are interested in our work, and we must not disappoint them. Without their aid financially, personally, and oratorically, the Association could not well get along. We thank them for their help, and appreciate what they have done for us recently.

Mr. Willis' Visit.

Mr. W. C. Willis, assistant to Mr. Weatherford, spent two days with us recently. Mr. Willis is visiting all the colleges where there are associations in North and South Carolina.

The talk on why we should study the Bible, was heard by over two hundred men. The record that Clemson holds in Bible study is one to be proud of. Mr. Willis told of how other institutions had succeeded, and offered suggestions as to how Clemson might raise her record.

At a meeting of the Bible study leaders, he told of ways of awakening interest in the class and of getting men to come to the meetings.

Through his aid, the Devotional Committee has got out an excellent program for the rest of the year. The Prayer-Meeting Committee has selected topics for the meetings from January to June. Both of these programs are the best that the College has yet had.

Mr. Willis met all of the committees of the Association, and was quite busy during his stay.

Quite extensive preparations will be made for the Asheville Conference in June. Clemson has set for her number of representatives not less than thirty-five. An Asheville Conference Committee has been appointed, and Mr. Willis gave them valuable advice as to the best plans of procedure. Last year, Clemson won the track pennant. If she wins this year, the pennant will be hers to keep. From all indications, we will have our College leading all Southern colleges at the Conference this year.

Though Mr. Willis' stay was short, yet his work was great. We need active, earnest men to stir us up, and to encourage us. He told the Association that while our work was rapidly advancing, it must not be contented until it reaches the highest in the South.

Speakers for Sunday Evenings.

A list of excellent speakers has been made out for the remainder of the year. While we have heard from only a few, we feel sure that nearly all the others will come.

On the list are such men as Dr. Poteat, Dr. Belk, of Atlanta; Dr. Roberts, also of Atlanta; Professor Daniel, of our own Faculty, and also President Mell; Hon. J. E. Boggs, of Pickens, and many who are not so well known to us personally. We feel reasonably safe in saying that the above named men will speak for us.

For every Sunday night, we have a speaker of some reputation; that is, we have planned for one, and from past experience, our speakers rarely disappoint us.

When these men come, sometimes a considerable distance, to speak to us, we should show our appreciation by having large audiences.

As soon as the speakers are definitely secured, a program will be issued. The speakers will talk on different lines. In fact, the list planned has on it doctors, lawyers, ministers, business men, missionaries, professors and private citizens. So you see the topics are widely diversified.

The Prayer-Meeting Committee has arranged its program for the two remaining terms. One of the students always speaks on Wednesday night. These students are the best men in College, the leaders of every phase of College life. If you, fellow-student, have been taking no part in the work, at least encourage us with your presence. I feel safe in saying that you will not regret giving up an hour of your time for prayer-meeting. We form the habits that will control our later life while we are in school. There are subjects on which you are deficient, and questions about which you are doubtful; why not come to the meetings where just such problems and questions are discussed? We would urge every one to come to our prayer-meetings.

Professor Daniel's Address.

Professor Daniel, in a recent address to the Association, gave the following statistics, showing the enormous sale of the Bible. The most popular novels rarely reach a sale of more than 25,000 copies a year, while Shakespeare's works reach 2,000,000 copies annually. This seems great enough, but the Bible in 1905 reached a sale of 14,000,000, an average of 40,000 daily. One store in New York sells an average of 140 copies of the Bible a day.

The Bible has been published in 492 versions; 446 were issued in the nineteenth century. The Bible is the most universal and most widely read book in existence. The greatest statesmen, the most renowned generals, the deepest philosophers, all have carefully studied the Bible.

Professor Daniel brought out the fact that a clear knowledge of the Old Testament is necessary to a thorough study of the New Testament. Though customs and ideas have changed, the Bible remains the greatest piece of literature known to the world. In it one may find every kind of writing, the poetry is unsurpassed, the history is most accurate and the pleadings most eloquent. The style of the Bible is copied today.

Some Facts About the Bible.

Here are some facts about the Bible that were found in the prison cell of the Prince of Granada. During the thirty-three years of his imprisonment he compiled the following, writing them on the wall with an old nail:

In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times.

The word "Jehovah" 6,855 times.

The word "reverend" but once, and that in the ninth verse of Psalm exi.

The eighth verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John is the shortest.

In the one hundred seventh Psalm, four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first.

Each verse of one hundred thirty-sixth Psalm ends alike. No names or words of more than six syllables are found

in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike.

There are found in both books of the Bible 3,538,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,118 chapters and 66 books.

The twenty-sixth chapter of Acts is the finest chapter to read.

The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm.

The four most inspiring promises are John, 14:2; John, 6:37; Matthew, 11:28, and Psalm 37:4.

All who flatter themselves with vain boasting should read the sixth chapter of Matthew.

All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke, from the twentieth verse to the end.—Herald and Presbyter.

Passing Notes.

The Association recently had a business meeting. All committees made most encouraging reports.

A Y. M. C. A. Glee Club will be organized soon. The College needs a club very much, and there are many good voices, so that there should be no trouble in getting up an excellent club.

Company basketball teams are being organized. Each of the six companies will put out a team. The winning team will be presented with sweaters by the Association.

At a recent canvass sixty new men were enrolled in Bible study. This gives us four hundred and thirty men now.

The Y. M. C. A. office and secretary's room are now comfortably and neatly furnished. The fellows are welcome to come around and read, and feel at home.

The mission classes have been enlarged and the students doing good work. They are frequently invited to different homes on the hill.

We have the largest and the smallest men in school in the Association. People no longer look upon the Y. M. C. A. as an organization for "sissy" men.

There are forty-two Bible class leaders. Our greatest need is for trained men. While some of the leaders were in training classes last year, still they lack sufficient training. We have no idea what the Asheville Conference will do towards making leaders.

The average attendance at the Sunday evening meetings is two hundred. At prayer-meeting the number is sixty.

Mr. Legate, who is now at Yale, wrote a very appreciative letter to one of the members. The work Mr. Legate did here will always be remembered. It was he who laid the foundation of the Association here, and the College owes him much.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. C. Pridmore, President; C. Innman, Secretary.
- Columbia Literary Society-A. L. Harris, President, H. S. Johnson, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—E. H. Shuler, President; S. E. Evans, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas W. Keitt, Superintendent; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association-J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Biological Club—C. N. Shattuck, President; A. F. Conradi, 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—S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Tteam-F. Fleming, Captain; J. C. Pridmore, Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club—S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association—, Manager;, Captain.
- The Tiger—O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.

The CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY

The Largest College Engraving House in the World

COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs

and

Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance

Cases and

Covers



Fraternity

and

Class Inserts

for Annuals

Fraternity

and Class

Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS-17th STREET and LEHIGH AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PAGE
The Partners	325
A Wish	333
The Quarrel	334
Debate	336
The Belle of Oakland	353
The Whistle	357
"Do Things"—With Special Reference to Clem-	
son Students	35S
Back Home Again	364
A Real Ghost	367
Spring	372
Editorial Department	373
Exchange Department	376
Y. M. C. A. Department	389
COLLEGE DIRECTORY	395

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1909. No. 6



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

THE PARTNERS.

Young Connor turned from his window seat on the Denver Special, and viewed his seatmate with a little smile.

"'Connor & Gray' sounds pretty good for a firm name, doesn't it, Dick?" he queried.

The other smiled. "Rather, old fellow—just to think—here we are, out of college, business co-partners, and on a presumably wild-goose chase after western gold."

"Why a wild-goose chase?" asked Connor. "We're graduates of the best school of mines in the country, and certainly, therefore, well equipped for the work we have in hand. The fact that the renewal of the gold fever has struck the East, I will admit, has its disadvantages; but if so many of these men, untrained in the fundamental principles of mining operations, can make themselves rich, why cannot we, who have had the technical phases of it drummed into our heads for the last four years?"

"Yes-I-I know all of that, Jack; but-"

"Aw, cut it out, old man—don't, for goodness sake, become pessimistic; it's not like you—we're bound to come out all right side up with care in the end, and we'll have plenty of the filthy lucre in our pockets, too—you watch."

"Oh, well, what's the dif? We're started now, and there's never yet been the word 'fail' in the dictionary of my ancestors. Let's see—we reach Denver to-morrow morning at nine—from there we hit it cross-country to that far-famed metropolis, Bonanza City; bah! that name sounds too flimsy, or, might I say, gaudy, to really mean anything. I tell you, old man, I'm in a dickens of a hurry to cop my pile and beat it back East."

"Man," said Jack, "you'd better dry up on that subject—you are rather daft on it, I believe. Let's run over the terms of our very legal-looking agreement before we turn in; here goes: 'First—There shall be equal shares given to both parties concerned, in whatever the firm may take in. Secondly—All expenses are to be met, share and share alike, by the two parties hereinbefore mentioned; and,

Thirdly—That this contract is inviolable for the space of one year, barring the death of one of the parties, in which case the entire properties, chattels, etc., then owned by the company heretofore mentioned, shall revert in whole to the then surviving member;' rather formal," he said, as he finished, "but you wouldn't be satisfied until we had the thing done up in legal style, so I, as usual, let you have your way."

"That's a good plan for you to follow, always," said Dick, gloomily. "Say, I think I'll retire for the night. Don't take to heart anything I may have said during the day. I've been feeling blue and out of sorts—so, good night—pard."

"'Night, pard," replied Jack, and as the other retired he unconsciously dropped into a mental soliloquy: "Fine chap—Dick—erratic—but good-tempered (at times), and honest as the day is long. He'll make good, I'm sure—O-o-o-oh, well—I'm gaping again—guess I'll follow suit, and turn in."

* * * * * * * * * *

Dick came wearily and crossly into a desolate camp in western Colorado, and seeing Jack busying himself with the fire on the other side, he threw himself on the ground in an exhausted manner; and, in response a cheery query from his partner, he answered surlily in a tone that one might well term a snarl: "No, not a doggone bit more than an ounce, and I've toiled until my blamed back is breaking. Why, man—our hopes are gone—gone—literally gone—do you hear me—they're absolutely GONE—I'm sick of the whole thing, I tell you! No, I won't stop—I don't care if I have no cause to go on like this, in your estimation—I think I have—I've been bottled up for weeks, and now I'll have my say in spite of anything. You FOOL!—yours was the idea—YOURS! Oh, yes; we've

had such fine training—find a mine, eh! Here we are, in the desert, placer-mining a little impure creek, parched with thirst half the time, and hungry all the time, and all through *you*—you da—"

Jack had risen slowly, and there was a terrible look on his face.

He was furiously angry at his companion, and his unjust, unreasoning anger. The look was such a one that it even subdued the passion of the infuriated man before him, who had also risen, and, for the time being, was silent. Then he said in a calm and fiercely even voice: "Gray, you're forgetting yourself—we're partners—and—"

"Partners be ——!" The other attempted this interruption; but Connor's voice, raised for the first time during the altercation, rang out like the report of a pistol:

"SHUT UP! Now, you'll listen to me calmly, if you have any sense left at all. You've reached your limit. Take a warning from me—just *one* step over that, and, by the Almighty, you'll regret it!"

"Connor," broke in the other man, in a voice hoarse and choked by his unreasoning anger, "you—you—you— By God, no man shall speak to me in that manner! YOU tricked me here—YOU, with your professions of friend-ship—you are a—a—scoundrel!"

Jack advanced, eyes ablaze and fists clenched tightly. His lips were set in a thin, white line; they parted, and—

"You are a liar!" he said, slowly, calmly, deliberately.

Gray winced. Not from fear—then with a fool's anger, he broke into another tirade.

"D—n, you!" he shouted, "I called you a scoundrel, and I repeat it. No, don't hit me yet—you'll have enough time for that when I finish. Let me tell you what I've discovered—AT LEAST SEVEN POUNDS OF THE PURE DUST—UNDER YOUR BUNK; what shall I now think?

There is only one thing possible. You have made a strike and kept it from me. John Connor, besides being a false friend, a swindler, and a scoundrel—you—are—a—dirty—low—THIEF!"

Crack!

Jack's fist smashed him full between the eyes with one hundred and eighty pounds of brawn and muscle behind it, and Gray went down—his face streaming blood.

He rose slowly, dazedly, his eye was rapidly discoloring. By this time both men were mad enough for murder. Their different natures showed up in a remarkable contrast in their passion. Connor, who was roused to his highest pitch, was flushed to a dull red, and every muscle in his body was drawn taut. On the other hand, Gray, whose face already presented a fearful sight, was the victim of a murderous, unseeing, unreasoning anger; he was possessed of a desire to rend—to tear—to kill with his hands—he was lusting for blood.

Like two thunder clouds, these two physical giants closed. What slight advantage there was in the holds they obtained seemed with Gray. Over and over they rolled—snarling, hitting, biting, kicking. Nothing could be heard but their breath coming and going in quick, heart-breaking gasps as they panted in each other's vise-like embrace.

With a herculean effort, Connor threw off his antagonist, and both sprang to their feet with wild, mad lights in their eyes. Four or five sledge-hammer blows were exchanged, and again they clinched. This time it was Connor who had the advantage. They twisted, squirmed, struggled—Gray surged, and Connor fell with a sickening thud. Crack! with a loud report something snapped. As if by mutual agreement, their grips relaxed, and Gray staggered to his feet, leaving Connor, defeated, writhing in the agony of a double fracture of his arm.

There was no pity in the victor's heart, but there was left a spark of manhood which forbade his killing his now helpless partner. He disappeared, and Connor slowly raised himself to his feet by dint of a half-hour of excruciating agony, managed, after a fashion, to get his injured arm into some sort of a rude sling. He made his way, very carefully and painfully, down to the tiny creek, whose failure to produce abundant gold had brought about this almost irreparable rupture with his former friend. He bathed his face and body as well as he could and returned to camp. Late that night, when he dozed into a fitful slumber of distorted nightmares, he saw Gray, rolled in his blanket, not twenty feet away.

When he awoke, the sun was up and Gray, with half of the camp utensils, had disappeared.

* * * * * * * * *

Gray left the camp early in the morning, even before the first streaks of dawn had appeared in the east. He was bruised and sore from the fight, and, after taking what he honestly considered to be half the camp utensils, he laboriously made his way southward.

"I'll go towards the hills," he said to himself, as he made his way painfully along. "Maybe I might make a strike, and then I could leave this hole and get back to civilization again. I'll try—"

Onward he toiled, and when, a few hours after noon, he reached the bank of a rapid little stream, he threw down his enormously heavy pack, and falling on his face at the bank, commenced to drink greedily of the cool, clear water.

The water was almost perfectly clear, and even Gray's sore and bruised eyes could detect a sandy, metallic glint on the sandy bed of the stream. He clutched his wash-pan and scooping it full, he sifted it. A dull, yellowish deposit, weighing many ounces, was left in the bottom.

"God!" he reeled like a drunken man. "It's gold!" he screamed. "I'm a rich man—gold! gold!"

The man was mad. The sight of the gold acted like poison on his overworked brain. He toiled on through the afternoon, evening, night—loth even to rest—every fresh panful of the dust sending him into a semi-maniacal ecstasy. He could not get enough—he wished to be satiated with it.

At last his physical fatigue overcame his mental activity, and crawling up the bank, he dropped into a deep, restless slumber, to see gold—gold—always gold, passing before him in an unending stream of beauty.

He awoke in a more rational frame of mind, and, after working for an hour or two, the magnitude of his "strike" crossed his mind. He had only to stake his claim, and he would be the legal possessor of almost limitless wealth.

Then a part of his body, hitherto unknown to him, set to work—his conscience. There was his old college chum, left in a deserted camp, injured, alone, friendless.

"I'd give all this gold if it hadn't happened," he groaned; and—and I was the cause of it all, too! I haven't the face to go and ask his pardon—he'd spurn me, and then— Oh, well, I couldn't stand that. I—I'll just stake out this claim in his name and mine—it's half his anyhow!" he exclaimed, as if to, in some way, vindicate his conciliatory action; "I've no right to all of it— Hello! What—who the deuce is that? I'll be hanged if it ain't—God! it's Jack! What's he doing here? Jack! Oh, Jack! Come here, old man. I don't want to—fight—again; I—I want to apologize!"

Connor continued to walk aimlessly along. He came close to Gray, and then his flushed, feverish face and incoherent muttering told the tale.

Gray groaned aloud. "Poor fellow; he's delirious"

He notice Connor's arm hanging loosely at his side, and, examining it, he saw the broken bone, uncared for; his old love for his partner surged anew, and with redoubled intensity, into his breast.

"Old man!" he said brokenly, half sobbingly, to his unhearing companion, "I—I'll vindicate myself if I can. You're in a pretty bad way; but I'll make you all right—and—and then— Oh, well! I can't expect your forgiveness—I—I'll just get out!"

He pitched his tent and made as soft a couch as he could; then, taking Connor, he laid him, with the gentleness of a woman, on the bed. Then he set the arm; rude surgical work it was, yet good enough to be better by far than none at all.

Connor was delirious, Gray scared, fearful for the life of his friend—he reproached himself: if Jack should die, he'd be a murderer. The crisis passed! Gray knew nothing of it, and slowly and surely, Connor was improving. One morning Gray sat by his cot; Jack was calmly delirious. He was saying in a calm, even voice:

"Gray," his tone was querulous and pained, "why did you do it? You, my trusted friend, my chum. I had to hit you—you called me a thief. Oh, my God! my arm hurts. Gray, that seven pounds of dust was bought with my own money to revive your spirits if they ever failed. Oh, my arm. Gray! oh, Gray! where are you? Gone! left me—half the camp gone, too; so it's permanent. Gone! my friend—his temper got away with him. My arm hurts so. By Jove, I think I have a fever—guess I had better rest, or I'll—"

Gray, bending over him, strong man though he was, was almost in tears. He saw the nobleness of his friend. He'd never be worthy of him—never. Jack tossed restlessly on his bed; a heavy perspiration broke out on him, a sign that

the fever was ending. Gray sank to his knees and breathed forth a prayer of thankfulness—of joy.

He watched, with unfaltering vigilance, all that night—a weary, lonely vigil. His thoughts as he reviewed the episode, were a flagellation—he could not bear them.

Dawn came, and with it a peaceful sleep for the sufferer. The anxious watcher by the bedside dozed off.

When he awoke and looked up, to his intense joy, there lay Connor with the light of perfect reason shining in his eyes.

Gray looked at him long and earnestly, the love of a comrade in his every look.

"Jack," he said, softly, his voice tense with half-fearful, half-hopeful, emotion, "Jack, old man—I—I'm sorry—let's—let's be partners again."

Weakly, Connor looked up, and slowly his eyes filled with tears.

"My—my partner—forever!" he gasped, and the two men clasped hands.

O. R. C., 1911.



A WISH.

Just for one day,
One long, quiet day,
Close by her side, what joy!
Not this.
Let me spend as a boy,
Not this!

Just for one hour,
One glad, happy hour,
To revel, and laugh forsooth!

Not this,

As I did in my youth, Not this!

Just for one minute,
One lingering minute,
Around her to hover,
Not this,
As I did as a lover,
Not this!

Just for one second,
One eternal second,
To snatch away death's ban!
Only this,
And show her a man,
Only this.

"Wно?"



THE QUARREL.

It was a cold winter evening. At the palatial home of Jason Van Warst, two persons sat in the parlor. A bright fire burned in the grate. The rays of light played upon the walls of the room and gave a cheerful aspect to the surroundings. But more in keeping with the cold exterior was the demeanor of the occupants. Jack Bruce and Nellie Van Warst had quarreled. It was a foolish quarrel over some trifling question. Just how it occurred I don't know. Jack never told me. Jack grew angrier as the fire burned lower and as Nellie's replies became more sarcastic and biting, and finally rose in a hurry, gave her a formal bow, said "Good night" in a coldly conventional tone, and so took his leave, Nellie's head being as high in the air as such a diminutive person could possibly hold it, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes very bright.

Jack was going to Boston and had called on Nellie to tell her about his trip, which was caused by a business exigency, and to have a store of sweet looks and pretty speeches to carry with him on a journey he very much disliked.

Full of his wrongs, Jack reached the Grand Central more than a hour ahead of time. There was no alternative to pass the time away except to smoke and reflect. He recalled every word that had been spoken, and wished that he could keep from seeing the provoking dimple with which she punctuated even her severest remarks. The fact that he had beaten her in the argument did not comfort him one bit. She had yielded just a meek, vanquished droop for one moment. If he had taken her in his arms, all would have been well. But, man like, he had wanted the last aggravating word; and that was a concession which could not be wrung from Nellie Van Warst, then or at any other time.

Jack's fighting blood was up, and he hurried off without even stopping to give the customary pat to her great tawny St. Bernard, who was stretched out in the hall like a great rug before the door.

In the evening of his fourth day in Boston, Jack was on his way to his up-town hotel. He took a car, pulled his coat closer around him—for it was snowing—settled back in his seat, and gave himself up to gloomy meditation. There were few passengers on the car: two business men, some ladies returning from a club meeting, a messenger boy carrying a box of flowers to a wedding, and a quietly dressed, brown-veiled girl in the farthest corner. Jack glanced down the aisle, looked savagely at the wedding flowers, and again resigned himself to gloomy meditations.

What a sad ending to his bright young romance. Nellie would never forgive his cutting words, and he was sure

he never, never would forgive hers. The night closed down on the city heavily, and the electric lights along the sidewalk were blurred by a mist of fine snowflakes. The car windows were half covered with frost. The car itself moved slowly along the slippery track. How pretty, how very pretty, she had looked as he sternly said good-bye! Probably a note was now at his home, demanding the return of her letters,—little wayward, scrawly things, every word of which he knew by heart and loved—that is, had loved, he corrected himself.

At this point, his morose meditations were interrupted by a shrill scream. The girl in the corner arose quickly and jerked the veil from her face. "Nellie!" "Jack!" And then the crash came, as a passing train struck the rear end of the car. How it all happened no one knew, but several minutes later Jack was standing in the middle of the street with his arm around the safe but "scared" Nellie. me home," wailed the trembling Nellie. They ploughed their way through the snow towards the home where she was stopping. Of course her visit to these Boston friends had nothing to do with his journey. It was merely accidental. Nellie was very anxious to convince Jack of that fact, after he had-after they had-well, after they had "made up," as we say. Jack pretended to believe it, but his eyes danced with mischief, as well as with complete delight. At any rate, it was a very eventful quarrel.



DEBATE.

Query: Resolved, "That educational qualification is not sufficient to maintain white supremacy in the South."

AFFIRMATIVE.

When we review the history of our Southern States, we are forcibly impressed with the ever-growing influence of

the negro race upon our destinies. Commencing before the Revolution, like a cloud no larger than a man's hand, this influence has gathered and spread and darkened until, for the last thirty years, we have entertained no legislation, passed no law, and endorsed no platform that was not framed with due regard to our views on the negro question. Likewise, the negro question must continue to be the paramount issue in Southern politics until some solution is found which shall preclude all danger of negro domination.

That no such solution has yet been found in our educational qualifications for suffrage, is amply proven by the fact that the negro question is still the most serious problem with which the South has to deal. If the educational qualifications for suffrage were entirely sufficient to maintain white supremacy, there would be no race problem to occupy the mind of the South; and, consequently, since the Southern States would be no longer bound together by that dread menace, negro domination, there would be no solid South.

As a matter of fact, it was not believed, or intended that the adoption of the educational qualifications should permanently guarantee white supremacy. Were not the public schools already organized and doing effective battle against ignorance among the negroes? Experience had already proven that the negroes are capable of being educated; and the South's policy of dealing with the question by educating the negro had already been fixed. If it had been intended for the negroes to remain ignorant, why does every Southern State guarantee to them equal school facilities with the whites?

The negroes of the South are occupying a unique position in the history of the races. They have had a system of public schools of all grades, created and perfected by the white people, transplanted bodily into their midst. Both white and black teachers are required to pass the same examinations to secure teachers' certificates. Moreover. advance is made simultaneously in the educational facilities of both races. One objection urged against compulsory education is that the negroes as well as the whites would have to be educated. This very objection shows how inseparably the education of the negroes is bound up with that of the whites. Therefore, if we accept the proposition that the negroes will never acquire the necessary education to qualify for suffrage, we put a limit on Southern civilization, and say, in effect, that the South has reached the zenith of her development and glory; that not only the negroes, but the whites as well, have ceased to make educational progress; for, under our modern system, it is impossible for one race to advance while the other remains ignorant.

Let us turn from such a gloomy outlook to the actual conditions that are rapidly coming into existence around us. The marvelous progress of the negroes forbids that the educational qualifications continue a permanent hindrance to the exercise of suffrage by the race. Yet the whites are determined, by some means, to remain in power. With both these resistless forces acting, the most natural, and the only possible, result will be for the whites to lead the negroes onward and upward until the educational qualifications will take their place behind both races, to be remembered by future generations for what they really are, a masterpiece of statecraft to serve as a protection behind which the whites could firmly refound their shattered governments; but a complete failure as laws to keep the negroes forever away from the ballot-box.

The white people generally have recognized that the days of usefulness for the educational qualifications are rapidly coming to a close. Witness the vigorous attempts that have been made to have the Fifteenth Amendment repealed. There can be but one explanation for this. Southerners realize how rapidly the negroes are being educated; and, in trying to have the Fifteenth Amendment repealed, the whites are preparing for the time when the negroes, out of their enormous majority of population, in some States, will constitute a majority of the qualified voters.

Witness again the unequal manner in which the educational qualifications are sometimes administered to the two races. White men are at times allowed to vote without really being able to read and write; while the negroes are not only never given any such privileges, but are often put to more difficult tests than the law requires. There are some places in the South, even now, where, if the law were not thus perverted, the negroes would have a majority of the voters.

The use of such unfair methods, however, is certainly not maintaining white supremacy by means of the educational qualification, but rather in spite of it: and, when any white man administers this part of the law unequally, he admits that he has no faith in the permanency of the educational qualifications if applied to both races alike. Moreover, the time is not far distant when this qualification will be applied to all alike. There is a growing sensitiveness of public conscience which is condemning any sort of trickery or deceit in public life. The better class of Southern people are already tiring of the cheap political methods which are now in vogue in some places and which have such a strong tendency to corrupt the public morals. As sure as this wholesome influence of the better class continues to grow stronger it will finally force a fair administration of the election laws. And given an equal administration of these laws to all, the negroes, by reason of their phenomenal progress in education, will soon render the

educational qualifications ineffective. Then the white people will found their supremacy on some clear and permanent difference between the races, so that the proper administration of the law will maintain white supremacy without resort to the subterfuges and hypocrisies that have cursed us long enough.

Even Senator Tillman, whose influence was greater than that of anybody else in adopting the educational qualification in this State, said, "anyone who can look before his nose can see that, with the negroes constantly going to school, the increasing number of people who can read and write among the colored race, they will in time encroach upon our white men."

And we must all come to this conclusion if we but consider the negro's attitude toward an education. They do not have to be forced or even urged to send their children to school. It is a conspicuous fact that the negro schools are always crowded. Such good use is the negro making of his opportunities that compulsory education laws would hardly affect him. The spur of the educational qualifications is in itself all the compulsion he needs. It is in the mill towns of the South, where such a large proportion of the whites are congregated and from which the negro is fortunate in being excluded, that the crying need is felt for compulsory education. It is there that thousands of white children, either because of neglect or of being forced to work in the mills, are growing up in dense ignorance. It is here also that the rate of illiteracy among the whites is brought up to 16 per cent. of the total population.

But the public schools are not the only active agent in reducing illiteracy among the negroes. There are many things which are the common educators of all the people; and many things which reduce illiteracy among the negroes more than among the whites. Daily contact with better educated people, the negro churches, Sunday schools and secret societies, the rural delivery of mail, and the universal prevalence of printed literature,—all these apply with powerful force in reducing illiteracy among the negroes. There will hardly be found a human habitation in the South, of white or black, into which some newspapers, books, or other forms of the English language have not strayed; hardly a public road along which advertisements in large letters are not posted; and hardly a piece of merchandise that is not likewise labeled. By these things, the ignorant classes of both races are educated to an extent that cannot be lightly estimated. Yet, since the negroes have a larger ignorant population and since these educating forces are most active among the ignorant classes, there is much more actual reduction of illiteracy among negroes than among whites from these agencies.

The constantly improving conditions are already such that it is impossible for any race to remain uneducated in this great republic. Even the negro is no exception. Every year he gets more schools, more money, and better teachers. Never before in the history of civilization has any whole race been given such abounding opportunities to free itself from the slavery of ignorance; never before has any race been impelled by so many or so powerful motives to seek educational advancement; and no class of people in the United States has made as rapid progress in reducing its illiteracy as the Southern negro has made during his short period of freedom. From an unrelieved mass of ignorance and poverty forty years ago, the negroes have evolved enlightened teachers, preachers, and leaders in sufficient number to educate the whole race. Since the negro chooses to go ill-clad, poorly-housed, and hard-worked in order to send his children, often without a dinner pail, to school, there is nothing left for us to do but to devise other means than the educational qualifications for maintaining the white supremacy.

If there be any Southerner who deliberately shuts his eyes to the conditions, and refuses to believe that the negro is making the progress I have portrayed, who vainly hopes that the negro will remain illiterate in order that our puny laws may stand perpetually without need of strengthening, let such a person but turn to the recorded facts, and his beliefs will be shattered, his hopes forever dissipated. He will find that in 1875 over 90 per cent. of the negroes were steeped in illiteracy; that in 1900 nearly half of them could read and write; that at present more than half of the negroes possess that power; and, if he is not afraid to go farther, let him consider the negro children of school age who are to become the negro men and women of tomorrow. He will find that only one fourth of them are illiterate. In comparing the two races he will find that the negroes have only three illiterates to one among the whites, and if the children of school age are considered, this ratio is only two negro illiterates to one white illiterate. And yet, the advance that has been made by the negroes so far, has been only foundation work. It would be but natural for them to achieve more within the next twenty years than they have accomplished in all the forty-four years of their freedom.

Moreover, in nearly every Southern State, those negroes who pay a certain amount of taxes, unsually on \$300 worth of property, are not required to stand any educational test, whatever. I dare say that most of us can bring to mind negroes that vote by reason of their property who could not vote under the educational qualification. The registration books show that there are thousands of such negro voters throughout the South. The negroes already

indisputably own 750 million dollars worth of property in the various Southern States, and the rapid growth of all kinds of business enterprises, including farms, stores and banks, among them, attests the fact that there is a constantly increasing number of negroes who are becoming independent of the educational qualifications.

Most Southerners, by facing these evidences of negro progress, are not made apprehensive about white supremacy in the South; but to the few who expect and depend upon the educational qualifications for suffrage to maintain white supremacy, these facts are truly alarming. And they may well be alarming to such persons, for they sound the death-knell of the flimsy educational qualifications, which can no more serve as a perpetual bulwark of white supremacy than can a curtain of fog shield an army from the shot and shell of a powerful foe.

We must not be deluded into thinking that it is necessary for the negroes to become as highly educated as the whites are, before they have more voters than the whites. Their superior numbers make it possible in many places for them to have more persons able to qualify for suffrage, and more that are not able than the whites can possibly number. This is the condition that is rapidly materializing in many sections of the South. In the case of the State of South Carolina, with a ratio of seven negroes to five whites, the last report of the Superintendent of Education shows that there are 26,000 more negro than white children in the public schools. The State of Mississippi, with three negroes to two whites, shows a 20,000 negro majority in her public schools. Moreover, in every Southern State, whether it has a negro majority or not, there is invariably a number of counties and voting districts that do have a negro majority both in population and in school attendance.

Now, with such overwhelming negro majorities being taught to read and write, it follows naturally that the negro voters will in a few decades outnumber the white voters in all these parts of the South.

It is not my desire to champion the cause of the negro race—a thousand times no; but it matters not whether we love the negro or despise him, it matters not that the negro has many faults and shortcomings. In spite of it all, we must face the cold, stubborn fact that, in large portions of the South, he is educating more children than are the whites. Is it not perfectly plain, therefore, that, if we were to depend on the educational qualifications to keep us in power always, white supremacy would only be maintained in certain parts of the South?

Education, the spirit of the age, has become as much the battle-cry of the negro as of the white man. Are the white people willing to hazard their right to rule upon the least permanent of all the differences between the two races? No, indeed. The ultimate education of the negroes is too certain, the necessity of continued white rule too compelling. We must establish a more lasting basis for our supremacy; a supremacy that must endure by some peaceful means as long as the white man finds a home in the South and the Saxon racial pride thrills his heart.

D. W. WATKINS.

NEGATIVE.

The political history of our Southern States, since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment to our National Constitution, has been completely dominated by one overshadowing problem, negro suffrage. With regard to that problem, this period of the South's history may be divided into three epochs:

1. The era of unrestricted negro suffrage, which ended about 1875.

- 2. The era of restriction or control by methods not recognized in the law; roughly, from 1875 to 1895.
- 3. The era of disfranchisement by State laws requiring as tests of fitness for suffrage certain qualifications possessed by a much larger number of whites than blacks. Of this period we have hardly reached the end of the beginning.

At this period of ever-changing conditions, therefore, it may not be inappropriate or unprofitable merely to glance at the more salient features of the two periods that seem to have passed into history, and to examine, with more fullness, the present and future trend of Southern political affairs.

My opponent has cited you to the condition of affairs during and immediately following the struggle of reconstruction; but he must remember that negro suffrage was allowed in a situation so complicated that whatever might have been done to solve the most pressing of problems would have appeared a colossal mistake in the light of subsequent developments. The backbone of the South had been literally smashed to pieces, and the remains were guarded so closely by the point of the bayonet that our people scarcely had enough time and freedom to provide themselves food, to say nothing of redressing political grievances.

The time for an educational qualification of the South is now at hand—my opponent to the contrary notwithstanding. He has drawn for you in bold relief a picture of the negroes enthroned in the seats of the mighty political kings, ruling this fair land of ours with an iron hand when the South shall have subjected herself to an enducational qualification suffrage. Has he stopped to consider the most important benefits and advantages to be derived from such a law, and, above all, has he shown you wherein we can

keep the negro from the polls without an educational qualification? Evidently he has not. He has told you of the negro's progress along economic and educational lines, and has, according to his own arguments and the present laws, paved the way for negro supremacy without an educational qualification, by asserting that the negro has broken down the once effective barrier of property qualification. As our Southern laws read at present, in all the Southern States the negro must own \$300 worth of property. In three States, the only requirement is the \$300 property value. In three others, there has existed for some time an educational qualification which has proven satisfactory, and has been carried on without any danger of encroachment upon white supremacy.

To even pause to consider negro supremacy is an endeavor to step backward a half century and start again the works of rascality and corruption that reigned at the time, when the South of reconstruction, like the fabled Prometheus, lay chained and helpless while the vultures preyed upon her vitals. Then is it better to have a law with an uplifting influence, that will be an incentive to nobler and better citizenship—always ensuring white supremacy—or, in this enlightened age, to break down the one effective barrier to the rule of swarthy ignorance and revive again the troublous times of reconstruction? It is either a matter of legal restriction by an educational qualification, or the restriction of terror with the night-rider, the white-capper, the murderer, as an exponent of law and order.

Any argument based upon the fact that the negroes are learning faster, have more schools, are increasing with greater rapidity, and are dying slower, is ungrounded. My opponent must admit that educational qualification is sufficient for present white supremacy. I can prove to you by statistics that the difference of birth rate is in favor of the

whites, and that the increase of the death rate is among the blacks. We will take our figures from the 1900 census report of the State, which has the largest number of negro majority,—and I am speaking of the State of South Carolina.

Take it purely as a mathematical problem. Given 160,000 registered white voters against 20,000 registered black voters. Grant, as you must, that the whites increase two per cent. faster than the negroes; grant, as you must, that the death rate is two per cent. higher among the blacks; grant, further, that the whites have two schools to the blacks one, and these schools run twice to three times as long—how long would it take the blacks to catch the whites? But, hold a moment! Grant still further, as you must, that the negroes are migrating, slowly but surely, to the cities of the North, East and West; while white immigrants are coming, slowly but surely, to take their places. Where, then, is your negro problem; your menace of black suffragists?

The burden of his proof has failed completely to show you any sufficient grounds for concluding that the relative conditions of the two races will materially change in the future. And I positively affirm that on no other ground could he argue the need of a substitute for an educational qualification for suffrage. He cannot argue a necessity for this change from a mere preponderance, per capita, of blacks over whites. The only ground that he can use must be taken from the legally qualified voters as shown by the registration books up to the present time. These registration books show that there has been a steady decrease of negro votes since 1895. From these facts we are forced to conclude that the negro will never become of any importance in Southern politics. My opponent says that they will overcome this one effective barrier,

which they will do in a short time; but he must remember that the mental capacity of the negro is naturally very limited. When he argues that the negro is mentally capable of coping with the whites, he not only confesses the negro to be our superior, but is contradicting himself; for he admits that for a score of millenniums they were much inferior, or it would have been the ape-like cannibals of Africa (who for a decade of centuries subsisted largely upon their own flesh and blood) that would have discovered America instead of the pure-blooded whites, whom we are proud to boast are our ancestors.

My opponent has pictured to you the Southern negro, scarcely two centuries from the jungles of eastern tropics, as having risen so rapidly from a state of barbarism to an enlightened stage; but he must remember here also (and you will agree with me) that it has not been by his efforts alone, but by those of a people who saw none of his coarseness and passionate vices until a few years ago. We must admit that the Yankees are no longer fostering the negro and his achievements (?) as previously, and thus his progress must practically cease, owing to his lack of individual thrift and ambition. As proof of the fact that those who have just been freed cannot achieve such prominence alone, I cite you to the lately freedmen of Russia, who were freed but received no further aid. According to the government reports of that country, at the present rate of decrease from starvation and exposure, in a few more vears they will be a mere blotted page in the annals of history. Just so will be the record of the American negro in the South. Now that his Yankee promoter is no more, the funeral knell of the negro in Southern politics will be sounded within the next two decades.

Any statement that declares that an educational qualification will keep a larger number of whites from the polls than blacks, because of the large number of illiterate white persons in rural districts and cotton mill villages, is an absurdity upon its face, because at no time in the history of the world has there been recorded such an educational wave as is now sweeping over the South. No longer are there any vast sections of country where well-equipped schools cannot be found; no longer are there any cotton mill villages where the children are growing up in ignorance; no longer are the people negligent about their school taxes and the welfare of their children. All mill presidents have arranged for the mill child's education to be cared for. So great has been the improvement in these fields that there can scarcely be found anywhere, between the ages of ten and twenty, a white person who cannot read, write and calculate intelligently. That these conditions are improving so rapidly is shown by the following figures: North Carolina taxed herself \$42,000 for schools in 1900, and in 1906 this tax was raised to \$2,000,000. This is only a fair example of what the Southern States are doing for their sons and daughters.

You have been told that, according to past records, the negro will soon be educated fully as much as the average white man, and will supplant the whites as the law-makers of the South (which I have endeavored to show you is untrue). This can never be; for the negro was never intended for a higher education. The question, "What kind of an education does the negro need?" finds its answer in the economic law of supply and demand, and not in his ethnological characteristics, inherent ability, and political status. If the negro be given a practical education he will be of more value purely as a matter of capital. The country will be able to produce more, and with a good deal more satisfaction than it could if it has to deal forever with an ignoramus. I would be as far as any man, with

Southern blood in his veins, from winking at anything that smacks of social equality; but I would not have the country, whose traditions I learned to lisp at my mother's knee, and whose heroes I have always reverenced, to stain her fair escutcheon with one act that would mean the shutting out of even a negro from making of himself a better and more enlightened being—a more useful citizen. Mark you, I would not give him the little learning, which is a dangerous thing, but that training that would better equip him for life and usefulness.

The future negro cannot be judged by those who have gone before. The honest old slavery-time darky, with his reverence for his "ole missus," is a thing of the olden days, which, like them, are past and gone forever. He was taught to love, respect and obey his white master; he was taught to work and to save—but none of these virtues has he bestowed upon his children. Instead they are reverting to the ways of their African cousins—ways of shiftlessness and dissipation. The negro of today is so weak, mentally, that, even when he has acquired sufficient education to receive the right of suffrage, he becomes so indolent and extravagant that he fails to obtain sufficient property to vote, and is then, by the very fact of his education, forced away from the polls.

According to the census of 1900, the negro vote has been decreasing since 1895, when they reached the zenith of their political glory. Since then, they have taken very little interest in the elections of the country as a whole. The great negro leader, Washington, is using all his influence to get the negroes to stick to the South, and use the ballot as a whip, as it were, to chastise the Northern politicians, who are merely using the negro as a tool to gain their elections. He says: "The thing for we negroes to do is to uphold the land that feeds us." Therefore, we see

that the few negroes that do acquire the right to vote will strengthen and not weaken the South's political position, because they will know how to vote by force of education.

How can the negro overcome these handicaps and become politically supreme? Has Anglo-Saxon blood become so thin as to be outstripped by the most noble of rivals, to say nothing of being only two generations from the state of cannibalism? No; I say a thousand times no! No more than with all their hindrances, in addition, did they overcome the English in South Africa or the Europeans in the North. An educational qualification means the survival of the fittest. And if we are not willing to admit ourselves inferior to our black brother, it behooves us as a people who claim to be ever striving upward, to enforce an educational qualification, without fear of negro rule; for it is upon education, and upon that alone, which rests the bed-rocks of our democracy.

I will grant my opponent's statement, that suffrage is a right. Our forefathers said, in their Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal; and we know that it was only by right of their settling and conquering America that they were able to make the vote of every American carry as great weight as that of every Englishman. Suffrage is a right which every American claims by reason of the fact that generations of his ancestors have paid the price of settlement and liberty with hardships, and, when necessary, with their lives. Neither common nor statute law recognizes a right which has not been purchased with a price. Property rights are held only by those who have given value for such property. Inheritance rights are given because the law recognizes that the son is entitled to the benefits of the advantages which the father worked hard to receive while living; and so we, the Southern white people, are alone entitled to suffrage because our fathers and forefathers have paid the price of our suffrage with hardships on the frontier, and starvation when the land was new, and with their lives and blood, when the rights of American citizens have been at stake.

And, now, Honorable Judges, I have shown to you that educational qualification is sufficient for today; that there has been a steady decrease of black suffrage since the passage of an educational qualification—of that clause of the Constitution, in 1895. I have further shown you that the increase in white population over the blacks is certainly as great as five per cent. As a fair average, there is at least three schools for whites against one for blacks. The efficiency of the teachers is certainly as great as forty per cent. higher with the whites; their terms are from twice to three times as long; there are four times as much money spent annually on white schools. Then, so far as the schools are concerned, the weight of the evidence is certainly on the side of the whites.

My opponent has cited you to the ignorance that exists in the secluded rural districts, and in the mill villages. But I have evidence to show you that the illiteracy in the rural districts is largely among the parents and not the children, while in the cotton mill districts every uplifting influence is being exerted that can be brought to bear, viz., the mill presidents have cooperated with different denominations to establish churches and employ pastors to exert a refining and Christianizing influence. Among the people, ninety per cent. of the State Sunday-school Association funds are used in placing in the hands of the factory children suitable literature for the development of intellect and character. Schoolhouses, with intelligent teaching forces, exist in every mill village, and in cooperation with them are kindergartens for the purpose of instilling in the minds of the very infants every virtue a child should receive at home.

Add to these unanswerable arguments the fact that the negroes are slowly but surely migrating to the North and West, while, on the other hand, white immigrants from Northern Europe are slowly but surely coming to take their places. Then, Honorable Judges, with the balance of property, educational facilities, natural increase per capita on the Anglo-Saxon side of the ledger, and with the established fact the educational qualification has not only been sufficient for present white supremacy, but has shown an increase in sufficiency, statistically proved, how can my opponent argue that the negro will outstrip the whites in the race for supremacy in the near or distant future?

THE BELLE OF OAKLAND.

Sitting up on a hill, back in a grove of gigantic oaks, is an old colonial home. To walk up the long avenue between such large trees and to face the old-fashioned home, with a stone fence surrounding it, with a dozen long steps leading up to the wide piazza, and with its massive Doric columns, always makes one feel solemn and serious. But if by striking the old-time brass knocker you are fortunate enough to have the door opened by the pretty blonde, you will soon become gay and light-hearted.

Miss May Dukes, the blonde, is the belle of the neighborhood. Some of her callers have been attracted by her beauty, some by her talent for music, some by her bank account, and others by her jolly disposition, her wit, and her mischief.

One of her most persistent, but least encouraged, admirers was a preacher. I hardy know which one of her qualities attracted him most, but it certainly was not her beauty, for he was almost blind. He could see well enough to walk without being led, but not well enough to tell whether

he was talking to an unusually pretty girl or to an unusually ugly one. Miss Dukes delighted in taking advantage of his blindness. She would often pass him an empty plate and ask him to have a biscuit. After he had felt all over the plate in a vain attempt to help himself, she would curtly say, "Just wait a minute, and I will hand you one." A few minutes later she would slip his butter from his plate just to watch him search for it.

Several refusals seemed to teach him nothing. One Sunday, after his sermon in the neighboring country church, he accepted an invitation to dine at Oakland, and had the pleasure of driving Miss Dukes to her home. It was a pretty spring morning, so he thought it an ideal time to try another proposal. As Miss May cared very little for him and never really loved him, she refused him as usual. Soon they reached the colonial mansion, and, a few minutes later, were invited into the dining-room. He and Miss Dukes walked in together, but the others were delayed by a friend, who drove up just as they started. Again he was alone with his dear, and as his heart was overflowing with love, he decided to make one more appeal. Words had failed, so he determined to see if actions would not speak louder. Throwing open his arms, he stepped toward her. She saw him coming, so, quickly slipped away, and his arms closed around the cook, who had just stepped in. His plea was: "Oh, darling, you don't realize how I love you." But he was startled by the response from the negro: "Look here, mister, whut you mean by hugging old Aunt Frances?"

Dinner passed off without further accident, and soon the two were back in the drawing-room. They seemed to be getting on better terms, and his hopes, which had been so recently blasted, were again coming back. He debated whether to risk another proposal. He gradually led up to the subject. She seemed to be talking sweeter, so he

became encouraged. But something else interested her more than the conversation. She had on a new pair of slippers, and just as all girl's shoes are, they were a halfsize too small. Thinking that he would never know the difference, she slipped them off and became comfortable. Mr. L-'s love was hard to kill; he would not give up. Just then, it seemed to him that she was in an unusually good humor; her words sounded sweeter, her voice was charming. At last he began one more plea. "Miss Dukes, I-I—" She read his thoughts, and, to stop him, she sarcastically said, "I, what?" His courage failed, and he ended by saying, "I—I—believe I can see better than usual." His eyes were turned exactly toward her feet; so she thought that he had caught her with her shoes off, and, in a halfsecond, she was out of the room. Entirely unconscious of her reason for fleeing, he believed she had read his thought and had acted an emphatic "No." As his hopes were again blasted, he left, to return no more.

Mr. L— worried over his lost love, but, in less than a week, another caller began hitching his horse in front of the Oakland gate. He, too, was soon captured by Miss Dukes' charms; but, in spite of the fact that she admired him, he was not fortunate enough to capture her heart. However, she played her part well enough to make him believe that she loved him.

One warm afternoon in the early spring, while the two were out driving, Miss Dukes listened to one of the most earnest tales of love she had ever heard. He ended by saying: "Miss Dukes, as mother and father are going to move into the city and leave the country home to me, can't I get a wife from over your way to take care of it for me?" His heart beat fast while he stopped to await his answer, but he did not have to wait long, for she quickly answered, "Oh, yes." She paused. His heart leaped into his mouth.

Then she finished her sentence, "The cook is not married, and the washerwoman has a grown daughter. You may come over and see. By the way, isn't that a pretty wild violet yonder?"

Two days later, the mail-carrier dropped a fat letter in the box for the belle of Oakland. She looked at the writing, but did not recognize it. In fact, she had met its author but once. She curiously opened it, and began: "My Dear Miss Dukes:

"As you know, I am a stranger here. For the first time in my life I am away from home, father, and mother. I have no one to advise me; no one to sympathize with me. I hate to tell it, but I am in trouble. I do not think that I am to blame, but still, I see no chance of escape. I have met you once. To be frank, I admire you, and hope I may consider you a friend, willing to sympathize, help, and advise me."

Space will not allow me to give the other eight pages of his tale of trouble, but will give the last paragraph:

"Now, to come to the point, if you are interested enough in me to care, my trouble is just this: Do you really think I should wear my white vest to church next Sunday?

"Sincerely,

"ALLEN NORTH."

Her answer was: "Put it on, come down, and I will advise you further."

True to her suggestion, he came down, wearing a new white vest. Nor was it his last visit, because for once she had met a fellow who could give joke for joke; a man who could play as many pranks on her as she could on him; a man who was not a bit too dignified to go out on the back porch with her and eat, out of the freezer, the cream that was left from dinner.

Mr. North, or Allen, as she soon learned to call him, became a regular caller, and a favorite, at Oakland. One afternoon, as he and Miss Dukes were out riding, they were caught in a rain. The only convenient shelter was a nearby negro church. The door was unlocked, so in they went. A few minutes later the preacher and his wife, not the negro preacher, however, took advantage of the same roof.

During the conversation the preacher's wife jokingly said: "You two had better get married to pass away the time."

Mr. North spoke up: "I'll back you out," and she answered: "No you won't, either." Neither had thought very seriously of the matter before. In fact it was his first proposal, but still neither would be backed down. They stood up. The preacher began the ceremony, but before he had gone very far Miss Dukes interrupted, "Hold on a minute. We did not have half enough style about the thing. Come on, Allen, let's go to the back of the church and walk up the aisle together." He gave up to her whim, and the preacher managed to hold his temper while his wife played the wedding march, and the bridal couple slowly marched up the aisle. The ceremony was then completed, and they have lived—together ever afterwards.

C. P. R., '10.



THE WHISTLE.

We were alone together, she and I—
And who was "she?" My Princess Nicotine—
And with her, could I think of days gone by,
And call before me many a pretty scene—

But, hark! A sound bursts on the air,
A rude awakening from my reverie—
What is it? And its source is where?
'Tis back of barracks—and the steam I see—
Ascending from—the whistle.

Again I light my pipe in vain endeavor
To summon to my mind some pretty scene;
But now its power seems gone from it forever,
And in its smoke I fail to see my Queen.
Then do I doze—again I see her face,
A vision of her—there in all her beauty—
Again it comes—again, and from the same place—
It summons me to classes, and to duty—
"What does?" you ask. The whistle.

I hate it—'twas invented by the Evil One; Oh! that my hands could find a missile With which to hit, break, tear, destroy— And so forever silence it—the whistle.

O. R. COHEN.

"DO THINGS"—WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CLEMSON STUDENTS.

By L. O. MAULDIN, M. D., Greenville, S. C.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of Clemson College:

It is a proud day in the history of any man's life when he can come back to the institution from which he has graduated and can catch up the familiar strands which link his thoughts with some of the most pleasant memories of his past.

So, gentlemen, there is a thrilling pleasure in all the incidents connected with my presence here tonight—a pleasure which is deduced not only from the fact of the appearance

of familiar faces and familiar expressions generally, but also a pleasure which comes from the pride I feel in the phenomenal advancement and success of this great institution of learning.

Born and reared, as it were, in the shade of you Blue Ridge Mountains, it is but natural that I should look with pride to the successive steps in the development of one of the greatest institutions of learning of this Southland which, within the memory of mine own short life, has had its birth and growth right here in the progressive Piedmont section.

A certain city near this place has been appropriately termed "The Pearl of the Piedmont," and another city, perhaps nearer, has been very uniquely called "The Electric City." If these cities have a right to these title, and I believe they have, Clemson College should be called "The Fountain of South Carolina's Industrial Development," and it is worthy to note that this fountain is large enough to refresh the hopes of every boy in this State, who seeks industrial and scientific training and to cause to generate within his brain those thoughts which can spring only from good seed sown in good soil.

I verily believe that if John C. Calhoun could come back to Fort Hill today, the highest conception of his immortal thought would be realized in Clemson College, and his characteristic logic transmitted through his matchless eloquence would be found in his speeches favoring the industrial training of the youth of this country.

In this democratic country, it is a well-known principle of political economy that there is no honor without labor, and that which is worth having is worth working for.

Euclid, a Greek scientist and philosopher, once told his distinguished pupil, "There is no royal road to geometry." The wisdom of this great old mathematician has been demonstrated over and over again in the classic halls of our schools, colleges, and universities of learning, until, today, in this twentieth century of progress and development, we have become thoroughly imbued with the idea deduced from experience that there is no royal road to anything worth achieving in this great American country, and if we wish to succeed, we must work and let our labor have an intelligent direction.

History repeats itself, for the same idea was put into effect by Captain John Smith at Jamestown in the early days of this republic.

The same underlying principle is being repeated in our own lives today, for if we will but look around us and study for a moment some of the motive forces which are concerned in the direction of the wheels of progress of this country, the great thought of success through labor will dawn upon us with a conviction beyond doubt.

The engineers who drive the locomotives of commerce and transportation through our towns and cities from day to day, were one time brakemen and firemen on the road; the great lawyers who today sit as judges on our benches and occupy positions of distinction at the bar and elsewhere, were not many years ago plodding their weary way for the first time along through the pages of elementary law; the physicians and surgeons who are today eminent in the profession have worked diligently through the stench of the dissecting room and spent much useful time in the laboratories and clinic rooms, at the bedside of the sick and the suffering; the soldier who has won distinction for honor, endurance, and bravery, has most frequently suffered the tortures and privations of a Spartan—he is usually the one who has studied military science and tactics both theoretically and practically and had them so thoroughly drilled into him that they have become virtually a part of him. So it is in all the walks of life—a man is usually fitted to and adjusted in the position which his true worth to the world just entitles him, whether he be born in a mansion or a manger.

The supreme thought which I wish to bring home to us this evening is that the men who succeed are the men who "Do Things." They are the men who have the power of vivifying the latent energy of their being, and transforming it into use as a living and breathing kinetic force which pulsates and throbs for the accomplishment of great purposes which stand out in the lives of such men as a goal to be reached by efforts as strenuous as any on a football or a battle field.

I think much of this institution because it teaches the young men of the State how to "do things" of a practical nature. It gives them an idea, and at the same time it teaches how to put it into execution. When one goes through the State and sees the gullied hillsides and undrained swamps, parasitic vegetation, blighted fruit trees and wornout orchards, crippled horses and mules and sick cattle, the ignorance about the proportionate mixture of commercial fertilizers and their composition, the lack of knowledge about the adptability of different crops for different soils, the ignorance about what constitutes a balanced ration—a proper food to eat and a proper water to drink and a nightmare of a thousand and one wasted resources and undeveloped opportunities of every kind, and reflects that these conditions have a remedy in the teachings of Clemson College, he exclaims with great emphasis that Clemson is doing a great work!

When he looks over the various places of this State and notes the importance of civil, textile, electrical and mechanical engineering, and the association of these with the progress and wealth of this country; and considers that all these

are taught at Clemson, both theoretically and practically, he is forced to a still more emphatic exclamation that Clemson is doing a great work, and that she is an essential factor among the educational institutions of this country!

While speaking to you on the importance of Clemson, I would have you understand that I would not remove one stone from the pillar of any institution of learning in this country; for, in my opinion, every one is of the utmost importance for the educational development of the youth of the country. We need them all; so in your enthusiasm for the welfare of the institution with which you have cast your "would-be" educational career, be broad-minded enough to accept every school, college, and university of this country as the manifestation of the wisdom of a just people and a just Providence.

While mindful of the far-reaching effect of education in the uplifting of the individual subjected to its influence, we must not be unmindful of the fact that we owe a debt of lasting gratitude to those who have made such an education possible.

In view of this fact, I do not feel that my duty on this particular occasion shall have been performed until I shall have emphasized the truth, that we owe great honor to Thomas G. Clemson and a cherished honor to South Carolina on account of the existence of this institution.

A limited experience in life has taught me the honor of doing honor to whom honor is due or, at least, it seems to be a natural trend of events that mankind does eventually place the honor and credit of good deeds in the right place. This, my friends, is the evidence of history, and I believe that history is repeating itself when the graduates and students of this institution "do things" for the State and government which has so carefully guarded the college through

its incipiency and experimental stage to its present condition of full maturity and fruitful activity.

My appeal to you who are receiving that rare training in those technical branches which are so essential to the development of our untold resources is to "do things" for this section; for this Southland needs you, and at its present rate of progress and development she will soon be requesting your services. South Carolina will need you, and she has a first claim to the advantages of your technical knowledge; so when you have graduated from here, be prepared to go forth into the land of your fathers determined to give the first right to your services to your own State, and by so doing you will add honor and fame to the Palmetto flag, which has been borne so faithfully through more than two hundred years of unparalleled history.

This is a great State, and we have an eminent right to be proud of it—not only because it furnishes more than two centuries of the richest history of America, not only because it furnishes a record of many great men and women who have done deeds of greatness that will cause their names to be heralded down the corridors of time; but also because it is today rich with a land and a history and a people whose future possibilities are unlimited. In this connection, I would emphasize the thought that it is with the future that we are to deal and that the past is no good to us except in so far as it enables us to cope with the future.

However, I honor the past history of this State, and tell you that it is a priceless jewel, to be guarded and preserved by its sons and daughters forever from blot or stain as time continues to add new records to its deeds. I honor the great men and women who have spent their lives in doing things for the country in the struggles of the past, and tell you that their names, along with those of many of our own day and generation, should be forever perpetuated within

our memories in connection with their deeds of valor; but in our enthusiasm we should not forget that the best way to do honor to the past is to make the most of the present. We ourselves should "Do Things."

BACK HOME AGAIN.

Earl Stevens had lived all his life in the beautiful home which his father had reared on the banks of the gentle Edisto. His father was his most constant companion, and taught him how to use the gun, the oars, and fishing tackle. Earl's constant, strenuous exercise accounted for his well-developed limbs and muscles.

Although he was very fond of his sports and pastimes, he had a systematic schedule for studying and reading, which he seldom neglected for any reason. His father, having few worldly cares, was his tutor, as well as his physical director. His father, being a graduate of Oxford and a stern believer in his alma mater, was exceedingly anxious that his son should go there also, and win honors for himself. Hence, when Earl was only seventeen, entrance to Oxford had been secured for him.

August 20, 1690, was a melancholy day for Earl, when he felt the boat which was to carry him to England move slowly away from the harbor. His parents stood silently on the wharf until his form could no longer be outlined against the ship; and, as they turned away, the mother's eyes were dimmed with tears. Earl, however, had become somewhat intimate with Robert Hughes, the son of the ship's captain, and it did not seem quite so hard for him.

On the evening of the 22d, dark clouds commenced to bank up in the south, the wind was increasing every minute, and it was then that Earl began to wish to be on land. The storm increased as the night came on, and, when it had reached the height of its fury, it was difficult for one to retain his seat. The Caroline, for this was the name of the vessel, was thus tossed about for several hours, till much of her rigging was swept away; severely crippling the little vessel.

Thus crippled, the Caroline sailed slowly and helplessly along until late the next afternoon, when a much larger vessel came into view. A little later, every able-bodied inmate of the lame ship might have been seen hurrying to and fro with different implements of war, preparing for a bloody fight, for the newcomer was sailing under the black flag. Earl's heart was in his mouth, for this was the first real danger in which he had been. But, when the time for action came, his fears left him; and he fought bravely until he was knocked down by flying missiles. It was a hard, sickening fight; but the Caroline, being completely overpowered, and there being no further use of wasting the lives of its men, she submissively surrendered. The unfortunate ones of each vessel were thrown unceremoniously into the sea, and, had there not been a cry of fire, poor Earl would have gone, too; he was lying unconscious on the deck of the Caroline.

The few live men of the Caroline, and all its valuables, were transferred to the pirate ship, and then the veteran ship was sunk. The prisoners were placed in the hold of the victorious vessel, where they remained for several days, with little or no food. Then, too, there was no light and no fresh air. In short, the place was a veritable dungeon. In this filthy cell, Earl grew weak and faint from the inattention to his wounds, and would have died probably had it not been for the feeble cheer and sympathies of his companions.

The next time they saw light, was when they were brought out on deck that they might land. The first object to attract their attention was a little fortress, surrounded by several rude huts. A large, rough wall extended each way from the entrance as far as the eye could see. These sea-robbers were evidently old inhabitants of what was afterwards found to be a large island.

As the uncomfortable prisoners filed through the entrance, they saw slight signs of barbarism on all sides of them. Even the women looked filthy and uncouth. All the inhabitants of the island were crowded around to see what "luck" the sea rover had had, and Earl searched diligently that he might find a familiar face, but all his searching was in vain.

On the day after their arrival, all, save Earl and two others, were put at some kind of work. The three were totally unable; and, as if they could restore themselves to their usual health, but would not, they were ill-fed and treated roughly in every way.

As Earl and his companions lay helpless in their hut, their minds were very far from idle. They thought of almost every possible and impossible way of escape, even to the details that each should do. They thought of little but of their escape. It was finally agreed among them that on the first stormy night following they would make an attempt for freedom. In addition to the Caroline's men, about twenty other prisoners had been made acquainted with their plans, and accordingly prepared for the favorable hour.

Very nearly six weeks had elapsed without any indications of a storm, but, at last, a terrible-looking cloud, accompanied by wind, came flying across the heavens. All knew that this was the appointed hour for freedom or for death, but all preferred a watery grave, preceded by liberty, to a life in bondage, should either be necessary. When the storm was fairly on, about midnight, all the refugees were assembled just outside the wall, waiting for two of the best swimmers to return with the lifeboat. Little time was

consumed after the swimmers had returned; so, in a short while, two loads of human souls, flushed with joy and anxiety, were transferred from the island to the ship. Though no light was permitted, that the compass might be seen, the anchor was quietly hoisted and the sails spread. The boat moved along as if itself were filled with the same emotion as were the men. No one knew their direction; no one cared. They were moving away from hard masters. On the next day, no land was in sight; but the compass showed that they were not far from home.

* * * * * * * *

Several days later, Mrs. Stevens was awakened from her evening nap by the slamming of doors. She awoke in time to see Earl standing, almost out of breath, in the doorway of her bedroom. He hurried her out into the hall, where he had abruptly left Robert Hughes. Robert was received by her almost as if he had been Earl himself, for Earl had told her of the captain's death.

Both boys were exceedingly glad to be at home again; and, as proof positive, they never left their native shores again.

T. S. M., '11.

QQ.

A REAL GHOST.

It was on a cold, wet, and dreary February evening, in the year nineteen hundred and six, that Bill Jenkins, one of my father's customers, drove his old mule, Framer, up to the hitching-post in front of the store with more speed than this mule was ever known to exhibit before. The hour was about nine-thirty, and I was just taking in the sample goods from the front porch. I immediately abandoned my work and ran out to inquire into this unusual speed of Bill's mule. When I reached the wagon, there sat old Bill on the seat, his eyes almost bursting from his head. Although he was a

negro, his complexion was now almost white. I did not have this scene all to myself; for there were a number of boys attracted by the mule's speed through town, and they now came running up.

My first question was, "What on earth is the matter, Bill; has the 'Old Boy' been chasing you?" Bill only shook his head in the negative and said, "Lemme kech breaf'." We were all anxious to know what had caused the excitement of Bill and his mule. In a few moments, Bill's excitement passed away, under the influence of a bottle of "Fuss X."

The negro now led the way into the store, where he, in the manner peculiar to an old darky, told his story. "Marse Jim," speaking to my father, "I bin livin' in dis ole world a long time, but I ain't nebber seed anything befo' like I seed t'night. Yo' kno' way dat ole Advent church is down dere by Box Branch. Wel', me an ole Framer was a coming long dere in a mos' modiate walk, wen all of a suddin dat ole mule back he yers like he gwine lebe de co'ntry. I look up in a hurry, and wot yo' spose I seed? Right dere, no more den five feet away, was standin' a tall, grey-head man, dressed in wite. He look up at me and say, 'Where mus I take my tex from?' I ain't wait to tell him 'bout 'he tex; but I find one fo' me an' ole Framer-way, it say, 'shake de dus from yo' feet.' An', Marse Jim, we sho' stuck to de tex; kase yo' kno' it am 'bout four miles from year, an' we ain't lef' dere more den fifteen minits. I dis vear dat man yell, 'My tex, my tex,' as long as I was in yearin'; but I tell yo', Marse Jim, dat wan't long."

Father said, "Why, Bill, that was only some fellow playing a prank on you; or, perhaps, you saved back for this trip a little of the contents of that quart bottle you had Saturday."

"No, Marse Jim, yo' kno' ain't no boy gwine play a prank on dis ole nigger. Den yo' kno' I ain't had no licker; kase yo' kno' I ain't nebber keep a drop more dan a day. Yo' kno' if I had any, I ain't gwine give et to dat ole mule, an' he was de fus to get skered, an' he did all de runnin'. I ain't kno' wat dat an down dere, but somepin sho' hoppin, an' I want dese young uns to go vestigatin'."

There is little use to tell of our interest in Bill's story. In a few minutes there were five of us armed and ready to investigate Bill's "ghost story." The only thing lacking, now, was Bill and his mule. It seemed to be impossible to get old Bill to accompany us. Where words failed, we found something that worked, and in a few minutes he was in a state to see snakes rather than ghosts. In a very short time old Framer was going back towards the scene of excitement.

All of us tried ourselves in telling jokes to keep up the spirits of the crowd-old Bill didn't need any jokes. When we came near the church, though, it seemed that our supply of jokes was exhausted, and a stillness fell over the crowd that was only broken occasionally by the distant barking of a dog. Everyone was looking ahead, trying to penetrate the intense darkness. A cold, drizzling rain was falling. The scene, as we approached this old, out-of-the-way church that night about eleven o'clock was enough to make the stoutest of hearts falter. Old Framer seemed to walk slower and slower. One of the boys tried to urge him along with a hickory, but he didn't seem to have the spirit he came in town with a few hours before. We were now opposite a thicket of small oak trees and vines. All of a sudden the old mule's spirits were revived again; the wagon was wheeled around with such speed that we were all dumped out and half stunned. When we came to realize what had happened, we could hear very faintly down the

road an old negro's voice, yelling, "Go, yander, Framer, go yander. We'se got a tex', an' les' stick to 'em." In the direction of the church we could hear some one running, and crying out, "My text, my text is found where?" We lay there in the road, huddled as close as we could get for a minute or two. Presently one of the boys became so excited that he fired his gun. This seemed to bring courage to the crowd. Some of us wanted to continue the adventure, and some wanted to turn back. The majority decided to ferret out the mystery; therefore, we formed in line and marched towards the church. At the door we hesitated for a few moments, but hearing no noise, we pushed in. All of us, clinging to each other's coat-tails, marched about half-way up the aisle of this dilapidated old structure, and sat down on an old broken seat. We sat there for quite a while, not able to see our hands before our faces, waiting to see that dreaded ghost. Experience alone can describe the feelings of five boys, ranging in age from fourteen to seventeen, sitting in an old church that no human being had used for years, except for shelter in time of storm, about twelve o'clock on a cold, rainy, pitch-dark night in February, awaiting the appearance of a ghost.

Presently we heard some one walking steadily towards the pulpit. He came from a little room to the left and rear of the building. I don't know which we grasped the tighter, our firearms or each other. I know five boys never spent a few moments in any more dread than we spent these few. This figure, dressed in white, walked on up to the pulpit and, rapping on the old piece of stand, said, "My text, my text is found where?" One of the boys couldn't stay any longer. With such a yell as I never heard before or since, he bounced up and ran for the door. When he reached the door, he yelled, "Boys, I am taking my text with old Bill and old Framer." It took only a moment for

all of us to decide to do the same. We went out of the doors and windows, hollowing for all we were worth. It was my bad luck to jump out of a window near the rear of the church and get caught in a wire fence and some vines. When the boys got off a safe distance, they began shooting. I lay as close to the ground as I could for fear I would be shot—knowing with what steady nerves those boys were shooting. While I was in this position, I heard some one run down the rickety steps at the rear of the building. Upon looking up, I saw this white figure, not twenty feet away, running with all speed possible towards the fence. Suddenly I heard a splash, then stillness reigned supreme. I left this place somewhat as the old mule had a short time before.

* * * * * * * * *

I received the following letter some time ago: "Dear Ernest-No doubt you remember our "ghost chase" of three years ago. I have something to tell you about it. This fall that branch behind the old church went dry, and for curiosity some of us boys went there and examined the bed of the stream. What do you suppose? We found the skeleton of a man. From the condition of the bones, we judge that this skeleton has been there about three years. I would have written you sooner, but I was anxious to solve the whole mystery first. I think I have done this. I have found that there escaped from an insane asylum on the border of our sister State a crazy preacher, in the latter part of January, nineteen hundred and six. From all accounts, it seems that he acted very much as did our ghost of February, in the same year. It is needless to say that no bones seemed to have been shattered by bullets.

"Your friend,
"James."
N. E. Byrd, '10.

SPRING.

The wintry winds have ceased to blow,
The birds begin to sing;
A time is coming that we love,
The joyous time of Spring.

The ice has melted from the hills, The sleet and snow have fled; And now the plants are rising from Their cold, unpleasant bed.

The lover takes his lady, now,
Down by the river side;
Where he may ask the timid maid
If she will be his bride.

Ah! yes, the golden Spring is here, With all its beauty rare; And who can say that this is not The best time of the year?

C. P. R., '11.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. CLARK, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. SANDERS, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department
M. M. Roddey, '11 Cartoonist
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department

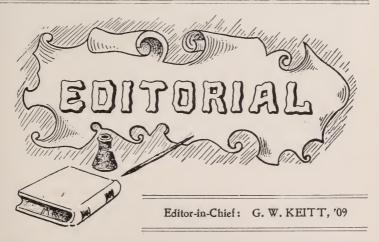
Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

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 inch, per year...\$5 00



Behold, kind reader, a Chronicle in which Cupid appears but a couple of times—then, after glancing furtively at the cold, unresponsive public, retires precipitately, dropping bow and quiver in his ignoble flight! It is our sincere hope that our earnest efforts toward restraining in our writers the

tendency to produce an unseemly amount of that which has to do with the "supreme passion" may be rewarded by the approbation of our readers and exchanges.

DID YOU ever prod people for a vocation, punch people for an avocation, write editorials for a recreation, and sigh in vain for a finished Chronicle? Then don't: it has a bad effect upon the temper.

Did you ever sit shivering by a big fire, writing about how glad you are to feel once more "the balmy zephyrs of spring," etc., hoping all the while for the next issue of your college publication to strike a pleasant spell of weather when it comes out, resting from your labors only long enough to heap more coal upon the fire? Really, it is almost as bad as trying to get in a Christmas mood about the first of December, or to attune one's voice to wails of anguish at leaving one's college, a month before the final exams, yet inwardly praying all the while for gumption enough to get through, and longing for the time to come. Thus, though we cannot foretell the fate which we shall meet at the hands of the weather bureau a month hence, and do not trust implicitly in almanacs, we do extend to each reader a most cordial greeting; if the weather be pleasant, we will enjoy it together, if notwe will beg to be excused in order to search for our rubber shoes and overcoat.

If there is any one thing that a man needs in order to be successful in college or in after life, if there is any one thing that a school or a state needs, if there is any one thing that any individual or group of indi
Energy. viduals needs preeminently, that thing is energy.

Education, it is true, is now essential to the highest success in life, but how many times has it been sadly shown that education, without energy is futile.

Religion, truly, is essential to civilization, but what would become of a religion of inactivity? Genius often seems to soar high above the plane of the ordinary mind, yet what is genius without energy? It is less, surely, than energy without genius. Was not Edison correct, after all, when he defined genius as, "Ten per cent. inspiration, and ninety per cent. perspiration?"

If this be true, let us by exercising the second and more generally available, though perhaps much neglected, factor of genius, seek to develop the rarer quality. Why not begin by preparing us a production for the next Chronicle? Although we do not guarantee to turn out as a full-fledged genius each contributor, we do say that any time spent in Chronicle work will not be time thrown away, and that by learning to write, to work and to think at school, you will be getting a true education, and paving the way to success in later life.



Editors:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. S.

A. M. SALLEY, '11

No college magazine, not even our own, ever is perfect. We all have our faults. But when our shortcomings have been pointed out to us, we can at least strive to overcome them in the future. To the exchange department belongs the thankless task of pointing out wherein a contemporary is deficient, and, at the same time, of expressing unstinted recognition of merit. No publication can be accurately judged until all that it contains has been weighed; and no criticism should be resented until all its points have been tested. The best answer to criticism is improvement.

Of the exchanges that we reviewed this month, the one which comes nearest to being perfect is *The Emory Phoenix*. We have read its stories, its poems, its essays, its editorials, its book reviews, its criticisms of exchanges, and some of its departments, and we find more to praise than to condemn. Nearly every bit of writing bears testimony to the fact that care and thought were expended in its preparation and expression. "A Centenary Appreciation" of Poe is no exception. At first glance, "The New Leading Lady" does not appear to be more than a rather well-written love story. But it is more than just a story. In a sense, it is a character study of the modern respectable actress. "The Negro: A Growing Problem," and "Architects of Destiny" are both essays that make us think; and

they lose nothing by being well written. Apropos of "The Second Plan": when we say "Georgia," we think of "negro" and "watermelon." It is evident that the author of the story just mentioned knows his province. His well-drawn characters tell us so. "Freshie-Man," written after the style of Mr. Kipling's Tonimy Atkins ditty, is bright, like some of the other verse; the embryo poet, at least, "ain't a bloomin' fool." "She Catches a Beau" in a novel way. The generous editorial department is mainly over to politics and Poe, upon both of which topics the editor has some clear-cut ideas. Of no mean significance is Dr. Roberts's appreciative estimate of "Arthur Brown of Emory." All the departments are well handled. While there is no dearth of matter in the "Phoenix," the small size of the type and the double column arrangement make the magazine appear unnecessarily thin.

There are three essays, one biographical sketch, and a descriptive account in the January Davidson College Magazine, but they are all good, so we cannot find it in our heart to wish they were not all there. Instead, we will wish that there were more stories. The poem, "A Message," smacks of truth. "The Material Versus the Spiritual" is what it purports to be: a first-prize essay. We are inclined to believe that the author is justifiable in his fear that America will share the fate of Rome and Carthage if she persists in her servile adoration of Bacchus and the almighty dollar. We are always glad to see the expression of a college man's opinions on "Why We Should Protect Our Forests." Too much cannot be said on this vital topic. The budding poet of "The Winter's Redemption" is indeed a child of the snows. In a thousand-word essay on "The Ideal In Life," the occurrence of the principal word of the subject twentyfive times might not be condemned, were it not for the fact that most of the ideals are "bunched." This—the third

essay between two covers—is perhaps the most deserving of the trio. "A Ballade of Brown Eyes" might appear to good advantage among the "light verse" of some of our Park Row contemporaries. "Vitus Bering" is an account—and an appreciation—of the services to science of the great, neglected Dane who explored the sea and strait which bear his name, and whose life was a search for truth. In "Cervantes," the story of the search for a certain magical compound, we have a unique situation, if the search is successful. "Maid's Mettle" is a clever alloy of verse and vivacity. "Lookout Mountain" tells of a region that has delighted the eyes of sages, soldiers, and princes with its incomparable scenic beauty. Unfortunately (fortunately for the exchanges, perhaps) our copy of the Magazine contained only one page of "Exchanges."

It remained for a son of far-away Mississippi to tell us, in the January number of The College Reflector, of the life of a "great and good soldier," a man cast in heroic mold, and native to our own sod-Stephen Dill Lee-who rose from the office of captain of volunteers to that of lieutenant-general in the course of the four years of warrose because he could not be kept down. Many a pampered, big-headed mamma's boy honors the State military school with his presence, but few are let down as easily as the hero in "The Change of Ideals." To one unfamiliar with its local interest, "Elder George in Politics" reads like the incoherent mutterings of one in a fever. "Stephen D. Lee as an Educator" is the history of the growth of the Mississippi Agricultural College. Professor Hull's address on the life of David Livingstone holds up to our view a man about whom the present generation knows little. The departments all give evidences of life

"A Reverie," in The Chatterbox, is too soon interrupted, as many reveries are. But in story-books we like to have the unbroken kind. "Are the Witches in Macbeth Subjective or Objective?" The author does not prove much about the identity of the Weird Sisters, but she does prove that she has given the great tragedy more than a passing glance. "With Apologies to Tennyson" would doubtless have made the grave nobleman smile reminiscently, as he recalled his college days. The people in "The Trials of Cupid" would make the little blind god exclaim, with Puck. "What fools these mortals be!" It is unfortunate that the heroine is one who cares "for nothing but to be on the go, and to have a good time." There is no way of learning by whom "Growth of Shakespeare's Art" was written; but one must needs be thoroughly familiar with everything from the pen of the great dramatist in order to trace his development thus. We do not mean to be sarcastic when we say that we were rather surprised at the rational stand taken by the author of the paragraph on "The Suffragettes." None of the departments covers more than three pages—the literary, of course, excepted.

The first title in the January Guilford Collegian is "The Pressing Need for Better Public Schools in the South," and the essay following it shows very clearly that the need is pressing. We are not altogether delighted by the poem, "Our Friends." The verse and the meter do not adapt themselves satisfactorily to serious themes like the one treated. "Adventures of 1861" might have had a more specific title; the one used, however, fits the story very well. From what our Northern friends would have us think, it would have been better to shoot the prisoner than to send him to Libby Prison. A few of the situations are well handled. "What Is Music?" makes no attempt to explain, but gives us an idea of the large part that

music plays in the lives of various peoples. Many of us would like to have a fun-loving mother like the one in "Love and a Masquerade," though we might not like to be the victim. The departments might be a little more bulky; only three exchanges are reviewed.

The Red and White for January is hardly up to its usual standard. "Ebenezer Jones and the Ghost" is original and entertaining enough; the installment of "A Short Story of George H. Corliss" is likewise entertaining and instructive to one interested in steam and its uses; and if a wellwritten essay is any index, "The Position of Poe in Our Literature" is secure. The essay on "Dynamic Forces in the South" is well supplied as to quantity, and is not altogether lacking in quality. The phrase, "dynamic forces," seems to have a peculiar attraction for the essayist. "The Three Decisions" has a passable plot, but the expression is rather crude in places. The author needs practice. A sentence from "Time and Its Uses" stays with us: "All great men have been economists of time." The few exchanges commented on seem to have been carefully reviewed.

It is with sincere regret that we find that we must skim through *The Concept*. The size is interesting, the appearance is interesting, the titles are interesting. We wanted to read "The Lure of the Untrod Trails" again; we were refreshed to find such a story as "The Picture" in the magazine of a woman's college; we liked "Mrs. Melton's Second Husband," because the first part of it is so grimly real, and the second part is so delightfully unusual. Four or five poems, two essays, and several short stories we were compelled to slight. The editorials and the exchanges both seem to be well cared for. Possibly a careful perusal of all that the magazine contains would disclose a few flaws;

but, if we let ourselves be governed by appearances, we must admit that *The Concept* is worthy of Converse.

The only February exchange on our table is The Georgian. It occurs to us that once before, when we reviewed The Georgian, we found it entirely acceptable. The February issue does not in the least tend to lower the standard. We were obliged to skim through this one, also; but the cream is so thick that we found no difficulty in discovering it. "The Flirt and the Man" is vivacious and generally well written. "The Lie of the Ancient Mariner" flows along so smoothly that we found it difficult to stop when we came to the end. Would it had been longer. In a carefully prepared essay, "Alexander Hamilton," we are told how this country was established on a firm financial basis by a brilliant young man whose life was snuffed out in its prime. There is some solid thought in "The Seasons." "Brer Rabbit Has a Christening" is the retelling of one of Grimm's fairy tales in the language of Uncle Remus. It is worthy of more than passing note. Joel Chandler Harris is gone from our midst; upon whom shall his mantle fall? There is an intelligent essay on the methods of "Judge Lindsay," the "Kid's Jedge" of Denver. The greater part of The Georgian is given over to the literary department. We cannot say that we should wish it otherwise.

The originality of "Does Democracy Suffice" in *The Newberry Stylus*, being born in the quietness of the author's own leisure, then transplanted in sunshine of expressive words, is the kind of brain food we enjoy digesting. Write us another essay just as good as that. We should be pleased to see a little more interest manifested in the Editorial and the Exchange Departments.

We are glad to welcome our new exchange, *The Alabama* Brenau Journal.

Palmetto.—"Swot's New Year" is one of the finest dialect stories which we have ever had the pleasure of reading in a college magazine. It is a touching, well-written, natural narration, and is almost equal to some of the articles which appear in the regular monthly magazines. "Crossed Wires" is rather original, and well-written. The dialogue it contains is very good. "Shifting Ideals of Chivalry" is a subject seldom written on, and we are pleased with the result of the author's efforts. It makes a good essay.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Orange and Blue, Furman Echo, The Journal, Maryville College Monthly, The Red and White, The College Reflector, The Limestone Star, Isaqueena, Newberry Stylus, Trinity Archive, The Mercerian, Emory Phoenix, The Wake Forest Student, The Mountaineer, Hendrix College Mirror, Charleston College Magazine, The Criterion, Winthrop College Journal, Wofford College Journal, The Carolinian, The Georgian, The Concept, The Gray Jacket, Ouachita Ripples, Guilford Collegian, Davidson College Magazine, The Acorn, The Chatterbox, The Lenoirian, The Palmetto, Southern Collegian, Peabody Record, Index, and the Alabama Brenau Journal.

CLIPPINGS.

"Sidewalk,
Banana peel;
Old gent,
Virginia reel."

The Editor's Lot.

He's troubled with dyspepsia,
His lot is hard indeed!
From always trying to digest,
The things he has to read.

Her Light o' Love.

"Let me be your light o' love,"

The lover fondly cried;

"To light you on life's lonely way,

A beacon true and tried."

"Yes," the maiden made reply,

"You may without a doubt;

For I mean to turn you down,

And father 'll put you out.

—Southwestern Magazine.

A Matter of Taste.

I met a goat and said to him,
"The question, pray, excuse;
Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews"

-Ex.

I'm in a 10 der mood, to-day & feel poetic, 2, 4 fun I'll just—off a line I send it off 2 U.

I'm sorry you've been 6 O long; Don't be disconsol 8; But bear your ills with 40 2d & they won't seem so gr 8.

"Nothing Doing."

Through all this world there's one refrain, I hear it o'er and o'er again,
On every side that one sad strain—
"Nothing doing."

I went to school to learn from books, I mused of mountains and of brooks, But teacher said, with sternest looks, "Nothing doing."

I went to town to look for work; I begged with many a servile smirk; The merchants answered with a jerk, "Nothing doing."

Then to my best girl's house I hied; I asked the lass to be my bride, But, looking in my face, she cried, "Nothing doing."

And then I fell a-sick and died;
To enter Heaven's gate I tried;
I asked to stay, but Pete replied,
"Nothing doing."

So down below I had to go
Where everything is not so slow,
Where, spite of every want and woe,
There's "Something doing."
—Mercerian.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been to jail."

What's in a Name?

I know a man whose face is long, He never laughs or sings a song— His name is Hope.

I know a man so grim and cross, For happiness he's at a loss— His name is Smiles.

I know a man who couldn't tell, What year it was that Carthage fell— His name is Wise.

I know a man who mops his brow, And says, "Good Lord, it's sizzling now"— His name is Snow.

I know a man who's always blue, No matter what he tries to do— His name is Brown.

I know a man who vows that he Will never, never, happy be—
His name is Bliss.

I know a man who's very high, And people praise him passing by— His name is Lowe.

I know a man who drags his feet, And seems too blooming tired to eat— His name is Swift.

-Ex.

If Eve had been afraid of snakes
As women are of mice,
We wouldn't have had to pull up stakes,
And move from Paradise.

Wish.

"When by your side I fondly sit,
And watch your skilful fingers flit
Over your doily as in love
With every stitch and every move,
My fondest wish would ever be,
That I were your embroidery.

Fulfillment.

Now she who once I long did woo
Has to me promised to be true,
And though my wife for three full years
My wish almost fulfilled appears;
For I'm her drawn-work, don't you see,
She spends and then she draws on me."

-Davidson College Magazine.

It's let to you to make the rime, Who shaves his head in winter time, In plainest terms, should he not pass Without a doubt for a Jack, O.?

This lad with closely shaven head, As night came on had donned his bed, At midnight hour, while sound asleep, He was awakened. Three ghosts did creep.

No hair could rise upon his head, He wore a ghostly crown instead, It was a crown of mingled hue— Iodine and inky blue.

-Orange and Blue.

Applied Mathematics.

"You must set this matter right; What time did the Sophomore leave, Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear, And his love for it was great; He took his leave and went away Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew.

"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

I noticed she was pretty,
I thought she smiled at me,
And after I had passed her
I turned my head to see.

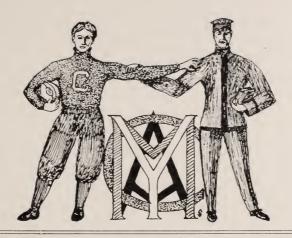
A piece of a banana peel
My careless foot beguiled;
I cracked a curbstone with my head
And then I know she smiled.

A certain fat lady in town,
Once squeezed in too small a gown
Alas! it soon busted,
And she grew disgusted;
And instead, now wears a black frown.

"How's we gwine to know fo' sartin, Brudder Ephram Henry Martin, Whether thar's a place in hebben Fo' de black folks, tell me, sah? I'se sho studied all de Bible; Studied like de berry debble; Read it thru' some seben er leben Times to find him mentioned tha': But wid all my 'vestigatin', Spiten all sophisticatin', I could neber find him giben Nary a word. It's singulah!" "But, sah, in yo' peroration Yo' oberlooked, sah, one relation. Thar is one, sah, to redeem us, Dat is brudder Nigger-demus."

-Ouachita Ripples.

"Dog-gone you, I hate you;
I wish you had died;
You told me you loved me—
Confound you, you lied."



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

Charlotte Conference.

The annual Interstate Y. M. C. A. Convention of North and South Carolina will be held at Charlotte, March 18-21, inclusive. The speakers will include prominent Y. M. C. A. men, as well as leaders in other fields. Every college in the Carolinas will be represented, and Clemson will, of course, send her share of men. Several men have already said they intended going. The rates will probably be one fare, plus fifty cents, for the round trip. Notices of the convention are posted in the halls, and every man should read them.

The Association has never been more flourishing than at present. There are three hundred members, and work on all lines is most encouraging.

At the last business meeting, the following officers for the new term were elected:

President—N. E. Byrd.

Vice-President-W. J. Marshall.

Treasurer—C. F. Inman.

Secretary—L. B. Altman.

May the new officers be as efficient as the old ones.

Mr. Arthur Speer's Talk.

On a recent Sunday evening, a large crowd had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Arthur Speer deliver an address on "Christian Service Among College Men." Mr. Speer is a graduate of Clemson, '05. He was president of the Y. M. C. A. during two years of its struggle for existence, and it is due to him, perhaps more than to any other, that the Association has reached its present standard. Mr. Speer not only lived a Christian life during his four years at Clemson; but, since leaving college, he has won for himself, among the men of his profession, the reputation of being a man of sterling honor and integrity. The four years at Clemson have given Mr. Speer a clear insight into college life in general, and especially at Clemson.

In his talk on Christian service among Clemson men, Mr. Speer pointed out some of the evils we are confronted by, and the importance of fighting them. He also pointed out to us the opportunities that we have for doing Christian service among our fellow students, and the necessity of being on our guard against besetting sins.

Those who attended the meeting received advice and inspiration that will be helpful to them during all their college career.

Mr. Speer is a great friend to all Clemson boys, and we welcome him at all times.

Means of Securing Attendance.

One of the most unusual sights is to see our "custodian" going around every Sunday night, visiting the absentees

from Bible Study. With a large paddle, which was donated to the Y. M. C. A., a fellow over six and a half feet high, goes to see the ones who were absent. While everything is taken good-naturedly by the delinquents, still they rather dread a visit from the "custodian." When the roll-books are handed in at the secretary's room, a list is made of all those absent without an excuse. This enables the secretary to keep a close account of every man, and induces the men to attend the Bible classes regularly.

Another way of creating interest in Bible Study is to have little social spreads every now and then. Sometimes a sum of money is collected from each man, and after the lesson is over, the fellows have a good time. Then, again, the leader, or some one of the class, provides something as a surprise to the others. Don't make this a main feature of the class, but use it only as a means of stimulating interest and securing better attendance. A man of tact and earnestness can lead any kind of men in a Bible class. If the fellows know you are interested in them and you visit them, from time to time, you will not have any trouble in getting attendance.

The professors and residents on the hill deserve praise for what they are doing for the classes. Some homes invite a class every few weeks. The boys truly appreciate these invitations, and they feel that they must do better work. There are other methods probably used effectively in other schools, and we would be glad to try them in our own.

To Fellow-Editors.

What do you consider that a college magazine should contain in the Y. M. C. A. department? I have noticed that some editors give only the news and happenings of the Associations. There are many things that would be of

interest to other members and to other schools. As it is, too frequently, the Y. M. C. A. department is considered a space filler, a useless necessity, and interesting to only secretaries and the old folks at home. The editors of the magazines discuss various problems of the school, and some make their articles interesting. Why can not the Y. M. C. A. editors discuss the problems of the Association, and make their department as interesting as the others?

Again, when one sees an article on an interesting topic relating to Association work, let him put it in print for the benefit of others. Some school may have difficulties in one line, whereas, another school has found an efficient remedy. The Association should stand for help to those who need, and thus each institution should help others. I should be glad to have other editors express their opinions.

Two of the recent lectures had their keynote in the thought, "Now, while in school, is the best time for being of service to a fellow-man." As one seriously thinks about this, he realizes what is possible for him to do. Again and again, we ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and the answer comes back always, "Yes." Every man can think of another whom he can help, whom he ought to help. It is not only an opportunity, it is a duty that every man has. Can you neglect it?

The Policy of the Missionary Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of Clemson College for the Session of 1908-9.

I. OBJECT.

It shall be the object of this Department to create and strengthen among our students an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the less favored classes and nations of the world, in order to promote their speedy betterment and evangelization.

II. COURSE.

We shall have one course of study: "The New Era in the Philippines."

III. LEADERS.

The leaders of Mission classes shall meet once each week in normal classes.

IV. Provisions for the Leaders.

It shall be the duty of this Committee to see that each leader keeps a record of his class attendance, promptly reporting same each week to the Secretary of this Committee.

V. ENROLLMENT OF MEMBERS.

We shall enroll one hundred and fifty members, ten men to each class.

VI. OVERSIGHT.

It shall be the duty of each class leader, when he meets with any difficulty in his class, to report same to this Committee, and it shall be the duty of this Committee to give the leaders all the help and encouragement possible. VII. We shall secure 50 volumes for the Missionary Library.

VIII. CORRESPONDENCE,

- (a) We shall correspond and exchange policies with the Missionary Committees of other institutions.
- (b) We shall correspond with at least six of the leading Missionary Boards.
- (c) We shall keep in close correspondence with the Student Volunteer Movement.

IX. MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

This Committee shall secure a speaker and arrange a program for one of the regular Sunday evening meetings of each month, and shall also have charge of one Wednesday evening prayer meeting each month.

X. GIVING.

We shall give \$300.00 to the support of our representative in China, Mr. Charles Luther Boynton.

XI. RELATION TO THE VOLUNTEER BAND.

This Committee shall co-operate with the Volunteer Band in its endeavor to secure eight men for the volunteer service of our Lord and Master.

XII. COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

The Committee shall have a stated time of meeting once each month, and it shall be at all times subject to the call of the Chairman.

XIII. PRAYER.

The members of this Committee shall pray daily for the success of the missionary enterprise in this College and throughout the world.

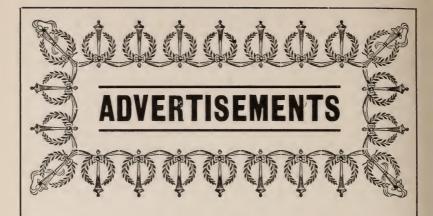
The above has been adopted as the policy for this year. While some of the standards are very high, at present it seems that even the highest will be reached. In fact the number to be enrolled has already been exceeded. There are 175 men now taking mission study.

The sum for the support of Mr. Boynton is higher than usual, but there is more interest this year than ever before. Many of the students know Mr. Boynton personally, as he visited Clemson just before leaving for the foreign fields. Last year over two hundred dollars were raised, and it seems reasonable that this year three hundred can be raised.

The committee is working in earnest and we believe it will reach its greatest expectation.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station-J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. C. Pridmore, President; C. Innman, Secretary.
- Columbia Literary Society-A. L. Harris, President, H. S. Johnson, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—E. H. Shuler, President; S. E. Evans, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas W. Keitt, Superintendent; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association-J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Biological Club—C. N. Shattuck, President; A. F. Conradi, 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-S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Tteam-F. Fleming, Captain; J. C. Pridmore, Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association— , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger-O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers



JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT—	PACE.
Off to Manila	397
A Modern Martyr	405
What Counts	411
The Lost Car	411
Debate	416
The Surprise Party	430
Education in South Carolina	434
"When Rathood Was in Flower"	439
The School-Ma'am	440
My Queen	445
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	447
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	450
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT	456
College Directory	460

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1909.

No. 7



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

OFF TO MANILA.

At one o'clock, Friday, September 25, 1908, we sailed from San Francisco on the good ship "Tenyo Maru," flagship of the "Toyo

Kisen" Kaisha (Oriental Steamship Co.). As fellow-passengers, we had with us the Chamber of Commerce from the Pacific Coast; and, as the ship was getting ready to sail, crowds of people from 'Frisco came down to the docks to bid them "bon voyage" to Japan.

With the bands playing "Dixie" and "The Star Spangled Banner," and the thousands of people along the docks yelling and waving flags and throwing flowers to us, we sailed from pier 42; and, about an hour later, steamed through "The Golden Gate."

Just as the last dim outlines of the "Good Old U. S. A." were sinking 'neath the western horizon, all the passengers that were NOT seasick (I was) were lined along the upper after-deck, watching "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" sink under the blue waters of the broad Pacific. About two-thirds of the passenger were so awfully seasick that they just wanted to die. At breakfast, next morning, there were only about ten present. Being seasick makes you feel worse than flunking on "History."

After getting over our seasickness, we played all kinds of games and danced on shipboard. Also, we had lectures on Japan and other countries, by such men as Dr. Roberts, the author of "Sunrise and the Sunrise Kingdom," and Prof. Robert Fulton, of Ohio Wesleyan University.

On reaching the tropical seas, it certainly was a fine experience to sit on deck, in a comfortable deck-chair, with a manila cigar, and watch the whales swim around the ship, while a Japanese servant used the fan.

On Friday, October 2d, we arrived at Honolulu, the one resting place in the long westward flight. We were then 2,100 miles from the United States, in the midst of the tropical seas. As we came into the harbor, seventy-five or a hundred native boys swam out to meet us, and would

dive for the coins that were thrown overboard by the passengers. These boys would sometimes go down fifty feet, but would always get the money.

Honolulu is a regular paradise—everywhere you see long avenues of stately, royal palms, and flowers of all descriptions galore. It is a veritable garden in the midst of the deep. You find ragged peaks rising over four thousand feet; also, the great sugar plantations that furnish the wealth of the island. Here are interesting volcanoes, now extinct, but picturesque. Under the tropical verdure, we drove to a great many of the famous viewpoints. Among them were: Punch Bowl Hill, where we got a magnificent panorama of the city, harbor and plantations; the Bishop's Museum, in which we found curios from all over the islands; the new aquarium, with its fascinating and unique specimens of tropical sea life.

A further voyage of ten days took us northward into the temperate zone. As we crossed the 180th meridian we had the unique experience of being Rip Van Winkles for twenty-four hours. One day was left vacant in our diary. We went to bed Sunday night (October 11th) and woke up Tuesday morning (October 13th).

On the morning of October 15th, we sailed into Yokohama, the principal port of Japan. This is the port into which Commodore Perry sailed in 1854. It is situated on the Bay of Tokyo, on the western side of the Gulf of Yeddo, and is connected with Tokyo, the capital city, about eighteen miles distant, by a line of railway.

From the first glimpse, Japan is a land of beauty. On clear days the snow-capped summit of the graceful Fujiyama, a volcanic mountain, 12,365 feet high, may be clearly seen, though seventy-five miles away. The Japanese hold the mountain in high honor, because of the lore associated

with it. A Japanese poet speaks of it as "Great Fujiyama, towering to the sky."

As the ship dropped anchor, swarms of natives came out to meet us in their funny little boats, or sampans. On these boats, whole families live and die. The boats are about twenty feet long and about four feet wide, and are propelled by a long, crooked oar attached to the stern. Quite a number of our passengers went ashore in these boats, but they didn't look good to me; so I took the company's launch. In ten minutes, I was in Yokohama, with its teahouses, gardens, and jinrikishas, the Liverpool of the "Rising Sun."

As I stepped ashore, four or five jinrikisha men "grabbed" me and commenced chattering that foolish language of theirs, and each one tried to make me believe he was the fleetest man and had the best jinrikisha. Finally, a big Jap got me into his jinrikisha, and off he carried me. I spent a day seeing the numerous sights in Yokohama. I visited the mortuary temples and the temple of a "Hundred Gods." I had to pull off my shoes before the priest would let me enter. While in the temple, I saw a "sinner" come in to make his confession. He fell down before the ugliest "god" I ever saw, and began knocking his head on the floor and started a chant that reminded me of a "rat" at Clemson singing U. S. History to the tune of "I Got Mine." This fellow would write his sins on a piece of paper and chew it, and would then throw it at the face of the god, and if it "stuck" his sins were forgiven. (His "stuck.") It was something like throwing "spit-balls" in a country school. The priest wanted me to do the sinner's stunt, but not any for mine. I could hardly keep from laughing at the old fellow. Next day, we took a trip up to Tokyo, on the Imperial railroad. The Japanese railroads are very small. An American car would make four or five Jap cars. They have first, second and third class cars; the only difference between the first and third class is the price. You are locked in the car until you reach your destination, and, when you pass out, they take your ticket. As we arrived at the station in Tokyo, we heard very queer noises, and, on looking out of the car window, found the noise came from the wooden shoes, worn by the Japs, hitting on the pavement.

No city in the East surpasses Tokyo in charm and artistic distinction. Beauty and cleanliness are everywhere; art and use go hand in hand. And the gardens—there are no gardeners like the Japanese (except Professor Harper), who have taught century-old trees to dwarf themselves to the height of a few feet, and who have wooed the chrysanthemum until it has attained its ultimate perfection. We saw Japan in the chrysanthemum season, and no lovelier sight will ever greet mortal eyes.

We made jinrikisha excursions to the temples of Sheba and Asakura, and, at night, rode through endless rows of shops and booths, which the lanterns and torches transformed into a weird fairyland.

In Tokyo, I realized for the first time that I was away from the States. I got on a street car and wanted to go to the depot, but the conductor didn't "savvy." I began to get mad (all Americans do when a foreigner doesn't understand him), but a Japanese lieutenant came to the rescue. He screwed up his little "cat face" and started in to "make a monkey" of the conductor. Now, you should have heard that conductor making apologies to "the honorable (?) Americano." He made me "43" bows.

After leaving Yokohama, we made calls at Kobe and Nagasaki, and saw the sights there. From Kobe to Nagasaki we sailed through the Inland Sea of Japan, one of the most picturesque stretches of waterway in the whole world,

where the great steamer plowed through a still fjord, past troops of square-sailed junks, clusters of villages and miles of forest, from which peep castles and temples, and above which tower the sharp-cut peaks of the enclosing range. On leaving Nagasaki, our last stop in Japan, we sailed from "the picturesque Venice of Nippon" and struck across the Yellow Sea to the Celestial Kingdom.

Shanghai was our first glimpse of China. Sailing up the river, through lumbering junks, with their barbaric crews, past high-walled villages on the river banks, we reached the busy center of European trade, sometimes called the "Paris of the Orient." Here we spent a day viewing the city walls, the swarming seven-foot streets, the crooked bridges, and the strange sights along the Bubbling Well road. Also, we visited the Chinese temples and saw the Chinese at worship. The temples were jammed with all kinds of "gods." They had a god for each sin, and since the Chinks commit "more sins than any other people," you know they had quite a number. Thence we passed to Hong Kong, a British city, that looks as if it had slipped down the mountains to the sea. Here, again, we found our interest in the motley throngs that swarmed the streets, the mixture of races from the four quarters of the earth (even "Old Shack Shealey," a Clemson alumnus, was there), and in the evidence of British enterprise which has transformed a barren island into a luxuriant garden. One day was given to visit Canton, the most typical Chinese city that tourists generally see. There, you find the old walls, in which you see the guillotine with which thousands of Chinese pirates are killed yearly. Also, we saw its three million inhabitants, which live not only on land, but on thousands of boats that fringe the river and the network of creeks throughout the city. Thousands of Chinese have no other home but these floating huts.

At Hong Kong, we transhipped from the "Tenyo Maru" to the "Zafico," a very small boat, as compared with the former.

A typhoon struck us the second night out from Hong Kong, and I tell you, it was something fierce. The ship would nearly stand on its ends, and would roll and wallow like a pig. The waves were nearly forty feet high, and on striking the ship, would go clean over, carrying everything that was not fastened. It is pretty hard to describe a storm at sea, because you are so scared that you hardly can think. I surely thought of everything "bad" that I had ever done. One lady said she was not going back to the States until they built a railroad across the ocean. Of course, we all thought that it was terrible; but the captain said it was merely a little wind. I surely would hate to strike a storm, if the one we struck was only wind! Just think of the waves going clean over the ship, and you not being able to remain in one place more than one-sixteenth of a second! The wind lasted until about 4 o'clock in the morning, and, at 6 o'clock, the sea was calm as could be; but all of us certainly were seasick and frightened nearly to death, but the captain only smiled and said he had experienced several "sure-enough" typhoons.

Six o'clock, Tuesday morning, October 27, 1908, we sighted Corregidor island, standing like a grim sentinel guarding the narrow entrance to Manila Bay. The ship plowed steadily past this island into the bay, and after steaming thirty miles through its blue waters, it dropped anchor behind the newly-built breakwater in front of the Luneta.

The trip up the bay introduces some interesting sights. The Bataan Mountains loom up on the left, forming a gigantic barrier between the bay and the sea, and to the right, low-lying is the naval town of Cavite. It was in and

about these waters that on May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey and his fleet introduced the United States on the Oriental stage, where for years to come it will play a leading part in the great drama of the Far East. "You may fire when ready, Gridley," was the order which for all time shattered the hopes of Spain for Oriental power, and with the sinking of her warships a rule of more than three hundred years passed away.

Continuing up the bay, Manila is brought into closer view, and the domes and towers of the tree-embowered city contrast their subdued colors with the vivid green of luxuriant tropical foliage. The first view is charming, and as the picture unfolds to the eye, disclosing vistas of tree-shaded drives, walls and buildings mediaeval in architecture, a harbor crowded with shipping, and the swarms of harbor and river craft, with their motley, picturesque crews, "The Pearl of the Orient" seems to be a name justly applied to the capital of America's new possessions.

Manila is the most interesting city in the Orient. Within its moss-covered walls, heavy with the scars of centuries, are contained a priceless collection of objects of high historic value, beautiful shrines, and age-defying temples—things which the tourist in his search for the strangelynew, strangely-old, will discover in no other part of the world.

Manila is a city of contrast. It is of the East, yet the young and vigorous West seems to have discovered in it a country in which great changes are to be wrought. The American found conditions of "Long ago in old Madrid," and the quietness and dreaminess of the old town made him uneasy. Today the hustle of New York and Chicago are to be found contrasting strangely with the slow, sleepy existence of the Old World. Electric cars rush through the streets that for centuries had been traversed by no swifter

traffic that the slow, ambling caraboa, or the jogging native pony. It is the old and new, hand in hand.

The descendants of the first conquerors and discoverers have been superseded by another race,—their children, in a way, inasmuch as through an adopted child, Columbus, the land from which the new race came was discovered. And this mixture of the West with the East lends to the place a charm indefinable.

SAM H. SHERARD, '08, Manila, P. I.

A MODERN MARTYR.

The twins lived in New York. They were well known both in and out of the neighborhood, for two reasons. The first, and most peculiar of these, was the fact that their absolute similarity was wonderful, even for twins; and the second reason would have brought both fame, even barring the other one. This was their exceptional and noted beauty. Is it any wonder that, with a combination of these qualities, they were well known?

The public's knowledge ended with their appearance, however. The inquisitive public did not know, or care, that, in financial matters, the twins were getting down to a point where mushrooms every day for dinner was a luxury to be dispensed with. Their beloved father had, on his departure for another, and presumably, better world, left his widow and daughters a snug little sum of money; but, well, "money makes the mare go," and in this case the "mare" went—needless to say, the money went, too.

"Do you know," asked Grace, the younger by some twenty minutes, of her sister one morning, when the trio was assembled at their morning meal, "Do you know that Jack Creston has never seen you? He told me the other day that he knew the tales of our identical appearance were exaggerated—why, what's the matter with you—"

"Oh, dear, what a joke," laughed the other; "he called here for you the other afternoon, and I entertained him for an entire hour, and he insisted on dubbing me Miss Grace the whole time. Oh! what a joke!"

"Girls," broke in their mother, seriously, "have you ever stopped to realize that if something is not done in the near future you will both have to drop society altogether? There's that same young Creston; Gracie, why don't you marry him—he's a millionaire and considered quite a catch."

"I had been thinking of that," returned her daughter, demurely.

The elder daughter had now turned suddenly red.

"I do hate to hear you go on like that," she said, heatedly; "Jack—he's calling you by your first name now, you know—"

"What!"

"Oh, yes!" easily, "I gave him permission the other day."

"Thanks!" returned the other, sarcastically.

"Well, I do hate to hear you and mamma talking so of a young man. If anyone is going to martyrize themselves," heroically, "why, I'll do it!"

Gracie looked at her sister quizzically.

"Let mamma decide," she said. Mamma, well pleased, decided that it was "up to" Gracie.

* * * * * * * * *

Six months have passed.

Again we see the little family assembled around the diminutive table. On the face of Grace, the self-styled "martyr," there sits a look of patient resignation.

"Has he proposed yet?" This from Margie, the elder.

"Naw," slangily, "but it's coming sure this afternoon.

He's got a date to go walking with me in the park, and I'm just as sure that he's got designs on my innocent and unsuspecting person, as I am that—that—;" she paused thoughtfully, for a proper simile,—"as I am that I'm spilling this orange juice all over my dress right now."

"Oh, Grace! You ought to be ashamed," wailed her mother. "Your new dress, too;" then, turning to the maid, who stood in the doorway—"Well, Marie, what is it?"

"Note for Madamoiselle Grace, madame," replied the demure and bewitchingly pretty French maid—an importation of "better days."

"For me!" exclaimed the girl—"Oh! maybe its from Jack!" Then, taking the envelope and inspecting it, her smile changed to a frown. "Oh, pshaw! just a note from that horrid dressmaker telling me that if I don't come this afternoon I can't have my new gown fitted for two weeks, and I just can't go, that's all—"

"Why?"

"Oh, you silly! Haven't I just told you that Jack was going to propose—and—well!"

Margaret was beaming.

"I've got an idea!" she burst out.

"You'd better keep it then," returned her sister, crossly, "they're rare!"

"Grace," came from the benign mother, reprovingly.

"Well, dearie, what is it?" asked Grace, somewhat abashed; "let's hear it, won't you," she coaxed, as she arose and, walking around the table, gave Margie a sisterly and conciliatory kiss.

"It's just this," explained the mollified recipient of the kiss. "Jack—er—a— Mr. Creston, can't, to save his life, tell us apart. I'll go with him this afternoon and you can go to your dressmaker—"

"Oh, you little darling!" from her sister, while mamma beamed proudly as she thought of her daughter's ingenuity.

"And," continued the other, in no whit pleased by the interruption, "he'll propose and I'll accept him."

Well, as the old phrase has it—"To make a long story short," the plan was arranged, and while her sister gayly motored to her dressmaker's establishment, Margaret, somewhat excited and flustered, made ready for her fiancee—for-an-hour-to-be.

Precisely at the appointed hour, the exemplary young man made his appearance. He steadfastly refused the maid's invitation to enter, but awaited his affinity on the steps. After keeping the young cavalier waiting for a few minutes, Margaret sailed down the steps and met him in the entry. She had spared no pains to enhance nature's liberal gifts, and the picture she presented to the love-sick young man caused his heart to sink to his new and ultra-fashionable boots, in dread and fear of failure.

Off they started; a pretty pair they made. He guided her to the park, and then skilfully to a sheltered and obscure summerhouse, overrun with ivy. A regular lover's Elysian.

Oh, well! Let us not go into the details of the scene. It has been enacted thousands of times and places for our especial benefit; but as, five minutes later, she nestled in his strong arms, she wondered why it had not been her lot to be the martyr. *She* wouldn't have minded it—much, at least, not in this case.

"Darling," he was murmuring, gently, "Gracie, dear—you have made me very happy."

"Have I?" naively.

"Yes, dear, bewilderingly happy," he replied, ardently. "There is only one thing more in this world that I have to wish for—"

"And that is-?"

"That you name the date of our—our—marriage."

The girl blushed rosily. She was undeniably a little conscience-stricken at the part she was playing.

Why—why, that can be whenever you wish—dear," she said, coyly;—there was a trace of the coquette in her.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded.

"Why, yes!" surprised, and, as an afterthought, "and the sooner the better."

"I'll take you at your word," he muttered softly, and with a grim smile he left her standing there—alone—his fiancee of a few minutes, and ran—ran from the park out onto Fifth Avenue, where his completely confused companion heard him excitedly call—

"Cabby! O-o-oh Cabby! Here! Right over this way! Just wait here a second."

He returned to the puzzled girl;—no idea of his plan had crossed her usually active mind.

"Come, darling," he said tenderly, taking her hand in his; "come with me."

"Where to?" she asked, in a partly-scared, partly-trusting manner.

"Come!" he said imperatively; then, in a gentle tone, "You'll-soon know where."

He put her in the cab, and then, turning to the grinning driver—

"Reverend Joseph Kipp's, Number —, West, Seventy-second, and drive like ——"

"I savvy, boss," winked the Jehu.

He entered the cab, where he found "Gracie" almost hysterical.

"Don't," she implored, frantically, "Don't—not—not yet. I—I—Oh, please—don't—" He placed his hand softly over her pretty mouth, effectually silencing her protests.

The driver followed young Creston's directions as to his rate of travel on this particular trip, and, in less time than it takes to write it, they arrived at their destination.

Jack threw triple his fare to the now-adoring cabman—"Wait a few minutes," he ordered tersely.

Cabby waited, and again took as "fares" the same two—or now *one*—for they had, in that short time become Mr. and Mrs. Creston. Yes—Mrs. Creston, nee *Grace* Barden.

They drove to the bride's home.

"Wait a few minutes," she begged prettily, "while I go in and 'break the news to mother'—and sister," she added, to herself.

"Well?" queried Grace, as she entered the room, "did he propose?"

"Yes!"

"And of course you accepted him!"

"Oh, yes! I accepted him," with a reminiscent look on her face; "yes, I accepted him all right!"

"Well—what else?" impatiently.

"Oh! what else? Nothing much, but it's all *your* fault, anyhow," she burst out suddenly in self-exoneration; "you *made* me do it!"

"Do WHAT!"

"Why—why—marry him, of course: What did you—?" Mother and daughter were stunned.

"Wh-a-a-a-at!" from Grace. "W-H-A-T!" from her mother.

"Yes, I did," she stamped. "And look here, Grace, we've just got to change names."

Grace looked at her sister in a relieved and quizzical manner. She spoke to her mother, smiling.

"Bring in your husband —— Gracie," she said, "We'd like to meet him."

O. R. Cohen, '11.

WHAT COUNTS.

"Kind Fairy," said he, with a look forlorn, "Why is it so, that on each day
My worthy gifts she spurns with scorn?
What else does love ask me to pay?"

"The gifts you give," replied the elf,
"Come not from toil, nor from the heart:
Go work and give what's for thyself,
And love will do her part."

A. McD., '10.

THE LOST CAR.

The day had been depressingly hot; and business, for me at least, almost at a standstill. So, having completed a canvass of the town, and having eaten such a dinner as the one hotel afforded, I was still possessed of a weary stretch of some three or four hours before the arrival of the next train. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, that I found myself seated at a little round table, absorbing what the oily-haired clerk had facetiously designated as an "eggflap," in company with my old friend from—well, if there was any particular spot where he could hail from, I haven't found it out yet. If questioned about his home, he would reply that he came from everywhere and nowhere; and, if there was a country on the face of the globe that he hadn't visited, he wouldn't admit it. A man in the world and of it, a traveler in every clime, devoted to the interest of his employer, whoever he might be at the time, he could be scrupulously honest or flagrantly dishonest, as circumstances called for. Full to the brim, as he was, with wanderlust, his life had been one wild scramble, and I was no more surprised to see that his clothes were threadbare and patched and that he was "down on his uppers," generally, than I

had been, the last time I had seen him, to find him apparently rolling in wealth. Now, as he sat and tinkled the ice against his glass, and smiled at me in his old way, I was thankfully aware that the hours before me would no longer have leaden feet. To my inquiry as to what he was doing at present, he answered "nothing;" and to further questions as to his recent occupations, he shrugged his shoulders and grunted "railroadin"." Evidently, the occupation did not appeal to him. Upon being pressed further, however, he consented to have his glass a second time filled, and to tell me his troubles after this fashion:

"I guess you are surprised to hear that I have been workin' on the road. I'm sort of surprised myself, because you know how I don't love to work; but it happened like this: I was up in Connecticut, selling a sort of a combination tool that did everything, and was trying to separate the vulgar herd from a little of the filthy lucre; but it is surprising how tight those people hang on to their wad. Things didn't come my way at all. Well, just about the time I was going to disgrace myself by asking some one for a job, I meets up with a fellow, Hennessy, who said he was hunting for a good-looking young gent, with lots of go, that wasn't scared of getting into soak, provided he'd bail him out. Of course, this was me; so I tells him that, while I'd rather be outside, looking in, I had been known to be inside, looking out; and if it was anything short of robbing the mail, or making unleavened dough, I was his man. So, as my Sunday-school teacher used to say, he 'proceeded to elucidate.' Hennessy had some kind of a saw-mill, or cotton-gin, or some kind of a factory, down South, somewhere, I forget just now. Anyway he had an ambition to get hisself well thought of in the town, so he could work some little political tricks—he wanted to get all his poor relations a job, I guess. So, to make hisself popular around

them diggin's, don't you understand, he gets up some kind of an automobile race and offers a big purse for the winner, knowin' all the time nobody around there had a machine that could come up with his big car he'd just bought, and which he was going to enter under somebody else's name to win his own money back. You see, as he lived in Connecticut most of the time, and left his machine up there, he wasn't counting much on anybody finding out it was his car. Mighty slick trick it was, but I guess he talked around too Anyway, there was another fellow got wind of it that didn't have much use for Hennessy. Regular moneyhog he was, and he had a peach of a buzz-wagon he'd got in from France; so what does he do but packs it in a boxcar and starts it off to scoop up Hennessy's prize. Now, that's where I come in. I was to follow it up and contrive to knock it over the head with a lead-pipe, or put it out of business, somehow, between then and the time the race was to come off, which I agreed to do-for a slight consideration, of course. So I gathers in my partner, Jimmy Holton—you know Jimmy? Bird, ain't he?

"Well, freight moves slowly most of the time, and we didn't have much trouble tracking her down. We found her joggin' along, contented like, over in Maryland, and then the fun started. Well, sir, you wouldn't believe all the things that happened to that old box-car. I ain't going to tell you, because you wouldn't believe it—besides, I ain't got time—but twice we had it all fixed, when she was side-tracked, to break her open and steal the auto out; but something happened both times to keep us off. So we quit that game. It was too risky. I ain't going to get pulled for swiping a \$4,000 auto, just for the fun of it. Well, things went along that way, with us joggin' along behind it till we got down in North Carolina, and it looked as if we never was going to get rid of it. Then Jimmy and I got tired of

doing the looking-on act, so we forsook the paths of the idle rich and went to work-railroadin'. They was awful short of hands along about that time, for some reason; so when Jim and I swung on somewhere up in the mountains, and said we was willing to work our way for a lift farther south, they was glad to get us. Well, Jim had been here before, and knew all the country. He said he had a scheme, and he told me all about it one night, sitting on top of the caboose, when we'd got stalled trying to get up a grade, and was waitin' for the engineer to get through cussin' and make another try. So, at the next stop, Jim lights out and takes the passenger for a good way down the road, where there used to be a gold mine; but, as the pay streak had run out, it had been abandoned some years. Now, there was a switch running off down to the mine, which had been spiked down, and which Jim had gone up ahead to loosen up. Just before you got to the switch, the track ran up on a pretty high bank, through a good-sized pond, and as it was a rather steep down-grade, and a sharp curve at the end, the engineer always slowed down, time they hit the grade, and that's what Jim and I was countin' on.

"Everything worked like a charm. It rained like thunder, and pretty dark, too, and there wasn't but two of us besides the engineer and fireman—that's all right, I ain't no railroadin' man. I don't know how many they always have—there wasn't but two this time—and I got a bottle of booze up in the engine, and give the engineer and fireman some. Then I got the other fool up in there and went back on top of that car to look for landmarks, like Jim told me about. Pretty soon we hit the grade and started to slow up—the engineer had that much sense left anyway. Then I started to work. I uncoupled that car on the front end and brakes her up a little. Pretty soon we begins to drop behind, then I uncouples her from the back, and brakes up the rear sec-

tion; and there we was, strung out in two sections, with this thing in the middle,—and them geezers up in the cab never noticed it.

"You see, our idea was to make what you call a flying switch and run her down to the mine to get away with the auto. Then, when they discovered that the train was busted in the middle, they would think it just come loose, and maybe wouldn't miss the odd car until next mornin'. Anyway by that time we'd have time to get away.

"Just as soon as the front section gets past him, Jim throws over to sidetrack to her, with me hanging on to the last section, ready to jump off and dissolve into the woods. Now, here comes the funny part. The front wheels took the switch all right, and she started to come around, but, when the rear wheels hit it, off they jumps like a scared rabbit out of a bunch of grass. Then she bumps along on the ties for a minute or so, and sorter wags her tail like, and, just as if Jim had kicked her in the side, down the bank she rolls like a greased streak, and ker-chunk! There she was, in the water. Jimmy throws the switch back over like lightning and leaves out for the tall timbers. Me on my section comes bumping along all right, fixing to drop off, too; but it wasn't a nice place to leak, right then, and I hangs on for a good chance. Then, just as I was going to turn loose, I gets hit by the biggest idea I ever had, I reckon; and I climbs back on top of those old side-door pullmans and takes off the brakes, and pretty soon we begins to catch up with the front end of things. Then, after a while, we gives them a gentle little bump—me regulating the brakes so as not to hit 'em too hard—and couples 'em up all right. There we was, and them pumpkins up in the engine hadn't cricked their necks. Just about the time I got fixed, we starts on the up-grade, and when the other brake vanker comes out, there I was, settin' in the caboose wipin' the honest rain of perspiration off me manly brow. 'Seems to me the train's got shorter,' says he. 'Ain't noticed nothing dissolve,' says I. Next station I hikes out, and the day after I starts back up north, diked out in some joyful rags, with a pullman ticket in me pants. In the course of a week or so my travels takes me back to Bridgeport, and while I am there I meets up with Jimmy, looking in a restaurant winder. 'Seen Hennessy yet?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'been waitin' for you'—the which sounds sorter funny to me; but all the same I lends Jimmy the price of a meal and drops in, casual like, to see me friend Hennessy. I thought he'd give me the glad hand, but he gets purple in the gills. 'I ran the other one out of here vesterday,' says he. 'Now, what do you want?' 'How,' says I, smilin', sweet, though I felt like I had sand in my mouth, 'didn't I wire you I did the job?' 'Yes,' says he, 'and didn't Mulhoony run circles all around me?' Well, I got him cooled down enough to make explanations, and then I found out what the trouble was. You see, I was sort of rattled and I cut out the wrong car, and next mornin', when they fished it up out of the water, and wondered how it got there, there wasn't anything in it. It was what you call an empty—thanks, don't care if I do; got a match?"

DEBATE.

QUERY: Resolved, That the Lien Law of South Carolina Should Be Repealed.

AFFIRMATIVE.

The war-cloud of 1861 hardly had passed from the Southern sky when a radical change took place in the Legislature of this State. The carpetbaggers and scalawags had been committing a long series of crimes and depredations.

The few patriotic citizens, who had escaped death during that terrible struggle, had to face and deal with a question far more serious than the one that had just been settled. The true Carolinian forced himself to the front and took back his rights. He soon had his seat in the General Assembly, and was again at the head of public affairs. The negroes being free, the money of no value, naturally some of the white people were financially embarrassed. Those who had managed to save something from the ravages of war were not in position to do much, if anything, for their fellow-men. While the Legislature could have devised a better system, probably, the conditions at that time favored the enactment of the lien law, which was passed in 1878.

From that time down to the present, I think, there has been something like fifteen or twenty lien law legislations, all of which have amended or repealed some previous Act.

Now, coming to the agriculture lien law, I shall attempt to show you why the lienor, the farmer, the landowner, the lien merchant, the General Assembly, and the Governor, favor, or should favor, abolishing the lien law.

First of all, the man who tries to farm, using the lien as a medium of exchange, signs away his rights when he signs a lien paper. In other words, he places himself under a mild form of servitude. The lien papers of today are so fixed as to make a man almost give a lien on his family. Then, too, look at the exhorbitant prices that he promises to pay for his supplies: A five cents cake of soap, lien price eight cents; fat bacon, that usually sells for eight cents the pound, brings twelve cents the pound on a lien; a ton of fertilizer, that could be bought for \$22.50 cash, is priced to the lienor at \$35. I have mentioned only a few articles, but prices on other commodities are proportionately high. These facts were given to me by one of the lien merchants. The poor man, under this system, will always be kept poor. How

can any man oppose the repeal of a law which so unjustly operates against him?

The farmers and landowners favor the repeal of this law principally because it will put an end to the farm labor panic and put the control of labor into the hands of the farmers, where it properly belongs. Their lands would yield more than they do under the present system, because they would be under the direct supervision of the man who knows more about the principles of scientific agriculture. The resolutions, unanimously adopted by the farmers' organizations in 1908 and 1909, show that the farmers are practically a unit in demanding the repeal. Even those who rely upon this law are in favor of its repeal.

Under the high prices charged for supplies, one would naturally think that the merchant doing a lien business would soon become a millionaire. If he could collect ninety per cent. of the amount that is charged on his books yearly, the lien merchant would have a business in which the stock would be worth more than that of the Standard Oil Company; but such a collection of lien accounts is very seldom made. Usually the merchant collects every cent he can, and finds that he has just enough to balance the amount that he has paid for the merchandise that he sold on a lien; sometimes coming short of this amount. This is not a paying investment. The majority of merchants have come to realize the fact that an honest man cannot be successful in the lien business; and, as a result, eighty per cent, of them have declared that the repeal of the lien law would mean the improvement of every mercantile business. Yet, with this majority in the lead, there are others who disapprove the repeal simply because, under the present system, they can make something for themselves by cheating and swindling the poor man. Such as these the poet must have had in mind when he wrote:

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the nobles and crushes the poor?"

That honorable body of lawmakers, the Legislature, is, or should be, in favor of repealing this law, because it is chosen by the people, and should make a law that would best suit the people. The Bill providing for repeal of Section 3059, 1902 Statutes, has passed the House five or six times by an overwhelming majority. At the last voting on this Bill, it was passed in the House by a vote of 65 to 35, and in the Senate by vote of 24.

The Governor, in his message to the General Assembly, January 14, 1908, said: "The lien law has been a source of much discussion in and out of the Legislature for many years. It was much discussed when I was a member of the General Assembly, more than twenty years ago. I think it has long since accomplished the purpose of its enactment, and I recommend its appeal. Too often the lien is 'taken up' before the crop is planted, and frequently but little work is done after the lien is 'taken up.' I think it better for landlord and tenant that it be repealed."

If for no other reason, the lien law should be repealed so as to do away with the practice of extravagance, which is more or less encouraged by its existence. Take for example a negro, or a white man, as for that matter, who has been eating common rations and wearing ordinary clothes, why, just as soon as he can get a lien paper "drawn up," he will lay in a supply of the fanciest groceries that he can buy, and will even wear patent-leather shoes in his everyday work. We should not criticise the good food or the fine dress, but censure the law that encourages a man to purchase beyond his power to pay.

Not only does this law encourage extravagance, but it also promotes idleness, which leads to other forms of rascality. Ninety per cent. of the lienors say: "The merchant is going to get all I make—what's the use of my working so hard;" and, taking this view, they do as little as possible.

My honorable opponent might try to argue that if the lien law is repealed this class of farmers will resort to the mortgage system. Hon. John G. Richards, the author of the Bill for repeal, says that he advocates the mortgage, in that it puts the landlord in control of his tenants, "cuts out" the merchant, with his high prices, and puts the poor farmer on better footing. The landowner can borrow money at eight per cent., buy groceries at reasonable cash discount, and supply his tenants as cheaply as can the merchant.

The fact that the lien law prevents diversified agriculture is another reason that the law should be repealed. The lien law, in its operations, encourages the excessive growing of cotton, almost to the exclusion of other crops. The merchant makes the lienor promise to plant so much of his farm in cotton before he will advance any supplies. What is this but a mild form of peonage? One may say, if the lien system is abolished, our total yield of cotton will be lowered. Then, I say, let it be lowered; if it is, the price will be raised, and, besides, we shall not have trainload after trainload of corn and hay shipped from other States, as we are doing today. It is absurd to think that the Farmers' Union, or any other organization, can get a high price for cotton so long as the lien cotton is called in by the merchant as soon as it is ginned.

As to the poor man's basis of credit, I will say that he would be far better off without one than he is with this lien system. Under this system, I have known men to get so deeply in debt that it required the selling of their land to pay them out. If this law is repealed, the man who owns

land can borrow money at eight per cent. interest, buy his supplies at cash prices, saving from ten per cent. to 25 per cent., and in a few years he will be on a cash basis. If he doesn't own land, or cannot borrow money, let him hire for wages; and, at the present price of labor, he will be able, in a few years, to buy land or lend money. Thus, you see, the repealing of this law will not cripple the poor man; on the contrary, it will help him.

The fact that bankers do not take ordinary agricultural liens as security is plainly illustrated by the following incident: Out of eighty-five men who applied to a certain bank for money to be advanced on a lien, only two got it without additional security. Even a merchant, who deposits lien paper as collateral to his note, must give additional security before the banks will advance him money. You see from these facts that credit depends upon character, and this law discourages the building of character; therefore, it should not any longer exist as a law.

Contrast the lands of a thrifty immigrant with those farmed by the lienor. With the first you will see a well-terraced, fertile field, while with the latter you will see patches here and there, with gullies running all through them. Certainly we don't want the land of South Carolina (or any other place) impoverished and washed away; but such will be the case so long as we allow the operation of the lien law.

There is no argument in the contention that the repealing of this law will cause the poor man to move from the farm to the cotton mill. If you will glance at the labor situation, and, as I have already stated, the poor man is selling his land to pay his debts, you will see that under the present system the white man leaves the farm to seek other employment, while the negro goes to the railroad and other public

works. The labor condition cannot become any worse than it is today.

It is true that under this burden South Carolina has risen to a high state of prosperity. How could we expect anything else, when this has been an age of success and prosperity? Unless this law is repealed, she will be thrown entirely out of the bounds of progress.

Now, honorable judges, to summarize briefly, I contend that the lien law should be repealed: First, because the people are almost a unit in demanding its repeal, in that they believe it will be better for the State, and for each individual. Secondly, because it encourages extravagance, idleness and dishonesty, by holding up before the people an undesirable system of credit. Moreover, we have in its place another system, which is far more helpful to the poor man than is the lien law. Furthermore, it is not necessary for an honest man to pledge his future crop when he can obtain credit without going through such a form. Then, too, along with the decline of the lienors, the lien law has been the means of destroying the fertility of some of the best farms in our State. Thirdly, it prevents the raising of different crops, in that the merchant requires the lienor to plant so much cotton. Again, this system causes men to get so deeply in debt that they are forced to leave their farms in order to make a living. The argument for its enactment thirty years ago will not hold good today, because time has changed and conditions are now such as to demand its repeal. Lastly, when the lien law is repealed, and the poor white farmer is on his feet again, then, and not until then, will the landowner get control of his farm labor.

H. R. C., '10.

NEGATIVE.

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen: We must have laws for the protection of every class and every industry. A statute that would be beneficial to the people of South Carolina might be of no value to the people of the State of Maine, and worthless to those of the State of California. All laws must be general in their scope, but we must have enough of them to reach every class and every industry—those who live in the city and those who live in the rural districts, the manufacturer, the merchant, and the farmer.

At its annual session of 1866, our General Assembly enacted into law and had placed upon our statute books a statute familiarly known as "The Lien Law," which is in part as follows: Any person who shall make any advance or advances, either in money or supplies, to any person or persons employed or about to engage in the cultivation of the soil, shall be entitled to a lien on the crop which may be made during the year upon the land in the cultivation of which the advances so made have been expended. The purport of this law is to extend credit to the tenant, who is without money to begin the cultivation of a crop, and without the means to enable him to give security to the merchant, who proposes to furnish the necessary supplies. Should this law be repealed? I wish to call to your attention at the outset the fact that this law is not one of compulsion; that there is nothing in it to force the merchant or banker to take a lien, nor is there anything in it to force the tenant to give a lien. It has been placed upon the statute books as a remedy, as a relief to the poor man. If he has the money necessary to secure these advances, it will not be necessary to avail himself of the lien law. The question we are to discuss before you this evening is, Shall we allow to remain upon our statute books a law whereby it is made possible for one engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and who is absolutely without money and credit, to give a lien upon a crop yet to come into existence to secure the advances necessary to enable him to make the necessary preparation for his crop and to cultivate it?

My honorable opponent, who has just addressed you, has failed to show that this law, which has been in operation, and which has been exhaustively discussed, and yet has maintained itself in spite of active opposition for over fortytwo years, must take upon himself the burden of proof when he attempts to justify its repeal. In this particular instance, the law in question, which is an outgrowth of our circumstances, has met a demand growing out of the existence amongst us of irresponsible laborers—men who by race, temperament, and long habit, are unfit for the life of independent laborers. Therefore, some such system as that contained in our lien law would seem to be necessary in their case. Again, many of the people of this State are people who, outside of their land, own nothing. They are unable to carry on agricultural labor themselves or to superintend others. This class embraces men, women, and children, all of whom are of scanty means and have little capacity for business; therefore, it is necessary for their well-being that this law should stand. I contend that it would be better for the land, better for the landlord, better for the merchant, better for the tenant, better for the banker, and better for the State at large.

The law in question may be logically narrowed down to credit and security. The basis of the country's prosperity depends on the credit that she can get, and the security that can be given. Although the productive funds of the country are not increased by credit, they are called into a state of more complete productive activity. While credit is thus indispensable for rendering the whole capital of the country productive, it is also a means by which the industrial talent of the country is turned to a better account for the purposes of production. Many a person who has no capital of his

own, but who has qualifications for business, which are known and appreciated by persons of capital, is able to obtain either advances in money, or, more frequently, as the case in question, goods on credit, by which his industrial capacities are made productive factors in an increase to the public wealth; therefore, our lien law would seem to be necessary for the continued advancement of our State and the material welfare of her citizens.

After the close of the War Between the States, our beloved old commonwealth was in a condition of poverty and distress. All her resources had been exhausted, her farming products destroyed, her once fertile fields washed away and ruined, her money useless, and her credit gone; therefore, it became necessary for our General Assembly to devise some means of credit for the farmer, who was without means with which to secure the advances necessary to begin his crop. This they did by enacting the lien law. A great many of the landlords of this State are not able to furnish their own tenants, and it is necessary that this law exist that the land may be cultivated. This law is the basis of the poor man's credit and the rich man's security. Without such a law to protect him, no merchant or banker or landlord would risk his capital on such persons as those who give liens. The lien law enables the landlord to control his labor to good advantage, for there is no law in this State to imprison a person for debt, but the statute makes it a criminal offense to dispose of a crop under lien. Moreover, the tenant has an obligation to fulfill, which is an incentive to faithful and honest service. If the tenant had no papers of obligation on his crop, he would be at liberty to sell or make way with it as he chose, and there would be no law by which he could be reached. In this State there are over one hundred and seventy-five thousand negroes engaged in agricultural pursuits, most of whom are tenants. They vield a total of twenty-six million dollars in agricultural products. It is safe to say that by far the major portion of this amount is covered by a lien as security. The records show that there were forty million dollars worth of credit extended last year in South Carolina on liens alone. One bank in Abbeville lent over two hundred thousand on such security the same year. The mere statement of these facts is enough to show that there is a necessity for such a law. The banks express their preference for such securities, as they are enabled to borrow money from Northern markets more easily on this than on any other kind of security. The classes who are forced to give liens are negroes and poor white people. It is no argument to say that many hardships occur under its operation, for no one is compelled to give a lien. Most negroes are required to give a lien on their crops in order to get support while cultivating and gathering them. Suffice it to say that a white man who is strictly honest and industrious is not compelled to give a lien. To take away the privilege of giving a lien would work a great hardship on a large number of our landowners. They would be forced to furnish their tenants without any security. A majority of our landowners would be forced to mortgage their land in order to furnish their tenants. Many would refuse to do this, thereby causing many thousand acres of land to go uncultivated. This condition would cause the land to depreciate in value, cut short our agricultural products, cause less money to be in circulation, and thereby retard our onward march in prosperity.

It is a fallacy to say that we could better control the price of cotton by repealing the lien law, for it would be suicidal for South Carolina to decrease her yield in cotton while her sister States are making no effort in that direction. In South Carolina there is an average of twenty-nine dollars per acre spent on fertilizer, and the records show that the average is only nine dollars per acre for the United States. I believe, and have been reliably informed, that the repeal of the lien law would cause less fertilizer to be used, which fact would greatly decrease the income of Clemson College and deprive a great number of our young men of an education.

Since the enactment of the lien law the land of this State has increased on an average of eight per cent. for forty-two years, and our population has also increased at a wonderful rate. Less crime is being committed; more churches are being erected, and education is on a sure and steady march. Now, what is the cause of all this, and does the lien law seem to be working hardships on the people of our State? No; I will tell you why. It is simply because our people are satisfied and are working in harmony for the common good of the State at large. Now, to repeal this law, when our people are in the golden age of prosperity, would destroy the harmony that is now existing among the landlords, tenants and merchants. Therefore, to insure this happiness and prosperity we had better let well enough alone.

If this law were repealed the negroes would refuse to work on the farm at the present price paid for labor, and would flock to the towns in vast numbers and there loaf, commit crime, and become a menace to society. The poor white man would be compelled to go to the factory, compete with the mill labor, and, by such competition, lower the wages of the mill operatives, or stay on the farm and go hungry and ragged. Again, the banks would refuse to lend money without security, or, even if they did, the depositors would withdraw their money, and would not risk it in such an institution; capitalists would not be encouraged to invest in this State, and, as a result, property would decrease very greatly in value. Therefore, I contend that no law should

be abolished the repeal of which would be detrimental to the property-holders of this State.

There are vast numbers of widows and orphans who have their money invested in land. These people derive their only source of revenue from the rents of these lands, and to take away the lien law would necessitate the selling of their land or the furnishing of supplies to their renters without security. Again, look at our grand old heroes of the sixties, the old gray-haired Confederate soldiers, hobbling about on one leg, the other having preceded him to the grave over forty years ago. These grand old heroes constitute a goodly number of our landowners, and are not able to work themselves or to superintend others. They too, are dependent upon the lien law as their only means of credit. I plead with you that it would not be in accordance with the laws of God and humanity to bring these immortal old heroes up to the door of hope and close that door in their faces. Again, I say that to repeal this law would be nothing but a manifestation of selfishness, and would deprive the rising generation of an opportunity of getting a start in life.

I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that this law was repealed about fifteen years ago, and that it was necessary for the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to put it back in force. This single statement is enough to show that it would be folly to repeal it again. Those who clamor for its repeal are men whose hearts have waxed fat with plenty, and who would have the poor helpless creatures that give liens to hang around their back doors and beg for meat and bread. The principal motive of those seeking to repeal this law is to enable a few men of exceptional shrewdness to become more powerful at the expense of the ordinary laborer. Considering the fact

that all laws are made for the good of the greatest number of people, I contend that the lien law should stand.

In conclusion, I will say, by way of summary, that I have shown that the repeal of the lien law would work great hardships to the vast majority of our people. It would be taking away the poor man's credit and the rich man's security. It would result in the use of less fertilizer, which fact would decrease the value of real estate in South Carolina and seriously cripple the income of Clemson College. That less cotton would be raised, causing less money to be in circulation; that it would be suicidal for South Carolina to decrease her yield in cotton and other agricultural products while other States are making no efforts in that direction; that the law compels no person to give a lien, and only those give it who are forced to do so by dire necessity. Moreover, the landlord is in control of his land, and has the right to say how it shall be worked, and if he does not desire his tenant to give a lien to the merchant, he can take a lien on his crop and furnish him with either the cash or supplies. Again, I have shown to you that South Carolina has had this law for forty-two years, and that she has grown from a State of poverty and distress to be the most independent and prosperous State in the Union today; that there is no labor contract law in this State by which we can control labor. Therefore, I contend that the repeal of this law would be detrimental to the farmer in controlling his labor, and that the merchant would not sell his goods unless he had the security; that the repeal would destroy the harmony which now exists among our people; that capital would not be encouraged to come into this State, and that poor white people and negroes would desert the farms. Moreover, I contend that there has never been a demand by the majority of our people to repeal the lien law; therefore, it would be undemocratic to legislate for a special class, who

seek to crush the negro, when by taking such a step it would be necessary to crush a large number of our white people; that it would destroy merchant's, banker's and landlord's security for supplies furnished to the agricultural tenants; that this law has once been repealed, and that it was necessary for the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to put it again into force; therefore, I contend that it would be folly to repeal it again.

Honorable judges, I have delineated to you faithfully and truly the actual workings of this law, and the conditions of our State with it in existence, and you have looked upon the picture. I am happy in believing that the more this question is studied the more it will be seen that the highest interest of the landlord, the merchant, the banker, and especially the tenant, harmonize with each other, and that in a logical development of, rather than a total departure from, the present lien law of South Carolina lies our hope for the future.

ROBERT E. NICKLES.

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

"Boys, there ain't no use talkin'—sumpin got to be did! The way that Chicago dude has been t'ro'ing off on the 'Bar Z' is bad enough, but when he comes down to saying that there ain't no more wild west—I moves we git up and show him a few!"

The other members of the indignation meeting held their peace, but their faces depicted their thorough acquiescence to the sentiments expressed by Buck Saunders.

"Yes, that's right—it's sure past the limit," came finally from another puncher. "He comes up to me this mawning, while I was amending my broken stirrup leather. 'In the name of mighty Jupiter, Hank,' he sas, in that high-sound-

ing way of his'n, 'ain't you got any kind of amusement out here?' Hossback riding or coyote shooting, I ventured—'be damned,' he snaps. 'They ain't got the nerve of Wall Street Lambs!' 'Now see here, Mr. Hunter,' ses I, sorter mad, 'I don't know that breed of sheep, but if they has more grit that a cornered coyote, then they'll have to go some. 'N besides you ain't got no call to swearing so close to the house; Miss Betty might hear you.'"

"Bully for you! You're all right, old scout," came from the surrounding group, "'n what did he say then?"

"Looked around sorter quick like," continued the narrator, "and ses, 'that's true—I wouldn't have her to hear for the world."

"Oh, he's stuck on her, all right," agreed a third member, "But where that onery cuss got nerve to spark Miss Betty—I don't know. 'Course he ain't got no show, though."

"Don't know 'bout that," put in Buck, sadly shaking his head, "A girl likes a fellow that can spout poetry, an' has seen the world. They looked downright chummy yesterday. For one, I moves we don't let him have her. The idea of that onery coyote getting Miss Betty makes my toes tingle."

"But how can we keep him from it if she wants him," asked he of the mended stirrup. "Natchely, we'all wants to keep Miss Betty here, but how, that's the question under consideration."

"I hadn't thought of it," admitted Buck, "but there must be some way. Get your 'think pans' workin', fellows. Anybody got a suggestion to put before the meetin'?"

"'Pears to me," came from a hitherto silent listener, "that if we could jest scare him out of the kentry—kinder give him that 'musement he's so darned hot after—you know—"

"But how are we going to do it?" came from the impatient Buck.

"Jest hole your 'taters a little while an I'll finish. As I was saying. It 'pears to me that if we could dike the whole outfit in them war duds and sorter go on the warpath after his scalp, that—"

But here the men began to catch the drift of his apparently aimless speech, and their shout of glee rang out on the air.

"We'll do it—bully for you Jake—that's the idea, exactly—an' tie him to a stake— Whoop! ———"

"But will he scare?" from a cautious— "Sure, Mike, he's scared of his shadow."

And it was unanimously agreed upon, that the whole outfit should slip over to the neighboring Indian village and get their savage friends to deck them out in all the paint, etc., of a marauding band of Sioux. And thus dressed were to swoop down on the tenderfoot, while he and Miss Betty were out riding and carry him off captive. The men fell into the plan with the fervor of a bunch of school boys, and hastened to carry them out.

Late that evening Hunter and Betty were returning from a visit to a neighboring ranch. They were just rising to the top of a knoll, about five miles from the home ranch, when Betty reigned in sharply with an exclamation of terror.

"Look—look yonder!" she exclaimed, pointing straight ahead.

Hunter looked and saw a string of horsemen top the rise and start at a headlong gallop towards him. Closer observation showed them to be Indians, in full regalia of war.

"Ye gods, is this the twentieth century?" muttered Hunter, unbelievingly, and then to the girl:

"What do you think they're after, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Oh, I don't know—both of us I reckon. Oh ---," a sudden gleam of intelligence shot over her face. She had recognized one of the oncoming *Indians*.

"Let's turn back," she exclaimed excitedly, "we might be able to beat them. Oh, I know they'll stop at nothing. Listen to them yell." She turned her head to stifle the laughter that she felt was coming. She was the usual type of wholesome, healthy western girls, and could appreciate the humor of the situation. And she could not help (woman-like) taking advantage of this opportunity to try her suitor.

"Nixy," he jerked out laconically. "Catch me running from any copper-colored sons of the soil, even if they be the original Americans. You turn your horse and ride your best, Bett—Miss Elizabeth, and I'll try to stop them a bit." As he spoke he produced a pair of very business-like Colts from his hip pockets and spun the chambers around.

The troop of yelling "redskins" were very close now, and Hunter raised his gun. "Halt," he shouted, "or by heaven, somebody gets hurt." His words seemed to cause a little hesitation on the part of the warriors; then, as if not believing him in earnest, they start on. One of them regretted it. Bang! speaks a Colt, and good old Buck swears as a softnosed bullet cut across his shoulder.

Hunter raised his gun again, but it is grasped from behind, and he turns to see Betty, her face still convulsed with mirth, that momentary fear for her friends had not entirely erased.

"Don't," she gasped, "they're not Indians. Don't you recognize the boys? That was Buck you shot at."

"The devil," he exclaimed, and then as the whole thing broke on him, he was seized with mad anger that he should be thus tricked. With an oath he spurred his horse in pursuit of the fleeing cowboys.

After a long chase he caught up with the hindermost, and the dispersed raiders paused long enough to see their unfortunate comrade receive the drubbing of his life. With one accord they continued their flight.

"It reminded me of a class rush, back at Princeton," said Hunter later. "Only it was not half so bad as those huskies."

But Betty did not see it that way.

"You were so brave," she murmured. "Why, almost any man wouldn't have hesitated a moment. I admire you for it!" And her eyes fully bore out her words.

In the bunk-house the atmosphere was, as the cook expressed it, "About as cheerful as a marble sarcophagus."

"The next misguided son-of-a-gun that tells me about jedging by appearances," volunteered Buck, from the corner where he nursed his sore shoulder, "will find himself up against something mighty onpleasant—and then some."

And his words were heartily endorsed by all.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

As the twentieth century dawns upon our nation in the fullness of her strength and glory, we stand in amazement at the rapid and marvelous strides in her progress and development. We are proud to note that the South has kept pace with other sections in every forward movement for the betterment of the conditions of the people of this noble republic. We have come to realize that, by virtue of our geographical position, our commercial advantages, and our moral standing, we are destined to become the leading people of the world. When we think of our great possibilities, our hearts beat with rapture. We point with pride to our many contributions to the progress and history of the world, but we are humiliated when we consider our educational conditions. The problem dealing with the illiteracy so prevalent in a great part of our citizenship should be kept

before the minds of our citizens until it is rightly and finally solved.

We blush with shame to admit that, in the forty-six States of the Union, in numbers of natural-born illiterates, North Carolina, Tennessee and South Carolina stand at the top. We are entailing on future generations a condition which is almost a crime, and which will rightly make them look upon their forefathers as men who failed to do their duty in the solving of the most vital problem of civilization.

The master minds of the present are agreed that now is the time for the people of the South to strike the decisive blow for the betterment of educational conditions; and they predict that, in the near future, judging from the way the South has taken hold of vital problems in the past, the South will be in the throes of an educational evolution that will prove to be neither transient nor ephemeral. Throughout the Southland will resound the voices of our educated men and women in their endeavor to arouse the dormant minds of their fellow-citizens.

It is easy for us to forget the conditions that exist among the uneducated people of our State, since we are living in an educational atmosphere, where every person and every building stands for the training of the youths of South Carolina that they might at any time be ready to serve their State with trained bodies and trained minds. Let us for a few moments project ourselves into the great mass of our populace and face the conditions that confront our people at large in an educational way. The questions arise: Why does South Carolina have the lagest number of illiterates in proportion to her population? Has she not at all times furnished men who were equal to any task that required sturdy characters and trained brains? Did she not come forward with her Calhouns, her Pinckneys, and her Hamptons and meet the problems in statecraft? Yes, these men not only

met the problems in statecraft, but they did such noble work that their names will ever adorn the fairest pages of history.

The greatest hindrances to South Carolina's educational system are: lack of funds, small salaries for teachers, incompetent teachers, short school terms, and poor attendance. Money is absolutely necessary in the maintenance of good schools. We cannot build comfortable schoolhouses, furnish these houses, pay competent teachers, and keep the schools open nine months in the year without a reasonable amount of money. What is South Carolina putting into her common schools, the training school of the future citizenship of the State? In 1907, the State enrolled in the common schools 314,399 pupils, about eighteen per cent. of her total population. On these pupils was spent \$1,415,724, or \$4.50 per pupil. This \$4.50 includes the expenditures on schoolhouses, furniture, apparatus, libraries, and teachers' salaries. In the same year Virginia spent \$11.05 and New York \$47.40 per pupil. If Virginia has found that it requires \$11.05 per pupil to maintain her schools. is it reasonable to suppose that South Carolina can maintain good schools on \$4.50 per pupil? Is South Carolina doing her duty to the boys and girls of the State?

Local taxation has heretofore been found to be the best means of increasing the school fund. It is equitable, it is stable, and it is certain until a majority of the people vote it off. The district which levies a local tax knows just where every dollar comes from and just where every dollar goes. I think that the most just, equitable and reasonable way to increase our school fund is to inaugurate a sensible and honest system of returning our property for taxation. The habit of returning a piece of property at one-fourth its true value, then taxing it at four mills, instead of returning it at something like its true value, then taxing it at one mill to raise the same amount of money, is not only a child-

ish business practice, but it is a training school in dishonesty. Were the real and personal property in this State returned at something like ninety per cent. of its true value, the three mill school tax alone would practically double our entire school revenue.

It is reasonable to suppose that, if we offer beggarly salaries for teaching, we will obtain incompetent teachers. What valuation have the people of South Carolina put on the services of a white school teacher? Last year this State paid an average salary of about two hundred and seventyfive dollars to her school teachers. The rural schools of our State, the schools in which all of us should be deeply interested, were last year kept open on an average of eighty-nine days, less than one-fourth the years; and we are sure that the average attendance was much less than eighty-nine days. Think of the children, those into whose hands must be entrusted the destiny of this commonwealth, being prepared for life in such an inadequate manner. The average value of our school buildings is a little over two hundred dollars, while the average value of the school buildings in Massachusetts is over two thousand dollars. Are you aware of the fact that the average salaries of the hod-carriers of this country is nearly twice as much per month as South Carolina pays her public school teachers, while those of the blacksmith are three times and those of the bricklayers four times as much? Is South Carolina willing to trust her children in the hands of such poorly paid servants? It is impossible to secure first rate teachers on fourth rate salaries. Scores of incompetent teachers are in our school because of the vicious system by which certificates are awarded and renewed. Let us face the facts: teachers' certificates are granted by the county board of education, composed of the county superintendent and two lay members, appointed by the State superintendent upon recommendation of the county

superintendent. Every four years these county superintendents must ask the people to vote for them. These superintendents have to sit in judgment upon the efficiency of the applicants to teach school. These applicants are the sons and daughters, brothers and sisters of the men who helped to elect the county superintendent, and who, in many cases, expect a return of favors. It would be an insult to intimate that any honest county superintendent would violate his honor by granting intentionally an unmerited certificate; but it requires no sagacity to see the unenviable situation of the superintendent in such a contingency. The superintendent should be relieved of any such embarrassment. This may be done by placing the granting of certificates in the hands of a State board, with well defined qualifications. Then a teacher's fitness would be passed upon by a board, wholly unembarrassed by local influences.

Even with insufficient funds, poor schoolhouses, short terms, and incompetent teachers, a great deal can be got out of a school if the children attend regularly, and with the purpose of getting the most possible out of it. How are the white children of South Carolina attending the public schools? In 1907, the white enrollment in the public schools of this State was only 144,668, while the average attendance was only 103,394. The census for 1900 gave South Carolina 217,000 white children between the ages of six and twenty years. There are not over sixty per cent. of the white children of this State enrolled in school, and not over forty per cent. are in average attendance. South Carolina had in 1900 over 15,000 white illiterates of the voting age, while Michigan, with twice our population, had only 1,100. How can we allow our State to remain at the bottom as regards the standard by which all men are judged?

We readily see that the task is a large one, and let us hope that the good God above may give us men equal to this task. It really matters not from whence these men come; but when they have done their noble work, to their memory will be erected monuments the inscriptions upon which will be read with thanksgiving by those who enjoy the fruits of their labors, the enlightened citizens of South Carolina. Their portraits will be hung, not only in our halls of fame and memorial chapels, but in the hearts of an intelligent, educated, prosperous, ennobled, and grateful citizenship, who, as they call the roll of the great men of history, will place the names of those educational leaders alongside those of the grim-scarred veterans who fought for the honor of their county on the field of battle, and account them heroes who never lost faith, who never flinched or faltered or failed in the face of the fiercest, most unrelenting foe.

N. E. Byrd, '10.

"WHEN RATHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

Unlike the chivalrous days of knighthood, When true hearts the soldiers bore, Are the cheerless days of Rathood When we serve king Sophomore.

Oft at night we lie and ponder, When the cares of day are done, On the times when we may wander Along the way the Sophs. have gone.

Quickly think we, June is coming!
For then may we resist their power,
And laugh to scorn the cheerless days
"When Rathood was in Flower." * * * * *

Sometimes we scarcely leave this paradise Of thought, and thinking of books no more, We slumber on our cots in peace. "But why's This noise? Oh, my! I'm on the floor."
All's silent on the hall—no fuss
Disturbs the further peace and slumber.
Then one retort, What? yes, a "cuss"
Comes loud from the victim's chamber.

"Forty Rats must pay for this next year, I vow my head is broken.

Each one shall share, say Rat, you hear? The paddle will have you smokin'."

Thus through life. The Rats at Clemson Get a "storming" every day. But only two more months of hardships For we'll be Sophs. the last of May.

C. B. FARIS, '12.



THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

"Say Pete, 'vyer herd th' news," asked old Buck Smith, excitedly, of one of a roomful of typical westerners.

"Naw—what 'tis?" asked the taciturn Pete, as he spat accurately in the box of sawdust doing duty as a cuspidor, over ten feet away.

"Know thet advertisement wat th' boss put in th' paper fer a unmarried school-teacher, 'bout a month ago?"

"Yep!"

He hit the sawdust twice, his interest was being awakened.

"Well, th' boss gut lots of answers, an' seein' as he didn't wanter make no mistake, he picked the likeliest lookin' one in th' corral, and went to Colorado Springs ter see fer hisself."

Here he paused—at last, when sure that all the attention in the room was centered on his august personage, he continued. "Wal, Mike got a letter ter-day, sayin' as he'd found jus' th' person fer th' job. Her name's Jessie Clark, 'e sez."

"Wat," interjected Red Donohue, from the corner, "wat in 'ell does any unmarried gal wanter cum to this part of nowhere fer anyhow?"

"Dunno," laconically, from Dutchy Swartz. "Pay seems good."

"Ye', I know thet, but why didn't she git a job sommares else. This ain't no kind of a place for a single woman."

The truth of this statement was so obvious that even the naturally argumentative Buck did not attempt a refutation.

"Wal," said Pete—the fact that Pete was speaking reduced the talking to a minimum, for he was their sage, "I dunno nuthin' 'bout the whys and wherefores of 'er comin'; but wat I do know, is that seein' she is comin' its jus' naterally up to us to do th' boss and th' *Golden X* proud, and have a rousin' ol' reception for 'er."

Here he was interrupted by three enthusiastically spontaneous cheers from the men. When they had subsided, he bowed gravely, in a Delsartian manner, copied from some backwoods orator, and went on.

"Th' boss ses she'll arrive on th' stage with him, day after ter-morrer, an' if we hustle, we kin git up a rip-snorter of a barbecue, an' hav' th' band frum Devil's Gulch over yere."

"Good!"

"That's a peach of er idea!"

"I'm game!"

"Let's do it!"

"Count me in for a saw-buck," chuckled Handsome Charley Sears, the first to whom the financial side presented itself, "want my name t' hed th' list."

In this manner the simple-minded, care-free, open-hearted men subscribed enough to secure the services of the Devil's Gulch brass band for the occasion, and enough was left for an intended pyrotechnic display that would dazzle the school-ma'am. The whole village was excited, from the section boss to Wing Lee, the chinese cook, who insisted on—

"Sclibee one dollar! Me have ladly schlool teacher comme, hav' vellee gloodee time."

The feminine experience of these men began and ended with the wives of the manager, assistant manager and foreman of the *Golden X* mine. These three happy couples, however, had been blessed, among them, with nineteen hale, hearty children, ranging in years from four to sixteen; hence, the services of a school teacher had been very much in demand.

At last one was coming! Anyone knowing anything of a true westerner's unquestionably impulsive nature, knows that he is not the type of man who does anything in a half-way manner, and so, in view of this fact, one could easily see that the celebration in honor of the new teacher was to be no mean affair.

The day set for the lady's advent at last arrived, bright and clear; and brought with it the Devil's Gulch orchestra, and the enormous box of fireworks which had been ordered from the same metropolis.

Early in the morning the men could be seen making their several appearances at different parts of the village, awkwardly and painfully self-conscious in their newly acquired and intensely uncomfortable "biled" shirts. Their costumes would have been ludicrous were it not for the gravity with which they were regarded by the proud wearers.

Handsome Charley had, in some utterly incomprehensible way, obtained an evening suit, about two sizes too small for his massive frame, and in this he had arrayed himself, like some ungainly scarecrow, before an admiring and gaping multitude of less fortunate men. The fact that conventionality forbade the wearing of an evening suit for an occasion such as this, worried the imperturbable Charley not a whit, as he swaggered around the shacks in his grandest and lordliest manner.

When Buck saw him thus arrayed, all the glory of his own cherished stove-pipe hat, patent-leather shoes, and the "biled" shirt paled into insignificance like magic, and, cursing forcibly, he, so to speak, put his tail between his legs and slunk back into the oblivion of his shanty.

The long-looked-for stage was due at two o'clock, and long before this time the preparations had been completed by the feverishly-anxious men. They were like a lot of school-boys, in their anticipatory joy. Their horses had been extremely hurt and mortified at their frequent and unusual curryings, and their riders, too, looked out of place; but on each shining countenance was a bright look of expectancy. At last the possessor of and old, batterd ninety-nine-cent telescope announced that the stage was in sight.

At a signal from Red Donohue, a squad of the men under Dutchy Swartz, deployed themselves up the trail with torpedoes, revolvers, fire-crackers, bombs and other daylight explosives. The Devil's Gulch band stood proudly before McNab's Clothing and Liquor Emporium, and the cowboys, on mettlesome mustangs, awaited eagerly the arrival of their already much beloved school-ma'am.

Then the stage hove into view over the crest of South Hill, and the first of the welcoming committee got into action. They first emptied a brace of revolvers each, then after setting off several packs of crackers and torpedoes, fell proudly in line behind the coach, for all the world like some old-time knights. The "boss" put his head from the

window, laughing hilariously, and waived cheerfully to them. On came the procession, every minute adding fresh troopers to the cavalcade. On the face of each was a happy, self-satisfied and ill-concealed grin. Their movements were slow, dignified and positive.

Proudly they marched toward McNab's. Here the noise was redoubled—then silence, to be superseded by the crowning triumph of the whole reception. The blatant notes of the Devil's Gulch orchestra were heard, loudly and laboriously playing: "Hail! the Conquering Hero Comes," as the vehicle passed under an enormous sign, on which was painted in alternate red and green letters, a triumph of artistic skill, the words:

"WELCOME, TEACHER!"

The destination was reached, and with a vociferous cheer the cowboys drew up in double ranks around the coach. Three large grips and a small, dainty and intensely feminine trunk reposed on the top. The "boss" alighted smiling.

"Boys," he said, "this is a grand thing for you to have done. I appreciate it, I assure you, and I thank you all for myself and for our teacher. In doing him honor, you have honored and gratified me beyond all bounds. Allow me to introduce to you our new teacher!"

As he concluded his rhetorical outburst, the men involuntarily started a tremendous cheer. Louder and louder it swelled on the breeze, when — it was as if they had been suddenly stricken dumb. Not a sound was heard; even the band was silent. In the midst of a sepulchural quiet, the "boss" completed his introduction.

"Boys-Mister Jesse Clarke!"

Buck broke the silence by slowly, and gravely, removing his beloved stove-pipe hat, and throwing it under the heels of his prancing horse. A look of supreme disgust overspread his face, taking the place of the former good-natured grin. He clenched both fists—

"Bah!" he ejaculated, with deep fervor, "Bah!"

O. R. COHEN, '11.

MY QUEEN.

I love her! My love is unbounding,
She fills every gap in my life,
Her solace to me is astounding—
Never failing to soothe, after strife;
And the wiseacres tell me to drop Her,
"She'll injure you," all of them say;
But I'll stick to her, now and forever,
And, if forced to, I gladly will pay.

She stands by me; never refusing
Her comforting aid, when I'm blue,
She's my father-confessor; I tell her,
Little things which I'd not tell to you.
She soothes me to sleep when I'm restless,
She's never too modest, or coy,
Her unfailing, kind ministrations,
Forever, to me, shall bring joy.

Desert her! My constant companion!
Who is with me, in sickness and health;
Desert her! My nurse and my doctor—
My source of unlimited wealth!
When, at night, she and I sit together,
My air-castles seem to be true;
I am happy, quite peaceful, contented,
Though it may seem peculiar to you.

To me, riches have no attractions,

If I have to have them alone;

Without her, they never could give me

The happiest kind of a home.

She's my sweetheart, a damsel so shapely,

Yet shapeless; the prettiest ever seen,

She has but one name; you may call her,

My Pipe, my omnipotent Queen.

O. R. COHEN, '11.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. CLARK, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. Sanders, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department
M. M. Roddey, '11 Cartoonist

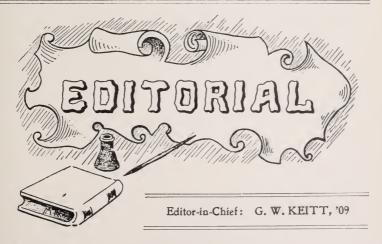
Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

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 page, per year.....\$20 00 One-fourth page, per year...\$8 00 One inch, per year...... 5 00



At last, we are upon the home-stretch.

We shall soon be called upon to render an account for the years spent at Clemson.

Have they been spent profitably?

How very much smaller and more insignificant personages we will be at the end of this school year—than at its beginning!

It has been suggested to us by an alumnus, who has at heart the interests of our college and of our student publications, that we publish, from time to time, letters and articles from

Contributions from Our Alumni.

the alumni. We think that the suggestion is a capital one. The publication of such communications would, necessarily, increase the interest taken

in our college magazine by students, faculty, and alumni. Properly executed, such a plan would, to a certain degree, be instrumental in keeping up the bonds of sympathy between our graduates, and in keeping alive their interest and loyalty to their Alma Mater. It would show how widely our paths of duty separate, how far our graduates are scattered, how great a part Clemson men are taking in all the affairs of our commonwealth, how great is the work that our institution is doing for our State and for our nation.

The college year is now so far gone that we cannot hope to give this department of our magazine more than a mere start. In our last issue, we were fortunate in being able to present work from one of our alumni, a successful oculist of this State; and in this issue we are glad to be able to present work from two others. With these articles as a starter, we can only leave it with our alumni to further develop the plan. We sincerely hope that our graduates, as individuals or as clubs, will take enough interest in the matter to submit us articles treating of the various phases of their life and work, of the progress of their clubs, together with any matter pertaining to their "experiences" or travels—in short, any matter which they deem fit to carry out our plan. From the matter already submitted us, we feel

that, if our alumni will but cooperate with us, they may furnish us with matter both interesting and instructive This space is at their disposal. Any suitable matter which they furnish we will gladly publish.

ABILITY in a person is a splendid attribute; but as the lazy spring days come on, and when "after commencement" comes, we are going to find that still more important in the life of a man—especially one who is just "Stickability." laying the foundations for the future—stands another quality—one which, perhaps, Mr. Webster failed to jot down in his little book—"stickability."

What is the use to have ability, if we do not make use of it? What is the use of knowing how to do, if we don't do? We should observe that the man of medium ability who keeps pegging away at his job meets, finally, with much greater success than does the man who knows too much to put it all into practice! Let's stay "on the job," however humble it may be, whether here in college or later in life; and we may justly expect to meet with just what success we deserve. Here's "hopin'" that we may each "get a job" and earn enough to steer clear of starvation (and the surplus will not number us among the over rich); and, whatever may befall us, may none of us be "quitters." Let's cultivate "stickability;" we'll need it.



Editors: H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

Four magazines reviewed this month resolve themselves into a group, in which almost every type of college mazazine is represented. The quartet comprises *The Index, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Erskinian,* and *The Emory and Henry Era.* The names are arranged to form a climax.

An essay in *The Index* with the dignified subject of "The Bible's Influence in the Making of America," consists simply of a few general remarks on the subject, and an extensive extract from a speech made in the House of Representatives. "Bound to Rise Again" tells us that the hero rose, as most heroes do; but it does not say how he rose. It is perhaps a part of the irony of fate that the story should end with the very sentence that was in our mind as we finished the reading—"and then it was not half told." The local department is flourishing; the exchanges are given one page.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine contains the same number of pages as The Index, but presents a more artistic appearance, both as to form and substance. The poem, "A Stream," does not flow smoothly, as its name might seem to indicate. Of the thirty-two words in one

verse, thirty are monosyllables, and the other two are dissyllables. In "Shakespeare's Gems," the commentator makes note of the fact that many of the great dramatist's choicest bits are spoken by minor characters, and he strengthens his assertion with citations from "Julius Cæsar." A story like "Number Sixteen" is really worth while. It is told with such quiet dignity, simplicity, and effectiveness, that we see promise of great things in the hand that wrote it. "A Dun" is a trump. The exchange editor seems to have had a pleasant time of it.

The Erskinian follows the plan of serving the solid viands first, the dessert next, and the nuts and cigars last. The first thirty-two pages are given over to essay, oratory and debate. "The Silent Supremacy of Sentiment" seems to be very well written, and reasonably consistent. "Public Conscience" is a sober protest against the indifference of the ordinary American citizen to the violation of the ballot by corrupt politicians. "The Prayer of Agur" is for neither riches nor poverty, though certainly not for socialism. In the debate on the question of "Subsidizing of Merchant Marine," the affirmative seems to have really the better argument. The negative courts a favorable decision by appealing to the emotions, rather than to the reason, of the audience, and by the assumption of a confident manner of address. The two editorials are full and comprehensive. Among the short stories and poetry, "The Call of the Convention" stands in the foreground. It is a good argument for the cultivation of the powers of expression. The other matter is about the average—a little above it, perhaps. The Erskinian is pleasing and grateful to the eyes.

The Emory and Henry Era is the last, but by no means least, of the quartet. It is possible that its modest size is responsible for the fact that it fairly bubbles over with life.

"The Garden of Iram" is a poem of some pretensions, and though it is evidently influenced by the poetry of Poe, it lacks the musical quality of the poems of that much-abused genius. Following the poem is a study of "The Character of Edgar Allan Poe," wherein we are shown that those who knew Poe best found much more in his life to praise than they found to condemn. Poe was more a victim of birth. circumstance and environment, than a wilfully perverse voluptuary. "The College Man and the College Widow" introduces a type of modern woman, with which few colleges, fortunately, are acquainted—the society grafter. Neither poetic justice nor real justice is satisfied in the story; but it is none the less horribly near to the real. "The Coward" is a story of the South African veldt. We could almost experience the heat-dizziness and feel the glare in our eyes as we read. We feel the effects of the surroundings in the hero's actions and words. There are two good editorials on timely topics; a little more than a page is allowed the exchanges; the poetry is not remarkable.

We are glad to welcome *The Collegian* from Clinton College. This is the first copy that we have received from them, and as a whole, we think it a good representative of their college. "Courage" is an essay containing some ennobling sentiments.

We enjoyed reading the sonnets in *The Mountaineer*, Mt. St. Mary's College, and especially the style of "The Poetry of George Crabbe." This magazine has always been one of our leading exchanges, full of charming style and good material. The exchange editor seems to know what his duty is.

While "A Model Love Letter" would not be sanctioned altogether by the highest literary circles, yet we thank the *Gray Jacket* for giving us some fun.

The Red and White for February contains some good readable matter. Of the solid material, we enjoyed "My Idea of Socialism" the best.

The *Isaqueena* contains some very interesting matter this month, especially the historical sketches about Washington's life and Mount Vernon.

The Carolinian for February is devoted entirely to the celebration of Poe's centennial. Each one of the pieces is well written.

The Hollins Quarterly is the best exchange on our table this month. It opens with a beautiful poem, "The Wind Song." Among the solid matter, "Rudyard Kipling, the Poet," stands second to none. It is a strong magazine and shows that it has the support of the student body from the material it contains.

We acknowledge receipt of our usual exchanges.

CLIPPINGS.

Marry not for riches,
They vanish in an hour;
Marry not for beauty,
'Tis but a fading flower:
Marry not if very old,
Likewise if too young;
Marry not a coquette, or
You're apt to be stung;
Marry not one too short,
Neither one too tall—
And if you're happy single,
Marry not at all.

Ambition.

I ain't decided what I'll be.
It's sortie hard to tell.
Sometimes I think I'll go to sea
An' try the sea a spell.
Sometimes I think I'll take an' try
My chances on the lan',
But anyhow I aim to be
A mighty turble man.

No; Susie would n' kiss me
When we played the game o' pawn,
An' Billy laughed at my bow legs
An' as to try 'em on.
An' Jim sayed I was sunburnt
Jis like a Croatan.

They'll hate this when I git to be A mighty turble man.

They'll come into my palace.
I'll be dressed up in silk.
They'll say, we are pore an' hungry, sir,
An' want some buttermilk.
I'll give 'em wine and honey,
An' then I'll rise and stan'
An' say, 'Twas me you tho'wed off on,
A mighty turble man.

They'll whimper then, you bet they will,
An' wish that they was dead.
An' when they git down on their knees,
Lak kneelin' at yore bed,
An' beg me not to kill 'em, then
I'll ketch 'em by the han'
An' say, Don't ever laugh no more
At a surnburnt, bow-leg man! —Selected.

A Chemical Romance.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
But Molly Cule did quick retort:
"There's our affinity."

Under electric light plant's shade Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her, But she eloped with a villain base. And now his name's Salt petre.

—Ех.

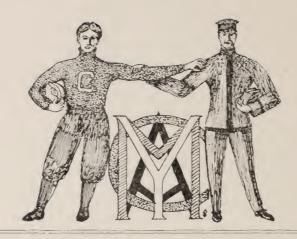
Teacher—"What is your name?"
Kid 1—"Jule."
Teacher—"Your should say Julius."
Teacher (to next boy)—"What is your name?"
Kid 2 (promptly)—"Billious, sir!"

"You are the light of my heart," said Fanny, As she softly kissed him good-night, Then came a voice from the top of the stairs, "Fanny! put out the light."

If I wuz a joke-machine
I'd make such awful stacks
That everybody'd laugh and laugh,
An fall upon their backs.

Rat, while sick—"Say, Doc, don't you think a warmer climate would be better for me?

Doc—"That's what I'm trying to keep you from."—Ex.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

Notes.

Mr. Prevost and Mr. Johnson attended the conference at Charlotte.

President and Mrs. Mell are entertaining the Bible classes every Tuesday evening. This means a great deal to the students, and it is to be regretted they can not know more of the faculty in their homes.

A great many of the leaders have in the past few weeks had "boxes" from home for their classes, or had a spread otherwise.

With the arrival of the students entering at the third term, we should have at least thirty more men in Bible study.

The mission classes are larger than they have ever been before. It is surprising to find so many interested.

Preparations have already begun for the Ashville Conference delegation. A special issue of the "Tiger" will be gotten out for that purpose, and other advertisements made. The number set for this year from Clemson is thirty-five.

This is the largest ever planned; but this is a year of great things for the association.

Now is the time of all times when the boys will want to let their work drop. The leaders must be ingenious enough to keep the students to their standard. Keep up your interest in all lines.

The tennis team will go to the State meet in a few weeks. There is great rivalry, and at present the representatives are not known.

Officers and Committee Chairmen.

Below is given a list of the officers for this next year, and the chairman of the committees appointed by President Byrd:

President—N. E. Byrd,

Vice-President-W. J. Marshall.

Treasurer—C. F. Inman.

Secretary—Altman.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

Bible Study-L. W. Summers.

Prayer Meeting-W. D. Barnette.

Religious Meetings-H. S. Johnson.

Missionary—T. D. Williams.

Athletics-W. P. White.

Advertising—C. P. Roberts.

Social—W. A. Barnette.

Membership—S. O. Kelly.

Installation of the New Officers.

With the beginning of the third term, the officers of the association for next year take up their duties. This plan was adopted last year, so that the old officers might help the new ones to get the work fully in charge.

The new president, Mr. Byrd, conducted his first meeting on the 14th of March. This was an open meeting, and many members of the faculty and friends on the hill were present.

Dr. Calhoun gave a very interesting lecture, illustrated by views of the Holy Land. Dr. Calhoun was assisted with the pictures by Mr. White and Mr. Kelly, of the association. This is the first illustrated lecture given this year, and the attendance showed the interest taken in it. Although it was quite an undertaking for Dr. Calhoun, we trust he will entertain us again with another lecture.

Spring Business Meeting.

On the 7th of March the association had its regular business meeting. Reports from all chairmen of committees were received and accepted.

Mr. Summers' report on membership was rather encouraging. There are now 300 members of the association.

The chairman of the religious meetings made the following report:

"The total attendance at the regular Sunday evening meetings, beginning September 13, 1908, to March 7, 1909, is 4,700. The maximum attendance was 525; the minimum was 56. The average attendance for any one meeting was 161. We had two special meetings—one conducted by Mr. Mercer, the other by Mr. Weatherford. The average attendance at these meetings was 500." Mr. Baldwin's report was one of the best and fullest given.

The main feature of Mr. Clark's report on Bible Study leaders was that there are forty-one leaders, exclusive of Mission Study leaders.

Mr. Johnson's report on prayer meeting was mainly of the work that has been done; no statistics had been made of the attendance. The Buildings and Grounds Committee showed that they had not been idle. Mr. Pitts reported that \$80 worth of furniture had been bought, two new tennis courts made, one basketball court, and 100 song books bought.

Unfortunately the chairman of the Missionary Committee was absent.

The report of Mr. Simpson on Bible Study is as follows: Total number signed up for study, 425; total number in classes, 375; average actual attendance, 315.

The treasurer, Mr. Rivers, made a minute report, and showed the association to be solid in financial matters.

Last came the president's report. Mr. Pridmore gave a general outline of the work accomplished during the past year. He closed his speech by urging every man to work for the association.

As a whole, the Y. M. C. A. has made good progress, and the officers are to be congratulated. The general secretary, Mr. Prevost, especially deserves credit for his unceasing energy and work for the association. We were late in securing a secretary, and this has thrown us back somewhat. Next year, with the plans being made, and the secretary present at the opening of school, the association should reach the place it should hold in the South.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society-J. C. Pridmore, President; C. Innman, Secretary.
- Columbia Literary Society-A. L. Harris, President, H. S. Johnson, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—E. H. Shuler, President; S. E. Evans, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas W. Keitt, Superintendent; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Biological Club-C. N. Shattuck, President; A. F. Conradi, 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-S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Tteam-F. Fleming, Captain; J. C. Pridmore, Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association , Manager; , Captain.
- The Tiger-O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.;
 A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



JACOB REED'S SONS

1424-1426 Chestnut Street

PHILADELPHIA

Uniform Manufacturers for Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and for Students of Military Schools and Colleges.

We are the oldest Uniform Makers in the United States, the house being founded in 1824 by Jacob Reed. All our uniforms are made in sanitary workrooms on our own premises, and are ideal in design, tailoring and fitting quality.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy and students of a majority of the leading Military Schools and Colleges in the United States wear

Reed's Uniforms



Contents



LITERARY DEPARTMENT— PAGE
The Vigil of Rizpah 461
The River
"Lochinvar"
"The Pote of Gold" 480
Debate
The Interference of Tim 495
Memorial Day at Clemson 501
The Coming of Pietro 502
The Sunset 505
Editorial Department 506
Exchange Department 510
Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT 518
College Directory 523

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

The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XII. CLE

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1909.

No. 8



Editors:

O. M. CLARK, '09 A. M. McDAVID, '10 N. E. BYRD, '10

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH.

We have been told that our great Civil War was fought for State Sovereignty, and that we of the South might retain slavery. The retention of slavery was a mere incident. Underlying this, was the fear that, once free, this black pall would engulf us,—would blot out our civilization—our very existence. The enactment of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments was a swift answer to this prophetic fear. The South, overpowered by numbers, had surrendered; with fire and sword, her desolation was made complete—"Sorrow was sitting in black at every Southern fireside." "There was a voice heard in Ramah,—Rachel, weeping for her sons, for they were not,"—and this was the time when the victorious North enacted these amendments. The South had no voice or vote in this sweeping legislation which concerned her so vitally.

The day has come when we must demand the repeal of the Fifteenth, and the modification of the Fourteenth Amendments. When we make this demand, we are preaching the Gospel to the modern Gentiles. Stripping the flimsy gewgaws from their so-called idea of the brotherhood of man, exposing to them, the horrid, grinning skeleton of a prejudice against their own race. A slow creeping,—ever encroaching death,-planned for, yea, prayed for, by their high priests, their poets, their philosophers. This living death, they have hoped to consign to us, is social equality of the races, the logical sequence of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments! We, of the South, are fighting the battle of the eternal ages,—the battle which the Aryan race has fought since the dawn of time, for the unsullied purity of its blood. The name (Aryan), itself, proves this, whether it is derived from a root which signifies "the best," or one which means "to plow." Either derivation stamps our ancestors, the superiors of the nomadic tribes surrounding them, and through which our mighty race passed, pure in blood and characteristics,—the master-minds of the downcoming centuries!

Today, the South is the cynosure of the civilized world, which watches with cold, neutral eyes the momentous struggle—ever waiting to side with the victor, ever waiting to cry with down turned thumbs, "Væ Victis!"—"Woe to the vanquished!"—if the proud Anglo-Saxon, noblest off-shoot of the Aryan, shall acknowledge the Ethiopian his equal.

Self-preservation of the individual, of the family, of the nation, is the primal law. This principle rises triumphant over every obstacle, and is the very corner-stone, the very essence, of our Anglo-Saxon supremacy.

When we demand the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America, we ask for simple justice,—we seek our common rights. Race pride is back of this demand,—not race prejudice. A passionate race pride, that reaches to and beyond life and death, and to the judgment to come!

If, as the Constitution declares, "all men are created free and equal," then, surely the Ethiopian hath not proved himself worthy of his noble birthright. Left to himself, in his native African wilds, he is a savage—a cannibal—and amounts to naught in the forces which uplift the world, unless controlled and protected from himself by some superior race. Then his patience, his docility, his iron muscle, his care-free, happy disposition are giant factors in the world's progress. Just so with the mighty electric current. Guided by the hand of man, electricity is the wonder and blessing of the twentieth century; yet, what havoc it can play, if once it is lost control of.

The race riots, in California, and more recently, that of Springfield, Illinois, the home of the great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, have opened the eyes and the hearts of the North to the real atrocity of the situation. "Things seen are mightier than things heard;" so, when our countrymen in California saw their little ones going to school and asso-

ciating daily with yellow races from over seas, they were at first vaguely uneasy, at intervals,—then anxious—then unhappy. They saw their children changing before their very eyes,—deteriorating slowly, but surely,—losing, imperceptibly, yet certainly, their belief in God, their love of truth, that strain of the divine afflatus, which is the crown and glory of the Anglo-Saxon. That one quality which makes him the king of all the races. They murmured to themselves, then mothers and fathers, with the electric eye of love, communed without words, yet soul to soul, of their cruel dread. Then neighbor told to neighbor, in whispers, their gnawing anxiety. There were sighs and bitter groans, for the Anglo-Saxon respects the law,—then to his Creator, the All-Father, his despairing cry went up. All through the streets of the city of the Golden Gate, there seemed to echo hoarsely the cry, "Who hath drugged my child's cup?" "Who hath poisoned my boy's bread?" Then came the roar and the howl of the mob! Fathers, frenzied in picturing their children's future,—mothers, hollow-eyed and wild with the fears of that future, also. The blood of the Anglo-Saxon was on fire! He was fighting his world-old battle! The sword of that divine race-pride had pierced through matter into spirit! The great heart of the South, where this same struggle has been going on in many phases for forty years, went out in swift sympathy to California's cry of mortal agony, "Down with the Yellow Peril. Give us separate schools!"

The authorities at Washington talked of treaties, and of the foreigners' rights. There were special commissioners appointed to investigate matters upon the spot! There were rumors, and still other rumors, of war. Mr. Roosevelt, with the blind perversity of the Northern half of his nature, talked of beautiful theories, trying to ignore galling conditions. What was the outcome? Separate schools were established, and in the city of the Golden Gate the Anglo-Saxon was vindicated!

Our individual life, our national destiny, our very existence upon the face of the earth, is bound up with this question, and the sword which cuts this Gordian Knot is now, and ever will be, white supremacy.

Men, comrades, brethren, all, shall we surrender our birthright? Shall we supinely stand and see this priceless heritage, race purity, endangered? Nay! Never! While the red blood courses in our veins! Shall we, the sons of God, made in His image, for the sake of a shameless peace, betray the trust that our Creator hath intrusted in us, since, in that dim and distant past, our race started upon its westward march, from the heart of India, building empires, founding kingdoms, conquering and to conquer?

The great battles of the world have been fought upon one pretext or another. But if one will delve down to rock-bottom facts, the question of race supremacy will be found to have been the cause.

The fate of all Christendom hung in the balance, when Charles Martel met the Saracens and defeated them at the Battle of Tours. This has been regarded as one of the most important battles in the world's history, from the fact that it was a triumph of the Christian Celt over his race inferior, the Moslem Saracen! Even the Crusades were an heroic phase of the never-ending struggle for race supremacy; for the Moslem against the Christian was the Turanian against the Aryan.

When the Spaniard, with all the prestige which Columbus had bestowed upon his nation, settled upon the islands of the West Indies and Mexico, he and the native eventually amalgamated. For proof of this assertion, witness the peoples of these countries. Races inferior in various ways to both original stocks—peons, copper-colored serfs, living in

squalor and indigence, this, too, in the grandest country ever given to man.

Not so with the Anglo-Saxon. When the English colonies settled in America, hoping here to find a home where they could worship God according to their convictions, they were compelled to fight for their very existence, against the red men, who, refusing to live in peace, and be ruled by the superior race, chose rather to be annihilated or driven westward, where today, after centuries of opportunity. he is mainly dependent upon the white man's government for rations.

If the kings of England, before the Revolution, had tried to declare the Indian a citizen and a voter, the said Revolution would have been precipitated a full hundred years before the Boston Tea Party.

With these stern colonists, the idea of assimilating the red race would then have been, as it is now with their descendants, equivalent to sacrilege. Race purity is more a national characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, than even race supremacy.

For a time, the South, and our Carolina especially, was forced at the point of the bayonet to submit to the rule of the black man. That great underlying principle of our race, respect for law and order, rendered this submission possible, but in that splendid year, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, was witnessed a glorious reversal of that most colossal crime of the nineteenth century; namely, the bestowal of the ballot upon newly freed slaves.

Had the national government at the close of the Civil War confiscated every dollar of Southern property as Congress was urged to do by Northern representatives, thus reducing our people to beggary, this hard fate would have been met with a gloomy but silent defiance, for the reason, perhaps, of the aforesaid bayonets and overpowering numbers; but if

the North, gone mad upon the rights and imaginary virtues of the negro, had advocated, or endeavored to legislate, or, in short, to force, assimilation of the races, then would that thrilling story, enacted by the yellow Tiber, have been repeated—as fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, would have acted as did Virginius when he stabbed to the heart the pure and beautiful Virginia, saying, tenderly, "Dear little daughter, there is no other way to save you!"

I repeat, we must demand of the North, for the sake of its own race pride, the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. The day of the subterfuge and filibustering, of educational requirement, and State legislation, is passed. Our national government withheld for a time the franchise from the Filipinos, who for four hundred years had basked in the sun of Spanish civilization. We of the South could, with line upon line, and precept upon precept, prove that the negro has shown to the world that he is incapable of self-government; citing as proof the reign of riotous plunder he inaugurated in the South just after the Civil War.

We could establish to the world his other failures; only that we are at the same disadvantage as the early Christians, in that the lives of the pagan surrounding them were so utterly depraved, that the Christians would not, for their own sakes, write or speak of the depths of depravity to which the pagan world was accustomed. This is today one phase of the white man's burden.

Fortunately for the South, however, we are as dogged believers in our own powers and privileges as the sentimental North has been in those of the idealized negro, and by our own saving common sense, we have kept the country wholesomely jealous of the pretensions of our black neighbor. And, now, California and Illinois, in the fullness of time, realize, with remorseful horror, that the same bitter draught

has been placed to their lips. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind!"

For years the irritation in California was confined to labor questions arising from the fact that the white man resented being superseded by the alien yellow races. But, in its last phase, the conflict was brought about by the fact that the Chinese and Japanese were being treated as social equals in the public schools. The same saving common sense of the Anglo-Saxon caused him to look the issue squarely in the face, and to realize that social equality means surely race amalgamation. Then and there he demanded his birthright, and the separate schools were established by the government!

The desolation of war left the South prostrate upon the Rock of Sorrow, like unto Rizpah of old, weeping for her slain sons, while guarding the bones of her sacred dead. Through storm and stress, through heat and cold. by night the beacon fire kindled by Rizpah's hands affrights the screaming jackal from his prev. By day with wild shriek and waving arms, with cries of love to her dead, the seven sons of illfated King Saul, with wild prayers to heaven, she beats away the ever circling hungry vultures. From early harvest time till the chill winter, rains beat upon her devoted head, this widow of King Saul, regal Rizpah, kept her sacred vigil. All Israel is touched by her heroic fortitude, and some daring soul tells it to King David's counsellors. They, in turn, relate to the king how this brave woman has faced cold and heat, hunger and thirst, prowling wild beast and circling vulture, to protect the bodies of her sons, princes in Israel, from desecration. The remorseful memory of the king begins to stir, and he orders the bodies of King Saul and his beloved friend, Jonathan, with those of the seven princes, to be interred as befitted their rank.

The South today, keeps a high and holy vigil over her rights, her traditions, her splendid past, her radiant future! The beasts of prey, the circling vultures, are ever present in the race question, the race problem. Like Rizpah of old, the South is bound by custom and convention, and cannot solve this problem at once! For weary days, weeks, and months, all Israel seemed deaf to the unparalleled devotion of Rizpah's lonely vigil. Yet all Israel secretly sympathized with her, and this floodtide of feeling rose over all barriers, effacing all fear of the royal displeasure, causing this heroic mother's devotion to be known in the throne-room of the king. Just so it is with the South today! Her only safety is in the modification of the Fourteenth, and the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment! The great heart of the North is with us! Her politicians and agitators may for a time prevent this measure; but I repeat, our great Northern brethren will stand by us in the struggle to maintain our race supremacy. "Blood is thicker than water," may be a homely proverb, as old as the hills; but it is, nevertheless, as true as the everlasting hills!

This is the white man's country! The Creator meant it to be so! And by "the eternal fitness of things," we demand the modified repeal of these amendments, hastily made a law, with no forethought of the future; for we young men of the South have "beheld a vision, even a heavenly vision, and we have set out hearts to be obedient to this vision."

H. W. CROMER.



THE RIVER.

Whence comest thou, oh river?

Thou, so wide and long, wending
Thy way in nature's fields,
In varied scenes? Thou never ending!

And what art thou, oh river?

As past us in thy course thou'rt steering Into our vision 'round one bend,

And 'round another disappearing.

Art thou some speechless living being!
Feeling, thinking, hearing, seeing?

And yet denied the power to tell
To us that which you know so well?

For in thy travels, mutish river,—
Travels going on forever,—

What countless things thou must have seen,
Which thy dumb lips will never say!—

Those things we'll never know; and,
Thou, all-wise, but silent, go thy way.

Whence goest thou, oh river?
In thy course across the earth?
Do waters live—and, living, die,
And in thy source have a rebirth?

О. R. Сонем, 1911.



"LOCHINVAR."

Julia turned toward her aunt, with her pretty forehead creased into many becoming wrinkles, "Aunty, how in the world are we ever going to get aboard the *Natalie* at the unearthly hour of two or three o'clock in the morning?"

"I've been thinking of that myself, dearie." replied her aunt. "I suppose Edna will have the dinghy near the landing to carry us out, and she expressly told me not to wake them, but to go right into our stateroom—let's see—it's—a—number forty-seven."

"H'm," with a becoming shrug to two bewitching shoulders, "Spose no one meets us?"

"Suppose!" returned her aunt, brusquely. "Julia, you're always supposing. Of course there'll be some one to meet us. Edna will see to all of that."

"I hope so," sighed the tired girl, abstractedly, and she turned to gaze into the impenetrable darkness without the car windows.

Julia Dayton and her maiden aunt were to be two of the guests of a New York lady, who was carrying a sort of a house party on a yachting trip to the Bermuda Islands. As this was the first time they had experienced yachting sensations, they both, and especially the younger Miss Dayton, were much excited and nervously afraid that something might go wrong. They had left their Poughkeepsie home that evening; but, owing to a freight wreck, had been delayed until they figured that they would not reach the yatcht until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. They were not far wrong in their calculations, for, at a little after one, they reached the Grand Central Depot, and, hiring a hackman to carry their steamer trunks to their destination, they entered another cab and drove happily off.

The battery was reached, with the trunks following, the cabbies paid and dismissed, when, to their horror, no waiting sailor from the yacht could be found. They were speechless with dismay, and at last, in desperation, they hailed a passing fisherman in his skiff. In answer to their timid call he came to them, and they could see by his first words that he had been dallying with that which "stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder" a trifle freely. He was their only hope, however, and they decided to secure his services, if possible.

Aunty undertook to interview the man. "Do you know where the *Natalie* is moored?" she sweetly asked. "It's a—a—white boat, I believe, and they told us it was off the battery."

Slowly this intricate sentence worked its way through the befuddled brain of the man, and he answered at length, thickly:

"Nat'lie? Shure, and I knowsh where she ish; sh' moored ri' ov' there, 'bout quarter 'v a mile. Wanter g' 'board?" Then a sense of his inhospitality burst upon him, and, hauling forth from his rear pocket a brown flask, he gravely held it forth. "H'v a drink? D— good rot-gut. Wot—no?" Whereupon he tilted it skyward, and after several ecstatic gurgles lowered it again. "Fine," he muttered; "bes' ever."

The ladies wavered. At last the elder spoke, "We've got to get aboard! Are you sure that you can put us there, with our trunks, safely," she added, looking dubiously at the skiff.

"Shure I c'n—c'n put y' there shafe—an'—an'—shound ash—a—ash—a"—the man paused in search of a proper simile, and then, "I got it," he shouted, gleefully,—"shafe an' shafe ash a rug in a bug. Oh, chee—a joke!"

"All right, what'll you charge?"

"Lesh she," he ruminated, "theresh you firsh; you're sho darned fat—"

"What!" witheringly, "no personal remarks, if you please." This from indignant aunty, while behind her, her respectful niece was chewing a filmy lace handkerchief, which could ill stand mastication, in an attempt to stifle her mirth.

"Ash I wash shayin, wen you sho rudely interrupted." solemnly continued the man, "you're sho darned fat I'll hav' to charge double—that'll be dollar, an'—an' t' gal—she's sho pretty I'll take her for half fare—that'll be quarter. Dollar 'n quarter mak' doller'n half. Then 't'll be fifty cents f'r each trunk, and t' whole 'll be three dollars."

"Three dollars! Why, that's robbery! I won't pay it! I—"

"Shorry y' look at it that way. Mush charge three doller'n half now. Better come."

They came. Force of circumstances. After rowing for over a half hour, they reached a large yacht, where two sailors, who were evidently on watch, helped them aboard, as significant looks and illy-concealed grins passed between them. After paying the boatman, aunty turned to one of the broadly-grinning sailors—

"Number forty-seven is our stateroom," she said, crisply, "will you kindly conduct us there at once."

He did, still grinning.

* * * * * * * * *

When they awoke, it was bright daylight, and the roll of the yacht, combined with the view from their window, informed them that they were at sea. They arose and dressed, the niece donning a white sailor suit, which set forth her many feminine charms to such advantage as to call forth a half-involuntary exclamation of approval from her usually phlegmatic aunt, whereupon Julia was put in an excellent humor. At last, their toilet being completed, they left their stateroom, and, ascending a flight of stairs, they emerged upon a bright, clean deck. As they did so, they came full upon a young and good-looking man, who started back in surprise, with the terse and rather ungentlemanly brusque exclamation:

"Well, I'll be d—!" he ejaculated.

The two ladies stiffened perceptibly.

"Oh—ah—er—a—ex—excuse me," stammered the flustered young man, "but—er—a—you see—I—er—can't quite understand this—I—what in h—! Oh, pardon me; but what the dev—deuce are you doing here, anyway?"

Aunty, disdainfully ignoring him, attempted to pass; but the man had other intentions, and he put himself resolutely in her path, much to her surprise.

"I'm sorry, madam, if I appear rude," he said, "but I would like an explanation of your presence on my yacht."

This was too much; the last straw—

"What! Your yacht! Why, this is Mrs. Lane's *Natalie!*" Pardon me for contradicting a lady," he calmly returned, "but this is Mr. Kelsey's *Thelma*, as I am in a good position to know, being Mr. Kelsey myself. Now, please, an explanation!"

The good lady was dumbfounded, and only managed to gasp, hysterically:

"Thelma! but—but—I—oh, dear! whatever shall I do? It was all the fault of that drunken fisherman; he—he—said that this was the Natalie—and—oh, dear, me."

The poor man was confounded. "What in h—er—a—what's she rowing about, anyway," he exclaimed, turning in his extremity to the girl, at whom he had cast many approving glances.

Two other rather good-looking fellows had by this time become interested spectators.

The girl spoke. "It means," she said, sharply, "that we were invited to join a party on the yacht *Natalie*, owned by Mrs. Lane, for a cruise of the Bermudas. We reached the battery very early this morning and paid a rather tipsy fisherman to put us on board the boat. As you can see, he made a grave error; and, sir, if you are a—a—gentleman, you will take us immediately back to New York.

"I hate to disoblige," he returned, bowing, "but circumstances are such that in this case I am forced to. It is imperative that I reach the Bermudas within—"

"What! you are headed for the Bermudas?" and she brightened visibly.

"Yes, and I will feel honored if you will be my guest until we arrive there. Allow me to introduce myself—Gerald Kelsey; my two friends—Harvey Anderson, Bill—er—a—William Carter; and, looking around as if for another,—a—all Yale men—class '08. You are ——," he paused, questioningly; and the girl, seeing that they were inevitably shipmates, introduced herself and her aunt.

"Now," she continued, gaily, as she finished, "since we are to be prisoners, it is but fair that we should be shown the gaol we are to be shut up in—"

"No, not prisoners, Miss Dayton, unless prisoners of circumstances," protested Kelsey; "but I'll take your hint, if you'll take my arm and allow me to show you over the craft."

Entering into his mood, she took his proffered arm, and they wended their way toward the saloon, laughing and chatting as if they had known each other for years. Kelsey proved himself to be an ideal companion—witty, polite to the highest degree, with a certain intangible little air of familiarity that causes quick, firm friendship and gives that "at home" feeling.

As they entered the stateroom corridor, to return to the deck, a door directly in front of them opened and a young man emerged. The girl stopped in utter amazement, her face flushing and paling in a second.

"Jack!" she breathed, incredulously,—and, again, "Jack! you here?"

"Dear," the young man started, and then, realizing an alien presence, "Oh—ah—Miss Dayton—this is certainly the pleasantest ever. What good angel sent you to bless these humble bachelor quarters? Kelsey, old man, I surely owe you one for not telling me there were going to be ladies present. Why, you old sinner, you said it was to be a bunch of Yale grads; but I'll forgive you'—and he went on in

this strain, manfully sparring for time for the girl to collect her poise—"well, must leave you all now; we'll see some more of each other. Ta-ta!" and with a bow he disappeared into his stateroom.

"You and Barre seem to be old friends," murmured Kelsey, dryly.

"Oh—er—yes. That is, I—I—have *met* him before—once or twice," faltered the girl; then, indignantly, "But why didn't you tell me he was here. I—I—would have swum back rather than have stayed on board."

Kelsey was flustered. "Now, Miss Dayton, that's not fair to jump on me. If the beggar bothers you, I'll have him chucked overboard!"

"Oh—no—no! I don't mean—no, he doesn't worry me; but—!"

"Julia! O—o—oh, Julia!" aunty's voice was heard calling, at this juncture.

"Yes'm," she answered, "I'm coming."

* * * * * * * *

After leaving the couple Barre returned to his stateroom with an expressive grin on his face.

"Oh, Pat, Pat!" he shouted, dragging the bedclothes from a recumbent figure on the bed, much to the detriment of the moral atmosphere of the room, "how did you do it? Wake up, you lazy son of Morpheus, and tell a fellow how you accomplished this wonder."

"Wake—up," yawned the bed, "I'm—I'm a—wake. I'd like to know who the deuce could sleep with you cutting up like a wild man. Oh, gee!" reminiscently (?), "what a time I did have last night."

"Tell me all about it," urged Kelsey; whereupon he of the berth re-enacted the entire scene for Kelsey with such dramatic ability that, when he finished, both of them were rolling on the floor in an excess of mirth. "Old man," said Kelsey, "you're a bird!" Then, seriously, "well, I've an ideal chance now, and if I can't win her, why—oh, well, I reckon I'll quit then."

"No thanks!" returned the other; "I had more fun than a whole barrel of monkeys. Go in to win her now, man; I wouldn't take a cool thousand for the experience. It's just up to you. If you get me into jail for this job, the sin'll be on your head. This thing of capturing a society belle isn't a joke in every phase; you would catch it if you were caught."

"Oh, there's no danger," optimistically returned Barre; "she's too much of a brick to peach, and 'aunty' is absolutely her slave. See here, I reckon I owe you an explanation," ignoring Pat's gesture of remonstrance, he continued:

"You know I've been hard hit ever since I took the young lady in question to the June hop during commencement. Since then she's turned me, and chattels, down six separate and distinct times. The last time she asserted that I didn't have enough *go* in me to do anything. I determined to prove that she was mistaken, and *this* is the result."

"Wish you luck," returned his friend, dubiously.

* * * * * * * *

Three days later, just as the sun was setting, the *Thelma* cast anchor off the coast of Bermuda.

Barre and his affinity (?) stood together on the deck as the rattling chain ran through the hole. The other young men had entirely, if grudgingly, admitted Barre's "prior claim," as they laughingly called it, and, therefore, these two had been constantly thrown together.

"Four days of heaven," murmured he, almost to himself, "and tomorrow—gee!" he ended, disgustedly. "Do you know," he continued, earnestly, "I feel like a child, who has been having *the* time of his existence, and now sees the nurse

coming to remove the source of his joy. Rather a foolish simile, I'll admit, Miss Julia, but youder is my mean nurse," and he pointed to a light that twinkled about a half-mile off their starboard bow, "there's the *Natalic*. She came in about an hour ago!"

The girl stared through the darkness. "The *Natalic*," she repeated, aimlessly. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Barre, I'll have to plead guilty of inattention. Pray forgive me. You were saying—?"

Barre bit his lips savagely. "Nothing, as usual," he returned, tersely. "What were you thinking of?"

"About the past few days. They have been like a dream. I really believe I shall awake and find myself on the train, going on board Mrs. Lane's yacht. And to think that that is it over yonder. I suppose we'll have to leave immediately!"

"I thought she would—that's why I arranged this meeting. I've a confession to make, Miss Julia. It's been worrying me for some time."

She looked up, questioningly, startled at the earnestness of his tones. She feared his declaration.

"Jack, don't; not again!" she pleaded.

"I won't," promised the young man, miserably, "this is something different. Do you remember when we were in the corner of the conservatory, the subdued music—everything? Then I—well, you know what I said. It's about you coming aboard this yacht. I was to blame for the whole affair" (the girl interrupted with an exclamation of surprise); "I knew you were going aboard Mrs. Lane's yacht, so I hatched this scheme—"

"But why," broke in the girl, "why did you attempt such an awful thing? Don't you realize what all my friends will think?"

"Rub it in! Rub it in! I wanted you, was the main reason; the second was because you had guyed me so much about my general sleepiness. Do you remember that night you told me that the man you'd marry would be a modern Lochinvar? Oh, I know you are furious, but it was my last chance and I took it." He glanced sidewise at her, noticing how the moonlight struck the gold-brown hair and starry eyes.

"Dear," he muttered, hoarsely, "don't—don't cry—please. I know I'm a brute. Can't you—don't you forgive me; I don't ask more?"

On the lower deck a moon-struck sailor tuned his guitar. The tinkling sounds arose to their ears, accompanied by a rich baritone in an old love song.

The girl looked at him long and earnestly, as if to decide some dubious question. Her hand was lying on the rail—his covered it.

"Julia," he murmured, "I—I promised—but—but—I—I can't help telling you that—I—I love you. I don't ask you for any return. I'll leave you now. You'll not be bothered by me again. Good-night, dear."

He turned away and started slowly for his cabin. The night—the stars—the song—or something—appealed to the girl. She half-opened her lips and closed them again. At last—

"Jack," she softly called.

Soft as it was he heard and whirled about.

"Did you call?" he asked, tremulously.

"Yes, I did."

"What can I do, dear?"

"Jack, tell me, is forgiveness all you ask for—all you want?"

He looked once into her eyes, and then-

The sailor on the lower deck, looking suddenly abaft the wheelhouse, met a sight so startling that his song almost stopped.

"Gosh!" he muttered, and then added, philosophically, "well, who could blame 'em?"

O. R. COHEN, H. C. BEATY, 1911.

"THE POTE OF GOLD."

"Come immediately—your Aunt Patience dead—leaves old home to you."

Margaret Nelson dropped the telegram. She felt as weak as if she were recovering from an illness. Not only was her aunt's death a great shock to her, but by those last few words in the telegram all her hopes, her dreams for the future seemed blighted forever.

Patience Nelson had observed in her favorite niece so great a desire for higher education that she had promised, when Margaret's father died, to send her to college; or if she should die before Margaret finished her high school course, a rich legacy was to be left to her, with which she could carry out her plans.

And now, why the kind old lady had willed her that old worn-out farm, Margaret could not understand. Of course, her aunt had always lived there and had become attached to the place. But did she think it would yield enough to send anyone to college for four years?

After the funeral services were over, and Patience Nelson was laid to rest in the family cemetery on the twelve-acre farm, Margaret roamed over the colonial house, the only redeeming feature of the place, wondering what her future would be.

At first the strain and grief over a death in the family made her very disconsolate, but in a few days she became more cheerful. Her aunt, she thought, loved the old place so much that she imagined it would bring a great deal of money, so she would not blame her. She would see what price she might obtain for it; perhaps the fine old-fashioned house would induce some one to buy the worthless clay soil.

Early next morning, she and her mother began cleaning the house and packing up Miss Nelson's belongings before they should return to the city. They began with the attic, and as Margaret was a very imaginative young person, she soon became interested in the old forgotten keepsakes laid away in the dust and cobwebs.

Here were some of her aunt's love-letters, yellow with age; and there a few daguerrotypes; and in a little nook near the chimney were more letters tied with blue ribbon. Taking these out, Margaret discovered a narrow strip of parchment so yellow that she almost overlooked it as it lay on the pine shelf. She started to throw it into the waste-basket, but happening to look at it more closely, she saw in very queer handwriting the words: "We BurieD—pote—goold—1716—cellaR pasSage."

The other was illegible, but Margaret was sure she had found something worthy of an examination. So that night she worked long and hard on the cipher, and with difficulty made out these words: "We BurieD—pote—goold—1716—Slab in cellarR—3 fit rite of door-button—stairway—pas-Sage—lose tHe bricks at end—Jan. 2—1716."

The next morning, bright and early, Margaret, carrying a lantern, trowel and pick, went down into the damp, mouldy cellar. Making the required measurements, she finally found the button, and the slab slowly swung open revealing a flight of stairs, which descended in to what Margaret thought was unfathomable darkness. She saw a paper on the first step. and, picking this up, read:

My Dear Niece:

I have known about the treasure for thirteen years, having accidentally discovered the parchment. Instead of giving you easy access to your portion of my wealth, I decided to test you. If you have succeeded in making out the cipher, I need never fear but that you will persevere in your college work.

Patience Nelson.

Picking up her lantern and tools, Margaret proceeded to climb down the old stairs, and to make her way down the passage. It seemed of an interminable length, but finally she saw the wall rising out of the darkness before her. Sure enough the last bricks were loose, and, hastily throwing these aside, Margaret began digging. But, although she worked nearly an hour, she saw no signs of a pot, and was almost at the point of giving up, when her trowel struck something which gave forth a metallic sound.

Setting to work with a renewed zeal, Margaret soon unearthed a large urn, which contained a great number of gold coins and many precious stones.

Margaret ran in search of her mother, and they soon discovered that the money found would not only send Margaret to school, but would be sufficient for their support for many years to come.

H. T. Prosser.

DEBATE.

QUERY: Resolved, That it is not advisable for South Carolina to have a compulsory education law.

NEGATIVE.

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen: The twentieth century has brought many problems of education; still the greatest one that concerns the people of South Carolina is not of distant lands or heathen countries, but is at our very doors—a problem of native white illiteracy. The State Constitution provides for a liberal system of free public schools for all children between the ages of six and twenty-one. For many years expert supervisors, and our best leaders have struggled heroically to get the illiterate children to attend school. There are laws that prohibit, with few exceptions, the employment of children under twelve years of age in the mines, factories or other textile establishments; but for the lack of stringent educational laws. the demand for child labor in factories has drawn in hundreds of helpless children to earn a few cents a day at the expense of dwarfing their lives and intellects. Very few people are actually too poor to send their children to the public schools, and these, since they perpetuate themselves, deserve to be cared for more than do the paupers. Not many people are unfriendly to the common schools, and the majority of the children already attend without compulsion; but we see by examples of other States, that the lowest percentage of illiteracy will never be obtained until we adopt a reasonable, conservative compulsory education law.

The percentage of native white illiteracy in South Carolina, as reported by last census, stands near the bottom when compared with that of our sister States. The comparison in percentage for Massachusetts and Connecticut is less than one per cent., while in South Carolina the percentage is over thirteen. Again, in our State the number of native white children between the ages of ten and fourteen not enrolled in any kind of school, public or private, was six times the number of native white children of the corresponding age not in school in the State of Massachusetts. At the same time South Carolina had 54,177 native white illiterates over ten years of age; while Connecticut, with twice the population, had but 1,958. The number of native white illiterates over ten years of age in South Carolina was decreased only

792 during the thirty years previous to the last census. These facts lead us to believe that the general education in our State will likely remain unchanged unless our school laws are amended. The day when a few trained leaders could pilot the destiny of our government has passed, and now the welfare of our State is determined by the average effective citizenship. The basis of our government is on education. Since the Constitution is a written one, and all important officers are elected by ballot, therefore, if every citizen is to secure the intelligent enjoyment and practice of our own institution, the State should make such laws as will give to all the ability to read and write. Although these laws may have originated among monarchial powers, yet they are not tyrannical, but are altruistic in that they are for the welfare of the whole people.

Reviewing the pages of ancient history, we find that laws making education compulsory have existed from the earliest The Greeks and Romans had severe laws concerning military education. The Spartans had strict rules regarding the food and clothing of their young men, so that they might have greater endurance in protecting their State. As times changed and the measure of power and rank between nations gradually shifted to that of strength combined with intelligence, compulsory laws were made affecting the schools and their attendance, until today the reports of modern civilization show that the North, the West, and the leading cultured lands of the world have long ceased to argue the desirability of having a compulsory education law. They were once confronted with the great problems of illiteracy, but meeting the facts face to face, they have framed such regulations and enacted such laws as have today almost wholly freed them from the shackles of illiteracy and placed them in the lead on average intelligence. France enacted a compulsory education law in 1882, and in 1900 her percentage of illiteracy had been reduced from 31 per cent. to 6 per cent. Thirty-seven of our own States and Territories have found such laws necessary and effective.

My honorable opponent may describe such a law as an intrusion upon civil liberty. We believe in the greatest possible freedom; but for the greatest good to all in the pursuit of life, happiness and prosperity, we must have a good government, and certain restrictive laws must apply to all. The State has a right to make and enforce laws in all that pertains to good citizenship. Compulsion underlies many things. Colleges have regulations that must be enforced. There are laws against theft, nuisance, and the abuse of children by parents. A State has the power to convict and punish crime that is so often caused by illiteracy and ignorance, then she ought to have the right to take the necessary steps to remove the cause. Because a person is illiterate is no reason why he should not be a good citizen; but reports show that a majority of the criminals are illiterate, and statistics reveal the fact that in Maryland, Kentucky and South Carolina, sixty per cent. of the prisoners are illiterate. Twentyfive per cent. more can hardly read or write, or eighty-five per cent. were deficient in education. Compulsory education laws are now recognized as a protection to give illiterate children their rights. What a tremendous obstacle children who grow up unable to read or write, and out of touch with the progress of the world, must overcome. Popular education would not deprive any of true freedom, but it would really be freeing the unfortunate from the bondage of illiteracy.

The non-attendance is not caused by the lack of school funds. We already have a good educational system, and there are too many evidences of prosperity for any State to make excuses for lagging behind in this age of education and advancement. The South's increase in wealth is even

now \$3,500,000 more per day than Great Britain's increase per week, and South Carolina has her share in this prosperity. Georgetown county had on hand June 30, 1907, after her schools had closed, \$35,838 to the credit of her school fund, while Chester county closed her schools with a balance larger than expenditure. The last General Assembly appropriated \$20,000 to give extra aid to the poorer schools for the purpose of equalizing the free school term. The State collects a three-mill tax for the support of common schools. Local taxation is becoming more popular. If taxes are paid to educate the children, it is the State's duty to see that all children get their share of it. Taxpayers are beginning to demand it, as shown in the declaration of a certain taxpayer in North Carolina, who said, "If you vote to compel the children of this district to go to school, increase my taxes as you please; if you are not going to put the children into school, I am opposed to any further school tax." Of course, we must not make such a law without first counting the cost, but we should not shirk a plain duty on account of expense. It would cost something to enforce a compulsory education law, but it costs to enforce other good laws. The majority of South Carolinians are law-abiding citizens, and compulsory education law could be easily enforced. The cost of enlarging schools, if necessary, would be as nothing when compared with the increased intelligence, productiveness and happiness that would result. Now, we pay annual tribute to the industrial supremacy of New England and other sections, over five times as much money as it would cost to put every white child in the State in school six months per year. The educational leaders of New England have already said that they realize that we have advantages and great resources in the South, but they propose to keep the lead, if possible, through power of trained brains and trained hands.

One of the main objections brought against a compulsory education law in this State is that it will include the negro; but he is paying taxes or supporting schools indirectly. is due common justice, and it is our duty to civilization to go forward in the great work of attempting to elevate mankind. The negro is here through no fault of his own. I do not wish to champion his cause, but he is among us, and we should do the best for him under the present conditions. Some people may claim that if the negroes were taught to read and write, they would soon be in State control; but it is impossible for a race just a few scores of years out of the wilds of Africa, to cope with a race of several thousand years of civilization, with a majority of the property, and the reins of government in their hands. Be that as it may, the negroes are rapidly improving their condition, and to our shame they are already attending school better than the whites are. There are already 26,000 more negro children in the State schools than there are whites. The negroes are a majority in the schools of twenty-nine counties of our State, while the whites are in majority in ony twelve. The negro average attendance is now 17,980 more than that of the Their facilities for education are far below the advantages of the whites, but who can blame them for bettering their condition? The theory is advanced that the negro must be trained along industrial lines, but he would surely have to be able to read and write before he can intelligently pursue such a course. Has education made him a better citizen? A test has been made, and out of a hundred and thirty-six letters sent to leading business men of the South asking whether or not the negro had been bettered by education, a hundred and twenty-one answered yes; four, no. This race is already taking advantage of the schools, and a compulsory education law would affect them very little. It is the illiteracy among the whites that such a law would tend to remove.

In conclusion, South Carolina has a high percentage of illiteracy, and from all indications this percentage will continue unless we adopt a compulsory education law, the only means found effective in removing illiteracy in other States. These laws can be enforced in South Carolina. They are not against freedom, but are really for the rescue of the illiterate children who must soon face the problems of life and share in the responsibility of the State. Moved by a common impulse in the cause of chivalry, public sentiment, so far as it is voiced in public utterances, and the compelling power of public opinion is strongly in favor of a compulsory education law. It is our duty to civilization to enact a law for giving general education to all the youths within our borders. And, then, when the rising years of the century shall have developed our natural wealth, South Carolina will lack neither the will nor the power to discharge her duties to society, to herself and to the nation.

W. C. PITTS.

Compulsory education is a statutory requirement that all children within a specified age limit shall attend school regularly for a definite part of each year. From the very nature of the definition, we see that such a law would force parents to send their children to school, no matter what the conditions may be. Such a law is antagonistic to the spirit of our American free institutions. The theory of our general government is the greatest possible liberty on the part of each individual—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, liberty of action. The chief aim of the framers of our Constitution was to protect the individual in the enjoyment of life, liberty and prosperity. A compulsory education law would be not only a fatal blow to this

individual liberty and our free institutions, but it would also be a long step towards socialism and paternalism.

Such a law is not needed in the State of South Carolina. Throughout the State, under the wise guidance of the educational boards, and with the efforts of the strong-hearted band of educators, inspired by the great educational awakening, a movement has been carried on for the last decade that has resulted in unparalleled progress. Under the guidance of this enthusiastic band of leaders our per cent. of illiteracy has been reduced more rapidly than that in any other State in the Union. Let us compare the figures of our own State with those of some of the others, and we shall see at once that we have achieved a wonderful record of educational growth and development. In 1900 South Carolina had, including the negroes, 21.61 per cent. of its entire population in school. The same census shows that in the great State of New York only sixteen per cent. attended. In the great Western State of Michigan only twenty per cent., and in Massachusetts only sixteen per cent. were enrolled. All of these States are leaders in the so-called compulsory education and boast too high of their educational facilities, but still, according to the report of the Commissioner of Education, they are behind us. Exclusive of the negro, the difference is even greater; for leaving the colored race out of the count we had twenty-five per cent. of the total population in school, while each of the other States named had only sixteen per cent. enrolled. I do not feel, therefore that there is any apology to be made for the educational facilities of this State, nor can I see how a compulsory law will better the conditions. We have a large per cent. of illiterates, I will admit, but when reference is made to this class, I reply justly that a large per cent. of these are illiterate consequent upon the misfortunes of war.

If the compulsory attendance law were passed, it would greatly interfere with the family government. It is for the betterment of their descendants that parents make the family government as nearly perfect as possible, giving each individual child the greatest possible liberty, fostering in him that self-government, which, in after years, will be reflected in our national government. The solidarity of the family and the supreme rights of the control of the children are cardinal principles of our government. Imagine the effect a compulsory education law would have since it would trespass upon the rights and privileges of the parents, take away and arrogate to the State the rights which *inalienably* belong to the father.

The operation of such a law would bring untold suffering upon many of the people, especially those who are dependent upon their children for support. It is not right to take a strong, overgrown child, who is able to work, from moneyearning employment, force him into school, when, by so doing, we compel disabled parents either to suffer for necessaries of life or be humiliated by being forced to apply as paupers to private or public relief agencies. In this State an education is within reach of all who want it and who are willing to work for it. But, if education were compulsory, the children would not study so well as they do now; for it is a recognized fact that people dislike doing what they are compelled to do. Moreover, nothing is worth having that is not worth struggling for. Parents who would otherwise struggle to give children an education would be encouraged to depend upon the State. They would be robbed of the pride—just pride—in giving their children an education.

And if this compulsory law were in operation, the bad clement that would be forced into schools would do more damage to those who are really anxious for an education

than could be repaid in years. Ignorance, vice, crime, superstition, are all hindrances to our welfare and good government. The State has, under the general welfare clause of the Constitution, endeavored to banish these menaces by providing schools, colleges and universities. We now have these institutions with all necessary equipments, and have provided for free tuition. Must we go out and try to compel the delinquents to come in and deprive our youth of the bounties that have been provided as an inspiration for their future welfare and citizenship? How can we compel these delinquents to attend school?

In every State where these so-called compulsory education laws are in existence, truant officers are employed to enforce them. New York alone has 1,400 of these, paying each of them from five to seven hundred dollars annually—a total of \$840,000, and the other States having this law spend proportionally. And, according to the report of the Commissioner of Education, not a *single State can even then enforce* this law. Such a statute would require from us a large sum for its enforcement. Why not spend this amount on the improvement of schools?

Again, think of the conflict that would arise between the classes of people; for no one would want his children to be in school with the foreigners or lower classes. The compulsion into uncongenial surroundings and associations would add tenfold to the misery of the unfortunates.

My opponent will picture to you a land of peace and perfect citizenship, in the far-away sometime-or-other, as a result of a compulsory education law. He will tell you that England, France, Germany, Italy and thirty-two States of the United States have this law, and that therefore, we, too, should adopt it; but our conditions are quite different from theirs. Some laws that apply to them will not apply to us. Let him remember that there are over 224,000 more

negroes in this State than there are whites. He will tell you that there are 25,000 more negroes than white children in our schools. He is correct, but they are there at the expense of the white citizens; for the negro pays very little tax. He will doubtless fail to state the fact that there are 124,000 more negroes of school age in this State than whites. These desire compulsory education, but they too will be educated at the expense of the whites. Today, 70 per cent. of the white children of school age are in school, while only 44 per cent. of the negroes are enrolled. The law applies to all. Must we then enact a compulsory education law, force sixty-six per cent. or 124,000 more negroes to attend school, pay for their education ourselves, rob the voluntary band of white children from which spring the leaders in every walk of life, just in order to compel the remaining thirty per cent. of whites to attend? Are you willing to rob your child or your neighbor's just in order to educate the negro? Is the citizenship of the African, predestined by the Almighty to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, so dear or desirable to the people of the State of South Carolina that they will cripple the school facilities of their own children in order to educate an alien race? We answer, "No!" South Carolina should not and will not have a compulsory education law.

We believe in educated citizenship. Yes, give us more schools, better schools, and longer terms, but we cannot afford such a dangerous measure as a compulsory attendance law. If the unwilling few are forced to stay in school the required time, they are really worse off; for they usually stop immediately after the law releases them. Their bit of knowledge is injurious to them, for some contend that crime increases in the proportion to the diffusion of the rudiments of knowledge, provided the knowledge which is diffused stops with the rudiments. This may be the cause of the com-

pulsory States having a larger per cent. of criminals than the non-compulsory States—a fact which is shown in many cases by the reports of the Commissioner of Education.

My opponent will contend that this law will be beneficial especially to the children of the cotton mill villages. But, according to the reports of the Superintendent of Education, the four leading cotton mill counties have 25.07 per cent. of their entire population enrolled in schools, while four equally representative agricultural non-cotton mill counties show an enrollment of only 2.09 per cent. of their total population. Hence, we see that such a measure is not needed with mill people even as much as with other classes.

The 1908 report of the Superintendent of Education contains these words in regard to the compulsory education law: "After studying the conditions of the State for six years, I do not see how it is possible to enact and enforce a compulsory education law now. I really believe that a compulsory attendance law will do more harm than good under the present conditions."

We should not have such a law because our school funds are inadequate to meet the requirements of such a measure. Our people are taxed to the limit, and the State, the only source of money, appropriates now all that it possibly can. It would be utterly impossible to get funds to provide extra schools necessary, employ the required force of teachers and the truant officers necessary to enforce the law.

We now have the child labor law in force, and desire to decrease our white illiteracy. The only solution to the problem is as large appropriations from the State as possible, and a dual system of education. That is, have school fund "A" and school fund "B," or fund No. 1 and fund No. 2 in all the districts, and give each taxpayer of these districts power to say whether his tax shall go to the funds which belong to the white child or to those which belong to

the negro. This is constitutional, and by this method, and by this alone, will the white children get their rightful share of the money paid as taxes by their parents. This would not be *done* through *race prejudice*, but for race preservation—the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon, *the greatest race* that ever ruled a nation.

In conclusion, we have proved that a compulsory education law is not advisable in this State, because (1) we do not need it; for conditions of the age we have already brought about an educational awakening and a thirst for knowledge, which render a compulsory law. not only useless, but actually detrimental; (2) it would greatly interfere with the individual liberty and the family government, and tend to paternalism, and ultimately to socialism, both of which are diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles of our American republican government; (3) the bad influence of those forced into school would degrade the purity of our youth and blast the hope of future citizenship of our State; (4) our school funds are inadequate to support the extra and unnecessary drains that such a law must necessitate; (5) if we are to preserve our race, we can not afford to sacrifice the actual education of our deserving white youth-whose parents pay the educational bills of the State—for a socialistic dream of forcing an education upon the undeserving whites and the slothful negro.

Finally, as a solution to the educational problem of this State, a *dual* system must be maintained.

Then let us improve our schools; let us, animated by a spirit of unselfish service, place within the grasp of every child its best chance to make the most of life; but, at the same time, let us see to it that we preserve inviolate that personal liberty for which our forefathers fought, and which is so dear to every Anglo-Saxon heart.

THE INTERFERENCE OF TIM.

Tim thrust himself into the office.

"Here's yer paper, sir," he said, briskly, handing the morning paper to the young man who sat at the big desk.

"Much obliged, Tim," returned that worthy cheerily, "how's biz this morning?"

"Fine'n dandy—sold fifty copies already;" then, sharply, "Say, cull, what's youse been doing ter yerself? You looks like you've been on a jag for a mont'!"

"Do I really look that bad?" asked the young fellow, a little anxiously. "But you're all off on your conjecture. I'm still on the water wagon, and will be there, I hope, for some time to come."

"What's wrong, den? Been playing de nags? Bet on de 'Cubs' yesterday? Gas bill too big to 'see?'"

"No—no—no," exclaimed the other, forced to smile by the lad's earnest tones and vehement gestures. The latter perceived the smile and instantly became indignant.

"Now, see heah, Mr. Burton," he protested, "yuh can laugh at me, if you wants ter. You knows you can do anything ter me dat you feels like an' I won't raise no howl. But I can see you is way down in de dumps, and, man to man, I asks, why?"

The tones of the little fellow sobered Burton at once.

"I beg your pardon for smiling, Tim," he said impulsively. "I certainly appreciate your sympathy. If you really desire to know, affairs stand thusly: There's a certain lady—"

"De one on Madison av'noo?"

"Yes, but how the devil did you know?" asked he of the forlorn countenance, wonderingly.

"Seen yer go dere, 'bout eight nights to de week," returned the lad, calmly.

"Well, to continue, I think a great deal of the aforementioned young lady."

"Yas—I know—flowers Tuesday and Thursday; opera Friday; Bubblin Sunday! Tell us de story."

"Well, I see you're got me down pat," confessed Burton, resignedly. "As I was saying—I think a great deal of the young lady, and, until recently, have had the honor to occupy not a few of her waking moments. But that's all over now. She's given it to me straight, and no mistake, Tim."

"Thrown yer down?" commisseratingly.

"Emphatically, yes. Because I broke an engagement for an auto ride the other evening she has refused to ever see me again; even returns my letters unopened. You see, Tim, if I could just explain, everything would be all right. Unexpected business kept me at the office till midnight. I tried to phone but failed," he concluded, misery showing in every lineament of his strong features.

"I see; she's waiting in all her glad rags, and de swell buggy and de beau don't show up. De lady waits and gets hot; den waits some more and gets hotter; finally she bursts inter to weeps; swears she won't never speak ter you no more; den cools off; weeps some more, and calls you up to come and be forgiven."

"I wish I thought so," groaned Burton.

"Aw, brace up; de wust ain't never came," encouragingly. "You just lay low, and don't say nuthin'. Yer Uncle Tim's got an idea;" and with a cheery word he was gone.

"I wonder what the little imp has in his head now," ruminated Burton. "He seems to think a great deal of yours truly, and, I suppose, means to help me. But (dolefully) he's sure barking up the wrong tree. Nothing short of an earthquake could move Hazel, once she sets her pretty head on anything."

Tim, on issuing from the office, raised his grimy fingers to his mouth and gave vent to a peculiar whistle. It must have been a signal, for in a moment another 'newsie' came running up.

"Did yer pipe?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Sure," retorted Tim, "didn't you heah me? Say, 'Bugs,' round up de gang; I needs dere help."

"Scrap?" asked the new arrival, his face lighting up.

"Nary—dis time. You knows dat swell guy friend of mine down in de 'Quitable scraper; de same one what kept old Mudder Gray from putting me sick ma out in de snow dat day? Well, he's gone and got hisself in a pickle, and I'se got to help him out; I'se got to, you hear, 'cause he's me pal, and de whitest ever. Now 'skat' and round up de bunch."

The other "skatted," and five minutes later Tim was earnestly haranguing the clan of newsboys, of which he was recognized leader.

"Fellers," he concluded, after giving the facts of the case, "it's just dis way: Burton's done stuck on de skoit, and de skoit tinks he's de whole cheese. But now he's gone and made dis fule break, and she got 'on her ear. Tinks he's trying to rush the hog over her—see? It's up ter us to do someting to show her how much wool he is. Is yer wid me?"

The gang declared with varying degrees of fervency they "was wid him."

"Den I moves we hikes out for Madison av'noo, and tells dis fresh young lady a few tings!"

The bunch gasped. It takes a great deal to make the average street gamin falter, but this was really a *little* beyond a great deal. Several of the gang faltered, audibly. On these Tim turned with a great show of wrath.

"Now, see heah," he stormed, "any of you'se 'lap-coddled ninnies' dat don't want to go can stay; but don't you start making no remarks 'bout me moves."

As Tim's leadership was based on his capability of using his fists, the rebellious murmurs subsided, and a unanimous, if dubious, assent was given to his proposition.

* * * * * * * *

A few moments later the maid at Mr. Southon's residence almost fainted when on opening the door, in answer to a ring, she found herself face to face with a troop of little street gamin. She screamed lustily and tried to close the door, but Tim stuck his foot in the jam.

"Stow away de chin music," he advised, gruffly. "We ain't goin' to eat yer! Is de old lady in?"

"Madame Southon is not in," returned the girl, recovering herself.

"Aw, I don't mean de old hen; I means de young lady—de 'peach'—Mr. Burton's skoit!"

A look of comprehension (direct result, no doubt, of many munificent tips) came over the maid's face.

"I will see if Miss Hazel-" she began.

"Who is asking for me, Delotte?" came a sweet voice from behind the maid, and Tim gasped at the vision that presently confronted him. His astonishment was little as compared with Hazel's, as she saw who was applying for speech with her. She proved to be much too gentle to show her astonishment, however.

"You wished to see me?" she asked sweetly.

The gang gazed absently across the street, where a cop, who had just observed them, was vainly trying to convince himself of the reliability of his eyesight. Tim had asked them to come, but it was plainly not their place to do the talking. So they shuffled their feet, shame-facedly, and gazed everywhere save at the pretty but curious girl in the doorway.

"Yes'm," ventured Tim at last. "We came to—to ask you, if you pleases, ma'am, not to trow Mr. Burton down."

"You—want—what!" repeated the girl, incredulously, though her face flushed, even to the tips of her ears.

"Did Ja—Mr. Burton ask you to come?" she asked, after several moments of silent amazement.

"No, ma'am; but he's moping, and I t'ought as how there might be some mistake—and he's me friend—so I came."

"Come inside," ordered Miss Southon, suddenly aware of the little knot of onlookers gathering at the gate.

Slowly they filed into the spacious hallway, and stood there staring.

"Delotte, serve tea in here in five minutes," she ordered the horror-stricken maid, and then, "Now tell me about it?"

"Dere ain't nuthin' to tell," declares Tim. "Mr. Burton been me pal ever since he wouldn't let the landlady turn me mudder out in de snow—two years ago. He's a fine man, Mr. Burton is, and when I sees him moping round like as if he ain't never had a friend (simply), it hoit. So I figgers out dat it was all on 'count of de chug wagon ride. Now, de last time he took you—"

"Where were you?" asked the girl, rosy as a June morning.

"Dat's all right; I seen you—de last time he took you he come back tickled to death 'n give me a dollar for de morning paper, 'n den never looked at it! Do you know he wanted to go agin?"

"Why didn't he, then?" asked she, somewhat hotly, her chin again assuming its elevated position. "Why didn't he? You seem to be his confidant, perhaps you can tell me that?"

"I kin—'cause he was sicker'n a drunk Chink," Tim lied calmly. "I knows, 'cause I went for the surg. He couldn't come and he couldn't phone, and you wouldn't read none of his letters," accusingly; "a nice way to treat a man dat's struck on yer, I say."

"I didn't know," breathed the girl, tearfully. "Poor dear, is he sick yet? Tell me, is there any danger? Don't you see what this means to me? I thought I saw him in Bishop's the night he broke that date, and it nearly broke my heart."

Tim noticed with dismay that she was perilously near tears.

"He's olright," he said encouragingly. "It was just an 'tact from too much work." Then in an expressive aside to his companions, "Skiddoo!"

"No! no," protested Hazel, as they filed slowly through the door. "Wait a moment. Won't you stay and take a light lunch with me? Please."

No one could justly expect them to resist that plea, and they didn't. For the next half hour the spacious hall witnessed the unusual sight of a round dozen newsboys dining off ice cream and cake, and then more ice cream and cake until the French chef almost went frantic at the sight of the inroad on the supply he had prepared for the dinner.

Finally, however, each separate lad acknowledged sadly that he could contain no more, and followed by the thanks of certain tearful damsel, wended their way back to the street. This same damsel, as soon as the door closed on their several sturdy little backs, threw herself on a sofa in a perfect abandon of tears—though they seemed to be tears of happiness.

Late that evening, the postman left a letter in Burton's office, the superscription of which made his heart flutter. Excitedly breaking the seal, he extracted the single sheet and read:

Dear:

I will be at home tonight at eight if you still desire to see Your HAZEL.

"Ye gods!" Burton ejaculated, reverently, "the blessed little kid did it!" But this wonder soon vanished before the much more important matter of the selection of flowers for some one on Madison Avenue.

H. C. B., '11.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CLEMSON.

I.

As we awake with May breezes so fragrant, Fanning the slumber from out of our eyes, And look out on the Seneca River, Shrouded with the mist at sunrise, And afar in the distance the mountains And the bottom land covered with dew, We think of our sleeping heroes Who were slain by the soldiers in blue.

II.

We stand thus an instant intently,
With our minds wandering far back to a day
When we see it all vividly pictured,
The blue coats repelled by the gray.
But now we are called from our reverie
By the bugle's clear thrilling blast,
We have a duty at present
To perform for the sake of the past.

III.

Today is a day for remembrance, To recount the brave deeds of the past, To think how our fathers fought bravely, But to die for our Dixie at last. And we, as true sons of our country, Assembled at Clemson today, Will stop an instant to honor Our heroes who died in the gray.

IV.

All over our sunny old Dixie,
Where birds sing so sweetly their lay,
And flowers are nodding their blossoms
On our sacred Memorial Day,
We will set aside each vocation,
No labor will we render today,
But to gather and prepare our flowers
On the graves of our heroes to lay.

V.

In our arms we each bear a garland,
No muskets we carry this way,
We go on a memorial mission,
For this is our Memorial Day.
Then look down from the skies, brave Confederates,
And know that you died not in vain,
Although we're bereft of your presence,
We always shall cherish your name.

THE COMING OF PIETRO.

"Ah, signor, you say I looka seek? I am seek, signor, seek ata my hearta, seek ata my bodee, seeka all over. What? You aska what da matta? No! No! You cannot be interesta! All right—I tella you.

"Bout one, two, tree year ago I leev een Sorriento weeth my preety wifa and da leetla boy. Dena one day coma da man an' tella us all about dees America, an' de reeches you geta here, so queek; an' we listened to heem, signor, an' tinka he speek da truth.

"We no hava da moocha mon, you know, so I coma first, all alone. Oh, signor, that hurt me soo moocha— I go to da Napeels, an' get ona da beega boat; an' den signor, we coma on, it was seem for monta, maybe two, tree, and, carramba! eet been lak we nevaire see da land again. Den one mornin' wen da sun been out bright, some sailormans yella, 'Landa, ho!' an' we look a way off, an' signor, dare is da land—way, way off—soo-a far. Everybodee been happee, signor; I been so happee, laka I seeng. I tinka how I maka da moocha mon', an' sen' back to da Eetaly for my sweeta wife an' da preety, leetla boy—oh, signor!—sooch a sweeta boy—laka da angel; hees eyes all beeg an' browna, shina laka da stars; an' da hair black lak da nighta, an' all curly lak da waves on da ocean. Ah, he is one sweeta boy, signor, I lova him so—!

"We geta to dees countree, an' for more dan da one year, I worka lak da meeschief. Sava da mon' an' buya dees flower standa. Oh, I lova da preety flowers, signor—! Den I write my sweeta wife, an' send her da feefty dol', an' signor, een about two, tree mont, she coma. Ah, dat been one loafly day for me. She looka so nica, an' preety, an' sweeta. I hava da two nica rooms alla readee, anda we go dere, an' deen, signor, I been almost happee. Den we starta puta all da monee een my wife's stockin' for hava da lettla boy come ovaire. For one longa time—maybe one year, we no spend da moocha mon'—sava eet all for—da boy. Den', 'bout two mont' ago we get da seexty dol', an' send eet to da boy een Eetaly.

"Signor, my wife an' I feela so happee lak we hug each odder for da joy. Eet been da fina day, signor. Da mans at da' office tella us dat eet been twenta-nine day before da leetla Pietro coma—ah—dat seema da twenta-nine day,

signor. Ev'ry day we writa on da wall, twenta-nine, twenta-eight, twenta-seven—, den', 'bout one week 'go, signor, eet get downd to da tree—two—dena dat nighta my wife lak me—no sleepa—joos lay awake, an' theenk, signor—joos lay awake an' theenk—an' maybe pray for da leetla Pietro.

"Ah, signor, we been so happee wen da mornin' coma. We geta up early, an' go down at da Battree, an' signor—da sheep been een already. Eet leev all da Eetlymans on da Ellis Island, an' den een about da two hour da come ovaire on da leetla, small boat. We stand dare, an' wava our hand, an' looka for da Pietro; but he no come ovaire, an' den', signor, we geta scared and theenka maybe he seek.

"We go to da man weeth da beega booka an' aska heem, 'Signor, been there a leetla boy on da boat nama da Pietro—one preety boy?' Da man look at da book an'—an'—oh, signor!—he—tell—me—dat—may—leetla—preety—Pietro, my—sweeta—leetla—boy—been deada—oh, my poor Pietro — dead — a. He—he—falla—over—board—my—Pietro!—

"Den, signor, my wife she fainta, an' get da very seek, an'—ah, signor, tree day ago—she—she—deada—too. She—say—she goin' to join da leetla boy een heaven, signor. Ah, signor, you aska me, looka seek? I wisha I been weeth my wife an' leetla boy. I all alone, signor—all—alone—alone—

"What! you cry, too? No! no! signor, don't cry causa me. Ah, signor, I so happee you peety me—I so lonely. You calla me your frien'? What—you leetla boy die too? Oh, signor—I so sorry! Dat mos' maka you my brother. Ah, signor—we—both—cry!"

O. R. COHEN, '11.

THE SUNSET.

I stood at my window one evening,
And looked towards the distant west,
Where the sun in its matchless beauty
Was peacefully going to rest.

And I thought how since soon in the morning Its rays, oh, so tender and kind, Had been faithfully cheering the downhearted And making each moment sublime.

Then I thought of my own life history, From childhood to the present time, And wondered if in all of my actions I'd always been tender and kind.

Then there in the evening shadows,
I resolved to do my best,
To be tender and kind and faithful,
Till my sun went down in the west.

H. S. J., '10.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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

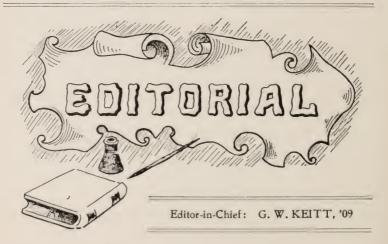
G. W. Keitt, '09 (Calhoun) Editor-in-Chief
L. P. Byars, '09 (Calhoun) Business Manager
O. M. CLARK, '09 (Columbian) Literary Department
A. M. McDavid, '10 (Palmetto) Literary Department
N. E. Byrd, '10 (Columbian) Literary Department
H. K. SANDERS, '09 (Palmetto) Exchange Department
A. M. Salley, '11 (Calhoun) Exchange Department
W. J. Marshall, '10 (Calhoun) Y. M. C. A. Department
M. M. Roddey, '11 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... 12 00 One inch, per year..... 5 00



"Say, there, gotter job yet?"

"Na-a-w." (Did you ever hear that?)

The last Chronicie for the session of 1908-9.

Have you realized how little there is left of our college course? Then—what?

We could do one or two little things differently—make an improvement here and there—if we had our course to go over, couldn't we? Well, rather.

At the end of the year's work, we wish to express our heartiest thanks and appreciation to those who have so freely sacrificed their time and pleasure for the sake of The Chronicle. We are glad that so many To Our of our fellow students realize the importance Contributors. of giving the proper support to our college magazine, and that so many appreciate the benefits which they may derive from doing some literary work. We sincerely hope that they will not be content to stop with the work already done, but will continue in their labors, lending their heartiest support to next year's Chronicle. Finally, we trust that they may go forth from Clemson as intelligent, trained, well-rounded men, fitted to cope successfully with the problems of life.

To each student, professor or alumnus who has supported our magazine, we express our sincere thanks for his cooperation. Although some people do not realize the fact, a college magazine has to be paid for, as well as published; To Our and, without hearty financial support, it cansubscribers. not be a success. We realize that much of the matter contained in our little magazine must, of necessity, be very crude, and that it can not hold for the reader that interest and quality found in other fields; but we beg the critic to remember the purpose of The Chronicle, and the difficulties which we encounter in getting it out under the conditions existing here at Clemson. This done, the staff will feel encouraged to put forth greater

and greater efforts to make our magazine worthy of the support freely given it by men with real college spirit—that which does not balk at the payment of \$1.00 per year.

In shifting our work to the shoulders of others, we wish to bid them "God-speed." We realize from experience that the way is arduous; but we feel, at the same time that the work is worthy of our very best efforts.

To the Thus, in stepping down and out, we hope New Staff that the new staff may profit by the blunders and failure of the old, and—faithfully pursuing their duties—carry The Chronicle on to that standard of excellence to which, as the representative of our college, it should attain.

It is with the greatest pleasure that we have noted a perceptible improvement in that indefinable element of college life called "College Spirit." A good, wholesome college spirit is a blessing to any institution. Without it, we believe no educational institution can Spirit. achieve its greatest measure of success. With it—what obstacles cannot be surmounted? Through the right kind of college spirit, students are inspired to play harder, work harder, live cleaner, rise higher; professors are inspired to think harder, teach harder, struggle harder, accomplish more; alumni are encouraged to go out into life to work harder, achieve more, and to become better citizens. Let us, then, ever cooperate with one another in untiring efforts to foster and encourage this spirit in our college-to make the most of our institution, of out State, of ourselves.

For four years—for some of us, five—Clemson has stood first in our hearts. To her we owe the advantages and opportunities which enable us to go out as trained men, ready to take our places in the affairs of our Loyalty to State and country. It is she who has laid in Our Alma her sons the foundations upon which, we trust, may be built intelligent citizenship—true manhood. Now, as we leave her halls, let us not go to neglect, to forget. In whatever station of life we may find ourselves, let us ever strive to further the best interests of the institution to which we owe so much. By our actions, let us prove ourselves worthy of being called loyal exponents of Clemson—true sons of Carolina.

Though our task has not been easy, we shall ever look back with pleasant recollections to our connection with The Chronicle. In justice to our staff be it said, we believe that, owing to the conditions brought about Adieu. last April, the past year has been the most critical and the most difficult in the history of our publication. Yet, through the faithful support of our subscribers and contributors The Chronicle has passed safely through the year. Thus, again thanking each individual who has done or said aught to further our work, and wishing for each of our readers that measure of success and happiness which he deserves, we place our connection with The Chronicle among the most pleasant recollections of the past, and say, "Adieu."



Editors:
H. K. SANDERS, '09 A. M. SALLEY, '11

In everything that we undertake, there are many annoyances and some pleasures attached; but, in the discharge of our duty in this department, we are glad to say that the pleasures have exceeded the annovances. The exchange editor comes in touch with other colleges through their respective magazines, and it is he who is responsible for many of the friendships formed, as well as the enemies. If any criticism we have made against any of our brother or sister colleges has seemed unjust, we beg you to ascribe that to our ignorance rather than any selfish motive. It is through the medium of the Exchange Department that the standard of the magazine may be raised; it is through the medium of the Exchange Department that communication between colleges can be had, thus obtaining the highest possibilities of mutual assistance toward the accomplishment of a noble aim. Take this department away from our magazine, and just as sure as the wheels follow the man who draws the carriage, so would a lower standard of literary merit follow in our line of work. We are sure that we have profited a great deal from this department. As this is the last issue for this session, we shall not criticise any magazines, but instead, we shall give a little space to what other colleges think of us.

We gladly acknowledge receipt of our usual exchanges, and we shall be glad to welcome them again on our table next session.

What Others Think of Us.

THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE came to us in its attractive cover, and containing two beautiful and illustrative sketches. viz: "Literary" and "Leap Year." Upon the whole this fiction number is well written and interesting. "The Unwilling Rogue" is by far the best of the stories; its style, plot and thought is above the average. The word unwilling seems to be out of place, because Jack is a rogue by preference. The two essays, "The Postal Savings Bank," and "If China and Japan Should Unite," are well written pieces, showing careful preparation, and deep thought. "Golderina," a beautiful story, full of vivid imagination, and close description, fails however, to tell us whether or not his little cigar-shaped boat carries him back to San Francisco or remains in the bottom of the sea. The best moral essay that we have seen among our exchanges, and one from which any one can learn a good lesson, is "Falsehood."

From the tones, vividness and originality of the "Wiles of Eulalia" we could believe that at one time the outlaw was not only a bashful boy, but also head-over-heels in love with the venturesome Eulalia. "Stung" is interesting from the beginning and holds the reader's mind with such force that he feels sorry for poor Jack. The collection of rich Irish jokes under the title "Some Experiences" would be much better if they were original.

The poems in this number are exceptionally good, and their thought and subject are worthy of study. The Editorial Department, although it contains a few good suggestions, and a few lines devoted to the "Honor System," which we

hope every college has, does not come up to the standard of the other poems of this well-written magazine. The Exchange is especially good, and among the best to make its appearance upon our table. The criticism upon the "Mountaineer" is the best that has come to our notice, and deserves our commendation. We are sorry not to see some space devoted to Athletics and Locals, which are the life and spirit of a college man, but glad to note such lively interest in the Y. M. C. A., and hope the new secretary will prove a spiritual and intellectual aid to all with whom he comes in contact.—The Florida Pennant.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE for December comes to us wearing a very pretty dress, and makes a neat appearance. The cover is very artistic. Being a short-story issue, we do not expect to find much verse. The poetry is not up to the usual standard. The essays are well written. Although the subject of "If China and Japan Should Unite" is an old and rather hackneyed one, yet the author states his position in a clear and forceful manner. His conclusions are directly deducible from the conditions which he pictures. "The Postal Savings Bank" deals with a new and up-to-date subject. It is well written and very instructive. Most of the fiction is entertaining. "Golderina" has a simple plot which is worked up in an original manner. Though short, it is very interesting. The editorials are very good. The magazine is a very creditable one.—Williams and Mary Literary Magazine.

We find pleasure this month in criticising the *Clemson Chronicle*. Its literary department is filled with a variety of subject matter. Among its numerous stories, one, "The Black Diamond," is especially striking. It is original in its conception, unique in its progress, and surprising in its culmination. The poems, with the exception of "To Allah

at the New Year," are hardly more than rhyme. "A Protest Against Immigration" is a worthy plea for more vigilance on the part of our government with regard to immigration.—The Erskinian.

In the beginning of our work for January, we insist upon mentioning the CLEMSON CHRONICLE first, because it is "pretty." Bound in white and green, with a few branches of holly scattered around, it presents an especially neat appearance. There was only objection to it. It made us homesick. The editors decided to make the December number a short story issue. Suffice it to say, they succeeded. "An Unwilling Rogue" is a piece of fiction of the highest class, and deserves to be rated "Class A." The author handles his story in such a way as to keep the reader interested from beginning to end. The plot is excellent and well laid. Come again, O. R. C. and H. C. B., '11; enjoy reading from you. "The Postal Savings Bank" is discussed at length, the author pointing out the necessity of its adoption and the benefit that would be derived therefrom. "The Mating of Marcus," "Stung," and the "Man Overboard" are about on par, all being well written and containing good plots. "Some Experiences" did not impress us very forcibly, since the same incidents have happened to former men of whom we have heard. The poetry does not measure up to the standard of excellence, as do the stories and essays. "The Holidays" and "Good-bye, Old Year," should have been placed first, instead of last. The editorial and exchange departments are best.—Emory Phoenix.

Clemson gives us a nice, fat, readable journal. Every department is filled as it should be. We find bad, poor, good, better, best. The prose merits outbalance the poetic. There are some well-timed thoughts on the "Postal Savings"

Bank," and "If China and Japan Should Unite," and some serious ideas on "Falsehood."—The Limestone Star.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE. Every one should read the "History of Thanksgiving." It carries us back to the Plymouth days, when, for protection against the Indians, and cold, and for good harvests, the Pilgrims observed a day of Thanksgiving. From time to time through the history of our country were thanksgivings observed for various reasons. Sometimes by acts of Congress, sometimes by proclamation of the President, and sometimes by common consent were these days observed, until, in 1870, Congress made Thanksgiving a legal holiday.

One good point about "The Razorback" is that the story begins in the middle and works both ways. This is a principle of story-writing that should be observed more than it it. In this production is shown a skill in story-writing that any writer would do well to emulate.—Ouachita Ripples.

Of the attractive cover designs of this month that of THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE stands pre-eminent, and we enter with pleasure into a study of the merits of this special short-story issue. The bulky appearance of THE CHRON-ICLE is only equalled by the superabundance of the articles between its covers. One cannot but note the romantic strain which has its place in most of its fiction, and, further, we are forced to add that this romantic strain is more or less exaggerated. "Man Overboard" constitutes about the best story, while "After Many Days" may be classed next. "The Postal Savings Bank" is the strongest article of this issue. Of the verse, "Goodbye, Old Year," and "A Message From the Moon" deserve mention. The editorials are well written and repay the reading. The exchange department shows intensity of interest. The sarcasm is objectionable, while the length of its paragraphs might well have

been sacrificed to conciseness. We appreciate the work of the editors of The Chronicle. Its business management is model, its departments well supported, and its contributions drawn from all classes. And yet it appears that if its physical weight were diminished and the excess of energy spent in refining the meritorious productions, in fiction, essay and verse, The Chronicle would have advanced in the file of college publications.—The Newberry Stylus.

We notice that some of our exchanges, notably THE CLEMSON CHRONICLE, are confining their editorials to college interest.

This magazine seems to be taking the lead in the movement. The editor-in-chief has taken a decided stand and has given his views and intentions on the subject.

Of course there are no iron-clad rules to govern in the range of subjects for discussion, and the above are only the ideas of the exchange editor. They are merely suggestive; but we think them worthy of passing notice, at least.

If we seem to knock, remember that the hammer is new in our hand. We expect to profit most from our most adverse critics. We do not wish for compliments. "Pop" on us whenever we lack anything. We know that our paper does not reach the ideal by a very great deal.—Hendrix College Mirror.

"Thanks Cupid," in The Clemson College Chronicle, is a—well, it's a—story, love all the way through, too; and, of course, interesting. "It Pays to Advertise" is a story of the same kind. In this twentieth century it seems strange that such things could happen as are told in "All's Well That Ends Well." We heartily agree "That the Small Schoolroom does not prepare a child better for life than the Large Schoolroom does." "The Burglar" is good of its kind; you know a woman who catches a burglar in her room

always ends the affair by marrying him. "The Great Conqueror" is very good. Here again are we taught the lesson of "Thanatopsis." Death is not a monster to be feared, but a welcome deliverer; death is not cruel, but kind!—The Chatterbox.

The lines "To Mother," in The Clemson College Chronicle, contains a noble thought; it is a pity that the rhythm is defective. Whatever may be said of "The Holidays," as poetry, it embodies a rousing call to manhood—
The Acorn.

The next magazine we take up has a white cover and a familiar name stamped upon its face. We have seen that same name before and have learned to associate it with something good. Sometimes we have thought that magazine tended to quantity rather than quality; but, at least, we can not pronounce that verdict upon this issue. We said that we were looking for something good, and we were not to be disappointed. We find The Clemson College Chronicle retains its usual place among the best. The exchange department is very full, occupying much more space than most college publications can afford in proportion to its general interest.—Index.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE has its usual grist of good things, over which we can not linger. We notice the formation of an Intercollegiate Oratorical Association among six of the leading schools of the State. South Carolina colleges are "doing things" this year. We extend congratulations.—Maryville College Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

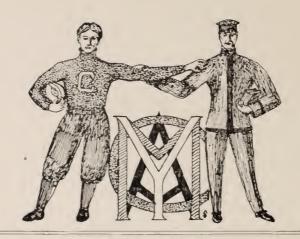
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Homeward, fly homeward, oh, message, tonight!
Father, dear father, your son's in a tight.
My laundry bill's staring me now in the face,
I'm running the bluff on my old boarding place.

My trousers need mending, my watch is in soak, I'm out of the "mixture," Duke's old-fashioned smoke. Father, dear father, just send me a check Before I am stranded and caught in a wreck.

Mother, dear mother, I'm tired of the steak,
I long for the sausage that you used to make.
The warnings are "fearful," the rules are "tough,"
Of lectures on manners, I've had "quite enough."

-Ex.



Editor: W. J. MARSHALL, '10

Local Notes.

The work for the association has been going on steadily. There is nothing of great interest to outsiders that has happened lately. Because of no great noise, it does not signify that the association is inactive.

Mrs. Mell has nearly completed the list of Bible study classes. She has entertained every Tuesday evening, with few exceptions, since January. As an association, we thank Mrs. Mell and Dr. Mell for the kindness shown.

Mr. Graves' recent lecture was the most enjoyable one the boys have had in quite a while. It was choosing a vocation in life, or a man seeking his calling. Mr. Graves has an unusual influence on the men in college, and his advice is always taken.

Mr. Mills also gave a good address recently. In fact, the work of the three ministers here can hardly be estimated. At all times, they have responded to the association's call.

Mr. Ewing, of the Mission Board, was here for several days.

Mr. Provost, the secretary, deserves credit for the Glee Club he has gotten up. He is just a bunch of energy, and that is what we need for work.

This is the last issue of THE CHRONICLE. To the editors, it means an event of joy; for it is a great responsibility. While some criticisms have been favorable and some adverse, we feel that we have not labored in vain.

May the association at Clemson, next year, accomplish more than it has this year, though we are satisfied with the work that has been done. When every man in school is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and is taking Bible study, then will our work reach its standard.

Asheville Conference.

Quite a full account of what the conference is, has been given in a previous issue of this magazine. Here we will only take space enough to tell of Clemson's plans for this year at the conference. An issue of the *Tiger* will be given to the conference solely, all men who are likely to go will be seen personally, and every effort put forth to have as large a delegation as possible.

Clemson intends to lead the South in the size of her delegation, and to do that means that we must have about forty men there. Last year our association won the track pennant; if we win this year, the pennant will be ours to keep. While the athletic side establishes a reputation for the college and association, that is not the chief good of the conference.

The training that a man gets there is worth more than words can express. Every one knows the greater efficiency

of a trained man over an untrained one. These trained leaders are what our association needs, what it must have.

Next Year's Leaders.

Last year, the new leaders, or rather the prospective leaders, were given a course in the conducting of a Bible class. Somehow it has not exactly met our needs. Our one and greatest need is trained leaders.

Rev. Hubbard, of the Episcopal Church here, has consented to lead a class in a study of the Bible relatively. The books of one nature will be taken up separately and then collectively, when each was written, by whom, for whom.

Every Thursday night from now until the close of the school year, an hour will be spent in this work. The vast majority of the men can not attend the Asheville Conference, but by attending these meetings, every man can be better prepared for a study of the Bible and also to lead men. The names of the men who will lead classes next, have not been definitely ascertained, but we expect to have enough efficient leaders.

Next Year's Committees.

Below are given the names of the men on the various committees for next year. The president appointed the chairmen of the committees, and allowed them to pick their coworkers. It was tried to find the men best adapted to that special work.

The Athletic Committee consists of the following:

W. P. White, Chairman; K. Easterling, C. M. Robbs, F. V. Gilmer, B. D. Boykin, A. B. Evans.

These men represent the athletic side of the college very well indeed, and it would be hard to find better men for the place. The Bible Study Committee was more difficult to chose. It is as follows:

L. W. Summers, Chairman; R. M. Simpson, O. A. Hydrick, F. H. All, W. D. Ezell, B. H. Deason, F. M. Mellett.

The Finance Committee bids fair to do excellent work, composed of these men:

C. F. Inman, Chairman and Treasurer; A. A. McKeown, S. E. Evans, R. M. Simpson.

The Membership Committee is composed of cabinet men almost entirely, but this work will not interfere with their other duties. The Chairman of this committee is S. O. Kelley, other members are W. J. Marshall, C. F. Inman, W. P. White, T. D. Williams, T. S. Marshall, L. B. Altman.

The mission work this year has been very good, and more attention is to be paid especially to mission study next year.

T. D. Williams, Chairman; F. G. Tarbox, J. E. Jenkins, F. W. Richer, C. H. Dixon, J. M. Martin, G. W. Byars, R. U. Altman, E. E. Hall.

The Prayer Meeting Committee seems equal to its task, as some good men compose it:

W. D. Barnett, Chairman; R. H. White, J. T. Crawford, A. M. Salley, J. A. Goodwin, G. H. Anderson, W. C. Garrett.

The Publication Committee has done more real work, so far, than the others. Under the efficient work of the Chairman, Mr. C. P. Roberts, every meeting and any work to be done is made public. The other men on this committee are:

L. S. Lindler, H. C. Twiggs, M. M. Roddey, H. T. Prosser.

The men in charge of the Religious or Sunday Evening Meetings are:

H. S. Johnson, Chairman; P. A. Baxley, C. S. Patrick, F. F. Parker, J. A. Bane, A. G. Small.

The last committee, though by far not least, is the Social Committee. Very little work has been done on this line this year, but various things have prevented. W. A. Barnette is Chairman, and we feel sure he will not be idle. On his committee are:

H. P. Cooper, A. A. McKeown, J. M. Workman, S. O. Pegues, L. D. Boone, F. R. Baker, W. E. Seabrook.

Every man on the above committees is an active, interested worker. The concentrated effort of every one should place our association away above its present basis.

CLEMSON COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
- South Carolina Experiment Station—J. N. Harper, Director; J. N. Hook, Secretary.
- Clemson College Chronicle—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. P. Byars, Business Manager.
- Calhoun Literary Society—J. C. Pridmore, President; C. Innman, Secretary.
- Columbia Literary. Society—A. L. Harris, President, H. S. Johnson, Secretary.
- Palmetto Literary Society—E. H. Shuler, President; S. E. Evans, Secretary.
- The Clemson College Annual of 1909—G. W. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Clemson College Sunday School—Thomas W. Keitt, Superintendent; N. E. Byrd, Secretary.
- Young Men's Christian Association—J. C. Pridmore, President; W. J. Marshall, Secretary.
- Clemson College Biological Club—C. N. Shattuck, President; A. F. Conradi, 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-S. Coles, Captain Team '08-'09; , Manager.
- Track Tteam-F. Fleming, Captain; J. C. Pridmore, Manager.
- Clemson College Glee Club-W. M. Riggs, President.
- Cotillion Club-J. D. Graham, President; H. L. Rivers, Secretary.
- German Club-S. Coles, President; W. Allen, Secretary.
- Baseball Association—, Manager;, Captain.
- The Tiger-O. M. Clark, Editor-in-Chief; T. B. Reeves, Business Manager.
- Alumni Association—D. H. Henry, President, Clemson College, S. C.; A. B. Bryan, Secretary, Clemson College, S. C.



Fellows, when you make your purchases, please patronize our advertisers

The Clemson College Chronicle

Students, when patronizing our advertisers, present this coupon. It might save you lO per cent. of your purchase

Patronize Our Advertisers

x 2

t st

Your Mother and Father, your Grandmother and Grandfather, and probably your Uncles and Aunts have been customers of ours for the past fifty-three years. Their business was won by merit and kept by merit. We have the finest stock of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE in the State, and you can rely on what we say. It will be a pleasure to continue this business down through the generations.

JAMES ALLAN & CO.

JEWELERS and OPTICIANS

285 King Street

Charleston, S. C.

The Tripod Paint Co.

Manufacturers, Importers
Dealers

Painters' and Artists' Supplies

Write for Catalogue

ATLANTA, GA.

THE MURRAY DRUG COMPANY

Mholesale Druggists

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention COLUMBIA SOUTH CAROLINA NEW GOODS and Lots of Them at

WINSLOW SLOAN'S

Edwin Clapp Shoes, John B. Stetson Hats, Diamond Shirts, Collars, Hose Supporters, Rain Coats, Rubber Shoes, Underwear, Rugs, Shades, Etc. Pennants and Pillow Tops

Look over our Neckwear

FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY

Drugs and Toilet Articles, Tinware, Hardware, Stationery of All Kinds

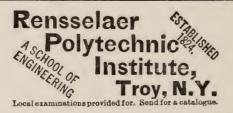
AGENT FOR Nunnally's Candy, Cinco Cigars, A. G. Spalding & Bros., Otto Young & Co., Sterling Fountain Pens

CLEMSON COLLEGE

SOUTH CAROLINA

Your Patronage Appreciated When Given to

Cliff Crawford



Montag Bros.

Manufacturers of

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STATIONERY

Atlanta, Georgia

Crawford Drug Company

DONALDS, So. Ca. Everything to be had at a First-Class Drug Store :: We are always glad to welcome a Clemson bov :: :: :: ::

FRED S. CRAWFORD
Manager

INCREASED FACILITIES REDUCE COST

BUY YOUR FERTILIZERS OF THE

VIRGINIA-CAROLINA CHEMICAL CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of Fertilizers in the South and save money to educate your boys. We have representatives at all leading points.

WE CONTROL THE MAJORITY OF THE LEADING

BRANDS KNOWN TO THE TRADE

ESTABLISHED 1851

EIMER & AMEND

= NEW YORK ===

Bacteriological and
H88ay Goods

TESTED PURITY

CHEMICALS

CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL APPARATUS

Largest and most Complete Stock for Supplying Chemists ever collected by one house in the whole world



The roof that lasts as long as the building itself, and never needs repairs is named

"CORTRIGHT"

It is *Fireproof*, *Stormproof*, easy to put on, lighter than slate or tile, and handsomer than either. It is not expensive, and is made only by the

Cortright Metal Roofing Co.

PHILADELPHIA and CHICAGO

ATTENTION!

But to clothe a man to the King's taste is our delight and habit. :: :: We've just assembled for spring and summer the smartest and sightliest tailoring fabrics we've ever beheld. We want you to look them over. We want to point out particularly the newest shades and patterns. They're as fresh as those bursting buds. :: :: :: Our models, too, will charm you. They reflect with minutest detail the reigning metropolitan modes. A fit without fault we pledge. On your way by today, drop in. We'll tickle your aesthetic sense a bit, at least.

WICKMAN B. B. HENRY

in Room 185

1224 MORGAN SQUARE SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Medical College of the State of South Carolina, CHARLESTON, S. C.

SESSION OPENS OCTOBER 1, 1908

MEDICINE and PHARMACY

Roper Hospital

Ample clinical facilities, 218 beds, outdoor dispensary, five operating rooms. Largest and best equipped hospital in the South. Faculty have exclusive teaching facilities for seven months. Nine appointments each year for graduates. Pharmacy students get practical work in the dispensary at the hospital. For catalogue address

DR. ALLARD MEMMINGER, Dean

70 HASKELL STREET

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Class Rings & Medals & Class Pins

We want your business in these lines at

SYLVAN BROS.

If you should, at any time, want anything in the line of MEDALS, PINS or BADGES. We have our own manufacturing plant, where we can make up anything in that line you would need, and we will guarantee the quality and workmanship to be the best, and prices to be the very lowest.

We also have the largest stock of Presentation Goods, such as Diamond Jewelry of all styles and combinations, Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, Engraved Glass, Decorated China and Art Goods in Metal and Pottery.

WE HANDLE ONLY SOLID GOODS. ABSOLUTELY NO PLATED GOODS IN OUR STOCK. If it looks like silver, gold or diamonds, that's what it is. No imitations.

If you like to know about anything in our lines, don't hesitate to write us, as we do a large regular Mail Order business.

SYLVAN BROS.

1500 MAIN STREET

COLUMBIA, S. C.

KEUFFEL & ESSER CO.

127 Fulton St., NEW YORK, General Office and Factories, Hotoken, N. J. CHICAGO: ST. LOUIS: SAN FRANCISCO: MONTREAL



Our Key Brand Instruments compare favorably with instruments offered generally as of the highest grade. Our Paragon drawing instruments are what their name indicates. They are of the most preci e workman-hip, FINEST QUALITY, and are made in the greatest variety.

WE CARRY EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE FIELD AND

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 slide. Drawing Materials. Math: matical and Surveying Instruments, Measuring Tapes

University of South Carolina Columbia, S. C.

¶One hundred and fourth session began September 22d, 1908. Second Term begins middle of February, 1909. ¶Graduate School and Schools of Arts, Sciences, Law and Education. ¶Degrees conferred: A. M., A. B., B. S., L. I., LL. B., C. E. and E. E. ¶The Law Department offers exceptionally fine advantages to Students of Law.

LOMBARD Iron Works and Supply Company, AUGUSTA

Foundry, Machine and Boiler Works and Mill Supply Store. Engines, Boilers, Bridges, Roof-, Tanks, Tower and Building Construction; Cotton, Saw, Grist, Oil, Fertilizer, Cane and Shingle Mill Machinery and Repairs; Building, Bridge, Factory, Furnance and Railroad Castings; Railroad and Mill Supplies; Belting, Packing, Injectors, Fittings, Saws, Files, Oilers, etc.; Shafting, Pulleys and Hangers.

BOILERS CAST EVERY DAY.
ENGINES, Korting and Wheels, etc. High Grade Specifications a Specialty

CAST EVERY DAY.

ENGINES, Korting and Leader Injectors, Turbine Water Wheels, etc. High Grade Mill BOILERS Built to Hartford Specifications a Specialty. Write Us Before You Buy.

FRANK H. CLINKSCALES

Feed, Sale and Livery Stables

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

G. F. TOLLEY & SON

Wholesale and Retail

FURNITURE

Largest Stock, Best Goods, Lowest Prices. Write for Prices
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

General Electric Company

30 POWER BUILDING : PITTSFIELD, MASS.



Testing Rotary Converters

THE EXHAUSTIVE TESTS TO WHICH ALL GENERAL ELECTRIC APPARATUS IS SUBJECTED INSURE TO THE PURCHASER A MA-CHINE THAT WILL MEET THE GUARANTEE WHEN PUT IN ACTUAL SERVICE THE TESTING DEPART-MENT NUMBERS AMONG ITS EMPLOYEES 600 GRADUATES OF THE LEADING TECHNICAL COLLEGES AND UNIVER-

SITIES OF THE WORLD

"MORSE" DRILLS

either of carbon or high-speed steel, have both body and shank ground on centers after hardening, which insures their running true and accurate to size. The la ge amount of radial clearance lessens to a great degree the friction of the drill in the hole.

OTHER TOOLS ARE

Arbors, Chucks, Counterbores, Countersinks, Cutters, Dies, Dri'ls, Gauges, Machines, Mandrels, Mills, Reamers, Screw Plates, Sleeves, Sockets, Taps, Taper Pins, Wrenches.

Morse Twist Drill and Machine Co. NEW BEDFORD, MASS., U. S. A.

A. K. HAWKES CO. OPTICIANS ESTAPLISHED 1870

We examine the eyes thoroughly for glasses, using the most modern, scientific methods and equipment. We guarantee perfectly fitting glasses in up-to-date designs, at standard prices

KODAK DEPARTMENT

EASTMAN'S KODAKS

KODAK SUPPLIES Free catalogue and price list KODAK FINISHING

14 Whitehall Street and Two Stores 125 Peachtree Street (Candler Building) Atlanta, Ga.



The Superiority in the making of

Lilley Uniforms

for Colleges and Military schools and the care exercised in every detail, combined with the high quality of materials, resulting in a perfect fitting, comfortable uniform, is fully recognized by those who wear them.

Write for Catalog & Prices

THE

M. C. LILLEY & CO. COLUMBUS. O.

L. Cleveland Martin

PHARMACIST
AND DRUGGIST

ALL KINDS OF SUPPLIES USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE

> UP-TO-DATE SODA FOUNTAIN

REGISTERED PHARMACIST
IN CHARGE

L. Cleveland Martin

Oregon Lumber Company

(Incorporated)

LUMBER AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Greenville, S. C.



OUT TODAY!

Wright & Ditson's Catalogue f Baseball Goods

Every player who is interested in the implements used in the game of baseball should get a copy of our catalogue of baseball supplies. Now is the time for the manager and player to plan for the coming season.

Wright & Ditson's Uniforms, made up in the best manner, of the most handsome and durable flaunels, and at reasonable prices, is what every baseball club wants. We are sure we have the best. Remember, we make special prices to teams ordering their entire outit. Send for samples.

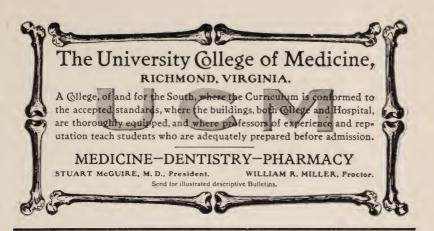
In order to excel, the player should have the best shoe, glove, catcher's mitt, balls and bat of the correct shape and material. We know what the players want. We have had more experience than any other manufacturer, and we hope that the players will give us a trial.

Wright & Ditson's Intercollegiate League Ball is as good as it is possible to make, and any league wishing to use a really good ball should adopt it.

Catalogue free to any address.

WRIGHT & DITSON

344 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.
76 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I.
18 West 30th Street, New York City 34 Wabash Avenue, Chicago III.



ATHLETIC GOODS

Football, Baseball, Lawn Tennis, Track and Field Supplies, Gymnasium Clothing and Apparatus, Worsted Knit Goods, etc.

THE HORACE PARTRIDGE COMPANY

84 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Official Athletic Supplies

Spalding's handsomely illustrated catalogue of all sports contains numerous suggestions. Mailed free anywhere

NEW YORK, NEW ORLEANS, CHICAGO

Combahee Fertilizer Co.

OUR SPECIALTIES

Minimum Moisture
No Filler or Adulterants Used
Scientific Blending of Ammoniates
Fine Mechanical Condition
Superior Bagging and Sewing and
Full Weights

Manufacturers of Highest Grade Fertilizers for Truckers and All Field Crops

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN POTASH AND SODIUM SALTS, FISH SCRAP AND OTHER MATERIALS :: :: :: ::

Factory and Offices CHARLESTON, S. C.













