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# THE CHRONICHE



Es say

Volume XIII.

OCTOBER, 1909

Number 1

4



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## The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., OCTOBER, 1909. No. 1



## THE YELLOW PERIL.

Through the still lapse of succeeding years since the yellow man first set foot on American soil, there has ever been the suspicious eye of this vast populace fixed upon him; and now, when the imminent danger that results from his coming dawns upon this, there goes up a cry to prevent his

further coming, and a demand to protect the people of this fair land from the ravages of those who are already here. When their native land no longer afforded them any hope, the yellow tribes of the Orient turned their attention to the New World, and islands of the sea, where they endeavored to gain a foot-hold. The attempt has begun and is going on: with sensational advances; on the broadest scale; and with a glowing prospect. It certainly rests with us to solve this great problem in human society, to settle forever the momentous question—whether or not we will be dominated over by this Oriental race. One might almost be inclined to think that the departed patriarchs of the ancient world are looking down from their happy seats on high to see what shall now be done by us.

Since our ancestors fought and braved the dangers in the wilds of Germany, and other countries on the continent of Europe, they have been superior to all races. They stood peerless, unrivalled, unapproached, yea! unapproachable; even when civil strife shook their land from centre to circumference, or a foreign foe threatened their borders. When a country rose to offer resistance to the advances of this people, they conquered with apparently little effort, and in so doing taught all nations to respect the Anglo-Saxon race. And now in the twentieth century, after so many years of tranquil peace, a nation has risen from the far east that threatens to subvert our civilization, customs, and religion. Shall we, who are the descendants of so noble a race, stand idly by without raising a dissenting voice, or a protesting hand? Why should we, a people whose fathers subdued a wild and savage race in a still wilder country, submit to the will of obnoxious foreigners, that threaten to visit our fair land with dire calamity? Will we be the last of a great people, who for centuries have stood fixed and immovable, commanding the esteem and admiration of

the entire world, or will we continue to be superior to all other races? Is there a dissenting voice? If not, we will pursue our march upward and onward, surpassing all nations, excelled in nothing. As the mountain crags that in the distance repose in robes of purple haze, while near at hand they stand out jagged and scarred, so this yellow peril at a distance seems harmless, but when viewed more closely, it looms up a dark and invincible power, that if allowed to go on, will in a few years defy our utmost efforts to crush it.

When the yellow races come to this country, they are filled with avaricious designs; and think only of the selfish motives for which they come. They do not bestow any thought upon us, except that in so doing they may gain material wealth. Even though they should desire to participate in our government, their previous training would prevent them. Because, as a rule, they have superstitious beliefs and customs that have been handed down for generations, and so sacred is the memory of their ancestors, that they refuse to desecrate them by doing things to which their fathers did not achieve. Not for a moment would I have you believe that the yellow race is one that has its stomach where its brain should be, shake hands with themselves, or talk to an image in a mirror. God forbid! Far from that. For the Chinese are a people of ancient times, who were introducing codes of justice, and many other acts of civilization, while our forefathers were yet clothed in the skins of wild animals and roving through the pitiless morasses and boundless forests of Europe. But for centuries they have been asleep as it were, and have excluded themselves from the outside world, hence they lack a great many qualities that are necessary for an aggressive nation of today.

Then, too, those who come to claim a part of our country, are of the lower classes, even in their native land; and

as a matter of fact they tend to lower, degrade and ultimately ruin our standard of civilization. They are also very harmful to the laboring classes; and especially is this true in the South, where they complicate the already complex labor problem. For they will work longer hours for less pay, and in some cases do equally as good work as the native laborer, while their cost of living is a great deal less. And, too, they have practically no families to support; so the expenses of the men are very small. 'Tis said that Chinamen can earn less, and save more, than any other race of people; hence, by a system of this sort of labor, they will be able to attain the one great aim of their life; that is, establish a business of their own.

We read in the "Book of Books," that for forty years the Israelites wandered through the wilds of Palestine, in order to learn how to govern themselves when they came to their promised land. If it took this people forty years to learn how to withstand the uttermost power of nations, this yellow race can hardly hope to learn in a transitional period of a few days that are required to traverse the billowy deep, how to assist in the government of our land. Nor do they learn after they get here, for they congregate in large cities, and form settlements similar to those in their native land, where American civilization never penetrates, nor influences their lives. A striking illustration was furnished in the San Francisco Chinatown before it was destroyed. This was a place where crimes were committed and left unpunished; as it was perilous for officers to venture into this place, even in midday, for they themselves were in danger of being murdered

Then these people are of such character, that in case they do become competent, and willing, to participate in the government, they could not repress the greed for money; and hence would succumb to the wishes of the political bosses, who through these foreigners are becoming a dangerous foe to the country.

Search as we may, we cannot in all the annals of history find one place where two different races have dwelt peaceably on the same soil, each having equal rights with the other. One of the great themes of history is that no two races can live in the same land and not be at strife with each other. Race tolerance means race amalgamation, and the Anglo-Saxon who has ever been the leader of the world, has not once dropped to the level of other races and been lost by amalgamation. When the Spanish went to Mexico and other South American countries, they were soon lost sight of by amalgamation; but when our ancestors came to this country and found the Indian ready to oppose their movements of civilization, they speedily swept that race out of existence. Will we, whose fathers have bled and died on so many well-fought battlefields, be lost in this stream of Oriental migration? If this gloomy and ill-foreboding calamity does not overtake us, those of the yellow races who are fast filling our land will soon demand rights that will surely be denied them, and when the war clouds clear away it will reveal one as master while the other is reduced to a state of subjection, and abject servitude, if not totally destroyed.

The United States has immigration laws which, if strictly enforced, would prevent a large part of the influx of this yellow race. But to our sorrow and misfortune, these laws, in the last decade, have been ignored, and as a result we are threatened with the yellow peril. The only choice we have if we preserve our national supremacy and prestige, is to close our ports to all yellow races, and dissolve the trouble-some Anglo-Japanese treaty, thus releasing ourselves from the grasp of Great Britain. By so doing we declare our unwillingness to have further yellow immigration into our

land. Then, and not until then, may we insure our nation's future, anchor our hopes, and be at rest in the harbor of universal peace.

J. N. C., '10.

## "TELL ME."

What has Life in store for me?
Have I a mission here?
Pray tell me what I am to be—
Make Thy great purpose clear!

Into Thy care and keeping
My all to Thee I'd give;
If only Thou woulds't tell me, now,
Of the future Life I'll live.

C. B. FARIS, '12.

# \* \* \* \* NORTON'S STORY.

He was not a very attractive looking fellow as he stood in the line of new cadets waiting to matriculate in the A. & M. College of G——. He looked about him with the curiosity which every new cadet is prone to exhibit. He sat down at the table, when his time came, and wrote "Frank R. Norton, age 21." He then handed his card to the registrar, who assigned him to a room and gave him a card permitting him to stand the entrance examinations. Having passed the examinations successfully, he was admitted to the freshman class.

The boys were attracted by young Norton's quiet, unassuming manner; but there was something strange about him, which puzzled his friends. He wore a most melancholy expression, and sometimes seemed deeply lost in thought. Norton became a member of the society and the Y. M. C. A., and he was also induced to come out and practice foot-

ball. Though he did not make the team during his freshman year, the next year found him out on the field playing harder than ever, but with the result of becoming only a substitute. In his junior year he played as "tackle" on varsity, and by his quick plays and clear-headed work won fame that any player might be proud of.

Young Norton was also coming to the front in other lines of college work. His society counted him as one of the best speakers, and his influence in the Y. M. C. A. was of the best. At times he still wore that sad, faraway look, as if something in the past were burdening his mind.

The beginning of Norton's senior year saw him a star player on varsity football squad. He played with all his might, and no game was lost through any fault of his. The varsity eleven were gathered in Norton's room, one afternoon, a few days before the last game of the season was to be played. The young men were telling stories and discussing plans for the game. "Come on, Norton," some one said, "and tell us a story. We have never heard you do so much as crack a joke." "Do!" the others rejoined, "let us hear a good one." Young Norton looked thoughtful a moment, then said, "Boys, I am going to tell you why I came to college. I have never told any of you college men about my past life; but perhaps you have heard it rumored that I was once a railroad engineer.

"Well, to begin with, I left my father when I was seventeen years old. I went to N——, a nearby city, and got work at wiping engines in the round house of the S. T. & L. Railroad. I worked steadily at this job for about six months, when the company promoted me to the position of fireman. My one ambition was to become an engineer, and I was overwhelmed with joy when, after about a year, the superintendent sent for me and told me to take the local freight out the next morning.

"During these two years of toil, I had never forgotten the little girl I had left at home. My love for her had grown stronger, and I had toiled on with the fond hope of claiming her when I got to be an engineer.

"We married and began a happy home life in a small town near one end of my run. It is needless to add that I was happy, for I was just twenty years old and the youngest engineer on the road. Home was sweet, toil was light, and the future looked bright.

"It had been my good fortune not to be in any wrecks, though my train once came near going through a trestle. I had been ordered one night to take a passenger train to N---. We had gone about half way, and were making good time, when all of a sudden I saw that the trestle ahead of me was afire. My first impulse was to jump, as I saw that the bridge would not support the train. We were going down grade, and to stop the train was impossible. Those few awful moments I never want to live over again. My whole past life glided through my brain; and as we rolled on towards what seemed inevitable death my hands gripped the throttle and the brake, and cold sweat ran down my face. Then the thought of duty flashed across my mind. With one jerk I pulled the throttle wide open, resolving at the same time that if my train went down I would go with it. My engine leaped as if stung, and we thundered over that fiery chasm as if by a single bound. Luckily I had only two coaches, and they both got over safely.

"One night, some months later, while I was at the end of my run, opposite from my home, I got a telegram saying that my wife had been thrown from a buggy and severely injured and that she might not live through the night. I was two hundred miles from home, and no train ran until next morning. I went to the superintendent of the road, told him the circumstances, and asked for an engine and

fireman. After conferring with the trainmaster the superintendent granted my request, and my engine was ready in twenty minutes.

"I shall never forget that mad race with death to the bedside of my wife. As we thundered through space, the big engine reeled and rocked, and the drivers seemed to be mere shadowy things. We rattled through towns, over switches and trestles at a speed that tested every joint of rail. Pouring back a stream of fire from her smokestack, and with her chimes whistle awakening the echoes among the mountains, the iron monster wound her way around curves and took in the miles by great gulps.

"Thirty minutes after I arrived at home, my wife passed away. My deep sorrow knew no bounds. My courage and ambition were all gone. I wished a thousand times that I, too, had died. I finally got to thinking of how Mary had wanted me to be a man, and make the best of my life; and I resolved to carry out her wish as nearly as I could. I would go out into the world and fight life's battles alone, and do my best to conquer.

"I had saved some money, and I came here four years ago to fit myself for a better place in the world. And, fellows, when I go into that game with A——, I am going with that same sense of duty that made me pull my train across that burning bridge. And I'll go in with the same determination to win that I had when I raced with death."

The boys were silent a few minutes; then, one by one, they rose and shook hands with Norton. No one spoke, but Norton knew—he understood.

F. F. P., '11.

#### FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

(Abject Apologies to Poe.)

Ah! how well I yet remember
That solemn month, September,
When each separate piece of timber
Laid its punishment at my door.
'Twas then my soul within was burning,
And my thoughts toward home were turning,
As "King Sophomore" was swiftly learning
How to haze a rat which he had never hazed before.

Now, those stormy days are o'er,
And I have reached a brighter shore,
Where the paddle reigns no more.
And my heart within beats faster.
But new "rats" invade our land!
And the midnight sentinels stand,
With their orders close at hand,
"To save the new boys from disaster."

W. H. O., '11.

## \* \* \* \*

# THE LACK OF ORIGINALITY AMONG COLLEGE MEN.

From the very nature of things, it is natural for college men to learn to imitate. They are constantly required to memorize the thoughts and words of others. In their search for knowledge, they are apt to forget that they have a mind capable of producing original ideas. While much time is spent in reading, a person is likely to assimilate knowledge, rather than give to his mind the training which it deserves. It is undoubtedly a fact that true education is a development of mind, soul, and body. But this fact is lost sight of, for college men in their rush for knowledge neglect to give the

mind, soul or body the proper exercise which each so justly deserves.

The mere learning of any facts is analogous to storing rubbish in an old attic. And just as an old attic is good only for holding old rubbish, so is our overburdened mind good only to contain the castaway thoughts of others.

· At first it may seem impossible to think of anything new. Even the imagination fails us here; for it is utterly impossible to imagine anything new, except it be some new or novel combination of old ideas. It was only by observation and true reasoning that the sum of human knowledge has been increased. By persistent effort, man has been able in the past to form new conceptions, advance new theories, and prove old ones. Thus we must look to the future as one vast field in which to gather new thoughts and ideas. There is always a succession of ideas running through one's mind. At times they come so fast that they leave no trace; but more often they come with such regularity that they make a permanent path through the mind. Now, if we could only control this train of ideas, we would have the power of thinking new thoughts; but man was not given the power to control this string of ideas. Did you suppose that you could stop thinking? Your mind is entertaining some idea at all times, be it ever so trivial.

However, it is possible to divert our minds into new channels of thought. Only by strict training and discipline are we able to learn new conceptions.

Thomas A. Edison has recently said that the sum of human knowledge at the present time is only seven hundred billionths of one per cent. of what it should be. It is easy to see that we have before us a task requiring our utmost efforts to perform. Now, among this possible knowledge, there are many ideas and truths which would be of untold

value to mankind. We could not engage ourselves in a higher undertaking than finding out these truths, and presenting them to man for his benefit.

B. F. L., '11.

## \* \* \* \*

#### A SCENE FROM ABOVE.

One night as I stood in my window watching;
I saw a vision fair—
The hosts of heaven had assembled,
Yea, every one was there.

In the midst of those distant figures
Two gates stood erect and tall;
Each was an exit from the path of life,
But each led to a different hall.

One was small and was made of pearl, And fitted with hinges of gold, While the other was an ugly iron mass, Which swung on pivots old.

Long I stood in my window watching,
When suddenly there came to my sight
A careworn man, with hoary hair,
Trudging down the aisle of life.

But the Recording Angel met him, With his history opened wide, And when the old man scanned the pages He bowed down his head and cried.

Just which gate the old man entered Is not left for me to tell: But to him who lives his daily best 'The Master says, "It is well."

W. N. H., '11

#### MY DREAM.

The sidelines stood mute. They had reason, too, for the score stood five to zero in the second half, with only four minutes to play. Our men were tiring. We could hear their pants for breath even to the side, where we sat on the line. The captains were encouraging their men; Granville hoping that the game was won, as there was not very much time left; our men hoping that there might be time for them to make one touchdown.

"Seven, fourteen, nine, sixty-two," calls our quarter. "Lower there in the line! Now, boys, carry it through!" The ball is passed to Brown, our fullback, who makes a heroic plunge for the line. He sees a gap. There he goes; but only ten feet nearer the goal he is thrown with terrific force by their half, who awaits him there.

"Hold!" He does not rise. "Time out," calls the referee. Our coach rushes upon the field. The players crowd around, but soon open to allow two men to bring Brown out, limping between them, an arm about the shoulders of each. As he appears from the crowd of players the sidelines roar with "Brown! Brown! Good old Brown!" and other terms, dear to the hearts of college men in speaking about their gridiron heroes.

Each and every scrub is hoping to himself, even praying, that he might be called by the coach to go into the game. The coach, running over our way, calls out, "All right, Williams, go in. Do your best, old boy, for much depends upon you."

I jump to my feet, jerking off my jersey, and rush out upon the field, taking my place at full. The spectators roar, yell after yell, for each member of the team, and ending in a rousing cheer for me. This makes my blood boil, and I determine to do something worth while.

"Ready, Captain Myers?" asks the referee. "Ready," answers Myers. "Ready, Granville?" "Ready," answers their captain. "Play," calls the referee, and the game again begins.

Crouching low, midway between the two halves, but somewhat to the rear, I hear the mourns and sounds of the deep breathing of the line men, as they strain to secure a foothold upon the hard ground, but above all I hear our quarter as he cries out the signal.

"Seven, fourteen, twenty-six, eight," he calls. In an instant I realize that it is a call for me. I am fresh, and much is expected of me. Lower still do I crouch, and, suddenly shooting forward, receive the ball into my left arm, and am away. My line makes a splendid opening between guard and tackle, through which I leap. I am through, with only a half and the quarter between me and the goal line, also a touchdown, tying the score, or, if the goal be kicked, one point to the better of our opponents, and we win the game. Straight for the half I go, but just as I get to him I swerve to the right, and am by. As I pass I hear a thud as he hits the ground after making an unsuccessful tackle. Now I have an open field, with only the quarterback to contend with, as he stands upon the ten-yard line, shifting from one foot to the other as I bear down upon him. Just as he springs for me I turn to the right, but in doing so trip and fall, but roll a short distance and catch on my feet, crossing the goal line as the two teams charge down upon me from the rear.

"Biff! bang!" "Are they all jumping on me? No; I hear them running. Why my cot and mattress are both above me. I have been turned."

T. L. A.

# The Clemson College Chronicle Founded by class of 1898.

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS. '10

ONCE more the halls of old Clemson resound with the noises of recommenced activity. We note with regret the absence of many familiar faces. However, their places are filled by those who are at college for the first time. To greeting. you new men, as well as to the old boys, we extend a cordial greeting.

Fellows, let's make this year the best in Clemson's history. With us rests the accomplishment of this task, and if we set our hearts to our work, we can make the Old Gold and Purple fly higher than ever before. Clemson is second to no college in the South. Let's put it first in the country.

WITH this issue of THE CHRONICLE, a new staff takes charge. It is our aim to try to uphold the magazine to its former high standard. Kind reader, if at first THE CHRON-ICLE fails to come up to your expectation, The New be patient with the staff, for we are inexperienced in the work. We hope to make each Staff. issue more interesting than the preceding. To accomplish this we shall spare neither time nor effort. Boys, remember that THE CHRONICLE is your magazine, and its success is your own. We hope that every member of the corps will submit a story, poem, or essay. Don't forget that for anything to succeed requires the hearty cooperation of everybody concerned. We realize, fully, the importance of the work entrusted to us, and shall do our utmost to justify the confidence of those who preceded us.

Among the many phases of college athletics, football is probably the most prominent. The Old Gold and Purple has ever taken a place in the front rank of the Southern colleges. To hold this position will require Football. the cooperation of the entire corps. Boys, let's all turn out for practice. While the majority of us cannot make "varsity," we can support those who do; and help them on to victory by cheering their efforts. Let's organize the best "rooters" club in the South,

and all turn out for every game. If our opponents are not afraid of our team, let's make them fear our noise. Don't get discouraged if the game seems to be going against us, but show the "Tigers" that we appreciate their efforts. Many a game has been won in the last few minutes of play. Above all things, never get silent during the play; for nothing is more disheartening to a team than for them to feel that the student body doubts their ability to win.

It is true that Clemson has not been so successful in the past few years as in former times; but, for the last few seasons, our team has consisted largely of men who were not experienced on the gridiron. To our credit, be it said that even in her darkest days Clemson's team has never stooped to any dishonest methods. Remember, fellows, that upon us devolves the duty of upholding this high standard.

OUTSIDE the regular work, there is probably no more important factor in college life than the literary societies. bringing the students together to discuss the current events and problems, the society broadens the ordi-The Literary nary man's views of everything. As an aid to the English course they are indispensable. Societies. For developing a spirit of congeniality and self-reliance, we think they are unequalled. There can be no question as to whether a person can afford to join a literary society; but can he afford not to become a member? The experience to be gained more than offsets the expenditure of time and money. Besides the knowledge to be gained from this source, we believe that a period of healthful enjoyment is added to the student's week of work. It is our sincere hope that every man in the corps will become an ardent society worker.

It is our opinion that there are no other organizations in a college that can take the places of the Y. M. C. A. and the

Sunday-school. These two associations supply to the students a certain amount of home influence, The Y.M.C. the lack of which is keenly felt in most of the A. and Suncolleges. Especially is this influence needed day School. by the student who is at college for the first time; for it is then that his entire career as a student is shaped. A man's associates, in a large measure, determine the habits he develops; and the fact that so many of the best men in college are members of either, or both of these organizations, is sufficient to convince the most skeptical person of the invaluable aid they render.

The percentage of membership at Clemson is among the largest in the country. This record is extremely gratifying to the faculty, and student body. We hope that the membership will become so large that it will be necessary to erect a separate Y. M. C. A. building. Wake up, boys! Now is the time to get busy.

"Are we going to Columbia this fall?" is a question that we hear on all sides. To a great degree, the answer depends upon the action of the cadets themselves. There can be no doubt as to the benefit the boys would reThe Trip to ceive from this trip. A week of rest from the Fair. study would cause every one to feel better, and more capable of doing his tasks.

If every cadet is punctual in all his duties, it is very probable that the corps will go. The trip to the fair is looked forward to by every member of the student body; and it is proper that each one should do his share towards getting it.

Recruits, learn quickly. Old boys, drill better than ever before. If you hold up your end of the line, rest assured that the commandant will attend to his.



Editors:
H. L. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, To see oursel's as others see us!"

Though conscious of our many weaknesses and inexperience, it is with a keen delight that the editors of the Exchange Department take up their new duties. In our opinion, this is one of the most important departments that is to be found in any college magazine. Therefore, we realize the great responsibility that is thrust upon us; and, in so far as our feeble efforts will permit, we are going to strive to maintain, if not raise, the standard of our college magazines by giving each one a careful and comprehensive review. It is our aim and purpose not to take a one-sided view of the word "criticize," and see only the defects; but we shall take the broader meaning of the word, which is to praise as well as to censure. It is our sincere hope that in the various exchanges we shall find more to praise than to condemn. Our purpose is to make no harsh or unjust criticisms, but what we shall say will be in a friendly spirit. and we hope that the suggestions may be so received, which fact will prove a mutual benefit to all concerned. However, in our work as critic, we shall endeavor to remember that what is easy to criticize may have been very hard to write. With this fact in mind, we hope our criticisms will discourage no young author who is making his first attempt. All fair and just criticism of The Chronicle will be greatly appreciated, and the editors will at once seek to remedy the fault.

With these few remarks concerning our policy for the year, we wish for each of our exchanges a prosperous year, and look forward with much pleasure to the time when we shall begin to review them.

# CLIPPINGS.

#### Love Letter From a Freshman.

My Rose divine!
Although for girls untold I've sought
In countries far beyond the sea,
Today the gladdest, sweetest thought
Of thy true love brings smiles to me,
Sweetheart of mine!

My Rose divine!
When Soph'mores would bid me despair,
Sweet words from you bring back good cheer;
Your smiles make me forget the care;
In love my sorrows disappear,
Sweetheart of mine!

My Rose divine!

Let Seniors worship wisdom's shrine;

Let them on bended knees bow down;

But still a greater joy is mine—

To sing love's praise through this old town.

Sweetheart of mine!

## A Discrepancy.

When I was ten and you were eight, Two years between us stood; We used to meet by daddy's gate— A stolen kiss was good.

When I was twenty—quite a boy—You still were my heart's queen,
But grown of kissing somewhat coy,
You see—you're quite sixteen.

When I was thirty, bronzed and tall,
With sweethearts, too, in plenty,
I met you at the Wilson's ball—
You told me you were twenty.

I'm forty now, a little more—
Oh, Time, you ruthless bandit,
But you—you're only twenty-four—
I cannot understand it.

-Ex.

\* \*

Minister's Son—"Everything that comes to my papa has D. D. after his name."

Doctor's Son—"Everything my papa gets is marked M. D. after his name."

Lawyer's Son (disdainfully)—"That's nothing, everything that my papa gets is marked C. O. D."—Ex.

\* \*

"Why don't you marry Matilda? She loves you and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?"

"Her past."

"Her past? And what fault do you find with her past?" "The length of it."—Ex.

#### Hard on Her.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me."

"Begory, I've been looking for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"—Ex.

\* \*

A snail had a way, it seems,
Of dreaming curious dreams;
Once he dreamed he was—
You'd never guess—
The Lightning Limited Express.

\* \*

Reader—"What do you mean by the letters "Ex." after some of the jokes in the magazines?"

Exchange Editor—"Why, just like the ex-presidents and ex-governors, they are jokes—they were once, but they are not any more."— $\mathcal{E}x$ .

\* \*

"You scoundrel!" yelled young Jacob Green, At his good neighbor Brown, "You kissed my wife upon the street, I ought to knock you down."

\* \*

A little boy watched a bee crawling on his hand till it stopped and stung him, when he said: "I did not mind it walking about, but when it sat down, it hurt awful, so it did."—Ex.

\* \*

There is a girl who works in a candy shop who is six feet tall, has a waist measure of forty inches and wears a No. A shoe. What do you think she weighs? (Candy).

## An Encouraging Reply.

Prudent Swain: "If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream?"

Timid Maiden: "I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb.

\* \*

She—"How kind of you to bring me these flowers! I think there is a little dew on them yet."

He—"Y-e-s, there's a little, but I'll pay that tomorrow." —Ex.

\* \*

Donald—"I hate to try on a new suit of clothes."

"Why?"

Donald—"It makes my face look so shabby."—Ex.

\* \*

Professor (at chemistry examination)—Under what combination is gold released most quickly?

Student—Marriage.—Ex.

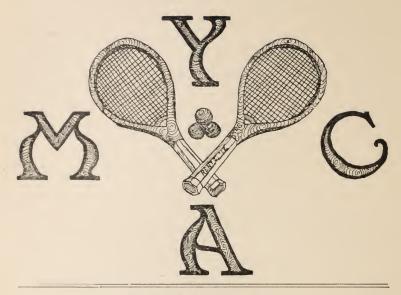
\* \*

"No, Harold, mamma said I mustn't let you kiss me, cause you might get microbes, and then I 'spose I get your-crobes."

\* \*

He—"You are the breath of my life."

She—"Why don't you hold your breath awhile?"—Ex.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

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

The Y. M. C. A. work at Clemson has been opened up with more vim and push this year than it has for many years previous, though this work has not been lacking in previous years. We have our general secretary, Mr. Provost, back with us for another year, and he is doing all in his power to make his work count in the lives of Clemson men.

## Bible Class Rally.

The first meeting of the association was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall September 12th. Mr. Wells, from Anderson, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture at this meeting on "The Value of Bible Study to a College Man." Any one who failed to hear his lecture missed one of the best

talks which has ever been given to the association here. Mr. Wells spoke very forcefully of the necessity of a knowledge of the Bible before a young man is really an educated man.

Immediately after this lecture the Bible class leaders canvassed barracks for Bible study members. Over 350 signed cards that night expressing their desire to take Bible study this year, and we feel sure that we will soon have nearly every man in college in a Bible class.

## College Night.

One of the most pleasant and profitable events which has been conducted at Clemson this year was "College Night." At this meeting we were glad to have most of the students and many of the members of the faculty and their families.

The first part of the exercises were held in the chapel, where the following program was rendered: Dr. P. H. Mell, "College Life;" Rev. Hubbard, "Students' Relations to Church;" Professor Riggs, "Clean Athletics;" Professor Daniel, "Literary Societies;" Dr. Calhoun, "Track;" and also short talks from Coach Williams, Coach Fetzer and Mr. Provost.

As the crowd passed from the hall they were served with cake and cream. It was quite evident that every one enjoyed the occasion, and would like for every night to be "College Night."

## Closer Feeling.

There seems to be a feeling of closer touch and more interest in the Y. M. C. A. work this year than there has ever been before. If this work was ever looked upon as the work of a band of "sissies" that day has passed. Many

students, who heretofore did not even become members of the association, have already joined, and they are taking an active part in the work. Every one is proud of this, and we hope that the interest will continue to grow in this line of work.

### By Our Secretary.

Sunday evening, September 26th, Mr. Provost gave his first real lecture to the Y. M. C. A. His subject was: "The Dignity of a Calling." This talk was a very appropriate one, and the Clemson men were proud to listen to a lecture, such as this one was, from our secretary.

The Bible class leaders returned to their rooms immediately after the lecture and organized their Bible classes. We hope that the close of our work will be as bright as the beginning.

#### "The Y. M. C. A. Membership Campaign."

The campaign for members of the Y. M. C. A., which we had last week, was the most successful one the college has ever had—three hundred and thirty-six men having been enrolled.

Our chairman of the Membership Committee, S. O. Kelly, gave us a bright idea, which added a great deal of enthusiasm to the campaign. According to this idea about sixty-five old Y. M. C. A. members were divided into two squads—the Bulls, with L. W. Summers as captain; and the Bears, with W. P. White as captain. Each side was to get as many members as possible, and those who paid their dues were to count five points; those who did not one. The side that got the more points was to be "set up" by the other side to a delicious hot supper.

A great deal of rivalry resulted from this, and you may be sure each side did its utmost to get new members. But the Bears had the luck with them, and at last won over the Bulls, with the score standing 656 for the Bears and 634 for the Bulls. Though the Bulls got more men, the Bears got more paid-up ones—enough to win by the narrow margin shown by the score.

But the supper was still to be eaten, so Monday night we were all summoned to "A" company mess hall, and were served to a most delightful and bountiful repast, all at the expense of the Bulls.

We had the honor of having Rev. Mills, Rev. Hubbard, Dr. Brackett and Coach Williams with us. After the delicious last course was served each of these, and several other gentlemen, made us very nice and appropriate talks, which we all enjoyed. Then Rev. Mills dismissed us with a prayer, and the grand event was over.

We had a campaign that stimulated the interest in the Y. M. C. A. of every man in college, and one that will be of great benefit to the whole college. E. S., '11.

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- Clemson Agricultural College-P. H. Mell, President; P. H. E. Sloan, Secretary-Treasurer.
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- Clemson College Chronicle—H. C. Twiggs, Editor-in-Chief; F. R. Baker, Business Manager.
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## The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1909. No. 2



## EXPERIENCES OF AN AGRICULTURAL INSPECTOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

After having completed my initiation into the Bureau of Agriculture, and having gotten so I could "habla poco Espanole," I was ordered to the province of Nueva Ecija, Luzon, on my first trip of investigation. With instructions to quarantine all sick carabaos, collect data for crop reports,

and give lectures on sanitary methods, I left Manila on a "little two-by-four, hammered-down, sawed-off" Philippine train for San Isidro, the provincial capital of N. E. Passing through broad fields of rice, thick groves of bananas and cocoanuts, crossing swift flowing tropical streams, I arrived at my destination about 4 o'clock in the evening. Here I found conditions very much different from those in South Carolina. The small railway station, situated in a grove of bananas and surounded by half naked natives, stroking their fighting cocks and selling dried fish and fruits, was two miles from San Isidro. Inquiring as to whether any Americans lived in the place, I was informed that several teachers lived in the pueblo. Getting into a carromata, after having a great deal of trouble with the baggageman, I was soon at the Nipa house of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Of course he was glad to see an American; and after he and his wife had made me welcome, the muchacho brought us lemonade while we sat on the cool veranda, 'neath the banana trees, and talked of friends back home. Finishing dinner, the superintendent and I returned to the veranda, where he gave me a description of the province. From his talk I found the province to have an area of 2,169 square miles, with all the geographical divisions of a continent, over which were scattered three tribes of natives, each speaking a different dialect. Two of these tribes being wild, and living in the mountains, came to the lowlands on head-hunting expeditions during the months of January, February and March. Now, since it was March when I arrived, you may imagine how very pleasing that information was to me.

I had been in the province about two weeks when a telegram from headquarters came to me, saying that rinderpest (a disease of carabao) had been reported from Pantabangan, and that I must proceed there "muy pronto."

Getting two cargadores to carry the medicine and instruments, I left Cabanatuan, the head of the railroad, for a forty-mile hike to Pantabangan. About 6 o'clock in the evening we came to a camp of engineers, where we stayed that night. The chief engineer being from Virginia, and having taught school in South Carolina in his youth. naturally "was a friend of mine from the jump." In this party of roadbuilders there were two huskies from "Up North," and when they heard I was from Dixie, informed me, in a friendly way, that they had a colored gent, by the name of "Mr." Jackson, from down my way, whom they thought would be glad to lay his peepers on me. Off we started to find "Mr." Jackson, when that gentleman of color came into view, leading a condemned army mule. One of the fellows told him they had a friend of his from South Carolina. "You should have seen that nigger jump" when he heard those two words! He said, "Whar he?" And they showed me to him. Then he said, "White foks, I sho' am glad ter see yer; ain't seed nobody frum hum since 'surrection. Um, yo' sho' am small! Seem jus' lak bein' back hum when I hears yo' 'nounce arrs.' And I told him about South Carolina, and that I was on my way to the mountains. He threw open his big eyes and mouth, and said, "White foks, yo' sho' is gwine ter be eat alive. I done been up in dat kentry, an' I knows what I's talking 'bout. Dem long-haired Filipinos tuk arter me wid dem onery looking spears, an' I got outer dem muntons fasser dan I uster git outen de watermelon patches back on de ole plantashun. But seein' as how yo' got yo' hed sot on gwine, I sho' wud lak fer ter 'company vo', cause I sho' is tired o' dis yer job, and des yer yankees dunno how ter tret a nigger nohow." I wanted to take him with me, but the contractor said he was the only man in the outfit that could handle the mules

Early next morning we left the camp, and after hiking all day arrived in San Jose, a very small town, situated at the foot of the mountain, where we spent the night. The presidente of San Jose knew several words of English, and I knew a few in Spanish, so, by "going slow," we had quite a conversation. He described the wild men, and said he would not let me proceed without an escort of police. course I was brave (?) and put up a strong argument (?) that I didn't care for any police, but he finally persuaded me to take them along. I told the old presidente the man that caught me would get cheated, as there wasn't enough for a square meal. He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders and said, "The wild men were very fond of little things, especially if it was Americano!" He said there was a custom among the head-hunters, when one of their number killed a white man he would ride to heaven when he died on a white horse.

Next morning I found two native policemen waiting at the door of the shack, each having a forty-five carbine and a belt of cartridges. Those were the funniest policemen I have ever seen; dressed in khaki uniforms, with red trimmings, bare-footed, and wearing large bamboo hats, they had the Chinos and Japs skinned a block. When I came out of the hut they came to present arms, and said: "Buenas Dias Senor." I told them to get on their walking clothes, as they had a little hike ahead of them.

That part of the province that lies to the north of San Jose is of a rough, mountainous character, the boundary itself being a lofty range called the South Caraballo; from both its extremities fork out two ranges, running northward and including the fertile valley of the Cagayan, in which grows the tobacco from which the well known Manila cigars are made.

Turning from the beaten trail up the valley of the Talavera river, we were soon following a rocky path that was parallel to another swift, turbulent torrent, ascending gradually until on the second day we were over 1,000 feet above sea level, where we struck the dry, cool air of the mountain. Standing on the summit of this mountain, and looking to the north, we could see the head waters of the Pampanga river, a tiny stream at first, as it trickles down the precipitous sides of the mountain, gradually widening until it reaches the valley, where it flows in a slow, snake-like, silvery course on its way to the sea. Pushing on up the narrow valley of the Anobat, half the time in the river itself, winding around the tortuous ravine, knee-deep in the rushing stream, the foliage on the steep sides being covered with clumps of bright scarlet, we came to the lofty plateau land, crowned with deep woods and cogan grass. Leaving the grass-covered plateau, we entered the primeval forest, with all its strange sights and sounds; from the cool depths at intervals came the clear cry of the companero, or bellbird. Mayas of various colors darted from tree to tree. families of monkeys hung by their tails and chatted to us as we passed, while far in the distance we could hear the deep roar of a mountain torrent, broken at times by the discordant cries of a group of noisy parrots, and farther on we ran across a herd of deer, led by an antlered buck. In the sparse slumps of timber the monotonous cry of the cicada was almost deafening; myriads of gaudy insects shot from palm branch to flower; orchids of a thousand varieties clambered over the boughs of the giants of the forest. Numerous fruits and nuts were found; the graceful libung, the spiny yantoc, the palma-brava, and the wild arcea, from which the natives get their betel nut for chewing with lime and the aromatic leaf of the icmo. Traveling in these tropical forests is not as much of a

luxury as may be supposed; and, being pulled up some yawning precipice by a slender piece of creeper, climbing down some almost perpendicular ravine by the aid of roots, backing one's way through tangled undergrowth, full of spiny plants, leeches and mosquitoes, as well as "wait-a-while" briars, are enough to dishearten any new traveler.

S. H. SHERARD, '08.

(To be continued.)

# \* \* \* \* FAITHFULNESS.

'Twas on a beautiful, sunny afternoon, in early autumn, that two figures might have been seen sitting on a grassy terrace in front of a Southern mansion in upper Carolina. One was Turk Erwin, a handsome young man; while the other was Kate Price, a blushing, blue-eyed maiden. They were deeply engaged in conversation, and from Kate's face, over which swept an occasional look of sadness and concern, it was of a sorrowful and grievous nature. And, as for Turk, the grim but determined look that clouded his splendid countenance showed that he was deeply troubled.

Finally Kate burst out joyously, exclaiming: "I have it, and, if you will only try, you can certainly succeed. If you are determined to go, why not go to one of my cousins out West, where you will be able to win fortune and fame." Turk's face grew brighter at the idea, and as she concluded it fairly beamed, as a look of determination flashed across his brow.

After some moments of further conversation they arose and strolled toward the house. No sooner had they reached it than they entered the parlor, as a place of seclusion. Long and earnest was the unrestrained talk that followed. And when Turk left the ring that usually adorned his well-

formed hand now flashed from Kate's, as a token of a solemn vow between them.

These sad faces and dismal countenances were the result of a quarrel between Turk and his father, in which the irate father not only ordered the son to leave, but disinherited him. The proud son left at once—never to see his father again in the land of the living. Immediately after leaving his old home, Turk proceeded to town, and then to see Kate.

The fast train that left P—— early the next morning, after Turk's eventful night with Kate, bore a passenger whose face was well hidden by a great coat collar. After this mysterious person had looked over to the car, to be sure that no one would recognize him at this time, he removed his coat and stood out, a young man, apparently not yet twenty,—who was none other than Turk Erwin. For miles the train sped westward, bearing Turk to a new life, until it arrived at the town of Trenton, where Turk got off. He started out of town immediately, and in a very short time found himself at the gate of a wealthy and prosperous farmer. When Turk told that he was hunting employment, the old man gladly accepted him without question. The work was very agreeable to Turk, and, because he was treated as one of the family, he rendered his best services. But, through merit alone, he soon rose to the position of foreman, and after a few years to partner, in the vast farm. Four years rolled quickly by, and, at the death of the original owner, Turk became sole possessor of the immense farming area. And so his life passed uneventfully until one day, as he was seated on the broad veranda of his ranch home, he was seized with a wild desire to see a dear face that had been out of his real vision for nearly five years. It took only a short time to make the necessary preparation and depart.

When he arrived he found that many changes had taken place; but still he had no difficulty in making his way to Kate's home. But before he left town he was saddened to know that his father had died two years before.

Happy, indeed, was the meeting between Kate and Turk. His joy was so great that he could scarcely express himself; while Kate clung silently to him, litsening joyously to his whispered words of love and vows to never again leave her. When Kate recovered from her surprise at Turk's sudden, unannounced coming, and calmed down, she said: "I believed that you would come and keep your promise, and that is why I've waited."

In a few short days Turk's business demanded his attention and called him to his far off home. But he went, not alone, for he had a sweet face to cheer him and make life worth living.

J. N. C., '10.

### SUCCESS.

Let "Forward" be our motto,
As we walk through life's long way;
Let "Go Higher" be our watchword,
As we tread from day to day.

Be not satisfied with a little, Take hold of this world's foils; With "Forward" as our motto, Success will end our toils.

Only failure comes to sleepers, Wide-awakers receive their gain; With "Go Higher" as our watchword, Our toils are not in vain. Then, when success has crowned our labors,
And we view the days gone past;
We then can say, and truly say,
We have reached the goal at last.

D. L. CANNON, '13.

# \* \* \* \* OUR CHOICE IN LIFE.

Did it ever occur to you that the course of our lives always points in two directions. And if we consider these two ways, soberly and earnestly, before going onward, and choose the path which leads to honor and truth, we shall always realize that we have selected the "rightful destiny of our life." The other well known way needs no description. One can realize the pitiable plight of a man, after some few years of living, to find himself amid ruined hopes, and with life having proved a complete failure.

It is indeed a great privilege to have our life presented to us in these two ways; and, sooner or later, we, one and all, must make our choice, and, in doing so, decide our future destiny.

The choice which truth and reason urges us to select will bring to us many untold joys; therefore, it is for us to say whether our life shall be as a millstone about our necks, or as a crown upon our brow.

Life is our greatest inheritance, and the realization of this fact is a glorious thing; for, surrounded by the glory of this universe, all that is magnificent, grand and good, clearly shows us that life, in its "march of grandeur," has a definite purpose; and this purpose is a noble one, if we bravely take it up, and triumphantly lay it down.

God will demand of each an account of the talents and powers which he has bestowed upon him; so let each and every one of us form, at the outset of our career, the solemn purpose to make the most and the best of these powers, and turn to the best possible account every outward advantage within our reach.

Lastly, we must use integrity, truth and good sense in selecting our course; and, above all things, have self-reliance, never forgetting that in our long and tedious voyage of life we must not "drift," but "steer."

L. C. H., '11.

#### \* \* \* \*

#### LOST ON TRYON MOUNTAIN.

To begin with, we were not really lost. We knew where we had come from; we knew where we wished to go, and we knew that we were within half a mile of our goal; but to reach it—that was another matter. We could not have been more miscrable had we been in Alaska.

My friend, Leland Gilmore, and I had set out from the little summer resort of Saluda, North Carolina, to walk to Tryon Peak, about twelve miles away. We started at seven o'clock, carrying lunch, and intending to spend the day in climbing and exploring the peak. Having been at college together for two years, we whiled away the hours of our long tramp by recounting our college experiences. That the morning air was damp and foggy, did not worry us in the least; for the weather is so unreliable among the hills that one may reasonably expect a fine day when all signs point to a steady drizzle.

After three hours of steady ascent, we stopped for a few minutes at the made-to-order log cabin of a wealthy western woman, who had selected an exposed place on the ridge, just where the steep sides of the peak rise from it, as the site of her imitation mountaineer's cabin. The lady, it is said, purposes to educate and uplift the mountain youth. Certain it is that she sat under her corrugated iron porch and read

a magazine, leaving us to extract what information we could from the slattern who did her housework, and to plod on in the sun, our thirst unquenched by the iced lemonade on the table, and our hunger aroused by the savory smells from her kitchen; and we were just from civilization!

A half-hour of hard climbing brought us to a cornfield—above the clouds—and a spring. From the giddy heights of the cornfield we struggled up the pathless slope of the peak, Gilmore, in his city-pavement shoes, falling to his knees every few yards.

The view from the summit was worth our four hours of toil. For a while we lolled on the rocks, gazing at the prospect of wooded valley before us, dotted with three toy villages, checked with pale-green fields, and threaded with yellow highways and silver streams. Behind us loomed sun-flecked, cloud-shadowed, ominous mountains.

Soon hunger put in its claims. We sat on a rock so seldom attained by man that only one or two straggling letters had as yet been carved on it. We were at a greater altitude than any one within thirty miles. We flung our tin cans down the rugged slopes before us, and they bounded and clattered until eye and ear could not follow them.

After exploring the peak for an hour or two we descended, and inquired at the log cabin for directions for reaching the summer cottage of a gentleman, who had a small farm below, on the side of the ridge, and whose house I had visited—from below—several years before. "Ye'll find the trail to Mr. Kennedy's jest beyond that clump of sweet-gums," the housekeeper tolds us. For this statement she was heartily cursed a few hours later.

Beyond the sweet-gums there was no trail; nor did a zig-zag course down the mountain side for several hundred yards disclose more than the path of some recreant cow. I knew the general direction of our goal; and so we resolved

to strike down the slopes, trusting to luck, and the action of gravity, to get us there. After a quarter-mile of crashing and sliding through waist-high weeds, we caught sight of a shining bit of glass in a tree below us. It was an insulator on a telephone line, a line which, I knew, went directly to the Kennedy house.

How that line ever got there we soon had occasion to wonder. Over bald cliffs, through tangles of fallen timber, through wild bean-vines that tripped and threw us, and over jumbles of great boulders we slipped and scrambled, until we brought up suddenly at the brink of a ravine. We could not go down; we would never go up; we must go around, and leave our one guide to humanity.

The next two hours were maddening. There was no trail. We scrambled down places where a misstep meant death. Rain drenched us. I knew some of the ground that we crossed; but we could get nowhere. Several times, I am confident, we passed within two hundred yards of the cottage. The trees shut out house, road, orchard, everything. There was no one to answer our shouts; not even a cock would crow.

At last, utterly defeated and disgusted, we stumbled into a rocky compatch, skirted it and found a trail, leading in the wrong direction, but still a trail. This we followed for an hour, crossing more compatches, and splashing through wet woods. About mid-afternoon the trail dumped us into a broad, clay carriage road, which I almost instantly recognized as the road from Tryon to the Skyuka Hotel, on the mountain. We were eight miles from Tryon, and no telling how far from Saluda.

Once on the clear road we made good time, and risked no short cuts. We dragged our wet, weary feet along the pretty, macadam streets of Tryon, and tottered to the station platform; nor did we budge until the train rolled in.

We pulled ourselves aboard and dropped gratefully upon the dusty, plush cushions. The first person who spoke to us was the Saluda pastor, who twitted us on losing ourselves. We were too tired to protest. Now that it is all over, we have decided to submit our experiences to The Chronicle.

\* \* \* \*

### A LOVE THAT WAS LOST.

"Hello, Kirk! Heard the news?"

"Hello, Joe! How are you?"

"All right; but, I say, have you heard the news?"

"No; but I think I know what you desire to tell me," replied the former.

"Well, the war has started in full swing. The reports say that Colonel Anderson has been forced to evacuate Fort Sumter; but that he lost not a life during the thirty-six hours' bombardment." Kirk said not a word; but rode straight ahead, regardless of the continued talking of his old friend.

The above is a portion of the conversation that passed between Kirk Jamison and Joe Redmond, while riding along a road near their homes in Rutherford county, North Carolina. This was at the outbreak of the Civil War. These two young men had been reared together, and since their birth had been the best of friends. Their fathers' lands joined, and the two families had always been a source of happiness and content to each other; but, now, there was something forming a chasm between them. That was the war cloud of '61; for Colonel Redmond was as staunch a Unionist as could be found, while Mr. Jamison was just the opposite, a bold advocate of States' rights.

About equal distance from the above named planters there lived another, who had just recently declared himself

a Unionist. Now it happened that Major Richardson, for such was his name, had a certain daughter, Nellie, who was his only child. She was considered the prettiest lass in all the foothills; and well she deserved the title, for her beauty was unsurpassed. Her face bespoke of a rose in all its loveliness; the dimpled cheeks, which, when she smiled, assumed a deep crimson; the deep, blue eyes, the well-shaped nose and chin, and the chestnut-brown hair, all gave to her a beauty that the fairest of princesses might well covet.

As far back as they could remember Kirk and Joe had been Nellie's playmates; and, as far back as she could remember, she had been a loving friend to each of them. But now the dear old childhood days were over, for she had attained the blushing age of seventeen. She required her lovers to make formal calls now, instead of trotting into her house at will, as they had always been accustomed to do.

Joe was a year older than Kirk, being then twenty. For this reason Nellie's father encouraged her to pay Joe the closer attention; but, deep down in her heart, she cherished a kind and sympathetic feeling for Kirk, which she could not rid herself of; for in all their rompings Kirk had been like a brother to her, in attending her every wish and desire, while Joe was, at times, selfish and overbearing to both her and Kirk.

Now conditions were approaching a crisis in every way. Colonel Redmond had said that Joe must join the Union army, and Joe had expressed his desire to do so. In connection with this, Major Richardson, after a long talk with his daughter, had come to the conclusion that she must marry Joe. She could not consent to this, and, feeling so disheartened over her position, and the conditions surrounding her, she gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears. "How can I marry Joe and be happy? How would Kirk

feel about it? Poor Kirk," she would say, as she lay on her bed, sobbing, "I can not leave him; I can not—and I—I will not."

After another long talk, in which the major used the most persuasive tones, he failed to gain his daughter over to the Union side. She also refused to consent to the marriage with Joe. When her father saw that further entreaty would be of no avail, he burst into a furious rage. "D—— that Kirk Jamison; if he ever crosses my path again, I'll kill him." He then paused a moment and continued, "I'll just have you to know right now, miss, if you won't marry Joe you surely shall not marry Kirk; and if I ever catch you with him again, I'll drive you out of this house, never to return." Saying these words, he left the room, slamming the door violently.

The following Monday morning Joe Redmond rode away to join the Union forces. Kirk was at his home, preparing to leave the following day for Charlotte, where his regiment would mobilize. Nellie was nearly frantic. "I must see him before he leaves," she cried in desperation. "I must tell him how I love him; and that, as I have been his playmate in times gone by, I will continue to be his, even unto eternity." After writing a note, requesting his presence at a certain nook in the forest, near the spring, which had been the scene of many a pleasant pastime, she dispatched one of the little negro boys on the plantation to deliver it to Kirk. When Kirk opened it he was almost dumbfounded. He had no idea that Nellie was still his old sweetheart; but thought, on the contrary, that she had completely forgotten him and had accepted Joe instead.

That night, shortly after the moon arose, Kirk set out for the old playground, near the spring house, in the rear of the major's. He had hardly seated himself on the old rustic bench, when he heard a slight rustle and a voice whispering, "Kirk, Kirk, where are you?" He immediately answered by a low whistle, and she came to him in a bound. "Oh, Nellie!" he said, "my own dear love, you really don't know what a load you've lifted off my heart. I could not bear the thought that you had given me up forever." "But it's all right now, isn't it, dear love?" she answered, as she sank into his two strong arms, in an embrace that needed no words to express its meaning. I won't attempt to describe the conversation that followed, but will allow my kind readers to fill out this part of the story in their own imagination. Anyway, the following morning Kirk rode away to war, whistling a stirring tune, and with a light heart. He felt that he could now fight like a demon, because he had one on his side whose gentle influence was greater to him than that of his leader.

I will now pass over four years of toil and hardship, in which time Joe and Kirk had been the best of soldiers for their respective sides. Nellie was still true to Kirk, and very often he received a letter of warm greeting and encouragement from her, telling him that she was patiently awaiting the day when the dreadful war would be over, so that he could return to complete their happiness. Of course, on account of the crippled and neglected mail service, he would often fail to get her letters; and, then he would get desperate, and curse the war, the negro, and everything that held him from his beloved. At the beginning of April, 1865, he had not heard from Nellie in about three months. Lee's army was hemmed in on all sides, starving, bleeding, and sorely neglected. The forces were gathered at Appomattox for a farewell stand. Kirk was determined, if possible, to break through the Union lines and escape surrender. He loved the dear old Southland, and could not bear the thought of going back home to face his people, and Nellie, with defeat written across his face.

• It was the evening of the eighth of April, 1865, that Kirk was lying by a dim camp-fire, with a few companions, men of the cavalry. On close observation, his friends saw he was intently reading a small copy of the New Testament, a gift from Nellie. After a while they asked him if he intended surrendering on the morrow; to which question he replied haughtily in the negative. Then the party, twelve in all, agreed to make a desperate attempt to gain their liberty, immediately following the charge.

The morning of the ninth dawned. The Confederates were up early, preparing for their last attempt to maintain the Confederacy. Soon the thin, gray lines were formed; and, when all was in readiness, the command, "Charge!" was given. The gray line fell against the blue; but, after a heroic attempt to break through, failed. They were about to fall back in defeat when, out of a clump of trees near by, a dozen cavalrymen, mounted on splendid steeds, and with sabres flashing, rode with terrific speed toward the Union line. "This way," shouted Kirk, as he saw a small opening in the line. Soon the horsemen were forcing a passage through the enemy. Their sabres decended mercilessly on the heads of the Federals, as they hacked right and left. The cavalrymen had just about succeeded in their bloody work, with, however, about three-fourths of their number killed. The remaining three, with Kirk in the lead, were about to dash to liberty when, suddenly, some one grasped the bridle rein of Kirk's horse. In a flash Kirk was about to deal him a death blow, when he saw the person to be no other than Joe Redmond. In his bewilderment and surprise Kirk dropped his sabre; and, at the same time, the bayonets of a dozen enraged Federals pierced his body. He sank to the ground with a deep groan. Poor Kirk, to have gone through all four years of the terrible war only to be slain when the Confederate columns were stacking their arms, in accordance with the terms of surrender. Joe was heartbroken. As he received Kirk, dying, in his arms, he would vehemently curse those to their grave, who, in disobedience to his commands, had killed his old playmate. Now all was over, and Kirk was in the agony of death. For a brief space he opened his eyes, tore open his collar, and requested Joe to take from around his neck a locket, containing Nellie's picture and a lock of her hair. He also gave him three or four precious letters, his watch and sword. All these he asked Joe to return to Nellie; then, sinking into a convulsive shudder, he passed into the cold embrace of death.

When the news of the tragic death of her beloved was conveyed to her, Nellie was almost heartbroken. For a full month no one was able to console her. At times she would stay in her room until she cried herself to sleep. Sometimes she would dream, at night, of the dear old days she used to spend with Kirk; then she would awake, only to find stern reality facing her.

After a reasonable space of time, Joe renewed his attentions to Nellie; but she would never give him the slightest encouragement. Realizing that further persuasion would be of no avail, and at her request, he stopped his entreaties. Soon after this he went North, and never returned.

As the days, weeks and months slowly drew by Nellie felt her loneliness more and more; and, finding it impossible for her to become accustomed to the changes immediately following the war, soon gave up all hope of ever living in happiness again. After a heroic effort to assume a bold front and continue life, she, at length, yielded to the inevitable, and followed in the footsteps of her lover.

Side by side, in the little church graveyard, shaded by the trees of the old forest, so familiar to them, sleep the two lovers. Their love was lost, but is united again in death, and will continue to exist so long as there is a God in Heaven to watch over and preserve us. J. L. C., '13.

#### \* \* \* \* THE EX-RAT.

A transformation seized the Rat. An evolution came: For, early in the month of June, The Rat was born again.

He then steps up, as one might say, Into a higher living— Dispels his former doubts and fears, His distrust and misgiving.

Reluctantly he looks behind, And wonders how it's true, That he has passed, assuredly, The awful time quite through.

A feeling then goes out to them, Whose lives are sore oppressed, By all the bitterness and gloom Which Rathood gives at best.

A word or two is given them,
Though not for comfort—never;
But only to remind the Rat
That Rats are Rats forever.

C. B. F., '12.

#### \* \* \* \*

#### IN THE SHADOW OF POPOCATEPETL.

A letter from John Farley! Well, that was unusual indeed. I hadn't heard from him more than half a dozen times since we both left college, four years before.

Postmark, Mexico City. "I'll wager something, he's been poking 'round some old ruins down there; he always did have a taste for that sort of thing." So, with a good deal of curiosity, I opened the letter. It was short and to the point.

"Philip, old boy," it ran, "I've made a great find, and I want you to come down here at once! I've been searching some Aztec ruins, about sixty miles from here, and inscribed on an old slab of stone was enough information to lead to the discovery of a great treasure, buried, probably, after the capture of Mexico, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Spaniards. Phil, there's enough gold bullion buried in that old temple to make us both comfortable for the rest of our days. Now, I want you to meet me in New Orleans one month from this date. Don't fail me." Then followed his signature.

Three weeks later I was aboard the southbound train for New Orleans. I persuaded two friends of mine to accompany me, as "the more the merrier" on an adventure like this.

John met us on the appointed day. He was enthusiastic to the last degree over his find, which he considered as certain as if it now lay in a safety deposit vault in old Manhattan.

We left next morning, and the following day crossed the Mexican border. The scenery in the mountains of Mexico is surpassingly grand, though as yet, on account of its inaccessibility, but little appreciated by tourists. Great green, forest-covered mountains rose on every hand. On one side the mountains rise in almost perpendicular walls, crushing in the ponderance of their grandeur; while, on the other, far below us, might be seen quiet little Mexican villages, peacefully reposing in their setting of green fields.

Yet, for all of this, we were entirely unprepared for the

first view of the valley of Mexico. As we descended the side of a lofty ridge, the view burst suddenly before us. A murmur of admiration broke from us. It was early evening in the valley, though the sun was shining brightly on us. Far beneath us the city of Mexico could be seen, like a white blur on the carpet of green, as the shadows of twilight fell upon it. One by one, like a miniature Heaven, the lights of the city twinkled. Surrounding this fertile valley are numerous lofty mountains, covered with thick forest, displaying all tints, from the vivid coloring of the tropics, near the foot, to the somber green of the temperate zone, near the timber line; above this are the great snow-fields. To the southwest stands the great white-capped peak of Popocatepetl, the silent sentinel guarding the peace of the sacred valley.

Mexico we found to be a well built city, with splendid accommodations, as to hotels, etc. We spent several very pleasant days here, getting together our supplies for the trip. Then we set out.

Our route lay through the depths of the great lowland forest. Here our progress was very slow. The dense undergrowth made traveling difficult. At night mosquitoes and other noxious insects made the night as bad as the day, and we got little rest. Five days of wretched tramping brought us to the ruins, where we arrived, thoroughly sick of the whole proceeding, but still determined to stick to our purpose or "bust," as John put it.

The ruins we found to be quite extensive, built of stone, with much grotesque carved work. In the center of a court, around which the various temples lay, was a great, flat, circular stone of enormous size. This was the sacrificial stone, on which captives, taken in war, were put to death, in propitiation of the god supposed to reside in the bosom of Popocatepetl, which lay directly before us.

Beneath this stone was supposed to lie a secret chamber, containing our hard-earned treasure.

The next morning we set to work clearing the rubbish from the tiny door, which opened directly behind the stone. We entered carefully, John leading. It was weird enough. The passage was low, the floor uneven, and as we crawled along its damp length the thought of the hundreds of lives destroyed, and the rivers of blood which had run above our heads, sent a shiver down my spine, and the gentle murmur of the forest seemed to change suddenly to a funeral dirge. At the same time visions flashed through my mind of great heaps of glittering gold, sparkling stones, and great bars of silver, when suddenly the passage ended and we entered a small chamber.

"This is the place," whispered John, who was shaking like a leaf; "somebody give me a match."

The glow lit up the tiny stone chamber. It was—empty! "Empty!" said John, in a dazed voice.

"Empty!" I repeated.

On the floor lay the corner of a letter. It bore but the postmark, Boston, Mass. W. S. B., '12.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE REMNANT.

Since the dauntless and ill-fated conflict, from 1861 to 1865, and the trying ordeals of reconstruction, there has been a noticeable and rapid decrease in the number of battle-scarred veterans who followed Lee and Jackson. We no longer see them as in days of yore, when they were in middle-life; but now as frail, tottering forms, that are stooped and bent with age and the care of years.

We have drifted so far down the river of life that only a few of these gallant heroes have withstood the ravages of fleeting time. But those who are left to our tenderest mercies have vivid recollections of the fierce conflicts and deadly struggles. However, these have, in a measure, been softened by the lapse of years; so they no longer relate of bloody battles, strewn with dead and dying, over which rose shrieks and groans of suffering men. But, instead, they tell of the skill of the general; the patience and quiet endurance of the men on the march; camp life, and of a hope that burned in every breast—an earnest desire to be at home once again, where they could clasp the dear wife and carefree children to their bosoms, in a loving embrace. Again, they will recount of the deeds of heroism on the battlefields; of the valor of some individual, or of the thrilling but desperate charges up to the mouth of belching cannon.

We all know, only too well, of the sorows and trials that encompassed these veterans, after the war clouds had rolled away, and after the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry had ceased. The foe returned to a home of abundance. yea, even luxury, while the Southern warrior wearily set his face toward a ruined land, morally as well as materially. for the fair Southland was in the hands of corrupt "carpetbag" rule, where might was right; while black and towering sentinel-like chimneys stood watch over charred ruins, where happy homes once existed. Sorrow sat in black at every fireside, for mothers, wives and sweethearts watched and waited for loved ones, who were destined never to return. There was a voice in the Southland—Dixie calling for her own, and they were not-where the fields were devastated and robbed of its most noble sons. Then, too, the soldiers, who returned, came to a place where new conditions were prevalent, because of the liberation of the "Black Plague," which was designed to cause so much sorrow and distress in Dixie. But through it all they doggedly persevered and erected a great commonwealth,

and builded, from ashes and ruin, the fairest land upon which the sun ever shone.

Ere the cycle of time shall waft us a few years nearer the grave, these noble, chivalric men, who withstood so gallantly, and resisted so stubbornly, the advances of a common foe, and fought so doggedly for Southern rights, will be in the Great Beyond with their much loved leaders, who have preceded them. In a few short years, the school children will be strewing flowers on the graves and singing songs to the memory of those who are known to them only in history, and who are as ancient to them as the men of Tours, or other ancient conflicts.

We daily see those, who go tottering along the streets, diminish, as they go to the last roll-call in the Great Beyond. Will we, or will we not, make the declining years of these noble, patriotic, unselfish heroes, happy and contented? Surely no one will strike a discordant note to this, for our love for them is too great, and we remember:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth It is to have a thankless child."

Then, with one accord, we will honor this fast lessening host of noble martyrs, who surrendered their all for what they believed to be Southern rights, and knew to be a Southerner's duty. For with the dying hero goes out all personal recollection of the fiercest civil war ever fought, and a gallant stand for Southern rights. Then it may be truly said:

The drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave, but not fallen, few.

J. N. C., '10.

# The Clemson College Chronicle FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS. '10

Contrary to nearly all precedents for the last few years, the weather, during Fair Week, was exceptionally good. Jupiter Pluvius seemed to realize that this Fair was excep-

tional on account of the President's visit. Our Trip to the and refrained from making sport of the gala attire of the ladies. The week's outing Fair. was thoroughly enjoyed by the whole corps, and many were the expressions of regret when the time came to leave. The commandant did all in his power to make this the best trip the boys have had, and his efforts succeeded admirably. The boys, too, by their good behavior, contributed largely to the success of the occasion. We heard several remarks about the politeness of the Clemson Cadets. One lady said, "Surely, this cannot be the crowd of ruffians the newspapers print so much about." We wish to say that that was the same crowd, and that notwithstanding many assertions to the contrary, their conduct at college is not different from what it was in Columbia. We think that the good manners of the students on these trips do more to correct false impressions than does anything else.

The people of Columbia seemed to vie with one another to make our stay in their city pleasant. Their hospitality was of the old-fashioned Southern kind that makes everyone feel at home. We wish, on behalf of the corps, to extend our hearty thanks for the kind treatment we received, while in the city and while in camp.

The honor of guarding President Taft during his visit to the city is the greatest that could have been given a corps of college students. We think that this is the first time that this privilege has been bestowed upon a Southern college. It shows that Clemson is well thought of by the military men in the State.

The exhibits at the Fair grounds were all good. That of Clemson was especially well arranged, showing all departments to the best advantage. The crowd, which was at all times around these exhibits, was sufficient testimony of the popularity of the college throughout the State.

This, we believe, is the most successful Fair that has ever been held; and, in all departments, Clemson made a creditable showing. We hope that all subsequent trips that the corps may make to Columbia may be as pleasant and enjoyable as this last has been.

ONE of the most pleasing recollections of our recent trip to Columbia, is the good feeling existing between Clemson and Carolina. By their actions, the students of both colleges showed that the hatchet has been buried for Gamecock and good. The good comradeship was further cemented by a parade through the streets Tiger. by the students of both colleges the night before the game. How much better it would be if all colleges could have this friendly regard for one another, instead of feeling of hatred. We congratulate the Carolina boys on the splendid showing made by their team, and hope that they may be successful throughout the remainder of the season. Fellows, let's keep up this spirit of friendliness between the two colleges. It makes our annual trips to the Fair much pleasanter.

It is our opinion that of all the qualities that make up a gentleman, kindness is the most essential. No matter how rough the exterior appearances may be, if a good, kind heart lies underneath, the man is really a man. How Kindness. many are the thoughtless words and acts we often speak and do that cause others to feel sad; when a word of kindness or a smile would have brought forth much happiness. How much more esteemed is the man who always has a smile for everyone.

We should be kind, not to our friends only; but to everybody. A word of praise or commendation may lift a world of care from some shoulders. If we can say nothing good about our fellows, we should keep silent. Never say behind a man's back what you would not tell him to his face. Did you ever stop to think how deeply the little sarcasm you often use might hurt somebody? Have you ever, in your own experience, known to what efforts a kind word has inspired you? Many a soul has been lost that would have been saved, had someone but spoken a word of kindness or sympathy. It is but little to do; and we owe it to the Creator who made all things, to be comrades to our fellows.

The death of Dr. James H. Carlisle deprives South Carolina of one of her most noted sons. His loss is keenly felt in every part of the Commonwealth. And well may the State mourn for this grand old man. South Carolina's His life will ever stand before the young Grand Old Man. men as an example of faithfulness till death. His principal characteristics were sincere trust in everyone and absolute purity. Many flattering offers of higher positions and better remuneration were made to him; but like another good Southerner, he preferred to teach the younger sons of the South than to have honor or wealth.

What Lee was to the whole South, Dr. Carlisle has been to South Carolina, a shining example of sincerity. He has done more for Wofford College than has any other man. His unbounded influence for good was invaluable to that institution. To our fellow-students at Wofford, we extend our sincerest sympathy. It can be truly said of this great man that "He died in harness."



Editors:
H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

So far very few exchanges have made their appearance in our department. As the first issues are generally late in being printed, they are, of course, late in being distributed. However, we are looking forward to an early arrival of each and every one of our former exchanges, and we hope to have new ones added to our list also.

One of the first publications to arrive at our table is The Southern Collegian, a very attractive magazine. Not only is the magazine attractive, but it is brimful of entertaining and instructive reading. The apt division of the space into fiction, poetry and essays, according to their relative importance, gives a well-balanced magazine. The publication is to be congratulated for having received the excellent article upon "Journalism," which was written by one graduated from there many years ago. "Lines Written on a Tranquil Night" is a poem of deep thought and smoothness of meter. "Honey's Spirit" has a rather lengthy introduction; but this introduction is interesting, because it is so vividly written. The story is based on a well laid plot. It is original, and discloses the conclusion from the reader until the end is reached. The poem, "In the Night Watches," is longer than is usually found in college magazines; but in its length does not become wearisome. The poem has a very appropriate and strong ending. "The Prisoner" was, as he invariably is, thrown into a "dark, slimy cell, infested with vermin and creeping things." Not only was he to be without food, but his misery was added to by the choice food and sparkling wine, which was so near, yet so far. "Success," "Bleak House Manor," and "The Flunker," deserve favorable comment. "Was Shakespeare a Socialist?" is a long essay, which has many extracts and quotations from Shakespeare's works. The author answers the question in the negative, and his arguments well sustain his view. Had the Collegian needed redeeming, "The Redemption" would have been an important factor in this, not because it is so forcibly written, but because of the eccentricity of the plot. This is the only piece of fiction that approaches a love story, but how very different it is from those commonly found in our magazines. Some are beneficial, but they are generally too prevalent. The departments are all well written, especially the editorial.

After reading the Red and White, we were not patriotic enough to be Blue. On the contrary, we were de-lighted. "Hydro Electric Development in North Carolina" is an interesting article on the utilization of natural resources in that State. We sympathize with Bobby in his difficulties, but after all he might have known that Hazel was "A Woman." The poem, "In the Fire Glow," is very suggestive. We wonder if the author was really in earnest, of if Kate will meet the fate of the others. The author of the article, "Help! Help!" strikes the keynote when he says: "There seems to be a universal idea among the students that the editors are supposed to furnish all the material for the magazine. You see at once how absurd it would be; yet, in the face of this, you stand 'hands off,' and expect the editors, by themselves, to get out a magazine that will be a credit to our institution." We commend the

action of the staff in offering prizes. We quote from the Y. M. C. A. Department: "You may find here and there a man who turns up his nose and sneers at the Y. M. C. A.; but, if you'll watch that man, you'll find he is not the kind with whom you would like to be classed." The Grinds and Clippings are good.

The Carolinian for September presents a very neat and attractive form. A thorough inspection of the interior convinces us that the editors have not been idle. A glance at the story, entitled "A Rag, a Bone and a Hank of Hair," and we begin to think of Kipling, etc. We were very much pleased to learn that it was a sure enough story; not one of the impossibles, but one with plenty of originality. We enjoyed reading it, and await with interest the other articles that the author has promised us. We next find a number of articles on the Poet Tennyson. Recalling all that we do not know of Tennyson, we settle down for an enjoyable spell of reading. The articles are all thoughtful, instructive and entertaining, and we finish the last one with a better knowledge and appreciation of England's greatest poet. The Exchange Department is not even mentioned. The editor might, at least, have given us some of his plans for the year.

In view of the recent disaster and unsettled state of affairs at Columbia College, *The Criterion* staff would have been absolutely excusable had they failed to get out any magazine at all for this month. Instead of that, however, the spirit of pluck and energy, that is characteristic of Southern womanhood, asserted itself, and *The Criterion* comes to us full of interesting stories, essays and poems. We believe that the same spirit of pluck and energy which the staff has shown will be very effective in raising the domes and spires of a new Columbia College, in the air,

above the ashes of the old. We notice that this number of *The Criterion* has a number of good poems and ballads. The ballad entitled "The Flowers of Fall," and "A Tribute to C. C.," deserve special mention. The story, "Just a Girl," is especially good; and we read it over several times, each time getting pleasure and inspiration. The Editorial, Local and Y. M. C. A. Departments are very good. We are willing to meet the exchange editor half-way, and let our criticisms be based on merit and not by any personal feeling or animosity.

Another magazine that contains much good material is The Georgian. The amount, plus the class of material that appears in it, is sufficient to show that the magazine has an energetic staff in charge of it. "The Hour of Understanding" deserves credit. The author shows considerable skill in the use of the vernacular of the mountaineer. Corner in Holes" has a unique plot, in which the "red-haired office boy" is transformed into a youthful financier. The poetry is hardly at par, when compared with the other productions. In general, "The Ultimate Decision" is not very original. The same experience has actually happened to so many political men that the end of the story can be forefold from the very beginning. The essays are both well written. The editorial is very appropriate. The Exchange Department—where is it? Surely The Georgian contains this department. If so, it should have appeared, though it occupied only one page. If it does not, it should have; for this is one of the essentials of a good magazine.

The Hendrix College Mirror comes to us filled mostly with solid matter. Only two poems appear, and they are fairly well written; but each of them contains excellent thoughts. "Senior Prophecy" runs in the same channel that most prophecies do. "A Difficult Student" is the only

fiction in the whole issue. More stories would be a valuable addition to the magazine. "Should Agriculture Be Taught at Hendrix?" is a strong article, in which the author clearly and pointedly shows the need of this subject being taught. The editorials are very good. Hope to hear more from the exchange editor in the following issues. With a few changes the magazine will be a very crditable one.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Our Monthly, The Erskinian, Wofford College Journal, The Lenoirian, The Palmetto, The Collegian, Ouachita Ripples, and Davidson College Magazine.

# \* \* \* \* \* CLIPPINGS.

Mr. Thomas Cat was calling on Miss Tabitha Cat. Mr. Cat—Miss Tabby, you look as if you have just had a good meal.

Miss Tabby—O dear! is my rat showing?

\* \*

To shave your face and brush your hair, And then your Sunday clothes to wear; That's preparation.

And then upon a car to ride,

A mile or two to walk beside;

That's transportation.

And then before the door to smile,

And think you'll stay a good long while; That's expectation.

And then to find her not at home; That's thunderation.

\* \*

Here's where I lose ground, said the tramp as he slipped into a bath-tub.—Exchange.

#### Then and Now.

In
days
long
ago (in
the sixties, you
know), when
Grandma
went walking
she held
her skirts so.

What
would she
say, if she
saw girls
today with
their skirts
clutched
sotightly
they all
look
this
way.
—Ex.

\* \*

### Decadent Verse.

Our	The	Nothing's	It
Poetry	Poets	On	Is
Is	Are	The	A
Running	To	Level	Downright
Down,	Blame:	Now-	Shame!

\* \*

### The Rhythmic Lovers.

He—If I had a-known you'd

A-wanted to went,

I'd a-sure come and took you,

You bet your last cent.

She—If I'd a-thunk that's
What you'd a-did,
You bet I'd a-wrote you
To take me, old kid.

### Inconsistency.

"What is inconsistency?" asked the curious one. "Well," responded the wise one, "it is that which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."—Exchange.

## The Girl for Him.

She—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion.

He—How long can you keep it up? She—Oh, indefinitely, I guess.

He-Then let's get married.

\* \*

I roused me from my slumbers,
I hied me from my bed;
If I had known what breakfast was
I would have slept instead.

\* \*

Mary had a little waist,

Where waists are meant to grow;

And everywhere the fashions went

Her waist was sure to go.

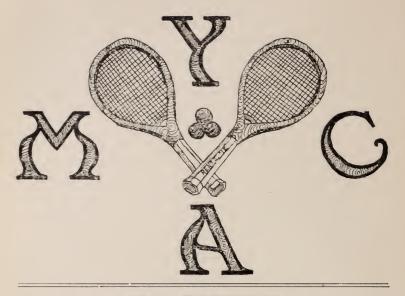
-Ex.

\* \*

There was a young fisherman named Fisher, Who fished fish from the edge of a fissure;

A fish with a fin Pulled the fisherman in:

Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

## The Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Conference.

The Bible study class leaders of the different colleges of the State had their conference this year on October first to fourth, at Spartanburg. We were entertained by the students of Wofford College. There were delegations from every college in the State, but we are proud of the fact that the delegation from Clemson was the largest, being thirtythree strong.

Some of the ablest leaders of the Y. M. C. A. Bible study work in the South were securd as speakers during the conference. Among them were: Dr. Weatherford, National Student Secretary; Dr. S. C. Mitchell, President of the University of South Carolina; Dr. H. N. Snyder, President of Wofford College; Mr. J. E. Johnson, Student Secretary of North and South Carolina; Mr. N. L. Provost, our beloved Y. M. C. A. Secretary; and Prof. D. W. Daniel,

of this college. To hear such men as these talk on the subject we were all so much interested in was both inspiring and beneficial.

These men were able and earnest leaders; men who could have stirred the minds of even the wicked and uninterested. But they found they did not have such men to deal with. All the delegates went there with the determination to learn something—and they were not disappointed. Everybody was earnest, sincere, and attentive; so we learned a great deal as to how to run a Bible study class, and make it effective.

We were very fortunate in selecting Spartanburg as our meeting place. The people of this city, being a people of learning as well as religion, showed, by entertaining us so royally, how much they advocated our work.

On Saturday night, the third, we had the honor of being invited by the Converse College Y. W. C. A. to a reception given to the Wofford College Y. M. C. A. and guests. At the beginning of the evening Professor Daniel, of this college, gave us an excellent address, in which was some very good advice, in the Converse College chapel. We were then conducted into the college parlors, where we were given a glorious chance to meet the young ladies and talk to them. Needless to say we took advantage of the opportunity, and were indeed sorry when the professors came around and told us to leave, that our time was up. This reception was a most enjoyable occasion, and one that we will remember always. The young ladies, in giving us their sanction in this manner, did our Y. M. C. A. a great deal of good in many ways-not least among them being in increasing the membership of the association.

Sunday morning Dr. Snyder talked to us of the importance of a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and deeply impressed all of his hearers. We were also fortunate

enough to hear a very fine sermon by Rev. Mr. Truesdale, of the Methodist Church. The conference closed Sunday night with an able lecture by Dr. Weatherford; then we were face to face with the regret at parting with our hospitable hosts, and leaving Spartanburg to return to our work at college.

## Dr. Vass.

All of the students, as well as the people, on campus, were glad to have Dr. Vass, a Presbyterian missionary from Africa, at Clemson Sunday, October 17th, and to be able to hear him lecture on the conditions of Africa.

Sunday morning Dr. Vass addressed the students and faculty in the college chapel. The real conditions under which men and women are laboring in Africa were presented to the audience in a way which made them appreciate as never before the work which has and is being done by the missionaries in the field in which Dr. Vass has been laboring. It was very inspiring to listen to this lecture, and enough to make all who were present thankful that they were reared in a God-fearing country.

The illustrated lecture which Dr. Vass delivered Sunday evening was one which will long be remembered by all who heard it. During this lecture, the audience had a bird's-eye view of the life among the natives at the beginning of the work, and also of the present condition. The changes were very marked, and great improvements were very noticeable. May God bless Dr. Vass and his coworkers, and give them much prosperity in their work.

0,0

At the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday evening, October 10th, the Rev. Mr. McCall gave us a fine talk on "Service in the Christian Life." It was, indeed, a privilege and pleas-

ure to every one at the meeting to listen to such a talk. The Rev. Mr. McCall outlined very forcefully the phase of student life which his subject covered. We would be very fortunate, and, I am sure, very much profited, if it were possible to have one of the Rev. Mr. McCall's lectures every Sunday night.

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A Mountaineer Bringing Deer Hides to Town-P. I.

## The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XIII CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., DECEMBER. 1909. No. 3



## EXPERIENCES OF AN AGRICULTURAL INSPECTOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

(Continued.)

Coming out of the forest and going across the plain and up another mountain, we came to Pantabangan, situated over 1,000 feet above sea level. Here the natives grow small patches of rice, potatoes, corn, sugar cane, and coffee.

This place being situated as it is, is inaccessible to a road, therefore the farming is not very extensive; the chief source of revenue being from the hides and "pindang" or dried meat of the deer. After completing the work in Pantabangan, I got another guide to show me the way to the wild village. Leaving the town, and "hiking" about four miles through tangled undergrowth and jungle, we came to an opening in the forest in which was situated an Ibilao camp. The little grass shacks were scattered over the clearing, and, as we came to the outskirts of the village, all the inhabitants came out to meet us, the men swinging great big spears and chattering, while the women, a little in the rear of the men, came slowly forward leading their brown skinned babes. After the guide had demonstrated very conclusively that we were friends, the men laid aside their spears and everybody squatted around me while we had a palayer.

These people had never seen a little American before, and all of them wanted to feel my hair and pull my nose. My hair being a different color from theirs, they thought it wonderful, and the old datto said I was "un hombre de mucho talentes." The women brought their children to touch my face because by so doing they thought it would make the kids white. As it was nearly sundown, soon there were scores of evening fires arising through the gloom, mingled with the chopping of wood, and the cries of the children, showing that life was just as strenuous there as in a more civilized community; the ordinary dog is the "piece de resistance" at all their feasts, which they generally celebrate in proportion to the dogs. Periodical visits are made to the lowlands, where they trade their woven mats and baskets to the shrewder Ilocanos and Tagalogs of the plains for dogs, and a common sight may be seen on their return to their mountain homes, leading a whining, howling, column of dogs of all descriptions, black and white, big and

small, well and sick; some of the latter looking like the proverbial dog that needed the support of a fence to enable it to howl, but, anyway, they all go to swell the family larder to be used on special occasions. I was offered a piece of one that night, and my refusal was none the more emphatic, on hearing the information that he was a black and tan, as it was one of that color that tried to make a "rabbit" of me when we came into the village. When all was ready, the "big guns" and I proceeded to the "casa grande," where we found a big feast of dogs, wild ducks, dried deer meat, rice, home-raised coffee and monkey legs, spread out on the bamboo floor. With little ceremony the chiefs began eating, using their hands, while I extracted a knife and fork from my haversack. The natives would make little balls of rice or "bigas," sprinkle a small pinch of salt on it and throw same back into their "bread-boxes." With their bolos they cut all the meat up together (dog, monkey and all) and after sprinkling a little salt on it, proceeded to "put it into available food." They thought using a knife and fork a very queer custom, and having never used them, wanted to try mine. After trying the fork the chief gave it back to me saying it hurt his mouth.

While the feast was in progress, the young men were making preparations for a dance to be given in my honor. When we had finished eating, one of the "hop committee" came to the big shack and informed the chief, everything was "mubuting lahat." Then we all filed out in a dignified procession and marched to the dancing pavilion, where we found great big torches hanging from the bamboo trees and the ground covered with mats, on which several of the young fellows were doing their stunts. With their fighting spears in their hands, and their hair decorated with snake bones, they were executing a dance very much like Saint Vitus's. The women did not take any part in the per-

formance, but squatted around the fire, keeping it going, and smoking cigarettes. These people wear very few clothes; with the exception of a small loin cloth or gee-string, they wore nothing but long hair, sunshine and smiles. Their beliefs are superstitious, though they believe in a god who made all things. Their fields are well fenced, in some places with walls of mud. The old men are generally judges, and if they are grieved by their more civilized neighbors, instead of seeking redress they move to a more secluded spot. Their chief crops are small patches of rice, potatoes, sugar cane and a little coffee. They bring deer and wild boar meat to the towns at the foot of the mountain, and trade it for salt and petroleum. On my leaving the village next morning, the old chief gave me an escort of spearmen to accompany me out of the jungle.

Before leaving the village, I told the chief that I was a "Medico para los animales," and he said he did not believe in "Americano medicina," but had his own "dope." Then I asked him to let me see his medicine, and he showed me a string of bored shells, with the popular charm attached to it capable of curing all fevers and other ills, which had been handed down from generations, and was composed of the inner flanges of a large white sea shell cleverly strung on a woven belt—thought to have been brought from the Balenyan Islands. When one of his subjects got "maysakit" he would take the shells and rub them over his body and holler hocus pocus, or something like that, and if the gods were willing he would get well.

We hadn't gone very far, when we found the whole pack of dogs barking and snapping at a huge boaconstrictor, who vainly attempted to present a bold front to the enemy, but was greatly embarrassed by the hind legs of a deer which protruded from his mouth. A fetid smell came from the "saua," who still writhed around in the bed of the rivulet,

keeping up the process of mastication, opening and closing his cavernous jaws, the legs disappearing slowly, and vindictively eyeing his numerous foes, the dogs, who vainly tried to tear his flanks, but the thick scales offered no hold; at the same time they took good care to keep well away from the boa's head and tail; a bullet would only be wasted on such a reptile unless it struck a vital spot; at length the natives hurled great massive stones from above, some of which rendered the snake insensible, when he was easily killed by fifty spear thrusts; a few mighty convulsions and his snakeship lay dead with the howling pack of dogs tearing at his flanks. An idea of his dimensions may be obtained from the fact that he measured over four spear lengths, each spear being seven feet ten inches long—about thirty-two feet altogether.

That night we camped in the mountains where the guides made me a couch of cogon grass and banana leaves, and after finishing supper of dried deer meat and coffee, the muchacho fixed the mosquito net and I turned in. Long before day break next morning, I was awakened by the strident cries of a family of toucan, or kalao, a bird with an immense scarlet beak a foot long, who from their lofty perch in a balete tree cross the ravine, hurled forth a bunch of discords that could be heard a mile away. These birds are popularly believed to call the hours.

Hastily waking the guides, we were soon under way on our journey and arrived in San Jose about six o'clock in the afternoon, where I gave the old presidente an account of my trip; telling him that it was the queerest one I had ever taken.

Sam H. Sherard, '08.

Agric. Inspector and Plant Pathologist, Manila, P. I.

#### OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

They stopped us at the mess hall door, Last Thanksgiving day at noon, And as we lingered there outside, Our fancies struck a tune.

How oft' before we'd seen, enjoyed Great feasts and 'casions rare; But surely this was going to be A much more swell affair.

We thought of luscious turkey,
That ever-welcome bird,
At all the feasts and frolics,
Where they are seen—not heard.

Then, too, the nuts and candies
Would be a treat,
For seldom do we have such things,
On menu, here to eat.

As minutes (hours?) went slowly by, Excitement still went high, "For who can tell but that we may See iced *cake* and *pic!*"

Just then the door swung open,
And in each pushed his way;
But, "Bang! B'gosh! Is it a joke!
The same old thing today?"

C. B. FARIS, '12.

#### A TRAGEDY OF THE CIRCUS.

He had been West in search of health, but, having failed to find it, he was returning home to die. It was near Denver that I met him, and on our long ride from Denver to Chicago, he told me the following story:

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

I was born in the little town of Newton, in Tennessee. My father and mother died when I was very young, and I was put in the care of my uncle.

It was at my uncle's home that Jack Thornton and I became such fast friends. He was my aunt's brother, and, his parents being dead, he was staying with his sister. We were constantly together, roaming the woods and fields, and doing the chores that were to be done around the place.

As we grew older, we made great plans for the future. Our one desire was to travel and to see the world.

About this time, my aunt died; and, from this on, my uncle made life miserable for us. About this time, also, Jack became attached to a beautiful girl; but I could see that his affection was not returned. Myrtle Gilmore was a wild and wayward girl, skilful in the art of coquetry, and completely charming anyone she wished. Jack was heels over head in love with her, and nothing could convince him that Myrtle was not sincere in her love.

One day, in the latter part of November, a small circus came to town. Of course, we all went, for it was a very unusual thing for a circus to come to Newton. One part of the show was where a man went into a cage of wild animals, and made them perform numerous tricks. This was exceedingly good, and seemed to hold Jack's attention more than anything else.

That night Jack said to me:

"Henry, did you notice the way that man handled those lions? It was grand. And, Henry, that is what I want to

be—a lion tamer. I never knew what I wanted before but I know now." I was too much surprised to speak, so I held my tongue. I thought it was only a passing fancy, and would soon go away.

A few days later, Jack came to me with a letter.

"Henry," he said, "I can't stand this life any longer; I am going to join a circus. There is a place for you, too, if you wish to go with me."

I was very much surprised, but I was also pleased. That would suit me exactly—the wild, adventurous life of a circus man. I read the letter, and found the offer to be exceedingly good. We were to start out as helpers to the animal trainer, and learn our parts in spare time. Jack said that this was better than he had hoped for when the wrote to the circus manager.

I did not see the parting between Jack and Myrtle, but he told me of it afterwards. It seems that Myrtle had promised to wait until Jack should make his fortune and should return and claim her.

Early one morning, near Christmas, we packed our few things and started for the little town in Kentucky where we were to join the circus.

I need not dwell on our life with the show. It was full of adventure, and just suited our wild tastes. In a short time, Jack and the animal trainer were fast friends. Jack had greater power with the animals and they soon grew to love him. They would obey the boy as readily as they would the trainer himself. That is, all except one large lion. This one seemed to take a special dislike to Jack, from the start. Why, was never known. Jack determined to conquer the aversion of Cicero, the big lion. This, he succeeded in doing, in part, although, at times, the big beast would growl and show his teeth as Jack approached.

Finally the trainer died, from an operation for appendicitis, and Jack succeeded to his place.

Jack's dream had come true, and he was now king of the little animal world that he had longed for.

Early one morning, we arrived at a small town near Newton, where we were to show that night. Being so near to our birthplace, we decided to go over. I strongly suspected that Jack still had cherished a love for his old sweetheart, although he had never once mentioned her name during the seven years that we had been away.

We hired a buggy and drove through the country. All the way over, Jack seemed to be strangely excited. He leaned eagerly forward, and pointed out the familiar landmarks as we passed by. He seemed to be a boy again, so blithe and gay he was.

We put our rig up at the little hotel, and ordered dinner. Before I was half through eating, Jack jumped up from his chair and dashed out of the hotel.

I did not see him again until I was preparing to leave. He came up and climbed into the buggy, without uttering a word. I did not open the conversation until we were well on our way.

"Jack," I said, "what is the matter? You seem depressed. What has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered dreamily, "only I have ceased to have faith in woman."

"What do you mean?" I asked the question, although I knew what the answer would be.

"She has broken her promise. I have looked forward to our meeting for a long time—to the time when I could call her mine—and it has come to this! Ah! Henry, life is not worth living now."

I tried to cheer him, but the more I tried the more depressed he became.

Years have passed since then, still I see the crowds surging through the main entrance that night—the flaming gas lights, and the actors in their gaily-colored tights. A sense of foreboding evil filled me, and I but half-way performed my act.

At last the time came for the final act. I can hear the manager now announcing it:

"Prof. Thornton, the world's greatest animal trainer, will now give you an exhibition of his skill. He handles big, tawny-maned lions as though they were kittens."

Jack went into the arena, and the animals were turned in. I could see that Jack was nervous. He walked around, picked up one thing after another, and seemed to find fault with everything in the place. He was cross with the animals, and provoked a huge old tiger into a great rage.

After this part was finished, the beasts were put back into their cages, and Cicero, the big lion, was turned into the arena. It was easy to see that the old fellow was in anything but a peaceful humor. He went into the arena with a low growl, and continued to walk round and round, switching his tail as he went. Jack gave the lion a cut with a whip and commanded him to get upon a stool. The big beast did not move, but stood in his tracks, emitting a series of growls.

Jack approached the lion and hit him a blow with a whip. The big fellow gave a blood-curdling roar and leaped high into the air. He landed on his feet and crouched, preparing to spring. Jack knew that, to take his eye from the beast now, meant death. He looked straight into the great yellow eyes of the lion, at the same time approaching, step by step, with a long knife in his hand. Not a sound could be heard in the tent except the breathing of the spectators. Just as Jack approached within about four feet of the lion, a piercing scream rent the air. I barely glanced up, and saw Myrtle Gilmore standing up in her seat. Just at this moment, a

mighty roar came from the arena. I jumped from my place, for I knew that Jack must have looked up and seen her, too. It was too late; the fierce animal had already torn open Jack's throat and chest. The sight was too much, and I fainted. When I became conscious, there was nothing in the arena but a pool of blood and the dead body of a lion.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

There was silence in the car for a few moments, and then I asked:

"What became of the girl?"

"I don't know," the man answered, "I have never seen her since."

Just then the brakeman came through, calling "Chicago!" and I left my newly-formed acquaintance.

Not long since I happened to be in Newton, Tenn., on business. While there, I visited the little cemetery in the churchyard, and became interested in two graves, side by side. One was marked "John Thornton;" and, in the name of the other, I recognized my acquaintance of two months before.

E. M., '12.

## MISTLETOE.

O, little spray of mistletoe,
Hanging from the chandelier,
'Tis only you that lets one know
Christmas day is nearly here.

There, gently swaying, all serene, You seem to banish thoughts of woe, With white berries hiding 'mid the green, O, little spray of mistletoe. Loved alike by rich and poor
For your comfort and your cheer,
There is a spray on every door,
Ever to call back memories dear.

You give alike both cheer and joy
To old folks with their hair like snow;
To valiant youths and maidens coy,
Who always watch the mistletoe.

Many a lover has been too shy
To tell the lady of his love;
But even he is known to try,
With sprays of mistletoe above.

And when the fire is burning low

He has a glimpse of your bright green;
'Tis there, beneath the mistletoe,

He claims the right to kiss his queen.

—W. J. M., '10.

#### \* \* \* \*

#### A WINNING RUN.

They were a motley crowd of engineers, with the sweat of honest toil upon their faces, and with eyes which spoke forth the great trust that lay in their hands, as they sat around the old coal stove, which was the one bright and cheering spot of the "old club house" of the S. and A. railroad. Gossip was now at its height, and the many thrilling stories which always seem to fascinate us, were again being reviewed, to the delight of the crowd, when there was a creak, and the door opened with a gust of cold air, in the meantime ushering in a handsome, stalwart young man in an engineer's garb. McPherson, by his manly bearing and beaming nature, had won the esteem and admiration of all his fellow-engineers. He was recognized as their "chief,"

familiarly known as "Mac." He was their leader, not only because he commanded their love and respect, but also because to him had been given that honor which all others had failed to attain—he was the superintendent's right-hand man, and the best engineer on the S. and A. road.

"Hello, Mac!" they cried, "you are always our 'old reliable;" take off your coat, warm up, and let us have the best you've got tonight."

Mac did as he was commanded. When his frozen fingers were thawed and his blood once more felt the impulse of youth, he calmly looked each one of his fellow-workers in the eye and sternly said:

"No, boys, this is no time for story-telling." He deliberately put his hand in his inside coat pocket, bringing forth a yellow envelope, now soiled by the smut from his hands, but still realizing that the contents of the envelope filled him with a certain tumultuous joy, and yet with a dire apprehension of fear.

On the faces of the others was depicted the blankest astonishment. "Mac," they cried, "have you heard bad news? What's the matter? Quick, let's have it!"

"No, fellows," he replied, "listen."

"'To James McPherson, C. E.:

"'Prepare your engineers for inspection by 12 M. sharp tomorrow. A special, bearing me and my daughter, will arrive at O——— at 12 o'clock.

"'John G. Munson, Superintendent."

A yell rent the little room, and all was excitement. The superintendent and his daughter were really coming. Some of the men already had future views of better jobs, while others thought not of jobs, but the "lady," and who would win her favor first.

At daybreak on the morning of November 27, 1900, the yards of the S. and A. road at O——— presented a very

busy scene. Need anyone ask the reason for such? Invariably comes the answer: "The superintendent and his daughter are coming." Each engineer was busy working, cleaning, shining and rubbing his engine, and praying that it would be the one to find favor in "her eye." McPherson particularly took pride in old "42," which had been his best friend in the eight years of service he had loyally given to the S. and A. railroad. By the time the clock struck 10, every engine was as bright as a newly coined silver dollar, while the popping off of steam from every engine showed what busy hands had wrought.

At 11:30 Mac appeared in his best, and within ten minutes a sharp whistle announced the much-looked-for event. In less than a minute, the large engine and its palatial cars came thundering up, and then all was still. They had stopped. Mac was at the step of the car in a moment. A very refined old gray-headed gentleman sprang to the ground, with some signs of youth still lurking in his aged body. Mac immediately introduced himself, and then Mr Munson was introduced in turn to all the other boys.

Suddenly there was a great rush of air, and in the present age you would have thought it was only a twentieth century air ship passing by; but Mac was recalled to *terra firma* by the words, "Mr. McPherson, my daughter, Miss Maysie Munson." "Glad to meet you, ma'am," and it was all over, the one crisis of his life.

The regular routine of inspection was soon over, and old engine "42" was awarded the laurels, while its master was trying to decipher why Miss Maysie Munson should have such beautiful brown eyes, rosy cheeks, and thin lips, when something whispered in his ear, "love at first sight," and he accepted it that way.

What a pity that something should happen to mar such a dream of love! But, about sunset, Miss Munson was taken

very sick. Her aged father was heartbroken, for the physician who accompanied her gave out the statement that unless they reached a hospital in five hours the result would prove fatal.

Mac's chance had come. Hastily assuming his old engineer's garb, and assuring the superintendent that his daughter would be saved, he climbed into the seat of old "42." From every side yells of success came from his companions, and, with the spirit of love from his heart, he opened wide the throttle of old "42," and started on a race with death at a clip of sixty miles an hour.

Need that run be described—over trestles, around sharp curves, on and on swung the "fiery demon" which for eight years had carried him through fire and water.

\* \* \* \*

Mac's wedding was one of the largest ever known in railroad circles, and the magnificent gifts he received from his comrades attested his popularity. Six months later, when Mac became superintendent of the S. and A. road, he did not fail to remember his old comrades, and he is always proud to tell of his "winning run" and the "reward" that he received.

L. C. H., '11.

# \* \* \* \* THE SOLID SOUTH.

In the dawn of the twentieth century we are confronted with the question of the Solid South. This question especially concerns the people of the South today. Of course, the Northern politicians are eager to divide what is generally

called the Solid South. Their reasons are plainly seen, but are these reasons based upon the principle that a division would enable the South in obtaining more privileges and securing more powers in Congress? This is what they claim, but our educators and politicians do not see it this way.

Some Northern writer claims that the South was united for a noble purpose, and this purpose it has well performed, and now it is time that some steps be taken to destroy its solidarity. We agree with him in saying that the Southern people united for a noble purpose, and we, too, agree she has accomplished many great and noble things; but we are not yet ready to admit that the South has done all that there is to be done, and give up like speechless people in the North. The question is, Can Southern men let other questions outweigh that which was paramount to our fathers?

The South has succeeded in suppressing negro rule, and now is she to give away and sacrifice free thought and action to the bugbear of negro rule today? Shall we again allow the shadow of the black to enslave us? No, not as long as we are governed by our good judgment and common sense.

Another Republican writer maintains that the fifteenth amendment is the sole cause of the existence of the Solid South. He claims that the amendment was the result of fanaticism, and now generally recognized as folly, and calls attention to the fact that President Taft is urging a Republican Congress to disfranchise the Porto Ricans as unfit for self-government. Now, is the President and the Republican Congress going to disfranchise these people as unfit for self-government, and yet allow this fifteenth amendment to go unrepealed.

It may be that the North now recognizes the folly of the fifteenth amendment, and we are inclined to believe that it does, but how are we to know this until the same North joins us in the repeal of this objectionable article. The

North must admit that she has left the South to itself to resist negro aggression by a practical annulment of the amendment in question. It can truthfully be said that we have sacrificed many other interests in the effort to suppress and prevent negro domination. The impending deflection of the great Middle West from the Republican party, and the very evident effort of the Republican party to balance this by the winning of at least some of the Southern States over to their side, would certainly indicate that the South is once more to assume a position of strength in Washington.

Shall we, when so near the goal that means so much to us, give up to the seductive pleadings of the shrewd Republicans and allow them to treat us as they have tried to do in the past, or shall we await with confidence the advent of the Middle West into Democratic councils. The North is afraid of this, and is trying to divide the South before the West joins us.

Senator Aldrich has tried to win the West by making his famous tariff bill popular among the Western farmers. He placed binding twine on the free list, and yet refused to give to the Southern farmers free cotton bagging. This is a cotton-growing country, and its people are largely farmers; and they are not willing to encourage Aldrich and his tariff bill as long as the Republicans try to enforce these injustices upon them.

In conclusion, we will say that the South is not yet willing to stop a great work, but is going to push forward and accomplish still greater things. We stood as a unit in suppressing negro rule and other hardships thrust upon us by the North, and are going to stand as a unit in demanding other powers and rights due us.

We will fight to the very end and, if need be, die in the maintaining of our rights. And let each and every one of us be able to stand forth and say, in the words of the South's

peerless leader, "You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight; you may dispute whether I have finished my course; but doubt not that I have kept the faith." The South will not be broken by the Republican party.

R. M. S., '10.

## THE WARRIOR BRAVE.

At daybreak on a lonely field A wounded warrior lay; A cruel sword had pierced his breast, His lifeblood ebbed away.

On many a hard-fought field abroad
Had he conquered many a foe;
But no longer could he wield the sword,
His fighting days were o'er.

In an humble cabin by the sea
A lovely maiden dreamed
Of the day when the warrior would return,
And their promises be redeemed.

Across the waves each day she looked, If her lover she might see; But, alas for her! her warrior brave Had entered Eternity.

D. L. C., '13.

### "A MODERN INVENTION."

If you had observed the hero of this story patiently working away at his desk, you would never have guessed that he had any troubles. But, perhaps, if you were close enough, you might have caught the sound of an occasional sigh, which alone betrayed the fact that he was worried. Yes, he

was in love, but that was not the trouble; the real difficulty was—her father.

Young Harold Stanley had graduated from Clemson College just five years before. He had taken the electrical course, and when he had received his diploma he had connected himself with the Pleasant Falls Power Company of M——. He had proven himself so valuable to this firm that he now sat at the manager's desk. He was a rather conspicuous person, too—his tall, athletic form and broad shoulders told of fights on the gridiron in which he had taken part.

The only thing that stood between Harold Stanley and Charlotte Burwell, his sweetheart, was Major Burwell, the girl's father. And to win Charlotte, meant to win the Major first. Of course, Harold had hinted at an elopement, but Charlotte had said:

"No, Harold, he is the best father a girl ever had, and if I should run away he would never get over it. You have declared your love to me, now prove it by winning Dad."

So Harold promised to try-but how?

Major Burwell was a stately, pompous old gentleman, with broad, erect shoulders that looked as if they had never borne any burdens except Prince Albert coats. Silver locks crowned his massive head, on which nothing short of a silk beaver seemed becoming. He was a staunch old Republican, and believed that all other politics were for uncivilized nations.

Harold had won victories on the football field, he had solved some hard problems in mathematics. He had escaped from a pack of wolves while hunting in Canada. But never before had he been up against a proposition like this. Nevertheless, he was game and awaited his chance. By and by it came.

'Twas one night not very long before Christmas. Harold had stayed at the Burwell mansion a little later than usual. The Major was out at his club, at which he frequently stayed late, and he happened to return to the mansion about the time young Stanley left. Harold noticed that the old gentleman was "using all the sidewalk," and he immediately gave the unsobered one credit for having used the wineglass too frequently. Through idle curiosity more than anything else, Harold paused a moment to watch the process of entering the mansion.

The Major climbed the steps rather unsteadily, fumbling for his keys as he did so. "He seems to be having trouble in finding the keyhole," thought Harold, and indeed this was the case, for the old gentleman vainly tried to insert the key in the lock, meanwhile making unpleasant remarks about the door, the key, and night locks in general. Stanley saw that the old gentleman was about to lose his temper. would back off a few feet from the door and make desperate dives at the keyhole. This proved futile, much to the amusement of Harold. After a few minutes of searching, the old gentleman succeeded in finding the keyhole and in unlocking the door. As he stepped inside, his violent contact with a misplaced chair informed the entire house of his presence, and Harold knew that the customary scolding would be administered by Mrs. Burwell. The Major's predicament set Harold to thinking. "I'll fix a keyhole that he can find." And the young man fairly went into ecstasies at the thought. "If it works, I'll win the Major. If it doesn't-well, I'll take my chances," he mused.

The next day young Stanley went to Major Burwell's office and approached him in a businesslike manner. After bidding Stanley be seated, the Major looked up expectantly.

"I have heard it rumored that you sometimes have difficulty in unlocking your front door at night when you return from—er—your business," began Harold, putting on a brave face.

"Eh! what!" demanded the stern old politician, looking Harold through and through.

"You see," explained Harold, "I have a particular kind of doorlock and key that I think is no trouble to unfasten, no matter how sleepy or tired one might be, and I should like very much to try it on your door and get your approval of it, and——"

"Do you mean, young man, that you have invented a keyhole that is no trouble to find in the dark?" put in the Major.

"That's about it," added Stanley.

"Well, here are my keys, and my front door is at your service," said the Major; "we will see what you can do."

Harold was overjoyed, and set about immediately to carry out his ideas. He bought a large night lock and had a special key made of very hard steel. Inside the lock, around the keyhole, he placed a coil of insulated copper wire and made connections so that when the door was shut a current would flow through the bolt and coil to the electric light wire in the hall. He then magnetized the key very strongly, and when a current of electricity passed through the coil around the keyhole, there would be a very strong attraction for the key.

The young experimenter then gave the key to the Major, and awaited that night at the gate to watch the results. He did not have long to wait, for the Major came in earlier than usual, and appeared to be sober. As the old man approached the door, the key was fairly yanked from his hand and flew into the lock with a click. The key then, acting as a plug, completed connections, and a current was thrown to the bulbs in the hallway. Immediately, a light flared up, and the Major could find his way to his room

without difficulty. The old gentleman was dumbfounded for a second, then he began to comprehend.

"Well, I'll be jiggered; it's that young Stanley," Harold heard him say.

The following night was Christmas. Charlotte and Harold were in the parlor of the mansion when the Major came in. "A merry Christmas to you, sir," said the Major, as he shook hands with the young inventor warmly.

"I guess I owe you a little Christmas gift, by way of squaring up, eh?" he continued. And as young Stanley glanced at Charlotte and blushed, the old father smiled and retired from the room.

Charlotte was standing directly under a big bunch of mistletoe. Outside the snowflakes softly fell, and from somewhere down street came the sound of a Christmas carol. Stanley took a step nearer his heart's dearest. She did not move, and only the snowflakes, as they paused in their downward flight, peeped through the window and saw.

F. F. P., '11.

### \* \* \* \*

### HORACE MARTIN'S HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

Horace Martin glanced casually over his mail. One letter only attracted his attention. He at once recognized his cousin Teresa's handwriting. The letter was postmarked Huntersville, his old home. What could she be doing there now? He had imagined her abroad. He hastily tore open the envelope. The letter read thus:

"Dear Horace: You doubtless are surprised at finding me in Huntersville, but you remember Uncle Harry left the old homestead and plantation to me. Mother and I are going to make it our home, and have planned to begin our residence there by having a Christmas house party and celebrating that day in the good old Southern way. All the family are to be there. Write me when to expect you.

"Sincerely yours, "Teresa."

Did he remember the old days when he used to go to Holly Hill for the Christmas holidays? How could he ever forget them? Teresa, dear old girl! how like her to do just this thing! How he wanted to see her—she had been his favorite cousin and more like a sister than any one he had ever known. She had always been the life of the holidays—leader in every sport and amusement.

Then his mind wandered to another, not a member of the Martin family, who one Christmas had slipped into the family circle and made it the most memorable of all, not considering the fact that it was the last. She was Teresa's best friend at college. She was a very beautiful girl at the time, about 20, fair of hair, eyes and complexion. Horace thought he had never seen one so much like an angel as Alice Lindsay.

It was a case of love at first sight, and ere the holidays were over they were engaged. Things went smoothly with them till one evening early in the following autumn, as Horace sat before the fire in his study, reading the paper, when his eye fell upon the following notice:

"Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay announce the marriage of their daughter, Alice, to Mr. James Warren."

He could hardly believe it, yet there it was before him in plain black and white. Had she really been false when she seemed so loving and sincere?

Her next letter was returned unopened. In a few days, another came and was treated likewise.

Through fear of meeting her again as another man's wife, he moved West. For seven years he had lived and prospered in this Western city.

Now he had an invitation to return to the scene of his love tragedy and his childhood home. Of course he would go.

How natural everything looked to Horace Martin as he was driving up the avenue leading to Holly Hill. As soon as he came in sight of the house, he saw Teresa standing on the steps waiting to greet him. She was the same dear Teresa of old. Seven years had wrought very little change in her.

"Welcome to Holly Hill. May this be as happy as the holidays spent here when we were children." This was her simple greeting.

When Horace came down for the evening, Teresa was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. She pulled him aside into her den, saying:

"Now, Horace, I have something to tell you, so you must not say a word till I have finished. Alice Lindsay is here. She has told me all. She is not married. It was her sister who married James Warren. I do not blame you for your action, neither does Alice. She understands, and has forgiven you. I thought it best that you should know this before you meet. Wait here, Alice will be with you presently."

And before he could speak she was gone, and he was left to his musings.

His own Alice, whom he still loved, was near, and she understood and had forgiven him! It was too good to be true. While musing thus, he stood facing a curtained door. Lo! she stood in this door. Time had left his mark, and she looked older than she had looked seven years before. But her face brightened at sight of him, and she was young again.

He held out his arms to her. She fell into them, and all was forgiven and forgotten with a kiss.

J. N. S.

# The Clemson College Chronicle founded by Class of 1898.

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS, '10

"What day are we going home?" is a question that greets us on all sides. Everybody is looking forward to the good times at home Christmas. But, fellows, while all of us are thinking of happy holidays we shall enjoy, let's The have some thought for the hundreds of people Holidays. who will have no good time. Think of the childish faces that will not be gladdened by a visit from Santa Claus. Would it not be far greater pleasure to make some of these hearts happy on Christ's birthday, than to enjoy the holidays selfishly? How many happy smiles would greet us the next morning if, on Christmas eve, we visited the houses of the poor and left some small gift! The Master was not born for the more fortunate ones alone. Everybody should be happy on His birthday. Let's all go home with the determination to cause sunshine in at least one home.

It is to be hoped that the football tragedies of the 1909 season will not cause the abandonment of the game. We agree, with the president of Princeton, that it is too fine a

game to be abolished. However, we think
The Proposed
it is necessary that a few changes be made
Changes in in the present rules. The mass play is one
Football.
of the dangerous parts of the game, and
the "flying tackle" is also a source of peril.

If a few changes in these and other objectionable plays be made, we can see no reason why the game should not be allowed to continue. There is no other sport that develops the manliness and self-control that football does. It is a much more scientific game than baseball, or other college sports.

Of course, it is to be expected that a few "cranks" will argue that the entire game should be abandoned; but, to such, we would point out the fact that thousands are killed in runaway, railroad and automobile accidents to one in football; yet, who would advocate doing away with railroads, automobiles and horses? The idea is absurd.

The newspapers make a great cry that more lives were

lost in football games last season than were sacrificed in the battle of Manila Bay. It must be remembered that at Manila, Dewey fired modern twelve-inch guns, while the Spaniards used antiquated pieces that could barely send a shot to the American ships. In football every man is engaged in play. We sincerely hope that the people will look at this matter from an unprejudiced point of view.

This insignificant little American republic has ever been a prime disturber of the peace in that part of the Continent. Its president, Zelaya, has figured largely in nearly every rev-

olution in that section for the last few years; and it is high time that somebody should call a halt to this man's high-handed proceedings. His latest

crime is the execution of two Americans. The United States has wisely decided to take arbitrary measures in this matter, and we think that "Uncle Sam" is better qualified to chastise Zelaya than is anyone else.

The interests of humanity demand that these petty brawls that are constantly occurring in Central America be stopped. So far, the Monroe doctrine has made the European governments almost helpless. We are glad that the United States has, at last, awakened to her responsibility. It is to be hoped that some provision will be made to submit all future difficulties in this section to arbitration.

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE CHRONICLE is published the constitution of the South Carolina College Press Association. This organization has proved of incalculable value to the

college magazines of this State. By

The College Press bringing together the editors of the

various magazines, it has formed a
bond of sympathy and friendship

among the different colleges.

Three gold medals are annually given to the writers of the best poem, story, and essay. Fellows, let's get busy and show the other colleges what Clemson can do.

### \* \* \* \*

# Constitution of the South Carolina College Press Association.

#### ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina.

### ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The object 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 third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

### ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: 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, and Corresponding Secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staffs of the magazines which they represent.

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. He shall act as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

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.

Sec. 6. The offices, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically among the several colleges.

SEC. 7. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college, one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said contest.

#### ARTICLE VI.

Section 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President, as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

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.

Sec. 5. Each editor-in-chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the Vice-President of the Association, not later than the fifteenth (15th) of February of each year, the name of one man for the Committee on Decision, who must be eligible under Article VII, Section I, of this Constitution. The Vice-President shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names of six men, and submit them to each staff for its

approval. If there be no objection to these names, the first three in the order drawn shall constitute the Committee on Decision.

Sec. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the Vice-President shall continue using the names in the order drawn.

### ARTICLE VII.

- Section 1. Three 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 to the Vice-President three weeks 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 and story shall be submitted. The Secretary will read before the Association the prize essay, poem or story.

#### ARTICLE VIII.

Section 1. 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.

Sec. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention.

#### ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and no staff shall submit more than one essay, story and poem.

#### ARTICLE X.

Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of \$10.00, 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 of the several colleges, of whom only one-half shall have been members of the magazine staff of the preceding year, and 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 alumn 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 Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish, in their December issue, the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

### ARTICLE XV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

#### ARTICLE XVI.

By a two-thirds' vote of all the delegates present at any annual convention the Constitution may be amended.

(Copies of this Constitution may be obtained by addressing Alan Johnstone, Jr., Newberry; A. D. Oliphant, Carolina; R. B. Hicks, Wofford, Committee on Publication.)



# Editors: H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

In the Wake Forest Student, we find the nearest approach to the ideal magazine of any that we have seen. Though the publication is of some volume, quality is by no means sacrificed to quantity. There is one very striking feature—the lack of poetry, only three very short poems appearing. The space occupied by verse is not in proportion to that given to the essays and stories. From "A Day in Canton" we obtain much valuable information in regard to the habits and customs of the Chinese. Chinese heads must be sold very cheaply. The events of "The Nihilist's Secret" may be possible, but not very probable. When the time materializes and the plan is put into execution, then the "probabilities" will be shown. "Our Colonial Ideals" is a strong article, setting forth the views, hardships and religion of the pioneer settlers in America. The cause of settlement, characteristics and peculiarities of each colony is well discussed. After hearing "Neill's Tale," it is no wonder that "Shorty" wanted to "bunk" with Bill and Bob for the remainder of the night. Having seen, through imagination, "the most bloodcurdling sight," "Shorty" ought to have been allowed to stay. The author of "A Mammoth Cave Idyll" is rather addicted to the use of too lengthy sentences. In this time, if poor Carl's "Ideal" were under the binding promise to "never marry a man on the face of the earth," he would not have

to seek out the romantic Mammoth Cave, but would simply take an airship. "Bread Cast Upon the Waters" is a good illustration of where a kind word or a kind deed is sure to be repaid. The hero came to his death by his unselfish aid to his friends. "Early New England Orators," "Piggie's Revenge, "The Chief's Blunder," "A Day on the Catawba River," and "World Unity" all deserve special comment, but our space will not permit it. The departments are good.

Of a trio of magazines that arrived simultaneously, we select first a large one with a flat, white cover, on which we read "The Furman Echo, November, 1909," and nothing more. The very simplicity of the exterior attracts us. We examine the interior: A portrait frontispiece is inserted, perhaps "not for wrath, but for conscience sake;" "The Undertow' deserves its place at the front. It is a brutal, revolting story, such as we sometimes need to read. It illustrates the capabilities of the Latin temperament for cruelty, and the possibilities of burying men alive, even in the midst of civilization. The author's treatment of detail is good. In "Love's Tragedy," sense is sacrificed to sound. author of the essay on the mountain people of North Carolina gives evidences of having observed these much-discussed but little-understood folk, in the main, rather carefully; further careful study, however, would change his views somewhat. Like some others, he tends toward idealizing his subjects. "A Matured Rose" is a pleasing "middleaged love story," in spite of the hero's somewhat clumsy and conventional entrance. In it we notice the term "widowed father." The available dictionaries seem to indicate that widowed means bereft of a husband. "The Haunted House" is not different from the general run of haunted houses. The use of articles such as "The Nation's Destruction of Child Life" is to remind us of the condition of those who make available for our use the ordinary commodities of life.

"The Editor's Easy Chair" seems not to have kept its occupant from being up and doing. We are pleased to see an appreciation of Dr. Carlisle. With the tone of a few remarks on "Pellagra" we are not so well pleased. The editor's levity of language is at variance with the gravity of his subject. He is unable to understand why corn has been adjudged the offender. A little zoology, a little bacteriology, a little chemistry, would aid him wonderfully. But, not being the editor of a country paper, he should not be expected to know everything. The exchanges seem to be well handled.

The most pretentious piece of work in the October-November issue of Pine and Thistle is "The Love Song of Israel," which is a brief study of the Songs of Solomon, intended to point out some of the poetic beauty, and to account for the inspiration of certain passages. Such papers as this require a careful study of the subject-matter, and are valuable in stimulating a closer acquaintance with the many and varied forms of literature to be found in the Bible. The theme of "Elsie's Loyalty" would seem to call for treatment of a less juvenile order than is accorded it. Think a moment: do college girls really talk in that careful manner? We know that some of them do not punctuate very carefully. "A Day in the Infirmary" is, in some ways, a "human document," as the papers say. All the foolish fancies of a sick girl are there—nothing added, nothing taken away. But, if your name were Joe, and you opened a letter which began, in familiar handwriting, "My dearest Joe," might you not infer that the lady had several other Joes, who might be dear or even dearer? We suppose that it is all right to coin a word, but the dictionaries refuse to accept alright. We were very much interested in the letter describing the trip to Mount Mitchell, the trail being more or less familiar to us. We infer that the writer's reason for not giving us

more of his observations and impressions at high altitudes was not a lack of material, but a lack of space. Authorities differ concerning certain points in the life of George Eliot, yet all agree, as is shown in "George Eliot's Early Life," that the early environments of this quiet country girl were not such as would tend to produce the brilliant, delicate yet profound intellect that this wonderful woman later exhibited. "An Allegory" has some merit as a class poem. Besides the literary department, there are ten other headings to complete "Pine and Thistle."

And now we have the Tennessee University Magazine. Opposite a creditable poem on "Autumn," there are eighteen individual photographs of "Heroes of the Gridiron," each, we may say, a poem in brawn and brain and bone—and striped jersey. Thirteen pages are occupied by the conclusion of a speech or oration or argument or dissertation which we didn't read, being easily confused by legal phraseology-on "The County Court in Tennessee," "Cuba Libre" and "A Slaughter of the Innocents" are both sketches on Cuban scenes. We were somewhat amused and somewhat reminiscent when we read "Why I Have Entered College," and "My First Day in the University." A reading of "New Version of an Old Story" drives us to the thought-provoking conclusion that perhaps our grandfathers could write better verse when they went to college than we can write today. Nerve is the quality brought out in "A Close Call." We were at a loss to imagine how weeping willows could appear like night-riders until we recalled the phrase, "famed liquor dealers." "The Man in the for its \* \* \* Alcove" is perhaps the most notable short story in the "The Truth Might Set Her Free" is an excellent bit of verse, though not the best. The halo of mystery and learning thrown around the "Moral Essay" is hardly justified by the essay itself. However, we like the

idea, and a little erudite nonsense makes pleasant reading for one who reads more as a critic than as a seeker after amusement. On the whole, we are very well pleased with the *Magazine*. The paper, the type, the printing and the binding are excellent. The stories are all short except the installments of those continued; but the majority show evidences of painstaking preparation, and exhibit no tendencies toward puerility. The editorials are not mere fillers.

In reviewing The Erskinian, we were almost startled to pass out of the literary department so soon. However, after a more careful review, the poetry and short stories were found in another department. Most magazines have only one department for essays, poetry, and stories—these comprising two departments in this magazine, made the literary contributions appear, at first sight, few in number. Enemies of the Republic" is a strong protest against ignorance and lawlessness, in which the author shows that the latter is a natural result of the former. It was with much interest that we read "The Buried City." It is well written, entertaining and instructive. The editorial department contains live topics which are ably discussed. The other departments are good—especially the alumni and local. poetry and short stories department could have been more appropriately entitled "Poetry and a Short Story," as we found only one piece of fiction. A few more good stories would add much to the make-up of the magazine.

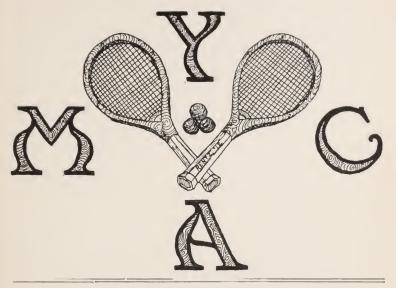
The first number of the Winthrop College Journal has reached our desk. The Journal is small and, we believe, somewhat below its standard. This is partly excusable, however, on account of a change being made in the method of editing. "To Autumn" is a beautiful little poem, typical of the season. "The Origin of Thanksgiving" is a purely historical essay. It is very good, in spite of the fact that

this particular part of the Journal's get-up seems to be an annual feature. "The Spirit of Thanksgiving" has a happy ending, and is indeed permeated with this spirit. The essay on Mrs. Browning, her life and work, was indeed good. The style is clear and sympathetic, giving us a fine insight into the inner life of the "greatest woman-poet of the English-speaking race." We may be blunt, but we fail entirely to discover the true meaning of "A Junior in Winthrop Land." We wonder what it typifies, especially as it was written by a Sophomore. Perhaps it is a fairy tale. On account of our lack of reading, we were unable to fully appreciate the "Women of the Aeneid." The choice of words is very excellent. Needless to say, the writer is a champion of woman's rights. The editorial and Y. M. C. A. departments are good. We join with the exchange editor in "here's hoping."

The Davidson College Magazine for November comes to us full of interesting stories, essays and poems. The one great criticism that we have to make of the magazine is that every single piece was written by a member of the staff. This would necessarily be a criticism of the student body, because the staff has indeed been faithful to the trust placed in them. We believe that it is as much the duty of the staff to get outsiders to write as it is to get up material for the different issues. "Where the Mists Have Rolled Away" and "The Sorter Sorted" are well written pieces, but in both the plot is not very deep, and originality is lacking. "The Psychoscope" is a well-written story, somewhat out of the ordinary. Time and time again we read it, and each time we were impressed with this one thought, "the necessity of self reliance." "In Twenty-four Hours" is an interesting story which deserves praise as a character sketch. editorials are exceptionally good. The editor gives us some interesting views on one of the latest novels. This is a good

idea, and we would like to see in every magazine a review of some good book. The "College Happenings" would be more appropriate for a weekly paper, if the college has one.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following exchanges: The Palmetto, The Southern Collegi n, Maryville College Monthly, The Piedmontonian, The Florida Pennant, The Carolinian, Chicora Almacen, The Purple and Gold, Brenau Journal, The College Reflector, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Newberry Stylus, The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Cento, The Southern Student, The Aesculapian, Ouachita Ripples, The Mountaineer, The Hollins Quarterly.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

### Dr. Sloan.

At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Sloan, of New York, gave us an excellent address on "Missions." Dr. Sloan is devoting his life to mission work, and anyone who fails to hear him, when it is their privilege to do so, misses a great opportunity. This work was presented to the audience by Dr. Sloan in a way which appealed to every one present. As he said, missions are not a mere investment from which we receive no returns, but an investment which brings a large return in happy souls. When we think of the number of lives a few dollars may save, we should quit trying to see how little we can do for the work, and see how much we can do to promote the cause.

Would that everyone in this country could hear a lecture such as the one Dr. Sloan delivered to us.

Immediately after Dr. Sloan's lecture, Mr. Johnson, student secretary for North and South Carolina, made a few remarks concerning the volunteer convention which is to be held at Rochester, N. Y., during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Johnson graduated here in '05, and has been "making good" ever since. While at Clemson, "Mary," as he is affectionately known, was one of the leading men in the Y. M. C. A. and its works. For this and other reasons, Mr. Johnson soon had every one in the audience thoroughly interested in the convention. In a short time quite a good sum was contributed by those present, to assist in sending our delegates. We expect this convention to be a great help to our association.

The following students have been elected as delegates: E. N. Sitton, L. B. Altman, R. H. White, L. W. Summers and J. O. Erwin. Mr. Provost, our general secretary, and one member of the faculty will also attend the convention.

### Dr. Brackett.

Another of our best recent lectures was one given by Dr. Brackett on the Eleventh Psalm. Dr. Brackett is one of the many professors here who are of great assistance in any work for the promotion of the Y. M. C. A. We are very fortunate to have such men on the faculty, and to be able to secure them as speakers at our devotional exercises. It is always a pleasure and a privilege to listen to a lecturer who is so enthusiastic and so well informed on his subject as Dr. Brackett is with the Psalms. Were we all to put a great deal more work upon this part of the Bible, we would be more familiar with real life, and much better prepared to live the life which it is our duty to live.

### The Rev. W. H. Mills.

At our last meeting the Rev. W. H. Mills delivered an excellent address upon our relation with Clemson College. This lecture was of great benefit to all present, as it reminded each one of his duty, not only in a religious sense, but also in every respect which tends toward the upbuilding of our institution. It is very beneficial to have a man like Mr. Mills with us, and especially to have him speak to us quite frequently.

## Bible Classes.

The men in the different Bible classes have begun to "line up" and have a little social feast in connection with their class work. We are glad to see the close feeling which seems to exist between the men in the Bible classes this year.

## The Rev. J. H. Graves.

We are all very sorry to know that the Rev. J. H. Graves, the Methodist minister at Clemson, will not be back next year. He has given up his work here in order to take a course at Harvard. Few men have ever been to Clemson who have had the influence with the boys which Mr. Graves has. Every cadet here considers him as a very dear friend, and regrets to have him leave us.

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# The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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### SO NEAR, YET SO FAR.

One night, while everyone was studying, and everything around college was quiet, Joe Marvin and Carl Nelson walked into Mack Warde's room. The two visitors wore a serious and determined look, but Warde tried to have a natural smile, in spite of the fact that he became a little nervous when the two entered. All were silent for a

moment, then Joe Marvin very slowly said, "I want that watch you stole out of my room yesterday afternoon." Warde's face lost its forced smile, and became first red, then pale. He seemed to be confused, but soon said very quickly, "I didn't get any watch out of your room, and you lie if you say I did."

Joe Marvin paid no attention to the accusation, but replied with that determination for which he was noted, "I do not care to discuss the matter with you, but if you wish me to prove my statement, I am willing to do it. We have believed you to be a rogue, and have tried a dozen ways to catch you. Yesterday, when I left my room, I purposely left my watch on the table. I knew that you were in your room. As that is an hour when nearly everyone is away from our hall, I imagined it would be an ideal time for your meanness. You knocked on my door and pretended that you were asked to come in. I suppose you thought that Nelson just happened to be walking down the hall, but in that you were wrong. Now I want neither explanation nor excuse, but will give you sixty seconds to return my watch and twelve hours to leave college; or, if you prefer, you may do neither, and I will report the matter to the faculty."

Warde started to make another denial and try to explain, but Joe very forcefully said, "Shut up! I have told you what could you do;" and then turning to Nelson said, "Time him, please. He has my watch; so I can't." Warde hesitated, then walked across the room and, reaching under his washstand, pulled out the box in which he kept his shoe polish. Opening a small box, he handed Joe the watch.

The next morning Mack Warde told several that his mother was seriously ill, and left on an early train.

Four years later, Carl was city engineer in L.——The superintendent of the light and power plant had just resigned, and, through Carl's influence, the position was

offered to Joe Marvin. On the afternoon of Joe's arrival, they passed Mack Warde on the street. His eyes met Joe's, but neither spoke nor changed the expression on his fact. When Warde was out of hearing distance, Joe asked what he was doing in the town.

He had been in the town for two years, and was then holding a good position. Carl gave a brief account of Warde, and ended by saying, "The people here have not learned his real character, and seem to like him very much; but the worst of all, he is to marry the prettiest and most popular girl in town."

Joe very naturally said, "Who is she?" but when Carl answered "Annie Coland," Joe stopped perfectly still. Each was silent for a moment, then Carl asked if he knew her. When Joe said, "I have never met her," Carl replied, "Well, why are you so interested?" Joe explained that for four years Miss Coland was his sister's roommate at C——. She had visited his home several times, but Joe had always been away. Her last visit was after Miss Marvin's death in her Senior year. Miss Coland had accompanied the body home; but even then Joe did not meet her.

They walked along silently for several blocks, and then Joe clamped his teeth together and vowed that the marriage should never take place. He did not then tell Carl his plans, but he had determined to keep quiet about the college affair, and meet Warde in a fair race for the young lady's affection. The odds were against him; for she had never met Joe, and was engaged to Warde.

A week after his arrival, Joe called on Miss Coland for his first time. Carl was still up when he returned, and the conversation soon turned to Miss Coland. Among other things, Joe said, "Carl, I determined to enter a race with Warde, just to prevent the marriage for the young lady's sake; but, since I have met her, I am going to try to cause

a marriage for my sake. She has a right to be the most popular girl in town, for she is a queen."

Space will not allow details of what happened for the next three months. Suffice it to say, he was soon a close friend to the girl and her family. Although he never gave Miss Coland the least hint that he loved her, he was gradually winning her admiration; and, in spite of the fact that she would not even confess it to herself, she often thought of him, and had a peculiar longing to see him once more.

At the end of the three months, there had been no apparent change in the Warde-Coland love affair. It was just two more months before the date set for the wedding. Warde asked to call on Friday evening; but, as Miss Annie expected to leave Friday afternoon to visit a cousin, he was refused. A few hours before the train time, Miss Annie received a note from her cousin, asking her to postpone her visit. The night, Joe walked over to the Coland home, expecting to stay only a few minutes; but, finding Miss Annie at home and sitting on the piazza all alone, he stayed until after eleven.

Warde had gone to the train in the afternoon to see Miss Annie leave, and was surprised when she did not appear. After supper, he decided to walk around to see why she did not go. Had he been five minutes earlier, he would have been greeted with Joe's merry laugh mingled with Miss Annie's. Warde had an old debt to cancel with Joe; so he had very soon become jealous For weeks this jealousy had been mastering him very fast. To-night his bride-to-be had refused to allow him to call and was enjoying Joe's presence! It was a shock, and one that he could not stand. He stood outside in the dark, gazing and listening for an hour; then whispered an oath too vile to repeat, and walked briskly away.

Two hours later, as Joe was walking home, whistling very softly and thinking of the girl he had just left, he was suddenly ordered to halt. He immediately recognized the voice, even though the place was too dark clearly to see the face. It was Warde with a revolver pointing at Joe's heart. Joe soon realized that he was to be called on to settle both old and new debts, for Warde said, "A little over four years ago you came to my room and accused me of stealing, and now I have caught you trying to do the same thing. You are rogue enough to try to steal the very girl that I am to marry. Just as you gave me my choice of two things to do, you shall now decide between two. You can either leave town on the next train or die in your tracks!" Joe was not armed with a pistol, but he was armed with that courage that never fails to make a coward shrink. He threw out his chest and replied with a steady, determined voice, "I'll not leave town. If you want to kill me, here I am, empty your pistol."

It was so different from what Warde expected that he did not empty one single cartridge. After a few brief sentences were snapped, Warde walked off with a threat to kill him if he did not leave town before morning. Joe stood still for several minutes, watching Warde as he went up the street; then started toward home once more. Warde did not go far, however; for he soon sneaked into a dark alley, and waited for Joe to pass. Just after he passed, Warde shot twice. One bullet missed, but the other one went into Joe's back, and lodged in his lung. He staggered forward and fell.

The report of the pistol brought two policemen, and Joe was soon in the hospital, with Carl and the doctors at his side. A search for the would-be murderer was immediately started, but no clue could be found. The only information

that Joe would give was that he was shot in the back while passing the alley.

The next morning Carl was privately told of the whole affair; and, as Joe dictated, he wrote a short account of it. Joe then dictated a paper for Warde to sign acknowledging the crime. Carl carried this to Warde, and forced him to sign it by a threat to have him arrested if he refused. These papers, accompanied by a note to Miss Annie Coland, were placed in a bank vault, not to be opened unless Joe died. This was done to protect Miss Annie in case death put Joe out of the race.

The doctors had very little hope for Joe's recovery until at the end of the third day, a change came, and when, in two more days, he seemed to be out of danger. Although he suffered severely for two weeks, he spent many moments that were far from unpleasant. The one thing that he enjoyed was having Miss Annie sit by his bedside each day.

Several days after the shooting, the detectives struck the right clue; and, a week later, the evidence was so strong that Warde was arrested. His bail was fixed, and when his intended father-in-law covered the sum, he was released. A few hours later, Warde was seen in L——— for the last time, and has not been heard of since.

A month after the crime, Joe was able to leave his room He came out into the world with no rival. His first goal had been won, but he had long since been striving to win another race with the young lady as a trophy. This race was still to be won; but Joe was far in the lead, for although no one will ever know what real heart-aches Miss Annie suffered when she learned Warde's real character, Joe's narrow escape and suffering was for her sake, and when she began to realize it, she could not keep from loving him. He had held her admiration from the first, and, now, he was fast

winning her heart. In due time, Joe expressed his love, was accepted; and a year later, Miss Annie Coland was Mrs. Joseph E. Marvin.

C. P. R. '10.

# THE RESPONSE.

1

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

2

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
 I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
But I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

3

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one
Each on his golden throne:
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

4

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind:
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound I heard.

J. F. S., '11.

### \* \* \* \*

### THE SUPREMACY OF THE PACIFIC.

It was a warm, sultry summer morning in June, 1915. Two Americans could be seen talking in a hotel lobby of the beautiful city of Honolulu. From their conversation, it could soon be learned that the United States and Japan were on the verge of war. America had rushed the greater part of her navy through the Panama canal, to Honolulu and Pearl Harbor, upon the imminent outbreak of hostilities. A squadron had been forwarded to retain the Philippines, but was forced to fall back on Pearl Harbor, having received the news that all the Philippines, excepting the strong naval base at Subig Bay, had fallen under the sudden attack of the Japanese forces. Our available naval force was now gathered at Pearl Harbor, and, likewise, a large part of our regular army. On this morning, the 11th of June, everything was intense excitement. The Jap fleet was expected to put in appearance off the island of Oahu at any time.

In order to place my readers where they can gain an adequate idea of the cause of these conditions, I will say that, for several years, Japan and America had been contesting for the commercial supremacy of the Pacific. Having now paid off her war debt, and her government being on a solid financial foundation, Japan resolved to

obtain the Pacific by force. Her navy, while not quite as large as ours, was as fully efficient, and, as to her army, we were clearly outclassed. The Japs readily forced the war upon us. Time and again, they would complain about the supposed ill-treatment of her citizens on our shores, or of her ships at sea, when it would clearly be seen that they were forcing the trouble. The conditions culminated when a small Jap fishing vessel was fired upon off the shores of Alaska by an American revenue cutter, after being repeatedly warned to stop its unlawful operations. Several Japs were killed during the firing, and, as result of this, their government immediately declared war.

The first movement of Japan was directed towards the Philippines. On account of lack of defenses, we were forced to give up the entire archipelago, all our available forces there retiring to the strongly fortified base at Subig Bay.

Their next movement was toward Hawaii. But here we were ready for them. As before stated, our whole fleet was in readiness at Pearl Harbor and Honolulu. Something over 50,000 troops had also been transported from Seattle and San Francisco. These forces immediately took charge of the island Oahu, making all the Japanese citizens there prisoners. Several thousand soldiers were placed in the hills and mountains around the south side of the island, and especially at Diamond Head, to aid the gunners there in handling the big coast-defense guns.

Everything passed off quietly on the island that day, however, excepting the arrival of a flotilla of torpedo boats and a few transports. Everything was in complete preparation. The big "disappearing" guns on the hills and in the crater of Diamond Head were in the best of condition, and their magazines stocked with plenty of ammunition. The battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats and destroyers, submarines, etc., were arranged so as to fight systematically and scientifically. Mines were strewn at chosen places, their location being known only to the American officers. On the huge warships, everything was in its proper place. All combustible material either removed or destroyed, fire hose strewn about the decks; every gun fully equipped and manned. In fact, nothing was left undone.

As twilight slowly sank upon the scene, and, as the moon arose above the neighboring hills, a soft breeze was set stirring. What a contrast to-morrow will be to this peaceful scene, thought some of the men on the warships, as they lay, here and there, resting on the decks. Probably some did think that, but, very likely, most of them thought of their dear home-land not so very far away; of the intense anxiety there as to the stand that would be made to ward off the Japs' blow from our native shores; and of the ultimate outcome of the battle. Would the Pacific ocean remain under the dominant hand of the white race, or would it be ruled over by the hand of a mongol? As they lay on the decks, smoking and talking of their intentions of the morrow, those jolly tars, probably, did not realize the tremendous responsibility that lay upon them, but they were certain of one thing, and that was to drive the Japs to a watery grave, or sacrifice their lives in a desperate attempt.

Every one retired early on board the warships, in order to obtain a good night's rest. All through the night, the tremendous searchlights on the ships and on shore played their flaring lights in all directions, maintaining a viligant watch until daybreak.

At 7:00 a. m. a wireless message was received from Kaena Point, stating that the Jap fleet had been sighted a good distance at sea. At once the order went out to every ship, "Every man to his proper post." Thus, every one was

in position, the first shot should be fired to break the awaiting intense, nervous strain. At 9:10 a.m., every man's heart was set leaping when he heard the distant booming of guns to the westward. The guns on the works to the west of Pearl Harbor were engaging the Japs at long range, and, likewise, putting our fleet on the guard. The big black squadron moved onward. It was quite evident that they intended giving battle without a moment's delay. Being summoned by wireless, the few ships stationed at Honolulu, set sail at once for Pearl Harbor, a few miles distant. One entire line of battleships lay in perfect battle formation outside the harbor, and in front of the line of armored cruisers. Within the harbor, our torpedo flotilla and submarines were withheld until they should receive the order to dash among the Jap ships. Behind our battleships also lay our destroyers, which were to issist in warding off a torpedo attack.

When the Jap squadron approached within 5,000 yards, our battleships opened fire with their 12-inch guns. In an instant, the Japs replied. Soon, the two lines were drawn together, and the battle was in full swing. While this heavy firing was going on, our fleet of armored cruisers quietly sailed around the rear end of our line of battleships and engaged the Jap fleet on the flank. The fleet of cruisers came up from Honolulu at this instant and greatly added to our strength. With our cruisers behind them and our battleships in front, we gradually forced them towards shore. Now the heavy batteries on shore and on the neighboring hills opened fire. Being of the "disappearing" type and using smokeless powder, these guns rendered powerful aid to our ships. When such a terrific fire was directed on them, the Japs were taken completely by surprise. They became dumbfounded by our great number of heavy guns and our rapidity and accuracy in firing them. They had, however, several ships of the "Dreadnought" type, which could take as well as give hard knocks; but we outnumbered them slightly, and our true marksmanship soon began to have a telling effect on their attack.

Thinking that they could cripple us by their torpedoes, the Jap commander ordered his whole flotilla to plunge among our battleships. The order was a fatal step for the Japs; for, as yet, we had suffered only two ships disabled, while Japan had three disabled and two more forced to shore to prevent sinking. At a given signal, the large Jap flotilla bore down on our squadron of battleships, but it was, for them, a final attack. Our men behind the smaller guns had not taken any previous part in the battle, on account of the long range, but, as the flotilla skimmed towards us, a blinding fire was directed on them from our numerous rapid-fire guns. Our torpedo boat destrovers, behind the line of battleships, now leaped to the rescue and, likewise, poured a terrific fire on the flotilla. Within the short space of ten minutes, the mosquito fleet was put out of action. Several of the boats were sunk, some disabled, and others captured in a sinking condition. A few of their destroyers, however, succeeded in escaping towards Barber's Point. The disastrous result of the torpedo attack had a marked effect on the Japs, and, at the same time, served as an inspiration to our men. Every gun was now brought into action. Every man put his whole energy into the fight. The tremendous firing, which was greatly increased just after the disabling of the Jap flotilla, was kept up until afternoon. The huge coast-defense guns, hidden behind the hills ashore, gave impetus to the fight. It could clearly be seen that they were greatly hampering the Jap fleet. As our heavy cruisers and battleships skillfully maneuvered so as to gain the points of vantage, and place the Japs in the disadvantageous position, they, likewise, succeeded in disabling two of the big "Dreadnoughts" by forcing them to come in contact with the mines. The heavy firing was telling seriously on our men, and the heat of midday was stifling. We could not, even now, be too confident. Five of our ships had been either disabled or put out of action, and two more had been sunk. The Japanese loss at the same time was much heavier than this, however; but, even now, the plucky little fellows fought as if the balance of victory was still with them.

Our commander soon saw that he must force the Jap fleet nearer to the shore batteries. This was gradually accomplished by placing all our available force on the outside of the Japs. Little by little, they were forced backward under the terrific firing. The big guns in the crater of Diamond Head now took an earnest part in the fight. As the range became closer, they sent scores of death-dealing shells into the Jap ships.

The run of the fight was now clearly against the Japs. Observing the temporary confusion, our commander now ordered out the entire flotilla of torpedo boats. While the attack was under way, the energies of our gunners seemed doubled as they poured a deadly charge of explosives into the Jap ships. The little boats had reached the required range, and were speedily discharging their torpedoes. Our terrific firing of the four preceding hours had put most of the smaller batteries of the Japs out of action. As a result of this, our flotilla was damaged only slightly, two or three boats being disabled, while two of the big Jap ships were put out of action by the torpedoes.

It was now 2:30 p. m. Over half the Jap fleet was now out of the fight or sorely crippled. About every twenty minutes, one of their ships, unable to stand the heavy firing, would commence sinking, and, to prevent the loss of her crew, would run for the shore where it would either sink in

shallow water or burn until the explosion of its magazines would leave it a twisted mass of wreckage. We had also suffered severely. Among the wrecked Jap vessels could be seen, now and then, one of our ships which had been forced to beach itself to prevent sinking. The intense heat was slowly overcoming the men, and the firing was about shaking them to pieces.

A very fortunate thing now occurred which made the well-nigh exhausted Americans cheer lustily. In a crippled and sinking condition, the big Jap flagship, carrying their commander and all their higher officers, ran squarely against a huge mine, with the result that it speedily sank, a mangled wreck.

The second in command of the Jap squadron soon realized that a speedy retreat was the only means of saving the remainder of his fleet. He immediately ordered full steam, and as quickly as possible, his ships got under way. Our fleetest cruisers and battleships were ordered into the chase, while the remainder stayed behind to assist in the tremendous task of rescuing the men from the wrecked and burning ships,, and to assist in aiding the large number of wounded. The escaping fleet was soon on its course, rounding the eastern shore of Oahu; but our ships, espeically the destroyers, were fast gaining on them. Our coal stokers were the principals in this race, for it lay with them whether the Japs would be overtaken or not. Poor fellows! They had worked like demons from early morning, begrimed with the sweat and dirt, but they did not flinch. Inch by inch, the steam gauge registered, and after a while, we could begin to see that we were gaining steadily. Our destroyers, though very fast, were of little service, as their torpedoes could have little effect in the rough sea. When our ships arrived within range, we opened fire, and as we gained, our firing became more effective. The Japs

did not return a shot. All their energy seemed bent on escaping. After a short while, we were nearly up with them, and now a running fight was kept up for considerable distance. Two big Jap ships, which had been conspicuous in the fight, were forced towards shore, and after a short, spirited fight, surrendered. During this short fight, the remainder of the escaping fleet got away. These ships were, however, very few in number; and, as they could give no further trouble, the attempt to overtake them was given up.

When our fleet, together with the two captured vessels, returned to Honolulu, it was almost dark. The great work of attending the wounded and providing for the captured had been temporarily attended to. Everyone on board our ships was so worn out and exhausted on account of the intense day's labor that he lay down where he could find a suitable place on deck to get the cool evening breeze. The moon was again rising over the hills, just as it had done the night before. As the wornout tars lay together, listening to the strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and "The Star Spangled Banner," from some of the marine bands, they probably thought what a great difference the twenty-four hours had brought; and, as they slowly passed away into a welcoming slumberland, they probably asked themselves the question: "Have we done our duty by the good old U. S. A.?" Their answer must have been one full of contentment and assurance, for every one fell into a deep, peaceful slumber, such as no one can enjoy except those whose motto is-

> "Let the consequences be just what they may, We'll stand for our God and the old U. S. A."

> > J. L. CARSON, '13.

# TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

When the intrepid explorers of the fifteenth century, commissioned by the kings of Europe "to subdue land unknown to all Christians," drew back the curtain which shrouded this great continent in mystery, they found in this southern latitude, a land, like Canaan of old, flowing with milk and honey. In the following years of exploration, conquest and settlement, many settlers, some the choicest flowers of European chivalry, braved the Atlantic's tempests, and sought a home in this congenial climate in order that they might enjoy those rights and privileges which were denied them in their native land. Among these were the cavaliers from England, who fled from the despised government of the Puritans under Cromwell; and the Huguenots from France who fled from the tyranny and oppression of the Papists. These settled along our Southern shore, chiefly in Virginia and the Carolinas.

Steadily setting themselves to the task of subjugating a semi-barbarous race and developing a new country, these pioneers were soon masters from the sea to the mountains; and, at the opening of the American Revolution, this section was the most prosperous one on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor were the inhabitants of this section a whit behind those of the other sections of the original thirteen colonies in the cause of liberty. On the other hand, they were the vanguard of the great movement, lighting the altar fires of liberty and lending aid and encouragement to our Northern brethren. Was it not the Mecklenburg patriots who first made a declaration of their independence of England? Was it not the Virginia assembly that declared that an attack upon Massachusetts by British soldiers would be considered an attack upon her? Was not our own State the first of the thirteen colonies to overthrow the Royal government and to set up an independent government; and fully realizing

the importance of that step, did she not send troops to her sister State to aid her in a similar effort to throw off the British yoke? Think of our heroic women: Emily Geiger, Sallie St. Clair, Mrs. Motte, and the lady who told Tarleton to look at his hands, that they were red with the blood of the innocent and the helpless, and the one who told him, had he looked behind him at the battle of Cowpens he would have had the pleasure of seeing Colonel William Washington. Think of the gallant "Gamecock," Sumter; the ever alert "Swamp Fox," Marion; the never idle Pickens, and dashing "Light Horse Harry" Lee. In contending with these brave men, backed by their indomitable bands, no wonder Cornwallis called the Carolinas the "Hornet's Nest" of all the rebellion.

During the war with Mexico, the flag of the old Palmetto Regiment was the first to be planted on the battlements of the captured capital city of Mexico. The honor and danger of clinching the Americans was first proffered to a New York regiment and then to a Pennsylvania regiment; but for them death seemed too certain. Then it was that the indomitable Palmetto Regiment, led by its gallant Colonel Pierce M. Butler, charged the Mexican works and secured victory to the American. In commemoration of this charge, the State has very appropriately erected a monument in the form of an iron Palmetto tree on the capitol grounds.

As orators and statesmen as well as patriots, the sons of the South rank second to none. Well might John C. Calhoun and Robert Y. Hayne be called the American Demosthenes and the American Hyperides; for the former, for nearly forty years, took an active part in public affairs, being recognized as a leader in the United States Senate and as one of the closest reasoners America ever produced; while the latter was the chief exponent of the doctrine of States' Rights, ably defending his views against the assaults of the

great orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, and others of his class.

No country nor age, in the history of the world, has produced greater leaders and soldiers than our own Southland. Was it not under the leadership of Washington that the thirteen colonies successfully resisted the opposition of the mother country and established the greatest republic ever known in the history of the world? After a successful conclusion of the war, did he not pilot the ship of State safely through the more perilous times of peace immediately following the Revolution thereby rightly deserving the title of "Father of his Country?"

Coming down to the leaders of the Southern army in the War between the States, we have Jackson and Lee who are rightfully classed along with the great military geniuses of all ages. A recent sketch of General Lee's life impressed me with a fact which I consider indisputable. This is, that he was the greatest man America ever produced. In forming this conclusion, we must carefully consider his physical, mental, moral and religious life; his career at West Point; in the war with Mexico and in the War between the States: his unselfish love for his fellow man and his unwavering devotion and service to his native State in adversity as well as in prosperity; his love for the Union, and his exalted ideas of how to wage a war or make an invasion, claiming that he fought men, not women and children; his magnanimous treatment of prisoners of war; his repeated successive, brilliant and unparalleled victories, successfully defying the entire North, backed up by the world for four long years, although his soldiers had to go clad in tattered rags of gray, very often manufacturing their own ammunition, while his adversaries had unlimited resources of clothes, ammunition, food, guns of the latest invention, the brain of the North to choose from to lead the grand army of the Potomac, and a

well organized government at their back to direct them. Finally surrendering at Appomattox, disbanding his much depleted army, and advising them to return to their native homes to succor their families from starvation and protect them from the violence of the easily incited and recently liberated slave population, he returned to his native State conscious of having done his whole duty, feeling that we had been outnumbered but not outdone. Proud he was of the noble defense he and his unflinching and unfaltering, gallant and unconquerable band of immortal veterans had made. Now, he turned his mind to the uplifting and upbuilding of his native State. He instructed the young men of his dear Southland in the arts of peace. Like the lowly Man of Galilee, he taught and labored to uplift humanity. Taking these things into consideration, he is all that the historian claims, and the lustre of his fame will never tarnish. In him we have the highest type of Southern manhood. His life is an embodiment of virtue. True to the teachings of a long and distinguished line of ancestors, his reverence for womankind was next to his reverence for his God. He was filled with that spirit which prompts every gentleman to offer his seat to a lady on an overcrowded car; which fires his righteous wrath at seeing a woman insulted; which thrills his being with a feeling of deepest respect, reverence, admiration of their beauty and purity; which causes him to choose a fair name rather than riches, death rather than dishonor; which has been the priceless heritage of Southern chivalry, having been transmitted through the ages, making Southern hospitality and generosity proverbial. The natives of the county of Lee, in South Carolina, will ever be proud of the fact that they named their county for this illustrious and unrivalled commander. As true sons of the South, our hearts swell with pride when we look around and see what our noble women are doing. Are they not raising

monuments to the brave soldiers who went to the front in time of peril? Are they not caring for the remaining few who offered their lives freely for the country they loved? The patriotism of these devoted women, their self-sacrifice, sincerity, sacred sense of duty, their acts of devotion and their delight in rendering voluntary aid to the patriots in every war has been the theme of the historians and poet ever since our country was first settled. Did they not render material aid during the civil war? They raised provisions for the soldiers besides spinning and weaving clothes, knitting socks, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked at their doors. They educated their children, nursed wounded Yankee and Confederate soldiers, and did what they could to elevate, benefit and improve their respective sections. Where have they a parallel in the history of the world? Did not the mother of our ex-president plant the Confederate flag over her dwelling in New York City, claiming it as her own flag and property, defying the ruling authorities and preventing them from taking it down? Do you think such patriotism lost? No! A thousand times, no! Our unselfish, devoted, patriotic, pure and beautiful Southern ladies will perpetuate the memory of those brave, unfaltering and unflinching veterans whom Yankee bullets, hardships, privation, starvation, the rigor of a northern climate, and separation from home could not daunt, intimidate or cause to falter in the discharge of duty. We are proud to call ourselves the descendants of those who followed Lee and Jackson on many a bloody field. Their cause was just, their principles were true, and not a drop of their blood was shed in vain. They covered themselves over with glory and left a heritage to posterity far above the price of rubies. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, who is, no doubt, more honored than any other private citizen of any country, is eminently of Southern extraction, his mother being a Georgian, and he, like all other great men, having inherited his greatness from his mother.

May the rising generation, imbibing this spirit of chivalry, go to work to enlarge upon the work of our fathers and mothers under whose hand this Southland has been made to blossom like the rose, and is, at present, the most prosperous part of our nation. May we imbibe the spirit of the late John B. Gordon, who, laboring for the good of mankind, said, "God forbid that I should hold any animosity against our former enemies. We are all united, have fought together in a common cause against a common foe, and all glory in a reunited country."

B. H. D., '11.

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# THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

When a summer sun was sinking,
And its fading rays of light
Flitted through the ivy lattice,
And tenderly kissed me goodnight;
Then my life-long sorrows vanished,
As if hidden by a screen,
And my fancy wove an outline
Of my future in a dream.

I strolled down the road at twilight,
While my thoughts had gone before,
And chosen for their anchoring place,
That lonely schoolhouse door.
I tiptoed through the little hall,
And unlatched the old room door,
Looked around the room in silence,
And then walked out once more.

I could see a vivid picture

Of the old spring in the glade,

And the old hill standing above it,
Where we children oft' had played.

I then strolled to the church yard,
And my heart ached through and through,
As I read the names of many men
Who were slain by boys in blue.

Then, with a heart of sadness,
Which lengthened the darkening day,
I strolled to the little roadside
To smoke my thoughts away.
And, as arose the fading smoke,
I could see in vivid outline
The face, so fair and tender,
Of that little sweetheart of mine.

I was startled by a footstep,
In that lonely little place,
And, rising upright quickly,
I looked my sweetheart in the face!
In an instant, I was beside her,
And, as her little heart kept time
To the dancing rays of moonlight,
I kissed that little queen of mine.

She was startled by my conduct,
And tried herself to free;
But still I held her to my breast,
That girl so dear to me.
The moonbeams from their lofty height
Peeped down through the old gate pine,
And cheered me 'till I won the hand
Of the future bride of mine.

Ere long, I strolled into the church, With a slow, but certain pace, And took a stand beside my bride,
Before the minister's smiling face,
Where, by a solemn ceremony,
And the power of love divine,
I was bound with a life-long tie
To that old sweetheart of mine.

Three years we lived together,
In a cozy little home,
And enjoyed each other's happiness,
'Till our parting day had come,
When the Saviour wouldn't answer
My long and earnest plea,
And in an hour of sadness,
Reft my little wife from me.

My happiness then had ended,
Since my darling wife had gone;
Each evening I knelt o'er her grave,
And asked God to call me home.
At last, Heaven's white gates swing open,
And the Saviour is so kind,
As to call me up to Heaven,
To that Old Sweetheart of mine.

W. H., '11.

# \* \* \* \* TWICE WITHIN AN ACE.

The pages of history abound with stories of valorous deeds of Americans from the time our country was first settled, on through the Colonial Period, the Revolutionary Period, and the development period, to the present day. There are also many legendary tales, telling of the adventures and hardships undergone by those early pioneers in conquering a wild race, and a still wilder continent, and in

laying the foundation of the greatest nation, in many respects, that has ever existed.

Perhaps, no State in the Union can boast of a richer stock of these legends than Virginia. Here, they have been handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, like the traditions of the old Jewish times.

It has been my privilege to be intimately acquainted with a man who is a descendant of an early Virginia pioneer, and who has in his possession a fabric on which is neatly needleworked the words, Twice within an Ace. On questioning him, I found that these words were the text of a family tradition, the two events having occurred about the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Of course, this was before the advent of the rifle, the revolver, and other rapidfiring guns. The old flint-lock rifle was the chief weapon the colonists had with which to defend themselves against the murderous assaults of the red man with his deadly bow and arrow and his crude tomahawk. The Indians had been well supplied with rifles, by the Tories, in the use of which they had become very expert. The white settlements were few and far apart, being separated by dense, primeval forests in which a specie of grass grew to a height of several feet, in some places. The roads were few and much of the traveling had to be done on horseback, along blazed trails.

As my friend's story goes, his grandfather, who was a planter, was riding along one of the trails late one afternoon on his way to a meeting of the colonists to discuss and adopt plans of defense for the community against the Tories and Indians. Before him, on the pommel of his saddle, rested his flint-and-steel rifle. At his side, swung his large powder horn. His face was partly obscured by his big, black hat; but beneath, there were a pair of penetrating eyes, ever watchful for the enemy who might be lurking in the grass in wait for his scalp. Suddenly, his attention was

drawn by a slight rustling of the leaves and an almost imperceptible movement of the tall grass, as if a serpent were gliding through it. A look in the direction disclosed to his trained eyes a dusky figure aiming at him with a rifle similar to his own. Before he could move a muscle, he saw the spark from the Indian's flint, but it failed to ignite the powder, and there was no report. Hardly realizing how near death's door he had been, the horseman quietly dismounted, placed his large hat upon the muzzle of his gun, elevated it sufficiently above the tall grass in order to be seen, and then, squatting low himself, awaited the further actions of his subtile enemy. The Indian, seeing the hat, and believing the pale face to be still unaware of his presence, quietly picked his lock. This done, he again drew a line on the supposed head of his victim, and fired. The bullet whizzed through the hat, tearing two great holes in it. Now the "redskin" came forward with an exultant step to take the white man's scalp. But here he was disappointed. Instead of getting the scalp of the pale face, he was doomed to lose his own. From his crouching position, Durant aimed on the approaching savage and fired. An unearthly scream rent the air, which reverberated through the forest; a few convulsive shrieks were heard; then all was silent. One more Indian brave had gone on the "Long Trail" which leads to the happy hunting ground.

At another time, Durant, while serving in General Washington's army, then encamped before Yorktown, was detailed on a foraging expedition into a nearby Tory community. Having secured a wagon load of provisions, several head of cattle, etc., he set out on his return, leaving a scout behind to watch the movements of the Tories and to cover his retreat. Suddenly, the scout came up with the alarming news that the Tories were on his trail, coming on in hot pursuit. There was no choice left but flight. But

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escape seemed impossible. Already the curses and threatnings of the oncoming mob and the tramp of their horses could be heard in the distance. Jumping from his wagon, he started through the woods just as the foremost Tory burst into view. As luck would have it at this juncture, the fugitive ran up on the shell of an old oak. Instinctively, he pulled it down and crawled under it. By this time, the Tories had taken possession of his wagon. In turning the wagon around to go back to their homes, the Tories drove over the old hull under which Durant was concealed. His heart beat like a drum as he lay there, quiet as a mouse, listening to the movements of the party as it halted near him for a consultation. Jestingly, one of the party said that possibly the wagoner was concealed under the fallen hull, while another positively affirmed that he saw it move just after the wagon passed over it. At this, the concealed man broke out in a cold sweat and his heart almost forgot to beat. Would they act on these suggestions, look under the hull, and find him? No! he heard them move off, and he knew, for the time, that he was safe. Only when the sound of the retreating party grew indistinct in the distance did the fugitive roll off his friendly covering and follow cautiously until he came upon their encampment. After reconnoitering their camp, he retraced his steps, returned to the American lines before Yorktown, sought out General Washington, and asked for a detachment of cavalry to surprise and capture the Tories. This was readily granted. Setting out without delay, the detachment arrived in the vicinity of the evening's camp about midnight. Hitching their horses, they crept cautiously up and surrounded the enemy, whom they found engaged in drinking, playing cards and indulging in other forms of hilarity around their campfire, without having taken any precautions to prevent being surprised by an enemy. Durant demanded their unconditional surrender. The leader, who had been put to bed in a drunken stupor, was aroused. However, he did not have sufficient sense left to realize the situation, whereupon the second in command, surrendered all arms, men, provisions, etc., unconditionally, and the whole party set out for Yorktown, arriving there at dawn. At sunrise, the leaders of the Tories were hanged, as enemies to their country. Their followers were released on condition that they leave the State and never return.

To each succeeding generation of Durant's descendants, this story is told. The fabric is kept as a priceless treasure and is willed by the father to his favorite child.

\* \* \* \*

B. H. D., '11.

# AN IDEAL SERVANT.

"Is you de gentleman wat wants a nigger to be yo' butler, and go hunting wid yo'? Caus' ef yo' is, I is de berry pusson wat yo' is lookin' fer. I used to go huntin' wid ole Marster fore de war, an' he said I was his old stanby."

"Yes," answered the gentleman addressed, "I want just such a man. What is your name?"

"My name, suh, is John Ash, an' as I said afore, my ole marster was werry proud o' me. An' now, suh, may I ax wot is yo' name?" said the old negro, making a bow.

"Why, certainly, John," replied the gentleman, "my name is Mr. Grey. And if I ever get into any dispute with another gentleman, about the truth of any statement I make, I want you to stand by me in whatever I say."

"Suttenly, marster, ef I may call yo' so, I'll do jest as yo' says."

"Yes, John, you may call me master if you like; it makes me think of the time when I was a boy. All of our negroes used to call me 'master' then. "I can see that you'll make a first-rate butler, John," continued Mr. Grey, "so you may take up your abode in the servants' quarters, beginning with tonight, but be ready to go hunting with me early to-morrow morning."

"Yes, marser," answer John, leaving the room, "I'll do it." The next morning, true to his word, John was ready, and a day's hunting ensued.

After several months had passed, during which time John had accompanied "marser" on many hunts, Mr. Grey invited several friends to take a day's hunt with him.

The friends all came, and the hunt ended by a deer and two wild turkeys being killed.

The men being tired, walked into Mr. Grey's dining room and lounged about in the chairs. The conversation naturally turned to former hunts. Mr. Grey was the first to break the silence.

"I was once out hunting with John," he began, "and had only a twenty-two calibre rifle, and seeing an eagle about seventy feet in the air, soaring around, as peacefully as you please, and remembering that I had been offered a large price by a naturalist for an eagle that had not been shot to pieces, I started thinking how I could best kill him without injuring his tender skin, when a small bird flew past him, and the eagle turned on one side in order that he might more easily catch his prey. His eye was turned directly toward me, and as quick as a flash, I took aim and fired. The bullet passed first through one eye and then through the other, never even scratching a piece of the flesh around the eyes."

"Phew!" whistled one of the visitors, "Baron Munchausen, take a back seat."

"Well," continued Mr. Grey, "I can prove it by John; he was with me."

"Call John," said the visitor.

John was called, and in a few words was told the story by Mr. Grey, who winked at him as he proceeded.

"Yes, suh," answered John. "All wot marster been tellin' yo' is so. I was dere and can splain if yo' likes."

"Oh, never mind, John," answered the visitor, "if both you and your master make the same statement, I suppose I'll have to believe it."

Just at this time another of the company, Mr. Smith, started to relate an adventure of his: "I remember that I was once riding down the road with a long riding whip in my hand," he said, "when a huge buck ran past me, and I reached out and hit him with the whip. It struck him fairly in both his eyes, and for a time blinded him, and all I had to do was to run up and cut his throat."

Several of the company whistled.

"Pshaw! What are you whistling for? That's nothing to what I did," said Mr. Grey, indignantly. "I was out hunting with John (he never left John out), and had that same rifle I told you of a while ago, and I shot a deer. The bullet entered the left hind hoof, and came out behind his left ear."

"Well," exclaimed the former disputer, "I suppose that if Ananias had heard that he would turn in his grave, feeling his utter defeat."

"I can prove it by John," said Mr. Grey.

"Let me hear John prove it," said the disputer.

John, as formerly, was told the story in the same manner by Mr. Grey.

"Gent'man, dat is so," exclaimed John, "I was dere an' can splain it."

"Let's see you," cried several in one voice.

"Well," said the faithful negro, "it was dis way: "Marster was huntin', an' he see a big buck, an' he jist draw a bee-line on 'im, an', jist as marster was 'bout to fire, de

deer lif' up he lef' hine foot ter scratch er tick wot been behine de lef' ear. Well, marster fired, and de bullet went right trough de lef' hoof inter the lef' ear and den cum out."

After such an explanation, the guests thought they had better leave, and when they had all gone, John called Mr. Grey, and said:

"See yah, marser, I ain't mind fer stand by yer, but de nex' time yer tells 'em don' put 'em so fer pa't."

# \* \* \* \* MARY HARRINGTON'S LOT.

There was a great commotion around the humble fireside of the Harrington family that dreary December evening. News had just been received that Mrs. Harrington's brother, Mr. Stringfellow, was coming through South Carolina, and was to stop and make them a short visit.

Great preparations were made for the guest. In a few days the wonderful Uncle Harry did arrive; he was a welldressed man, and, to the relief of the family, he seemed not to notice their plain dress, or shabby furniture. He soon became very fond of the Harrington children, and especially of Mary, the oldest girl. He realized how much he could help his sister by taking this promising girl back to New York with him and giving her all the advantages that the city could afford. The mother was pleased with the idea, but Mary herself was not much elated over it at first. Her uncle's family were strangers to her, and her disposition was such that she shrank from leaving her humble, but beloved home. She remembered that New York was one of the Northern States that had so lately fought against her own Southland, and so did not wish to go and live among "Yankees." Then, there was another reason (down in her heart) which, however, she said nothing about.

It was at last decided. Mary was to go on the day after to-morrow.

Her uncle was very kind to her on the journey, and she thought that if the other members of the family were anything like him, she might be happy.

It was on a wintry day that she landed in New York. It was dark and raining, so Mr. Stringfellow hired a hack to take her to his home. As they whirled through the city, it looked amazingly large to the country girl who had never seen anything like it before.

Her relatives did not know that there was such a person as Mary Harrington in existence, so, of course, they had to be introduced. All the family—her aunt and two cousins, about whom her uncle had told her on the way—were there ready to greet them. She was favorably impressed with her cousins at first sight. Eva looked to be about her own age, and the boy, Tom, perhaps two years older. Mary was soon made comfortable in a room which her aunt said she was to have for her own. What a contrast between this and her bare room at home, Mary thought.

She was sent to school in the city, and her sweet disposition soon won for her many friends among her school-mates and teachers. She was so bright, and stood so well in her class, that Eva was proud to call her cousin.

She and her cousin Tom soon became staunch friends, too. He was a tall boy, with a very agreeable face, but not handsome; there was a certain richness in his complexion that Mary had never seen in any one else. Like all boys, Tom had his troubles, and Mary was the one to whom he always took them. It seemed that she knew by instinct how to help him out of them. How those happy days flew by! Mary had been with them three years, and she began to long more than ever to see the faces she had left behind in South Carolina.

One morning her uncle came in with a telegram for her, but he told her that she need not be alarmed. Her mother was ill, but not seriously so. She had sent for Mary to come home, because she felt that she could do without her no longer. Tom heard the news with a shock. He knew that he had grown very fond of Mary, but he was not aware until now that he really loved her. "Are you going to leave us, Mary?" said Tom sadly. "Yes, I am going home to-morrow," she answered. Mary was thinking how joyful it would be when she stepped off the train at Brattinsville once again. She would see all the dear home people, and wondered, too, if a certain friend of hers would be there, anxiously looking for her. Yes, Mary Harrington had thought of Ben Taylor more than once during her three years' stay in New York.

That evening, Tom and Mary were left alone in the library. "Don't look so melancholy, cousin, when you know this is my last evening here." "I can't help it," said Tom. "Mary, you know what I am thinking about; you know you do." "Why, to be sure I don't, unless it is some new trouble, and you want me to help you out of it." Then Tom told her what he had never dared to tell her before, that he loved her, and could not bear to think that she was going away. Mary was deeply moved. She told him that she could only return a cousin's love, for there was one at home who could claim all her affections.

It was a scene to be remembered, when she came to bid farewell to the many friends she had made in New York. As the train hurried away, her thoughts were soon away from New York entirely, and she began to build air-castles for the future. In less than forty-eight hours she was in her own home again. How joyful the Harrington home was that evening, with one of the brightest members of the family, who had been away three years, back again! The

mother was so happy that she said she felt almost well already. The children at once began to tell her all the news of the day. One remark was made which attracted Mary's attention especially.

"You should have been here for the grand wedding last week, Mary," said her brother. "Who?" asked Mary. "Why, didn't you know your old friend, Nora Mills, was married?" "And to whom?" "Ben Taylor," was the reply. That was the name she had been longing to hear, but had been too tired to ask about. "Is it possible," she thought, "that he could have forgotten me entirely?" Then Mary made the excuse to her little brothers and sisters that she was very tired and would like to rest. She went to her room and earnestly prayed that she might have strength to keep back her grief in her own heart. She would not let anyone know she felt it for the world. Her cousin, Tom Stringfellow, was the only person on earth who knew anything about it.

It was not at all true that Ben Taylor had never cared for Mary. No, that was not it. The poor boy, who had not even education to write a letter, realized that Mary was living among the wealthiest people in New York. As he never heard from her, he naturally came to the sad conclusion that she had forgotten him among her more cultured friends.

Three years rolled around, when one morning Mary went to answer a knock at the front door, and who must she find there but Tom Stringfellow! Everything was all soon explained, and in one month Mary Harrington was to be the wife of Tom Stringfellow.

# TRIUMPHANT HEALTH.

It laughs from out of sparkling eyes; It shouts from rosy cheeks; It calls aloud from glowing skin, In lusty voice it speaks.

It advertises with its strength,
Proclaims its rugged reign;
It thunders with its vig'rous step,
The world admits its fame.

It sweeps all gloom before its march, And conquers with its mien; It gives the world a hopeful creed; It's clothed with golden sheen.

A monarch who is truly great, More so than pomp or wealth; Let its immortal mission speed, All Hail! Triumphant Health!

H. T. P, '11.

# \* \* \* \*

# THE TOURIST'S REVENGE.

Reuben Gray was an antiquated old farmer who did not believe in all these modern ways of farming and running things in general. His farm was situated on the road between Springfield and the village of Fairview. He was bothered a great deal by the summer tourists from the city as they sped by his home in their automobiles.

At first it was a chicken or two, then a pig, and at last when they ran over one of his fine calves, Reuben grew desperate, and became the terror of all the tourists in the country. They were beginning to come by pretty often, when Reuben determined to have some of them punished for exceeding the speed limit. He got out into the road and yelled at the first one to stop, but it flew past him so quickly he hardly had time to get out of the way. "Never mind, I'll get the next one," said Reuben, as he scratched his head and gazed after the vanishing auto.

A few days later, two people who were thinking of slipping past Gray's, were surprised to see old Reuben slowly pulling his wagon out into the middle of the narrow road. "Guess you'll stop now," said Reuben, as the machine came to a stop a few paces from the wagon. "You will turn round now, and go with me to the magistrate's," continued Reuben, as he clambered into the rear seat of the auto. The driver then reversed his machine and started back the five miles to the house of the officer of the law. Here, after much parleying on the part of Reuben, that officer (who was suspected of being in league with Reuben) decided that the offender must relieve himself of five dollars.

After paying the bill, they proceeded to resume their journey. Reuben, thinking that he would ride back home, crawled into the rear seat without as much as saying, "If you please."

As soon as the owner saw him, he changed places with the driver and began to speed away towards Gray's home. "We'll fix him," he whispered to the driver, as he put on more speed. "He needs to be fixed," replied the driver, as he cast a revengeful look back at Reuben. Once more the owner increased the speed, as they began to fly past Gray's home. By this time Reuben began to yell at them to let him out, but they only put on more speed and pretended that they did not hear him. He would have reached over and knocked them on the head, but the auto was flying over the ground at such a rate that his hat went overboard, and he could only sit still and hold on to the seat in terror.

After what seemed to Reuben a lifetime, the auto came to a stop, and he clambered down and began to bless out

the owner. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked, in a great rage. "Now, you can just turn round and take me back home." "No," sweetly replied the owner, "it is only ten miles to the nearest village and twenty-five to your home; so I know you won't mind walking that little distance." "Walk it!" roared Reuben, "you have got to carry me back home." "Sorry I can't accommodate you, but I must be going," replied the owner, as he pulled open the valve and left Reuben standing in the road trying to decide if it would not be best to leave autos alone in the future."

#### \* \* \* \*

What Jefferson yearned for in the South is actually taking place under our eyes today—the growth of community-life. The evidences of this are upon every hand. Witness the local school improvement league, the increase of local taxes for the neighborhood school, local option as to the control of the liquor business, the local anti-saloon league, the public library, co-operative dairies, the demonstration farm, cotton mills and furniture factories, good roads, rural delivery of mails, telephones, trolley cars, public sanitation, anti-tuberculosis societies, and in a word, the instense consciousness of unity in the life of the community, out of which all these things spring.

The man behind the plough is of more concern to this nation than the man behind the gun. Free education for every brain and unshamed toil for every arm are making of this State a garden, endowed as it is, with fertile soil, great water power, and a heavenly climate. Remember that there is nothing so conservative as progress. We must choose between reform and revolution, as change is as universal in society as in nature.

S. C. MITCHELL,

Carolina.

# The Clemson College Chronicle founded by class of 1898.

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS, '10

AFTER a week of rest and pleasure at home, most of us are back again to resume our college duties. We note, with regret the absence of a few familiar faces; but we extend a hearty welcome to those who have come The New Year. to join us for the first time. Now is the time for us to make 1910 the most successful year of Clemson's history. Let us all resolve to make the standard higher than it has ever been before.

To some of us, 1910 is a year of gladness; and, yet, we will feel some regret on leaving the old walls that have sheltered us for four years. There will be a great deal of sadness as we tell our comrades good-bye. But let us make the class of 1910 remembered by all the under classmen. Let us all work for old Clemson.

\* \*

No enterprise, whether large or small, can ever succeed without the co-operation of everybody concerned. A magazine staff alone, cannot make the college publication a success. It requires the assistance of the entire Co-operation. student body to keep a college publication on a high plane. We regret very much to say that the Chronicle has not, for the last few numbers, had this co-operation from the corps.

Fellows, don't say you cannot write. If you have never tried, how do you know whether you can or not? Don't be one of those who always promises to submit a story for the next issue. These promises seldom materialize. Don't expect the staff to get out a large number without your aid. Make a good beginning of the New Year by submitting your first story, poem, or essay for the February issue.

\* \*

THERE is no name dearer to the Southern heart than that of Robert E. Lee. His life is an unequaled record of untarnished honor. His record as a soldier is no greater than his his record as a perfect gentleman. With a Robert E. Lee. wonderful devotion, he gave his life to the land he loved.

Not even his former enemies of the battlefield can say aught but good about him. Some of the Northern people say that they regard Lee not only as the greatest Southerner, but also as one of the greatest Americans. His superiority as a commander is recognized all over the world. Field Marshal Wolseley, of the British army, says that "General Lee towered far above all men on either side in the War Between the States." It is our duty and our privilege to honor this greatest American by keeping his memory, a sacred heritage, ever green in our hearts.



The exact advantage of the young men and women of today over those of the past generation can be summed up in the word availability—availability of knowledge, of material and workers. The overcoming of time and space through modern invention brings all facts, things and persons within their reach. But without trained heads to see and understand and trained hands to take and use, the mere availability of all this wealth with which to make and do things amounts to nothing. It is the school that gives this vision and this power.

ROBT. P. PELL, Converse.

\* \* \* \*

Let is be our constant aim that every day spent in the recitation room may tend to furnish those results which the Prussian King demanded of his University: "Fruits, gentlemen, fruits in the soundness of men."

James H. Carlisle, Wofford.

October 14, 1909.



Editors:
H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

The Concept for December comes to us in its usual attractive coat of brown. The table of contents promises quantity, and hoping for quality, we begin to read. And we are not disappointed. "Lullaby" impresses on us a mother's wonderful love for her child. "The Christmas Dinner" has a simple plot, but is well written. Truly love works wonders. Some of the great truths of "In Memoriam" consist of numerous extracts and some few comments. The author has made a careful study of the poem, and the truths therein are set forth very plainly. "A Mistaken Santa Claus" is a good Christmas story, one which we enjoyed reading. The burglar breaks into a rich man's home and finds himself in the nursery where a little cripple boy mistakes him for Santa Claus. 'The child's conduct wins the burglar from a life of crime. Truly, a little child shall lead them. "His Christmas Rose" is the usual college love story. The usual scene occurs at the close, and when the girl falls in his arms, Beverly does not have any fear of crushing "His Christmas Rose." We take it for granted that they married and lived happily ever afterwards. Numerous poems help to make the literary department in keeping with the Concept's high standard. The editorials

are very good. The Faculty is to be commended on its plan of honors for high scholarship. The other departments are somewhat small in this number. We notice that there is some wrong spelling. This is, of course, the printer's fault.

\* \*

The Hollins Quarterly is a magazine containing much good material. It reflects credit upon the institution, as well as showing an energetic staff. The material shows care in selection and arrangement also. If it appeared more frequently, it would be much more appreciated. "Shakespeare's Conception of Friendship" is a strong article, and shows much preparation on the part of the author. It is well written, in a pleasing style. "The Duke from Rome" has a very good plot, which is well developed. The hero almost mysteriously appears, as usual, in the time of great need. "How a Tenderfoot Made Good" is a very good story, but there are so many with the same general plan. "Jes' Jack" is a pathetic story in which the little hero lost his life for others. "On the Sea" contains good thoughts, and smoothness of metre. Good and valuable information is given in "Some Observations on the Handling of School Books." The numerous short stories add much to the make-up of the magazine. All the departments are well edited, especially the editorial and the exchange department.

\*\*

The *Trinity Archive* came decked in holiday attire. The issue shows that the editors have been busy getting out the Christmas number. In it we find two good Christmas stories. The first, "On Christmas Eve," is an exceptionally good story. It is well written, and cannot but make a deep impression upon any one who carefully reads it. It is a good example of how the very atmosphere of Christmas seems to make people forget all difficulties, and renew their

friendships. It is one of the best magazine stories we have read this year. The second, "By the Light of the Christmas Fire," carries us back to "de times befo' de wa'." The author shows much skill in the use of negro dialect, and at the same time gives us an interesting story. There is a sad lack of poetry in this issue. Some Christmas poems, along with the Christmas stories, would have added much to the magazine. "First Impressions of Germany" give us an insight into the habits and customs of a very interesting people. "Mabel" is rather a "fast" story, but if the poor fellow was stopped from talking religion at all times, the incident was of much benefit to him. The editorial on Christmas contains much good advice, and is very appropriate. The other departments are about par.



In reviewing the Wofford College Journal, we find stories and essays enough, but, as with other exchanges that we have received, there seems to be a dearth of poetry. We should not overlook the important part that poetry plays in the finish of a magazine. "Uncle Abe's Christmas" is very good for light reading, and brings out the wish of all to make others happy at Christmas time. "A Midnight Ride" is a premonition a boy had of his friend's death. The "Spectre Ship" reminds one of the "Ancient Mariner." "Gladstone, the Man" contains some facts and information concerning England's greatest statesman. Just such sketches as this should be found more frequently in our college magazines. "Why College Men Succeed in Politics" is a good topic, but the essay does not carry much weight with it. "1950" is a prediction of the success and general distribution of air-ships. Time will soon tell. In "The Enchantress and the Man" we were sorry for "the Man" (if such he could be called) both at the beginning and the end of the story. Sorry at first because he was so very much

"struck," and sorry in the end because of his sad disappointment. But such is life. "The Making of a State" and "The Progress of Our Nation and Our Present Conditions" are two creditable essays. We do not agree with the editorial upon examinations. In our opinion, the abolition of examinations would not be a benefit but a disadvantage to the students. How many could make the required grade? Success in your New Year's work.



The Mercerian for December is certainly not lacking in quantity. The literary department contains a number of good stories, essays and poems, arranged in order. "Tennyson Today" is a well-written essay on England's greatest poet. We finished reading it with a better knowledge of one to whom much is due. "Frenchy" is a charming piece of fiction. The main thought is the fickleness of man. "The Prince and the Beggar Maid" is a well written story in which we learn, as is too often the case, that two people are kept from marrying because of their difference stations in life. "Present Day Eloquence" is one of the best articles we have read lately. "Callie's Christmas" is a good story of a Christmas in the mountains. The husband is in prison and his wife and children are starving. The husband, through the influence of a friend, secures a pardon and arrives home early Christmas morning with presents and Christmas dainties for "Callie an' th' chillen." The editorials are all thoughtful and well written. In "The Meaning of Christmas," the editor has shown us the true meaning of the day. We believe, with him, that very few people catch the true spirit of the day. "Books and Authors" is a department we seldom see in college magazines. The editor gives a synopsis of some recent books, and a few remarks on some of the great authors. This enables one who has not yet read these books to get a clear idea of their value. The

Exchange editor has a true conception of his duties, and praises the good as well as pointing out the bad. *The Mercerian* has no Y. M. C. A. department. The addition of this department might not be a bad idea. In general the *Mercerian* fits the phrase, a well balanced magazine.



The Junior issue of the Isaqueena contains an article, "The Observance of Christmas," that should be read by everyone. The author strongly calls the attention to the true meaning of Christmas, and endeavors to get the thoughts of people turned in the right direction. In "Love's Triumph," we find the usual quarrel, the going abroad, the unexpected meeting on the ship, and finally the weddingthe common, every-day love story. "A Christmas at Mount. Vernon" gives an account of how a great man spent one Christmas at his home. The great desire of Washington was to make every one happy, whether of high social position or only a servant. "Charlotte's Deliverance" was read with much interest, as the reader is unable to foresee what is to be the "deliverer." The editorial shows that the students are very much interested in the welfare of the College. We hope that their "hopes" will be materialized.



The best article in the December issue of the Chicora Almancen is "Esperanto, the International Auxiliary Language." The article shows that the author put some careful preparation upon it. This article shows the need and value of a language common to all. "England During the Fourteenth Century" is only a short summary of England's political and literary career during that period. It could have been written in a more interesting manner. "Christmas Everywhere" is a good bit of sense. "A Christmas Story" is the best piece of fiction, though it has no well

defined plot. It is different to the general run of Christmas stories. "Xmas Plans Mislaid" teaches us that air castles are quickly blown away. We heartily agree with the editor in his article upon "A Live Magazine." The editors of the various magazines should devote more time to quality of material and not so much to quantity. The editorial is the best written department.

\*

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The Guilford Collegian, The College Message, The Red and White, Black and Magenta, The Oracle, The Index, Williams Woods Record, College of Charleston Magazine, The Chatterbox, The Mercerian, Wake Forest Student, Newberry Stylus, Davidson College Magazine, Southern Collegian, Emory Phoenix, Our Monthly, The Purple and Gold, The Carolinian, The Dahlonega Collegian, The Criterion, Tennessee University Magazine, Marysville College Monthly, The Acorn, The Florida Pennant, The Mountaineer, High School Messenger, The Chisel, The Piedmontonian, The St. Mary's Muse, the Æsculapian, The Lenorian, The Collegian, S. P. U. Journal.

\* \* \* \*

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, N. Y., which is the oldest school of engineering to be established in any English-speaking country, has completed a new laboratory for the departments of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering at a cost of \$415,000. This building was erected with part of the million dollars given by Mrs. Russell Sage. It is the fourth new building erected by the Institute within the last four years.

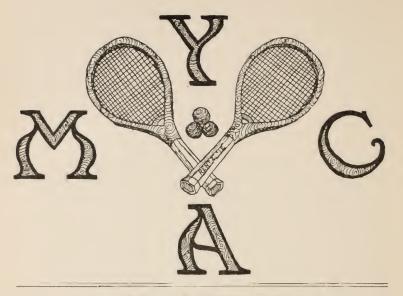
Many new machines have been installed in the laboratories for the tests of the strength of materials, one of these having a capacity of one

million two hundred thousand pounds.

The new club house and the athletic field, which contains a baseball diamond, football field, tennis courts and running track, are situated on the campus adjacent to the buildings, and are therefore easy of access

for students wishing to use them.

The Institute gives courses in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering and General Science, leading to the degrees, Civil Engineer (C. E.), Mechanical Engineer (M. E.), Electrical Engineer (E. E.), and Bachelor of Science (B. S.). During the past four years the number of students at the school has increased from 225 to 670.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

# The Student Volunteer Convention.

The fourth Students' Volunteer Convention, which was held at Rochester from December 29 to January 2, was one of the grandest conventions of its kind ever held in America. It was well attended by delegates from all parts of North America, numbering 3,500. Among the large number of noted speakers were: Mr. Mott, of New York; Dr. Julius Richter, of Berlin, Germany; Dr. Sloan, traveling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement; Dr. Speer, of New York; Rev. Jones, of India; Bishop Hendrix, of China; Dr. Bosworth, Dean of Oberlin Seminary; Hon. Brice, of England, and many others.

Although everything was covered with snow and the thermometer registered zero, special cars and trains began to arrive at Rochester early on the first day of the convention, from the South as well as from other parts of America.

The weather was pretty severe on Carolinians but as usual, they were at the front, determined not to be outdone.

The entertainment furnished by the people of Rochester was a phase of the convention which will long be remembered by the delegates. It is impossible to speak too highly of the hospitality which was shown to the delegates.

# THE MEETINGS.

At every meeting, despite the snow and ice, a large crowd could be seen at the Convention Hall door long before time for it to be opened, determined not to miss any part of the lectures.

As the hall accommodated only 3,700 it was necessary to hold sectional meetings in the various churches for those who could not get into the hall.

Afternoon meetings were held at the churches where the work which is being done in various countries was discussed, and also the work which is being done, and which is anticipated by the various denominations, was taken up. At some churches only professors were assembled to discuss the call of the Orient to our colleges, while at other churches students and visitors filled the pews to have lengthy discussions on the work in Japan, China and other countries.

# Mr. Motte.

At one of the first meetings Mr. Motte gave an address in which he presented the report of the Executive Committee concerning the movement for the past four years. His address was of much interest to the delegates, as it showed the growth of the movement for the past four years. Mr. Mott said that it was a question as to what part to emphasize especially, but the watchword ("The Evangelization of the World in this Generation") must have a large place. He also said that it was very important to get Christians to reflect on the vastness of the task and the urgency of the

call. He impressed the need of more well equipped volunteers.

### MR. ROBERT E. SPEER.

One of the most noted speakers at the convention was Mr. Speer, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, who was a famous quarterbark when a student at Princeton, and the force and vigor which made him a gridiron hero was still evident in his address.

He spoke on the value of Christianity, and said in part: "It does not matter what the needs are with which we have come to this convention, our Lord, Jesus Christ, is able to satisfy them. If we come with sorrows, He can comfort us: if with intellectual doubts, He can satisfy us. It is not necessary to wait until the last meeting of the convention. Jesus is able to meet our needs now. The words of Jesus, 'If any man thirst let him come unto me and I will give the waters of life', are just as true today as when he spoke them by the pool of Siloam. He is able to satisfy not only our spiritual need but the physical as well. People die by starvation in countries where Christianity has not been taken. There are Hindoo, Buddhist, and Mohammedan famines, but has anyone ever heard of a great Christian famine?"

# C. F. WANG.

Mr. Wang, a native of China, gave a very interesting address at one of the meetings, in which he said that if the East was evangelized soon, it must be done by the natives, and through the native students. He said that every country which has been evangelized was evangelized by natives. Nevertheless he did not want the Americans to stop working but to try harder to wake the native students.

# AMBASSADOR BRICE.

It was the privilege of the delegates at one of the meetings to listen to Ambassador to the United States from Great

He then pointed out very clearly that this is an age of necessity and opportunity, a time when it is both more needful and more possible than ever before to send the light around the world. But that it is also a time of temptation. There has perhaps never been a time when the price is glittering more, or when there was a greater temptation for young men to go into life for a great financial standing, said Mr. Brice. Then he reminded the audience of the fact that a man's wealth did not consist of what he saves financially, but also in the saving of his soul; for "what does it profit a man if he gains the world, and loses his soul?" He then closed his address with the quotation "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord."

# LARGE FUND RAISED.

On Friday night the inspiring event was the pledging of \$84,370 for the support of the movement for the next three years. This means an annual increase of \$21,092.50 in the funds of the movement. The money was pledged by more than a thousand delegates in sums running from \$1 to \$1,000. The appeal of Mr. Mott had a response such as is seldom seen at any gathering.

At Nashville four years ago the sum raised was \$4,000 less than the subscription at Rochester. There was no previous announcement of the appeal, and when Mr. Mott spoke it was the first intimation the delegates had that a sum was to be raised. He reminded them of the necessity of a larger fund because of the greater work which has been taken up by the student movement, and also that the time was at hand when there must be a larger number of students sent to the non-Christian world.

### The Rev. Mr. Kelley.

Every man at Clemson is very glad to have the new Methodist minister, Mr. Kelley, at Clemson for the coming year, and feels sure that his being here will be a great benefit to the Y. M. C. A., as well as the other Christian organizations. We sincerely hope that his new field of service shall prove a very pleasant one to him.

### \* \* \* \*

A College will fail to accomplish its highest work unless it is governed and administered by consecrated officials. The precepts of Christianity must be practised in the daily lives of trustees, president and teachers. The student must be taught and trained to regard every temptation resisted and every difficulty overcome as but stepping stones to a higher and a purer life. Only under such conditions will the College rise nobly to its high purpose of training the youth of the State to become strong, capable and patriotic citizens.

P. H. Mell,

Clemson.

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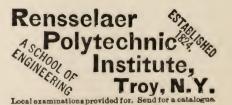
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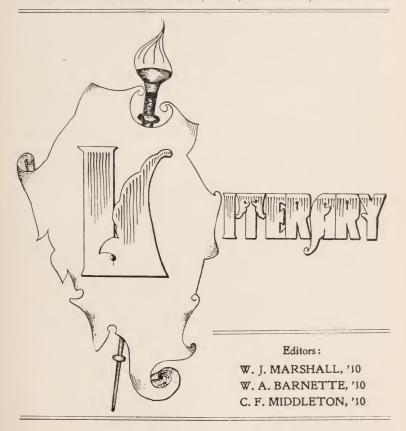
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### The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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### THE TRYSTING PLACE.

Janet Norris came slowly down the gravel walk. pulling thoughtfully at the strings of her fresh white sun-bonnet. She remembered afterwards that old Father Smith had paused at the gate with his usual garrulous comments on village matters, to which she had responded so like in a dream that he grew instinctively silent and passed on.

Janet reached the gate and stopped there a moment, looking up and down the one street of the village; then, mechanically lifting the latch, she opened the gate and stepped outside. She walked away toward the east, for no other reason of which she was aware than that she was going in the opposite direction from the one taken by the old man who had just spoken to her. She wanted to be alone.

She was free. She was trying, perhaps with more effort than it should have called for, to get the full consciousness of that fact. She was free, she kept repeating to herself, free as she had longed to be, as she had thought for weeks she must be. It was for Paul's sake, too. He, too, had tired of the bondage, and she had taken some pains to have him see it that way. True, she had almost wavered in her conviction that they had been mistaken in the kind of regard they had for each other when she saw how he at first received it. But, then, what more natural than that he should try to save her pride? Also, though he had seemed sincere in his protestation, and she liked to believe always what he said to her, still she could not, or was at least afraid to, trust remonstrance and pleading that might well have grown out of the emotion of the moment, particularly was she afraid to trust them, as she remembered the dull days that lay behind. How all her nature revolted at the thought of boring him! How her heart froze at the thought that he could bore her! Yes, it was distinctly for the best that they should go their separate ways. But her spirit was not exalted, as she believed it would be, on laying aside the shackles, and she moved, though she did not know it, like one in the shadow of grief.

A brief engagement was a serious thing any way you looked at it. She knew, also, that in the village everybody knows and discusses everybody else's affairs, and that this gossip would keep the wound open. They would say she

did not know her own mind. She shrank far more from the pity that many of them would give her, which would be worse, perhaps, than the blame, which not knowing, some of them would give him. But he was not to blame, and they should not blame him because he was a man. She would see to that, as well as she could; that much she owed him.

Yes, that much, and a great deal more.

She had entered a small wood, and was on the trail leading to the pretty lake among the hills.

Her Paul—no, not hers now—was a child of the village, like herself, but ambition had led him afar. Her mind and work had brought back to her rich gleanings from the great world, and she had received them eagerly and made them part of herself. She quailed at the thought of the narrow life of the village that was to be her portion—her portion of freedom, forsooth—henceforth unrelieved. Oh, no, no, no! She would hold fast to the better, higher things he had taught her. It should not be all in vain. She would live worthily of the months in which they had been so much to each other. Their ways of life would be different and far apart, but, if ever he chanced to hear her spoken of, he should have cause to remember with pride that they had once been friends, even in the presence of the beautiful, noble woman whom he would one day marry, and who would make him happy. He so much deserved the best that life could give that she was sure he would attract and win it in the end.

The trail led her into an open space. She quickened her steps toward a clump of elders, where, cunningly, half-concealed and half-revealed, to be spied out only by those who knew, a weather-beaten blue ribbon was tied to one of the twigs. It marked the place where they parted the bushes on the way to a secluded nook to which they often went

together. There was not even a trail on the other side. Smiling, sadly, she encircled the twig with tender fingers, sliding the ribbon forward and off, staining it with the green life of crushed leaves. She had wandered this way without conscious intent, but, now, holding the ribbon closely over her heart with one hand, with the other she held back the bushes. Passing through this barrier she ran along, stumbling occasionally over a rough place in the ground or brushing too near a slender sapling, half-groping her way, her eyes almost blind with unshed tears, she neared the edge of the lake, and skirting a sharp curve in the bank stopped, her attention fixed on a large, partly uprooted poplar tree. Years ago it had been flung to the earth by a violent storm, but with sturdy courage it had strengthened its few roots which remained in the ground, drawing nourishment through them for a luxuriant, glossy mass of foliage, which formed a retreat of much interest and beauty—a little amphitheatre, visible only from the unfrequented lake. She and Paul had discovered it, and it was theirs, their haven, a place apart from the rest of the world, for themselves alone. She stretched her arms toward it, longingly, but could not enter there without Paul-and she would be without him forever now. She sank to the ground and buried her face in the crotch of her arm.

"Paul, Paul!" she sobbed, "I want you, I want you!"

Instantly there was great perturbation among the foliage of the fallen poplar.

Her head raised so quickly that the sun-bonnet fell back and the tree-shadow played over her startled, wondering face.

Paul was plunging through the poplar's great branches; soon he was lifting her to her feet.

"You came here, too," she murmured, falteringly, her

eyes smiling through happy tears, "as I did—because—you couldn't help it?"

"I came to wait for you," he answered. "I believed that you loved me, and knew if you did that you would come again."

### THE PROBLEM OF ILLUMINATION.

To us all the matter of illuminating our homes is a subject of importance, as well as one of no small amount of interest.

By borrowing a few facts from various scientists, we shall endeavor to show the most efficient method of lighting, with a minimum of cost.

It will be a matter of some interest to note the lighting in many show-windows, which we have heretofore observed in a most casual way. Many such windows are lighted in such a way as to throw twice as much light into the observer's eyes as is thrown on the objects intended for display. Not only is the light wasted, but the lamp, instead of the objects, is the prominent feature, and the eye is so blinded that the goods are almost invisible. If we examine our sitting-rooms or libraries, which we have been accustomed for some time, many of the principles of good lighting will be found to be violated. It is not infrequent that one will find a person reading or sewing with a light almost directly between the book, or the work, and the reader's, or sewer's, eyes. Such a condition of lighting is most harmful to the eyes. The eye is probably the most delicate and yet most keenly adjusted organ of the human anatomy, and when there is a great amount of light near the eve the pupil tends to close and adjust itself to receive the proper amount of light. If, then, there is a light between the eve and the object to be perceived, the eye is strained in trying to see beyond the light.

Completeness of visual perception depends upon three things, namely, "a sufficient brightness of illumination; a proper location of the light sources, so as to bring out that combination of soft shadows which is so essential to the perception of form, and a proper color of the light, so as to bring out those physical differences in objects which the eye perceives as variations of color."

A room may be intensely illuminated by a single source, but such an illumination is ineffective, even when the eye is shaded from the direct light of the lamp, because of dense shadows, which renders the perception of form almost impossible.

Most of the artificial light in our country homes is probably obtained from the kerosene lamp. This lamp light is very deficient in the shorter wave lengths, and consequently false colors are produced—for instance, a deep blue or violet piece of cloth appears almost black by kerosene lamp light.

In our cities, however, the lighting is mainly by electricity. The light of the electric lamp approaches nearer to that of daylight, in color effects, than any other variety of light now in use.

"It is very important in arranging for the illumination of a room to place the lamps outside of the field of vision, as has been stated before. If this be possible, no light can enter the eye directly from the lamps and render the eye insensible to the delicate shading of surrounding objects. The excessive discomfort that is produced by the glare of improperly located lamps is due not only to the physical pain that is associated with long continued looking at a bright light, but more especially to the incessant strain of trying to peer into the dark region beyond.

"Where a lamp cannot be removed from the field of vision, the bad effects of glare may be greatly reduced by enlarging the effective luminous surface of the lamp by means of a translucent globe. A translucent globe always absorbs a considerable portion of the light of the lamp, but the effectiveness of the globe in illuminating glare is due, primarily, to the fact that a given amount of light, coming from a small, brilliant source, produces a much greater glare than the same amount of light coming from a large, faint source."

The softest and most perfect light is produced by reflection of a bright light upon the ceiling and walls of a room. Any change from individual to general lighting, or in the character or color of a light, is often strongly objected to from personal prejudice, notwithstanding common sense or the experience of others.

Mr. Scott says: "Scientific illumination, in itself, iş difficult. The inherent laws of light do not always lend themselves to the needs of the particular cases, and when the additional difficulty of erratic personal preference is added, the problem becomes particularly difficult.

"Those who have given but incidental attention to the general matter of artificial illumination are liable to be much surprised, on reading articles such as that by Mr. Sweet, in the last issue of the *Electrical Journal*, to find how many simple and obvious principles they have been in the habit of overlooking. He has laid down simple, practical rules, which summarize theory and experience in certain typical cases; these rules, covering the use of Tungsten lamps for ordinary uses, are given, and will be found exceedingly simple."

#### DEPARTED CLASSMATES.

Have these, our classmates, gone from us— Those whom we miss this year— To dwell indefinitely apart From bosom friends left here?

It grieves us much to see them out, Yet, God-speed since they're gone; We shall miss them, more and more, As each month, year, shall dawn.

This vacant place beside us
Well teaches youth to see,
That even our best companions
May only transient be.

C. B. F., '12.

#### \* \* \* \*

#### THE PEACH AND THE POMEGRANATE.

The literary editor burst into my room. The literary editor is always bursting into something. Not long ago he burst forth into verse about the old year, or a sprig of mistletoe—I forget which. The queer thing about him is that he is all the more likely to burst into an orgy of whistling at the very time when he is most "busted." Tonight he slammed the door and burst into a stream of silly chatter.

"I want a story," he began. It was an ill-chosen beginning; for, being familiar with the literary editor and his ways, and having thus gathered the reason for his visit at the outset, I paid little further attention to his jargon, but let him run along, while I furtively continued reading my paper, giving vent to an occasional questioning grunt when the conversational motor of the literary editor began to show signs of slowing down.

One headline in particular seemed to fascinate me. "Big Battle Expected," it said. I leaned back in my chair and glanced over the half-column of matter that followed. With languid eyes I read that the army of the provisional government of Nicaraugua was marching toward Lake Nicaraugua, and that an important battle was looked for in the region about the little village of Chile, which was in the midst of a rich cattle country. No doubt the soldiers of the provisional government marched with a less sleepy step when they heard of the grassy uplands covered with fat cattle. I am sure that they did, for I could see them plainly.

The long, snake-like column crawled along the dusty road, among the low, tree-covered hills. The officers, clad in scarlet and gold, rode in front, largely to be out of the dust, which rose in lazy clouds and settled on the broad leaves of the banana shoots and acacias by the roadside. The men straggled along at route step, talking, smoking and singing plaintive songs. They were variously armed, and more or less gaudily uniformed. Some were barefooted; all wore their gay blouses unbuttoned because of the heat, which must be reckoned with in Nicaraugua, even in midwinter. The motley crew reminded me of a nest of hornets, ready to attack, with ill-directed fury, on slight provocation, but not an organization to cause a well-trained army much uneasiness.

I had seen enough. I lowered my field-glasses. The army was coming my way, but was still five miles away. It would go into camp before reaching Chile. The cattle, then, would be safe for the night. I mounted my tough Mexican pony, rode down the hill, and galloped back to Chile. Before a large, cool-looking stucco house, palatial in comparison with those of the village proper, I tied my pony. No, Senor Herrérra was not at home. It was not known where he had gone, or when he would return. (The fat greaser, then, was going to beat me, an American citizen, out of twelve thousand five hundred dollars, American,

and leave me in a disordered, penny-in-the-slot. Central American republic, without a copper in my pocket, and two hundred miles from anywhere. So that was his game.)

For two weeks five hundred first-class steers had fetted in the senor's corral. The senor's peons, it is true, had fed them and watered them. But they were the sole product of my ranch; they represented my entire capital; and, moreover, I had not yet received one scrap of paper for them. The senor, as agent for the provisional government, had agreed to buy the entire bunch; but, for reasons which I had not before understood, he had delayed in tendering me payment for them. Now that the army was approaching, he was not to be found. The army would occupy the town, take possession of the cattle, and drive them away. No one would be out of pocket but a lone foreigner, who could be easily got out of the way, if he made trouble. Nevertheless, he would make trouble.

Was the Senorita Valencia at home? She was, and she came. I had whiled away many an idle hour with the senorita on the senor's shady terraces. She could speak English, after a fashion of her own, and I knew a little Spanish; but the language that we both knew was the language of music. Her guitar and my mandolin were on the best of terms. I soon began to think that the hearts of the owners of these instruments were intended to beat duets also. But throughout my acquaintance with this rich young Southern beauty there recurred to me the image of another beauty in another South—a tall, fair-haired girl, with eyes that were at once laughing and serious, and a mouth that seemed always ready to frame the words of a jest. Her complexion reminded one of peach blossoms.

But the laughing face that greeted me now was of another type. Valencia was an aristocrat. Her ancestors were of pure Castilian stock. She had always had a house-

ful of maids to attend to her wants. Her face showed no lines of care; her whole being seemed animated with the very joy of living, though I often wondered what joy any one could get out of living in Nicaraugua. Her shining black hair framed a picture of enchanting beauty. Her face was full, but not round. In outline it was all beautiful curves, that flowed into one another in a way that would delight the eye of an artist. Her black eyes laughed at you from beneath long, tantalizing lashes. The curve of the sharply drawn brows was perfect. Her lips were of the color of ripe cherries, and they had a way of disclosing just a flash of the row of pearls beneath them when she was amused. Her coloring was a wonder and a delight. In this country we have nothing to which it can be compared. But if you have ever seen a full, ripe, sun-kissed pomegranite, one such as only sunny Spain can produce, with its cheek of deep rose-color, on a background that is not creamcolored and not olive, but a blending of both, then, perhaps, you may gain some faint conception of the richness and rarity of the complexion of Senorita Valencia Herrérra. She was hardly five feet two, but her full, well-rounded figure imparted to her, especially when she sat on her pony, the majesty of a little queen. And such, indeed, I began to think her, as I stood in the doorway, tapping my trouser-leg with my quirt.

"Buenas dias, senor," she said, mockingly, in response to my salutation. It is unfortunate to be on the best of terms with a young lady whose father had defrauded you of all your worldly goods at one fell swoop. At least, I thought so then.

I was soon to learn that this apparently unenviable situation might have its advantages. Valencia knew enough of her father's dealings with me to enable her to extract what she did not know from me. She then called a peon, gave him a note, and sent him away on horseback.

Despite my financial status, I found that the time passed pleasantly enough as we sat on the vine-covered terrace. Valencia had lemonade brought; we talked and sang; by and by the moon rose. Still we remained outside. Valencia's fat mother sat in her room doing drawn-work, all unheeding. The image of the fair-haired, intellectual face grew very dim indeed, but would not disappear. She would probably forget me, I mused. We seldom exchanged letters, because they were hard to exchange. Anyway, I liked pomegranites in Nicaraugua as well as I did peaches in Nashville, and I had the pomegranite. The peach—well, never mind the peach. I was about to declare my preference for the pomegranite, when a noise in the street diverted me.

I recognized the clank of sabres, mingled with the tread of horses. Now, thought I, my doom was sealed. But Valencia appeared not at all uneasy. Instead she rose and welcomed the newcomers, holding a ten-minute conference with their starred and braided leader. At its end she presented me to General Hondo, leader of a band of revolutionists in the neighborhood. Then she hurriedly outlined to me a plan which made my heart swell with an emotion, that was more than admiration, for this pleasure-loving, unlearned little Spaniard.

Near the corral where the cattle were confined flowed a sluggish stream. For five miles the course of this stream ran between two low, parallel, ridges, covered with a tangle of tropical vegetation. Where the ridges ended, there was a broad, level, well-drained meadow; and in this space the provisional army was bivouacked, tents being erected for the general and commanding officers only. The five hundred well-fed beeves, eager for freedom were to be turned

out and driven along the bank of the stream, and stampeded through the camp of the army which had not yet paid for them. General Hondo and one hundred picked riders were to follow them, and, if possible, capture the leaders of the governmental army. Valencia insisted on going with us. She could ride, she said, and shoot, too.

We began at once to put our plan into execution. The moon was just bright enough to suit our purpose. The steers were carefully worked to the entrance of the valley. For an hour they moved along, sometimes breaking into an ungainly gallop, but for the most part moving uncertainly, sniffing and nibbling at the roadside verdure. They seemed nervous; and for that reason we had to exercise great caution in order to avoid stampeding them too soon.

At length I judged it time to act. Drawing a full breath, I let it out like a locomotive "popping off." My pony dodged, and a dozen steers near me crowded forward against the others; but nothing happened. I imitated the sudden barking of a dog, and got no better results. A dozen of us fell behind, and then charged the drove. black bulks simply moved out of our ponies' way. were now less than a mile from the camp. I got out my .45 Colt, and raised it above my head, but one of the officers grasped my arm, and shook his head. I was about to disregard his tacit warning, when a white figure on a snorting pony flashed by. Immediately, my heart almost leaped to my throat as a piercing scream rent the stillness of the night. It was the blood-cry of the jaguar, and it came from Valencia's aristocratic throat. It was a sound that no range-steer could tolerate. There was a terrified bawl, a clatter of hoofs, a surge of heavy bodies, and soon the hills shook with the thunder of two thousand cloven hoofs and the rattling of five hundred pairs of crowding horns. We raced along in the silvery dust-cloud.

Hardly two minutes had passed when a shot rang out in the dim distance ahead. Soon there were many shots; but the horned engine of destruction raced on. Shouting, cursing, terror-stricken soldiers scudded away to safety, or called on the Holy Virgin. Of those that waked too late, there was little left to mourn over. Only at the white, flapping tent at headquarters did the wave divide. After it had passed, a white-clad, ungainly figure popped out from under the canvas and tried to flee. A dozen revolvers covered him. He was mounted on a pony and hustled back toward Chile. At a large, cool-looking stucco house, he was halted and conducted within. Before a safe, he was made to kneel, and count out the equivalent of twelve thousand five hundred American dollars in reliable Mexican notes. A check would not answer.

The provisional army had the steers, or had them to catch. I had the money. Half of it I offered to General Hondo for his services; but he waved it away.

"Keep the money. Give me the glory," he said, grandly. "Take it all," I answered generously. "Only give me a bodyguard to the railroad."

But did the glory belong to General Hondo? To me, it seemed that all the glory that resulted from our mad midnight rush was due to a little black-eyed bit of a queen who was now facing a very irate parent with a demeanor that bespoke the pride of generations of Castilian ancestry.

"That little girl is in for a hard time of it," I told myself. "She has saved my all for me, and now she has got to take the consequences of betraying that dirty dad of hers, and of causing the rout of her country's armies. I ought to take her with me. But then—."

But then the image of the fair-haired, intellectual girl away back in God's country grew dim indeed. It was now or never with me.

"The Lady or the Tiger?" I mused; "the Peach or the Pomegranite?"

Thunder grumbled among the hills.

"The escort waits, senor," General Hondo reminded me. There was a deafening crash; and then—

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

"Excuse me for knocking that dictionary off the table; but I would like to have a story some time before the fifteenth," the literary editor was saying.

"How long have I been asleep?" I asked.

"Don't know; I have been here about three minutes."

A. M. S., '11.

### \* \* \* \*

## THE SOUTH'S NEED OF AMBITIOUS AND ENERGETIC YOUNG MEN.

This is an age of advancement; an age that tests, and proves the ability of one man to rise higher in his profession than his comrades. And, to attain to this distinction in life, a young man must be very ambitious, and energetic, or his comrades will leave him struggling by the wayside. Of course, we are not excluding education, for what will ambition amount to without education?

As you travel over this fair Southland of ours today, you can see vast areas of land that are lying dormant, you might say, simply for the lack of some hustling, energetic person to uncover the treasure that lies hidden underneath the soil. You can find streams on every side of you; that, if they were harnessed with modern machinery, and controlled by some wideawake man, would drive all the mills and factories necessary to manufacture the raw products of the soil.

Look at the Westerner! He is flying the banners of prosperity high above the heads of us Southern people. He is

not stopping to meditate, and cogitate upon the accomplishments of the past, but he is moving onward with an energetic spirit, striving to make the future far exceed the past. We Southern people are inclined to be too well satisfied with what we have already accomplished; consequently, the other sections of the country are progressing more rapidly than we are. True it is that every Southerner has a right, and ought, to feel proud of the past record of his county; but, he cannot afford to sit down and glory over the past, for some day the past will grow old. We must do things now, and make a good record every day, or our future will not be what it should.

Just look at the number of our Southern boys, who, as soon as they complete the prescribed course at the graded school, are contented to go into some dry goods or grocery store, and work for a "measly" little salary of a few dollars per month. Occasionally some of these boys make successful men, but too many of them fail completely. What would our forefathers thinks, and say, if they could visit our land today, and see the wonderful advantages and opportunities that are within our grasp? I believe that I can hear them musing thus to themselves, "Oh, that I were young again." We must do greater things than our fathers have done, or we will fail to fulfill their heart's desire. And, to do this, we will have to set out ideals high, and profit by the mistakes of others.

The future for the ambitious Southerner is bright. Cotton has been higher this year than ever before in the history of the world, and it is attracting the viligant eye of the business man as being a profitable investment in the future. But planting cotton is far from being the only paying industry in the South. We have acres upon acres of land in our Piedmont region, and lowlands, that could be made to sustain thousands of head of cattle and live stock, if they

were only covered with a verdant sheet of bermuda grass. We have ideal locations for truck farms, dairy farms, factories and various other business enterprises. And the young man that the South is calling for today, is the one that is aware of the existence of these opportunities and is willing to put his whole heart and soul into them. Of course, you can find many such men as these all over the South, and they are succeeding, too, but there is ample room for many more.

Our agricultural and mechanical colleges are sending out hundreds of prepared men every year to take hold of the various opportunities that are awaiting them. And when we get enough of such men as these scattered about over our country, and they prove true to their work, we will have a land flowing with milk and honey—a land to be boastful of. Our Northern and Western friends will stand off and look on in amazement. The scenes will change, instead of our buying our provisions from them, you will see mighty engines pulling train loads of produce, winding their way over the broad meadow lands—headed for Northern and Western markets.

Let every ambitious Southern youth rise up, and put his shoulder to the wheel with a spirit that was so characteristic of our grandfathers, in the days of '76, and we will have a South—a glorious South! We will be an independent people.

H. H. S., '12.

# \* \* \* \* THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

In one of the most beautiful sections of Western Carolina, there stands a lovely mansion called by the people of the community, "The House of Sorrow." Situated on a lordly bluff overlooking Broad River, magnificent in its proportions, beautiful in its surroundings, and ideal in its

setting, the house would seem to have been the place where love and domestic happiness ruled, but such was not the case.

'Twas here, in the early part of the present century, that a young man brought his beautiful bride to share with him his wealth and luxury. For awhile, all was peace and happiness. The bride, besides having the qualities of a good housekeeper, was graceful and accomplished, and as the husband was handsome and highly educated, everyone predicted that the union would be blessed.

Soon, however, the man's natural craving for strong drink, inherited from intemperate forefathers, and fostered by luxury and vice, began to gain an ascendancy over him and instead of fighting it with the strong will with which he was endowed, he allowed his will to become a tool of the tempter. His wife, being of that strong nature, and having that self-sacrificing devotion characteristic of Southern women, tried hard to keep her place in his heart. Willingly, and without complaining, would she endure his vile cursing and abusive language, until her very humility and devotion seemed to enrage him.

When she was married, the girl thought that by kindness and love, she would reform her husband, but now, she saw that life with him was a living hell. Friends of her youthful days would come to her, and with tears and broken voices, beg her to leave the human brute. To them all she would slowly shake her head, and deafen her ears to their appeals. It seemed that his will had completely absorbed her very soul.

Soon, he began to bring home friends of like nature, and for miles around could be heard their shouts and sounds of drunken ribaldry. At these carnivals of wine, he would force his lovely wife to grace the scene, and as she sat with pale face and drawn features, he would fill her ears with indecent remarks, and heap upon her every form of vile abuse. When he saw that his coarse words would no longer have the desired affect, he would cause her to bare her shoulders to the whip, and as scream after scream rang out in the still night, he would laugh and jeer, till some of the more humane of his friends forced him to quit.

After this, the two began to draw off from the rest of the world—visiting no one and receiving none except the servants who came to the house for instructions. People, who happened to pass the house, would sometimes see a pale, wistful face gazing across the waters of the rippling Broad, like a caged bird, longing to be free. Then, sometimes, a "darkey," with rolling eyes and trembling knees, would tell of the shrieks and moans which he heard as he passed the night before.

One night in the dead of winter, the husband decided to end the life of the person whose very devotion and passive submissiveness enraged him, and with diabolical cunning, he conceived the idea of substituting poison for the quinine with which she was trying to cure a cold. And there, in the dead of night with no one to see but his God, he watched his wife with fascinated eyes as she drank down the deadly poison. He saw her struggle, scream—then moan with pain. Then, all became quiet—bending down, he heard the words, "Our Father which art in heaven," and he saw a beautiful smile sweep over her face. He could stand it no longer, and with a yell of terror, he sprang from the house and ran, bareheaded and disheveled, to the village for help. Help came, and with it, the officers of the law.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

He can be seen today, walking up and down, in his cell at the State prison. His beautiful home is deserted—negroes, passing at night, speak in awed voices, and run at the slightest breath of wind. He sits in his cell and beats

impotently at the bare stones in his agony of soul. When the curtains of night are drawn down, his cries of terror can be heard resounding through the courtyard of the prison, till they seem to reach upward to the skies. As an answer, these words come back to him, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

F. H. J., '11.

# \* \* \* \* MAKING MANHOOD.

So often we hear the expression, "It is easier to acquire money than character." After thinking over this matter, a large class of the world's people will say that wealth and standing are not to be considered when it comes to the question of manhood. Better be a man than merely some weak lord or king. But, sad to say, men at present seem to look for false standards of honor more than for good.

A few gentlemen are born, others are made. We say this because so often men are born and reared as perfect gentlemen, but later prove false. While on the other hand, we find men who at first seem ungentlemanly, then after a certain time prove otherwise. True is the proverb, "Manners make the man." At the same time a better way would be to say, "The man makes his manners." These manners will control his success in life, or see to a big part of it.

So often we see fathers who turn their boys out and allow them to do as they wish. A boy of under-age should always be accompanied by his father, when going out to see sights and enjoy city amusements, until he has reached the age where his habits are formed.

More boys have gone down in ruin, simply from the lack of proper attention in early life. It is easy to hide some things for awhile, but sooner or later they work out. Too often we have this saying come true, "Ignorance is bliss and wisdom folly." So there are things that a boy never learns until he is damaged for life.

The truest test of a country today is the kind of men it turns out. Manhood stands above all titles. It makes no difference whether a man is rich or poor, but what he is. Character is the greatest capital known.

Moral men always try to avoid repulsive and immoral men. Virtue itself is offended when in contact with vulgar manners. We see men who make their way in life, not by their talents, but by their kindness. Good manners, like sunshine, are welcomed everywhere, and if there is one thing this world needs it is this kind of sunshine. Good manners is the key to success. To illustrate, we might take the Romans, who worshiped virtue and honor as gods. Two temples were built, so that the temple of honor could not be entered without passing through the temple of virtue. When the Greeks and Romans were at their best days, honor was the chief motive. Soon this changed, and wealth became the surest road to honor. Then the Rome was Rome no more, when gold could purchase with ease the honors that patriotism and value once secured only with difficulty.

W. A. B., '10.

# \* \* \* \* HIS SOLE ASSET.

Bailey stood contemplating the crowds that surged below his office window. His thoughts however, were far away. "I wonder," he asked himself, almost belligerently, "what the deuce made that worthy forebear of mine make St. Valentine's Day such an occasion for family gatherings? Just because he happened to be knighted on that date, should not necessarily follow that—but, pshaw!" he continued, disgustedly, "what's the use of kicking? The 'pater' has asked me to be sure and come. 'We all want you, and need you.'

Good Lord! Did he think that I needed urging! But unless the railroads are presenting free tickets, I don't see how I'm going. The proverbial convict is a bloated bondholder when compared financially with 'yours truly.'"

He turned and faced the irresponsive furnishings of his rather dingy office. It had all the essentials of the average law office. The desk, chairs and shelves of books were in evidence. Around the walls were placed a few pictures, one of which, a knight in armor, but with his helmet held in hand, was immediately in front of the desk. To this picture, in lieu of a better audience, he addressed his remarks.

"Ye gods, but it's tough not to be able to join the old folks in their annual gathering." I'd be almost willing to foot it, but I couldn't face dad as a failure—or mother—and Nell! Gee, whiz! I'd forgotten her. I must send some kind of memento to her. Though where it's coming from, I'd sure like to know."

His mournful ruminations were abruptly interrupted by a brisk knock on the door.

"Come in," he invited, wondering which particular collector had called.

The door opened to admit a rather stout, bewhiskered, befurred personage, who proceeded to divest himself of his gloves and overcoat.

"Mr. Bailey, I presume."

"Yes, sir," admitted Bailey.

"Princeton, '06-'torney at law?"

"Yes, sir, but-"

"Well, Mr. Bailey, I'd like to get you to attend to a little legal business. If you can spare a few moments—"

Bailey gasped. "Spare a moment! an hour, sir! What can I do for you?"

The newcomer, seemingly, let his enthusiasm pass unnoticed, for he proceeded in the same calm tone:

"Yes, just a little legal formality—not much trouble. Purely technical, I think. I can pay you the retainer now if you wish—or, I suppose, you'd prefer hearing the nature of the business first?" he looked up, with the suggestion of a smile.

Bailey assented a nod.

"Well," he resumed, "I represent the Federated Tack Company. Heard of them, I suppose? There is a small company here who are infringing on our patents. The whole thing is this: You will at once proceed to get all the injunctions, known to the devilish pusuit of law, against their use of these machines. See? And keep getting them out. I don't care what it costs, just keep that plant from running for the next month, and you can name your own fee. Within reason, of course. Here are all the necessary 'powers' and papers. Now for the retainer. How will five hundred do? 'Nough? All right, here you are." He pulled off five yellow backs from a roll and accepting the receipt which Bailey dazedly offered him, was gone before the former could catch his breath to ask any questions.

Bailey looked around, bewilderedly. The whole conversation seemed so unreal that he doubted the reality of it all. His eyes fell on the bills, and putting out his hands he touched them gingerly. They, at least, were not intangible. Then, as a realization of his good fortune came over him, he could hardly refrain from shouting.

"By Jove!" he vowed, profanely, "maybe I won't send Nell that 'something' now, and maybe I won't telegraph the 'pater' to look out for me; and maybe—"

The many pictures that appeared in his mind at the sight of that little pile of paper caused him to caper about with joy. Bailey phoned immediately for an A. D. T. and two dozen American Beauty roses, and then sat down to compose the accompanying note:

"Dear Miss Thompson," it began, rather formally, "please pardon such an incongruous valentine. I am such a hopeless amateur on such matters that I didn't dare select one of those 'frilly' paper things. May I call tonight and finish that discussion of—Maeterlink, that we were having?

Merely, J. B. B."

He scarcely waited for the door to close on his messenger to continue his demonstrations. Possibly a minute afterward he was again interrupted by a knock on the door.

This time, Bailey opened the door himself, and proceeded to fall bodily on the person whom it disclosed.

"Why, Judge! Where on earth did you drop from? Man, this must be Christmas instead of the middle of February. Have a seat, and tell me something of the folks." For he recognized an old family friend, and he longed for some sympathetic friend to whom he could tell his good news.

"Well, James," returned the 'Judge,' carefully laying aside his hat and gloves before siting down. "Effusive as ever, I see. Don't you ever lose your excess of spirits? How are you progressing in the noble pursuit of justice as shown by our statutes?"

"Fine, Judge, fine. Never had better outlooks." Which was literally true.

"I'm glad to hear it, my boy. Very glad, indeed. I always said that you'd be a good lawyer—ever since you convinced me that you climbed my pear trees to view the scenery!" The old man smiled, reminiscently. Then, with a sigh, "I wish I could say the same for myself."

"About the pear tree or the outlooks?" asked Bailey, jestingly.

"Outlooks!" answered his visitor, seriously. Bailey looked up in surprise. He remembered that 'Judge' Landis

was supposed to have the largest practice in the State. The Judge caught the look, and hastened to explain.

"You know I stopped active practice in June, to go into the manufacturing business."

"And the manufacturing business doesn't manufacture?" asked Bailey, jocosely.

"The business would do very well, James, if those business sharks would let it alone. They 'hog' it all these days, and an honest man must 'knuckle or die.' My case is merely one of a thousand, that are occurring in the different branches of American commercial life. 'Give us all you've got and take what we give you,' they say, and expect a man—a Southerner, to surrender. Never! By God! I'll starve before they lay their dirty hands on my plant!"

"Put me wise, Judge. Who has been doing you?" Jim asked anxiously. He saw that the old man was very serious.

"Why, I thought you knew—it's that Federated Tack combination. They own everything, and want my little plant! My plant, that I've starved for—fought for—aye, and will fight for!"

Bailey felt his heart stop beating for a moment. He could hardly have expressed the nameless dread that grasped him.

"And your company is—?" he asked huskily.

"The Independent—why, boy, what's wrong? You look positively ill!"

"N—nothing, Judge. Go on. Tell me about it. I really haven't heard a word of this before."

"Well, after I quit practicing, I looked around for a place to invest my spare cash. Immediately this tack proposition struck me. So I formed this company, bought out the Independent plant and went to work. The market was fair, and everything pointed to easy sailing. About a month ago,

however, I received a visit from one of these F. T. C. men. They were ready to buy me out, he informed me. I told him that I wasn't on the market, especially to them. He simply told me to 'think it over.' In a week he came again. They were still ready to buy me out or let me enter the 'ring.' I kicked him out of the office, telling him that I'd see them in-Jericho before I join that gang. Then the trouble started. Underbid-undersold-loans refused by their banks—they went through the whole line. But the final straw came just now. A friend told me that they were going to get injunctions on my patents. 'Infringement on previous patents,' I believe they put it. Of course, it's a lie. But it will work. If I can't take up my notes, the F. T. C. buys in my plant. See? Simple, isn't it? But there, I'm worrying you with my misfortunes. Don't let them bother you. I'm still 'alacking,' if it does seem hopeless." After a few more words of cheery optimism, he took his leave.

Behind him, Bailey, his air castles crumbling one by one, was facing the problem of his life. He had looked on his trip as assured, and his heart sickened at the idea of giving it up. To add to his already overflowing cup, the A. D. T. returned, bearing a reply to his "valentine."

"Will be delighted, Jim. Come at eight. We will have the library all to ourselves. N——."

Bailey groaned. He had hoped to propose to her that night. Thinking his brightened prospects warranted the step. This, too, would now have to be postponed, to await the all-too-uncertain future.

He thought, too, looking gloomily from the window, of his doting parents at home. They trusted him so much were so satisfied that he was "fast making good" in the city. It was more than hard to disappoint. He hesitated, fingering the notes, while all these thoughts passed with lightning rapidity through his brain. On one hand was love, joy and the gratification of his aged parents; on the other, honor and integrity to the ideals of friendship. The first seemed so incomparably large; the second so minute. Mental pictures of himself and her, before the fire; of the greeting he would receive at home; of himself as a noted barrister passed in quick succession before his mind's eye; and momentarily he wavered. There he thought of Judge Landis, old, gray, certain of defeat, but battling to the last to prove the spirit of "a South'ner and a gentlem'n, suh." That settled it.

"Even a dog will fight for a friend," muttered Bailey, rather huskily. He turned again to his desk, and wrote two brief notes. One to her, breaking the engagement for that night; the other to the F. T. C.:

"Dear Sir: I am returning you, herewith, five hundred (\$500) dollars, retainer in the case of Federated Tack Company vs. Independent Tack Company. I regret that I will be unable to handle this for you. Thanking you for the opportunity, I remain, Very truly yours,

J. B. BAILEY."

"At any rate," muttered J. B. Bailey, and squaring his shoulders, "I'm no pauper. I still have my sole asset," and he glanced at the painting of his knightly ancestor. Across the bottom, almost obliterated by the ravages of times, was written in a royal hand, "Among the honorable, the most honorable."

Н. С. ВЕАТУ, 1911.

#### VENGEANCE IS MINE.

"I'll get even with you yet," muttered Hubert Cameron, as he went to his room, there to stay for the remainder of the afternoon as punishment for some act of disobedience. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he began to formulate a plan by means of which he, owing to his misconception of his mother's just punishment, might get even with his parents for the numerous fancied wrongs which he had received at their hands during the past year.

Completing, to his satisfaction, his course of action, he went to bed. The next day he secured some red ink, and late in the afternoon, he filled a large sack with sand and hid it underneath the house. He retired to his room earlier than usual that night, but at eleven o'clock he got up and went out, very quietly, into the yard. Securing a ladder from the barn, he carefully raised it to the window of his room. After sprinkling a plentiful supply of the red ink over the bedclothes, he allowed a few drops to fall on the floor between the bed and the window. Then going down the ladder, he took the heavy bag of sand and dragged it from the foot of the ladder across the flower beds and lawn of the front yard. Arriving in the street, he scattered the sand over the road and hid the sack carefully in the back yard. Feeling now that his parents would never know what became of him, he started out on his journey, going nowhere in particular, just leaving home.

The next morning when Hubert failed to appear at the breakfast table, his father went up to see what was wrong. As he entered, he noticed at a glance the tumbled appearance of the room. Hubert was not in the bed, and, to his horror, the sheets and floor were covered with blood. Seeing that the drops of blood led to the window, he rushed over, and looking out, saw the ladder and the faint trace

across the front yard as if some heavy body had been dragged along.

Almost distracted, he called the servants. No, they had not seen or heard anything during the night. Tho' it seemed impossible that murder could have been committed without some one being aroused, yet Mr. Cameron was certain that there had been foul play. The detectives were called in and everything possible was done to ascertain Hubert's whereabouts, but it was all in vain. Not a clue, not a trace could be found.

But, to follow Hubert in his wanderings. "Come out o' that," shouted a brakeman, as he was passing an empty in the car-yard of G——, some hundred miles from the city where the Camerons lived. Hubert, for it was he whom the brakeman was addressing, sleepy-eyed, with hair matted and clothes torn and dirty, hurried to the open door of the car and scrambled out. He forgot for the moment where he was. It all seemed like a dream. When the circumstances flashed over his mind, and he found his way to the business portion of the city.

Realizing now that he must earn his own living, he bought some papers with what few cents he had and endeavored to sell them. Trade was dull; tho' tired and discouraged, he walked on and on, thinking over the past and wishing he were at home. As he walked, he looked about him and saw that he was in a strange part of the city. On both sides of the street were large houses shaded by trees, through which the moonbeams shone, casting over the little wanderer a spell of lonesomeness. Thoroughly fatigued, he crawled up to the nearest doorstep and slept the sleep of the weary.

He was awakened from his troubled dreams by a voice which tried to be sharp, "Chile, whut yo' doin' heah?" Another voice, one sweet and tender, demanded from inside the door what it was that Dinah had found.

"Missus, heah's a little boy out heah. He been 'sleep."

"Bring him in to the fire, Dinah, and get him some breakfast."

Hubert, for it was he, was ushered into a sitting room, where there was a cheerful fire burning in the grate. As he stepped in, a pleasant odor of breakfast greeted him. A woman of middle age was sitting near the fire, and, as he stepped in, she looked up at him. Her face, on which was written perfect peace, immediately took on a troubled look. For there before her stood the living image of one who had been very dear to her. Altho' very anxious to ask the strange boy some questions, she decided to wait until he had been better clothed and fed.

"He am de bery livin' image of little Marse Henry," said Dinah to Mrs. Berns, as she went out to the kitchen to see about his breakfast.

"He certainly is, Dinah, but it can't be! It can't be!" exclaimed Mrs. Berns.

After a hearty breakfast, Hubert retired with Mrs. Berns to the sitting room. Here, Mrs. Berns endeavored to ascertain the name of the strange boy, but all to no purpose. He would not tell his real name, as he was afraid, and Mrs. Berns gave up with a sigh the hope she had nourished.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

It was a month since the scene which I have just related. Hubert Cameron was still in the home he had found. As he sat chatting with Mrs. Berns one day, he thought of his home, his mother and father, and how they must have suffered on account of him, and he decided to tell Mrs. Berns his story and return home. As he finished, telling his real name at last, Mrs. Berns uttered an exclamation: "My brother, my brother!"

As soon as possible a telegram was sent to Mr. Cameron, and he came on the next train. So glad was he to see this,

his long lost sister, that he almost forgot his son. Finally turning to him, he said: "Son, you have probably learned by this time that your parents know best, and that they try to do nothing except that which is best for their children. I forgive you and thank you for what you have brought to me, for this, my only sister, I had lost, and through you, by the merciful hand of God, she has been found."

"But, father, I don't understand. I am sorry now for what I did, and I realize now that you and mother know best. Please tell me about Mrs. Berns."

To make a long story short, Mr. Cameron told his son how, after he had been reported dead in the battle of Gettysburg, he had been captured by the Yankees. He had lain in prison for a year, and when he went home he found no one—and no one knew where his sister was. He had left the home place and had gone out into the world to fight the battle alone. Now, at last, he had found, in Mrs. Berns, his sister.

Mr. Cameron was happy, but I think that Hubert was the happier. For during the past few weeks he had learned a great lesson, and that was that one doesn't always know what is best for himself.

J. A. D., '11.

\* \* \* \*

Scholarship is the aim of every form of human education. And it is not a mere matter of books. It is a spirit, a method of doing, and a point of view which should be applied to the work of both hand and head. To strive to apply intellectual standards, thoroughness of method, and the spirit of service to all the common work of life, in shop, or store, or office, or on the farm is practical scholarship, and, to recognize that work done in any other way is of the nature of an immorality is to have the scholar's ideal.

HENRY N. SNYDER,
Wofford

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS. '10

This is a practical age, and practical men are required to hold the most important positions. The engineering and agricultural professions are yearly demanding more thorThe Technical College oughly trained men. It is the aim of an A. and M. college to train just such men. Notwithstanding the evidence of their own senses, there are some people

who continually try to injure this class of colleges. They use petty methods, and make a great noise about nothing. We think that such persons are too narrow minded and prejudiced to know what is for their own good. They are like the farmer who wouldn't vote for the good roads bonds because the steam roller used in the road construction was a recent invention. We believe that the State has an institution where such persons are to be cared for.

There can be no doubt as to the amount of good done by these technical institutions. Several of the great Wesern Universities have proved of incalculable value to their States. Why should not the Southern Colleges do the same?

It is our opinion that a college without college spirit is like the proverbial ship without a rudder. By college spirit we do not mean a rebellious feeling toward the rules, but rather a determination to help the institution succeed in every department. In athletics, especially, is this College loyalty desirable. Nothing helps a team so much Spirit as to know that it has the support of the entire student body. If our team wins a victory, it is only right that we should show our appreciation of our comrades' work by celebrating the triumph. We can see no harm whatever in the boys yelling, and marching around the campus a little after a well-fought battle has been won. We think it rather shows that the students are proud of their college.

THE class football games which are now being played help to develop the material for the next year's "varsity." The spirit, too, which is brought out by the friendly rivalry on the gridiron, is a great incentive to the develop
Class ment of the true, manly college spirit that should 
Football be in evidence at every institution. The only drawback to class football is the liability of the 
players to accident. The protection which is used in the 
class games is very much inferior to that used in the reg
ular intercollegiate matches.

We are especially glad to see the under classmen taking so much interest in the class games. This argues well for next year's "varsity." Keep up the old "Tiger" spirit, boys. The college needs all the life and vigor it can get.



Editors:
H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

One of the best of our new year's magazines is The College Reflector. This being a special short story issue, we naturally expect many short stories of that type. Its volume and high class stories certainly reflect no discredit upon the institution. Opposite the table of contents, we note a picture of the A. & M. Regiment, which makes a very creditable showing. "One Who Lost" points out how the innocent often suffer. One word of sympathy and encouragement from the one of all he should most have expected it would have kept the poor man from despairing. Kind words are easily spoken. "The Glowing Coal" indeed kept the old bachelor from being caught in an embarrassing con-The story is a good one, but the bachelor should not have let such an incident destine his future. "His Lovalty" is a very good story. It teaches us how the flag of our nation, when viewed in foreign realms, is a call to us for manhood. The poetry shows that most of the time and attention was given to stories and not to verse. Notwithstanding the fact that so many have been on "A Trip to Mars" in their imagination, the story is interesting. Perhaps these predictions may some time become realities. Of the two narrative stories, "Poaching," and "A Fishing Trip," the former is the better. The "yarn" in the latter could have

been made better. The Local Department occupies rather more space than its importance demands. The editorial, "The Time to Study" contains much good advice. The best time to study is when there is least to think about. The Industrial Department should encourage students to do more writing along that line. The other departments are well filled. What a truth in the closing lines of the magazine:

Our credit is built upon things we do,
Our debit upon things we shirk;
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.

\* \*

"Perhaps it is due to the new Washington-regulated electric clock that" the Palmetto for January came out on time. The Literary Department contains four poems, one essay and three storiettes. The essay on glaciers is an interesting and instructive article. We regret deeply that it did not arrive before our geology examination. "Marm Hester's Tomb" is a beautiful tribute to a faithful slave. "For the Sake of His Regiment" tells of a child's bravery at a trying time. "The Telegram" confirms the saying that woman doesn't know her own mind. "The Old Man's Story" has no plot whatever, but perhaps the descriptive effect is worth mentioning. "The Violets" is a very feeling story, picturing the love that exists between a mother and her only child. The two editorials are thoughtful and well written. The Christmas spirit should have prompted the Exchange Editor to be very generous in her criticisms, but we fail to see the part it played. The Y. W. C. A. and Local Departments are good.

\* \*

The Lenorian for January possesses quality rather than quantity. The one poem is a credit to any magazine. The

meter is smooth and the thought is very good. The sketch of John Henry Boner is well written, and gives us some interesting facts regarding this poet of Southern birth and Southern thought, for he is indeed a poet who pictures in song and story the simple life of his people. "The Call of the Wild" is a good bit of description. "The Engineer's Story" is the usual account of a girl's bravery, who sends a message and prevents a train robbery. As it happened long ago, the hero and heroine married and lived happily ever afterwards. "The Southern Plantation" is another bit of description. The Literary Department, we think, is entitled to more than one poem. The other departments are very good.

\* \*

The Tennessee University Magazine is one of the best publications that comes to our desk. The poetry is lacking in comparison to the stories and essays of the Literary Department. The essays are of all kinds, historical, exposition, etc. The stories are all interesting little sketches, true to life. We notice that some of the stories are continued. While this can't especially be condemned, still it is doubtful if they create the same impression as a non-continued story. The editorials are somewhat in the nature of an appeal. We realize the work it takes to establish an honor system, in reality, and our sympathies are with the ones engaged in promoting the cause. A Y. M. C. A. Department might not be a bad addition to the magazine.

\* \*

The Chatterbox for January is a neat, attractive magazine, but, we trust, not a new year resolution. On the whole the magazine is too small, while not sacrificing quality for quantity, the latter means a great deal to the book. The poetry is good, the essays are rather short, and the stories—well, there's only one.

The January issue of *The Mountaineer* is a well-balanced magazine, and is up to the usual standing. The essay, "John Bannister Tabb," deserves special mention, showing research work and thought on the part of the author. "January in Fable and in History" is a timely sketch; in fact, *The Mountaineer* seems to be noted for essays. Forty-eight pages of literary matter is above the average magazine, and *The Mountaineer* staff is to be congratulated.

\* \*

Among our new exchanges, we find The Erothesian, from the students of Lander College, very interesting. We are always glad to welcome any new exchange, especially this one, as it is the first issue; and, judging from the beginning, this magazine shows evidence of becoming one of our best. The arrangement of material is different from the ordinary magazine. Following the editorials, which clearly outline the purpose of the magazine, is found interesting sketches of the two societies that established the publication. Can an Educated Woman Best Use Her Education?" is a forcibly written article in which the question is ably answered by the author, viz.: "in the home life." In "Her Brother's Friend" the author shifts the scenes most too abruptly, but, despite this, gave an interesting story. "The Homecoming of a Soldier Boy" brought joy to all in the end. "Her Sacrifice" teaches what a person will undergo for a true friend's sake. Friendships formed at college are often most lasting. May you have much success in your great work.

\* \*

After reading *The Red and White*, we had to ask ourselves the question: "Where are the students of A. & M.? There are very few productions, and still fewer written by the students. One story—only one—yet it was written by an "outside friend." A friend in time of need is a friend

indeed. There can be no objections whatever to printing stories written by our friends, but, in our opinion, a college magazine should first seek to increase the literary interest of the student body. "A Trip to the Philippines" is an interesting article, and favorably impresses those who read it. "White Man's First Trip to Lake Waccamaw" is entertaining from a historical point of view. The departments are well edited, especially the Editorial and Y. M. C. A. Short stories and essays are two essential features that should require attention.

\* \*

The Alumni Number of the Furman Echo is filled with good, sound reading, as we should naturally expect, coming as it did from the more experienced. The Wofford College Journal for January contains its usual quota of high class stories and essays. To spend an hour with The Concept is to have an hour of pleasure and entertainment. The magazine is neatly bound, and the print is above the average.

\* \*

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of our old exchanges, and greet the appearance of a few new ones.

# \* \* \* \* \* CLIPPINGS.

### Recognizing the Symptoms.

Percy—Um—er—er—ah—I want—er—ur a— Jeweler—Certainly, sir. Samuel, bring me that tray of engagement rings.—Exchange.

\* \*

"You don't doubt my veracity, do you?"

"No, I don't; you haven't any."

### To a Wild Rose by the Wayside.

Sweet, simple, lovely wildrose, Waiting to fade an' dee, I think o' you wi' longing sigh, An' tears start frae mine e'e.

Sweet, simple, lonely wildrose, Standing by th' wayside; Nae comfort there sae bleak and bare, When comes th' wintry tide.

Sweet, simple, fading wildrose,
Ling'ring on th' cold braes,
Ben' low your form while blow the storm.
An' sleep till summer days.

## It Was Relished.

"Yes, dear; it was very sweet of you to give it to me."
"Well, Towser didn't; he spit it out twice."

\* \*

There was a young lady named Banker, Who slept while the ship was at anchor.

She awoke in dismay,

For she heard the mate say,

Now hoist the top sheet and spanker.

-Exchange.

\* \*

Sympathetic Old Person—Poor man, are you married? Hobo—No, lady; I git dis worried look from dodgin' work.

+ +

Dr. Thomas (speaking of Elizabethan age)—How old was Elizabeth?

Boulware (absent-mindedly)—Seventeen last birthday.

### Guess What Happened.

As he met her in the darkened hall
He whispered, "I bring you some roses."
What think you of this answer irrelevant?
She said: "How cold your nose is!"

\* \*

There's a girl from the Land of Lynn, Who was so exceedingly thin,

That when she essayed

To drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

\* \*

Visitor—Did the college course equip your son with anything useful in farm life?

Farmer—I reckon; them cigarettes he smokes keep mosquitoes off of the porch and his sweaters make fust-class scarecrows."

\* \*

College girls are very slow (?)
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.—Ex.

\* \*

Quisenberry—Why do the Caldwell girls rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?

"Gus" Bethel—To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves.

\* \*

"Seems to me," murmured the kid as his mother came at him with a hair brush and his father with a slipper, "that they both have the same end in view."

### Stung!

Enthusiastic professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms—Now, if I should shut my eyes—so, and drop my head—so, and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?

Voice from the rear—A clod-hopper! Class is dismissed.

\* \*

Fresh (talking to young lady from Peace)—What's better than an idea?

Young Lady—I'm sure I' don't know.

Fresh-You, dear.

\* \*

Two little preps had a dream one night,
Dreamed they went to heaven on the tail of kite,
But the kite string broke, and sad to tell
Instead of going to heaven, then went—to town.

+ +

Physician—What are you doing in that tub? You'll catch your death.

Patient—But, doctor, didn't you tell me to take the pills in water?

\* \*

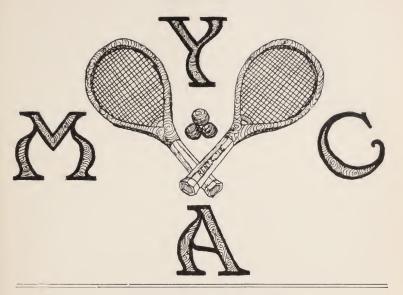
"You are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot they could never undo.

"Which one?" asked the bride.

"You will have to settle that yourselves," said the clergyman.

\* \*

'Twas in a restaurant they met, One Romeo and Juliet; And since that time he's been in debt, For Romeo'd what Juli-et.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

#### Professor Geer.

At our last Sunday evening service, we were very fortunate in having with us Professor Geer, of Furman University. Professor Geer spoke to our Y. M. C. A. last year, and every one who heard him then were glad to hear that he was coming again. Those who heard him this year for the first time will be glad hereafter to hear that he is coming.

Professor Geer is, as he said, a boy among boys. Though he is our senior in years and experience, as well as other things, he is so thoroughly acquainted with boys and their problems, that he is one of the few men who are prepared to reach the real side of a college boy's life. During his talk he expressed very plainly and forcefully the fact that the business men of today are realizing the importance of the Y. M. C. A. work among boys, and their taking an active

part in promoting the work. He also pointed out the way in which boys of today have to choose between the physical and spiritual paths of life just as Christ did in the time of His temptations, when He selected the path of God instead of the "broad path."

Professor Geer will always have a warm place in the hearts of those Clemson men who know him, and be welcomed here by those who know of him.

## Mr. Prevost.

Wednesday evening at our prayer-meeting, Mr. Prevost, our general secretary, gave part of his report on the Rochester Convention. Those who heard the report, and who did not attend the convention, realized before the report was finished that they missed a great convention by not being able to attend this one. In the limited time which he had, Mr. Prevost presented many facts in a few words concerning the Rochester movement.

## State Sunday School Convention.

The delegates to the Sunday School Convention, which is to be held at Rock Hill, were elected last Sunday, and we hope that they will all be able to attend. Those who attended the convention at Orangeburg last year were well paid in spiritual blessings for their trip, and it is very evident that this will be a better convention than the one held at Orangeburg. The following students were elected as delegates: McKeown, A. A., Carothers, J. N., Barnett. W. A., Evans, S. E., Johnson, H. S., Summers, L. W., All, F. H., Dukes, O. O., Stribling, J. N., and Professors Keitt, Morrison and Hunter will also go as delegates from the Clemson Sunday School.

#### Mr. Towson.

Thursday evening Mr. Towson, of New York, delivered a most excellent address to many of the students and faculty of Clemson. Mr. Towson is a man who has won honors throughout the United States as an industrial secretary. Every one was delighted when they heard that Mr. Towson was coming, and they were charmed when they heard his lecture, which was full of messages and valuable information.

Mr. Towson said that humanly speaking today that industry is the greatest movement of today, and in order to realize this it was only necessary to think of the things which the past year brought us. He also stated that another of the greatest forces of today is the message of the Christian church, and that this message is being carried to the working class of men through the Y. M. C. A. These men, he said, are ready to receive the message of God. They are ready in the shops, in the mines, and in the railway shops. also reminded us of the fact that men of capital in every phase of life are spending money in order to present the Y. M. C. A. to those whom they employ. Every one is responding, even the lowest classes of Mexicans. Then, in a very tactful way, he explained why it is that college men are being measured in professional efficiency by their ability to handle men. May God bless Mr. Towson in his great work, and bring him to us again soon.

Mr. J. E. Johnson, a graduate of Clemson, '06, came with Mr. Towson, and though he did not give us a "public lecture," we were very glad to have him with us. Mr. Johnson was one of the leading men in the Y. M. C. A. during his college life.

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## The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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#### MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

I had just received the appointment of United States Consul at Lucerne, Switzerland. Since I already had some knowledge of this little, world-wide republic, with its manifold charms, I was very much elated when I found out that the steamship "Viviano," which would carry me to my far-off home, was to sail from New York within a few days.

On the morning of October 23, 19—, the "Viviano's" sharp blast was heard; and with a long farewell to my friends and my country, I turned my face towards my new home. I was congratulating myself on securing such comfortable quarters; but, to my surprise, after the second day on board, the captain asked me if I would not give up my quarters in favor of a young lady and her mother, who, it seems, had failed to secure passage. Being an "American," of course I readily consented; and, in the meantime, I shared the captain's cabin.

In vain, I tried to find out who this "young lady" and her mother might be-for, the expectancy of an interesting vovage presented itself to me, and the promise of such "delightful" company was cheering to my soul. For three whole days and nights, I was doomed to disappointment-but, at dinner, on the fifth day, in a secluded spot of the dining hall, I spied two ladies quietly sipping their chocolate—truly, an "American" girl was before me. I sat there perfectly fascinated, for how long, I knew not; but, in a few minutes they rose and walked out on deck. Mechanically, I followed them, and had hardly reached the deck when the "girl" turned, and, with her large brown eves resting full upon me, she quietly said: "Mr. Arnslot, my mother and I wish to thank you for your exceeding kindness," and they were gone. After taking my usual smoke on deck, I retired to the cabin for the night.

That night, I learned from the captain that the "girl" and her mother were registered as the "Fauncalls," of Fifth Avenue, New York; and with the promise of a formal introduction the following morning, I soon lapsed off into dreaming what joys my last days on board the "Viviano" would probably bring to me.

The last day effected a ripening acquaintance between us; consequently, when our ship steamed into the port of Venice,

it was with great reluctance that I bade my "friend" farewell; and, accompanied by two guides, I began my journey across the Apennines and the formidable Alps to take up my duties of consul.

Lucerne was really an ideal spot for one to spend the earlier years of his life. Situated on a beautiful lake, and surrounded by the all-inspiring snow-capped Alps, Lucerne furnishes to the world scenery so grand in magnificence that it is inconceivable to the human mind.

The duties of a consul are numerous; but the two important ones in my category were, always "to defend every American citizen," and perform "marriage ceremonies." Here, I mingled with tourists and adventurers from every world-wide nation, and, here, also many a pretty romance reached its culmination.

I was a little surprised, one day, to receive summons to come to Basel, a neighboring town, to investigate the detention of an American's baggage, which, it seemed, contained smuggled goods. Imagine my feelings, when I found that the American in trouble was none other than the "girl" who had pledged me her friendship on board the "Viviano."

I immediately had the baggage released, and, in the meantime, I found that she and her mother had been touring Italy, and were then on their way to Lucerne to take advantage of some of the magnificent scenery. Of course, I was overjoyed to accompany them there.

They were pleased to find me situated so well in Lucerne; and, in the meanwhile, the ever-present Fates were so successfully steering my course that, one day, after reciting many of my experiences, and, with much earnest solicitation on my part, to my great joy, "Rita Fauncall" agreed to "share" my consular duties with me. In less than a month I resigned my duties as consul, and "we" turned our faces to "dear old America." All of our friends were there to

meet us, and, incidentally, to offer their heartiest congratulations. I advised several of them to enter into the consular service without delay; although I well knew that they would never win such a "prize" as I had.

L. C. HARRISON, '11.

## HER EYES.

Those eyes! ye gods! more alluring than those Of virgins, who, in ancient times, On Scylla and Charybdis lured To certain death, the wayfarer. The fascination which doth dwell Within those eyes, resistless is. Now flashing forth with light of pride Sore wounded; tantalizing fun, Or filled with tender, heavenly light, They fascinate me, and then, they, With one cold look, can make me wish That earth would ope' and swallow me. Those eyes! They speak more fluently Than any human tongue. At one Glance I am lifted to the heights Of heaven, and, at another, hurled To the lowest depths of hell. Thus It is. I am their humble slave, And change it I would not. To be Their slave and serve them is to me The sweetest task I know on earth.

J. A. D., '11.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF A SOUTHERN ARCHITECTURE.

America has produced no distinctive type of architecture. There is a style known in architecture as the colonial, which was developed in America, but it is no more than a combination and adaptation of individual details from other distinct orders, such as the Dutch, the Flemish, and probably in certain points from the French and English of the time of the Stuarts. An example of this composite type is the well-known Longfellow house, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It will be noted that this building does not exemplify the popular idea of the colonial style, since it exhibits no columned porticos, terraces, and so forth; the fault lies, not with the building, but with the popular, and, as usual, erroneous idea as to what colonial architecture is.

America is a land of many races, religions, and arts. In the building of houses, as in other things, we have used the ideas of builders of various nations; and the results of our buildings are often disappointing, in that they represent, instead of the best things from many lands, nothing from anywhere.

Nearly every country, save our own, has contributed something to our architectural assets. England has given us shingled roofs and timbered gables; houses such as Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, have been used as the basis for a style that lends itself readily to American landscape. France has given us the chateau, the best American example of which is probably Biltmore, on the Vanderbilt estate in North Carolina. Italy governs the style of the villa; Fenway Court and Mark Twain's house in Connecticut have shown this style to good effect in America. Holland and Flanders are the donors of some very substantial farmhouses, gateways, doorways, and the other little details that make a small house effective. The old Dutch farm-

houses of New York and Pennsylvania are sources of delight to the student of home architecture. It is not unreasonable to suggest that some good ideas might be borrowed from Moorish, Hindoo, or even Chinese architecture, for use in the more southern parts of our country.

In lesser degree, many other nations have had a hand in the making of our houses. The Swiss chalet is not unknown in America; and for some of our churches, we can find no better model than the great gothic pile at Cologne, an exemplar of the style which the Germans have preserved for us.

But all of the styles mentioned are only incidental to our purpose. They indicate possibilities, as it were, of preventing too much of a sameness in our houses. The type of architecture with which we are chiefly concerned is the Georgian classic. The classic orders, as most of us know, were developed in ancient Greece. The three most important are the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. No architect has ever been able to improve on these ancient styles. They are most effective when applied to temples and palaces of state. In the time of George III of England, the classic orders were embodied in country houses and large residences; and it is in buildings of this character that American architects are at their best.

The architecture of the Georgian period is reflected in many of the fine old houses that were built in the American colonies at that time. "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, is a splendid example of the Georgian classic style, as built in the Southern colonies. Houses of this character are what the uninformed are accustomed to speak of as "Colonial."

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century, it seemed for a time as if a national architecture might be evolved. People began, in some degree, to adapt their homes to the needs of the country, instead of merely transplanting the ideas of

their old-country ancestry. Money, travel, and education all worked together to enable the well-born American citizen to erect a home that should be at once tasteful, suited to its environment, ornamental to the landscape, and comfortable. A house of this description is Fort Hill, on the campus of Clemson Agricultural College. It is not by any means the best example of antebellum architecture; it is not a large house, as houses were gauged before the war. But even now, after all these years, it is the best architectural specimen on the entire campus. Nine out of ten students can draw a passible representation of it from memory. Why? Because the lines along which it is built are simple and direct; because there is no useless and confusing attempt at ornament; and because every detail is made useful first, and beautiful afterwards. There is not another building on the campus, save perhaps, the Agricultural Hall, that can lav claim to any architectural distinction, because they were all built at a time when the taste of the people was for something novel, and odd, and bizarre.

It is not surprising that, in the South, especially, the people have obtained such unsatisfactory results in their housebuilding. The question with most Southern people has been, not so much how to build a beautiful house, as, how to get a place to live in. The War Between the States laid "Millwood," and many another palatial Southern home, in ashes. The returning soldier raised a new roof over the ashes of the old as best he could, for he had not the architect's fee or the contractor's price. His children grew up ignorant of all save how to get along in the world. Labor was unskilled. The carpenter could ill afford to spend three years in apprenticeship. The contractor who could build the cheapest house was in demand. Thus it happens that the houses in which most of us saw the light of day first were blots on the landscape, and nightmares to architects. From looking so

much at ugly houses and bare yards, we find ourselves unable to imagine anything better, or to appreciate what is good. But, nevertheless, those ugly houses have done the world a most noble service in sheltering the infant lives of the members of this august body.

But the last decade has seen an American architectural revival; and nowhere has its effect been seen more clearly than in the South. Men of education and means are going back to the houses of their grandfathers for ideas. Men of education and no means are building neat, tasteful, small houses, with the aid of the plans in architectural journals. Men of means and no education are leaving things to the architect, who is achieving beautiful, if costly, results. All signs seem to favor the art of the housebuilder. People are better informed. There is more money in the land. Tastes are improving. The time is ripe for the conception, the introduction, the development, and the perfection of an order of architecture which shall express the American taste, which shall adjust itself to American environment, and which shall express the home-loving character of the ideal American titizen. There is no section of the country so favorable for the accomplishment of this noble task as our own dear South. There is no generation of young men so well fitted to perform it as our own. Not all of us are going to be civil engineers; not all of our civil engineers are going to be architects, and not all of our architects are going to plan homes. But every man of us will some day own, or wish to own, a home; and it will be left to us, and to some one else, of course, to say what manner of house we shall live in. The architect can not determine what sort of house his client shall live in. He only supplies their demands. The taste of the house-owning public, then, will, in large measure, determine whether or not future nations will look to us for their house models.

It is too much to hope that a graduate of this college will ever develop a style of architecture that shall stand the test of the ages; but that every man of us shall have a hand in that lasting achievement is not too much to hope.

## \* \* \* \* THE MAID OF TWELVE.

Across the angry, beating sea,
The distant thunder rolled;
The lightning flashes here and there,
A mighty storm foretold.

The steamer Hope from port had sailed, She neared the rocky shoal; By angry waves she was tossed about, And over Neptune's deep did roll.

Upon the rocks, by tempests tossed,
The waves in fury beat;
And the ship of Hope—a work of art,
Lay battered in defeat.

From the lighthouse tower, a maid of twelve, The distant crash had heard; She called her father, he saw the wreck, But of his plans he spoke no word.

For four long hours upon the main,
They toiled with frenzied waves;
But by their fate the drowning seamen
Were rescued from their watery graves.

Full twenty years have come and gone,
Since the Hope was tempest-tossed;
But the name of the little lighthouse maid,
To history will ne'er be lost.

D. C. L., '13.

#### "NOORMAR."

At last she is here, this little girl of whom I have heard so much. I suppose Mildred is satisfied, now. For the past week, I have heard nothing, "when Noormar comes." I certainly hope that she and Mildred will have finished their reminiscences of college days, for I want to learn something of the girl who has been painted to me in such glowing colors.

The summer's day was fast drawing to a close, as Ralph was slowly driving along a beautiful country road which led to the home of his cousin, Mildred, only two miles away. As he drove, he was unconsciously speaking aloud his thoughts of the girl about whom he had heard so much. She had been the devoted friend of his cousin during their college course, and was now paying her first visit. Of course, as he was Mildred's constant companion, he was very much interested in her friend, and as equally impatient of her coming. Now, he was paying his first call, and was naturally wondering as to the outcome.

If he had wondered, his wonder was destined to turn into amazement, for when Noormar came floating towards him, with a smile playing about her lips, and with hand extended, he stopped with a gasp, his presence of mind lost in the radiance of her beauty. As through a distance, he heard Mildred's voice, "Noormar, my cousin Ralph." With a bow, he acknowledged the introduction, and was soon his natural self. As it was in midsummer. Mildred carried her guests out on the veranda, and smilingly excused herself on some improbable pretext. Left alone, the two soon became good friends, for each had known the other for several years through the medium of Mildred's letters. For a long while, the two sat in the moonlight, and when Ralph drove home that night, his quickly beating pulse, his throbbing temples,

and his feverish gayety, all spoke eloquently of his being in love.

From then, Ralph and George, an older brother, became constant visitors at Mildred's home. It seemed as if the surrounding country had become a paradise, and the four were intent on seeing all of its wonders. Then, too, there were dances, parties and picnics to while away the time. To all these, George and Ralph would take turns in escorting Noormar, until it began to be seen that both were passionately in love with her. At last, Ralph, being the more impulsive of the two, could stand the strain no longer, and one evening as he and Noormar stood side by side, watching the laborers gathering cotton in the broad fields surrounding Mildred's home, and listening at their songs which came plaintively to them, mellowed by the distance, the time and place seemed to cast over them a magic spell, and Ralph, bending under its influence, began to tell Noormar of his love. Passionately he poured out to her at white heat his worship and passion. Under the subtle influence of his tender words, Noormar's dark brown eyes began to soften, and for a moment, her whole being seemed transformed into a radiance of adoration; but as Ralph anxiously gazed into her upturned eyes, he saw a change come—her features became firm with a sudden resolve, for she had remembered his much talked of love for another girl, who also had been a college mate of hers. With a sigh of a soul in anguish, she slowly said: "No, Ralph, I cannot love you. I am sorry that you have mistaken my friendship for a deeper feeling. Forget me, except as a friend." Then, the horrid truth burne itself into Ralph's brain. He was awakened to the fact that he had played his brother false. Never before did he feel so dishonorable, os so like a coward. Bending his head, as in mute assent to her command, he turned and lost himself in the encircling gloom.

Back in her room that night, Noormar sobbingly told Mildred of the way in which she had treated Ralph; and, Mildred, instead of sympathizing, rebuked her for being so cruel. "Well," she said, "since you will not care for him, I suppose I will have to lavish on him all of my affections, for since Frances is engaged to Mr. Kennedy, Ralph will become a regular woman-hater." Noormar tried hard to suppress the joy which Mildred's words gave her, yet, had not Mildred suddenly left the room, she would have at once divined the truth.

Every day after that, Noormar watched eagerly for Ralph to come; but, as he thought George, only, would be welcome, then George should not be intruded upon. At last, her visit was drawing to a close—tomorrow she would leave. If only Ralph would come tonight. No, she would not write to him. Rather would she die, forever unloved, than humble her pride before anyone. She slowly strolled out into the beautiful grove to collect her thoughts, and to think of the pleasures and kindnesses of which she had been the recipient during her visit. But, like an avenging spirit, came before her mind the strained, despairing look on Ralph's face as he had left her. How different would be her answer, now, if she could only see him.

How long she lingered in the grove, Noormar did not know; but, when she aroused herself, the full moon was slowly replacing the thread of orange left by the sinking sun. The stars were bursting forth in all their glory, and the only sounds to be heard were the calling of the whippoorwill to his mate, mingled with the mellow voices of the negroes, as they retired to their cabins. The cotton fields were bathed with the beautiful beams of golden light. The southern night was settling down in all its calm, peaceful beauty. Suddenly, Noormar heard a step, and before she knew, Ralph was at her side. "Noormar," he said, "I have

come to tell you good-bye. I have been very busy these last few days, and you must pardon my negligence. I hope that you will sometimes return. Forget my rash speech, for I should have known that you loved George. He is a noble man, and deserves your love. Good-bye." Instead of taking the outstretched hand, Noormar lifted her eyes to his, and again that soft look transformed her. "Ralph, forgive me if I have wronged you. I thought that I was being false to Frances. But if you—"

"Noormar!"

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The whippoorwill hushed his call, for his mate was found. The negroes, asleep in their cabins, were peacefully dreaming. Only the moon, high in the heavens, was witness to the words which made these two happy. Slowly, they returned to the house, and a breath of wind momentarily swept a wisp of cloud across the moon, as if their parting was too precious for even him to see. F. H. J. '11.

\* \* \* \*

## THE SOUTH AS A TEXTILE FIELD FOR YOUNG MEN.

Few of us, unless directly interested in some textile enterprise, fully realize the extent of this great industry in our southland, and in our native State. The State of South Carolina, today, ranks second in the United States in the art of cotton manufacturing. With our 93,000,000 looms, representing a total cost of more than \$100,000,000,75 per cent. of which is owned by citizens of the State, the cry is more urgent than ever for competent men to master this great industry. For many years there was a prejudice against men educated along technical lines to fill the positions such as overseers, superintendents, etc., because it was thought that the only way a man could become efficient along

these lines was by actual experience, and so the so-called "theoretical" man could not begin to compete with the "practical" man. But the most prominent manufacturers of today have come to the conclusion, that in the textile industry, as well as in any other line of industry, both a theoretical and a practical knowledge are very essential to a man's success. For instance, consider the man who has mastered every book ever written relating to agriculture. What could he accomplish unless he learned to hitch up a horse?

In our southland, where 75 per cent. of the world's supply of cotton is produced, why should we follow instead of lead, our northern friends in this great industry of manufacturing the "fleecy staple" into cloth? Why do our young men follow other vocations and entirely ignore the great opportunities offered them in the textile industry? Are not these conditions due, largely, to a misunderstanding on their part? Many young men seem to have the idea that to follow the textile industry necessitates their giving up, almost entirely, their social position and all pleasure. If such were the state of affairs, no doubt, the textile industry would suffer very much for the lack of competent men to fill the positions of the most responsibility. But, fortunately, such is not the case. The textile industry affords nearer an unlimited line of promotion, and the broadest field for the benefiting of humanity than does any other calling open today.

Cotton enters into the manufacture of more articles than does any other commodity, with the single exception of steel. Then, with this necessarily great demand for manufactured cotton, why should not the South, where three-fourths of the world's supply of cotton is raised, be the leading manufacturing centre of the world? Our means of transportation are as good as can be found; our location is ideal; our capital sufficient; and our electric power plentiful. Then the plea must be to the future captains of industry to

devote some of their time and attention to the textile industry and strive to help the South lead the world in the art of cotton manufacturing.

G. H. A.

## \* \* \* \* CAROLINA'S HILLS.

The dear old hills of Carolina!
So beautiful from peak to dell,
Their memory fills my spirit,
With thoughts I cannot tell.
They have great robes of verdure,
Have witnessed great things in past;
And yet, of all the varied earth,
I love them best, at last.

The dear old hills of Carolina!

My heart is on them now;

Where fed from silver streamlets,
Great Pee Dee's water flow!

I love them with devotion,
Though sometimes not sincere;—

How can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts here and there?

I love them for the living,—
The generous, kind, and gay;
And for the dead, who slumber
Within their breast of clay.
I love them for the beauty,
Which cheers old Dixie's hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls.
The fairest on the earth.

The dear old hills of Carolina! Where, where, upon the face

Of earth, is Freedom's spirit
More bright in any race?
In Scotland, or in Switzerland,
Each patriot breast it fills,
But sure, it blazes brighter yet
Among our Carolina hills!

And where, upon their surface,
Is heart to feeling dead?—
And when has needy stranger
Gone from her hills, unfed?
There bravery and kindness
Always go hand in hand,
Upon her green covered hills,
"Down South, in Dixie land!"

H. T. Prosser, '12.

#### \* \* \* \*

### CHARLIE'S GRAY HAIR.

"Say, Charlie, what caused your hair to become gray so early; surely you can't be more than nineteen, indeed, your face is that of a lad of sixteen?" were the inquisitive words of Joe Morse, addressed to his new roommate and fellow classman, Charlie Gilbert, as they sat one evening studying their lessons for the next day. They occupied a neatly furnished room in C—— College.

"Well, Joe, as we are to be roommates, it is nothing less than reasonable that I relate the story that is connected with the gray hair that now covers my head. You were out of school last session; and as I was a new student here then, we have never known each other before. Consequently, you do not know that less than six months ago my hair was a beautiful black."

"What!" exclaimed Joe, "I can never study another minute until you have related the full story of this mysterious change in your hair. I have just been studying some of these phenomena in my physics; but I am sure that your story will be more interesting and instructive, for it can't be any ordinary occurrence that brought about such a wonderful miracle. Hurry and tell me; I am becoming impatient."

"You must first promise me, on your honor, never to reveal this secret of my gray hair. I have never before told any one this story, not even my mother. Will you promise?"

"Promise! why, I will do anything to get into this valuable secret which you have kept so close."

"To begin at the beginning," said Charlie, "I had two very good friends, Henry and Roland Barton, who graduated here last June. They were brothers; and shortly after receiving their diplomas, they gave me a very urgent invitation to spend the summer with them. I consented to spend as much as a month with them, mostly because of my curious interest to know more of the superstitious ideas which, as the boys had often told me, existed in their community. Henry and Roland were the first boys from their community to attend college; and for this reason, they wished to return home and help people outgrow their old superstitious ideas, especially of ghosts.

"The lapse of a few hours found us three in the hospitable home of the Bartons. It was a large, palatial residence of colonial style, in eastern South Carolina.

"On account of the fact that I have always possessed an innate tendency to fall desperately in love with all beautiful girls, I soon realized that I was almost entirely captivated by the grace and beauty of Henry and Roland's lovely sister. Lula. In consequence of the affection which sprang up between us, it was readily seen that I would take no part in the ghost hunts; so Henry and Roland carried on their in-

vestigations of the various haunted spots in the surrounding country alone.

"Late one afternoon in early July, Roland came to me and asked if I would like to help them investigate the truthfulness of the story of the dreaded ghost of the hollow log, which, as the tale went, put all nocturnal travelers who chanced to pass through the old Tully churchyard, to flight. It was said that the ghost inhabited this hollow log, which lav in the east side of the churchyard. It suddenly flashed into my mind to have some fun out of the boys. I assured Roland that I would like to go; but asked if they would not postpone the trip till the following night, pretending that I had an important engagement with Lula. I knew full well that Henry was to leave the next day for Charlotte, where he had accepted a position as electrician, and was certain that they were bent on going to the hollow log that night. Roland declared that the trip could not be put off any longer; so I declined to go with them.

"Soon after dusk, Henry and Roland set out, unarmed, for the hollow log. They had been gone only a few minutes when I obtained a large white bed sheet from my room, and set out for the same spot, but by a path which made the distance shorter than the road by which they had gone. I struck a rather smart pace, and soon reached the log, as it was only two miles from the Barton home. I hastily drew the sheet about me and crawled into the hollow, which was scarcely large enough for me to rest comfortably in; however, I did not have to wait in this position long, for I could hear Henry as he gave Roland directions to go to one end of the log, while he went to the other. They approached on tiptoe; and just as they peeped in, I began to shake the sheet about me. Henry said, 'Here is one in this end;' Roland replied, 'Here is one in this end.' By this time, I began to think that there really must be one ghost on each side of me, and began to scramble out; Henry and Roland took to flight without hesitation; and as quick as I could get out, I took a straight course behind them, calling as I went, 'I am one of you.' They, hearing this and thinking that I was the ghost saying that I must have one of them, ran faster and faster. I, thinking that I was closely followed by the ghosts, too got faster and faster, still calling to the boys. The race did not end till we three reached our rooms almost completely exhausted.

"I retired that night without a light, as I did not wish the boys to know that I had been out. The following morning, when I appeared before the mirror, I could hardly believe what met my eyes—my hair was gray. Of course, I knew the only cause that could have brought this about—my brief visit to the abode of the ghost of the hollow log."

R. W. F., '11.

### \* \* \* \*

### LOOKING AHEAD.

The successful man of today is one who has an education that has a market value. An education with a market value is an education that fits men to do things. It is an education that fits men to take advantage of the opportunities that are constantly opening up in our country, and and nowhere more abundantly than in our Southern States. Men thus fitted are becoming more and more in demand every day. It assures opportunity, leadership, and financial reward, for the men who have attained the highest skill in their respective callings.

The automobile, the motor-boat, the aeroplane, and the dirigible balloon, calling for the maximum of power with a minimum of weight, have opened up a new field for the development of light and powerful steam engines, electric motors, and internal combustion engines.

In some lines, progress has been very rapid. In others, it has been relatively so slow as to offer special opportunities for the highly trained mechanical engineer. I may direct your attention to the cotton gin. The form of gin at present used has been but little improved upon since its invention by Eli Whitney. It does more or less damage to the cotton fiber, and the man that can devise a practical gin, which will be free from this defect, will put money into the pockets of every cotton grower and win a fortune for himself.

Among the many problems that await solution, and a very important one, is to get the full value out of fuel. We only obtain a small percentage of the heat and power out of coal by our present methods; the greater part of it goes to waste. When we think that our best steam engines use but 15 per cent. of the energy of the coal they consume, and the gas engine about 20 to 25 per cent. of the energy of the gas, we can readily see the tremendous amount of waste in our present methods of combustion.

We have to develop the power of the waterfalls in our southern streams. There is but about 500,000 of the millions of horse power developed at present. In days gone by, manufacturing plants had to go to the power, but with the long distance high tension transmission lines, we are enabled to use the power generated at the hydro-electric plants over a wide territory, and the power is thus carried to the manufacturing plants located in more favorable places. Then, we study the utilization of the power from the ocean waves and tides. Already men are harnessing old Neptune.

The conversion of the South's raw material into commodities ready for use will be the chief line of industrial progress. This means countless opportunities for the specially trained young men in the development of hydro-electric plants, lighting, power, and traction systems; the textile industries; the cotton seed crushing industry; and the manufacture of iron and steel.

Then, there is the development of transportation facilities. We can not do business without successful transportation, because the products of factory, farm and other enterprises, must be carried to a market, therefore, we will have to have more and better transportation facilities by land and water. In the matter of railroads, what we need is not so much the construction of new lines, as the increased carrying capacity of the existing lines.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes. When we complete our courses, we shall be ready for the opportunities of the South, and shall have to go go North or West in order to enter the industrial fields. But do not wait for the opportunities to come to us; look for them. The man who is not afraid to work, and who will begin on the lowest rung of the ladder, if necessary, will have no difficulty in finding an opportunity, and his subsequent advancement will depend largely on his own abilities and efforts.

We may look forward to an era of broadening opportunities, in which the South will need every one of her young men, especially every one of those who have had an education such as is given in the State agricultural and mechanical colleges.

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The morning dawned with a misty shroud, The world was dark and drear; But the sunbeams rent the darkest cloud, And the birds gave a musical cheer.

The gloomy clouds soon passed away, And we felt the sun's glad rays; Our thoughts went back to the tyrant's sway, In our good old colonial days.

We thought of Eutaw's bloody mead. And of Braddock's sad defeat; Of Jasper's brave and gallant deed. And Tarleton's swift retreat.

We thought of thee, brave Paul Revere, On the bleak New England coast; Then Emily Geigher, who knew no fear, But defied the bloodthirsty host.

Old Valley Forge, we love thee well.

Thy memory is always dear;

Mount Vernon, thy lord shall ever dwell,

In the hearts of his people, far and near.

We think of our heroes, great and small.
Of Franklin, Jefferson, Lee;
But one bright star outshines them all,
George Washington, it is thee.

#### \* \* \* \*

## RELATION BETWEEN THE RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC.

Of late, there has been much said of the railroads and their relation to the public at large. Some say that the railroads are at fault, while others contend that the public is too severe on these corporations.

The railroads owe to the public fair treatment and reasonable rates, and the very best service that it is within their power to give. They should aid in building up waste places, and, as far as their abilities permit, aid in all of the undertakings. Their rates should be just and reasonable, and should be impartially applied.

I verily believe that the railroads of the South fully recognize this, and that the officers and agents in charge of the railroad affairs strive to meet the demands of the public. They realize that their existence depends upon the patronage of the public, and that fair treatment to all is essential in securing the patronage and good will of every one concerned. All that the railroads should ask in return is justice. Are they not entitled to this? Furthermore, they should neither ask nor accept favors.

The true relation of the public and the railroads is mutual, and the success of one must be the success of the other; and the failure of one is the failure of the other.

As I have just said, we have been passing through a period of great agitation against corporations, especially railroad corporations. We read in the daily papers and magazines the expressions of many people condemning and abusing corporations. There is justification in some, I admit; but, that they are all true, I as firmly deny. There are some bad corporations, as the term "bad" is used in these days; but, to assume for one minute, that all are bad, is as unjust as to call the entire human race murderers, because some commit murder. Railroads should be regulated by proper laws; but they should also be protected. The popular idea today seems to be to abuse corporations, requiring them to do certain things, and then take the means from them by which they can do it.

The duty of the public to the railroads is to see that they are justly treated, and this duty lies with every fair-minded person, as railroads are organizations, representing commercial interests of the country.

It is natural for those who have not had time to seriously consider the matter, to think that the present volume of traffic is created wholly by the merchant, the farmer, the fruit grower, etc. This is not entirely true. A

large percentage is created by the railroads in their efforts to meet the demand for more equipment, heavier rails, and increased facilities in general.

A railroad has but one source of revenue—that which it derives from the sale of transportation. Is it, then, fair to say to a railroad: you can only charge so much for your commodity of transportation; and for this you must have it at a certain place at a fixed time, regardless of conditions? If not, you will be heavily fined, in addition to the damages which the owner may have sustained.

The public is demanding increased facilities, increased and better equipment; improved stations, and other requirements. The railroads have, as a general rule, been carrying out these demands; and it is only fair to them that the public should give justice and good will to them.

I hope the time is fast approaching when the railroads and the public will go hand in hand for the betterment of this great commonwealth of ours.

L. S. Jeffords, '10.

## The Clemson College Chronicle founded by class of 1898.

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

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS, '10

AT LAST the second term has ended, and "exams" are here. But this time they are welcomed instead of dreaded. To the Seniors, it means the beginning of the last lap in the race for diplomas. Now is our last The Last Lap chance to leave an enviable record behind us. Let us all get busy and make this term the best of the year. It is with mingled feelings of gladness and regret that we think of our last days in the old college halls that have for the last four years sheltered us. Our college days shall ever be held among our most treasured recollections. In after years, we shall often think of the good times we had in the barracks.

There are other signs of spring than the coming of the blue bird and proverbial ground hog. One of these is baseball. It is certainly good to look out on the athletic field, and see the boys practising. Next to football Baseball and track, baseball is perhaps the most popular and Track college sport. It is one of the most manly games that exists. By causing a man to be constantly on the alert, and to make quick decisions as to the play, it develops a spirit of self-reliance.

For the last few years, Clemson's team has been rather unfortunate; but this year we hope for a change of luck. The material on the field is very promising, indeed, and, under the efficient coaching of Mr. Holland, we expect a winning team. Now is the time, boys, to show your spirit. Go out to all the games, and aid the team by your "rooting."

The track meet has, for the last few years, been a favorite sport of the Clemson students. We are justly proud of our records, the majority of which are Southern records. Last year, our team won the championship of the S. I. A. A. This was a great accomplishment, as we were up against Vanderbilt and Georgia, two of the best teams in the South.

The prospects for a good team this year are excellent. Most of the old men are back, and are doing better than they did last year. Let us have that Southern championship again. Everybody go out and support the team.



Editors:
H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

The Georgian is decidedly the best magazine we have received for February. Notwithstanding the fact that the quantity is due to the large number of advertisements, the quantity is plainly evident. The Literary Department contains five poems, one essay, three stories, and a number of short sketches. The fiction deserves special comment. The plots are well laid, the description is vivid, and the diction is excellent. The poetry is noticeable for its smoothness of meter. Among the editorials, we notice that the editor commends the action of a high school in establishing a publication. We endorse his views, and hope that the movement will result in much lasting good. Some time ago, the Exchange Editor of a certain not very prominent magazine made the statement that they would exchange only with magazines of a very high standard. His motives may be good; but, however, we are not so choice, and will be glad to receive any student publication.

\* \*

The chief criticism we have to make of *The Limestone Star* is the lack of poetry. The author of "Dreamland," the only poem, has the true spirit of the poet. "The Commercial Possibilities of Charleston" is a rather incoherent outline of Charleston's good prospects. The author evi-

dently intended to hand in a long essay, but on account of lack of time, simply handed in the outline. Brevity is indeed the soul of wit. "Some Reminiscences of My College Days at Limestone in the Early Sixties" gives us some pleasant recollections of college days. "The Mission of the Lilacs" deserves special mention. The essay, "Literature," contains some good thoughts. "Woman" is a rather interesting delineation of woman's rights and powers. Perhaps the author is a suffragette. Some of the editorials are the best we have read lately. The other departments are good.

\* \*

The Dahlonega Collegian, for February, has reached our desk. Although yet in its infancy, this magazine has a creditable standard, and some day will stand in the forefront of college publications. There is a lack of poetry in the Literary Department, but perhaps this doesn't occur in every publication. The essays are very good. The two editorials, "Be Manly," and "Habit," are worthy of careful study. A number of pictures help to increase the attractiveness of the magazine.

\* \*

The Maryville College Monthly for February is the Christian Association number, and the frontispiece is ornamented with the Y. M. C. A. cabinet. "The Fatherland"—verse—was doubtless inspired by an attack of genuine homesickness. A brief account of the great gathering of the Student Volunteer Movement is given in "The Rochester Convention." "Helen's Whales" is a simply told little story, with one glaring defect: the tense used in the opening paragraphs is the present; without warning, it drops back into the past, thereby saving the story from hopeless tiresomeness. Young writers should steer clear of this habit. The essay on "William Howard Taft" illustrates the principle that, not what one writes about, but what one writes, really matters. "Be-

side the River" is a poem of some merit; the meter is very well suited to the theme, except there is one syllable too many in the opening line. "The Asheville Conference" describes the student gathering at Montreat very well, except that in it no mention is made of the regular afternoon shower. We hardly know how to take "The Lady of the Cave." There is something left unexplained about it. "The Character of Washington" is a good summing up of the qualities of the Father of His Country. Good showing made in the departments. As simplified spelling was used throughout the magazine, why could not proper names be simplified in their spelling, as Everet, Jewel, Willamet, Bell, Basset, and McCulloc?

\* \*

The Carolinian has a neat exterior. The literary feast within seems to have suffered from the effects of an editorial boycott. The viands, however, are slightly seasoned with the spice of variety, and are very daintily served. The table of contents is garnished with two sonnets, some verses and a poem, two stories, an essay, and a bit of bibliography. There is nothing remarkable about the sonnets; and, though the title of the verse is "Cor Cordium," this is the only Latin found, as probably, nine-tenths of words are of Saxon derivation. The poem, despite its rather forbidding name, "Metempsychosis," gives pleasure in the very reading. Its poetic merit we do not consider ourself worthy to discuss, as it was not written by a Carolina student, but by one who graduated from there fifty-five years ago. The story, "217," gives us a glimpse, a hint of what takes place, and leaves us to supply the details. "In a Storm" abounds with numerous nautical terms, which seem to have been allowed to remain wherever the waves of the writer's inspiration flung them. Little attempt is made at description. The author of "National Song" has struck a true note. America has no true national song. If some composer of ability should become inspired by reading of the songs of other nations, and write a great American Anthem, he need not fear who makes our laws. Decidedly the most sane, sensible, and spirited piece of writing in *The Carolinian* is found under the head of the Exchange Department, whose editor gives some clear-cut answers to several college publication "Whys." There are only three departments in *The Carolinian*. We have reason to believe that it could support more.

\* \*

Upon receipt of The William and Mary Literary Magasine, we were well pleased, both with the appearance and with the contents. It is one of the few exchanges that have quality coupled with quantity. We think "The Causes of the French Revolution" is the best production in the issue. It points out the oppression of the poorer people by the tyrannical kings and nobles. "The Seed That Bruised a Serpent's Head" is a very good story, but the connection between the first and the last part could be improved upon. The poem, "Unsuccessful"—well, it could not have had a more appropriate title. "Was Shakespeare Superstitious?" is almost too short to give a clear, definite answer to the question. "The College and School System" is more of local interest, but is a good discussion of what William and Mary College is doing for the education of the Virginians. The editorial on "Football" contains some good thoughts and suggestions. The Famous and Infamous Department is well written; also, the Exchange Department is above the average.

\* \*

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The Guilford Collegian, The College Message, The Red and White, Black and Magenta, The Oracle, The Index, Williams Woods Record, College of Charleston

Magazine, The Chatterbox, The Mercerian, Wake Forest Student, Newberry Stylus, Davidson College Magazine, Southern Collegian, Emory Phoenix, Our Monthly, The Purple and Gold, The Carolinian, The Dahlonega Collegian, The Criterion, Tennessee University Magazine, Marysville College Monthly, The Acorn, The Florida Pennant, The Mountaineer, High School Messenger, The Chisel, The Piedmontonian, The St. Mary's Musc, the Æsculapian, The Lenorian, The Collegian, S. P. U. Journal, The Talisman, Isaqueena, Chicora Almacen, Wofford College Journal, Concept, Trinity Archive, Brenau Journal.

# \* \* \* \* CLIPPINGS.

### The Way of the Wind.

My heart has gone the way of the wind,
In the wake of the leaves that are blown abroad,
And is tossed about as the leaves are tossed.
My heart has adrifted adown the road.

Their ghosts have flow away with the wind— Both the brown light leaves and my pale light soul; And my heart has gone as lapped flame goes, With a wavering wind to an unknown goal.

My heart has gone the way of the wind,

In the wake of the leaves and will not return

From the phantom world far away, beyond,

Till the Spring and the leaves reawake, return.

—University of Virginia.

2 2

Mr. W.—How many seasons are there? Miss D.—Two. Baseball and football.

aight up like this.

Our hopes they ran— When school began.

Exams are here I greatly fear They'll go down like

this.

Nuff ced.



### Home Training.

When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table, says *Judge*.

"Well, where's the boy?"

"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why wh—what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause).

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—your son—has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little, Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway, "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."—Exchange.

### Experimental.

Quite recently an old friend of the Browns went to see them at their new country home. As he approached the house, a large dog ran out to the gate and began barking at him through the fence.

As he hesitated about opening the gate, Brown's wife came to the door and exclaimed: "How do you do! Come right in. Don't mind the dog."

"But won't he bite?" exclaimed the friend, not anxious to meet the canine without some assurance of his personal safety.

"That's just what I want to find out," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I just bought him this morning."—Century.

### Only Waiting.

"What is your name, little girl?" questioned the teacher. "Ottilia Kalamagoulapagos," answered the new pupil.

"My stars, child!" exclaimed the teacher. "Nobody needs to carry such a name as that around in this country. You ought to have it changed."

"I'm goin' to, ma'am," said the new pupil, with perfect self-possession, "when me and Demetrius Laskasoupalollipopolos gits a few years older."—Chicago Tribune.

+ +

Caesar's dead and buried,
Likewise Cicero.
Where these two gents went,
I wish their works would go.—Ex.

\* \*

Stella—Have you saved your gas receipts? Bella—Yes, I have an engagement ring.

#### Just a Few Suggestions.

To the Brooklyn man who are too much duck, and suffered indigestion thereby, we suggest that he consult a quack doctor.

The man who marries a grass-widow must not expect to live in clover.

Even if you are an Englishman, don't think that 'ugging is 'armless; its 'armful.

\* \*

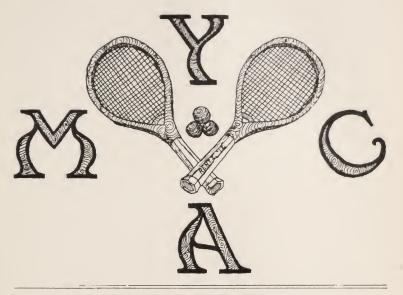
Florabel—Oh! we have been having the most fun down in the laboratory, bleaching violets.

Marie (earnestly)—What color were they after you bleached them?

\*\*\*

"Philip," asked the teacher, "are you having trouble with any of the examination questions?"

"No," answered Philip; "the questions are all right, but it's the answers that are troubling me."—Exchange.



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

At the annual business meeting of the Y. M. C. A., which was held a few days ago, the officers for next year were elected. The following are the men who were elected: E. N. Sitton, President; L. B. Altman, Vice-President; O. O. Dukes, Treasurer; and A. G. Small, Secretary. With these men as officers, and with all of the men in college next year who attended the Rochester Convention, with the exception of L. W. Summers, there is no reason why this should not be the most prosperous year of the Y. M. C. A. in the history of the college. Messrs. N. L. Provost, E. N. Sitton, J. O. Erwin and R. H. White, who attended the convention, will all be at college next year. The prospects for a Y. M. C. A. cabinet next year, which will be a credit to the college, are very bright.

#### Mr. Warner.

Last week it was the pleasure of the students to listen to Mr. Warner, who has been a missionary in Brazil for several years. Mr. Warner gave to all who heard him a new vision of the enormous need and the great work which is being done in that country. He also spoke of the wealth and the opportunity for development which it is posible to make in material, as well as spiritual lines. Mr. Warner has been doing, and is still doing, a very creditable work in South America. To see him and hear him lecture will cause any one who has not already done so, to do all possible for the mission work in the field which Mr. Warner is laboring in at present.

### Mr. Colton.

It was the pleasure of the season for many students and many of the faculty to listen to Mr. E. T. Colton, recently. Mr. Colton is associate secretary to the international committee for foreign missions, a close associate and near friend of the famous Jno. R. Mott, of New York, and also a close rival to Mr. Mott in his ability as a speaker. Mr. Colton has visited almost every foreign field, where he has done a most creditable work, and where he has left a trail of his influence stamped upon the lives of those with whom he came in contact.

At Sunday-school, he made a short talk to about 200 students, after which an opportunity was given them to make voluntary subscriptions for the support of Mr. Barnette, secretary of the University of N. C., who will go to South America in July, as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. At this meeting \$225.25 was raised. Sunday night, an opportunity was given to those who were not at the morning service, and \$210 more was given. Several of the faculty members have

contributed, raising the amount to the \$475 mark. The five hundred, which was hoped for, will be reached in a few days.

At the chapel service, Mr. Colton addressed the students and the faculty on the subject of, "The World Without a Foreign Land." He addressed the most attentive audience that has been witnessed here in the past two years. Hearing this most excellent lecture was the nearest thing we have had to visiting the foreign fields, personally. The impression made by Mr. Colton on the student body is one of the best ever made, and one which will remain with them for years to come.

### Mr. Barnette.

Mr. Barnette, for whom the subscriptions were made, gave in a few words Sunday morning why he is going to the mission field. He said in part: "And a man from South America stood before me and said, 'Come over into South America and help us;' Christ said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to all the nations,' and then best of all, Christ said, 'Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Then, in a very tactful and forceful way, he told of the things which he is preparing to give up at home, and of a few of the hardships which he will encounter in his new field of work. Though he is going to a hard field, where he will have many difficulties, we feel sure that Mr. Banette, whom we look upon as our representative, is able, with the help of God, to meet any emergencies or difficulties which he may meet. Mr. Barnette has the sympathy, friendship, best wishes, support, and prayers of the students at Clemson, in his work.

### Julius E. Boggs.

We were honored in having Solicitor J. E. Boggs address the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Sunday night. He spoke on "The Straight Way of Life," giving us some good advice which all of us could follow with benefit. This is not the first time Solicitor Boggs has addressed us, and every time he gives a talk he leaves a good message with us.

# \* \* Prayer Meeting, February 16th.

In accordance with the plans to have the weekly prayer meetings conducted by the students, Mr. L. W. Summers started the ball rolling last Wednesday evening by giving us a good talk on "Can the Bible Satisfy the Needs and Wants of Everyday Life?" He explained the subject very forcibly, and illustrated it in many ways. Mr. Summers showed well his ability as a leader, and we all hope it will not be long until his time to lead rolls around again. E. N. S.

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- German Club-W. A. Allen, President; R. H. Walker, Secretary.
- Baseball Association-W. A. Robinson, Manager; J. E. Kirby, Captain.
- The Tiger—C. F. Inman, Editor-in-Chief; L. A. Coleman, Business Manager.
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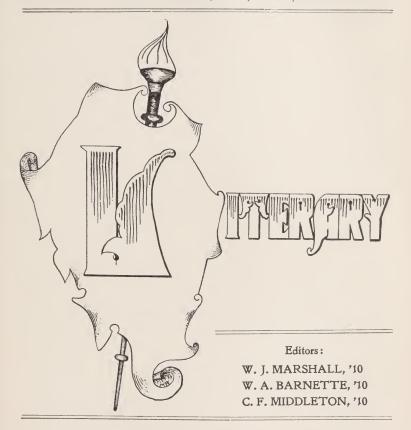
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Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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No. 7



#### ST. HELENA.

(1)

O St. Helena! barren rock of the sea! How truly thy jagged slopes entrance The world, as she doth meditate on thee. But shame on thee! for through the heart of France Didst thou speed home the venomous quivering lance By keeping in disgrace, as an outcast The greatest of her martyrs; not giving "Chance" Occasion to release the great exemplar Who did high honor to the name of Emperor.

(2)

Companion of the deep! well mayst thou carouse
Deeply of the rolling billows blue
For sheltering a monarch in an old cow house.
Although the loser of fatal Waterloo,
Yet had his orders been strictly carried thro
By Ney and Grouche, there is indeed some doubt
In the minds of writers that the few
Lines should read the same; but changed about
History should probably have taken a different route.

(3)

But St. Helena! thine is not the fault;
It is rather attributed to the stern old Duke
Of Wellington, who with sweet words did halt
The mighty Napoleon, and by a deceitful look
Did coax him in. Justly might we rebuke
The much elated Duke for falsifying
To the mighty Emperor; for obstruct
He did the victor of a hundred battles flying
To America, where honored should he have been when dying.

(4)

Venerable, silent sentinel of the deep!
A thousand longing eyes do vainly scan
The dark blue billows, endeavoring to only peep
At thy precipitous crags; for in thy land
There once existed, not lived, a man

Of incommensurate powers—and in France
The name of this "Little Corsican Corporal" doth stand
First—, for this wilt thou ever be allowed to entrance
The world for imprisoning the victim of the "Grand
Advance."

F. H. ALL, '11.

### \* \* \* \*

## HAVE YOU SEEN "MY LITTLE SOUTH CAROLINA"?

"Boys, that seems absurd to ask you such a question. I think I hear one of you say, 'Man, who would know your "little South Carolina" if they saw it—what is it, or what do you mean anyhow?" After you have listened to my story I will then answer you (yankee fashion) by asking, if you have seen "my little South Carolina"—you'll know her when you meet her—(of course it's a "her" that concerns me most right now).

It all happened in the summer of 1907 (and it has continued to happen in my imagination every summer since). During the fall season before that summer I had been football coach for the University of Tennessee, and, when summer came on, some of my chums thought they would join the Second Tennessee Regiment and go into camp on the Chickamauga battlefield. So as June wore on, with as much hot weather as my one hundred seventy-five pounds could stand, thinks I to myself, here's where I join the boys and come in for some of the cool nights up there.

There were ten thousand of us encamped on that historic old battlefield, and we had been thus situated for about ten days, when we heard that a party of two hundred school teachers from the summer school of the South, at Knoxville, were coming to Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga on an excursion. Now, just picture to yourself for one minute,

what these ten thousand soldiers intended to do for those two hundred wise and otherwise "school-marms."

The day after that, two of my little cousins who lived in Knoxville wrote to me to be sure to meet them at Chattanooga on the morning of the fifteenth, as they were coming along with the teachers, and would count on me to show them around. I arose early on the morning of the fifteenth, secured my parole for the day, and "skiddooed" for the station, arriving just as old "73" came steaming up with its precious baggage.

"Oh, ye gods and little fishes-ye big guns and little pistols-ye old maiden ladies and ye sweet little maidens!" Boys, that was one more sight for the eyes. I was just standing there with my eyes feasting on such a refreshing scene when I felt someone clutch both of my sleeves, and I turned to find those little cousins of mine, each one in possession of an arm apiece—then both at the same time said, "Piggy, you old rascal you, why weren't you looking out for us instead of looking at all of those old maids?" "Now, if I had known that both of my little cousins could have grown to be such good looking voung ladies in three weeks' time, I assure you, I should have had all eves for them," said I, with my very best bow. "Oh, Piggy, stop al! your 'blarney' and let's make a rush for the cars before the dear school teachers get all the seats." I soon saw the wisdom of Jess' remark (though, as a general thing there was mighty little wisdom that came from the lips of Jess and Jo). I used to call them "little imps of Satan" till Jess, one day, called me the "devil's fat boy." After that, you may know what a chase I gave all of the adjectives in my vocabulary, and showered them upon the little angels!

So all three of us made a dive for the eight street cars lined up for the excursionists. We swung into the last car and soon found ourselves on the way to Chickamauga Park station. We reached there in less than twenty minutes, and found fifteen tally-ho coaches in waiting to carry us over the battlefield. I say "us," for both Jess and Jo had summer school tickets, and I slipped in on any role that you could ask me to play, from "Lord High Protector" down to an unsophisticated "Country Prof." It didn't matter how I got there—my business was to show all the sights to those little cousinly question boxes! and, accurately answer questions applied me at the rate of forty to the square yard!

We all three rushed for the second coach in line. I put Jess on the seat back of the driver and Jo facing her on the opposite seat, then I climbed up beside Jess. We were getting the benefit of the view from our seats on high, when, how my heart goes thumpity thump now as I think of it, I heard the dearest little voice in the world say, "Please, would you allow me to have that vacant seat?" For an answer, I tumbled down as fast as my avoirdupois would let me, and at once assisted her to the seat beside To. She gave a little sigh of relief and quietly murmured her thanks. In a few minutes the driver cracked his whip and we were off. Naturally, I gazed around at all of the passengers on our coach, and I'll tell you frankly, boys, the coach held only one passenger for me, and she was the little girl next to Jo. Jess and Jo were soon chattering in school girl fashion. At any other time I would have been bored, but just now, it gave me a chance to see that the "little girl" in front of me carried around with her the most wonderful, and, at the same time, the most appealing pair of eyes, with a bit of heaven's own blue caught within them. She wore the most becoming tri-cornered hat-some kind of a shade that your sisters could tell you about—of course, I don't know about such things, but I do know that the hair that lay so soft and fluffy looking underneath was a mass of golden-brown color, forming a striking contrast to her peach-like complexion. I could see that she was listening intently to all that Jess and Jo were saying, and when Jess asked me what monument that was right in front of us, and I replied, South Carolina, the face of the little passenger opposite me lit up in patriotic pride. That much I had gained, she was was from South Carolina. "Oh, I do wish I could pick up a rock where that monument stands to put in my souvenir collection!" burst almost involuntarily from her lips. "Stop a moment, driver," I said, and, with as much grace as I was ever known to possess, I jumped out, picked up a small pebble, and placed it in her extended hand. The look of gratitude that she gave me fully repaid me for an effort thrice as great.

We were now passing through the camping grounds of the ten thousand soldiers—some lying down on cots, but, immediately, catching sight of our caravan, they arose, waving the sheets and throwing the pillows into the air; some were sitting at the table, but, nothing daunted, they gathered up the dishes and flung the table cloth to the breeze, while others boldly struck out in pursuit of our flying coaches—of course it was great fun for both sides.

I saw little South Carolina, as I now called her, give some mighty sweet glances to one 'specially good looking chap who seemed to keep pace with our coach just as long as he could. I just began to realize all over again what a misfortune it was to be a homely, dough-faced looking article with the most attractive nickname of "Piggy." I determined right then and there that altho "Piggy" was not good to look at, he could show her some of his "winning ways." However, I was prevented from putting this sentiment into further action by the sudden stopping of the coach.

To think that we had made the circuit of four miles around the battlefield in so short a time seemed impossible. From little South Carolina, I learned that they were to dine at Lookout Inn and return to Chattanooga at about seven, in time to take No. 36 back to Knoxville.

Now, I loved my little cousins, but what a sad fate for me! Here I was in Chattanooga tied up with Jess and Jowe were to dine at the house of one of Jo's friends,—and there seemed no possible way of escape. I was planning my escape when I spied "my vision of loveliness," attempting to board a car. I hastened to assist her, and bade her a hurried goodbye, with the hopes of seeing her before she left for Knoxville. I begged her to tell me her name as I handed her my card, but "Mary," just "Mary," was all the satisfaction given me. "Make room for the ladies," said that hateful old conductor, so I had to get out quick, and as I moved off, I again heard "Mary," just "Mary." My hopes of seeing her again were dashed to the ground, for, upon reaching the home of Jo's friend, Jess was seized with one of her violent headaches. By the time I got a physician, it was seven o'clock, so as I sat there, on the veranda, I pulled out my watch and thought of the glorious minutes that it had ticked out a few hours ago.

I phoned over to camp and got a furlough for three days, and with Jess and Jo, I left for Knoxville. We haunted that university for three days, but alas! not a glimpse or trace of her did I get.

Thus ends my tale of woe; but I am still looking for her, and I will continue to do so till my eyesight fails me. So, now, candidly, I ask you, is she a sister of any of you Clemson boys? Have you seen "my little South Carolina?"

If you haven't already met her, you will know her by the look in her eyes, by the sweetness of her voice, by the golden gleam of her hair, and by the irresistible charm of her manners—she'll be all my fancy's painted her—"she's lovely, she's divine."

To the first man who can give me the slightest clue to her whereabouts, I'll give him one tithe of all I possess, as did the prophets of old to their Master and Lord.

"Јаво," '11.

#### \* \* \* \*

### A MOTHER'S CARE.

If you are sick and in despair,
You think right off of a mother's care.
As a mother's love, a mother's care.
There's none so tender, none so rare

Perhaps she walked with restless pace
And worried for you 'gainst death's cold chase;
Bore such pain that none can erase
The lines it made on her loving face.

Or else, perhaps those lines were made
By a wayward son for whom she prayed
Would never, no, never evade
Her sincere teachings, but now had strayed.

How can one fan the cursed flame
That heaps dishonor and endless shame
On a mother's heart and tends to main,
Both her happiness and fragile frame?

Brother, sister, oh, how can we Reject a mother's true love and flee To wickedness and impurity, To damn our souls in eternity!

How sad for those who have to bear 'The trials of life and worldly care, With no aid of a mother's prayer, With no mother's love, no mother's care.

T. S. M., '11.

#### "THE MOTH."

I met him first in a reeking, third class smoking apartment of one of the pokiest, dirtiest trains that it has ever been my misfortune to be compelled to travel on. He entered the car at Clanham Junction as the train was leaving the station. Outside, the sky was flaming, fire engines were screaming and hooting, and mingled with the throb of them, the deep note of the crowd boomed.

"A bad fire," I said, offering my cigarette case and nodding toward the livid sky.

"Dreadful," said he in a tone in which sadness and triumph were so curiously blended that I looked hard in the face, inquiringly.

"No, thanks," he added, bowing over the cigarettes, "I never smoke, tho I always travel in smoking cars. It comforts me."

I scrutinized him closely. He was a little man who seemed to have passed his sixtieth year, thin, and attired rather like one who had not been favored with an excessive amount of worldly goods. His clothes, tho neat and selected with taste, were now acquiring a rusty, black color, and were entering into that stage of dilapidation that comes from years of service. Round cuffs, unattached, encircled his thin knotted wrists, and a little black bow hovered like a moth at the stud of his turned down collar. An expressionless silk hat, shrouded in a very high crepe band, dwelt upon his gray hair. There was nothing at first sight remarkable in his countenance beyond an air of extreme resignation. I fancied I saw one curious thing, however. As I struck a match to light my cigarette, and the flame spurted, the whites of his eyes turned red, as smouldering wood glows at a sudden draught. It may have been only a fancy, but at the moment it was startling.

"You were at the fire?" said I. Again the glow. "Yes," he replied, in the hushed voice of one speaking in the presence of death. "Dear me, yes; I always am." He leaned forward, his thin hands on his knees, and a slight quiver shook his frame as if he were under great mental strain. I was at a loss to understand his apparent agitation, and was half fearful about continuing our present theme of conversation, but at the same time his remarks had interested me and I was anxious to have him explain, so my curiosity got the better of me.

"You always are?" I replied. "Really, I don't understand, unless you have something to do with insurance."

He juggled his cuffs back. "Some people," he went on, "will travel miles—will run themselves breathless—to see a good fire. Whether it is from idle curiosity, sympathy for the unfortunate, or just that element of human nature that makes one crave excitement, I cannot say. Now, with me it is different. I have an unspeakable horror of a burning building, yet when I hear the clang of the alarm, the shouting of the crowd, and see the engines whizz by, leaving a trail of smoke and sparks down the street, some inner force compels me to follow-it directs my steps. I stand idle with the crowd of onlookers, for I am more than worthless when it comes to giving aid. I watch the flames hungrily devour everything in reach. I see the lurid smoke belching from every window, and then every crack. I rejoice when there is heavy loss. I love it when the crowd around me wring their hands and moan! I say I love it! for then I know that I am not the only one who has and does suffer from this cause."

He had risen to his feet and stood swaying unsteadily pointing a withered and trembling finger in my face. The whites of his eyes were completely covered by that reddish glow, and seemed to give off a penetrating light. His voice had risen several notes as his excitement increased, and he almost shouted his last sentences.

"You're either a born incendiary or a born liar," I said rudely. I was beginning to sicken of the man.

He started slightly, looked at me searchingly, resumed his seat on the edge of the cushion, and replied in a voice as cool and collected as if he had never had a moment's excitement in his life, "No," he began, "neither, yet you are not by any means the first to brand me as such. Had it not been for such words as fool, liar, maniac, etc., and such things as that abominable cigarette that you are smoking, things might have been different with me. Please pardon me if I appear rude, but I am pessimistic about some things, especially so about cigarettes, for it was owing to one of them that the hopes and ambitions of my life were wrecked, and that an early death came to one of, in fact, the only, very dear and intimate friend I have ever had.

The old man settled back in his seat. Instead of excitement and stirring feeling, there was now quiet reserve. His eyes no longer flashed fire and the glow was gone. They had been replaced by a far-away, dreamy look.

"Was it an adventure?" I urged. "Possibly you will favor me with the story."

"Yes, it was an adventure," he replied. "It is, however, seldom that I tell it, owing partly to past experience, for when I tell it, I invariably get credit for lying; and partly to disinclination on my part, for the telling brings up memories of the past, which I would gladly forget, and excites the bitterness within me. However, if you care to hear it, I will tell you; but on the condition that you will not interrupt, and that you will pardon any bitter remark I may make."

"I accept the conditions," I replied, lightly, and settled back in my seat to listen. Then, as the train rattled on, he told me this story.

"I was born," he began, gazing out of the car window as if he were reading the story from the passing scenery, "on a farm near the city of Norcross, on December 5, 1843. My father was not what you might call wealthly, yet he succeeded in always keeping his family comfortable and in giving me a college education. While rambling over the farm and thru the woods as a small boy, I often noticed the large dragon flies darting to and fro with lightning-like speed. Even in my boyish mind there was a reasoning power from which I began to see a resemblance between his shape and his powers of flying. Later I began to study his nature, and it was then that I conceived the idea of imitating his form in a machine. I believe that in so doing I could then travel thru the air with as much speed as he. Like many others, I made the mistake of telling my beliefs and plans to my associates. They, of course, hooted at the idea of a flying machine, and for some time afterwards a great number of jokes were told at my expense, and I was greeted by sarcastic remarks on every side. When this continued for some time, and they found that I was still a believer in aerial navigation, and that it was my purpose to build an air ship, they ceased joking and making sarcastic remarks about me, and began contemplating the more serious proposition of removing me to the insane asylum. All this tended to irritate me beyond reason, and I was glad when my father decided to send me away to college.

"I entered B—— College and took a four years' course in mechanical engineering. While there I formed a very dear friendship for one of my classmates. I told him my idea of a flying machine and he at once became enthusiastic on the subject. It is useless to follow all the minor details of college life. It was four years of hard work for us, but during that time we perfected our plans, saved all the money we could, and, while we had access to the college

shops, we made many intricate parts that were invaluable to us later. When we graduated from college we went away to a very unsettled part of the country to put our cherished theories into practice.

"Three years later, we stood one afternoon gazing at the finished product of our work. We had succeeded beyond our fondest expectations, and now before us the neatest, trimmest and most graceful craft that ever has sailed, and I believe ever will sail in the air. How like a huge dragon fly she seemed, resting lightly on her wheels, with her wings outspread. We had chosen a light, strong wood for her body. In the center of the deck was the heart of the ship, a light, four cylinder, four horse-power gasoline engine. In front was the steering wheel which controlled her fan rudder. Her wings were exact reproductions of those of the dragon fly. There were four large wings, each composed of several hundred small ones about six inches in length, set on hinges and controlled by a lever near the steering wheel so that they could be set at almost any angle at the will of the operator and so control the speed of the craft. For instance, when they were set so as to vibrate vertically, they would offer resistance to the air in such manner as to support the weight of the machine without causing it to move either forward or backward. Again, they could be set inclined, then they would offer resistance in such manner as to not only support her weight but also to cause her to move forward, the speed owing of course to the angle of inclination. For a great while we were at a loss to know what material to use in constructing the wings, at last, however, we decided on celluloid, that being light and possessing great strength as well as being waterproof. We dubbed her 'The Moth,' and accepted the motto, 'And we shall fly at night.' Taking her as a whole, she was a masterpiece of workmanship. She was our idol, and her success was the ambition of our lives.

"We were that night to give her her trial trip. We had finished putting the finishing touches to her, such as oiling bearings, tightening all nuts, etc. The engine was purring softly and sending a slight tremor thru the entire machine. 'The Moth' seemed as anxious as we to be off and show the world, those 'doubting Thomases,' those unjust critics, that they, and not I, were wrong in regard to my theories of an airship. The slight shaking of the machine seemed to be only a counterpart of the excitement that made our hands tremble. At last, as evening came on, all was ready and we stepped aboard. Fred set the wings at a slight angle, took the wheel, and at his given signal I slowly slid the transmission gear. The small wings began their rapid vibrations, making a sound like the buzz of thousands of bees. I felt a shudder shake her frame as she rose gracefully from the ground. 'The Moth' was on her trial trip! How delighted we were!-she was a success! I could picture how my father would look when we lighted in the yard there at home. How he would grasp our hands and congratulate us on our success. How I would 'crow' over my old critical and sarcastic associates. The monotonous drone of the wings was music to our ears. The exhilaration of the moment made us feel like throwing up our hats and yelling. trial trip.

'The Moth' soared higher and higher on her successful "When we had risen to a height of about three hundred feet, I could not resist the temptation of leaving my post at the engine to go to the front and slap Fred on the back. I had hardly reached him before I heard a peculiar grating noise, like a piece of steel dragging on the cogs of a rapidly revolving wheel. I turned in order to try and see what it was, but, as I did so, I was thrown violently on the deck by a terrific lurch 'The Moth' made. The fuss of the engine changed to an angry sputter, and the doleful drone of the

wings kept rising until it was a long drawn screech. The wind whistled by my ears and stung my eyes so that I could hardly see. It tugged at my clothes as if it were endeavoring to drag me off the deck. I tried to rise but found it impossible to do so, owing to the tremendous pressure of the wind. I cast a glance in Fred's direction, and saw that he too had been thrown on the deck, and, like me, found it impossible to get up again. 'The Moth' made several more lurches forward, each one increasing our already frightful speed. I noticed that the air was becoming light and chilly, owing to our great height, and I knew that at the rate we were going, that it was a matter of only a few minutes before we would become unconscious, still 'The Moth' raced thru the air like some huge bird that seemed intent on carrying us to our death. I knew that her speed must be diminished, and to do so I would have to reach the lever that controlled the wings. Upon looking up I saw that it was only a few feet out of my reach. I attempted to crawl but the movement allowed the wind to get under me, and I was pushed back instead of advancing. The polished floor of the deck afforded me no grip. I felt in vain for something to brace my foot against. For a few precious seconds I lay there thinking rapidly. Then an idea came to me. I drew my knife from my pocket and opened the blade with my teeth. With a quick movement I thrust the heavy blade deep into the soft wood of the floor. This afforded me a hold to draw myself up some distance. My strength was ebbing, however, and I knew that I would have to be quick. My fingers were numb with the bitter cold. Once more I struck the blade into the floor, and again drawing myself up as far as I could, made a wild grasp for the lever. My fingers closed around it, and with all my remaining strength I pulled it all the way down. Immediately the wild roar and shrieking ceased, and with a rocking motion 'The Moth' settled down to quiet peacefulness and began

to drop rapidly. I lay there half conscious until we had dropped some distance. When I was revived by the dense atmosphere I moved the lever so as to cause the wings to vibrate vertically. 'The Moth' ceased dropping and stood suspended in midair with her engine purring gently once more. I looked over the railing, and thru the fastly gathering darkness of evening I saw the earth far, far below. We had no idea how far nor in what direction we had traveled during the runaway, so after considering the danger of attempting to descend in the dark we decided to remain where we were until daylight.

"Morning came after what seemed to us like an age of darkness, the first gray streaks of light striking the buzzing white wings of 'The Moth' and throwing trembling almost unnatural shadows on us as we moved about the deck. When the early morning mist of the warm summer night had cleared away, far below us the earth was stretched out in an endless panorama of green, dotted here and there by isolated farm houses, surrounded by rectangles of cultivated land. Thread-like roads traced their crooked way, meeting and branching off again until they formed a coarse network over the green background. Behind us a large river seemed to wander aimlessly over a large green pasture, and to one side a straight black thread marked the trace of a railroad along which a small object crept, leaving a tiny coil of filmy smoke behind. On the other side we could look down into the heart of a town, the houses so close that they appeared to be joined together, and the steeples and chimneys appeared not to rise above the level of the ground. Tinv specks, which we discerned to be people, moved along the well laid off streets, and as we looked we heard the far-away sound of a whistle calling them to their work. After watching the picture for some time, we decided to visit the town and make some repairs on our machine, and following out this idea the

wings of 'The Moth' were once more set inclined and she began a slow descent.

"Wild excitement was spread thruout the town and surrounding community immediately upon our arrival. The news spread with lightning-like rapidity, and soon the entire population had gathered to gaze with superstitious fear at this new wonder that had come among them. At first they stood off at a respectable distance, but soon they grew bolder and gathered close around 'The Moth,' asking hundreds of foolish and unanswerable questions, and entering into many different speculations as to the purpose of our visit. As has always been the case, there is a fool in every crowd, and this fool had his ever-present cigarette. Most bad things prepare the way for themselves, so to speak, but with us it was different. There was no warning whatever, just a moment of horror. It happened this way. It seems that while gazing at 'The Moth' in wide-eyed and open-mouthed astonishment, he had become so completely lost in excitement and interest that he forgot to puff his cigarette. When, however, he awoke to the fact that he was not smoking, he struck a match, renewed his light, and, after drawing a large cloud of the blue fumes into his lungs, flipped the lighted stick from him. It sailed thru the air and then landed on one of the wings of 'The Moth.' There was a loud sizzle and crackle, followed by a blinding flash of light. 'The Moth' swaved and bumped. The air seemed full of tiny spirits of fire. I shouted a warning to Fred, who was working on the engine, then exerted every effort I could command in a wild leap from my position on the rear of the deck. I passed thru a belch of rancid smoke and flame and landed far out among the crowd, with my hair singed and my eyebrows gone. Men shouted, women screamed—all Some stumbled and rolled in the dust and were trampled on by the on-rushing mob behind them—all crazy in their mad rush to safety. It all happened in a few seconds; and Fred, who was barred in on every side by guy wires, found it impossible to escape. I saw him wave his arms wildly, then stagger and fall sprawling on the burning deck. Nothing could be done to save him. The crowd of onlookers, who had retreated to what they considered to be a safe distance away, had again assembled and stood watching 'The Moth' in her throes of death until the gasoline tank exploded with a blinding flash, which frightened them to a still greater distance.

"Nothing remained of 'The Moth' but a mass of twisted steel and a pile of powdery white ashes. With the help of some of the residents of the town, I succeeded in removing the charred remains of my friend, and in giving him a fitting burial. Thus were the hopes and the ambition of my life blotted out, and along with them the life of a very dear friend."

As the sound of the old man's voice died away the train stopped with a jerk at Waterloo, and I rose, preparatory to leaving.

"If you are getting off here," said I, "I will give you a lift in my taxi. If, however, you are not, I wish to thank you. I am indebted to you for the story."

He was gazing out of the window, a far-away look in his eyes, and seemed to be living over again the day of his misfortune. He seemed not to hear, so, getting no reply, I left him.

The train whirred on westward, carrying with it the figure of the little old man.

J. W. B. Jr., '12.

#### IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

It was in the quiet of a November eve. John Van Dauson, alone in his club, one of the most exclusive in the city, sat, idly glancing over the afternoon paper. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. There before him was a small advertisement in the want column. It read thus:

"Wanted-A wife. Address 116 West Court street, city."

It wasn't the advertisement in itself that called forth the "Great Cæsar!" of a moment before. It was the fact that the address given was his own—his. He, who for thirty years had lived a life of single blessedness, and who intended living in the same state some thirty years more, was advertising for a wife! Here we might say that John Van Dauson was the son of a wealthy father, and had lived a life of ease and luxury ever since he could remember. He was a member of the best circles of society, but had not yet seen any one whom he felt was created for him. And now it had come to this! A practical joke, no doubt, perpetrated by some of his friends. But such a ghastly joke!

Not knowing what else to do, he decided to go to the newspaper office and endeavor to ascertain the perpetrator of such a deed.

"Well—of all things!" exclaimed Miss Virginia Norton with a gasp. What called forth such an expression from this dignified young lady, you ask? It was only this little advertisement in the afternoon paper:

"Wanted—A husband. Address 219 North Church street, city."

What could it mean? Why, that was her address—her very own. Here was she, nearly an old maid, writing society news for the papers to pass the time away, advertising for a

husband. She, who had always been considered a man hater.

"I can't understand it," she said. "I will go up and see the editor this very minute, and of all the blessing out he ever got—well, this will take the prize." A few minutes later she was hurrying on her way up town.

The door opened and Mr. John Van Dauson entered. "May I see the editor a moment?" he said to the office boy.

"He's busy now. He'll see you in a few minutes if you want to wait," said the office boy when he came back from the private office.

So Mr. Van Dauson decided to wait, and seeing a chair at a desk near the window, went over and sat down. A moment later the street door was banged open and in came a very pretty, but apparently highly excited young lady. Seeing Mr. Van Dauson sitting at the desk, she began on him.

"You, you awful man! How could you? How could you? If you can't think of anything better for your old paper than such advertisements, you had better go out of business!" At this moment the editor stuck his head in the door, but seeing how things were, hastily withdrew.

"But my dear madam," began Mr. Van Dauson.

"No! I don't want to hear a word! You just did it for pure spite," and Miss Virginia Norton subsided into tears and a chair.

A moment later Mr. Van Dauson stood over her.

"I beg pardon, madam. Is there anything I can do for you? I am not the editor, but you seem distressed about something."

"You are not the editor!" she exclaimed. Then she burst into laughter, and as the laughter continued, Mr. Van Dauson joined in.

"But it's the funniest thing," she said. "Here I have been raking you over the coals, and you haven't done a thing. What shall I do?"

"By the way," he said, "I thought I heard you say something about an advertisement. Now, come to think of it, that is the very reason why I am here. Look." And he handed her the offending advertisement. She read:

"Wanted—A wife. Address 116 West Court street, city."

After reading it, she said not a word, but handed him her clipping. He read:

"Wanted—A husband. Address 219 North Church street, city."

At this he laughed aloud. "Vell, I'll declare," he said. "Say, my name is John Van Dauson, and I've never come so near being able to sanction that advertisement as I am now. Come, Miss Virginia Norton. I know you. Don't you remember Mrs. Parker's ball of a month ago? Let's go, and let those who played the joke have it turned back on them."

A month later Mr. John Van Dauson was calling on Miss Virginia Norton. No, "was calling" is not exactly correct, for he had been calling since the day of the advertisement.

"Virginia, can you sanction that advertisement now, and do I fill the bill?"

A smothered sound in the gathering dark then-

"John."

"Yes, dear."

"It pays to advertise, doesn't it?"

J. A. D., '11

### THE CATAWBAS.

Wounded and sick at heart from the loss of their homelands beyond the great lakes; with their pride as a nation crushed to the very dust of the earth; and, worst of all, their heredity slain, the Catawbas started mournfully southward, in search of a home. In the course of this march, they reached the river, Eswa Tavorah (now Catawba). They liked the country at first sight, and determined to inhabit it. They met the fierce Cherokees, and after many days of fighting, succeeded in establishing themselves as masters of the fertile region along Eswa Tavorah.

One fine May morning, when the trees of this virgin forest were waving proudly with their tender, green foliage, and the flowers which bloom in its bosom were sending their rich fragrance out to all the world, Mischewasa, the proud chieftain of the Catawbas, could have been seen to saunter away into the midst of this great forest, there to converse with his inmost soul; there to muster courage to meet the approaching crisis.

How the blood of the young chieftain boiled within him as he thought of the pale faced intruders who were already within his territory! "Shall the brave Catawbas be again driven from their soil like helpless children?" he was saying. "Never! never! never!" With this he hurled his battle axe at a poplar tree, burying it in the body of the tree, and swearing that before tomorrow's sun should set he would bury it as deep in the breast of every white man in his territory.

The blood thirsty youths were equally wild with excitement for the morrow, when they should recover their land, and prove to the tribes of men that they were not babes.

When all preparations were made, the warriors slumbered. During the night, the clouds which lay in the west at sunset, united into one mighty bank, and stole over the slumbering people. It was all unheeded until one loud peal of thunder brought everyone startled to his feet. The chief was hurrying here and there, and while passing the large meeting-place oak, observed five of the warrior youths still stretched apparently in slumber. He hastened to arouse them, but all in vain. The monster *death*, through his agent, the red winged lightning, had stolen there and claimed them.

Too well they remembered the sad story of how their fathers—not heeding the warning of an ill omen that the Great Spirit was angry with them—had rushed into battle with the Connewangas, and had lost their lands and everything that was dear to the hearts of the Catawbas. Inwardly they said to themselves: "What have we done that the Great Spirit should ill omen our every war, and should allow us to be driven from our soil by every tribe of men?" Fearing, they shrank back to the shaded recesses of their homes and watched the white man take up their soil foot by foot. Fearing to disobey, they retired before them, bearing hearts wounded forever by suppression.

Today this lonely tribe of Catawbas dwell in their miserable settlement on the banks of the river which bears their name. Never does a sun sink in the western sky, but that it seems to be seeking to hide its face from the shameful deeds of a people who might have taken up their abode at some other place on the wide earth, instead of wrenching this spot of earth from a people who loved it as dearly as they loved their own blood.

C. B. F., '12.

# \* \* \* \* "THE TIE THAT BOUND."

Late one winter afternoon, as Colonel Robert Speerman, a prominent lawyer in a certain small town, was finishing up his day's work, he heard a slow, unsteady tread on the office steps. After hearing a feeble knock upon the door, Colonel Speerman saw an old negro shuffle in slowly. The old negro was stooped with age, and the expression upon his face at once made known the fact that he was in trouble. "Well uncle, what do you wish to see me about," said the Colonel. The prospective client, for reply, handed the Colonel a small dirt-covered wad of paper. The Colonel discovered that the begrimed wad was a note which read as follows: "If you spect to keep on living youse had best cum back as fast as you legs will fetch you."

"Who sent this, uncle? The Black Hand?" queried the lawyer.

"I don' no', sir, 'bout that black han' biznes, but I guess the han' what wrote it is black as mos' of 'em; the old woman I has fur wife sent it to me." The old negro ceased talking, but the lawyer drew him out until he gave the rest of his story in the following words: "You see, boss, I have been living with my ole' wife for over thirty year, and I has sho' tried to be good to her. But lately my rheumatiz has been so bad that I has to ask her to wait on me a heap. Somehow, she don't like to wait on me any more, for she growls awful when I ask her to do anything for me. I'se 'fraid she don't love me like she used to. All this week, she has been jes' turrible, and I'm gettin' skeered of her. But last night, when she got kinder mad with me, she took and kicked a hole in my big silk beaver hat, which ole marster give me fifteen year ago." At the mention of this last incident, the old negro's eyes filled with tears, but he continued: "Boss, that jes' fixed me, for I knowed if she would tear up my hat, she wouldn't mine tearin' me up. I sho' thought lots of that hat, for I have wore it to weddins and funerils ever since I got it, and now the niggers won't know I'm at the funeril when they don't see my hat. So, after she done me that 'er way, I lef' her to go to my frens. Jus' now, a little ole

boy give me this here note, so's I'm come up to see you 'bout gettin' papers so I can lef' my wife fer good."

"Well, uncle, suppose you and I go out together and talk over the matter with your wife," said Colonel Speerman, after the old darky had finished his story.

"Boss, I would like to know what she has to say, but to tell the truf, I ain't no ways pertickler 'bout going out there at all. You ain't never seed my wife when she was mad; and she is a better man than I am anyway."

"But, old man, I will go with you and take care of you."

A happy thought then struck the old negro, as he said, "Boss, I would lak fur you to git me a peace warrint if I go with you."

"All right," laughed the Colonel, whose sense of humor was touched by the words of the old negro. "Come around in the morning, and we will go out and look over the situation."

Colonel Speerman, a great lover of human nature, was naturally interested in his latest client, and after giving much thought to the matter, decided upon a simple plan which he hoped would bring peace again into the old man's home.

The next morning, the Colonel, accompanied by his client, drove out to the scene of the late strife. They were met at the door by the old woman, who, upon seeing Uncle Hiram, scowled, "What are you here for, you lazy, good for nuttin' nigger?"

The Colonel then stepped in and said, "Now, auntie, let's don't fuss any more. Uncle Hiram has come out to tell you how sorry he is that he made you mad, and he is waiting now for you to make up."

"Is you, Hiram?" put in the old woman, but Hiram responded, "But my hat, Lucy."

The Colonel then tried to explain to Uncle Hiram that his wife didn't mean to hurt him so badly by ruining his hat.

The old woman replied, "That's eggszactly right, white folks, and Hiram, I'm awful sorry I kicked your hat. I didn't think about what I was doing."

"I'm glad you're sorry, but still being sorry ain't gettin' me a hat."

"Yes, it is, Hiram, said the Colonel, as he drew from under his overcoat a rather thin package, unwrapped a new collapsible silk hat, and springing it into shape, handed it to Hiram, "with Aunt Lucy's compliments." The old darky, utterly astonished at first, finally grasped the situation. He eagerly snatched the hat, placed it on his head, and after expressing thanks to the Colonel, turned to his wife, and taking her in his arms, said: "It's all right now, old woman."

# THE PALACE OF MYSTERY.

"Gee! this must be a large one," I thought, as the monster of the river towed me rapidly through the rocky shoals and straight toward the bend of the Golden River. With the long line which I had, I played the monster fish until I lost control of him; and I, boat and all, were dashed broadside against a projecting boulder. The boat was entirely wrecked, and there I was, left to battle for life or death with the angry water, which, as it rushed over the black stones of its deep channel, chanted a doleful dirge which echoed about the rocky billows and filled the dying day with awe. Another moment, and I was reft from the floating remains of my boat and swept down by the rushing torrent. Helpless in the arms of the angry water, I was being dashed on toward the fatal whirlpool. Down, down, I went in the circling torrent. The moaning waves closed over my head. I still struggled to free myself from the grasp of the angry water, but all in vain; helpless, I was being born downward through a mysterious world of water. Strangling and growing cold in the fatal clutch of the roaring torrent, I was hurled madly against a wall of stones, which seemed to give way at the magic touch of my prostrate form. In another instant, I was reft from the grasp of the angry torrent and borne by tender hands up through a placid lake of silvery water. I was lifted from the gleaming water, laid on a mossy couch, and everything grew dark.

How long I lay there suspended between the golden hills of heaven and the fiery tombs of torment, I cannot tell; but suddenly my eyes opened, and the radiance of an underground palace was disclosed to my sight. I was awe-stricken. Unable to utter a sound, I gazed about the room in wonder. The room was lined with polished stones of many hues. The floor resembled that of a green house, where every flower known to mortal shed its sweet perfume to all within the palace.

Hearing a noise in the adjacent room, and peeping through the open door, I saw a score of little people dancing merrily around the room. As I lay there on my mossy couch and watched the little midgets skip gleefully over the polished floor, I thought of the many stories which I had read of the "Wonderland."

Can it be that this is the wonderful Wonderland? Can it be that I am delirious? Or is this the Great Beyond?

My thoughts wandered back to the many stories of my childhood, but all were unlike that mysterious reality. I could hear the faint strains of music as it issued through the open door and filled the dim apartment with its weird notes.

I collected my thoughts as best I could, and determined to explore that palace of mystery. I was about to rise to my feet, when a soft hand fell upon my feverish brow, and glancing up, my eyes fell upon a little brown-eyed girl, with long black curls and rosy cheeks, who was sitting upon my couch. I was struck with her beauty. "But how small she

is!" I thought, as I looked into her soft brown eyes. I could stand it no longer. I arose and began to speak to her, but was interrupted—

"Don't let him find you here." she said in her low musical voice; and before I could answer, she vanished before my very eyes. I almost screamed aloud, everything turned dark, and I felt that I had been left alone to cope with the utter darkness in the mysterious recesses of the underground palace. Still the dancers were keeping up their mirth and revelry.

Feverish, restless, and filled with the most hideous thoughts that ever overshadowed a human's heart before, I staggered to the open door. Still the queer little people moved noiselessly on in their merry circle about the spacious room, and the musicians, who were hidden behind a row of ferns, poured forth in harmony the faint notes of a fairy song. As I gazed upon that luring scene, the music seemed to draw me irresistibly into the merry circle.

"Won't you come in?" said one of the little people.

The voice resembled that of the little girl who had left me only a few moments before. Sure enough, there behind a stand of flowers stood the little fairy queen. Eager to converse with my little friend, I walked over to the corner where she had seated herself. I tried to talk to her, but in vain.

"I can not talk to you now," was the timid reply; "but I shall warn you not to let him find you here."

I was about to inquire whom the little nymph referred to in her cool warning, but one of the dancers, as she glided by me, echoed back the wrods, "Don't let him find you here."

I could stand it no longer. I turned to my little friend to ask my question, but she was gone. Suddenly, the music ceased and the dancers stopped in their tracks—footsteps could be heard coming down the corridor which led to the

dancing room, and the little people, who a few moments before had been filling the hall with their mirth, disappeared before my very eyes.

Speechless, I sank to the floor, the door swung open, and a little man, dressed in a long coat of blue silk and trousers of the same hue, which bound about his knees, entered the room. His bright face wore the expression of contentment and mirth until he beheld my rigid form upon the floor.

"What are you doing here?" were the cold words which greeted me. I could not utter one word. He walked over to where I lay, and, as he stood over me, his eyes seemed to be aglow with fire, and his face had changed so that it wore the stern lines of a tyrant. He seemed to grow sterner as he spoke:

"Know you not that the one who enters my palace through that door" (pointing to the pool of silvery water) "shall never go out again. Come with me," the stern little man ordered; "this night you shall pay the penalty."

Shivering, cold, and with a heart of sorrow, I followed the little man into a cold, dark room.

"This will be your quarters until further notice," were the cold words which he hissed at me. Then turning a key in the heavy iron door, the little demon vanished into darkness.

Turning, I saw the glowing embers of a fire which had burned low in the corner. I walked the floor in restless agony, and turning from the dying embers, I could read my doom in the chilly darkness. Tired and shivering with fear, I flung myself upon a rough couch in the corner of my dark cell. As I lay there, peering into the chilly darkness, the most hideous thoughts that mortal ever dared to dream stamped their gloomy pictures upon my frenzied mind. For several hours, I lay in that mysterious dungeon with my wandering mind disclosing such hideous pictures of my fatal capture, that I drew back in horror from my own imagina-

tion. Crazed, worried, and sleepy, I fell asleep and dreamed that I heard footsteps along the rocky corridor, a key turn in the massive door, and the little man enter my prison cell. He caught me by the arm, led me into a little room, and bade me to sit down. I was no longer alone. There were two other captives with the grim outline of death carved upon their tear-stained face. The little demon, slowly and unconcerned, walked over to a corner, drew back a curtain, and disclosed to us a marble slab, over which hung a silver bowl. How innocent it looked, yet I could read my doom in its very existence. The little man stepped in, drew the curtains around him, and all was silent. Each victim of the silver bowl could see the ghastly picture of death descending upon him.

The curtains parted—there in his lordly majesty stood the little man with a silk robe drawn about him. He beckoned to the first victim on the row, and well was his silent command understood. The prisoner, with the death chill upon his quivering brow, arose, walked between the curtains and took his stand upon the marble slab. The little demon smiled, touched a button upon the wall, and the silver bowl began to sprinkle drops of water upon the head of the trembling prisoner, who quivered, uttered one moan, and fell dead upon the marble slab. Another drop of the fatal liquid and the rigid body went up in one great column of smoke which mingled with the dim light and disappeared. The little clock on the wall struck one, and still the scene of horror went on. Number two, on the condemned row, was called to his marble deathbed. Again the water descended, the body trembled, died, and the last semblance of his very existence passed up in one gloomy column of smoke. Again the little clock tolled the knell of a victim of the silver bowl. All was still except the little man, who pointed for the third time to the marble altar. My time had come; I felt my very life

leap out to its might Giver. Feeling an arm around my neck as though it were lifting me to the fatal slab. I awaked from my dream in terror; but only to find, bending over me, the little fairy queen, with her tender little hand upon my fevered brow. My heart throbbed as though it would burst from my quivering breast.

"I have come to save you," she said in those tender words that made me start from my couch. "I reft you from the angry waters of the Golden River, and brought you into what I thought would be a happy home for you; but my father, the King of the Golden River, has sworn death unto you unless you escape."

"All this, I realized in my dream," I uttered, "but to escape is impossible."

"I brought you here and I will save you. With this, nothing is impossible," she said, as she placed a plain little ring upon my finger. "Now, may good-luck be with you. Father must not find me here. Goodbye."

Speechless, I arose from my couch, gathered her in my arms and tried to draw her to my parching lips, but she vanished from my very grasp.

I tottered to the door, which swung open at my magic touch. I crept along the rocky corridor, groping my way through darkness, until I came to the end of the underground passage. Eager to escape, I felt along the stony walls, hoping to find a door leading to freedom, but all in vain, for on either side the doors led only to dark rooms. Thinking of my ring. I felt for it, but it was gone. Fate seemed to block every effort, and I could read my doom and see my wretched body pass up in one great column of smoke in the dense darkness. I crawled steadily along the rough floor, searching for the lost ring, and I was about to give up in despair when my finger touched something at the foot of the dungeon door. "The ring!" I muttered half aloud.

Sure enough, the lucky ring it was. I placed it upon my finger and stumbled off through the darkness.

I was nearly to the end of the long passage when something entered it just ahead of me. Another instant, and I recognized the footsteps of the cruel little king. All was up! I sank to the floor in despair. A rock trembled at my back, and reaching around, I found it to be loose and swinging upon hinges. Rising to my feet, I made one pull at the door, but to no effect. I could then outline the faint form of the King of the Golden River, clad in the blue robe which I had seen in my dream. On he came, straight toward me, and I could read my death sentence in his sparkling eyes. Trying again to open the ponderous door, I grasped the knob, gave one mighty jerk, and the massive door, grinding upon its rusty hinges, swung open, and—I awaked from my restless reverie.

W. N. H., '11.

# \* \* \* \* \* HIS CHANCE.

"Kelley, you must take your place on the second team," commanded the gruff head coach of the University eleven.

"All right, sir, but it seemed as if I might be tried in a game," murmured Fred Kelley. This was the last said by the young half-back as he quietly made his way off the field. His face was so plastered with mud as to hide any sign of emotion; but, as he made his way to the training house, he was forced to wink several times to keep back the tears.

Having played as half-back on the Clemson team for two seasons, Kelley's ambition was to reach the much coveted position on the University eleven. Throughout the past season, he had played on the "scrub" team, and had just won a position on the University team before the Navy game; and now, at the eleventh hour, to be reduced, made

a tragic kind of misfortune, particularly when he took football as seriously as did Fred Kelley.

The coaches had decided that he was not quite heavy enough to penetrate the Navy line, made up of heavy robust mountaineers; and, after much deliberation, it was decided to retire Kelley in favor of Charlie Grey, a more imposing youth, who had a more showy style of play.

Kelley trudged into the room reserved for "varsity," and began to strip off his muddy jeans with the unhappy thought that on the morrow he would be forced to return to the "scrub" quarters. The other players were all sympathy for Kelley; but quietly dressing, he made his way out in order to be alone and think of his misfortune. Until now, the men against whom he had pitted himself were better than he, and their success had not embittered him. But in the case of Grey, the young tiger could not help feeling sore. The two men had been playing against each other throughout the season, shifting from varsity to scrub and back again in their battle to win the position.

Ungrudingly, Fred admitted that Grey had more strength, but he was easily hurt, thought the half-back. Well did he remember the day when Grey had purposely kicked him on the head in a scrimmage, and then begged for mercy when hard pressed by Kelley. This episode had been enough to convince Fred that his rival was soft.

A gleam of satisfaction came to him as he thus reflected: "I may get my revenge by keying up my friends on the 'scrub' team to give the varsity one good defeat before the Navy game. Anyway, Grey will know that he is playing football every time I line up against him." Straight old-fashioned football was Fred's plan of action, and he endeavored to play this way. He detested dirty play, and woe unto the man he caught in the act.

For the next week, Kelley played as he had never played before, and hit the varsity fore lines for many gains. He hammered Grey at every opportunity until the big mountaineer would become furious and endeavor to retaliate. Grey, nevertheless, made such creditable showing that the coaches did not make any changes. But deep down in his heart, Kelley believed that Grey was "cold-footed" in a tight place.

There remained but one night before the big game. Every preparation had been made. The teams had been practiced in all of the new signals, and great things were expected of them next day. Kelley went to bed in a sorrowful mood, but he took his medicine without a murmur. "Something may turn up yet," he thought, "so that I may be tried in the game." Passing Grey on his way up, Fred, in an off-hand way, volunteered:

"I would give a year of my life for your chance tomorrow, Charlie. I hope you realize what a lucky dog you are. Remember, you stand for the college tomorrow, and it means more than mere glory for yourself." Kelley thought he detected a pallor on Grey's countenance, as the mountaineer replied:

"You should be in my place, Fred, old boy. I don't like football, as you know."

"Oh, nonsense!" excalimed Kelley, "your liking it has nothing to do with it. Duty is not always a picnic. Do your part well, as the coaches believe in you."

Kelley lay in his bed, thinking over the events which would in all probability occur on the morrow. Grey would be put in the game as half-back, and he would take his place on the side lines. As he lay in this mood, he was disturbed by a brisk knock on the door.

"Come in," called Fred from his bed. In walked Charlie Grey.

"Indeed, I am sick of it. I have a proposition to make you. In the morning I am to be sick, and you are to get in the game. Do you see?" Fred was troubled over Grey's appearance. He knew what was the matter. Grey was scared, nothing more, nothing less. Now was Kelley's chance. Must he take advantage of it? No one would be the wiser. But, no! That would never do. He could not take advantage of Grey that way. Grey must play tomorrow. It would never do for the mountaineer to drop out at the last moment.

"Grey, you must not," he argued. "It is not your battle. It is a fight for your college. You must and shall play. Don't be a quitter. Go back immediately to your room and get some rest. I shall look for you out in the morning."

With these words, Grey returned to his room to spend a sleepless night. The next morning dawned bright and clear, and the field was crowded at the appointed hour. The University's colors were in evidence, and great things were expected of the boys. The Varsity trotted out and lined up against the Navy eleven. Grey, true to his promise, was in uniform, and, as he took his allotted position on the gridiron, amid the cheers of his classmates, he made a resolve to do his duty or die.

It took him some time to get his bearings, but soon he awoke as if from a stupor; and the Navy boys were the losers. He hit the opposing line like a big battering ram, and long were the gains he made. Everything wilted before him. Kelley, on the sidelines, noticed this, with a thumping heart. To know how close he had come to being in the game, and the opportunity he had thrown down, did not make him feel bad. "It was for the college," he muttered.

At the close of the game, the score stood five to zero in favor of the University, and Grey was the hero of the hour.

But he did not seem to feel elated at all. Sinking his arm in that of Kelley's, he made his way to the training house. "It was you, old boy, that saved me from disgrace. You would not even take advantage of your opportunity to go in the game. I shall never forget it."

Kelley, hastily brushing away a tear, felt amply repaid for what he had done. "Charlie, lad, it was for the college, that's all."

S. S. J., '12.

\* \* \* \*

### THE EXILED CHIEFTAIN'S DEATH.

While a storm raged on Helena's Isle,
While the sea was lashed to foam,
While the rain came down in torrents
Upon Napoleon's prison home,
While the angry thunder echoed
Like the war-drum's fatal roll,
Death appeared to lay her claim
To the exiled chieftain's soul.

But ere his feeble soul was rendered
Up to its mighty Giver,
He, in dream, his gallant cohorts led
Over many a hill and river.
He thought of his many battlefields,
He thought of his comrades, too,
He thought of the fatal charge he made
On the field of Waterloo.

At last, his dream was ended;
He dropped his blade of steel,
In truth, or dream, no more to master
An earthly battlefield,
A grave was digged by the little spring,
Which was his last request;

And his foes, with tear-stained faces, Laid his exiled soul to rest.

W. N. H., '11.

#### \* \* \* \*

### AN AMATEUR KNIGHT ERRANT.

Barney Doyle strolled aimlessly up the dimly lighted street of the little town. It was three hours before his train was scheduled to leave, and five before he would reach his home. So Barney strolled on, conjuring mental pictures of the repast that always awaited his return from college.

He had walked perhaps ten blocks in this fashion, when his pleasant dreams were rudely interrupted by a light touch on his arm. Barney turned and swept off his hat. Standing by him, her face the picture of appeal, was undoubtedly the prettiest girl he had ever beheld. For a moment, Barney thought her but a direct sequence of that realistic dreamdinner. But a low, "Please sir, won't you help me?" dispelled this thought.

Without thinking, he thrust his hand into his pocket, but the indignant change which swept over the girl's face made him withdraw it, with only his handkerchief enclosed.

'Er—help you—why certainly! I'm sure you can command me," he stammered. For, being a collegian and young, distressed femininity held a peculiar attraction to Doyle.

"Come then—oh, quickly, please." The girl grasping his arm, led him around the corner and down the street till they came to a large building flanked by well-kept gardens. She softly opened a gate leading into the yard, and motioned him to enter.

"Sure," thought Barney, a little anxiously. "It can't be burglary she wants to do, though I believe I'd do it if she would look at me that way again."

His guide led him around one wing of the building. and halted.

"Wait a minute," she whispered, and disappeared into the surrounding gloom.

Barney waited several minutes, and then "some." Deciding that he had been hoaxed, he decided to find for himself what the din or racket was. He discovered several things very shortly. Starting off in the direction the girl had taken, he first stumbled over a lawn mower, then a frame of running roses; waded through a stand of pot plants and fell headlong over the kennel of a sleeping bulldog.

His dogship promptly resented the insult to his canine dignity and the whole neighborhood resounded with his deep-throated protestations. Barney could do nothing but stand still and—no, not tremble—think!

No sooner had he restored his mental equilibrium than a window immediately opposite was flung open, and a pocket light blinded him with its glare.

"Aha!" a distinctly masculine voice declared, "I thought I'd catch you if I waited long enough. I guess 'trespassing after warning' will about fit your case, before Judge Knox tomorrow. I'll teach you blasted mining. Why don't you say something," waxing hotter as the furious tirade elicited no comment from the thoroughly astounded Barney. "Think that standing there and blinking like a sick owl will get you off? Well, I guess you want to elope with my daughter again!"

"Great guns!" thought Barney, "this is worse than burglary." But aloud he hastened to proclaim his innocence.

"Beg p-pardon," he stammered, "I never eloped-"

"I know you didn't, but you tried hard enough!"

"I was going to say that I never knew your daughter," finished Barney, hotly, for his "Irish" was rising under the scathing tones of the other.

"Never what? By Jove! You're not that infernal Will Brooks? Then what are you doing in my yard this time of night. Answer me that?"

"Just strolled in to smell of the flowers," returned Barney, whimsically.

"Strolled in! Well, I like your nerve. Here, let me see who it is that calmly strolls into peoples' garden at midnight," and he flung open the French window.

Barney hesitated a moment, then stepped in. He saw before him as irate a specimen of American fatherhood as he had ever met up with (and be it known. Barney's father was a "corker"). The old gentleman was dressed in a suit of flaming red pajamas, but his face threatened to out do his garments in hue.

"Now, sir, explain yourself!" he commanded.

Barney's usually fertile imagination failed him, so he said nothing.

"Nothing to say, eh? Just walked in and made yourself at home. Thought you'd just help yourself to something?" Barney's face flushed angrily, but he held his peace.

"Maybe you wanted my dog?"

Barney's anger changed to amusement, as he thought of the possibility of abducting the huge brute that still woke the echoes without.

"I have nothing to say," he finally asserted calmly.

At this the old man fairly exploded.

"We'll see," he thundered, and he turned to a telephone. "Give me police headquarters?" he demanded. Barney could feel himself pale. At this moment, however, when all seemed lost, including honor, an interruption came from behind them.

"Oh, Uncle—don't! He's not to blame," came an appealing voice.

Barney turned and saw the pretty supplicant of an hour earlier.

"Dorothy, are you in this, also?" sternly demanded the old man. But he dropped the receiver.

"What?" asked the girl, innocently. Then, "No, I don't know that gentleman, Uncle! But Ethel and Will—"

"Have—," he interrupted, starting.

"Eloped!" she furnished, triumphantly. "When you were entertaining this young man, we knew you were on to us, so I went out and inveigled him into a discussion with Towser. Then Ethel went out the back door, where Will waited for her. Oh, it was too easy."

This unpleasant catastrophe seemed to take all the fire from the old gentleman. He stood regarding the two silently for a moment, then said to Barney:

"Well, young sir, it seems you are the victim of this shameless hussy here! It only remains for me to ask your forgiveness for my harsh words, and to bid you goodnight."

Barney bowed and turned to leave. His honest blood boiled to think of what a "stool pigeon" he had been made. He reached the window and was stepping out, when he was again interrupted by the girl.

"And I, too, must crave pardon, Sir Knight," she whispered. "Please forgive me—I'm sorry that it was necessary—but I do love Ethel, and I did so want them to marry. Won't you forgive me?"

Barney looked down into the clear gray eyes that were raised to his. In them lay an irresistible appeal.

"My only regret, madamoiselle, is that I can't take the title you just conferred. Still, if forgiving entails forgetting, I must decline to forgive. For, forget you, I cannot and will not!"

# The Clemson College Chronicle FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS, '10

Only two months more!

Get busy, Seniors.

Subscribers, pay up. THE CHRONICLE needs the money.

As the College year draws to a close, this question presents itself: Have we done our duty to the Have We Done College? Seniors, think of this, and Our Duty? glancing backward, see if there is not something that you have or have not done that ought to have been accomplished. If you are not satisfied, get busy now, and make the last days the best.

One of the most disgraceful things that has ever occurred in America, is the graft scandal of Pittsburg. The highest officials of the local government have turned out to be rascals. It seems that the pall of smoke which The Pittsburg overhangs the city, has hidden some of the Scandals. greatest criminals in the country. But the light of the law has finally penetrated the gloom, and it is to be hoped that all the offenders will be severely dealt with, so that others will be afraid to pattern after them.

But is Pittsburg the only city where this highway robbery is being practiced? Had we not better look to our own towns before condemning the Pennsylvania city too severely?

While the law is investigating municipal governments, would it not be wise to turn the legal searchlight on some of the trusts?

This has ceased to be a periodical "scare," and has now become a stern reality. The unsettled condition of affairs in the far East sounds a note of warning to the Caucasian nations. Already England is awakening to The Asiatic the fact that India must be looked after. Peril.

France is experiencing the same difficulties in Indo-China that England is in India. China is at last beginning to know her strength. The Chinese army and navy are being reorganized by Japanese officers.

This, in itself, is a significant fact. Japan and China, united, could sweep the whites from Asiatic soil. At present the relations between these two nations are not of the friendliest; but, when Chinese statesmen awaken to the advantages which would result from a Chino-Japanese alliance, we may be sure that the "Giant of the East" will sleep no longer.

Japan's recent victory over Russia has made her unbearably arrogant. Her first step after the war was to annex Corea, a deliberate breach of her word to the nations. But with all their arrogance, the Japanese are too clever to be caught napping. They are continually enlarging their army and navy.

America is, no doubt, the nation at which Japan aims to strike. Her protestations of friendship show that she is only sparring for time. We think it behooves the white nations to lay aside their petty jealousies, and to prepare for the threatening storm. It matters not upon what pretext the struggle is started; it is a struggle for existence, and "white man must rule."

\* \* \* \*

It was evening in the parlor,
And the gas was burning lower,
When mother's anxious accents
Floated inward through the door,
"Daughter, turn the gas up higher,
For I've heard that people say
There's an increase in the pressure
When the gas burns low that way."
"But I think that you'll agree,"
Came the daughter's voice in haste,
"That an increase in the pressure
Means a lessening of the 'WASTE.'"



Editors:
H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

The Acorn from Meredith College comes very near to being-excellent, with one exception-the poetry is highly conspicuous by its absence. We take it for granted that this is only a temporary defect. Instead of using space for our criticisms, we wish, with the editor's kind permission, to quote from the exchange department. "In time all our schools must realize the immense value of the magazine as an advertisement. The editorial staffs are going to be elected, not on the ground of ability to write, not because their talent for expression has led the student body to be willing and glad to give them the glory and honor, if only they shoulder the whole responsibility; but they will be editors because the zeal and devotion they feel for their school makes them fit representatives, gives them power to instil into every student the patriotism which will not endure inferiority; editors, because the contagion of their strong and enthusiastic loyalty can inspire every student in school to try to write. Few editorial staffs, almost no student bodies, realize that it is in many cases only through the College Magazine that their school is known from Canada to Texas, from California to Florida. Nearly all of us have exchanges of that range. If this one fact could take hold of college students, there would be a reformation from Freshman to Seniors; there would be a deep sense of humiliation in sending out a magazine which would publish broadcast their lack of insight, their lack of loyalty, their passive negligence to the growth and high standing of the school they represent."

We hope that it will only be a short time before Clemson men catch this spirit and rally to the support of our publications.

The March issue of The Concept arrived as usual on schedule time. This issue is hardly up to the usual standard. The stories are short, the poetry shorter. No doubt the coming of spring inspired the writing of "With Roses Red." The thought is good, and very well expressed. "The Intruder" is a short story, telling how a girl became very much frightened by a cold and lifeless statue. "The Law of the Rice Fields" is an example of the superstition of the negro. "American Illustrators of Today" is a well written article. The next production is unnamed; and, to our mind, unfinished. "Characteristics of Modern Poetry" points out the peculiarities of our poetry of today. The editorial department is especially well written. 'Tis true that we should all know more about the great events taking place in our country. To know them is to take more interest in them. The other departments are very good.

The Orange and Blue is not exactly a literary magazine in the modern sense of the word, i. e., love stories, sentimental poems, etc., but is what it claims to be—devoted to the best interest of the college. The literary department contains only one story and one poem. However, they are good, and we should not criticise, as quantity is not an index to the literary merits of an institution. This number is rather exclusively devoted to athletics, giving a full account of the class games. The editorials are very good. We suggest that the exchange editor expand his reviews of the dif-

ferent magazines. There is plenty of room for improvement.

Had "The Passing of Summer" in the March issue of The Palmetto been carried over until the September Number, it would have been more "in its time." There is a time and place for everything, and a poem of this nature should be printed in the proper season. "Development of Character in Pre-Shakespearian Drama" shows much careful preparation on the part of the writer. "Mental Photographs of Long Ago" depicts the fancies and characteristics of those who have gone before us. "Smarty" is an example of how many a "sporty beau" is encouraged along just for his Huyler's and fruit. "The Day She Played" is a good story, and illustrates the desire of one to make others happy. The principal editorial is written upon a live topic, and is well handled. The other departments are up to the usual average.

The University of North Carolina is a true representation of the type of university magazine. "Variety" is characteristic of the magazine. The essays and poems are good and stories—well, they are creditable. "Working One's Way Through the University" is a very interesting article on that particular theme. The exchange department does not meet our conception of what an exchange department should be. It is very easy to fill up space with clippings, but we think that it is the duty of the editor to give a review of one or more magazines, and by giving just criticisms, help the editors to raise the standard of that particular magazine. We suggest that the editors put in a Y. M. C. A. department, and thus help to promote that particular branch of college activities.

The Sophomore Number of *The Davidson College Magazine* is a credit to the class as well as the college. So far as we can ascertain, every article was written by a member of

the class of 1912. This issue speaks for the success of the magazine two years hence. Verse, stories, and essays are present in the best proportion. The poetry is well written, and contains excellent thoughts; the stories are interesting and entertaining; the essays are instructive and pleasing. The departments are well written, also nicely arranged. This magazine leaves a very pleasant recollection with the reader.

The Southern Collegian is our ideal of a college magazine. This does not necessarily mean that there is no room for improvement, but that it has set a standard to which we might all strive. The essays show careful thought and study. The poems are remarkable for smoothness of metre. The stories are interesting and well written, not bordering so much on the usual love-sick type peculiar to college publication. The other departments are well edited.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges The Guilford Collegian, The College Message, The Red and White, Black and Magenta, The Oracle, The Index, Williams Woods Record, College of Charleston Magazine, William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Georgian, The Limestone Star, The Chatterbox, The Mercerian, Wake Forest Student, Newberry Stylus, Davidson College Magazine, Southern Collegian, Emory Phoenix, Our Monthly, The Purble and Gold, The Carolinian, The Dahlonega Collegian, The Criterion, Tennessee University Magazine, Marysville College Monthly, The Acorn, The Florida Pennant, The Mountaincer, High School Messenger, The Chisel, The Piedmontonian, The St. Mary's Muse, The Æsculapian, The Lenorian, The Collegian, S. P. U. Journal, The Talisman, Isaqueena, Chicora Almacen, Wofford College Journal, Concept, Trinity Archive, Brenau Journal.

#### CLIPPINGS.

\* \*

She said that I couldn't;

'Twas challenging, too,

For she meant that I shouldn't

When she said that I couldn't.

So tell me who wouldn't

Show what he could do

When she said that he couldn't?

I would, wouldn't you?

\* \*

A pretty damsel sat a-gazing Through the window glass—alas, Quiet sat with eyes ablazing While the time sped past—alas, Oh, such stillness was amazing For a fairy lass—alas, But for all this idle gazing Pretty lassie failed to pass.

\* \*

Father called me to the woodshed,
Occupied a space of time,
And, departing, left behind him,
Footprints on those pants of mine.—Ex.

\*\*

Her face was happy,
His face was stern;
Her hand was in his'n,
His'n was in her'n.—Sel—

40

Teacher: "What is brokerage?"

Freshman: "Brokerage is when a man hasn't any money."—Ex.

## 'Cept You.

Well, I'll swear, I ain't got nothin', Ain't had nothin'. Don't want nothin'. 'Cept you. I ain't seen nobody. Ain't had nobody, Ain't loved nobody, That's true. But if you'll love me I'll love you; If you want money, tho', I won't do. Cause I ain't got nothin', Ain't had nothin', Don't want nothin'. 'Cept you.

—Сору.

\* \*

The fate of Lot's wife

Was all her own fault;

She first turned to "rubber,"

And then turned to salt.—Sel.—

\* \*

"Please, ma'am," began the aged hero in appealing tones, "I have lost a leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, closing the door.—Everybody's Magazine.

\* \*

She—"Will there ever be a woman president?"

He—"No, the constitution says that the president must be over thirty-five years old, and women don't get that old.—Scio Collegian.

### To ----

It was moonlight in the garden And her eyes looked into mine; Then her hand reached out and touched me-Oh! what ecstasy divine! And my strong arms held her fiercely Til her face 'gainst mine was pressed-Then I prayed in my delirium— Do you wish to know the rest? 'Twas not father at the window, Nor a rival for her heart, Who came upon this touching scene And cast our lives apart. But I gazed upon my darling, And the moonlight seemed to scoff, For in my youthful ardor, I had pulled her switch clear off.

## Caught.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Gerner, impatiently; "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman returned, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.

\* \*

The exchange editor may scratch on pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark with a jest,
"Rats! How stale! I have heard that before.—Ex.

~ 4·

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.—Ex.

### The Farmer.

There is a farmer who is vy Enough to take his ee, And study nature with his ii And think of what he cc. He hears the chatter of the ii. As they each other tt, And sees that when a tree dkk It makes a home for bb. A yoke of oxen he will uu, With many haws and gg, And their mistakes he will xqq When plowing for his pp. He little buys, but much he sells, And therefore little oo: And when he hoes his soil by spells, He also soils his hose.

\* \*

"I understand that you owe everything to your wife," said the tactless relative."

"No," answered Mr. Meekton, "but I will if I don't stop playing bridge with her and her mother."

\* \*

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"No; but I used to."

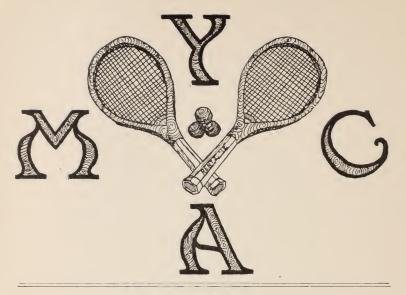
"What cured you?"

"I was engaged to one for six months."—Ex.

\* \*

Edna: "Did you jump when he kissed you under the mistletoe?"

Camille: "You bet I did. He is 6 feet 2, and I am only 4 feet 6."



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

#### Inter-State Convention.

The convention which was held at Anderson in March was one of the best of its kind ever held in this State. A large number of the most able speakers in Y. M. C. A. work was there, and was a great help in making the convention the success which it was.

Each morning a meeting was held at the first Baptist church, at which time the different phases of the work was discussed by such speakers, as Mr. Chas. R. Towson, of New York, Mr. Robinson, of Charlotte, Dr. Fisher, of New York, Mr. H. O. Williams, of New York, and many other leaders in the work. At the afternoon meetings, the delegates were assembled in sectional conferences where it was possible to discuss each phase of the work in a very beneficial way. At the evening services, a public meeting was held, at which meeting some very excellent addresses were delivered.

Friday night, the Anderson Y. M. C. A. gave a banquet to the delegates and business men of Anderson. Some of Anderson's very charming ladies were at the hall before the guests arrived, and had an excellent dinner prepared for those who were fortunate enough to be invited. In a few minutes after the guests arrived, the lights were turned off, and the words, "Glad you came" were flashed across the wall. After the guests had enjoyed the fine dinner which the ladies had prepared, the "Trophy Cup" for the largest increase in membership was delivered to Mr. King, secretary at Charleston. Mr. King and his band of workers at Charleston have made an excellent record during the past vear, and succeeded in defeating Charlotte, which won the cup last year. Then the after-dinner speakers were introduced, which included Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Towson, and Mr. Chas. Parker. It was very evident that every one had enjoyed the evening, and also the "dinner," very much, indeed.

Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, a number of automobiles were carried to the Y. M. C. A., and all of the delegates were taken for a ride, at which time they were shown many of the attractions at Anderson.

This convention was greatly enjoyed, and will long be pleasantly remembered by all who attended. Clemson was represented by Dr. R. N. Brackett, Prof. D. W. Daniel, Prof. C. S. Doggett, Mr. N. L. Provost, general secretary; cadets E. N. Sitton, W. J. Marshall, L. W. Summers, C. F. Inman, H. S. Johnson, S. E. Evans, F. W. Risher, C. M. Hall, L. S. Lindler, R. U. Altman, D. Boggs, H. P. Cooper, W. J. Brockington. President W. M. Riggs was also there and spoke at the meeting on athletics, at which time a closer relation between the S. I. A. A. and the athletics of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Carolinas was effected.

#### Dr. Weatherford.

Lately Dr. W. D. Weatherford was here and delivered two very fine lectures to the Y. M. C. A. Few men are able to hold the attention of the entire student body as Dr. Weatherford can. At the regular morning service he delivered one of the best lectures that has been delivered here this year, and at the evening service it was the pleasure of a large number of the students and many of the faculty to hear another very fine lecture from him. He spoke of the ways in which a student was often over enthused over one phase of college life, and apt to neglect the other phases. If we will all do as Dr. Weatherford said, our college life will mean much more to us, and all of our companions.

We all hope to have him with us again before the year is past.  $\bullet$ 

### Y. M. C. A. Secretary Commits Robbery.

A few weeks ago our secretary, Mr. Provost, could be found in his room having a real "day dream" over a picture which he kept near him at all times. It was not long before his heart and thoughts were constantly in Nebraska, and very soon he left for Nebraska on "important business." A few days later it was learned that the University of Nebraska had been robbed of one of its most charming students, and the robber was said to be Mr. Provost.

A week later the young couple was greeted at the station here with a "thunderstorm" of rice poured on them by some of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet. During the excitement, they were ushered into a carriage to be taken to their new home, and on closer observation, noticed that the carriage was beautifully (?) decorated with shoes of various sizes and ages, and also several signs, such as, "I'm married now."

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Provost to Clemson, and feel that we have won a friend, rather than lost one.

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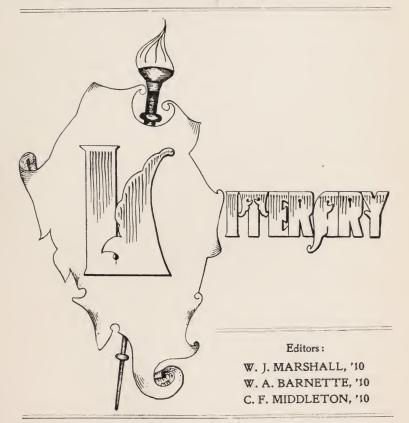
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## The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XIII. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1910.

No. 8



### LOVE'S FATE.

In the hills of old Carolina,
In the Blue Ridge's laurel shade,
Lived and loved, in true devotion,
A gentle Indian maid.

Her face showed not a careworn frown Of the melancholy style:

On her face, no lines of sorrow
Repelled her dimpled smile.

Her wedding day was named to be When the alder was in flower, And few were the days that stood between Her and that welcome hour.

Far from her gentle mountain home, By the Seneca's wooded strand, Lived the lucky redskin warrior, Who had won her girlish hand.

At last the alder buds hung open,
And the honey-bees' busy hum
Announced to the happy lovers
That their wedding day had come.

Long looked the gentle Indian maid For her lover's welcome face; But never a sign of his manly form Loomed up in the distant space.

More than once her restless eyes
Swept o'er the distant plain,
And while the light wore into darkness
She kept up her watch in vain.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The owls, from their hidden thrones, Began their dizzy cries. The bullbat's call for his unseen mate Ran through the evening skies.

The bob-white on the mountain side Could not the silence keep;

And the whippoorwill's deep lullaby Rocked the mountain sides to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

The heart within the maiden's breast
Directed her girlish steps
Away from her gentle mountain home
Toward the land where her lover slept.

Out from the watch of her father's tribes And far into lands unknown, Wandered the Indian princess Still searching for her own.

Forever, her journey ended,
Her goal was reached at last,
When she stooped over her dying lover
In the tender, dew-kissed grass.

A bullet wound in his gallant breast, Whence his life-blood ebbed away, And his arrow through a white man's heart, Disclosed their fatal fray.

The owl's boding cries no longer Fell o'er the dew-washed plain; The bob-white and the whippoorwill Had called for their mates in vain.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

When the last dim star had said good-night And their rays died out forever, From the dying lovers' tender clasps Their souls went up together.

### HIS NEGLECT OF DUTY.

"Orderly, tell Captain Hammond to report to me here at my tent at once."

General Beauregard, with his head resting in his hands, was thinking deeply when the officer sent for arrived.

"Good evening, Captain Hammond, sit down. I have something that is very important to relate to you," spoke the general to the tall, dark, and soldierly looking young man that stood before him. Captain William Hammond, who was a member of General Beauregard's staff, was one of the general's bravest and most trusted officers. In fact, the general thought so highly of the young officer's ability that he often put difficult and important missions into the hands of young Hammond, which should have been trusted to a more experienced man.

"Captain," said the general, addressing Hammond, "the mission that you are to be sent on is a very perilous one. If you undertake it, you may lose your life; and, even worse, if you are taken you may be shot as a spy. You are aware of the fact, I suppose, that General McDowell with a large army is marching from Washington to drive me out of this country. His army cannot be more than two days' march away at this very moment. With only twenty-three thousand men, I cannot stand against such an overwhelming force as McDowell will have with him. But if General Johnston, who is watched by General Patterson with a large army, could slip from, and evade this general, and then join his forces with mine. I believe that our combined forces could defeat with comparative ease the Federal army now marching against us. Now, your part is to slip through the lines of any enemy that may be in your path and relate to General Johnston everything that I have told you. As I have already said, sir, the undertaking is a very serious one, and

one which you can either refuse or accept at your will. What is your decision, sir?"

During the entire time the general was speaking, the young officer, with eyes looking into space, was paying the strictest attention; and, at the last words of the general, his eyes quickly met those of his captain. "I will try, sir," he said.

The next morning the young officer, on a blooded Virginia horse, rode forth from the Confederate camp. As Winchester was more than sixty miles away, Hammond began the journey at a brisk gallop. He fully realized that this was one of the most perilous undertakings of his life; for not only was his life in danger, but he did not know the country well and was likely to lose his way. This latter difficulty, however, was not so bad; for, before leaving the Confederate camp, he had received a map of the country, which had been sketched by the general's own hand.

By noon Hammond had reached the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Up to this time the journey was accomplished at a brisk gallop; but now, with such a serious obstacle in his path, he was forced to go more slowly, in spite of the fact that he was in a road that had been often traveled.

By dark the young officer had passed this serious obstruction; but still he was forced to move slowly, for now he was liable to encounter at any time some of the enemy's foraging parties. He pulled his map out of his pocket and looked at it. If his captain's sketching was accurate and correct, he could not be more than ten miles from his journey's end. His journey was more than three-fourths over. Could he accomplish the remaining dangerous fourth? Soon he heard some noises in the woods around him, and this brought him to the realization that the sounds made by his horse's hoofs striking the rocky ground were liable to be

heard by anyone near. He quickly sprang from the saddle; and, with a piece of cloth that he luckily had with him, he soon had them bandaged and muffled.

Ever since leaving the mountains his path had mostly been through thick woods; but, suddenly, he emerged into an open space, and, by the dim starlight, he could see the dark structure of a house outlined against the horizon. He had passed this house and was about a mile from it, when suddenly he was startled and stopped by a loud noise of commands and shouts, followed by a scattering fire of musketry, which issued from the direction of the dwelling. He stopped for a moment, only; and, then, remembering his commission, he proceeded slowly in the direction of Winchester.

But suddenly he heard the cry, "Help!" Yes, it was from the lips of a woman. Probably a girl was in the hands of some freebooters, who in those days stained the name of the armies of both the South and the North. Probably worse—negroes! He started to turn back then he remembered his duty. Should he go back to the aid of this woman; and, so, probably, if his life was lost, bring disaster to an army? As he was debating between duty and his own personal feelings, the cry, "Help!" again sounded. This decided the young officer; and, turning his horse in the direction of the house, he went towards it at a mad gallop.

As he approached the house, he could make out by a fire, which probably had recently been kindled by the ruffians, and which was beginning to burn brightly, the form of a slim girl struggling in the hands of, at least, six men dressed in blue uniforms. He sprang from his horse, and was at the foot of the steps before the men on the piazza were aware of his presence, for the soldiers (?) had been too occupied to notice the approach of anyone. And well might they be

engaged, for Hammond could see that she was making a noble effort to defend her life and her honor. He was up the steps and at the men before they could realize his presence. Shooting one of the ruffians with his ever-ready pistol, Hammond knocked a second down with the butt of it; and, drawing his sword, he closed in with the remaining four. The men were just now recovering from their surprise at the sudden attack. With loud yells they flung themselves at the young officer. His fencing lessons, taken while at school, now stood him in good stead; and, in two or three moments, one of the ruffians was lying at the feet of Hammond run clear through the body by the sword of the young officer. Suddenly, he felt a stinging pain in his side—a ball from one of the men's pistols had struck deep! Only for a moment did he waver. Then the one word, "Duty," shot through his mind; and, thinking of the disaster which would befall an army if he were killed, he put renewed energy into the arm that held the blade. Forcing the three remaining men back to the edge of the piazza, he turned, put the dripping blade between his teeth, and snatching the unconscious form of the girl, who had fainted, in his arms, he made for the door. Before the men were aware of his quick movements, he was inside the house and had the door bolted in their faces. Quickly looking around, Hammond saw a stairway leading to an upper story. Up there he made his way, for he knew that, if the enemy succeeded in breaking down the door, he could still defend the head of the stairs.

He laid the unconscious form in his arms on a couch that was in one of the rooms of the upper story, and not until then did he notice her beauty. By the light of the fire in the yard, he could see that she was about eighteen, slim, fair, and with beautiful black hair. A sigh, and Hammond knew that her senses were returning to her. Her eyes

slowly opened and looked into his. Oh, the beauty of those eyes! The young officer will remember them to the end of his days.

The noises made by the three remaining ruffians in their attempt to break down the door brought Hammond out of the trance which he was in to the realization of the terrible position he was in—one man armed with only a sword, and intrusted with an important mission, against three well armed men. The noises also seemed to bring back the occurrences of the night to the girl; for she sprang up from the couch and cried: "Oh, where am I? Those beasts!" she shuddered. Hammond soothed her over wrought nerves as best he could, quickly telling her of the terrible fix they were in.

"Come, you must be brave and help me as well as your-self to get out of this trap; for the welfare of an army depends upon my getting away and reaching Winchester by morning." Then he related to her his important mission.

"You are a brave man—and, yes, I must be brave, too; but first let me tell you how I came to be in the peculiar position in which you find me."

Then she related to him the reason she was alone in the house when he arrived. Her father was an officer in the Federal army. Before accepting his captaincy, he had left his wife and daughter in the hands of a trusted old negro man and his wife. Not long after Captain Wessenger—for such was his name—had left them, the girl's mother had decided to move from their old homestead to this deserted cabin, where she thought she would be secure from the struggles of the opposing forces. Her health had always been bad; and shortly after moving to the cabin in the woods, she died, leaving her daughter Mary, a girl of nineteen, to the care of the old negroes. On this particular night they were awakened by a knock on the door. The two

old negroes opened the door, and were immediately shot down by the ruffians. The brave girl, instead of trying to flee, went to the assistance of her faithful old protectors, and was seized by the ruffians.

Crash! the door had given away. This brought Hammond to the realization that with his blade alone he could not hope to compete with men armed with pistols.

Turning quickly to the girl, he said: "Have you no firearms here?"

The girl turned quickly, darted to a corner of the room, and produced a small revolver, which she handed to Hammond. Ouickly stepping out to the head of the stairs, he fired in rapid succession the contents of the revolver at the groping men below. A shout of pain and rage followed the fire, and Hammond knew that one of his shots, at least, had found a mark. Before they could recover from the surprise of the fire, Hammond was attacking them fiercely with his true blade. He felt more confident now, for he had only two of the ruffians to deal with, and one he could see, by the blood streaming down his face, was badly wounded. The wounded man leveled a pistol at Hammond's head and pulled the trigger. He felt a burning pain as if a red-hot iron was drawn across his cheek, and his senses partly left him. Recovering from the shock, he was at them at close quarters. His sword flashed, and the ruffian who had fired the pistol gave a vell of pain—the sword of Hammond had severed his right arm at the shoulder. The unwounded man, seeing that he and his comrades had been fighting with a madman—for Hammond was indeed mad with the sense of danger—seized his wounded comrade, and ran from the house. Hammond met the young lady at the foot of the stairs.

"I want to thank you—" she began, but was cut rather short by the young officer.

"We have no time for thanks. Hurry! We must get away from this place at once. Two of them have escaped, and in a few minutes we will be surrounded by an army. Get a few clothes together and I will take you to Johnston's camp with me." She was at his side in a few moments, and together they proceeded to the spot where the young officer had left his horse. This well trained animal was standing in the exact spot where Hammond had left him. He tried to put her on the horse, but suddenly found that the loss of blood from his wounds had made him quite weak. He staggered, and she, noticing it, put out her hand to steady him.

"You are wounded!" she cried, as her hand touched the warm blood on his body that came from his side. "Yes, blood!" as she drew away her hand. "Come," let me bandage your wounds. Oh, I know you think me selfish for not noticing it before!"

He knew that they were wasting precious time. "No, I'm not badly wounded, only a slight scratch across my cheek." (He would not tell her of the wound in his side—the one that was bleeding inwardly.) "I am only a little weak from the loss of blood. Come, I'll get up; and, with the strength that I have left, I ought to be able to pull you up in front of me."

He sprang into the saddle; and, putting all of his remaining strength into one supreme effort, he pulled her up on the saddle in front of him. He knew that he could not be more than five miles at the most from the Confederate camp; for Winchester was only ten miles from the mountains, and he was sure that he had traveled half of that distance already.

About sunrise the next morning, a pale, bloodstained, and hatless man, carrying a beautiful burden in front of him on his horse, rode into the Confederate camp at Winchester. He was conducted before General Johnston, and, to that

general, Captain Hammond delivered the message that he was ordered to deliver, and fainted away. He was carried to a hospital, where his wounds were examined. The surgeon pronounced his injuries as serious but not necessarily fatal; and that with careful nursing, he would in two or three months be restored to complete health. The good nursing Captain Hammond received.

Five years have passed; the terrible war is over. By the very edge of the ocean stands a cosy little cottage, in front of which sits a tall, slender, dark man, and a beautiful darkhaired woman. By careful observation, although considerably changed, the man can be recognized as William Hammond, and the woman can be recognized as the girl he rescued. She has not changed, except that she has developed from a slim girl into a well formed woman. They must be married.

"Will," says she, looking up into his face, "are you ever sorry that you let your personal feelings overcome your sense of duty?"

The man slips his arm around her, draws her to him, and prompty answers, "Never, Mary."

F. M. R., Jr., '11.

### A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

The war was over. The gray and blue no longer stood face to face on the bloody battlefields. The burning batteries had belched forth their last fatal volley of death. The sound of the final retreat rang through the southern skies until, in every Confederate's heart, it blended with the thoughts of home, sweet home. The camps were deserted; the prison doors swung open, and each Federal soldier bade farewell to his comrades, and turned his weary steps toward home.

Far from his southern home, a gallant young Texan walked out from the dismal walls of a northern prison, and turned his restless flight toward his dear old mother, who still knelt before the dying embers of her lonely fireside, and prayed that God might guide the footsteps of her soldier boy back to his mother's side. This noble young hero, over whose handsome brow scarce twenty-five summers had passed, once more stood face to face with the world, a free man. Did he go back to plunder, burn and rob the homes of his northern foes? No! His veins were full of the manly blood which characterized every Southern soldier and made them stand pre-eminent over the ones who were chafed by their greed to plunder and outrage until they ravaged the helpless homes of their Southern foes.

Transportation was limited in this dark period, and it was with difficulty that the Texan secured passage to a point within the dear old State of South Carolina, where he was compelled to walk to Alston, a little station now on the Southern railroad. Here, two ladies were placed in his charge, and together they waited for the next train toward Newberry.

It was at night on the seventh of September, 1865, when the train pulled into the little town of Newberry, and was derailed near the station. Here the train was met by one from Anderson, bearing a negro regiment, the 33d Massachusetts. This regiment of brutes was uncontrollable from the time it arrived until it marched off from the insulted town. While the train from Columbia was being placed upon the track, our gallant Texan left the ladies in order to aid in replacing it. On returning to his post, he found two negro soldiers in the car where the two ladies were. The black brutes even went so far as to insult the ladies with indecent remarks. Our hero was not there for nothing; he coolly ordered the negroes to withdraw from the coach;

but they did not heed his warning. Enraged, our young Texan at once resorted to his muscular abilities, and, during the conflict, he succeeded in inflicting a gash in the throat of one of his opponents. This was more than the black cowards could stand, and running toward their camp, they called to their heartless brethren for aid. The negroes rushed to the scene, laid hands to a laborer on the railroad, and was about to march him to the camp, where the ready sentence of death awaited him. But no! The hero from the Lone Star State was not the one to cower from the trivial sentence of death, especially when his words would save the life of an innocent man. The hero of the hour, if such words be worthy to name him, calmly walked into the infuriated mob, and, with a voice as calm and serene as the midnight air, he revealed the tragedy:

"I cut the negro. Take me and loose my friend."

This the bloodthirsty crowd did. They tied his helpless hands behind his back, and marched him to their riotous camp, where he was kept under close guard the rest of the night. He heard his sentence; but no sign of sorrow tinged his manly brow. He drew from his pocket a piece of paper upon which he wrote the name and address of his dear old mother, who still sat in the doorway of her lonely Texas home, and longed for the welcome kiss of her wandering boy, and gave it to one of his fellow soldiers with the request that he would write to the dear old mother, and tell her how her son met his cruel death.

The last star had kissed farewell the condemned soldier's brow, and the first rays of the rising sun tinged the glowing hilltops of Newberry with gold, as the manly form of the Texan stood, with folded arms, facing a row of black brutes, who stood ready to take the life of one who had the courage to respond to the call of duty. All was silent.

Next the brazen throats of a hundred rifles belched forth the fatal volley. The hero fell pierced by five balls, and as his sacred blood ebbed from his gallant breast, his soul leaped out to its Mighty Giver.

Sleep on, thou gallant Texan, sleep,
Your flag still waves on high.
Though you, my friend, we could not keep,
Your name shall never die.

W. N. H., '11.

### "BE BRAVE-HEARTED."

Sigh not o'er the days departed,
Nor old times wish back again,
In the present we live brave hearted—
Tears for vanished joys are vain.

Steer thy bark serene, securely
All the world before thee lies,
Striving, suffering, hoping, surely
Thou shalt gain the distant prize.

H. T. P., '12.

### SPENCER'S SACRIFICE.

Bob Spencer had been in the employ of the S. P. road for quite a while, having worked his way up from the position of call-boy to that of fireman. He was constantly struggling to attain to the important position of engineer, and thereby earn a better living for himself and family. To be sure, his family consisted of only his wife and little daughter, but to Bob they were enough to make him endeavor to live straight and strive for a better position.

Coming in one afternoon from his regular run as fireman, Bob was surprised to receive a notice to report to the Division Superintendent's office at once. He was almost afraid to think it, but thought he, "Perhaps my long looked for promotion is about to be realized."

With this new hope uppermost in his heart, he was hastening on to the office when he met Janes, the yardmaster.

"Hello!" said Janes, with a sickly grin on his smutty face, "going up to get drug over the coals, too?"

Bob's heart sank. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked hastily.

"Well, you know Pete Haney has been getting a little boozy on the sly of late. In some way the old man got wind of it and sent for some of us to come up. After he had questioned us a bit, he took it as a fine occasion to give us all a lecture on the subject. He may think, because you fired for Pete for some time, that you have been helping to make way with some of the joy-water. Don't let that disturb you. though, for we will all show that you have done nothing of the kind."

Without waiting to hear more, Bob hurried on to the office. There he found Mr. Raymond, the superintendent, waiting for him, in seemingly no very pleasant mood After a few words of greeting the superintendent came straight to the point and said: "Spencer, we are in need of one or two new engineers. Whitten and Haney are both gone. We were obliged to discharge Haney on account of his habit of drinking sometimes. As you have been in our employ several years and have always rendered faithful service, I think you deserve to be promoted. Now, it is not usual for us to send a new engineer out at first with a passenger train, but as we are short of men, we will have to send you out with one tomorrow. As I have just said, we are not accustomed to sending new engineers on such important runs, but I have the utmost confidence in your ability to use proper caution and go strictly according to orders."

When the superintendent had finished speaking, Bob thanked him and left the office. "At last," thought he, "my long looked for raise has arrived. Now, I can get those things for the house. My wife has been waiting for them long enough. Then, too, I believe I heard her say just yesterday that our little girl needed a new dress. I believe I'll just step 'round by the store and get it myself, as a sort of surprise to my wife. I'll show her what fine taste I have. She is always poking fun at my selections."

After leaving the store, Bob went straight home to his family. Glad indeed was the little wife when Bob told her of his good fortune. "Now," said he, as he told her of the many things in store for them in the near future, "I went round by the store and got our baby a new dress. The saleslady tried to sell me some kind of a striped or dotted stuff, but I thought some solid color would be best; so I just bought a plain red one. You bet, she'll look like a moving danger signal when she gets it on. Told you that I was an expert at selecting clothes."

Bright and early the next morning, Bob was ready to start on his first run as engineer. It was with a feeling of pride that he opened up the throttle and started out of the union station promptly at the scheduled time. As he passed his small cottage home some little distance out, he gave a long shrill blast of the whistle by way of answer to his wife and little daughter who stood in the cottage doorway and waved their handkerchiefs joyfully. With this beautiful picture still in his mind, Bob was soon far on his run to the distant city.

After an uneventful run, he reached his destination and started on the return trip. He had almost reached home, and was beginning to pride himself upon the ease with which he managed his engine, and the beautiful manner in which the train swung 'round the curves, when he was interrupted

by the fireman, who happened to glance backward as they swung around a curve.

"Train behind!" called the coal-dusted one, as he leaned out to get another view of the on-coming train.

"What! must be an extra?" asked Bob, as he jumped at the cord to give a warning blast of the whistle.

"No, 't'ain't no train," answered the coal shoveler. It's nothing but 'er engin' by itself."

"Can't make her out," added Bob, "unless it is some special. I'll just give a few more warning notes for it to keep a safe distance behind."

"Seems she's a-coming mighty reckless. Must be 'er runaway."

"The deuce, you say!" exclaimed Bob, as he realized for the first time the danger of a rear-end collision "We'll have to outrun it, if possible. Throw in some more coal while I open 'er up a bit. Now, we seem to be keeping it from gaining on us," he added a few moments later. "As soon as we get around this curve, I think we can keep ahead along the three mile straight stretch to the yard limit. We'll just dash on through, and let the operator switch that snorting thing off onto a siding."

With this course in view, Bob opened up the throttle and took the curve at a frightful speed. To his surprise, he saw a red flag ahead. He gave one more glance backward at the on-coming engine, then looked ahead at the red flag. "Great Scotts!" he exclaimed, "it is my baby with the red dress on." Sure enough, he was very rapidly sweeping down upon the little child as she sat totally unconscious of her peril and watched the frantic movements of her dog, which seemed to be panic-stricken at the danger. Bob reached for the airbrake, as if to stop the train; but hesitated; as he thought of the passengers who were totally unaware of their danger. "Must go on!" he ejaculated. "No, I can't do it—O Lord,

save my child, my child! If that dog would only accidentally knock her off into the ditch, but, no, he is only making matters worse. Heaven help me! It is her life—against so many!" he muttered, as he pulled the throttle wide open and fell over senseless.

A little later a white-haired man staggered into the office and exclaimed: "I've made my last run—I had to do it—it was her life against so many."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked the agent, as a great crowd came rushing into the room.

"I'm a miserable wretch. I've killed my baby!—oh, my child, my child!"

"No, you haven't," yelled the yardmaster, as he came rushing into the room and bearing the child in his arms.

"He's a hero!" shouted a passenger.

"As Abraham offered up Isaac for a sacrifice, even so hath this man offered up his child to save others," quoth a reverend gentleman in the corner.

"The dog pulled her off," said our dust-covered friend, the fireman.

"The Lord be praised," fervently gasped the now whitehaired Bob, as he clasped his child to his heart.

C. M. H., '12.

### \* \* \* \*

### NINETEEN THIRTY.

"Hello, Fred! Haven't you finished the machine yet?"

"Yes, John. Father said if I could get her in shape, he would take both of us back to school, so I have been at it night and day."

"You do look as if you had been up against it. Well, I guess you will go to the races, since we will not have to leave until the next afternoon."

"I thought I would speak to you about that very thing. Don't you think it would be a lot more fun to go back in the morning and see the fellows come up in their machines? I heard that old fatty's father had a machine fitted up with all the latest improvements, and I am a lot more interested in practical machines, than I am in those cock-shell racers, that, so often, bring their owners their last long sleep.

"I'm with you in that. But say, how do you know that your machine will carry three?"

"How do I know! Well, you are a better judge of machinery than I am, so I will let you judge for yourself. Come, and see."

Fred and John had grown up as chums, and gone to Clemson as rat room-mates. They were now on the eve of going back to finish their Senior year. Fred was not good-looking, but he was very bright, and generous with his large supply of money, his friend John was a big, jolly, handsome fellow, and knew all of Fred's secrets, so that he had a pretty good idea of what he would see in the little shop which they were entering.

"John you see; by having the wings so that they can be rolled up out of the way, I have been able to give them spread to support a third person. That aluminum, chain, backbone allows the wings to be rolled up, but keeps them from being bent upward when extended. As you see, the machine when idle, is propped up, but when in use, is balanced upon one big wheel, by the gyroscopic force of the engine. When the machine is running along the ground, upon its one wheel, it is not racked by the inequalities in the road. The engine is composed one right and one left revolving cylinder motor, thus each one balances the twist of the other and, when in the air, they automatically keep the whole machine in balance, by shifting the centre of weight. The propeller is not really a propeller, but it composed of

two fans, which revolve in opposite directions in a horizontal plane, the blades, of both fans, turn edgeways, when traveling in the same direction as the machine."

"Hang it all, Fred, I am convinced, but the convincing has caused me to be late at the office. All right, I will meet you here early Tuesday morning; so luck to you."

Tuesday morning, just after daybreak, Fred, his father, and John, met as agreed. After they had exchanged greetings, they went into the shop, where they examined their little machine, carefully testing, petting, and oiling it.

Fred took his seat, and after speeding up the engine, drew up the props and ran the machine out into the road, where his father and John got aboard. As there was an open space here, Fred gave the flier a sudden rush, shot out the wings, then as the machine rose he swung her around, and they sped away over the tree tops. After a fine trip, which lasted about three hours, they covered the one hundred and fifty miles across country, and reached the college. They had hardly finished stretching themselves, when Fatty arrived in his machine, followed in quick succession by dozens of others.

After the boys had greeted each other with many practical jokes and jests, they all began to discuss the qualities of their different machines. Fatty's biplane, with its two propellers, and safety devices brought forth a lot of praise, but when they came to Fred's biplane with its neatly folded wings, they at once voted his machine the best of them all. John slipped around among the boys, and let them know, that almost the entire get-up was Fred's invention, so that when the machines began to depart, and Fred's machine rose gracefully into the air, it bore homeward a happy father, for there rose faintly to his ears, through the hum of machinery, the last of a yell of

"Fred! Fred!! Fred!!!"

and when he looked down, he saw what seemed to be a little man borne upon the shoulders of a mass of little, struggling men.

J. F. W.

## ALASKA.

Forty-three years ago our country was in a demoralized condition. The great struggle between the States had just ended. The ruined Southland, destitute of almost everything essential to the prosperity of a country, lay in a helpless condition, struggling for a bare existence. The North while it had just emerged victorious from the late war, had paid for the victory with its very life-blood and fortune. The great national debt soared above the one billion mark, and the nation shuddered for the very existence of our government.

At this critical time when everyone hugged his gold as he would a bosom friend, came the offer from Russia of the vast, unexplored territory of Alaska for the sum of \$7,200,000. After a little deliberation, Wm. H. Seward, then Secretary of State, made the purchase. Only those people, who were then old enough to understand conditions, can tell us of the ridicule and bitter criticisms heaped upon this far-sighted statesman on account of the supposed reckless purchase. But Seward, with that unyielding disposition of his, calmly listened to the howling of the people until they grew tired talking of the "land of eternal ice and snow."

We ask the question, what possessed Seward to buy this vast territory? Possibly no one knows, or ever will know. However, we can take for granted that which we choose. Seward realized that Alaska had a continuous southern coast line of hundreds of miles. He knew that more revenue could eventually be derived from the fishing and fur industry than was paid for the territory. Whether he had

any knowledge of the vast mineral wealth of the territory is doubtful. Anyway, he saw a chance for the United States to secure a domain that would serve a twofold purpose. That of tightening our grip on the Pacific, and as a source of future revenue for our government.

When the salmon and sealing industry began to come into prominence in a small way something like a generation ago, people began to open their eyes. Possibly this "iceberg" would repay its cost to our country. Now we know that the annual exports from the salmon industry alone more than pays for the original cost of Alaska.

When the fishing and sealing industry had developed to a small extent, gold was discovered. Reports went to all parts of the world that the Behring Sea worked pure gold grains in vast quantities upon the western coast. Then followed the great rush when Nome grew into a metropolis almost within a single season. The gold production has since amounted to millions of dollars. Every year the chief source of our gold supply is Alaska, whose yearly output is constantly increasing.

But the gold and fisheries are only a good beginning in the list of Alaskan resources. In central Alaska, extensive copper mines have been opened up. In the same region and in the southern part of the territory, vast coal deposits of unlimited wealth are known to exist. So thick are some of the mountains and hills with coal that great croppings or beds lay exposed on the surface. Especially is this true where bituminous coal is found.

Of the real value of Alaska's mineral resources, we know practically nothing. Possibly their value may reach into the billions of dollars. But we do know of the extensive forests which grow in the southern part of the territory. Among the different kinds of timber are to be found the birch, spruce, poplar, willow, hemlock and others. The

river valleys and mountain slopes are densely wooded, making a forest reserve that will supply our needs long after the home supply has been exhausted.

Thousands of immigrants have settled in Alaska for the sole purpose of cattle raising and farming. If one had been told a generation ago that farming is possible in Alaska, the remark, no doubt, would have been taken as a preposterous joke, and would afford great amusement to a friendly gathering. Yet, it is a fact that ordinary vegetables and small fruits grow successfully in all parts of the territory. The choice agricultural lands, however, are situated in the Tanana and Cooper River valleys. In these broad, fertile valleys, wild hay grows to a height of five to eight feet, wheat to the same height, and oats grow to the height of nine feet.

Besides these resources, petroleum seems to be forging to the front in the list of products. There also seems to be an abundance of peat scattered over the territory.

We ask the question, how is it possible to raise agricultural products and work the coal and copper mines, etc., in a country that is partially within the Arctic circle? If we stop to think, the whole southern shore of Alaska is bathed by the warm Japan current. Then, in summer, the sun shines continually, even in central Alaska, from 12 to 22 hours a day, thus running the temperature often to the 100 mark. It is during this season that the commercial activities of Alaska are in full swing. During this time the mines are in constant operation, railroads are being constructed, forests cut into timber, farm products gathered, etc. In fact, the work of a whole year is completed within six or seven months. For the summer is limited, and when the sun shows signs of retreating, the severe winter sets in. Then the interior is practically snowbound until the following spring.

These are only a few of the many facts concerning our vast northern territory. The wealth of Alaska cannot be

overestimated. What has been revealed so far is only a mere beginning in the startling revelation of this vast northland. Railroads are constantly penetrating the interior, and immigrants are crowding into the southern portion by the thousands. At its present growth, within fifty years, Alaska may be a second Louisiana. Who can tell?

J. L. C., '13.

#### \* \* \* \*

### A MOVING PICTURE.

"Yes! Something has to be done. Here I am, a stranger in a strange city. And surely no one can possibly get very much pleasure or inspiration from sitting in a hotel lobby and gazing at the passers-by. I feel worse today than I have in months. I wonder what can be going to happen. Usually when I feel my poorest, is just when great luck of some kind is hurrying my way. Well, its time I had a change of luck, for my guardian angel seems to have lost me entirely. What can it be that the boy is handing out?" As a small fellow approaches, forcing papers upon everyone he passes. I take one and examine it. "Only an advertisement for some moving picture show," I find, but upon reading further, I see something of interest:

## —SPECIAL— THE GREAT VANDERBILT CUP RACE

in large black letters near the center of the page. How this notice, accidentally thrust into my hands, brings to my mind the events preceding the race, and really causing me to enter. I had never claimed to be much of a driver, having only had a little experience in and around town with my own car; and when the agent of the motor company came and asked me to drive their new one-twenty flyer, I was only too glad to accept. As I think of this, it comes to me stronger, how

I came to be in such a state of mind, as to be foolish enough to think of doing anything so reckless, as to enter this race. I was to go in against professionals, who, one and all, intended breaking world records, and were prepared to do so, at any cost. So you see I was butting into rather fast society for a rank amateur. For some years, I had been spending all of my available time with Margaret Dale, and every one considered the thing settled, even myself. How far we may often be mistaken, even in things concerning ourselves most. I was sure that I had no engagement with Margaret for the evening, yet when, upon coming into the theater quite late with her father, she saw me there with another young lady, what did she do but flare up and give me, poor me, the cold shoulder? I went around to the house, thinking I would tell to her how I was only out with a country cousin, in town for the week; but no explanation was needed. I did not know what to do. I had to ease my feelings in some way. So, when the motor man came, I jumped only too quickly at such a chance, as is given not often to every amateur driver. Of course I was foolish to accept his offer—but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." My family was on the other side, and did not hear of my escapade in time to hinder me. As the time for the race drew near, I went out to the speedway, and from day to day ran the car, so as to get acquainted with it. But all of this will never do me any good, I must be up and doing. I know! I shall seek out the show, and see the race from the side. How different it will seem. Once in a car, passing before the people as somewhat of a hero, and now only a person holding down a ten-cent seat. Yes! I shall go."

"Yes, sir! This is your place! Just step inside. Your film begins in a few seconds. Just an adjustment of the reel." I procure a ticket, and next find myself sitting before the canvas, wondering if the many people around me, are to

realize that I, seemingly an ordinary individual, am the great driver, who daring death at every turn, wins the race in a grand burst of speed. The lights are snapped off; a large white spot appears before me on the canvas, and the race begins. Before us we see the cars bring up at the judge's stand. They are being carefully inspected. The drivers are out; punching this tire, thumping that, crawling on their hands and knees under the cars to make one last adjustment. The 'starter' addresses them, and they then run up the track some hundred yards and prepare for the start. A number is called, the car moves forward, increasing in speed with every turn of its wheels; how fast it goes; it is away. Across the line it jumps; the judges have its time. Another car moves forward, and gets under way. We watch four or five come up, gaining speed with every revolution of their monster engines, as they are away in chase of the preceding cars. The last one is gone, and we take a glance at the cars as they speed around the course. After some time, we view the grandstands, passing along the cars parked alongside the track. Many of the people I recognize, and wonder how I came not to see them during the race. I remember now how I was only thinking of the track, and of how I was gaining on the car just ahead. Why! who can that be in that large red car so near the fence? I did not know that she attended the race. What could have been her reason for coming? She could never stand to see any one taking chances with life; and surely no one could expect to see her here of all places. As I watch her, a car approaches, passes in a great cloud of dust, and is gone. As it goes by, I glance at the girl. She is not watching the car at all, but has her eves covered by her hands, and seems to be crying. Her friends comfort her, even offering to take her home; as I should judge by their actions. You see the lips move; their arms gesture; even the expression on their faces, and you

can easily surmise what is being said. She refuses to go. She leans far out and gazes down the track. A car approaches. Many have no doubt passed while my attention was on the girl and her party. Again she hides her face and shudders as the car shoots by. My curiosity is aroused. I watch for the car, to catch its number, and see who it can be that the girl is so anxious about. Again it comes. It passes. I catch its number—5. My car, and the girl being Margaret Dale. I rise, rush out and go in search of a telegraph office. On my way there, I pause and think. Can I win? Is it too late? What can I say after such a long silence? Even at the time of the race she had forgiven me; but our false pride kept us apart this long time. Anyway, it cannot be said that I am not going to do my part now, so I reach out for a blank and write:

"Miss Margaret Dale— May I come and be forgiven?

Tom."

With a few parting suggestions to the operator in regard to time and other things, I return to the hotel. I soon tire of pacing the lobby. I go out and walk the streets for an hour or so. Soon I return to the hotel and as I enter the lobby my call is given. I rush over to the desk and take the message. I hesitate before opening it. How much hangs upon the simple wording of the message—perhaps my entire future, for lately I have been going pretty much to the dogs—I open it and read—

"Tom-

Come.

Margaret."

T. L. A.

#### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Never before has the spirit of the age been so persistent and so universal. Every nation has caught the sound—Brotherhood. To the realization of this spirit is due the progress, the civilization, the prosperity of the world. The twentieth century with Brotherhood as its motto will bring to pass an epoch unequalled in history.

Universal as this spirit may become, it must start with every individual. "Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed nature of man is to comfort, to help, to love. With the realization that every man is dependent on another, should come a feeling of love and sympathy for all mankind.

In times of trouble, when the same care sits at all hearths, men instinctively turn to each other. The feeling of kinship is born anew in hearts overshadowed by the same anxiety. The animosities of conflicting interests, the jealousies of localities, the indifference of pre-occupation, dissolve like a mist before the morning sun, and men look into each other's faces again and know that they are brothers. And thus it is, a nation silently reaffirms its unity when a cloud approaches.

Even the greatest minds are not independent of their fellows; on the contrary, the measure of their greatness is accurately recorded in the extent of their obligations to others. A lyric poet may strike a few clear notes, as musical and as solitary as those of the hermit thrush, but the rich full music of the dramatic poet draws its deep and victorious sweetness from the universal human experiences whose meaning it conveys and preserves. The touch of hand upon hand is not so real as the touch of mind. As the contact of the hands gives a sense of sympathy and fellowship, so does the contact of mind give a sense of kinship of thought.

Brotherhood can be illustrated, not fully defined. It requires the spirit of service, sacrifice, and love. It inspires

the strong to strengthen the weak, the rich to aid the poor, the wise to counsel the ignorant. It means sympathy for the lame, for the halt, the blind of the community; for the men and women unable to keep their place in the march of life. Brotherhood causes a feeling of pity for the men and women of poor tastes, ill-judgment, untrained intellect—who are no match in the struggle of life for their shrewder neighbors. It means compassion for men and women of feeble wills and strong passions, who of all life's invalids are most in need of help.

Brotherhood does not mean that all shall possess alike, think alike, or act alike; far from it—such a state could never exist. Men are born of different degrees of intellect, of different position, in every way different. But such a spirit does inspire them to have a common interest, each man to rejoice in his brother's prosperity. The poor will not envy the rich, but the rich will aid the poor. The consciousness of class and the consciousness of brotherhood are enemies to each other. Brotherhood levels up. never down.

The greatest need of today is the proper understanding of the relations between master and man, between employer and employee. There is far too much buying and selling of service as a mere commodity. One great manufacturer said: "I believe if love of humanity and fair dealing are back of an employer's acts, he will be able to ride successfully every storm that comes." When the spirit of commercialism is partly elminated, and service remains no longer a commodity, then will the question of labor and capital be settled.

There must be a mutuality of respect; respect by the hand laborer for the superintendent and those above him; respect by the superintendent and salesmen for the laborer. There must be a mutual respect between political parties, between religious sects. All parties and sects cannot be converted to one belief and doctrine, but they can all be converted from

the attitude of hatred and contempt to the attitude of mutual respect and kindly fellow feeling. My brother's faith is entitled to my regard because it is the faith of a brother man.

In answer to the question, "Who is my brother?" let us turn to the Bible. We read, "No man liveth unto himself, nor dieth unto himself." Christ threw down the dividing prejudices and taught universal love without distinction of race, merit, or rank. He is our example of what man should be toward man. His life was one of service, love, and sacrifice. In the parable of the Good Samaritan He teaches that every man who needs our help is our brother.

The great religious movements of today, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Laymen's Missionary movement, are the result of a realization of the brotherhood of man. The greatest men see the value of such organizations and are giving time and money for the work. In this work we see all denominational differences, class prejudices, and minor details lost sight of in the grandeur of the enterprise. The very broadness and magnitude of purpose, promises to wake the world to a feeling of universal brotherhood.

But probably along commercial lines, the feeling of dependence of mankind was first realized. Indeed nature has so distributed her gifts that every nation is in some way dependent upon another. Today products are brought from the ends of the earth to a common market. The twentieth century is pre-eminently the century of international commerce. The old isolation is gone forever, for every people, and there is no greater duty of any nation than to try to understand and enter into sympathy with that which is best and finest in every other nation. It was Gladstone who said that the ships that pass between one country and another are like the shuttle of the loom, weaving a web of concord among the nations.

Tho prompted by a desire for protection and gain, com-

mercial movements have been a great factor in bringing the world closer together, in creating a sense of brotherhood. International banks, exchanges, treaties, ambassadors, and various actions between nations have resulted in far more than the motive for which established.

The International Peace Conference marks a grand epoch in history. No nation has yet appeared which has been strong enough and clear sighted enough to sustain itself on ascending lines of activity in all the great fields of life—religion, art, nature, and practical affairs. The Hebrew had the spiritual and moral sense, but lacked the artistic; the Roman had immense executive abilty, but very little religious nature. The Greek genius was far more highly developed than Greek character. It was largely due to this partial and incomplete development that these civilizations came to an end. Each race has contributed something to that totality of civilization which is indestructible. Then for the welfare of our country, let us realize the brotherhood of man and the co-operation of nations.

The era of Christianity—peace, justice, brotherhood, the Golden Rule as applied to governmental matters, is yet to come. Surely this is the Golden Age, for never before has the world come to recognize so fully the necessity of applying this rule in all matters. Only when the full realization comes will the future of nations be sure. With this all our great problems will be settled. The trusts, combines, commercialism, the threatened war between labor and capital, social evils, all will disappear when the great principle is demonstrated and practiced. With the coming of this era, we shall see the nations at peace, and prosperity and happiness shall follow under the reign of Justice and Brotherhood. Let us then look forward to that day when

"The war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World." W. J. M., '10-

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Editor-in-Chief: H. C. TWIGGS. '10

To NEXT year's staff we now resign our pen. Men, make the best of your opportunity. While there is much hard work connected with THE CHRONICLE, yet there is much to be gained. The experience is invaluable. The New Staff. We hope you will profit by our mistakes, and make next year's Chronicle better than any which has preceded it. One thing that cannot be too strongly impressed upon you: that is, get to work as soon as possible. Do not wait till next September to start the first number. We bid you Godspeed on the road to success.

It is with mingled feelings of relief and regret that we bid farewell to college days. Among the most treasured recollections of those days, we shall hold the time we were connected with The Chronicle. It has been hard Farewell. work; but it has been, also, a source of pleasure.

Whatever of success or failure, kind reader, has attended our term, remember we did our best.

We desire to express our thanks to those of the student body who submitted stories, poems, or essays. Without their co-operation, the 1910 CHRONICLE would have been a failure.

However, we regret very much to say that most of the support received by The Chronicle was from those outside the literary societies. The work done by society members was done by only two or three men from each society. Next year we hope that this will not be the case. We sincerely trust that each society will rival the others in submitting matter to the staff.

For some time, it has been thought at Clemson that literary effort would be promoted in the A. and M. Colleges if an oratorical association were formed among them. There can be no doubt as to the benefits that would An A. and M. result from such an association. As it is Oratorical As-now, most of the Technical colleges are sociation. handicapped by being in an association with literary colleges. It is our opinion that an

A. and M. Association can easily be formed in the South. An annual meeting place could easily be chosen at some central point, and unprejudiced judges could be obtained.

Wake up. Technical colleges, and assert your independence.

# \* \* \* \* Easily Broken. (?)

"Look! Mary, your collar stay is broken," cried all the girls just after Jack had left.

"Oh! it-er-er-just broke," she blushingly returned.



Well, I'll be sure—
I ain't seen nothing,
Never asked for nothing,
Never had nothing, but—
I'll take you.

Never thought of nothing, Never heard of nothing, No time, never, but— You.

No thought of money,
Time will do,
Don't listen to the jingle, even,
Since I've tookin you.
But, cause I never heard nothing
Never seen nothing,
Never knew nothing, is why
I'll take you.



Editors: H. S. JOHNSON, '10 C. F. INMAN, '10

As we finished up the work in the Exchange Department, truly we can say that we have derived much pleasure, as well as benefit, from it. Though inexperienced along this line of work, we have endeavored to do our duty as we saw it, and it is hoped that the CHRONICLE has added more friends than enemies. If ever we have seemed harsh and unjust in our criticisms, we beg you to attribute it to our inexperience rather than to any personal motive. We have always maintained that this is one of the most important departments in a college magazine, for through it the influence of the various magazines of our brother and sister colleges is brought to bear directly upon ours. Through the medium of the Exchange Department, we profit by the mistakes of others; they, in turn, are profited by our shortcomings. Though unpleasant at times, it is good to have one's faults pointed out by another, for through our own eyes we would never see them. This being the last issue for the session, we shall give our space to the comments of other colleges about our magazine.

We gratefully acknowledge our list of usual exchanges, and hope our successors will find them on their desk next year.

#### As Others See Us.

There is considerable improvement in the latest edition of the Clemson Chronicle. It contains a good supply of stories, some of which are very original and strike the reader forcibly. Two of these are "His Sole Asset" and "The Peach and the Pomegranate," and we might add a third, "The Trysting Place." "The House of Sorrow" is the same tale of the evil that follows drunkenness. "Vengeance is Mine" is strangely unreal. It would have been a small matter to discover that the blood was only red ink. The joy of a father on finding his son, whom he believed to have been murdered, is always far greater than that on meeting again even a long lost sister. And this story deviates much from the natural order of things. It was only "finally" that the father deigned to notice his son, and then merely to reprove him. "The South's Need of Ambitious and Energetic Young Men" sets forth ideas that should arouse every one. We think "A Second Call of the South" would be a better title. "Making Manhood" would be more attractive if the author could get away from his matter-offact expression of thoughts. "The Problem of Illumination" has a commonplace title, but shows that the author understands something of this problem, which usually receives little attention. One lone poem adorns the journal. It is pessimistic, and only shows that "Parting is a kind of Death." Still, the metre is good, and more poems like this would at least fill the vacancy.—Winthrop College Journal.

THE CHRONICLE contains many excellent stories and also several pretty poems. "A Tribute to Southern Chivalry" shows the writer to be a genuine supporter of the South. It is fine. The editors of the exchange department always delight us with their mild, but honest criticism.—Limestone Star.

THE CHRONICLE is filled largely with good, sound reading matter. However, "The Trysting Place" is the same superficial, meaningless story that is so popular in our college publications. "The Problem of Illumination" is deserving of careful consideration. The article is well written and instructive. "Departed Classmates" is good, both in form and thought. The plot of the "Peach and Pomegranate" is well worked out. "The South's Need of Ambitious and Energetic Young Men" is indeed a real one, and we would that they might realize this fact; and, when they compare their achievements with those of their forefathers, let them not forget the "wonderful advantages and opportunities" which are theirs and which their predecessors did not enjoy. "The House of Sorrow" has a moral. This is: "Never marry a man to reform him." In too many cases it can not be done. "Making Manhood" is a worthy subject, and is well developed. If there is any one thing which our nation needs more than another, it is a higher moral standard. We do need men who will strive to be "Among the honorable, the most honorable." The thought of "Vengeance is Mine" is rather vague and hazy. We fail to see how Hubert secured his vengeance. The departments are not what we could expect from THE CHRONICLE. The Exchange department is best. We do not approve of filling our magazine with clippings, unless we have material that is more worth while than some that we find in this magazine quite often.—Isaqeena.

One of the most serious failings of many college authors is that they are addicted to language; witness, the Clemson Chronicle in "The Trysting Place." In a situation that calls for simplicity, if it is to be rendered effectively, we find this: "Instantly there was a great perturbation among the foliage of the fallen poplar," and to continue this mood he could well have added, that stately steppings of the sor-

rowful suitor augmented the vibrations of the flurried foliage as he emerged to comfort the disconsolate maiden. "The South's need for Ambitious Energetic Young Men" and "Making Manhood" are two forceful essays. There is a phrase in the latter that is especially good—"Men who Make Their Way in Life, not by Their Talents, but by Their Kindness." The deftness with which the author of "The Peach and the Pomegranate" shifts the scene to the land of dreams is artistic; this is all the more noticeable, since right here many an amateur has ruined what could have been a good production. "His Sole Asset" is the best piece in this number, however.—Wofford College Journal.

The Christmas number of the Clemson College Chronicle is up to the usual standard of the periodical. There seems to be something wanting in the quality of the contributions. Both the exchange and editorial departments are well edited.—Newberry Stylus.

Among the best filled magazines which have come to our table during the month of February, is the Clemson CHRON-ICLE. It is full, from cover to cover, of good articles, but is lacking in poetry. A few poems here and there would add much to the magazine, and that side of the literary endeavor of the students of the institution should be developed more. Perhaps the best article of the issue is "The Peach and the Pomegranate," but of almost equal merit are "The Trysting Place," and "His Sole Asset." "Vengeance is Mine," and "The House of Sorrow" are creditably written, but rather impossible and unnatural stories. "The Problem of Illumination" is a subject capable of being handled at length and scientifically, neither of which treatments it received. The author seems to have written the article in a hurry, without having sufficiently settled the problem in his own mind. We see the capabilities of a great theme in such a subject as "The South'. Need of Ambitious and Energetic Young Men," and the article contains some good thoughts, but there is lacking a definiteness of purpose to it. "Departed Classmates," the only verse article of the issue, is only mediocre in its value as a poem, but contains a great thought. The department work is well done.—The Trinity Archive.

The Clemson College CHRONICLE is well arranged and well balanced. "The Solid South" is ably written. "A Winning Run" and "Horace Martin's Happiest Christmas" both present well-worn plots with new names. In the former, the old, old practice of bestowing the heroine on the hero as a reward is faithfully adhered to. The setting of this story is its redeeming feature. The touch of local color is good. "Horace Martin's Happiest Christmas," however, is the same, the same misunderstanding, the same reunion, of the lovers we have had since we first read a college magazine. Of course, it ends: "He held out his arms to her. She fell into them, and all was forgiven and forgotten with a kiss." "A Modern Invention" is well written. On account of its originality, it possesses an unusual degree of interest. "A Tragedy of the Circus" is indeed a tragedy. It is, however, poorly constructed. The poetry in this number could easily be improved.—The Concept.

The Clemson College Chronicle is keeping up the high standard already set. "The Solid South" is interesting to all true Southerners. From this article, the following is worthy of mention: "And let each and every one of us be able to stand forth and say, in the words of the South's peerless leader: 'You may dispute whether I have fought a good fight; you may dispute whether I have finished my course; but doubt not that I have kept the faith.' The South will not be broken by the Republican Party." "Experience of an Agricultural Inspector in the Phillipines," is full of informa-

tion in regard to our late possessions in the West. "A Modern Invention" tells of a young man's intrigues to win over the father of his "lady fair." The only fault we find with this journal is the over-modesty of the writers. Instead of the initials, we should like to see the authors of those good articles sign their full name.—The Southern Student.

The Clemson Chronicle has very appropriate cover design for its Christmas number. We find several good poems in it. "Our Thanksgiving Dinner" tells of the expectations and subsequent disappointment of the college boys on Thanksgiving day. "Misletoe" and "The Warrior Brave" are two very good poems that appear in this issue. "A Winning Run" tells of a successful love affair in which a locomotive engineer figures as the hero by saving the life of the superintendent's daughter, by making a fast run. The "Solid South" is an ably written article defending the South from being broken up by the Federal party. Modern Invention" is an account of how an ingenious young fellow won over his sweetheart's father into favoring his suite. He invented a lock with which the Major will have no trouble in unlocking his door when returning home late from his club. In "Horace Martin's Happiest Christmas" the scene changes a little too suddenly, I think. The Editorial Department is very well written.—The Co-ed.

One would not expect the best of literary work from farmers and mechanics; but, despite that fact, the farmers and mechanics at Clemson give us a high class college magazine in the Chronicle. The stories are not quite what they might be, but the rest of the literary matter is excellent. "Experiences of an Agricultural Inspector in the Philippines" recounts in an interesting way the experiences of a Clemson man working for the government in the Philippines. It is "to be continued," but that is excusable in an

article of this character. "Faithfulness" is a pretty little story that would be a good production for a high school boy, but we would expect better work from a college man. "Lost on Tryon Mountain" is an interesting sketch of the experiences of two Clemson boys on a jaunt in the mountains. "A Love That Was Lost," a sadly sweet story of two lovers during the Civil War. "In the Shadow of Popocatepetl" and "The Remnant" complete the literary department. They are pretty fair productions. The departments are extremely good, especially the Editorial and Exchange departments. The clippings in this issue of the Chronicle are some of the best that we have seen.—The Florida Penant.

To read the Chronicle is to have an hour of pleasant recreation. It is highly entertaining, and contains the story, "His Sole Asset," which is far above the average college magazine story.—College Message.

The Chronicle for January is the first magazine that reached us, and it was with pleasure we read its contents. The "Tribute to Southern Chivalry" is a well written piece, and is worthy of mention. It shows a real, patriotic spirit back of it. The plot of "The Tourist's Revenge" is an interesting and original one. The poems do not add much to the high standard of the literary work in this number. The different departments are well edited and are a credit to the staff.—The Erothesian.

### The Fellow With Grit.

#### Τ

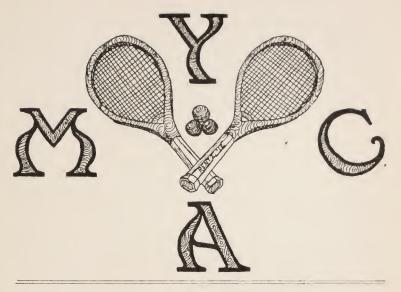
There's always a chance in the world, my son,
For the fellow with snap and go;
But the fellow who sighs and never tries
Doesn't stand the ghost of a show.

The path to success is rugged and rough;
There are obstacles strewn in the way,
And a fellow may look for some good hard knocks
And troubles from dawn to day.
You will never win if you loiter behind,
And stroll at a careless pace;
For the chap that straddles the horse called Ease
Won't come in ahead of the race.
This proverb ripe just put in your pipe,
And let it through life apply;
"It's the fellows with grit that are sure to get

#### II.

The biggest plum in the pie."

You can't sit back in these hustling days, Expecting to reach the top. There's never a show, I'd have you know, For the fellow who likes to stop And linger along in luxury's lap, To be coddled, and mussed, and fed; For while he's getting sweet sympathy, The other chap sails ahead. There's never a job too hard for a man That tackles right in with vim And lets folks know there's nothing slow Nor lazy that's ailing him. It's a lonely tale, but 'twill never fail, If you only have never to try; "It's the fellow with grit that is sure to get The biggest plum in the pie."



Editor: L. W. SUMMERS, '10

#### Lewis W. Parker.

One of the best addresses that has ever been heard in chapel, was delivered before the Y. M. C. A. at one of its recent meetings. Mr. Lewis W. Parker, of Greenville, was the speaker of the occasion. Mr. Parker is noted all over the United States as a cotton mill king, and also as President of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association. Though he is a very active business man, he always has time to do some good work for the Y. M. C. A. It was he and his cousin, Mr. T. F. Parker, who organized the Association welfare work among the operatives of the Monoghan Mills, the first welfare work done in the United States. He has since organized Y. M. C. A's. and Y. W. C. A's. at every one of his chain of eight mills, and is keeping them all on an excellent footing. It was on the principles of this welfare work that he based his address, explaining to us in a

very forcible way, our duty to our fellow-man, and to humanity; and how and why we should fulfil that duty. It was an impressive address, and one that benefited all his hearers. One could not help but feel that it was a sermon from a man who "acted what he preached."

"S." '11.

### Judge Gentry.

Seldom do we have the pleasure of hearing such an address as was delivered before the Y. M. C. A. at a recent meeting, by Judge J. J. Gentry, a very prominent lawyer of Spartanburg.

Judge Gentry choose as his subject, "The Clean Pure Life," and used it so well that it made a deep impression on all of his hearers.

Out of his own experience he gave us some advice which, if followed, will make each one of us a man such as God intended we should be.

### Mr. Abbott.

We were very fortunate in having as another of our speakers recently, Mr. W. D. Abbott, Y. M. C. A. Secretary of Spartanburg. He delivered a most excellent address on "The Twentieth Century Christian." Mr. Abbott gave in his tactful and forceful way the things which should compose the life of today's Christian men. He spoke of the sacrifices necessary, the responsibility, the dignity of such a life, and the rewards. After hearing such a lecture as the one delivered by Mr. Abbott, those who are leading Christian lives should realize more fully what their lives should be, and those who do not profess to be Christians should realize what they should do in order to fulfill the calling of a man.

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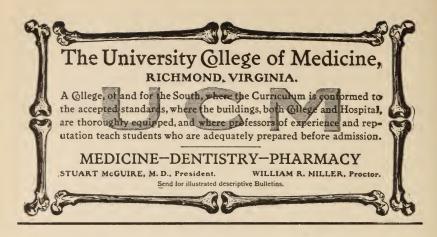


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