

# TIGERS ARE QUINT CHAMPS OF STATE

Library

## The Tiger



HE ROARS FOR CLEMSON

Are You Ready For The Big Ball?

Turn Out For The Track Team!

VOL. XVIII.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., March 7, 1923.

No. 22

### Clemson Loses in Tournament-- P. C. Proves an Easy Victim

TIGERS HAVE NOT BEEN DEFEATED IN THE RACE FOR STATE HONORS

#### Colonels Able to Defeat Tigers in Second Battle

Clemson was eliminated from the Southern Tournament in their first game which was played with the Praying Colonels from Kentucky. It was very unfortunate that two of the Tiger guards were suffering from injuries and were not able to play in their usual form. However the game became so close in the last period that it seemed that the Tigers were destined to come out on top, but were finally eliminated by a score of 27 to 23.

The game was started with a rush by the Colonels. Their floor work was beautiful and they were beating the Tigers to the ball. During the last ten minutes of this half the men from Kentucky ran the score up to a safe margin of 17 to 9. "Flash" Covington, all-southern quarterback last fall, was the star for Centre in this period.

But in the second period Clemson began to strike her stride and the Tigers quickly cut the lead down to one point. Dum Day rang up goal after goal till the score stood 22 to 23 and here the Tigers hopes began to grow again. For five minutes the playing was desperate, neither team being able to score another point. However, the Colonels finally slipped ahead and when the final whistle blew the score stood 27 to 23.

The entire Tiger squad played a good game throughout. Although slow getting off in the first half they came back strong in the second and threw a real scare into the victors' hearts. Bum Day was the leading scorer and outstanding star for the Tiger quintet. By his speed and accurate shooting he was able to ring up four field goals and six fouls for a total of 14 points. This game ended the Tiger season except for a game with P. C. Monday night.

Line-up and summary:  
Clemson (23) Centre (27)  
Dum (14) F Green (17)  
Ryan (4) C Dooley (2)  
Arison F Thomason (2)  
Hills G Covington (4)  
Olbert (3) G Snowday  
Summary: Substitutions for Clemson, Chandler (2), Dotterer; Centre, Hudson, Snowday.  
Personal fouls: Clemson 6; Centre 4. —J. M.

The Tiger quintet added two victories to its string during the holidays week before last by conquering the Davidson Wildcats 25 to 18 and the Presbyterian College Bluestocksings 32 to 5 on Wednesday and Thursday nights respectively. Davidson gave the Tigers a tough fight, and one of the best games of the season was staged, while the next night the Tigers played a great defensive game, though they were slightly off on the offensive.

The Wildcats, as had been anticipated, brought a strong team to Tigertown and our Jungaleers were forced to fight throughout the game to gain the decision. At the beginning Davidson took the lead with a field goal by Mauze. Shortly afterwards the score was tied. Then the lead switched several times, until near the end of the half Clemson went to the front, never to be headed. The first period ended with Clemson leading 14 to 8. For most of the second half our boys had little trouble, but just before the close of the game the Davidsons put up a brilliant rally, scoring three field goals in rapid-fire succession. This came, however, too late.

George Bryan was by all odds the star of this game, making seven field goals, and thus accounting for more than half of Clemson's scores. "Bucky" Colbert made good five out of six throws from the free-throw line. For the visitors Mauze was the star performer, while just at the end Crawford showed a flash of brilliance which recalled his great performance which recalled his great performance (Continued on page 4)

### HUGE BALL IS BEING PLANNED

To Be Given in Honor of All Athletic Teams at Clemson

Tigertown is destined to be stirred by the biggest thing that has hit it in a long time. Work has been started on plans for one of the largest balls that has ever been conducted under Clemson auspices. This giant ball is to be given in the college gymnasium Friday night, April 6th, in honor of all athletic teams at Clemson.

This is the first affair of this kind that has ever been attempted by the Clemson cadets, but since the announcement, it is very evident that it will be a whirlwind success. If anyone does not think that this particular ball is going to be one of the biggest and best yet, just ask Jonnie Klencke.

There will be no admission charge whatsoever, and the entire Corps of Cadets is invited. Several features will be introduced and innovations in decorations have been planned which will help to make the undertaking one long to be remembered. Since all of the cadets are invited, and since all of them do not dance, the bleachers that have been moved out of the gym will be replaced for the dance in order that those who do not dance will be accommodated. Every cadet is expected to be present, and when the entire bunch of Clemson Tigers congregate, there are bound to be things happening.

Two orchestras will furnish the inspiring music. The person who does not think that there are some real musicians among the Tigers has something new to find out. The Tiger artists really know how to deliver the goods when music is concerned, as anyone who has heard them will readily say. We want to make this ball a big occasion, for it is in honor of all of the men who devote their spare time for the teams that go out to represent Clemson. We want to have the floor covered with plenty of dancers. Do you dance? Sure, write your girl tonight and tell her that you are expecting her! Remember that girls always like to have plenty of time! —W.

### CADETS ENJOY LAST LYCEUM, NUMBER

Last Saturday evening the Cambrea Concert Artists rendered an excellent musical program for the entertainment of the Clemson students and the faculty. This group of artists is one of the best on the Lyceum circuit, and coming as they did, in the closing entertainment of the present scholastic session, they make everyone sorry that there are no more lyceum numbers to look forward to.

The personnel of the Cambrea Concert Artists is as follows: Joseph Andrews, tenor; Ruth Younge, soprano; Mae Veale, Contralto; Carroll Ault, Baritone, and Miriam Welty, accompanist. The voices of Miss Veale and Mr. Andrews, and the playing of Miss Welty are especially worthy of praise. Mr. Ault and Miss Younge both had very strong voices.

Miss Veale won the hearts of her audience in her second song, "Friend O' Mine." She was very gracious and responded several times with encores which delighted the audience. Mr. Andrews had that type of tenor voice which everyone enjoys hearing. His voice was very clear and rich. The song which won for him most applause was "Woman is Fickle."

Miss Welty delighted the hearts of all music lovers and especially of pianists in the audience by rendering the "Concert Etude in D Flat." Her "Imitation of the Old Music Box" was also good. One would have to go far to find a better accompanist than Miss Welty.

The quartette was, without a doubt, one of the best that has ever been heard at Clemson. The "Medley From the South," as sung by the quartette thrilled the hearers (Continued on page 4)

### LITTLE CHILD PASSES AWAY

Cadets and People of the Community Saddened at News

On the night of February sixteenth the people of the campus were saddened by the news of the death of little Willie Crandall, daughter of Professor and Mrs. W. G. Crandall. The child contracted diphtheria, and not being strong enough to throw off the ailment, succumbed to the attack of this dread disease.

The people of the community gathered at Professor Crandall's home on the afternoon following the passing of the little child and took part in the funeral services that were conducted by Reverend Goode and Dr. W. H. Mills. It was with bowed heads that the assembled friends grouped themselves in the yard of the home saddened by such a sudden bereavement. Not only were the members of the faculty present, but there were also a number of the cadets. Section eleven senior, Professor Crandall's vocational education men, attended as a body. Professor and Mrs. Crandall left immediately after the services for the train which was to carry them to New York, their home.

Clemson is not a very large place, and it is very seldom that the Grim Reaper encroaches on the campus confines. When he does swing his terrible scythe, we feel it keenly. We, the cadets, wish to unite our sympathies with those of the faculty, and hope that the bereaved couple will understand that we feel saddened as they are saddened.

The Tiger received the following letter for publication:  
Clemson College, S. C.  
March 5, 1923.

To the People of the Campus:  
We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the people of the community for their many acts of kindness and sympathy extended during our late bereavement.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Crandall.

**Farewell, Miss Flapper**  
We sigh for those short skirts of old  
That once were all the rage,  
For somehow the new styles don't  
take hold  
Nor oft' our eyes engage.

It seems quite strange to have them  
hide  
Those shapely limbs of yore  
'Neath snaky folds to have them glide  
To vamp us evermore.

They've lived and played and danced  
and smiled,  
The Flappers so charming and  
sweet,  
Short skirts and bobbed hair, but not  
at all wild,  
To know them has been our treat.

They stole our hearts with their  
native charming ways,  
For they were sports and true,  
But Paris, France, has had her say,  
And the Flapper is lost to view.

Now "rest in peace" is all we can say  
For styles of days gone by,  
For the Flapper styles have had their  
sway,  
And without them the Flapper  
must die.  
—The Log.

"Here Lies the Flapper—Rest in Pieces."

She—Oh, Algy, you English are so slow.  
He—Er—I'm afraid I don't grasp you.  
She—That's just it.

Frank Register (going into restaurant): Do you serve lobsters?  
Waiter: "Yes, sit right down."

### Track Candidates Show Great Promise As Meet Draws Near

TIGERS CLASH WITH GEORGIA TECH ON APRIL 7th

#### SENIOR HOP TO BE GIVEN FRIDAY

Spring Dance Promises to Be a Big Success

The Senior Dancing Club will give the first dance of the spring season in the Gym on Friday evening, March 9th. From all indications it is going to be as large as the last Sophomore dance. There are already thirty-five girls on the list. The Southern Collegians will play.

The club issues the following invitations to every member of the faculty:

The Senior Dancing Club requests the honor of your presence on Friday evening  
March ninth  
Dancing College Gym

It is gratifying that so many cadets are signifying their intention of going. The more girls present and the more boys that attend, the more enjoyable will be the dance. Also, the individual cost is lessened when so many are present.

The Senior dance is going to be a real Clemson dance. It is going to be good. —B. R.

#### BLACK-EYED SUSAN COMES TO TOWN

About two weeks ago there appeared on the bulletin boards at the post office and the "Y" some very interesting letters signed "Black-Eyed Susan." Many inquiries were made as to who the lady was.

On Tuesday of last week the mystery was dispelled when Black-Eyed Susan made her debut. She proved to be a tea room next to Keller's store. The colors of the flower are carried out in all of the decorations, and the little tables amidst their pretty draperies are wonders to the cadets who never dreamed that such a tea room was being planned. Everything is as fresh and dainty as could be imagined, and the little hand-painted menu cards are revelations not only in art, but also in the good things that they represent.

The tea room has met with such success during its first week that it very evidently fills a real need at Clemson. We are glad to see this tea room, and we make the prediction that it will be a big success. —W.

#### ODES TO THE DEPARTING FLAPPER

**Nevermore**  
The dictionary says, "A Flapper is one who flaps." While some college girls from New York say: "A Flapper is a girl whose common sense and brains are minus, who thinks only of clothes, boys and herself, and who really thinks she is wild."

**They Call Her Flapper**  
She crossed her slim ankles and settled back among the cushions of the hammock.  
He put his arm around her and sighed.  
She sighed.  
He sighed again and murmured, "Darling—"  
"Yes?" she queried.  
"Darling, will you marry me?"  
And when he had gone, she cut another notch in the porch swing.  
—Exchange.

"I hate to have some people give me their advice when I know how bad they need it."  
in athletics by sitting in his room or on the bleachers in the afternoons. Come out and see what you can do for your own physique, if not for the sake of your college. —E. H. H.

#### More Men Are Needed on the Squad

Spring is here. This fact is evidenced not only by the contact of hickory with horsehide, but also by a host of thinly clad warriors of the cinder path who may be seen daily on Riggs' Field. Most of these men are past the stage of soreness and "charlie-horses" and are doing real routine work in preparation for the various events in which they hope to participate.

Coaches Reed and Hamilton have been busily trimming these men into shape in preparation for the try-outs which will come before many more days have passed. Coach Reed, an old track star from Mississippi A. & M., is coaching the runners and Hamilton is taking the field events in hand. Both of these men understand track thoroughly and should develop a team of which Clemson should be proud. "Doc" Stewart will supervise and direct the team as soon as the last basketball game is over. "Doc" is a real track coach, and has done great work in developing this branch of athletics since he has been at Clemson.

The Block "C" men in track will form the nucleus about which the team is to be built. These men are Zeigler, Young, Wade, Pepper, Rice, Bryan, Hall, Killian, Carter, and Wood. The majority of the letter men on the cross-country team will also come out for track. There are a number of new men who have not made letters in track, but who are showing good stuff in practice for the various events.

The loss of the seniors who were on last year's team will be felt, but every year the men improve and fill the places of those who have graduated, so there isn't much to worry about in this direction. The field events are troubling the coaches more than anything this year. The team was weak in the weight events last year, and this year new men will have to be trained for the discus, the shot, the javelin and several other events.

At present it is hard to line up the events and the men who will participate in them, but the following is a list of the men who have been showing up best in the events:

100-yd. dash—Chandler, Wade, Killian, Smith.  
220-yd. dash—Chandler, Wade, Smith, Rice.  
440-yd. run—Killian, Zeigler, Rice.  
880-yd. run—Wod, Zeigler, Johnson, Robinson.  
One and two mile runs—Young, Huggins, Sease, Thurmond.  
High and low hurdles—Wade and Garvin.

High jump—Hall, Pepper, Odom.  
Broad jump—Pepper, Hall, Garvin.  
Pole vault—Pepper and Bryan.  
Shot put—Finklea, Robinson, Tibbs.

Discus throw—Finklea, Tibbs, Jacobi.  
Javelin throw—Zeigler, Hall, Killian, Jacobi.

In addition to these men there are a host of other men who are trying out for the various events and who will develop into track men of worth. Freshmen will not be eligible for the team this year but will probably have a Freshman team.

Coach Stewart has arranged a good schedule of track meets this year and the track team will have something in store if nothing interferes with the present schedule.

Ga. Tech at Clemson—April 7.  
U. of Ga. at Clemson—April 14.  
Davidson at Davidson—April 21.  
Tech Relays at Atlanta—April 28.  
State meet at Columbia May 5.  
S. I. C. meet at Atlanta—May 19.  
U. of N. C.—Pending.  
The last call is sounded for athletes to come out for track. We need more good men; and it's a known fact that no man can make his letter

# The Tiger

Founded by the Class of '07

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## Editorials

If only this had happened, if only that had not, perhaps we would murmur: "Well, it might have been."

### FALL TO RISE

If a man falls, he falls only to rise the stronger—if he rises. We lost out in the first whack at tournament honors, we fell; but, men, we did not fall from grace. We did not believe that Centre's team could possibly defeat our fighting little Tiger aggregation, but just the same those Colonels accomplished that very trick. Let us now set our chins and rise. We will rise, and we will rise the stronger. We will show that no Tiger team is degraded by defeat, we will show that defeat only serves to bind us closer together.

If a person falls down flat, it is nothing against him if he makes haste to rise again. To remain in the rut, that is the disgrace. So fellows, let us as Clemson men, loyal and true to the man, unite in thanking our basketeers. We want them to know that we think they are the best, the pluckiest, the bravest, and the fightingest bunch of Tigers that have ever defended old Clemson on the basketball floor. We want everyone to know that we are back of each man who wears the Clemson uniform; we want everyone to know that we are back of our men to the last; and we want everyone to know that we are back of each and every one of them one hundred percent strong. The Tigers are the proud possessors of one of the finest basketball teams that has ever stepped on the court in defense of the Purple and Gold! Ask any Tiger man—or anyone else who knows!

### THE MESS HALL PIANO

"Mother Mid" and Mr. Harcombe are to be congratulated on their latest achievement—the new piano in the Mess Hall. The music will give the old hall a much more homelike atmosphere.

Mr. Harcombe has advanced the necessary money to buy the piano and "Mother Mid" is raising the amount from among the Alumni. The following letter is one which we happened to hear her read and impressed us with the loyalty of one of our Tigers:

March 1, 1923.

Dear "Mother Mid":

I wish I were able to send you a piano to go in the good old Mess Hall, but this is just another case of how inconvenient it is to be so poor. I do enclose a little something tho, so that the piano will hit a note or two for me. Drop me a line if you want anymore, and I'll beg, borrow, or steal to see a piano in the Mess Hall. Love and best wishes.

This Tiger as well as the rest of our Alumni, deserve much credit for their loyal support of Clemson. The students are very grateful to them.

B. R. & E. A. S.

F. E. Taylor, Jr., '21, was on the campus several days last week doing advanced Registry Testing at the Dairy Building.

W. F. Brawley, '14, of Radcliff Place, Memphis, Tenn., is an Industrial Engineer with the Witsell Manufacturing Company.

## STUDENT OPINION

A column in The Tiger expressly devoted to student opinion. That is the question at issue, Do the cadets want this space for an expression of their opinions? From this way and that way the wind has blown about the statement that the cadets want a space devoted to this particular subject. We, the Tiger staff, shall be only too glad to do all in our power to help. What we want to know now is, will all of the fellows cooperate in making this column a success?

Many of the other college papers have this department, and we feel that the students of Clemson College are entitled to the same privilege. Of course, the cadets have always had the privilege of editorial comment, but hitherto they have not had a particular space to fill with their opinions—and we know that these opinions have been many. We hope that the cadets will like the plan and will cooperate in working up the department. If you are interested, say so, write something and turn it in.

All articles that are turned in must be signed by the author. The name of the author will not appear in the column unless the man desires. The editor reserves the right to turn down any article which in his opinion should not go forth as an expression of true Clemson thought. Turn in something, fellows. Get busy and see what you can do; you have ideas, many of them—express them. Turn in all articles to room 358. What do you say, men

Even in the midst of life there is death. It takes us by surprise, yet we know what lies in store. Frequently we grieve for those who have gone, we grieve because we do not know the all. We are afraid of death, but we are afraid only because we do not understand. When our eyes are opened, and we see at last, then death will hold no fear. Man shudders when he thinks of death because he remembers the countless sins that he must account for. However there is one to whom death is only the gateway to the Heaven beyond.

The little child neither fears nor dreads death, for in its innocence there is nothing to be afraid of, no accounting for earthly sins. The Father so plainly said: "For unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." A little soul has taken its flight straight from our campus to the realms above, and while we mourn the loss, we should remember the haven of refuge that opened its doors so wide.

### DOES PROFANITY PAY?

Does profanity pay? If so, when and what does it pay? Some thoughtless persons may say, "It pays because it lets off the steam of a bad temper—relieves the feelings." Why should a mouthful of dirty oaths make an angry person any less angry? What actually happens is that the person so lowers his self-respect by cursing that he momentarily forgets his feelings. Another person, ignorant and thoughtless, may say, "It makes people around think that I am somebody big." But it doesn't—nor with anybody. Decent people regard a man who curses with repugnance, and "low-brow" people cease to have any respect for him.

Does profanity pay? It not only does not pay, but it really exacts payment for its use. And often the payment is much greater than you might expect. It is frequently the loss of self-respect, the loss of the respect of others, and the loss of more material, if less valuable, objects such as jobs and business deals.

One of the biggest payments for the use of profanity is the habit it forms. There is surely no more disgusting or worthless habit than that of cursing and dirty talk. If a boy uses profanity when he is with other boys, he soon becomes accustomed to it and uses oaths unconsciously. Then he is very apt to "slip up" sometimes when he is in company that will not excuse the language, and embarrass himself and his friends by cursing.

Stop and think of the persons of your acquaintance who use profanity and those who do not. You will see and admit that the best people do not use it, while the common people do use it. The use of profanity is almost a scale by which you can measure a people's social standing—the more they curse the lower they stand. And those who do not use profanity certainly do not approve of it, and they think less of anyone who does use it. An oath immediately marks a person as being ungentlemanly, rude and ignorant.

—J. A. C.

D. T. Duncan, '16, is a civil engineer on the County Highway Commission of Greenwood County.

Geo. R. Briggs, 15, who was until recently county demonstration agent Greenwood, S. C., where he is in business for himself as a landscape gardener.

## IS THIS SPORTSMANSHIP?

THE GAMECOCK, published by the University of South Carolina, in its edition of February 23rd, carries an editorial which any publication of any type should be ashamed to publish. The article is entitled "A Demise" and refers principally to Doc Stewart, Clemson Director of Athletics, who has recently resigned to accept a position at the University of Texas. The writer of this editorial places himself in the category of ignorant writers and cheap sports in the first paragraph of his scurrilous passage, and each succeeding line brands him more deeply as contemptibly narrow-minded. He begins his article with a reference to Clemson as an institution where the principal course of study is the milking of cows. From this point forward, he heaps abuse upon Clemson, its coach and its football team. It is indeed unfortunate that any student publication should allow its standard of ethics to fall so low as did the Gamecock in the publishing of this article. The writer neglected to sign his name, thereby relieving himself of any responsibility to his readers. The article is interspersed with pitiful attempts at wit which shed much light upon the ability of the writer. In the first place, much of the editorial is written without any regard for the principles of truth and honesty which are, or should be, fostered by every publication, particularly those which are supposed to represent educational institutions.

The writer of the Gamecock's editorial gives himself away when he says that Doc Stewart's "bunch of cow-boys barely fluked out on the Gamecock's 3 to 0." Until we reached this sentence we were at a loss as to the motive for such an insulting article. However, this one sentence explains that point very clearly. There are at Carolina a number of persons who have not yet recovered from the terrific shock of the Gamecock's unexpected and inglorious defeat at the hands of the Tigers. A review of that game and its attendance circumstances brings us no little satisfaction at this time. We cannot resist the temptation to recall a few of the outstanding features of this struggle. Two student bodies and a million people were keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement over the battle. Dopesters conceded the game to Carolina by reason of superior weight and experience. The heavier battalion looked like easy winners. But those who were at the fair grounds on that memorable Thursday saw the heavier battalion sweep down from the shadow of the capitol with a haughty air to find their vaunted attack smeared all over the Columbia field. They saw the sleek and slender Tiger, striped in purple and gold, as he came forth from his lair to do battle with the proud chanticleer. They saw on that field a struggle, grim and fierce, and they saw the best team win. They learned that football games, like battles of life, are not always won by the heaviest contestant. They came away with the knowledge that Clemson had won from Carolina by reason of the fact that the Tigers had outfought the Gamecocks, and those who were broad-minded knew that Clemson deserved to win.

The ethics of true sportsmanship require that one must be a good loser as well as a good winner. Someone at Carolina has never learned that lesson. Ever since the Tiger administered a defeat to the Gamecock eleven this year, there has been much beefing and disgruntled muttering from the Carolina organ. By mere words, they would play the game over again, this time bringing victory to Carolina. College athletics have the bedrock of their existence upon the spirit of sportsmanship which usually exists between the two conflicting institutions. When this spirit is destroyed, these athletics must of necessity fail in their purpose. The Carolina writer will do well to take stock of himself and introduce a strain of sportsmanship into his make-up.

But this is only one angle of the affair. The editorial is undoubtedly the work of some immature and uninformed scribe, but there are some few people who will accept his work seriously, thinking that it is the product of careful study and investigation. Happily these are very few. We shudder to think of the fate which might befall our populace if such writings had any appreciable part in the molding of opinion. The writer of this article hardly realized that it was an unwarranted injustice to Coach Stewart. Such small-bore writers are causing the public to accept all editorial matter as so much bunk with no foundation of accuracy.

The reader will note that we do not attempt to defend Coach Stewart. His ability needs no defense from us. Doc Stewart is honored and respected in the higher circles of intercollegiate athletics where the University of South Carolina is utterly unknown. If the Carolina scribe doubts the truth of that statement, we invite him to investigate for himself. Stewart's record speaks for itself, and it has brought him a position which is far more important and advanced than anything South Carolina has to offer.

The Gamecock writer also takes occasion to fling a few bricks at Bull

Lightsey and Rhett Turnipseed, two of the mainstays of the Tiger eleven and both members, by overwhelming majorities, of the 1922 all-state team. This was only further evidence of the ignorance of the writer. It happens that Rhett and Bull were important factors in the defeat which Clemson administered to Carolina and some of the birds can't seem to forget it. But we are proud of the record which they made for themselves in that game. We are even more proud than Carolina is ashamed.

The Gamecock actually refers to the Clemson football team as "200 pound cake eaters." Can anyone, who is familiar with the circumstances, imagine a Carolina student flinging that taunt at anyone? An old proverb admonishes us that "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Our contemporary would do well to remember this.

In conclusion, we would like to say that the Gamecock's editorial would never have received this consideration from the Tiger except for the fact that its tenor was misleading and wholly unjust. Otherwise we would not have deigned to take notice of such unsportsmanlike and contemptible comment.

—E. G. P.

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart, a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy—  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Manlike you have questioned me;  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,  
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;  
I require your heart be true as God's stars,  
As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;  
I require a far better thing;  
A seamstress you're wanting for your stockings and shirts—  
I look for a man and king.

A king for a beautiful realm called Home,  
And a man that the maker God  
Shall look upon as He did on the first  
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft cheeks some day—  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May.

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give this all, I would stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook  
You may hire, with little to pay,  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way."  
—Mrs. Browning.

### The Flapper Speaks

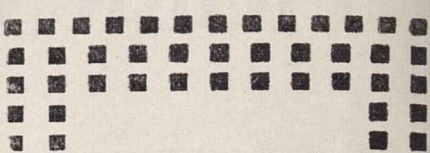
If e'er my hair was somewhat mussed,  
When from a ride I came,  
Recall it might have been a gust  
Of wind which was to blame;  
And anyway, is my response,  
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

You find me off alone with Jim,  
With all the lights turned out,  
I might just want to talk to him  
With no one else about;  
And anyway, is my response,  
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

I don't get home till half-past three,  
(The party stopped at two)  
We might have had a blow-out, see?  
And had to change a shoe;  
And anyway, is my response,  
Honi soit qui mal y pense."  
—Miss Heights Review.

A recent wedding of special interest to the members of the class '22, is that of H. M. Saunders and Miss Connie Berry of Smoaks, S. C. "Harold" went into the furniture business in St. George just after his graduation in June of last year and he is now the owner of a thriving business. They have the best wishes of many friends for a long and happy life.

William E. Blake, '15, is a Production Engineer with the Westinghouse Electric Company, in Springfield, Mass.



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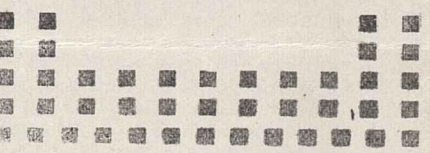
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This shoe is guaranteed one hundred percent leather, color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is \$6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at \$2.95.

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NATIONAL BAY STATE  
SHOE COMPANY

296 Broadway  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

# HUMOR

WISE AND OTHERWISE  
By Dick

**The Hooting of Jane McChew**  
(With apologies to Service)  
A group of girls were whooping it up in the Crecian candy store; The nickel piano was pounding out the latest Broadway score; Back of the bunch, with a hot nut fudge, sat Dangerous Jane McChew And watching her eat was her favorite snake, the lizard that's known as Lou.

When off of the street where the rain beat down and into the jazz and glare, There hurried a maiden fresh from a date with very disheveled hair; She seemed like a girl that was down and out and her looks were beginning to fade, But she stopped at the counter and called for a box of the finest candy made. And we tried to tell by her perfume's smell, in vain whence this flapper flew, But we ate her fudge and the last to eat was Dangerous Jane McChew.

There's women that seem to hold your gaze and somehow call your bluff, And such was she and she seemed to me like a girl who knew her stuff; She paused to stare at the kitten there—at the girls who dig for gold— At the dames who eat up a fellow's kale and turn and leave 'em cold. And I looked while she worked the slot machine to see what gum she'd chew, While watching her as his face turned pale was the lizard that's known as Lou.

She tried to hum as she chewed her gum as a perfect lady chews, And we found out soon that her sapphire tune was the old "Saint Louis Blues." Her eyes they blazed as she turned and gazed at the quaking lizard sap. And "Girls," says she, "You don't know me and none of you care a rap, But I want to say, if I die today, and I bet my sock's it's true, That one of you is a terrible cat... and that one is Jane McChew."

The lights went out and women screamed as tables hit the floor, And I can't forget for I hear it yet—that battles' deafening roar. Yes, it took us eight to separate those biting, struggling two— And there with his dainty wrist watch smashed lay the lizard that's known as Lou. —Ex.

When they stage a movie they always change the name so that it will have more heart interest. We therefore assume, that Ben Hur will now be featured as "Her Ben."—The Rollins Sandspur.

Standfast—Does Marjorie pet as much as Irene?  
Siffast—No, she is several laps behind.—Goblin.

When the rain falls, does it ever rise again?" asked the professor of the stupid one.  
"Yes sir, in dew time."—Ex.

"Is your watch going, George?"  
"Yes," answered George.  
"How soon?"—Houston Post.

An Ottawa hen laid an egg daily for 107 days. There's a saying in every henhouse that an egg a day keeps the hatchet away.—Judge.

First Lawyer—And did his speech carry conviction?  
Second Lawyer—It did. His client got five years.—Princeton Tiger.

Tim—How are you getting along at home while your wife's away?  
Jim—Fine. I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks now from either end.—American Mutual Magazine

"Annie," called her mistress, "just come into the dining room a moment. Now watch me. I can write my name in the dust on this table."  
Annie grinned, "Ain't it a grand thing," she said, "to have a eddication"—Tit Bits.

Sullivan came in with a black eye, a split lip, and a broke nose.  
Mrs. Sullivan—"And, what's happened to ye?"  
Sullivan—"I got in a fight with Tim O'Hooligan."

Mrs. Sullivan—"Well, ye big ole stiff, the idea of letting that little pny, half-baked shrimp beat ye."  
Sullivan—"Be quiet woman, don't speak hard of the dead."—Selected.

**Confidences**  
In the sweet silence of the twilight

they sat upon the beach.  
"Dearest," she murmured, tremblingly, "now that we are married!"  
"What is it sweetheart," he asked softly.  
"Can you ever forgive me?" she sobbed. "My left eye is made of glass."  
"Never mind, lovey," he whispered gently; "so are the diamonds in your engagement ring."—Exchange.

**Literally**  
Fred—Was James much perturbed when his machine turned over?  
Harry—Well, he seemed to be very much upset.—Selected.

Rat—That tune reminds me of the day I got my grades.  
Senior—What tune is it?  
Rat—Home again Blues.

Purchaser—Is this a pedigreed dog?  
Dealer—Pedigreed? Why if that dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us.—Exchange.

The meanest man in the world is the roommate who borrows your best tie and then goes out and orders grapefruit. — Southern California Wampus.

"Going up for the next blow-out?" asked the crankshaft.  
"Ain't gonig to skip it," responded the piston.—Exchange.

A peach came walking down the street.  
She was more than passing fair, A smile, a nod, a half closed eye, And the peach became a pair. —Ex.

Olean—I really can't believe in you. You deceive all the girls.  
Hec—All! On my word of honor, you are the first one I ever deceived. —Selected.

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.—Ex.

Little rows of zeros  
Not so very quaint,  
Makes your graduation  
Look as tho it ain't. —Ex.

**Development**  
Freshie—Please, mother, may I go?  
Soph.—Let me go, mother, I'll be in by eleven."  
Junior—I'm going.  
Senior—Good night. Leave the door unlocked.—The Mississippian.

Teacher—What is the largest river in Italy, Leo?  
—The—the—the—  
Another pupil (in low whisper— Say Po, Leo.  
Leo—Sapolio.—The Mississippian.

**Those Horrid Men!**  
Two friends on the corner stood— One named Stone, the other Wood; A beautiful maiden dressed in brown, Wearing the latest new-style gown, Daintily tripped by— Stone turned to Wood and Wood to Stone, And then both turned to rubber. —Mercer Cluster.

"Have you had your iron today?" said the thug as he tapped his victim on the head with a bit of pipe. —Log.

**News Notes**  
A merry party of Clemson sports was seen in a cabaret in Anderson during the holidays. The party consisted of "Bull" Brown, "Billy" Dukes, Lee Timmons and "Frank" Register. "Bull" and "Billy" were the life of the party.—F. E. D.

Jim Coleman, president of the Westinghouse Club, has issued a challenge to Francis Dunham, president of the General Electric Club, to play a game of tiddle-de-winks or African golf. If the challenge is accepted the game will be played on a mutual court, the referee to be a non-interested member of the Bell Telephone Club.

Prof. Hodge—So you called me an educated donkey, did you?  
Cadet Harris—No sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information.

W.—Will the girls are crazy about me.  
V.—Yeah, one look and they're hysterical.

Ralph Coarsey (at one A. M.):  
"Well, I must be off."  
Sweet Young Thing (yawning):  
"That's what I thought when I first met you."

The Flappers say: "Bobbed hair is easy to comb, and it doesn't catch on a man's coat buttons.

## MEETING OF THE ETICETT CLUB

Perhaps it is not generally known, perhaps it is not hailed in flaming headlines, but just the same the Clemson College Eticett Club is right on the job. The latest meeting was held last Sunday night, and the reporter assures everyone that it was a success in every sense of the word. As the old moon was pushing his way into the heavens and beginning to flood the earth with his soft mellow light, a gavel tapped on the top of the mahogany table top in a dimly lighted elegantly furnished drawing room somewhere midst the jungle of the campus. It was President Reed calling the meeting to order, the meeting of the Eticett Club. He called on the secretary, "Bill" Lippincott, to call the roll. To the names of Pollard, Sherman, McAllister, Norris, and Pope there was immediate response, each member answering to roll call by responding with a newly learned rule of Eticat. President Reed then read a set of resolutions which were, as nearly as the reporter remembers, something like the following: "Since most persons at times find themselves in doubt as to just what is the right procedure in some matter of manners, we, the Eticett Club of Tiger-town, do hereby take the stand to abolish this great evil from our midst. This club is composed of those who have enjoyed exceptional advantages for observing the elegancies of living as practised in cultured circles both here and abroad, and we are world-wide in scope, taking up the little as well as the big things. We tell how it is possible to eat peas without cutting one's self with the knife while performing the feat; we tell how a bashful young man should propose, and also give the proper reply of the very modest young lady at whose head the proposal happens to be directed; we tell any number of other things, for example, moonlight deportment, and what to say in embarrassing situations."

These resolutions brought forth much applause from the assemblage. "Bill" wanted to include the fact that he was writing a book on the deep and much abused subject, but Sherman called it out of order. President Reed rapped on the table for quiet, and announced to the members that they had a guest of honor. They paused in their talk, and for a full minute Wrigley was not abused. Who was it? Necks were craned to catch the first blimpse of this person from the world outside of the wilderness. Perhaps she would be able to tell them the answer to the puzzling question as to just what a girl should say to two men when they insisted on proposing after she had married one of them the week before. Then the guest of honor was ushered in! They fell and they kept on falling, for when the reporter left the scene of the battle, President was giving quarter to none. He was an excellent exponent of the theory that all is fair in love and war. But friend "Bill" was not far behind, and he made it plain that he did not believe anything until the preacher told him about it. President Reed expressed the hope that he would soon be told something. The meeting broke up with the reporter watching from afar off to get the end of the story. He didn't get the end, perhaps, but there was a certain member of the famous club who said that he got something else. (You know, I always did have a kind of liking for Angoras). —C. U. Later.

P. S., Duly edited as per schedule. (Note: Our editor needs glasses).

### GREAT CELEBRATION

When the news leaked into the far backwoods that the winner of the Southern tournament was that team representing some neck of the woods in Mississippi (anyway, it must be some part of the woods, for the news came in that the Mississippi Aggies were the winners), when the far off Clemson campus gained a knowledge of what was happening in the outside world, something happened. This something was nothing more nor less than one of those happenings that are sometimes called shirt-tail parades. It was a sure enough affair, and great was the bewilderment—Prof. Nichols proved to be an excellent cheer leader, and Profs. Reed and McAllister showed that they had not lost any of the pep which they had imbibed while attending that much talked of place located at—at—at—some place; we do not know whether it's Pumpkinville or Squash Center, but it's in old Miss. Some pep we'll say! We enjoy pep of all kinds. —R. U. Him.

Dr. Calhoun—In all my travels, what interested me most was the mummy of a queen.  
Cadet—It was wonderful, wasn't it?

Dr. Calhoun—Wonderful! It was almost impossible that they could make a woman dry up and stay that way."



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Ask your barber for a Stacomb Rub.  
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Makes the Hair Stay Combed

### LOST! LOST!

A pair of blood-red socks are at large. Along with these blushing lady-killers is a terribly modest yellow-striped necktie. Will the finder please return to "Bill" Lippincott and receive reward.

P. S.—He feels lost among the ladies without these daring additions to his wardrobe.

### THE CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Calhoun Literary Society held its weekly meeting last Friday night. The orator, R. W. Coarsey, gave a very creditable oration. The essayist, J. W. Williamson, read an essay on divorce, which was quite interesting.

Due to the fact that some of the society members were required to attend an educational moving picture in chapel Friday night, the other members on the program were not present.

The date for the annual celebration was discussed. It was finally decided to have the preliminaries on the sixth of April.

The President, J. S. Thurmond, appointed a query committee as follows: J. M. Dunlap, T. S. Smith, and J. C. Cheatham.

As there was no other business before the society, the society adjourned. —J. R. Shannon.

The news reporter was covering an automobile wreck.

"Anybody hurt in the wreck," he asked a bystander.  
"One gentleman, I believe."  
"Bones broken?"  
"I think it was his heart. He sat down by a leaking suit case and shed tears."

### AIDS FOR STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

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Dere Gene:

I thought I would write you a letter, and give you some advice relative to ways and means of reaching Charleston from "The West Point on the Seneca." There are five possible routes, Gene, by which you can reach the land of "Milk and Honey" from the land of "dish-water coffee and slum". The atmosphere, the hydrosphere, and the lithosphere, geologically speaking. Having tried all except the first named I feel capable of propounding and promulgating ways and means and advice.

Gene, the hydrospherical route is by far the best. But be sure to have a periscope on your submarine, or travel in a canvas canoe. Do not use a flat-bottom, or "Trust-me-Gawd" boat. It will take you about two weeks to go down with the current, and I have information from "Slim" Rhodes and "Little Joe" Hunter, that by careful calculation with the slide-rule and calculus, it will take 3 years, 364 days, 1 night, 23 hours and 59 minutes and 61 seconds to make it back, so if you leave before you matriculate you will get back just in time to get your "sheepskin" and hear about "the box inside of another box." The only difficulty is that if you do not have a certificate from Dr. Calhoun, certifying that the hydrosphere underwent a meteoric change and caused you to be late on permit, why the Col. will put you under arrest for 4 years before you can get your "dip." Be sure to arrange with Dr. C. Before leaving.

Now, Gene, if you want to try lithosphere, be sure and get a Ford—one hired from a mess-hall coon is best, because it will run on "Ital'ian hash," procurable from each and every Greek restaurant along the route. Be sure to carry along a pocket edition of a repair shop, also a stock-room containing a crankshaft, springs, ignition system, valves, connecting-rods, and transmission linings, for you might have a few minor repairs to make. You might include an axle and differential, wheels, tires, block, etc., to make sure you will arrive in Charleston. Be sure to have a radiator cap on your Ford, otherwise you can't tell whether you are coming or going, and then that will enable you to locate your exhaust pipe. Borrow one of Clinkscales' mule's head-covers, for if your Lizzie can see, she will sigh and stop at every garage on the road. Anderson, Greenwood, Columbia, is the best route, because if you have to spend the night in the woods, you can get plenty of "Mountain Dew" to ward off a cold caused by the other kind of dew.

Before beginning to commence to start to get ready to leave, ask her if she must break her crankshaft to please do so in Harleyville. Boy, this is the town of fast street cars and swifter ladies. After midnight there are fewer passing, but they travel with much more speed. "Get aboard." Seriously, tho, Park, Harleyville is a great little metropolis, and they all help you fix the C. S. from the mayor down. All you have to furnish is a salt-water sailor who can speak two languages, the Gullah and the profane. Proficiency in the latter by Cadet S. S. B. was all that made that Ford go thru to Charleston, and a wide vocabulary of the former enabled the writer to entertain the natives.

"Tater" Mikell says that he makes the mile-posts resemble a fine-tooth comb when he cuts loose in a Ford. Well, Gene, this is a brief of two tours of S. C. Next week I will tell you of the detours and of the atmosphere route to "The City by the Sea."

Yours after a struggle,

"Ye Aid"

Grand Official Scribe and High-muckamuck of the High-cokolorums Club. (Meeting place, small parade ground)

P. S.—"Preacher" Hunter, my "old lady" writes that he is still in Atlanta having a high time with the "Wine, women and song". He says Stone Mountain is the biggest rock he ever saw. Three weeks arrest for you, "Preach."

—Y. C.

Baseball to the front.

The P. C. game Monday night marked the end of the 1923 Tiger basketball season. The cage game took on new life and new importance at Clemson this year. This fact was probably due to the increased seating facilities which have been provided in the gym and which permit the entire corps to see the games.

Captain Day and his men may look back over this season with no little pride. The 1923 quintet was one of the most serious-minded athletic teams we have seen anywhere. From the first shrill blast of the referee's whistle until the last second of play, these men were playing the game.

We honor this faithful little band of heroes as true disciples of the doctrine of Tigerism. The first and foremost characteristic of the tiger is that he is a fighter. He is not the type of fighter who will bravely lie down and die but it an animal who will fight till his last drop of blood is gone—to win.

No one can question the fight of the Tiger quint. Their success is largely due to their fight. They made every game a battle; they did not let up and they were good sports.

And so it is that we feel a peculiar pleasure in bestowing upon these loyal wearers of the Purple and Gold our sincere and heartfelt appreciation of the way in which they have conducted themselves and the honor which they have brought to their Alma Mater.

To "Bum" Day, George Bryan, and Mills, who have played their last game for Clemson, we extend the best wishes we can evolve for their success in the game of life which they soon will take up. If they but play with the same determination that has characterized their athletic career, we have no fear but that they will meet with the greatest success.

A fitting climax to the brilliant cage career of Captain Bum Day is this splendid tribute from Ed Danforth, of the Atlanta Georgian, one of the foremost sports writers in the South:

"SALUTE DAY, CLEMSON

"Day, of Clemson, staged the most brilliant, the most desperate period of play I have ever witnessed on a basketball floor that last half against Centre. He simply burned himself out in a single-handed effort to catch the Colonels—and he nearly did. His daring dashes were made with an abandon that stamped him as at least one man who took his game seriously. He was fairly spent when the game was over, but glory was his portion. No man will play a harder game than he did Tuesday—none can."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Has it ever happened to you? What is it? Well, if it ever hits you, you will know then what it is; in fact, you will be it. For the present, I shall call it love at first sight, but I must say that that is far from the full meaning.

A certain fellow was telling me the other day that every girl just goes crazy the first time she lumps him. Well, I can't blame the girls much, for I almost had hysterics, too, when I first saw him. The point is, this sad state of affairs does not constitute love at first sight. Personally I never did believe in love at first sight, but it's awfully hard not to—

at certain times; that is, I mean a person wants to believe. The question though!

It was a bad case, as such cases usually are. He looked; she looked; they looked; both fell. Now when a person falls in the river, they fish him out; when he falls in a hole, they drag him out; but when he falls in love, he is hopelessly, utterly, finally, and teetotally submerged. He asked a question; she gave an answer; the papers carried the announcement. That was how it all happened, but—

They forgot! Now the moral of it all is just this: Don't believe in love at first sight—until you meet her; don't believe what she says—until she says it; don't kiss her—until she kisses you; don't marry her—until she marries you; don't forget that girls mean every single little word they utter—until they start talking; then don't forget that love is blind—until your eyes are opened by the explosion. By that time you will be wanted by the authorities who rule over that great institution, the Insane Asylum. In those famous words:

"So be warned by my lot, as I know you will not,  
And learn about women from me."  
—W.

"What'll I send me brudder for Christmas."  
"Send him a pair o' socks."  
"Naw, 'e's got a pair of socks."

Matter of Choice

Ed Savage—How do you like that cigar I gave you, told top? For two hundred bands off that brand they give you a graphophone."

Adj. Nichols—You don't say. If I smoked two hundred of those cigars, I wouldn't want a graphophone; I'd want a harp.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Vesper services last Sunday night took on a different color. Three students took charge of the speaking of the evening. Cadet A. W. Shelamer spoke on Medical missions; Cadet J. W. Bauer spoke on Educational missions, and Cadet J. C. Aull spoke on Agricultural missions. These talks were reports of the Student Volunteer Conference which convened at Winthrop College about the middle of February.

The Baptist choir was present for the first part of the program and added very much to the exercises. It is always delightful to hear a good choir sing, and the Baptists can boast of the best church choir at Clemson. The Y. auditorium was fully two-thirds full, there being a goodly number of hill people present. This is the largest crowd that has attended Vespers since the Christmas holidays.

Wednesday night just after supper the Blue Ridge club expects to put on a little exhibition in the Y. auditorium. This exhibition will take the garb of a stunt night. Such noted men as Leitzey, Lloplose Hart, Crip Aull and the Gold Dust Twins will be represented.

The attraction is destined to be free of charge. There will probably be a tax on the no charge, but if there is it will be within the pocket-book of all, so just keep it in your pocket.

A few seats are left in the balcony. Put your order in early. First who come get the front seats.

Mr. T. S. Lanham, State Executive Secretary for South Carolina, made a very helpful talk to a joint meeting of the Friendship Council and the Y. Cabinet last Monday evening.

Mr. Lanham's talk was along the line of doing personal work. He pointed out that such work was quite hard and that apparently we had no opportunities to present Christ to men, but that really there were opportunities every day.

With the help of Mr. Lanham's talk, the cabinet and the Friendship council should be able to do more personal work.

Ted Mercer, a very famous speaker, will be here one day next week, possibly Tuesday. Mr. Mercer will deliver his only address at the chapel hour.

FRED H. RINDGE HERE  
SUNDAY AND MONDAY

Mr. Rindge was graduated from Columbia University, New York, in 1908 and took his M. A. at Columbia and a diploma at the New York School of Philanthropy in 1909. His Master's thesis was on "The Y. M. C. A. and 'Industrial Betterment.'" While at college he was an officer in twenty different organizations, a fraternity man, a Phi Beta Kappa, and Valedictorian of his class. He was an all around gymnastic champion in his Freshman year, and for four years was one of the gymnastic and athletic instructors. At the close of his course he was awarded the "Alumni Prize", voted by faculty and class mates the most deserving man in the class. At Columbia Mr. Rindge was for several years head of the Student Christian Association, and helped organize the University's Social Service.

Since 1910 Mr. Rindge has been traveling through the United States and Canada as a Secretary of the Industrial Department of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee. He is leading the Industrial Service Movement and has enlisted several thousand and college men in many forms of volunteer service for industrial men and boys. During the past year 5,000 students from 250 colleges and technical schools have reached 100,000 foreign and American working men and boys in many forms of volunteer service. They have even more than they have given.

During the war Mr. Rindge helped organize the Americanization work in many different army camps. He was also on the staff of Industrial Service Section of the Ordnance Department at Washington, and visited important war industries throughout the country.

Mr. Rindge has frequently made ten or more addresses in one day, and is a rapid-fire speaker. He is in great demand by the colleges, industries and many organizations. His talks are borne of a large variety of practical experience and are full of human interest.

Any student who wishes a conference with Mr. Rindge see Holtzy or Robbie. These conferences may be had either Sunday afternoon or Monday. Mr. Rindge will prove to be very helpful to any student.

A Substitute

"Fatty" Jackson—I wonder if I'll have enough wood to finish this book-case?

Tom Balles—Of course, just use your head.

Keep away from women, son,  
And play a lonely game;  
For the bad ones make you crooked,  
And the good ones make you tame.

SLOAN BROS.

We do not sell all the good Goods in town, BUT what WE DO SELL ARE GOOD.

Robt. Burns Cigars,  
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BASKETBALL SHOES  
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SLOAN BROS.

LAST LYCEUM  
NUMBER OF YEAR  
(Continued from page 1)

and touched their hearts as only those dear old Southern songs can touch the hearts of a Southern audience. When the singers sang "Dixie" the assembly broke into applause and rose up like one person. The spirit of the "Old Southland" is still strong in the hearts of those whose ancestors lived on this side of the Mason-Dixon line.

Some of the most enjoyed selections of the evening were: "Viking Song"; "Rose of My Heart"; "Fear Not, O Israel!"; "What From Vengeance"; "Medley From the South"; and "Medley of Old Songs", all by the quartette. Other songs which were appreciated were: "Bedoin Love Song" and "Mother O' Mine", by Mr. Ault; "My Hero" and "In Italy", by Miss Younge, and "Until", by the quartette.

It has been said that "variety is the spice of life." This saying is a very true one and applies to lyceum programs as well as to food and some other things. We enjoy popular music sometimes and at other times we want to hear classical music. The Cambrea Concert Artists were probably among the best interpreters of classical music that could be found anywhere outside of Grand Opera. We hope that these artists will be included in our lyceum program next year.

The lyceum course for this year has been an excellent one, and one full of variety. We feel that we have been indeed fortunate to have such a good lyceum course at Clemson. The lyceum entertainments are educating and are always looked forward to by the cadets and by the people of the campus. Our only regret is that we don't have any more lyceum numbers for the present session.

—E. H. H.

ALUMNI NOTES

The Clemson men of Anderson met on February 9 and organized an Anderson chapter of the Alumni Association. The following officers were elected: President, J. T. Mc Gregor, '02, who holds the position as secretary for the Brogan Mills; Vice President, J. E. Garvin, '30, also connected with the Brogan Mills as designer and overseer of the sample department; Secretary and Treasurer, H. E. Wood, '09.

"Wade" Woodward, '22, has recently gone to Morganton, N. C., where he is Athletic Director in the public schools of Morganton.

Davis Crumpler, '17, is cashier for the insurance firm of Manning & Shrine, Latta, S. C.

D. M. Fraser, '08 of Spartanburg, S. C., is with Sams-Frazier Lumber Company, dealers in lumber and building materials.

J. E. Glover, Jr., '15, is city Research Engineer with the Lewis Vaugh Corporation of Jamaica, N. Y.

Allen Jones '09, purchasing agent for the Beauer Mills, has headquarters in New York City.

H. W. McIver, '09, is president and treasurer of the Cheraw Electric and Plumbing Company, Cheraw, S. C.

H. W. Schumpert, '06, of Newberry, S. C., is superintendent of the water, light and sewer department of City Commissioners of Public Works.

Frank W. Crisp, '08, is general manager of Holly Hill Grove and Fruit Company, Davenport, Fla.

T. R. Ellison, '06, who is with the Moore-Handley Hardware Company, of Birmingham, Ala., is salesman of electric supplies and apparatus.

CLEMSON LOSES IN TOURNAMENT  
(continued from first page)

formance in the Davidson-Clemson basketball game of last season.

Against P. C. on Thursday night the Tigers gave one of the prettiest exhibitions of defensive basketball ever seen here by holding Walter Johnson's Bluestockings to two field goals. Both of these were made in the second half, the visitors not being able to find the basket from the field in the first period.

This game was rather dull until near the end the substitution of Johnson and "Gilly" Dotterer seemed to inject lots of pep into the affair, and matters took on a new interest to the spectators. "Bum" Day was leading scorer with five field baskets and a foul goal for a total of eleven points. Mason and Walker had the honor of making the two field goals for the visitors.

The P. C. game was the last appearance on the home floor for three stars of the team. Captain "Bum" Day, George Bryan, and "Bird-dog" Mills, all members of the class '23, played their last varsity game before a Tiger crowd on last Thursday night. These three have done yeoman service on Clemson quintets, and will be badly missed when the call for candidates sounds next season.

Line-ups and summaries.

Clemson (25)	Davidson (18)
Day (6)	F Beale (2)
Bryan (14)	F Laird (2)
Garrison	C Mauze (8)
Colbert (5)	G Crawford (6)
Mills	G Boggs

Substitutions: Clemson, none; Davidson—Davis for Beale, and McConnell for Davis. Foul goals—Colbert 5 out of 6; Mauze 2 out of 5.

Referee—May (Oregon Aggies.)

Clemson (32)	P. C. (5)
Day (11)	F Mason (2)
Bryan (8)	F Scott (1)
Garrison	C Ricker
Colbert (5)	G Williamson
Mills (2)	G Miller

Substitutions: Clemson—Dotterer (4) for Colbert; Johnson (2) for Bryan, and Bunch for Mills; P. C., Edmonds for Ricker, Walker (2) for Scott, and Kirven for Mason. Foul goals—Day 1 out of 3; Colbert 3 out of 5; Scott 1 out of 5.

Referee—May (Oregon Aggies.)

CLEMSON CUBS WIN CLOSE  
GAME FROM P. C. FRESHMEN

Fat and Exciting Exhibition Won by Rats in Their Final Game of Season—Roy and Hagood Star for Rats—Hunter Plays Well for P. C.—Final Score 29 to 26.

Last Thursday evening, The Tiger Cubs made their final appearance before the public by defeating the fast quint from P. C., in a nip and tuck affair by a score of 29 to 26. The Rats showed up form in their last contest and have steadily improved from the beginning of the season.

The Presbyterian College Freshmen quint showed up a brilliant offensive and defensive teamwork and at times their scoring was excellent. Hunter of P. C. played an exceptionally good game, accounting for 22 points of his team's 26. A long shot from mid-floor made by Hunter was one of the longest that has been seen on the local floor.

For the Rats, -Roy was the outstanding star, this lad accounting for 16 points. One of the prettiest shots that has been made this season was made by Roy in the first half when he shot a goal while sitting on the floor with men piled up on him. Hagood at center played a nifty game and contributed four field goals.

Line-up and summary:

Clemson (29)	P. C. (36)
Roy (16)	F Hunter (22)
Phipps	F Walker (4)
Hagood (8)	C Martin
Martin	G Moore
Werner (5)	G Brown