

1913

Clemson Chronicle, 1913-1914

Clemson University

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T. G. Robertson

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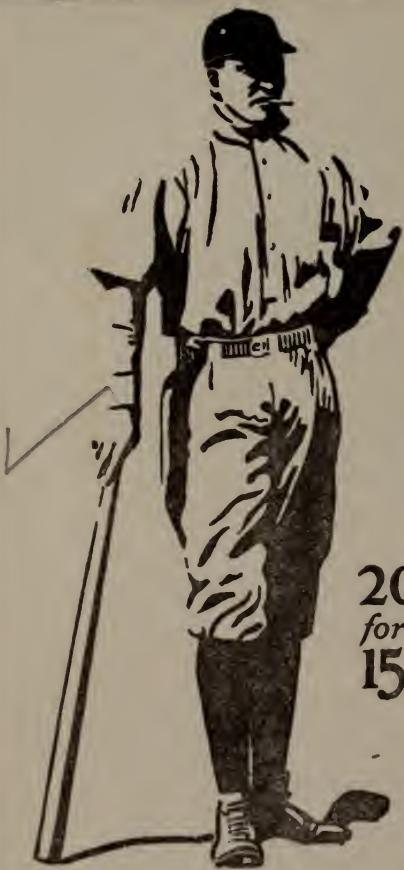
Store and Restaurant.

Agt. Spaulding Athletic Goods.

The
Chronicle
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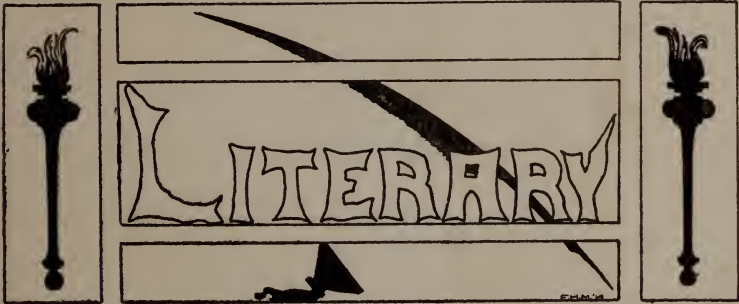
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., October, 1913.

No. 1



EDITORS :

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LeGETTE, '15

Reciprocity

F. H. M., '14

LIFE is such a little while!
Too short to live it bare
Of the deeds of human kindness
That makes the whole worth while.
Contemn the rank, diseased things
That daily strive to crush
Beneath their stifling weight our high
Desires. Go face the world
Head-on! Be unto man as you
Would all men be to you.
And when at times you feel rebuffed,
Come back yet stronger still,
And fight, and show that in the scheme
Of life you're worth the count.

Cringe not in face of sunken vice
If you could be of aid;
But lift the weakling spawn of sin
To things above the plane
And low desires, and bring again to life
A soul that e'en, perchance,
To you may be of help
When time the tide of fortune turns
And damning fate controls
The puny things we call Ourselves.

The Coming of Music

J. B. D., '14.

THE PHYSICIST says that Music is a mode of motion. Art modifies these aerial motions, which by their impact upon the auditory nerves cause ranging mental impressions. Musical sounds differ from each other in loudness, pitch, and quality. Rythm is the chief factor in musical compositions.

The harmonious strains of music produce varying emotions. When the sounds are once set into motion, we are at liberty to dream, to thrill, or to weep. Forgotten secrets are often restored by the plaintive strains of some musical instrument. The strains grasp our souls; and strange pictures are sometimes painted upon the back grounds of our consciences.

Man has always been accompanied by some form or other of music on his march through the ages. At first, he played upon a reed to his mate, then he grew in love with the tune for her sake. Today, the would-be lover is charmed more and more by the music that is being played by the girl, as he stands by her side and gazes over her shoulder at the piano. He pretends to enjoy the music for its own sake; but in reality the spell of the tune has lured him into a state of ecstasy. From the time when the savage used his pow-wow in his war councils, to the present period, when each regiment has its own band of skilled musicians, music has accompanied the warrior. The Scottish bag-pipe, the Venetian song, and the German's violin have given fame to their countries.

Varied and numerous tasks have been given to music. After having placed art upon its top-most pinnacle, music has been impressed into Drama and Comedy. From the

Grand Opera to the Musical Farce, we receive many instructions as to its wide spread application. It is used with equal propriety in church or dance hall. Our minds become far more receptive of the sermon, after having listened to a sweetly sung solo, accompanied by the soft, mellow tones of the organ. Religious service without music would be far less impressive. The dance hall, robbed of its music, would assume the gloomy vacancy of a tomb. However, if there be music, the hearts of the dancers beat in accords with the regular rythm of the orchestra. It matters not how tired the participants may be, if a lively composition is begun, all fatigue will be forgotten, and away they glide, fresh and eager, in the atmosphere that pervades the hall. The music is transformed into emotion.

The advance in the art of music has been manifold. From a mere cry in the early era of mankind, it has emerged into his daily life, a magnified work of spiritual and sensuous emotions harmoniously blended into a struggle for supremacy. It is difficult to draw a straight line from the earliest musical lispings to the marvelous compositions of Beethoven. To do this is the ideal of critics. However, the great advance has not left the untrained person without music. There are vulgar compositions that the uneducated person delights to whistle, while the cultured musician rejoices in the most difficult composition.

The methods and instruments by which the tunes are conveyed to us are numerous, both simple and complex. Some instruments require great skill and talent, while others produce music automatically. A blade of grass as it rustles against its companion, gives off gentle harmonies. The many noises of a city become blended in the distance, and a united strain of vibrations fall upon the ear.

Music has ever been and will always be one of the chief factors of civilization. It casts a peaceful rest upon the tired body of the busy man at night when he comes home from his work. The small child is enticed to slumberland by the crooning song of the nurse. The soft encouraging words of "Nearer My God to Thee," sooth many torn hearts when a loved one is being laid to his last long rest. Thus from the cradle to the grave we find music a constant source of enjoyment.

A Tragedy

DRIP, —DRIP,—drip sounded the tiny drops of muddy water into the small basin scooped from the limestone rocks. For ages those tiny drops had carried on their incessant dropping, only to be wasted upon the damp atmosphere of the great limestone cave. But at last the tiny drops had found a use for their never dying toil, and were providing the last nourishment for a wretched man.

In a corner of the great cavern, wrapped in the ragged remains of an old blanket, lay a folorn figure. Every few moments the lone man's body was shaken by a paroxysm of coughing, which brought low moans of pain from the throat of the sufferer. Slowly the man arose and crawled to the little basin. He drank a few swallows of the water, and then crawled painfully back to his improvised bed.

What was this lonely skeleton of a man doing in the wilds of these unlimited caverns? Thirty years before he had been the joy and pride of a young married couple. As he grew from infancy to early childhood, young Ned Vessien had been the very personification of truth and heart. His school days passed quickly by and he entered upon his college career with a record behind him of which he might be proud. Every few days letters came from home encouraging him to make good use of his college course. He was reminded that he was an only child, and great things were expected of him. Ned sent back encouraging reports, and every thing went smoothly.

But on one fatal night he was accused of some college prank with which he had absolutely nothing to do. The circumstantial evidence was against him. He was called before the discipline committee. He had no uneasiness about the result of the trial, before he went to be tried. But what was his surprise to find the enormous amount of evidence enmassed against him. He grew confused. His

every utterance declaring his innocence was greeted by the committee with a smile of incredulity. They inwardly said that every word Ned spoke was a lie. For do not all college boys lie? He was convicted, contrary to all laws of the United States. For the greatest asset of the American constitution is that no man can be found guilty of a charge until he is proved so beyond a doubt. The sentence was "Expelled from college," and as the verdict was read to the dumbfounded boy, the committee filed out of the room and went to their comfortable homes. They never let such an insignificant incident cross their minds again.

Shipped, shipped, shipped. All night long the word raced from his lips as he lay trying to make his whirling brain obey nature's call, and go to sleep. But no sleep for Ned Vessien.

Next morning in a frenzy he sat down and wrote this telegram to his father, "Expelled from College, coming home." An hour later the unrelenting answer came whirling over the wire, "NEVER." Ned set his teeth. A look of desperation and recklessness came into his face. He packed his trunk and checked to a large city 400 miles away. He bought a ticket and turned his back forever upon his chance to get an education. What did he care what became of him now. Did his father not think him guilty? He experienced all the agony that one who has enjoyed a fine home all his life, experiences when the door is shut in his face.

Soon Ned Vessien reached his destination and soon turned to gambling and drinking, which is so often the result of disappointment and desperation.

* * * * *

Five years had passed and Ned had grown from bad to worse. He had become one of the most unprincipled villains of the city. He had been in the police courts on several occasions, and, after serving his time in jail, had immediately launched into a continuation of his journey

to ruin. From the bright face, clear-eyed boy of five years before, he had become a ragged, uncouth, sunken-eyed wreck.

One night when Ned was drunk in a saloon, he became involved in a difficulty with another drinker. He grasped a pistol and shot his opponent. As the smoke cleared away, Ned became sober for an instant. He realized in that moment that he was a murderer. With a cry of horror, he rushed from the den, and soon was swallowed up by the darkness of the night. He walked all night, and day-break found him far away from the city. But he must seek shelter, for there certainly would be pursuit. By luck he happened to see the mouth of a great cave, and he eagerly hid his weary limbs from view in its friendly embrace. For three months he remained in the cave, living off of whatever he could steal during the night. But soon his dissipated frame fell prey to the dampness of the atmosphere in the cave, and he became ill. For three days he had lain there, without food. His only nourishment was the few drops of falling water.

The ghostly figure arose from its rough bed. The drip, drip, drip of the water was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. His mind was gone. He gazed wildly at the men who stood around him. Men? No! Only the vast icicles of limestone.

"Have you come to laugh at me here?" he cried. "Away! Away! Haven't you done enough already? Didn't you expel me from college, when I swore that I wasn't guilty? Wasn't it you who sent me into disgrace before the world, and then laughed about it? It was you who shut the doors of a happy home upon me. It was you who made me a scoundrel, a drunkard, and a murderer. You may gaze, but I see you tremble. I see your face growing pale. Remember that when I am gone, should you awake in the dead of night and feel the icy hand of death upon your heart, that it is you as well as I

who will have to answer for the outrages and murder committed by Ned Vessien."

With one cry of agony, the body falls to the floor of the cavern, and the echo of the fall sounds down the long dark cave; is it not a wonder that it does not sound in the hearts of some people faraway?

"Any."

Retrospection

W. B. WILKERSON, '14.

TWO YOUNG BOYS, full and overflowing of the substance called life, and energy were running, walking, zigzagging, and describing eccentric routes up a little used "trail" which led from their homes to the top of a far away cliff. Claude and Don were neighbors and being the only two kindred spirits for many miles around, it is not surprising that they were to be found on the trail this early in the season.

The air was very cool, and the breeze, as it would sweep around the edge of the mountain side, made the boys wonder if the snow had all melted near the top, for it was chilling to the bone. What cared they however; for several summers had they always been first to climb the steep mountain, and bring back some trophy of their expedition.

Reaching Overhanging Cliff, they were surprised to find the old trail at an end, but Don's quick eye caught sight of a "wash" which they followed. It proved a harder task than either had expected, and, before many minutes had passed, Don, the younger of the two by several years, was exhausted.

"Rest here Don," was Claude's suggestion, "and I will push on up. I've got to visit that eagle's nest which I know is somewhere on the cliff."

"Wait just a few minutes," Don pleaded, "and I will be able to go on. Wait on me, Claude!"

The call of his younger companion could not be resisted, so turning back he shouted, "Come on," and as soon as Don reached the tree trunk whereon Claude was standing, the bigger boy handed the end of his staff to his

chum, and thus they climbed the hard new path to the top of the cliff-head.

The first impression of both the boys as they clambered up the last steep grade, and jumped on the level top unfolding before them the wonderful panorama of mountains and valley, was one of awe, even in such young hearts as theirs. Never before had they seen the unending sea of mountains look so clear and beautiful. There stretching off to the west were the peaks whereon both had camped late the previous summer; to the north the monarch of the range reared aloft its white mantled shoulders, and buried its head in the eternal clouds as if associations with things celestial were but fit company for majesty and vastness. To the east a low, gradual slope covered with a luminous growth of pine, balsam, and chestnut rose in undulating series. For a brief space of time Don and Claude swept the horizon and intermediate territory with fascinated gaze. Their next natural thought was of the eagle's nest. Alas! too soon had they come to the nest this season; and as Don, being the lighter, climbed up the jagged wall which surrounded the hollow wherein they knew the nest lay, the piercing scream of the eagle rent the air; and being thus surprised, Don lost his hold and fell backwards.

Mechanically in the fall he grasped a young chestnut tree, bending it clear over, so that it leaned against another stronger one near it.

In an instant Claude was at his side, but the unconscious form, lying it seemed lifeless, struck terror and fear to his strong heart. He shouted his friend's name to the deaf ears, while the echo came mockingly back from below. Quickly gathering his self control he began a careful examination. A bloody spot near the little fellow's temple told the tale. Bending low, he listened for a heart beat—yes! he was still alive, and then began the slow, untiring efforts of the stronger boy to revive his younger

friend. Love and a kind Father who loves little boys, finally won out, and 'twas late that evening when walking slowly—O how slowly! Don was brought home by Claude.

That night there was found carefully put away in his coat pocket, a handful of twigs and leaves which he had torn from the tree in the fall.

The writer has little more to tell now, and asks that the reader skip a period of forty-five years, and you, he hopes, will learn a deep truth.

This time the season was late Fall. Everywhere snow had fallen, and Nature, wrapped in her spotless robe, was awaiting the cold blasts of the winter king. The trail of boyhood days was now a broad, well cut road, deviating slightly from the old route to make travel easier, for the cliff had become famous as a point affording wonderful views.

Toiling with slow and unsteady gait which almost seemed as eccentric as that of the little lad of years ago, a bent figure was seen winding upwards.

A pause at the overhanging rock brought recollections of the day when Don had stopped there exhausted, and the present traveler, Claude, had hewn roughly in the rock his initials. There was still traces of the unsymmetrical bold letters C. C. A. With a deep sigh the lonely traveler pressed on upward.

It was dangerous climbing through the treacherous snow—a slip might mean a slide back down the steep slope into eternity. Why then the assiduous sanguinity with which the bent figure pressed?

At last the final slope was scaled, and there standing in well defined silhouette against the sky, the gaunt and bent figure stood surveying the wonderful panorama. In unending expanses the snow clad mountains stretched out on every side. Everything was still, and no forest voices

broke the silence. Turning slowly, the old man saw one stately tree towering aloft like a giant sentinel on the top of this cliff; and near it, leaning in mishapen form a chestnut seemed to cling for support. Instantly the tragedy again portrayed itself on his mental vision. Always had poor Don, the few years after his mishap, leaned for support on his stronger companion. The love, kindness, and gentleness of the older boy for his unfortunate companion was a true type of the command, "Love one another, even as I have loved you."

Here in this lonely spot, way up near Heaven it seemed, the old man kneeled, and wept bitterly at the recollection. Then again scanning the wonderful snow-coated landscape, he murmured, "The ways of God are as strange as the great works of His hand are wonderful."

Love's Confession

W. J. HUNTER, '15.

HE WANDERED forth at eventide
With heart out worn and spirits low.
A little rest he sought before
Returning home, an hour aside
From worldly cares. Just this, no more;
For love had gone but not his pride.

He passed the school house in the grove.
It was not changed, though many years
Had fled since youth, unknown to cares,
Had found in her a form to love.
And then he checked his thoughts lest tears
Should shake his pride, which naught could move.

Some well-known path, it was the lane,
He wandered down. Forgetting all
But scenes of old, he heard the call
Of drifting hours along the main
Of his encumbered mind, the thrall
He would evade came back again.

Beside the walk upon the grass
He sat him down, and thought of her
Whose form for many a year
He had not seen. A stained glass
Was reared between them, and a tear
Upon it—a story of the past.

His heart gave up its harbored grief,
The knowledge of its partial wrong;
His pride, which now had grown too long,
Fell slowly like the withered leaf
Upon his dead hopes overblown
And there became a cheerless wreath.

For His College's Honor

M. R. S., '15.

AS THE Tiger Football Team trotted out to the field on which they were to play the Bull-dogs that evening, they were greeted with loud cheers from their staunch supporters. Hardly had the first yells died out, when the Bull Dogs appeared and were greeted with loud yells which were intended to drown those of their rivals. Flags, pennants, and ribbons flew jauntily in the wind, and one had only to glance at the large crowds lined up along the side lines to know that the big game of the year was at hand. The bands of both sides were playing their favorite songs, while the animated students danced with excitement.

Ned Fullerton realized that this was to be his last game on the gridiron. Tears came to his eyes as he heard the band playing the Tiger's victory song, and listened to the cry of "What's the matter with Fullerton—he's all right." Before his mind appeared scenes of past glory; but none seemed to arouse his spirit as this game. His musings were cut short by the referee's whistle.

The Tigers kicked off and the ball was received by Molton, the speedy little quarter back, who carried the ball to the forty yard line. The Bull-dog's supporters yelled with joy, while the hopes in the camp of the Tiger's sank. An attempt at end run failed hopelessly. The next was a rush through center, which was blocked by the stone wall defence of the Tigers. After two more attempts at line plunges by Starnes, the full-back of the Bull-dogs, the ball went over to the Tigers. Fullerton, who was playing full back for the Tigers, seized the ball as it was snapped to him by the center and made a desperate attempt at an end run; but the Bull-dogs broke through the Tiger line and downed him in his tracks. The Tiger rooters began to feel blue. An attempted forward pass was intercepted by Lawson, the Bull-dogs' famous end,

who tore down the field with the ball, but his chance for goal was spoiled by Fullerton, who tackled him on the Tiger's thirty yard line. The Tiger supporters yelled with joy. "Fullerton, Fullerton, Fullerton." Their yells were cut short by the referee's whistle; and the two weary teams crept off to rest.

After a few minutes, the whistle blew and the battle was on again. The Bull-dogs began by using their famous line plunges, which were telling with dreadful effect on the Tigers. Little by little they crawled nearer and nearer. The Tigers were fighting as they had never fought before, but game as they were, the weight and terrific plunges of the Bull-dogs were plowing through them! and everyone realized that it would only be a matter of time before the Bull-dogs reached goal. The whistle blew, much to the Tigers' relief, as their 10 yard line was reached by their opponents.

Fullerton crawled off over in the grass by himself, to think. Half of the game was over, and he was letting Starnes play. Yes, the mighty Starnes, the star of the Bull-dogs, who was tearing the line of the Tigers' up. He knew that Starnes' great head, speed, and weight was one of the factors in turning the tide in the Bull-dogs' favor. He also knew a secret which no one else knew except he and Starnes. The secret was one which Starnes had confided to him while they were playing together on a "Prep" football team in Nebraska. The secret was this: Starnes had played for money, when he was a high school boy, and according to the rules under which they were playing, he could be put out of the game. Fullerton did not know what to do. He wanted to play clean ball, but still he hated to see the game lost, and he knew that if Starnes was allowed to play it would be. At last he made up his mind to keep the secret and let Starnes play.

The whistle blew shrilly. The teams lined up, and the Bull-dogs followed their former plan of line plunging. Starnes dropped the ball on the third, and Fullerton

seized it and spurted down the field. It was a brilliant run, but he was cut off from the goal by a more brilliant tackle by Lawson. A great cheer arose from the side lines and the Bull-dogs' supporters grew frantic. The Tigers' hopes were high and when the chainman yelled that the ball was on the 10 yard line of the Bull-dogs, they yelled and threw their caps in the air, and the band began to play the old war song. The crowds on the side line were wild with excitement, auto horns honked; and pennants waved tauntingly in the faces of the Bull-dogs' supporters. But the hopes of the latter were cut short when the Tigers lost the ball on four attempts at line plunging.

The Bull-dogs, seized with new life, made a terrific rush and gained six yards. They were moving swiftly down the field; and had arrived at the fifty yard line, when they had the misfortune to drop the ball, which was quickly seized by a Tiger.

For the last time the whistle blew. The Tigers decided to kick. The ball landed in the waiting arms of Starnes, who made a pretty run around the end and was downed on the Tigers' thirty yard line. Fullerton realized that he was losing the game on his decision, but after all it was the cleanest thing to do, to fight it out like a true sportsman. The Bull-dogs began trying their line plunging, and were gradually creeping nearer and nearer to the goal. Their supporters were yelling loudly. It was their day, it seemed. Once more Fullerton saw the other team crouch low; saw Starnes, who was waiting with out stretched hands, seize the ball and disappear from sight among the players. In a second he had cleared himself and was rounding the end. Fullerton was the only man between him and the goal. Fullerton crouched as Starnes came near; then made a spring for the runner's feet. They fell, but Starnes rose and plunged over the goal line which was just three yards away.

When Fullerton awoke he found himself in the hospital. The doctor standing over him, reached down and grasped his hand and exclaimed, "A great game, Ned, they won when you went blank." Outside they were yelling once more, "Fullerton! Fullerton! Fullerton!" Ned smiled at the doctor and said, "Doc, there's a greater game than football and I won in that today."

Stopping the Runaway

D. K. B., '13.

TIM HARTWELL was born and reared in Denver, Colorado. He came from a poor, but honest and hard working family. From early boyhood, his ambition was to become the manager of some railroad. This desire led him to devote all of his spare time to learning the principles of the steam engine. Hardly a day passed that did not find him at one of the depots, examining the engines, or talking with the train crew. This did not lead him to be an idler, however, for he attended school regularly and spent several hours every evening at work.

When Tim finished school, he sought employment on the railroad. His first job was that of train boy on the passenger line from Denver to San Francisco. This position afforded him only a meager means of support, so, at the age of twenty, he prevailed upon the management to shift him to fireman on the same line.

For five years Tim shoveled coal, with his mind fixed constantly on the ambition of his childhood. At the end of this time, he was raised to the position of engineer on freight number forty-six.

For two years Hartwell ran his train back and forth across the Rockies. During this time, he learned all of the odds and ends that go to make a finished engineer. It was at this stage of his career that there happened the incident upon which this story is founded.

Night had just fallen when Hartwell pulled away from the siding for the last stretch of a long day's run. Passenger train number thirty-nine had just passed and could still be seen winding its way up the mountain slope. The grade was steep along here; so the freight engineer soon cut off the throttle and rolled along until a few minutes

later he reached the station at which his relief was stationed.

Just as the train was brought to a halt, the depot agent rushed up and yelled, "Number thirty-nine has broken away from the engine and is running away." Even then a heavy rumble could be heard only a short distance up the slope. Hartwell's resourceful mind hit upon a scheme, which quickly led him to action. He yelled, "Leave the switch open," and at the same time jerked the throttle. The train groaned under the sudden impetus and quickly sprang into motion. Hartwell commanded the fireman to tend the fire, while he himself began to coax the engine into speed. He turned his head and saw the passenger train less than a mile away, and rapidly gaining ground. The freight had now attained considerable speed, but the rate of the passenger train was greater by far, accelerated by the force of both engine and grade. The freight was now going at a rate which threatened destruction to both trains. Realizing this, Hartwell cut off the throttle and resigned the rest to fate. No sooner had this been done than there was a crash. The pursuing train had struck, nearly throwing itself and the freight from the track. Hartwell kept his nerve and threw on the brakes with all of his strength. He then grasped the throttle and began to reverse it slowly. The engine's wheels began to slip, giving off a shower of sparks; but the momentum gained kept the speed of the trains from decreasing noticeably.

The engineer then glanced down the slope and, to his utter horror, saw a gleam of light several miles away. This probably meant another train was climbing upward to its destruction. Hartwell jerked the throttle back to its last notch and rushed from the engine to the first car-box. Here he applied the brake with all his might and rushed to the next. Thus, he quickly passed from car to car, causing each brake to lend its aid toward gain-

ing control of the runaway. Soon, the combined effect of the brakes and reversed throttle began to check the speed of the trains. The wheels of the engine stopped turning and began to slide. The engine then gave one great snort and managed to revolve its wheels backward. The wheels caught a hold for an instant and in a few seconds brought the two trains to a halt about one hundred yards in front of the puffing train ahead.

Great was the pride that swelled up in Tim Hartwell's heart; for he realized that he had saved the lives of many passengers, and that on the next day he would be advanced one step further towards the realization of his boyhood dreams.

The Mistake

M., '15

AT OUR HOUSE the telephone is on a party wire, so that conversation between two persons can be heard by a third person. I went to the phone to call up a friend. As I lifted the receiver, I heard two people talking, but an insane curiosity possessed me and I listened.

"It is best to kill him at one o'clock, when no one will hear the shot," a voice said.

I was startled. Was some one to be murdered? Now all attention, I put the receiver to my ear and listened again. I heard a woman's voice sobbing.

"Oh how I loved him and how he loved me. Well, go—g—ood-bye, Mr. Darby."

Perspiration stood out on my forehead. A murder to take place! I felt it my duty to my fellow citizens to report the matter to the police. I hurriedly told central to give me the police station.

"Hello, is that the police station?" I asked.

"Yes, this is the Captain," a voice replied.

"Get your men out right away," I shouted excitedly, "a murder is to take place at the home of a Mr. Darby." I slammed the receiver down and rushed to the police station. I related the conversation to the captain and together we hunted up "Darby" in the phone book. There were twenty-five "Darbys" in it! At a loss as to which Darby it was, the Captain decided to send the patrol and round up all the Darbys in town. As the patrol went from one house to another, people stared and wondered what had taken place. Darbys of all sizes and description, and in all walks of life. Millionaire Darby was rammed in the patrol beside a butcher. At one house we saw a very much henpecked Mr. Darby. He was washing the dishes while a buxom dame stood over him

with a rolling pin. It took two policemen to overcome his guard. At another house Mr. Darby had taken too much, and as he was lifted into the patrol, he kept saying, "I shay, old top, I'm not drunk. Whatcha want me fer?" At last we succeeded in getting all the Darbys to the police station. One after another the men were questioned.

"Did you just use the telephone?" they were asked.

"Yes," the butcher answered, "a lady 'phoned and wanted to know if I had any liver."

He was dismissed, and we asked the rest if they had used the phones. Suddenly one of the men burst into into laughter.

"Why, our dog, Jim, has the mange and I just phoned to my wife that it would be necessary to shoot him."

When the Darbys got through with me, I was not a fit object to be seen. I then made the vow that if my ear ever caught sound of another conversation over the telephone, I would drop the receiver as if it were a hot cake.

Among the Last Year's Flowers

W. J. HUNTER, '15

A GOLDEN halo 'round the moon,
 A sighing breeze among the flowers,
 A willow bench where fragrant hours
 Have winged their silent way too soon,
 One of Cupid's selected bowers—
 I lay me down—a tranquil boon.

Ah me, how lovely is the mingled night
 With stars above and flowers below;
 The fountains sweet, clear liquid flow
 Doth lend its charm, but no delight
 For me as once a year ago
 When hope and love and life were bright;

For where art thou, O love of mine?
 Thy gentle voice and softer hand
 Art gone from me. The desert land
 Would sweeter be and fairer shine,
 If thou had'st there—the ocean strand
 A happy home, if such were thine.

O, heart of mine, come back to me,
 Forget the past with all its cares,
 Let love hold reign and down with fears!
 I linger by and wait for thee,
 E'en though it were for many years
 Upon life's ever restless sea!

For the Love of Mike

F. C. L., '16

SALLY, have you churned the butter?"

"No ma, not yet."

"Well Sally, I'm just tired of telling you to do things and never getting them done. You're the most trifling girl I know. If I'd had a hand in raising you while you were younger, I might have made something out of you, but it's certainly disheartening the way you just persist in disobeying me. That cream has been waiting there the last two hours, and now I want the buttermilk to make the muffins for dinner and you haven't started to churn."

Sally remained silent and began to churn the butter energetically. She could have told her stepmother that she had also been told to clean up the house, mend Bob's trousers, wash the dishes and do a half dozen other things at the same time; but she wished to keep that virago in as amiable a frame of mind as possible; for Mike was coming to see her that night and she wanted to get time to iron her best white dress. She knew too well that if she failed to humor her stepmother to the limit, she would be kept busy until the supper dishes were washed, so that her dress would remain unlaundered.

Sally received a large amount of attention from the boys of the little town in which they lived; but Mike was her most devoted admirer, and came to see her nearly every Sunday night. He had been away attending a meeting of the engineers of the road on which he worked, and had just returned. Therefore he was coming to see her during the week for just once.

Sally cheerfully went about her work; and, by a great display of energy, managed to find time to put her hair up in papers and launder her dress; so that when supper time came she smiled down at her father and Bob with all the happy good humor that a tired girl could have.

Her stepmother poured the coffee with a snap, and snapily ate her supper, throwing in an occasionally sarcastic remark on the good natured witticisms of the others.

After the dishes were washed and put away, Sally went to her room to dress. She put on her fresh white dress, arranged her hair so that two tight little ringlets fell over her forehead, and, after profusely powdering her face to hide the tell-tale rings under her eyes, stood back to survey herself.

"Perhaps I may soon leave that cross, ill-grained old woman to go to a home of my own," said she to herself with a toss of her head; and then, laughing at herself for thinking such a thing, went down to the little sitting room to meet Mike.

"I'm so glad you got back all right," said she after they were seated. "It seems like you've been gone an awful long time."

"Yes, I had a jolly good time too," said he, smiling back at her, "and the best thing about it is the railroad has promised to raise our wages."

"That's simply splendid," said Sally, a mischievous twinkle coming into her eyes. "You'll be getting married in a little while. I heard that Mary Breenan had you in tow now."

"Sally, for goodness sake, cut that out; you know I can't stand Mary Breenan or any other Mary. The girl I'm interested in is named Sally," said he with a broad grin. Then looking at her seriously, he said,

"I've been putting it off for a long time just because I didn't have the nerve, but I've wanted to tell you something and I guess there's no time like the present. Sally, dear, I love you and I want you to be my wife."

Sally looked up at him and laughed.

"I couldn't leave my stepmother," she said; but the next moment Mike had her in his arms.

After a while Mike said, "Sally, darling, do you want to please me a great deal?"

"Yes," said Sally.

"Will you promise to do something for me?"

"Yes, if I can."

"All right, I want you to give that old stepmother of yours a good blessing out before you leave her for good.

Sally was silent. The idea of blessing her stepmother out was an ordeal she had never dreamed of.

"You see," continued Mike, "If you leave her without doing it she will think you were always afraid of her; and I want her to know that my wife has as much spirit as she has. Will you do it?"

"Yes, I will," said Sally determinedly.

"I thought you would," said Mike as he kissed her again.

The next day Sally took Bob out by himself and said, "Bobby dear, if I'll tell you something you own't tell a soul?"

"No."

"Not a soul, now?"

"No," said Bob seriously.

"Hope to die?"

"Hope to die," said Bob.

"Well," said Sally, "I'm going to get married."

"The mischief you say! Who are you going to marry, Mike?"

"Yes," said Sally, laughing, "but don't talk so loud."

"Nough to talk loud about. Why Sally, I don't know what we'll do without you," said he, a wistful expression coming over his face. "Ma's as cross as a setting hen, and Pa's away all the time."

"Now, Bobby, don't make me feel bad, for I do love you, and father too; but then I can't bear to stay with that woman any longer," said Sally looking away.

"My, she'll rear when she hears it," said Bob, looking towards the house. "She said just the other day that she didn't see what Mike kept coming here for, as you were about the most trifling girl she knew."

The idea of her stepmother raging was not a pleasant one for Sally to contemplate; but, instead of becoming afraid, she only became more determined.

"Bob," said she, "I want to borrow that ten dollars of yours. I have ten, and with yours I can get a nice suit to be married in. I'll tease father until he gives me five dollars to get a hat."

"Oh, you're going to run away are you," said Bob, delightedly. "I didn't think you would have the nerve to face ma and tell her you wanted to go. Believe me, I won't tell her either. I hope I'll be away when she hears it; but you can have the ten dollars all right. Why don't you tell pa?"

"I'm afraid to," said Sally. "Father never could keep a secret and he'll let it out before he knows it. I want you to tell him that the minister wants to see him particularly at eight o'clock on the night I'm to be married, so that he'll be there to see it. As for ma, I'll tell her about it when the time comes, you just wait."

It was half past seven o'clock.

"Sally, didn't I tell you to come on and wash these dishes?" said a shrill voice from the dining room. "What in the world can Sally be doing," said Sally's stepmother impatiently. "That girl gets worse every day. I'll have to go see what she's up to now, for she's been getting mighty mysterious these times, anyway."

She entered the house just as Sally was coming down the stairs arrayed in a new tailor-made suit with gloves (a present from Mike) to match. Her hair was curled and arranged in the latest style; and, instead of the usual look of quiet obedience, her face wore an expression of utter recklessness and defiance.

"For the land's sakes!" exclaimed her stepmother, "where did you get those clothes from and where are you going this time of night? Have you lost your senses completely?"

"I certainly have not," said Sally, as she led the way

into the sitting room where Mike was waiting. It's none of your business where I'm going, but for my own satisfaction I'll tell you. I'm going to leave this place to be married, so that I can have a home of my own and will not have a lazy, irritable, quarrelsome old woman ordering me around and denouncing me unjustly. I will have all of everything that I need, and can have the satisfaction of knowing that what I do is done for someone who loves me and who will appreciate it."

"Sally Eliza Jones! How dare you speak to me so? I, who have worked for you, worried with you and tried to bring you up right. You ungrateful little wretch. What you could do such a thing for is more than I can understand."

"Oh, that's simple enough," said Sally sweetly. "I did it for the love of Mike. Come on Mikie, dear, let's go; for the preacher will be tired of waiting on us."

A Case of Honor

G. F. M., '15

IT WAS a beautiful night. The pale blue light, shed by the stars and moon, enhanced its beauty.

In a secluded spot in the Shenandoah Valley, a young man stood leaning against a large boulder whose dress indicated that he was an officer of the Confederate Army. He seemed to be in a deep reverie. Many thoughts crossed his mind as he stood silently gazing at the stars; for he had come to this secluded spot to vindicate his honor. A brother officer, Ralton, in a fit of passion, had grossly insulted him; and he had challenged Ralton to deadly combat. It could not have been otherwise; his honor demanded it. Ralton had accepted, and he, being the challenged party, had selected swords as the weapon of combat. No seconds were selected, for if news of the duel reached the ears of the commanding officer, the fight would be forbidden.

Ralton was an older man than young Leighton. He had seen much of the old world, and was skilled in the art of duelling. He was thought by many men the best swordsman in his brigade. Young Leighton was also a fine swordsman; but as he weighed his chances against Ralton, his hope of success declined.

The thoughts of Leighton, now, reverted to his mother, his sister, and his sweetheart. His mother had been so good and kind to him. He was her pride. His sister, Elsie, with her tresses of dark brown hair, was very dear to him. His darling, Margaret, he adored above everyone else. The thoughts of leaving them almost unnerved him. Tears came to his eyes as he thought of their helplessness without his protection.

But, at this moment, he heard the hoof beats of his enemy's horse. His courage returned; anger swelled within him, and he turned to meet his foe.

"Leighton," said Ralton, as he dismounted, "I apologize to you for being a little late."

"Your apology is accepted," coldly replied Leighton. "That you are here is sufficient for me."

With Southern courtesy, the two officers shook hands. Then, each fell back a pace and unsheathed his sword. Blades were crossed, and, then, each combatant was on his guard. Both men proved to be excellent swordsmen. For five minutes, neither succeeded in breaking down the other's guard. Then Ralton made a feint and succeeded in slightly wounding Leighton on the shoulder. This caused Leighton to be more cautious. His confidence rose as the combat progressed. He had had several chances of wounding Ralton, but he wanted to pierce a vital spot. His chance came at last. Ralton, fooled by a feint, raised his sword to knock off the apparently impending blow. Before he could come back to guard, Leighton plunged his sword through the heart of his opponent, who fell without a word.

With a glance at the dying man, young Leighton turned, walked to his horse, mounted, and rode away from the scene of combat at a gallop. His duty was done. He felt no regrets. It was not a case of sentiment; it was a case of Honor.

That Pal of Mine Next Door

C. B. F., '12

THERE never was—there'll never be,
 Beneath kind heaven's dome,
 A girl in all the wide, wide world
 Like that pal of mine back home.

“Oh! That's the spirit,” she will say,
 To every sport you mention—
 A swim, a ride, perhaps a glide
 She never makes dissention.
 Always tidy, neat in dress
 No matter what the occasion
 (And plays the ragged—raggy time
 Without the least persuasion!)

She cares but little for the dance—
 A different model she,
 What cares she for the brazen sport—
 This lady of degree.
 For serious thought, jest, and fun,
 She has the right proportion.
 Determined will and strength of mind
 Is seen in every motion.

She loves her work. She loves the name
 Of strength and health and duty:
 And lives a daily life made up
 Of goodness, grace and beauty.
 Oh! No sir-ee! There cannot be,
 Beneath kind heaven's dome,
 A girl in all the wide, wide world
 Like that pal of mine back home!

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

We, the new Chronicle staff, offer to our *Foreword.* readers our first issue, hoping that it will meet with approval. Where things may be improved please tell us. If you have compliments, hold them; for one should never boast too early. We hope to improve the Chronicle with each issue. If the corps will help us in our attempt, there is no reason why this can not be done. All indications point that this is to be a banner year for Clemson. So we must keep up the pace that is set by our faculty in their efficient instructions. Although the primary object of the college does not lie along the lines that are the most inducive to literary work, we should not let it be a handicap. By taking an interest in this work, a person can increase his knowledge in literary pursuits. It is hoped that many will join the staff in the work for the Chronicle this year.

It is with pleasure that we find ourselves *Welcome.* here at college, ready to begin another year of student life. We are all glad to be back; for on our return we met all of the old friends. Is there anything so pleasant as a hand clasp of a fellow that you have not seen for three months? Also, it gives us pleasure to welcome the men who have joined our ranks. It is our earnest desire, that all of them make good. To the new students, let us say that although college life does not appear as it has been pictured, and though you are discouraged, or lonesome, just remember that all beginnings should be made slowly and cautiously; and that a good beginning makes a good ending. After all, it is the end that we should be thinking of, and not so much the present.

* * * * *

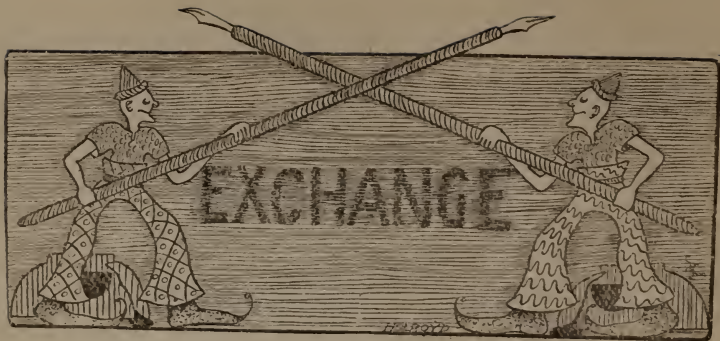
If it were not for athletics, how many of us *Athletics.* could be content at college? To all students, athletics is the spice of college life. All agree with this statement. Now, our duty is to work hardest to make our athletics, football, basket ball, base ball, and tennis, the very best of any college in the South. We now have the equipment, the coaches, and the ambition; but we still need a spirit that will allow no defeats. Work for, and interest in these teams, will cause this spirit to appear. Most of us are physically able to enter actively into at least one of the phases of athletics. In case we are not, then there is the gymnasium, for physical betterment. All of us may boost, however, without any training of any kind. Boost our athletics occasionally! Get the habit! It grows!

By this time, we hope that all of *Our Breakage Fees.* the Cadets have assigned their breakage fees to the Athletic Association. Do all of us fully realize the meaning of this? First of all the breakage fees are a great boon to the

Athletic Association. They have aided wonderfully, many times, "to make both ends meet"—(So says Prof. Gantt). They also give the students the full privileges of the members of the Association; namely, they can take part in its meetings, use the equipment, athletic fields, and receive instructions from the coaches. For all these advantages, the student gives, indirectly, a small sum. Fellows, let us help the Association by being careful to not break things. Can't we see that it is the athletics, not the college, that suffers when a window glass is carelessly broken, or the plastering is chipped off the walls? Let us hope that every man feels that it is his personal duty to prevent useless destruction of college property.

* * * * *

We wish to take this opportunity to *Our Advertisers.* direct the reader's attention to our advertisers. Advertising is, or should be, mutually beneficial to the publisher and the dealer. Only reputable firms have been allowed to use our magazine for advertisement. We hope that every one will favor those who have made our financial success possible. When you are near the houses of those who advertise, drop by and see them, and please do not fail to mention The Chronicle.



EDITORS:

J. L. CARSON, '14

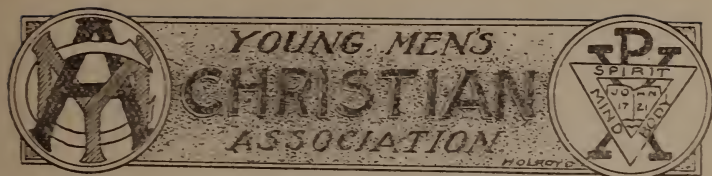
D. E. SWINEHART, '15

All is well. A smile appears upon the expectant faces of the Exchange Editors. At last we are to judge, to praise, to scorn, to ridicule. How often have we seen our choicest gems crushed and dimmed by the relentless heel of the rival exchange. How sweet is revenge!

The few that receive praise from our reluctant pens, are well prepared to stand the wear of time. But might we not bring some budding author into light and fame. Oh! no, too often were our fond hopes crushed. Our motto is to scorn and destroy.

Yet, all the skies are not clear and blue, for the Exchange staff. There are sighs for all our smiles. For how many hours must we endure upon our rivals' labored prose and rhyme. To read his hopes, his thoughts, his dreams.

As time goes on, we become of more thoughtful mood. We are but one among so many. We ask for mercy from all. And we, if by any kind word, may throw a ray of light to some hopeful author's path, it is our will to say that word.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

The New Quarters

(The heading of this article refers to the change which has been made in the location of the Y. M. C. A. Hall and reading-rooms, rather than to any variation in the National Coinage system of representing a fourth part of a Dollar). The Board of Trustees held a meeting at the College during commencement last June, and among other important matters which came up for their consideration, was a petition from the Y. M. C. A. requesting a change in the Hall in Barracks. The Hall which has been used by the Y. M. C. A. has proved unsuitable for a number of reasons, but the reason which was urged in the petition was that the Y. M. C. A. needed a more central location. Accordingly, it was requested that the four rooms, immediately adjoining the Y. M. C. A. office, in Room 83, be thrown together for use as a Hall and Recreation room for Cadets; and that the Hall formerly used be divided into Cadet living-rooms. The Board acted favorably on the petition, and the change has been made.

The Social Committee of the Association expects to properly equip the rooms soon; and it is hoped that the rooms will become an attractive center, pleasure and welfare of the Cadets.

Are You Going

To make the Y. M. C. A. a part of your College life this year? A small number of men have already decided that, as far as they are concerned, and as far as they are able to make it so. Membership in the Y. M. C. A. this session is going to mean more than simply signing a card or paying Two Dollars as fee. "The Y. M. C. A. is an organization of those Cadets who believe in the right. Right thinking, right speaking, right living." Quite possibly, it will mean something to you some day to be able to say that you "belonged to the Y. M. C. A." while you were in College. Men will pay attention to what you have "belonged to" for awhile, but the question which they are going to ask—the answer to which will be revealed to them in the long run—is: What "belonged to" you in the meanwhile? And just here let us digress to say that

Long-Haired Men and Dollycoddles

Have no place in a Young Men's Christian Association. As one of the members said the other day, "We can't use 'em." What the Y. M. C. A. amounts to, what its membership will stand for, depends altogether on what the members make it. And if the Y. M. C. A. members are going to be distinguishable among their fellow-students by their long faces and sissy-like attitude toward College customs, then the Y. M. C. A. is not going to be—well, it isn't going to be just popular.

Keep Your Money

If the fear of making a bad investment is what stands in the way of your becoming a member of the Y. M. C. A. The Clemson Association does not pretend to be able to make progress on its own momentum, nor does it hope to thrive on the well wishes of its friends. The Y. M. C. A. does need all the financial support it can get. But no man in school should let the fact that he has not paid or cannot pay the Two Dollar Membership fee keep him from taking part in the Y. M. C. A. activities.

The Y. M. C. A. Wants

Every man at Clemson, who has ever done any kind of Christian work—such as leading the Bible class, teaching in a Sunday School, singing in a choir, personal work, talking at prayer meeting—or any such work, and who is willing to assist in such work here at the College and in the surrounding country, to report to the General Secretary in Room 83 as soon as possible.

College Night

College Night, the first social function of the session, was held in the College Chapel on the evening of September 20th, under auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The purpose of this meeting was to introduce the new men into the activities of College life, and of arousing college spirit in the corps. Several short but lively speeches were made with this end in view. The speakers and their subjects were as follows: Pres. W. M. Riggs, "The College;" Prof. D. W. Daniel, "College Success;" Secretary R. L. Sweeney, "The Y. M. C. A.;" Rev. W. H. Mills, "Churches;" J. C. Barksdale, "Publications;" T. C. Haddon, "Literary Societies;" and Coach Major, on "Athletics."

Ex. Governor Ansel

The first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held on the night of September 21st. A very large number of students were present to hear ex-Gov. M. F. Ansel, who delivered a very impressive address. His subject was, "Faith, Hope, Charity." The Y. M. C. A. is very fortunate in securing ex-Gov. Ansel to address the Association at least once each year, not only because he is a speaker of rare ability, but because he holds a warm place in the heart of every Clemson Cadet.



EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

The Spirit of Loyalty of Our Alumni Clubs

The correspondence below shows the great spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty that the Clemson Club of Columbia shows our football team and to our institution.

We are overjoyed to appreciate this spirit of devotion, and it is with sincerity that we hope that other clubs will be formed to back us in our tasks; and that the clubs already formed will follow this example.

B. M. JACKSON.

Clemson College, S. C., Sept. 15, 1913.

Dr. F. Porter Caughman,
Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Sir: Will you kindly supply me with the particulars of the Clemson Club, of Columbia? I wish to publish information in regard to the Club, in the Clemson College Chronicle.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

B. M. JACKSON,
Alumni Editor.

Columbia, S. C., September 22, 1913.

Mr. B. M. Jackson, Alumni Editor,
The Clemson College Chronicle,
Clemson College, S. C.

Dear Sir: In response to your letter of the 15th, in which you ask through our president Dr. Porter Caughman for particulars in regard to "The Clemson Club of Columbia," the writer regrets that just at this time, owing to the pressure of work, he has not the time to go into details as he would like. However, you will find below, a short history of the club, its objects and its expectations.

In Columbia, the Capital of the State, the place where there assembles each year the representatives of our people in joint session, to make laws to govern our actions of life, our business, and our welfare; the old Clemson students decided to meet and form a club to be known as "The Clemson Club of Columbia." To carry out this idea a few of the old students met and decided to call a meeting on January 6, 1913, of all old students of the college. Accordingly, this meeting was held with about forty-five men present. These, with the appreciated assistance of Prof. Daniels and Dr. Calhoun, of the College, met and framed the constitution and by-laws. Since this time our club has been gradually gaining in strength at each meeting and we hope, by the end of the first year, to have an enrollment of over one hundred old students.

The object of this Club will be: 1st. To instill into the Alumni and student body a deeper spirit of loyalty to the college. 2nd. The continuation of the associations begun in College. 3rd. The promotion of good fellowship among Clemson men. 4th. The promotion of the welfare of Clemson and Clemson men.

The membership of the Club consists of two classes: Honorary and Active. Honorary members to be any person acceptable to the Club who are or have been especially interested in Clemson College. Active members

shall be any man who has attended Clemson College who is acceptable to the Club.

The Club hopes in time to rent and equip permanent club rooms, which will be kept open at all times for the purpose of all old students to assemble and keep in touch with each other. We hope later to be the means of locating positions for those of us who are out of work or who wish to better themselves.

We feel that at times we might be useful to the College when it is unjustly criticised, especially during the session of the General Assembly. We wish the students to know that we are with them, at all times we are ready to fight their battles, provided they have a just cause. Above all—we are with the foot ball team and wish them to know that they have enthusiastic backers here, where they fight the battle of the season. We wish to extend to Bob Williams our greetings and say to him, to bring men here who are determined to win back what we lost last year.

Very truly yours,

S. M. SLOAN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

* * * * *

W. D. Banks, better known as "Dingle," of the class of '13, has accepted a responsible position with Commander's dairy farm, of Florence, S. C.

W. G. McLeod, of the class of '13, has been fortunate in securing a position as assistant to the State Food Chemist in Columbia.

Frank Hodges, known to all his friends as "Flip," is devoting his time to experiment station work at the Texas Experiment Station. We wish much success to the prospective rancher.

G. H. Pierce, of the '13 class, will hereafter occupy his

time as principal of the Kitchen's Mill School, in Aiken County.

P. S. Hale is now employed by the Mixon Seed Company, of Charleston. May his harvest be great.

C. S. Patrick will endeavor to pound some of the principles of Agriculture into the heads of the pupils of the Cedartown High School, of Cedartown, Ga.

D. L. Cannon, of "Clemson's Cannon," is an assistant in Physics and Chemistry at the Alabama State Normal.



CHIEF PILFERER: SPOON WITHERSPOON?

“Chew your food, Doris, before you swallow it; your stomach hasn’t teeth to chew with.”

“Mine has. I swallowed two last summer.”—*Life*.

Major Premise—I’m not the head of an ass.

Minor Premise—I’m not the tail of an ass.

Conclusion—It must be no end of an ass.—*Life*.

“No, Madge, dear,” said the frugal husband, “I shall not take you to the theater or to supper or even buy you a dish of ice cream. You see, you are a qualified voter, now, and I might be accused of trying to influence your vote.”—*Chicago News*.

Tell a man that there are 270,169,325,484 stars and he will believe you. But if a sign says “Fresh Paint,” he has to make a personal investigation.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

DOUBLE TROUBLE.

"We've got a great road now," said an enthusiastic Western railroader to his friend. "We've got it double-tracked clear through to Chicago."

"H'm," said the friend. "I don't see what you want a double track for. You can't keep your trains on one"—*Everybody's*.

PROOF OF INTELLIGENCE.

Cholly—"Is this horse intelligent, me good fellah?"

Groom—"Very! Look out he don't kick you, sir!"—*Puck*.

Guest—"Look here, waiter. There's a fly in this soup."

Waiter (peering into the bowl)—"Yes, sir, and it serves him just right; for he has been hanging around here all day."

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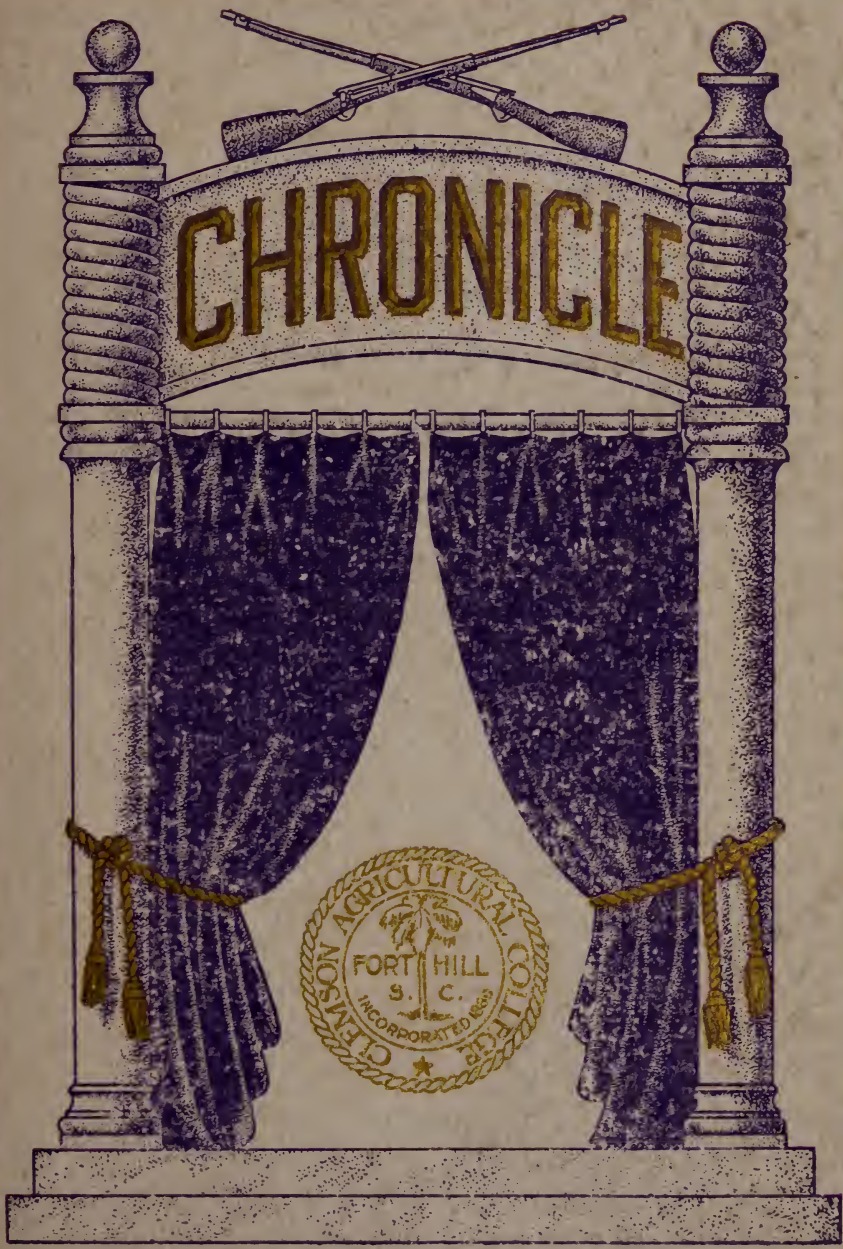
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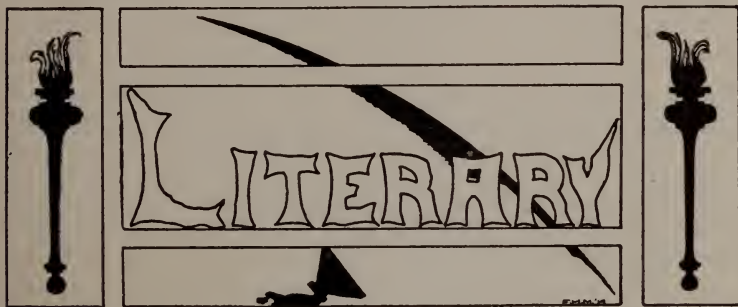
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., November, 1913.

No. 2



EDITORS :

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LeGETTE, '15

To a College Boy

HERE'S to the College Boy!
With his funny clothes and hideous yells,
Who studies football tricks and foot light belles;
Who always is foolish but never bad,
Who spends all the money earned by his dad—
He's the village pride and his mother's joy,
So here's long life to the College Boy!

Selected.

An Unanswered Call

By D. E. S., '15.

AS THE morning sun mounted higher and higher into the heavens, its relentless, searching rays seemed to reach every nook and crevice. The air was still and sultry. Even the lizards, basking in the sunlight, seemed overcome with the unbearable heat. The buzzards, which earlier in the day specked the clear sky, had been driven to the shade of the jungle. One could almost see the heat waves shimmering above the naked rock. Seemingly unmindful of all this, Dave Nelson, a young engineer, stood on a ledge of projecting rock, and surveyed the little groups of men, who day after day fought and struggled to force their way through the solid rock. All this noise was music to him; the whir of the drills; the clashing of the great steam shovels; the puffing of engines; the quick, impatient commands of the foreman.

Six months before, Nelson, fresh from college, had been employed by the Costa Rican government to aid in the construction of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Stationed at Las Cruces, he had put his whole into the work, and had gained the confidence and friendship of his superiors. Of course, this was a rough life and besides there was the girl waiting for him in the States, but—

“Oh! Senor.” Dave turned. At the sound of that voice, all else was forgotten. A short distance from him, her face shaded by a little white parasol, Dolores Perez smiled upon him. Her dark hair was arranged in a child-like fashion, and with her laughing brown eyes, made her seem like a young girl. Yet, when occasion demanded, that graceful figure would be drawn up with the hauteur and dignity of a queen; those soft brown eyes would become the deepest black, and would seem to flash fire. Clothed in white, with the soft green of the jungle as a

background, she made a picture one could never forget.

"Good morning, Miss Dolores," exclaimed Nelson, raising his hat. "Think of angels and"—

"Oh, you flatterer! I came out to see you at your work. You Americans seem to have time for nothing else. Now, Papa and Senor Salvado are playing chess on the cool veranda."

Dave scowled. Why did she bring Salvado's name into every conversation. But, then, why shouldn't she? Was he not the owner of countless acres of sugar and tobacco? She was the daughter of the proud old Alcalde, who had a supreme contempt for everything American.

"We can not all be idle," Dave answered. "But, come, we will see the men at work."

Unmindful of the scorching heat, the two strolled among the busy laborers and throbbing engines, more thoughtful of each other than of the busy scene around them.

That night Dave received a letter from the girl at home. Somehow, as he read the letter, which he had always so eagerly seized before, a girlish face with laughing brown eyes seemed to rise between him and the pages.

On the following evening, he accepted the Alcaldes' invitation. There, among the bright lights and gay laughter, was fought the old battle between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon; this time, not for the conquest of nations, but for the favor of a lady. Against the dark, handsome, passionate Costa Rican, with the manners and bearing of a cavalier, was pitted the bold, resolute, firm American, whose frank smile did not conceal the evidence of power and command which lay within him.

Late in the evening, finding Dolores alone, Dave led her into the garden. There, seated beneath the great palms, between whose fronds the tropical moon shed alternate patches of darkness and light; unmindful of the other girl, he told her the old, old story. A look of pain appeared upon Dolores' face.

"Oh! Dave, stop. It can not be. Father says I must marry Don Salvado." She rose as though to leave, but suddenly, Dave felt two soft, warm arms around his neck, and Dolores sobbed, "I cannot marry him."

Happy were the days spent by the young couple. They planned to be married the next year, when Dave got his promotion. But not a word was said to the stern old Alcalde, for, well they knew he would send her to their home in Bocas. Soon there came the time of parting, for business called the Alcalde away.

After their departure, things were very lonesome for Dave. Frequent letters from Dolores and interest in his work cheered him up. But suddenly the letters ceased. What could be wrong? Was she sick? A thousand doubts and fears assailed him.

One night, shortly after he had retired, a message, brought by a native runner through the jungle, was delivered to him. He opened it in feverish haste, and read the words:

"Come before Friday, or I will be forced to marry Salvado."

DOLORS."

Could he reach Bocas by Friday? Only three days to travel fifty miles through the dense, tangled jungle. He would be forced to cut his way, at times, yet he could not wait for a boat.

When the first faint glow in the east warned him of the approach of day, Dave, carrying food for four days, and a machete to cut his way through the vines, plunged into the jungle. In his mind a grim determination, he strode on. The beauty of the jungle; the great bunches of golden bananas, the crimson orchids glistening like great drops of blood; the chatter of the bright-winged parroquets, the squawk of saucy parrots; all were lost on him, for in his heart was a great fear for the girl he loved.

The following morning, he swam the Hurta River, and

as he forced his way through the tangled mass of vines on the further side, he thought of the words:

Beyond the Hurta River
Are the paths that lead to death,
To the fever's deadly breezes,
To Malaria's poisonous breath.
Beyond the tropic foliage,
Where the alligator waits,
Are the mansions of the Devil,
His original estates.

As the day grew older, Dave was seized with a faintness. He sank down on the moist earth. There the real horrors of the jungle became apparent to him. His presence seemed to attract all the vermin and insects. The very earth and leaves seemed to be moving towards him; centipedes approached and darted away; ants swarmed over him; sand flies hummed; mosquitoes seemed as thick as smoke. To add to this, he knew he was in the grasp of the deadly fever. Iron bands clamped his brow. A thousand demons seemed to be driving nails into his temples. Although the breeze came in hot, sultry waves, he shook as though struck by the icy blasts of the artic. He seemed to hear voices in the distance, and with this sound in his ears, Dave sank into unconsciousness.

Two weeks later he opened his eyes in the bamboo hut of a native. The first words that he uttered were of Dolores.

"Senorita Perez," exclaimed the native woman, who stood near, "She has gone to Europe with her husband, Don Salvado."

The shock was too much for Dave. The fever racked figure sank back. King Fever had exacted his awful toll.

Speed-Juice

E. L. R., '15.

THE SUN was dropping to rest. The last rays fell upon the earth with a grandeur indescribable. Everywhere one saw spring. The trees were beginning to release their foliage after their careful keeping through the winter. The grass had cropped out in spots. As the last rays of the slowly, but surely disappearing sun falls on a group of buildings, a young man of perhaps twenty-eight, slowly and thoughtfully descended the steps of one of the buildings.

He is tall, fair, and rather above the average in looks. He wears a rubber apron and rubber gloves. In his hand he carries a small tube with a dark liquid. Approaching the walk he pours a few drops on the ground. Then more, and so on until he empties the test tube. He takes a time fuse and places one end in the little pool of this liquid and lights the other. Stepping back about ten paces and awaits results. As the time fuse slowly consumes itself, let us now consider the man who set it as he stands a short distance away, glancing from the fuse to the watch he holds in his hand alternately.

His face is one that most people would look at twice. He is well proportioned. His finely shaped head being well set on a pair of broad shoulders. He is the orphaned son of Andrew Faraday, who had died when Tom was only twelve years of age, Tom's mother having died some years previous. Andrew Faraway had been a celebrated chemist in his day and it was no mystery, therefore, whence Tom had acquired his taste for chemistry. When his father died and left him a considerable sum in the hands of a guardian, Tom went to Germany, the land of chemists, to complete his education. After completing his education he returned to America and settled down about ten miles from New York, where he fitted out a laboratory and carried on experiments almost in sec-

recy. His only companion was a chum of boyhood days named Jack Lenard. They kept a dusky servant named Ephriam Samuel Jackson Abraham Lincoln Jones, called "Sam" for short. It is one of Tom and Jack's latest experiments we see Tom acting so mysteriously with on this evening.

The dark liquid, so carefully handled in the test tube, is a very high explosive. It is the result of a year's hard work in the laboratory. It is well known that automobile drivers in races sometimes combine an explosive with the gasoline to gain speed. As far as gaining speed is concerned, it has been very successful, but deterioration of engines in which it has been used is too great to make use of explosives practicable. So Tom and Jack set out to find some substance which would bring the desired effect without serious injury to the engines in which it is used. Their result is what Tom is testing on this evening.

Tom shut the watch with an angry grimace. "The pest fuse is no good." As he stepped forward there was an explosion that jarred him. "Great Scott," cried he. "If we don't win tomorrow with that thing in our tank I'll quit." Jack came running out of the laboratory in his shirt sleeves. "Sounds like something might be doing out here," he exclaimed as he reached Tom's side.

"Yes," replied Tom, "I think we'll come in for that purse tomorrow." The purse he referred to was one offered by a sporting club in New York to the winner of the all comers race.

On the next day, at the first crack of dawn, Jack reached over and stripped Tom of cover and they both fairly flew into their clothes. They went into the yard and out to the garage, where they kept their racer, a French car, that had been built to specifications which made allowances for any extra strain on the engine which might be caused by their experimental "speed-juice," as Jack called it. They called Sam and rolled the car out of its house. Together Tom and Jack went over the

car in detail. As the men arose from their task, Sam's voice was heard calling them to breakfast. To the table was the first race of the day.

It was a beautiful day for an automobile race. The twenty cars, which were to take place in the race, lined up across the broad track. A starter, with a red flag, stood just one side of the row of racers. The grandstands were running over with the sporting populace. The field was filled. Four minutes to ten.

Sam walked out to the low swinging racer, in which Tom and Jack were calmly sitting, and handed them two great bottles of dark liquid which Jack poured into the sixty gallon tank of gasoline. Two minutes to ten. Sam hurriedly recrossed the track with the bottle, while Jack stepped to the front of the car and gave the crank a turn. The little car quivered and then settled down to a continued purr. Thirty seconds to ten. The noise and smoke was very great. The starter raised his flag. The figures of both machines and drivers grew tense. There was an awed silence from the crowd. The little car seemed ready to fly away, so great were the pulsations of her strongly built engines. Ten seconds. Five seconds. Three seconds. The flag drops.

As a cannon ball the big grey racer on Tom's left springs into life and is gone before one could gasp.

Tom let his foot fly back from the clutch pedal. The wheels whiz for one brief instant and take hold. So great a speed from the start was a thing Tom hadn't counted on. This was only his second real race. He was nearly thrown out. The dust was blinding. But, rather through instinct than anything else, he held his own for the first lap. Then as the "experimental speed juice" began to mix with the gasoline, the little car began to walk away from the rest. At the end of four laps Tom and the German driver, in the big grey racer, were "hood-on-hood." That was the last car to come near Tom and Jack for the rest of the race. Laps after laps

were covered at breakneck speed. The race was theirs.

All was silent as the official announcer arose and announced that Mr. F. F. Faraday, in car number ten had won the race. Tom and Jack had run one hundred and twenty miles in one hour and thirty minutes, with a forty horse car. They had revolutionized racing.

The Winning Run

D. K. B., '14.

THE RACE for intercollegiate championship in baseball was the closest it had been in years. The only remaining game scheduled in the association was to be played between teams representing the colleges of Kingston and Belvedere. These two teams were tied for first place in the race, while Waverly was only one game behind.

After having played with Kingston as an under-classman for two years, Bill Sevier was now a senior and had been elected captain of the team. He was an excellent short-stop, and a phenomenal base runner. Many a game had been affected, and not a few decided, by his startling feats in this branch of the sport. But now had come the time when his mettle, as well as that of the others on the Kingston nine, was to be put to a strenuous test. Belvedere had an unusually strong team and boasted of the best pitcher that ever twirled the sphere in this association. So far as the number of games are considered, the record of this pitcher for the year was perfect, while there had been one full game in which only twenty-seven had faced him. It was against such a pitcher as this, backed by eight men who never disgraced a diamond, that Bill Sevier's team was to be pitted on the following Friday.

Wednesday came and with it the last afternoon of hard practice. After the two hours of training were over, Coach Harding called Sevier over to a bench and sent the others in to dress. And there the two men sat as twilight lingeringly crept over them, and ushered in the darkness. They sat and discussed, as far as they were capable, all ways in which the arts and crafts of the mind may be made to triumph over physical ability in the game of baseball.

The Singleton nine trotted briskly out upon the field.

Crawford, Harding's choice pitcher, took his position in the box and calmly grasped the ball. The umpire yelled, "Play ball," and Crawford sprang into motion. His first throw was a drop which completely fooled the batter.

The umpire called, "Strike one."

The mass of Kingston rooters along first-base line cheered, and cheered again, until the next ball sped across the plate, only to be met by a blow which landed it in left field for a single.

Then the other side line burst into life and sent cheer after cheer ringing across the diamond. But this triumph was put to a sudden end when, after the next ball had been pitched, the Kingston infielders pulled off a double play. The third batter fared no better and retired the side with a grounder to short-stop.

Kingston's first batter stepped into the box and faced Weyman, Belvedere's formidable pitcher. One strike whizzed by, followed by a second, and then the third. The next batter took his position, but, after letting three good ones go by, retired in favor of his successor. The latter swung at his first chance and ended the first inning with a fly to Weyman. In much the same manner several innings succeeded. Belvedere continually hit the ball, but not in pinches; while their opponents were failing miserably to connect with Weyman's delivery.

During the sixth round, with two men out, Bill Sevier set his schoolmates wild with a double to deep center. He advanced to third base on a wild pitch, but remained there while the next batter struck out. Thus Bill's hit did not mean a score, but nevertheless it acted as a restorer of confidence to his team mates.

Belvedere opened the ninth inning with a rush which threatened defeat for its opponents. Burns singled to center and was advanced to second on a sacrifice hit by Weyman. Then the next batter placed a clear hit over short-stop, which sent Burns speeding to third. Belve-

dere's best batter stepped to the plate, while the hopes of Kingston rooters swiftly ebbed away. The first ball pitched was met with a terrific blow, which sent it flying out to left field. Burns stood on third base with his body swaying towards home, while his eye followed the ball until it fell into the fielder's glove. Then he dashed towards the plate in a mad rush for victory. But the ball, speeding true to the fielder's arm, reached the catcher just in time to put out the runner and to end the first half of the last inning.

The Kingston players became fired with a new zeal. Howell hit a double to center and Sevier followed him as far as first with a base on balls. The next batter was unable to dodge an incurve, the ball striking him in his side. Thus the bases were made full. But Weyman gained control of himself and sent strike after strike speeding across the plate. One batter was forced to return to the bench with a strike-out registered against him, while his team mate, which next faced the pitcher, missed the first two balls pitched. The crisis of the game was at hand. Harding realized that the chances of his team were waning, and, as a last resort, waved a signal to the runners on second and third. Howell made a dash for home, but Weyman headed him off by throwing the ball to the catcher. Thus trapped between the catcher and the third-baseman, Howell dodged back and forth. Bill Sevier had not been idle, but was now rounding third base. He sped onward and passed Howell just as the catcher, after having thrown the ball, noticed him. Then there was a mad rush for the plate. Pitcher, catcher, and runner met as one at the coveted spot just as the ball returned, too late to prevent the winning run of a hard fought game.

A Lingerin Shadow

W. J. H., '15.

BACK through the hazy mist of many years
My soul has often gone and often goes
To count the love of her, who now appears
An angel form before my grief-rent eyes.
How dark this present sordid round of woes
Doth seem beneath the light of other skies.

My eyes play false, but mem'ry lingers on,
And thus I clearly see her pure and bright
Ere death eclipsed life's golden-lighted morn,
And took the child love of my early years.
How sweet to live in this reflected light,
To live and cull the fruits that spring from tears.

When trembling hope lets fall life's brightest star,
And bending joy departs on frozen wings,
Awhile I gaze and sigh for days that were,
And sighing catch a bright refulgent ray
From out those holy eyes, which to me clings
'Till all the future seems a lighted way.

Sweet, soft and clear her voice floats up to me,
Refreshingly from out the broken past,
As full of joy as when she whispered free
Of how our childhood love was born to bloom
To perfectness. But frail is life, alas!
Alas, the lovely flower within the tomb!

Anon my grief becomes a tender hope,
In trust to live beneath her smile,
And be a man; for peace at length must ope
Where she is guide and bids me journey on.
'Tis thus my grief is stayed a little while,
And then a little while and it is gone.

I struggle on and seek to live and learn
To gain the heights which hope and love have built.
I falter not lest love, my love, discern
In me some fault along life's dreary wild,
And gently, sweetly chide me for my guilt,
As did she when I was a love-blown child.

The slow increase of time has many cares
With which to vex the hours and steal a sigh;
Fond childhood's plaintive call oft gathers tears,
But gladness still is mine. This transient pain
Is homage paid to love of days gone by
And serves to make my loss a brighter gain.

The empty years roll on, but sweet the hours
Beneath the ling'ring shadow of her love.
My grief is stayed and hope is wreathed with flowers
To make my life the stronger for its tears.
One hope, one love is mine, which from above
Still guides me on beyond the weary years.

Why I Want My Wife to Be My Wife

By B. M. J., '14.

A MAN'S reasons for choosing a wife have greatly changed during the last half century. For ages men have had a conception of an ideal woman, formed in youth and carried into maturity. A man is always better for such an ideal. The woman whom he pictures is pure, and high, and lovable, she influences his whole life and raises his standards. Gradually the form of these ideals has changed in accordance with the advancement in the civilization of the world. The contrast between man's ideals of the present time and those of a half century ago is tremendous.

Men's former ideal woman was one who fascinated him with her manner and personal charms, for his mind was greatly tinged with chivalric and romantic sentiment. Woman's education, which was largely obtained at home under governesses, forced her to keep within the narrowing limits of the customs and traditions of her ancestors, and allowed small scope for expansion, and the assertion of individual character. Therefore her whole interests and ambitions were centered in her personal environment, and the affairs of the world, which affected her and hers so strongly, were left solely to her husband's attention and judgment. On the whole, she was a good woman, but it has been well said of her, that she was bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her wardrobe, and on the west by her ailments. But she is now more independent, and has taken her rightful place in the world, earning, if necessary, her own living with dignity and earnestness, considering labor neither disgraceful nor destructive of true womanliness. The man of the present day wants such a woman, he needs her in the more strenuous life which the great activities of progressive centuries force upon us. He needs a well educated, self-reliant woman, strong of mind

and strong of body. He needs a woman who can be a comrade and companion as well as a wife; not the delicate romantic vision of loveliness that enthused his adolescent years. But after all the vital question is for the individual to decide, the man must choose the mate who appeals most strongly to him, he should know whether he wants the gentle, narrow-minded, delicate bred woman, shielded from all knowledge of the stirring life of the world, ignorant and indifferent alike to its needs, out of sympathy with a man's interests and brother debt to the world of workers, a creature of love, work for and protect, but a thing apart from his more earnest life; or a woman of larger and finer mould, one, who thinks loves and works not only for him but with him—that highest of all beings, a comrade-wife and help-mate.

How many men have thought that they had found the right woman, proposed to her, been refused, and have discovered later, qualities in her which made him realize how near he had come to ruining two lives. Having gone through this experience several times he had finally in desperation put the question to himself, "How can I know?" Perhaps all of this could have been avoided had he put these questions seriously to himself:

(1) "Would she be a good companion for life, and stand by me 'for richer for poorer,' through thick and thin?"

(2) "Are our tastes and feelings in sympathy?"

(3) "Would I never tire of her?"

(4) "Would she make a good mother?"

(5) "Would she bring moral influences into my home?"

(6) "After appealing earnestly to my conscience, with past experiences in mind, do I still feel justified in asking her to be my wife?"

These questions apply not only to special cases but to every man, and an honest exercise of the same may be

most successful in results and prevent many a matrimonial shipwreck.

As to my personal experiences, from my youth I have always prized and appreciated that for which I have had to strive, and so it was when I sought a wife. I did not wish a girl who would give herself to the first man that came along, but one who would first prove and weigh him. When a boy I used to have an ideal of a gay, light-hearted girl, with whom I could flirt and be amused, a girl who appeared care free, and was always ready for a lark. Many such I found, and to one in particular I was strongly drawn. Looks played a great deal in this fancied ideal, for a real ideal it certainly was not. Of course I had to strive for the affections of this woman, for such are always surrounded by men. She almost led me astray, but at last I realized that there were nobler things in life. I advise all who may read this, to try, if possible, to avoid this experience, for I assure you a man is better without it, such women do not elevate. At about twenty my purpose in life changed. I became more serious and no longer desired a light woman's love. Then I determined to find my mate, and a true mate she had to be. I was very hard to please, because I desired one who would have all the ennobling virtues of true womanhood, one who would also assume her share of the world's responsibility, not leaving everything outside of the home to me. One who would sympathize with me, one upon whom I could depend, one who would never fail me in true womanliness, which is a man's greatest solace and strength. In this inventory I did not leave out consideration of personal appearance. I did not forget, as I would say to myself, "That I would have to see her face every day across the table," and in the beginning of my search I never looked twice at a plain woman. When I speak of my search you must not think that that was my life work, but a ruling idea during restless years.

Plain women did not interest me. I never gave them

two looks until one day while alone in a "Beer Garden" in Germany, I amused myself watching the people around me. Near me sat a plain woman, like myself she was alone, and seemed to be waiting for some one. From her dress I judged her to be a widow, and I wondered how it was possible that a man could have chosen such an unattractive looking woman. A youngster of about ten years old, parted from a group on the opposite side of the Garden, and made straight for the woman. Suddenly it seemed that a miracle had taken place, her face was transfigured, and she looked really beautiful with the mother love shining out of her eyes. I realized suddenly that if the soul is beautiful it will shine through the plainness of the outer woman with wonderful transfiguring radiance, surpassing transient beauties of the flesh and blood. More than once have such revelations come to me, and will come to every close and earnest observer of women; if you doubt it, try for yourself. During my extensive travels I have met women of many nations and characters, but never one who had all the qualities which I demanded. At last I began to despair, thinking myself doomed to single blessedness, being so hard to please, when I was invited to attend a reception, and there I met a girl who had lived just right around the corner from me, but whom I had never met before. Standing there talking to her, the world all around us, I knew in that moment past all doubting truly that I had found my pearl of price. Some may call me a sentimental fool, but in that moment I felt that the answer to my many prayers, many hopes, many wanderings, had been granted me. I felt, growing big within me, a devotion deeper and more eternal than mere passing love. You will confront me now with the question, "How did you know?" The poets tell us that there is an undefinable feeling when a woman touches the right chord in a man's being, which is past question, but let me tell you that there are many women who touch that chord in one man, and the stake is too great to risk

upon such trivial emotion. I felt that she had unmistakably touched that chord, but then I went down into my inmost soul, and tried to be impartial in the questions which I put to myself. Some of these questions I have previously mentioned. Then, after satisfying myself that she was the one, and the only woman to be my true mate, I set out to win her. She certainly came up to my requirements in being hard to win, for over a year I laid siege to her heart, and finally, when the garrison capitulated, I felt that I had been fully repaid for my years of waiting, and striving, and that the worth of the victory greatly exceeded the costs of the warfare, that the crown on a true woman's love exceeded all earthly gain. And may I say to those not yet thus blessed, do not be in a hurry to make your choice. Do not be carried away by mere beauty and evanescent emotion, do not enter lightly into the married state, never think the way too long, nor too hard with a worthy goal in sight, and above all, and over all, look at the question from every point before you put the fateful question, it will be fairer to yourself, and to the woman whom you desire to take into your keeping.

Gloves

R. P. T., '15.

AT THE present time, gloves are used only to protect our hands from the effects of rough labor, or from cold, or as an accessory to our dress on formal occasions. In old times, however, the glove played a much more important part; it signed notes, gave away lands, assisted at the crowning of kings, and sometimes might actually have been considered as a personage.

The first form of gloves were very rude affairs, cut without fingers, and stitched up to cover the entire hand. Later they were made with the thumb separate; and before the Middle Ages, gloves having five separate fingers were in use. During the Middle Ages they reached the height of their extravagant costliness. Every person of rank had an especial pattern which he considered his own just as he did his coat of arms; and he wore gloves of this pattern on all occasions. The higher the rank of the person, the richer and more extravagant were the gloves he wore; often they were even decorated with precious stones. Queen Elizabeth, who was very proud of her exceeding pretty and shapely hands, is said to have kept hundreds of pairs of costly gloves in her wardrobe at all times. During this period, also, the steel gauntlet came into use as a part of the accoutrements of a knight. They were usually made of linked steel, and sometimes so fine was the workmanship spent upon them that they fitted the hands as closely and as snugly as do our modern gloves made of a far more pliable material.

In England, the glove makers during the Middle Ages were so numerous that they formed one of the guilds, or bodies of organized workmen of London. They had a set of laws governing the manufacture and sale of gloves. These laws stated that if any man should be found guilty of using inferior material, he should be driven from the city and never be allowed to return.

In Medeval times, men were so busily engaged in war and fighting that few took time to learn the arts of reading and writing; so the custom of using their gloves as a symbol for their names came into general use among them; and sometimes they were actually made to act as a personage. For instance, some town might wish to hold a fair, and desire for it to be held under the protection of the lord who was over them. They would send a delegation to him to ask him to attend. If he happened to be busy, or was not inclined to go, he would send back a pair of his gloves to represent him. These the people would hang above the entrance gate, and the fair would proceed just as if he were actually present, since the gloves showed that it was held under his protection.

We still hear the expression, "Throwing the Gauntlet," meaning a challenge. This is a relic of the days of Trial by Combat. If a knight considered himself wronged or insulted by another knight, he would promptly pull off his glove and toss it on the ground in front of his enemy. If the challenged knight wished to take up the quarrel, he would pick up the glove, and a fight to the death would ensue. We also heard people say, when a girl has jilted her lover, that she has "Given him the mitten." This expression originated from the fact that, a long time ago, young people exchanged gloves instead of rings as pledges of their affection.

Gloves also helped to crown the medieval kings; or at least they were an actor in the most imposing scene at the coronation. Imagine yourself at the coronation of one of these kings. At the end of a wide alley, deeply lined on either side with expectant people, are the king's attendants surrounding the king himself. Suddenly, amid a tremendous blare of trumpets, a knight richly dressed in full armor and riding a splendid charger, dashes down this alley, halts midway, and, plucking off his gauntlet and flinging it on the ground before him, calls in a loud voice,

on any one who will not swear alleigance to the king, to come forth and fight him to the death. This is the king's champion. No instance is on record when anyone ever accepted his challenge, but no king of that time would have dispensed with this ceremony.

Pluck Counts

By J. C. B., '14.

SIGNALS! 47—18—4—11—1, 2" and the squad of recruits, sprinkled with old scrub men, were off like old gridiron veterans. This was "C" team, which was going through their signal practice preliminary to the scrimmage with the Big Eleven, which was class "A," better known as VARSITY.

The members of "C" team were practicing hard for their first battle of the season; they were to play the husky eleven from a neighboring university, which was just breaking into intercollegiate football. Under the leadership of their fearless little quarterback, Jack Smith, who was also the dauntless little captain, "C" team was making a splendid showing and their coach, a member of the faculty, who was overflowing with his love for the game and who had more than a fatherly interest in his team, was highly pleased with their work. However, he did not allow his countenance to betray this fact to his men. As the varsity men plunged through his weak line to block kicks and to break up end runs, or to capture the wicked forward pass, "coach" was right in the midst of his men, slapping 'em on the back, speaking a word of encouragement here, or chiding right and left whenever the occasion demanded.

After a taste of real football, "coach" drew his team over to one side of the field and gave them a lecture; criticising their mistakes, showing them how to mass interference, and how to best use the different plays, etc. During this lecture, Jack Smith, standing with his hands on his hips, arms akimbo, leaning slightly forward, was drinking in every word with wide open mouth. Jack was profiting from this lecture, and he determined to use his plays judiciously and endeavor to find the weak spot in the opponent's line and then to mass his plays to this spot.

Three o'clock on the day of the battle found both

teams on the field going through a snappy signal practice. The whistle was to blow in three minutes, and as Jack stood by the side of the big burly Captain of the university team, the "chief rooter," bedecked in his college colors, murmured, "O God, it's a sin to pit those kids against such brutes." However, he did not allow this sentiment to prevent "rooting"—he redoubled his efforts and the sidelines roared!

The whistle blew and the ball soared high in the air, going end over end towards the right side of the opponent's territory. A giant halfback caught the ball and started down the field at breakneck speed, but Jack hit him low and hard and brought his progress to an abrupt stop. From his position of safety, Jack encouraged his men to go low and fight hard.

"Hold 'em, boys, hold 'em," he would exclaim, as often as a back would get through the line of scrimmage, Jack would spoil his chances of making a sensational run for a touchdown. The whistle blew and the quarter ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

"Coach" drew his bantams to the upper end of the field, praising their spirit, and telling them how to break up the different plays that were being used against them. Just before the whistle blew for the second quarter, he made the men get up and walk around, thus putting them in better condition for the next period of play.

This time the bantams had the upper goal to defend and the visitors the lower. Thus the latter were a little handicapped in having to bring the ball up a hill. By this time, the scrap had become general, and at each down the visitors would go two or three yards. It seemed as if they would make a touchdown in spite of all the rooting and fighting that was being done. "C" team was on their two yard line and the visitors had "goal line" to gain. The rooting was redoubled and the team seemed to catch the spirit of the sidelines—the light lines stiffened and withstood the heavy plunges and bucks hurled against

it. The ball went over. Jack called "kick formation!" and, begging his supports to hold, dropped back to punt. The supports cut down the tackles coming over to block, and the punt was a success. The ball was fumbled and before it could be picked up a bantam end had fallen upon it. Quick as a flash, the ball was covered and Jack was away on an end run, going for fifteen yards around right end. By this play, he was near enough to try a field goal; his halves held and Jack dropped kicked goal, scoring three points for the bantams.

The second half began as the first, the light line of the bantam team slowly but surely gave away to the fierce plunges hurled against it. "C" team's goal was again endangered, but an offside on the fourth down with goal line to gain gave the ball to the bantams and once more Jack's ready toe came to the rescue. He punted to safety; but in five minutes his goal was again in danger—then the whistle announced that time was up. The score was still three to nothing and in favor of the bantams!

The fourth quarter was on and the bantams were in grave danger; Jack begged, entreated, and encouraged his men to hold. By some miraculous means they held for three downs and then a forward pass was tried. A bantam end cut down the man sent up to receive and the ball sailed into the hands of Jack, who was soon away on an open field. Ere he had reached the middle of the field, an opponent brought him to the ground with a sickening thud, and the whistle blew for time out. Jack opened his eyes in response to the call of cold water, but it could be plainly seen that he would play no more in that game; so he was carried, in a semi-conscious condition, off the field. His team-mates, declaring that they would do their best to kill the man who put Jack out, fought like demons. Back and forth swayed the mass of men and boys until the last quarter ended. The ball was then in "C" team's territory; but they had won against overwhelming odds and their victory was due to the clever head and ready toe of one, Jack Smith, quarterback.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

Our Honor System. Soon the first real test of our honor system will be upon us. Here in the South, the home of the gentleman, there should be no cause for a flaw in the system that is such an admirable arrangement for the regulation of class work. The purpose of this institution is not to punish, but to prohibit. Their aim is to help the person who is not strong enough to resist the temptations to use unfair means to obtain a pass or high marks. Under ideal conditions this scheme would be unnecessary, but experience has shown that the system is necessary and beneficial. It is earnestly hoped that it will be upheld in all its phases.

* * * * *

Literary Societies. It is but a mediocre accomplishment for a person to graduate at Clemson College with the performance of only those duties which are prescribed by the trustees and

the faculty. A real man will enter voluntarily into all of those phases of college life which tend to make him better fitted for his future career. Moreover he will strive to accomplish those things which are directed toward the betterment of his college. The privilege of becoming a member of a literary society is probably the greatest voluntary opportunity open to each student. They are now three societies at Clemson College. So far, this number has been adequate, and moreover it has been promised that if another become necessary, room will be furnished for it. So let no one fail to join one with the excuse that they are too crowded; but rather let us all combine towards placing the societies on such a plane that in the future they will take the place they deserve in the front ranks of college activities.

* * * * *

*The First Term's
Examinations.*

Only a few weeks until they will be upon us. Uninvited, it's true; but equally as inevitable. So, what is the use to sigh? If we are not prepared for them now, whose fault is it? If we wait until the fatal week is upon us, before we start to work, if we fail, then, whose fault is it? The average man is prone to procrastination and practically all students are. Habits are formed in our youth that follow us to our graves. Now would it not be wise as well as profitable to prepare our lessons daily; and by so doing, become more thorough, more punctual, and more efficient. The average man never rises above the mass of striving, discontented, tired and downcast populace, who whine and sigh and curse the world that such has been their lot. We find the happy fellow is the man who keeps himself prepared and accepts his portion of life with thanks and uses it to rise still higher and place himself in a better position to help his fellow man.

With the final tests so near, let's all, who have not done

so already, do some real true work. Then the examinations will not be the barriers that they may now seem.

* * * * *

For what does the individual stand? *The Individual.* The answer to that question is the true index to the success of a family, a school, a college, or a state. Change the individual and a new organization results. If it is for self advancement, alone, the success of the body is never satisfactory. The person without selfish ambition is not always the most desirable citizen; but, with that alone, he is the most undesirable. With this self love, or pride, there must be a higher love that yearns for the advancement of his fellow man and for the success of all institutions to which he belongs. Until this is so, the maximum of success is impossible. The man who lives for himself alone, is bound to receive a reward far below his expectations.

To gain the most desired success, there must be a hearty co-operation. No man can work out the highest success that a human may attain through his individual efforts. It requires united work to lift a heavy load. Thus united work surmounts many barriers that are insurmountable to single laborer.

This may be well applied to college life and activities. Hearty and enthusiastic trials bring sure success to any undertaking. Without unity, any athletic team is helpless. No organization can rise higher than the general sentiment of its members places it. It should be the aim and hope of every student to do his best to put every branch of the college on a more successful basis, and this can only be accomplished by a complete forgetting of the individual.

*The College Press
Association.*

Annually representatives from the different magazine staffs meet in convention. The object of this Association is to promote the college magazines of this state. At this meeting many instructive addresses are made, and helpful, thought giving discussions taken up. It gives each staff an opportunity to see the things that others are doing and thus create a broader and more finished publication.



EDITORS:

J. L. CARSON, '14

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

As we review the college publications before us, one stands out above the rest. Although it is the production of a technical school, we must concede that, "*The Yellow Jacket*," is the best among our exchanges, both as to choice and arrangement of material. A striking story, "*The Wages of Sin*," at once seizes our attention and holds it through its entire course. This story treats of the human weakness, the fears, the temptations that we all must meet in the course of time, and pictures in a vivid way the suffering and horrors that can be brought about by one thoughtless, misguided act. In addition to this excellent story, "*The Yellow Jacket*" contains several essays on technical problems, which the trained man will encounter in his every day life. These essays are well written and add wonderfully to the interest of the magazine.

The general selection of material in the "*Emory and Henry Era*," shows great care, but a large amount of space is taken up by a long, rambling story, "*His Call*." This story is not written in a style which will hold one's interest. Although many elevating thoughts and exciting events are brought to light, the words are not well chosen. They are rather awkwardly put together, and there is a

certain stiffness in the character. This stiffness characterizes many selections, and makes them worthless as far as literary value is concerned. The author does not pick out important facts, but contributes much time to minor details.

The inexperience of the new staff, the lack of time, the unsettled conditions which attend the issue of the first publication, must be taken into consideration. But remembering all this, it seems, "*The Newberry Stylus*," is far below the standard both in quality and quantity. The stories are not wisely chosen. The editorials are decidedly weak. In the "Personal" column we find a continuous repetition of the same idea. "The Honor of his College," is a well written story, but dozens of stories differing very little from this can be easily found.

In the "*Wofford College Journal*," we see a unique arrangement of material, which gives a very pleasing effect. We would suggest that others observe this arrangement, and improve upon their work.

The "*Erskenian*" contains a fascinating theme on the Indian, before and after the discovery of America. Its trend can be seen from the title, "Where is his Inheritance." The subject is handled in a masterly manner, and we get a good insight into the Red Man's dreams and hopes. The structure is flawless. The right word is placed in exactly the right place.

We acknowledge the receipt of the "*Davidson College Magazine*," and the "*Wake Forest Student*."

It has been the intention of the Exchange Department to criticise favorably or unfavorably, as the case may be, any thing out of the ordinary, either below or above the average; to give such advise as, in our opinions, will perhaps tend to raise the standard of college publications to that level for which we all strive.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

The Cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. for the following year is as follows: J. C. Barksdale, president, A. H. Ward, Vice-President; P. L. McCall, secretary; A. R. Boyd, treasurer. The chairman of the various committees are: L. E. Williams, Membership; A. H. Ward, Bible Study; T. C. Haddon, Missions; H. H. Dukes, Prayer Meetings; F. L. Bunker, Religious Meetings; F. H. McDonald, Social; E. G. Kittles, Community Service; A. P. Gandy, Conferences; W. B. Wilkerson, Music; H. L. Parker, Advertising; R. B. Ezell, Athletics.

The Advisory Board is composed of the following members: Dr. R. N. Brackett, Honorable Allen Johnstone, President W. M. Riggs, Professor Hale Houston, Mr. E. N. Sitton, Honorable M. L. Donaldson, Professor T. G. Poats, Mr. J. H. McClain and Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun.

Recent Meetings

The Association was very fortunate in securing Judge McCullough, a prominent lawyer of Greenville, S. C., to deliver the first address on Bible Study. A large crowd was out to hear Judge McCullough deliver his splendid address, and every one came away feeling the need of a more thorough and efficient study of the Bible.

Probably the most popular meetings, are those that deal with some vital lessons taught by means of moving pictures and stereopticon slides. So far, only one of these services has been held, the presentation being, "Ten

Nights in a Bar Room." Last year several of these services were held and they were always well attended. Probably the best of these was "The Passion Play," given in moving pictures. The Committee on Religious meetings hopes to have more of these during the year.

One of the best meetings held so far was the one addressed by Coach Williams. The Y. M. C. A. room was filled, and each one went away after the meeting feeling stronger. The speaker compared this life with a football game. He said that a young man entering college was like a player on the foot ball field receiving the "kick-off." Many a young man fumbles, the very first thing after entering college; some catch the "kick-off," but never advance; others may receive the "kick-off," and cross the center of the field, while others may come out very successful, and cross the goal-line. He also touched on the habit of cigarette smoking and a few other evils.

Bible Study

Up to date, 307 men have joined the Bible study groups. Although this is a large number, it is only about half as many as we should have in active Bible study. In a College like this, where no Bible Study course is given in the College Curriculum, the only opportunity we have of learning something about the Bible is through the Bible Study courses offered by the Y. M. C. A. You are letting an opportunity pass by if you do not join one of these study groups. There is a class on your hall. Join it now.

Three courses are offered this year; viz., "The Manhood of the Master," (primarily for Juniors and Seniors) led by Dr. Riggs; "The Life of Christ;" and "The Life of St. Paul." The last two mentioned are led by students each Sunday night immediately after the Y. M. C. A. meeting.

Membership

Up to date, about 150 men have joined the association. Our plans for getting members this year are somewhat different from what they have been in the past. The Cabinet has decided that it would be far better to have fifty earnest, active, consecrated members than to have three or four hundred members, a large majority of whom have been almost forced to join. There will be no canvass this year as there was last year, to see who can get the most members. By this method, men have joined the association and were kicking before the two dollars had left their hands. We want our Y. M. C. A. to create a sentiment for good, and to stand for something so that outsiders may look on and see that it is really doing something. The Cabinet, as well as you, realize that the Y. M. C. A. is not what it ought to be. But, will knocking make it any better? We ask you to join, not only that the Y. M. C. A. may help you, but that you may help the Y. M. C. A. We believe that if there are 200 earnest workers in the Association, who really do things, the time will come when a large number of the boys will be anxious to pay two dollars for membership. That we have a few members, does not mean that every one who joins the Y. M. C. A. must walk around with a Lord-ain't-I-good look, or a holier-than-you look on his face, but it means that membership is to be strictly voluntary, and to be composed of those who want to see the Y. M. C. A. become what it should be.

It is true that the Y. M. C. A. needs money. We have a Secretary to be paid, and many other expenses; but there are other methods of raising money.



ALUMNI.

Haged
'13

EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

It is with much appreciation that we receive all the kind visits from our loyal alumni. Numbers of them have been on campus to see the football games and their voices took the lead in the cheering on the side lines.

Just before the Carolina game a telegram was received from our loyal Atlanta Chapter, expressing their faith and confidence that the Tigers would come back, through the leadership of Coach Williams.

The spirit that our graduates show is a grand example to the corps. Although far away, they are working and boosting all the time. We hope that we can make improvements constantly that will do credit to our school.

The Columbia chapter was a great help to the management of the Carolina game, and the successful outcome of the financial part was due largely to their valuable aid. We wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude.

J. M. Napier, '08, former professor at Clemson, now holds an important position as farm demonstrator in Richland County.

"Shoat" Adams and "Gus" Erwin of '06, are striving to "level" Florence. They are succeeding well in their occupation.

P. C. Hale, '13, was on the campus a few days ago.

Hon. B. H. Rawl, '00, trustee of this college and head of the United States Dairy Department, made a business trip here a few weeks ago.

J. M. Martin, '11, an old football star of the Tigers is a civil engineer at Hamlet, S. C.

"Rufe" Fant, '13, has deserted us to enter the ranks of the Gamecocks. He is playing a star (?) end on their scrub football team and studying law.

Brix Coles, '13, is working insurance in Jacksonville, Fla.

R. J. McIntosh, '12, is with the Southern Bell Telephone Co., in Memphis.



CHIEF PILFERER: SPOON WITHERSPOON?

Note: "Spoon" has been sleeping therefore—see his jokes.

"I passed your house this morning."

"Thanks."

"Thanks for what?"

"For passing."

* * * * *

She—How do you make love?

He—First you place your arm around her waist, then gaze into the depth of her deep blue eyes—

She—Oh, but suppose her eyes are black?

He—Then wait until they get well.

* * * * *

Maude's husband won't let her wear a tight bathing suit?"

"Why not?"

"He does not wish her to expose the family skeleton."

* * * * *

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?"

"Merely a matter of sex."

"Wouldn't it be fine if someone gave us an automobile?"

"What would we do if we should burst a tire?"

* * * * *
 He—I've been trying all the evening to say something to you.

She—It wasn't "good night," was it?

"What horse power is your brother's automobile?"

"He says its forty, but I guess thirty-nine of the horses are sick."

* * * * *
 "Have you ever had appendicitis?"

"Well, I was operated on, but I have never felt quite sure whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

* * * * *
 "Algernon was awfully absent-minded in church last Sunday."

"How did he show it?"

"He put his eye-glass in the plate and a half crown in his eye."

The Young Men's Christian Association.

General Secretary R. L. Sweeney
President J. C. Barksdale
Secretary P. L. McCall
Treasurer A. R. Boyd

The Calhoun Literary Society. *W. B. Wilkerson*

President ~~J. B. Douthit~~
Secretary *F. Osborne* ~~R. N. Benjamin~~
Treasurer C. C. Thornton

The Columbian Literary Society.

President *R. B. Ezell* ~~H. L. Parker~~
Secretary *L. R. Zerkant* ~~P. L. McCall~~
Treasurer J. F. Harrison

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President *A. H. Ward* ~~T. C. Hadden~~
Secretary ~~W. J. Hunter~~
Treasurer F. H. McDonald

The Athletic Association.

President Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun
~~Vice President R. B. Ezell~~
~~Secretary and Treasurer J. W. Gantt~~
~~Historian J. N. McBride~~

The Football Team.

Manager J. B. Douthit
Captain A. P. Gandy

The Baseball Team

Manager E. H. Pressley
Captain S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager A. P. Lewis
Captain A. H. Ward

The Basketball Team.

Manager K. G. Caughman
Captain J. W. Erwin

The Alumni Association.

President D. H. Henry
Secretary and Treasurer H. W. Barre

The Senior Class.

President J. L. Carson
Vice-President J. W. Erwin
Secretary and Treasurer E. H. Pressley

The Junior Class.

President S. W. Hutto
Secretary and Treasurer W. J. Hunter

The Sophomore Class.

President J. R. Logan
Secretary and Treasurer J. P. Harrall

The Clemson College Sunday School.

Superintendent B. J. Wells
Secretary and Treasurer A. R. Boyd

The Clemson College Orchestra

Manager W. B. Wilkerson
Director H. L. Smith

The Glee Club.

President R. S. Hood
Director W. B. Wilkerson

The Senior Dancing Club.

President J. W. Erwin
Vice-President R. S. Hood
Treasurer F. J. Jervey

The Agricultural Society.

President J. N. McBride
Secretary J. L. Carson

Freshman Class.

President L. A. Page
Secretary A. B. Schacht

A. I. E. E.

Chairman F. J. Jervey
Secretary and Treasurer F. H. McDonald

Students Press Association.

President A. R. Boyd
Secretary G. M. Armstrong

Rifle Club

President
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Secretary

J. A. Berley
A. R. Boyd
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The Chronicle



VOL. XVII. NO. 3

CHRISTMAS, 1913.

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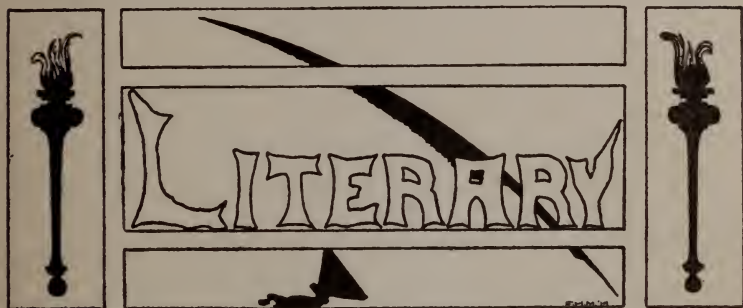
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

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No. 3



EDITORS:

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LEGETTE, '15

Dreams and Facts


By W. J. H., '15.



UT in the lonely woods when all is still,
And naught is round the soul to vex or pain,
The inner self will rise above the plane
Of lowly man and upward soar until
Earth's baser things have gone from out the will,
And life goes bounding o'er the deep blue main
Of a pure and nobler sphere. Hopes which have lain
Buried low for years are for the moment filled.
They rarely come, those bright ecstatic hours,
To cheer the blinded soul by sorrows fed.
We only catch the scent of springing flowers
But for one brief space; then when they are fled
We grieve over our lots, and pine for bowers
More fair; and find the cold hard world instead.

The Spirit of Christmas

R. P. T., '15

 NCE upon a time, or rather, on a Christmas Eve night, on a road that led up to the country home of a rich gentleman in Virginia, two small boys, one bearing in his hand what appeared to be a rolled up sack, and the other a ragged book, might have been seen trudging silently along through the snow. They had the sharp, pinched faces, and thin, slender bodies of city waifs. They tramped confidently through the snow as travelers on a familiar road.

Presently they left the road, and struck off on a path across the fields to the left. This they followed for a short distance until they came to a corner sheltered from wind and snow. Here they laid down their burdens, gathered some brush, and soon had a tiny fire blazing.

There in that wind-sheltered nook stood the two ragged waifs, stretching their thin hands hungrily over the warm blaze, which cast their shadows in leaping, dancing grotesque figures on the stone wall, while all around them every thing was cold and still and white, covered by nature's blanket of snow; above them, overhead, the stars winked and shivered and twinkled in the clear night air; in front of them on a slight elevation stood a noble building, clearly outlined in the moonlight; and on it all the full moon looked down with a cheerful smile, as she always does on clear Christmas nights.

After a few moments, the larger, and apparently the leader, of the two waifs picked up the ragged book, opened it readily at a certain page, and read, or rather recited, the following paragraph in subdued tones:

"Thus said the wise men of old: There standeth an enchanted house ye may know by these signs: It standeth on a hill surrounded by a stone wall three stones high; the house itself is of brick, two stories in height, with many windows of colored glass; one side is completely covered

with ivy, and two large trees, one at either end, are also covered with ivy. A road skirts the hill, and leads up to the house through two rows of dense cedar; a broad flight of marble steps, whereon sitteth two brazen lions, leads up to the door in front. This house stayeth locked and fastened save on Christmas Eve, when the doors swing open, music and dancing begin, and fun and frolic have full sway; for here dwelleth the Spirit of Christmas. *Whoso walketh in at the open door on the stroke of eleven, on Christmas Eve night, shall be met by a fairy, conducted to a treasure room, and bade to take whatsoever he desireth.*

"Skinny," said the smaller boy, known at Carrots, "is yer shore dis is the place?"

"Shore?" said Skinny convincingly, "shore? Ain't I done marked dis place las' summer when me and my cousin was huntin' here? Kin de book lie? Wasn't dat house locked all up? What bizness is a house to be locked up if folks live in it?" "Da's so," said Carrots, "guess I better be startin'."

"Bout time" said Skinny, "git yer sack, and go, an' don't fergit to wait in de vines till de clock strikes; an' don't fergit de toys fer de kids; I'll be waitin' on yer."

Carrots picked up his sack, warmed his hands a moment, and then, mumbling something about "keep de fire," he struck out for the road, and followed it up the hill and into the yard. There he quietly slipped into the vines with a wildly beating heart, but with faith that "de book couldn't lie." Music and laughter and many sounds came to him from within, but he heeded nothing till a great clock above him slowly began to strike the hour.

How he jumped as the first note fell on his ear, and how fast his heart beat! The time had now come indeed. Summing up all his courage, he came forth from his hiding place, marched up the marble steps, straight past the brazen lions, through the open door, and into a wide, brilliant hall, where he stopped, blink-

ing in the bright light. Surely this was the place but where was the fairy?

Suddenly a door near him opened, and a boy and a girl came forth, and stopped in surprise at the sight of him standing there. "This is the fairy," thought Carrots, as he looked up at the girlish figure, with such wonderful brown eyes and dark, clustering hair, and such a sweet smile, and such a faintly elusive dimple as she smiled.

"Oh, Fred!" said the fairy, "doesn't he look hungry and ragged? Whatever shall we do with him?" Then she clapped her hands gaily, and said, "I have it! Let's carry him into father and the folks.

She took Carrots by the hand, and led him down the wide hall, through another door, and into a brilliant room. Then such a sight met Carrots' eyes as he had never seen in his wildest dreams. It fairly made his eyes bulge. All around him everywhere were glowing lights; just across from him was a great open fireplace, in which a log fire crackled and roared; and, most wonderful of all, in the center of the room stood a great holly tree, all covered with lighted candles and strings of popcorn and many colored shiny things, and all loaded down with everything that the heart of the most ambitious boy could desire; and by it stood a gray-whiskered fat old Santa Claus, his arms full of bundles, and all around stood eager little children in the finest clothes he had ever seen. Carrots was struck dumb.

The fairy led him straight through the crowd to where an elderly gentleman sat, and said, "Father, here is a little ragged boy Fred and I found in the hall. Can't we do something for him?"

The old man laid a kindly hand on the waif's shoulder, and said, "Come here, little man, and tell me what you have that great sack for."

"Dis," said Carrots, "is fer de presents, de book spoke of, and I wish you would hurry, fer Skinny'll be anxious."

Then, bit by bit, the old man picked up the story from Carrots, until the light of understanding came into his eyes. Calling one of the servants, he gave him the sack, and bade him fill it well, not leaving out the toys for "de kids," and, taking Carrots by the hand, he walked over to his desk, unlocked a drawer where lay a pile of shiny dimes, quarters and dollars, and told him to take all he might in one hand. Carrots plunged in his right hand and brought it forth dripping coins. Quarters and dimes oozed from between his fingers; but soon all found a resting place in his tightly clenched hand within his pocket.

By this time, the story of he waif had spread, and the people began to crowd around him, and to ask him questions. Just then, however, the servant returned with the bag, and put it into Carrots' hands.

"I gota go now," said he, "Skinny'll be anxious, and we must git our train.

Shouldering the bulging bag with his free hand, he made his way through the crowd, who were wishing him "Merry Christmas," as he passed. Straight through the door he went, down the wide hall, out the front door, and into night to where Skinny and "de book" were by the glimmering fire so anxiously awaiting him. And a few miles away in a great city, two families of little children slept in their scanty beds in a barren rooms, and dreamed bright dreams of Santa Claus and wonderful toys and good things to eat and a happy Christmas morning.

"De book" had not lied. Carrots had indeed found the home where dwelleth the true Spirit of Christmas—that very spirit by which Christmas was created—that spirit that rises up to the very Throne of Heaven, and return laden with sweet benediction for the hearts of men.

Agriculture in South Carolina

W. B. WILKERSON, '14.

IN THE year 1562 a small band of French Huguenots planted a colony at Port Royal, South Carolina. They at once began to build a fort for protection, and to search for gold, which was, in their minds, the only thing worth seeking in the strange land. By constant meeting with the Indians they soon learned to grow Indian corn in a very crude way. It never occurred to them that they were living on the greatest agricultural country of the world; neither did the succeeding generations realize the unlimited productiveness of our soil, or even think that our people would ever be able to tell the world the solution of many of the complicated problems that are now confronting the agricultural people.

It was not until recent years that our people have come to realize the possibilities of our soil, or that agriculture was the foundation for the real wealth production of our country. But now the educator discourses upon "the enrichment of rural life," the business man has his eyes turned longingly to the farm; the farmer is no longer pitied, but rather envied, and he who would despise the farmer and farm life is the rarity.

Every State and territory is beginning to realize that the basic growth of the country rests on the progress of farming and farm life, and that other problems are more or less subsidiary to the proposition of making the land produce enough food to feed, and enough cloth to clothe the millions of people dependent upon it for sustenance and clothing—the two great primal needs of civilization.

More than two thousand high schools are now teaching thirty-seven thousand people up-to-date ideas on agriculture and farming in the United States. And the State Agricultural Colleges are annually turning out hun-

dreds of qualified men that are now returning to the farm to help others along the way of expert agricultural knowledge.

No one is doing more in pioneering this work, or reaping a greater harvest because of this awakening than is the State of South Carolina. So great has been the agricultural progress of our State, that since the year 1900 she has more than trebled in millions of dollars her annual agricultural production—now over \$150,000,000; the value of her farm property has increased 155 per cent; and the value of her farm land has increased from \$989 to \$2,223, or 124.8 per cent.

Just what has caused this great revelation among South Carolina farmers might be answered with the following reasoning. Our agricultural colleges and high schools are teaching the farmers the value of knowing how to run their farm on a more economical basis by the use of improved machinery, and the knowledge of scientific methods of farming. The agricultural papers, journals, and bulletins that are being distributed by the thousands among the farmers of South Carolina, are showing the possibilities of our soil, and the methods by which scientific farmers are taking advantage of them. The farm demonstration work; the boys corn clubs, and the girls' tomato clubs are creating a wide interest among the farmers, and are destined to mean much for the advance of agriculture in this State in the next generation.

It is not sufficient to say that South Carolina is an agricultural State, but she is one of the leading, and perhaps the foremost in production of farm crops per acre, when compared with any other State in America. A few facts will immediately ascertain this statement.

South Carolina now leads the world in the production of upland cotton per acre; in the production of corn per acre; in quality of sea island cotton; in yield of rice per acre; in the grower and shipper of cabbage; and in the grower of pecans. She leads the Southern States

in cheapness of the cost of living; in yield of oats per acre; in rapidity of development of trucking industry; in climatic conditions; and in variety of opportunities for home-seeking agriculturists.

It would not be amiss to state also, that within the last twelve years the average value of all farm property has increased 124.8 per cent; the average value of land per acre has increased 178.6 per cent during the same period of time; and South Carolina is now leading all States in the value of crops per acre of cultivated land.

These figures, though startling as they may seem, are only an indication of what may be expected of South Carolina during the next generation.

Situated as we are, bordered on the south by the blue waters of the Atlantic, and overlooked on the north by the snow capped peaks of the Blue Ridge, we have an unsurpassed climate, with an annual temperature of 63 degrees Fahrenheit. The products of our farms vary from rye, wheat, and barley, to orange, lemon, and grape fruit.

The farmers of our State have at last realized the opportunities that are theirs, and they are now willing and anxious to get the advice of those capable of giving it. The farm boy is being educated, and a much larger per cent. than ever before of those receiving an agricultural education are going back to the farm. The people of our towns and cities are now buying a country home, with the hope of some day returning to the farm. The thinking men our State and country are giving much of their thought to agricultural problems. The problem of making the soil productive, and of getting a bountiful return for all money invested in the production of farm crops has been solved. The improved farm machinery, and the modern scientific methods of farming have made a much more economical and therefore a much better paying business, so that those who till the soil are fast rising to that standard in which the very best men of any other occupation or profession are now standing.

So with the blessings of nature that we now enjoy; with the waking up of the farmer to his great opportunity; with the improved machinery and methods of farming; and with the solution of practically all the problems that have heretofore retarded the farming industry of our State, it is reasonable to expect that the people of South Carolina will some day in the near future be able to tell the world that since the world began,

“No fairer land hath fired a poet’s lays,
Or given a home to man.”

Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men

M. R. S., '15.

IT WAS Christmas Eve. A light snow was falling fast on the busy city. Crowds blocked the street, pushing, shoving, and laughing; music, whistles, yells, filled the air and the rumble of street cars as they grounded the track seemed to tell one it was Christmas Eve night. From the stores the lights beamed brightly, displaying the gay decorations in the windows, which formed the back-ground for displays of toys, candies, nuts, and all that Santy might need. Newsboys ran here and there, shouting, "Papers, papers." On the corner the peanut and pop corn stands were busy selling their wares.

In such a crowd as this did Frank Thompson eagerly wend his way as he hurried to the postoffice, where a letter, which meant all his Christmas, awaited him. With eager hands he broke the seal, opened the contents and read:

Dear Frank:

I am sorry I can't accept your offer of marriage. My love belongs to someone else. Please let me always be,
Your sincere friend,

ETHEL.

Mechanically he slowly closed the letter, placed it in his pocket, and wandered carelessly down the steps into the street. It was a hard blow; success had been good to him and now, when he had nearly reached the height of his ambition, she quickly snatched the last dregs away from him. No wonder he felt so blue, that he noticed no one around him, who were celebrating.

He wondered why she didn't accept. Who could the other someone be unless it was John Todd, who seemed to pay her a great deal of attention too. Surely it must be him, he thought. His memory recalled the day he first met Todd at the City school, then the fight that

took place between the two over her. Yes, it must be John, he thought, but why did she accept him? This was what he couldn't understand. He had beaten John out along the business line. In the great Steele Bros. concern he was assistant manager and John only a clerk in the office, on a meager salary of forty a month. It was certainly hard. A few days later John Todd and Ethel Marlow were married. His guess had been correct.

Five years had passed and once again it was Christmas Eve. Once more the streets are blockaded. Here and there people hurry with bundles under their arms. The noise of street cars, the honk of automobiles, tell the story of a busy day, and of the Christmas season.

At six o'clock the whistles blew and the great manufacturing concerns, according to an agreement, begin to close. In Steele Bros. great concern, the workers crowd to the office where sits Frank Thompson, the manager, who pays them one by one and wishes them all a Merry Christmas. At last they have all passed out and Frank begins to close up his office for the day. His sharp eyes caught sight of a slip of paper on the floor. He picked it up and read:

Dere Santy: Please bring me a doll, and candy, and nuts and a heap of tings for us all.

Your friend,

ETHEL TODD.

As he read the tears came to his eyes. Ah! yes! he remembered a certain Christmas Eve five years ago, when he wanted a Christmas gift, which Santy could not bring. He remembered how her mother had refused him to marry her father. Poor fellow, he thought, it is lucky that he dropped this for his salary would not enable him to play Santa. It is true his wife had to work hard, and she had faded fast from the effects of such work. Frank wondered if she wasn't sorry now that she had married John, instead of himself. His pride rebelled at the thought of helping John. Ethel had made

her choice, why not let her suffer for it. But the picture of a little brown-eyed girl, which might have been his, caused a lump to rise in his throat.

Yes, he would do it; he would play Santa tonight. Quickly closing his office he stepped into the waiting automobile, drove to Heiss & Sons great clothing and toy store and ordered a supply of clothing, toys and all that he thought John's family would need. "Have these sent to 214 Franklin Street at once," he told the clerk. With that he hurried to his machine, drove to the postoffice and mailed a letter which contained the following:

Dear Todd:

Please accept all I am sending tonight. Fix little Ethel's stocking full of toys. You are granted two weeks holiday and a raise of fifty dollars per week. Wishing you a merry Christmas, I am always.

FRANK.

As he walked once more down the steps which he had trod five years ago on one unhappy night, his eyes glanced up at the big store across the way. On it flashed the following sentence, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Vain Regret

By W. J. H., '15.

T WAS in the autumn of the year,
 And the gathering clouds had spread
 Across the sky, and cold and dread
 The earth had grown. The leaves were dead
 And stirred not, save when the wind
 With weary moan did shake them down
 From their once proud heights and send
 Them to their mates upon the ground.

The old rose bush, lone and bare,
 Stood ghost-like in the waning light.
 Across the hills the last faint glare
 Of day was gone. The gloomy night
 Was falling fast. And then came she,
 Who, for old remembrance's sake,
 Oft did come to live in memory—
 To love again—to idly quake.

The old emotion swelled her breast,
 Her eyes grew moist with filmy tears;
 She sighed for him, the sweet caress,
 And all that blessed her early years.
 Then sad thoughts of their parting hour,
 By the old rose bush long ago,
 Came drifting up with solemn power
 And whispered low, "O, nevermore."

O, nevermore to see again
 The one she loved in years gone by;
 O, nevermore—but still the pain
 That follows wrong—the endless sigh!
 The truth came home to her at last
 That baffled love will rise anon
 And smite the heart, and change the past
 'Till life itself doth seem undone.

As a Man Thinketh

H. D. BARKER, '15.

CHARLES E. Brockman is bankrupt," announced the evening paper. This created a great deal of comment in the business section of the city; for young Brockman had inherited an immense fortune from his father, and the business men had been seeking his assistance in almost every kind of enterprise. Then, too, he had been the object of much comment and speculation ever since he had come into possession of his fortune. He had been the only child in the family and had been so tutored and spoilt that people were not much surprised that he should turn out to be such a wayward son. Yet he seemed to be the center of much gossip. He stayed drunk incessantly, blowing in his money and gambling so heavily and recklessly that people had lately come to regard him with pity and even with disgust, some going so far as to predict his present downfall.

However, had it not been for his worthless character, he could have been the dude of the city; for he had an exceedingly handsome figure, being tall, rather slender, and very graceful in his carriage—that is, when he was sober. And his features seemed so open, so frank, that people who were not pretty good judges of character would have taken him for a straight man. But now, scarcely a man in the entire city would have believed him or offered him help, had he promised them on his oath that he would reform. Thus we find him in this embarrassing predicament almost without friends—friends that would be willing to get down in the mire and give him a roll. And being reared in all the luxuries of wealth, with scarcely a desire not gratified, he could not realize the seriousness of his condition all at once; but when it did fully dawn upon him, he was so awed that he was seriously contemplating the ending of his life.

Before carrying out this weak and cowardly notion, he decided to have a final talk with his attorney and see if there was any source of income that had been overlooked, or any other escape from utter ruin. His old lawyer was a shrewd but very unscrupulous business man, who considered all subjects from the business, or rather the money standpoint. The lawyer, after listening to the hopeless conversation of the downhearted young man, allowed his head to sink in profound meditation. Suddenly, he aroused himself and exclaimed:

"I believe I have the plan for you, Charles. You know that you are ruined here. People would not help you to rise even if you wanted to. They seem to glory in what they call the humbling of the big dogs! The best thing you can do will be to go to some small town, where you are not known, and be a good man long enough to win some girl with a pretty good fortune. I believe my old home town is the very place you are looking for. There is a rich old banker there, with a daughter, the heiress of his entire property, who is just entering society. With your fine personal appearance, if you will go there and pretend to be a perfectly upright man; just quit smoking, drinking, and swearing; go to church regularly; and in general, make the people think you are a model young man, you will so gain their respect and admiration that almost every girl in town, including the banker's daughter, will be setting their caps for you, or I'm no judge of human nature. Those Southern people lay more stress on character than on money.

"Will you go? And will you stand up for your part in it, and play it to the end—'till her money is in your hands?"

The bankrupt young man listened at first attentively and then admiringly to the plan of the lawyer, until a troubled look spread over his face, and looking up as the speaker ceased, he asked:

"But how am I to get the money to go way down

there? And after I get there, what can I do to live so that I can associate with the upper class?"

"I'll attend to the railroad fare, and will lend you enough money to start you in some respectable business. It will be better for you to start in a rather small way, and by making all the appearance of thrift and industry, you can, by gradually adding a little money, build up your business. I will help you, and you can pay me back double when you get your hands on the banker's pile."

"By jove, I'll do it," said the young man. "It's the only chance for me, I guess. It will be a little hard for me to think and act for myself, but I have to do it now or give up life as a bad job. I will do it; at least, I'll put forth every effort in the trial."

The lawyer noted with satisfaction the new look of determination that settled itself on the countenance of the young man.

Two days later the paper announced that Charles E. Brockman had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Some people suspected suicide; others claimed to have seen him hanging around the depot. Only the lawyer knew the facts. He would chuckle to himself every time he thought of the cleverness of his plan.

In the little town the lawyer had directed him to, which, by the way, is not very far from Columbia, Brockman settled, and, finding an old merchant whose business was rather run down, he persuaded the old fellow to let him have half interest in it very cheaply, provided he would build up and put new life into the business. This was just his chance. Perhaps there was a little more work than he fancied, but he saw that this would be a big step in the building up of the reputation he must make to carry out this unscrupulous plan.

He boarded with the old merchant, Robert Stevenson. Stevenson's house was in much better condition than his store. The domestic affairs were run by the industrious little Mrs. Stevenson and her eighteen year old

daughter, who could scarcely be termed pretty in the strictest sense of the word; yet she was so gay, so gentle and helpful, that she seemed to be a perfect little fairy in the home.

For the first time in his life Brockman went to work. It seemed to put new life into his veins; it took his mind off his troubles and the frivolities of his former life; and thus lessened the temptation of yielding to the hardened habits that were bundled up in him. He felt the thrill that comes to a new workman, who feels that he is really doing something. But a greater stimulus than these, was the thought of the banker's beautiful heiress.

Six months later, we find him still persevering in his plans, which are developing as nicely as you please. People have almost stopped wondering, or at least asking each other, where he came from and what kind of man he is. His actions and talk betokened for him nothing but the highest type of gentleman. He was foremost in in everything he thought would better his reputation. He came to be known as a zealous and regular church worker. The people appeared eager to lend him a helping hand, to push him to the front, and to pay him all the respect that a rising young man deserves.

Among the many new things and feelings he experienced duringt he last six months, there was one now that was not very pleasant. His conscience, so long forced into silence and trampled down by passions, now surprised him by timidly whispering that he was wronging himself and the simple, trustful people by such base pretense. He thought that he had that little voice almost subdued. Why should it spring up now, just as everything was going so nicely? He must ignore it.

Some six or eight months more have passed, and we find him walking home from church with the banker's daughter. He asks her, "How did you like the sermon this morning?"

"I thought it was fine; but, honestly, I believe I enjoyed your talk on 'Church Duty' more than I did the sermon. I heard papa speak of it too. Though he thinks anything you do is all right. Do you know, he is thinking of offering you a position in the bank. He says he would like to have such a promising man connected with it. He dotes on you incessantly. He says he cannot understand why you are so bashful, or perhaps you think you are too good for most of the girls here."

"No, I'm not good enough for the girl that I really love, and therefore will not press my suit. I would to God that I were half as good as she seems to think me."

"She must think you an angel, then," laughingly replied the banker's daughter. "I'd like to know who she—"

She got no further. He interrupted her, and the next thing he remembered was holding her hands and telling her who that girl was; how he loved her—and she was actually promising to marry him at last.

He suggested that they keep their engagement a secret for a few weeks on the pretext that he wanted a little time to make arrangements about buying out the old merchant's share, and to build up things a little so that people would not be so likely to say that he was marrying her because he needed her money. The real reason, though, was that he had, against his will, fallen in love with old Stevenson's daughter. He had fought against this strongly; but fight as he would, it seemed that he must seek her company just this once more, to tell her his new troubles and listen to her encouragement and advice. He loved her; and she treated him so nicely that he felt she really cared for him. So to partly justify himself, he must seek some pretext for a quarrel with her, before she learned of his engagement.

He was in troubled waters. He could not bring himself to quarrel with the girl he really loved, she had done him no harm; nor could he squarely face the banker's daughter, while acting so deceitfully. Anyway, he was

tired of playing the hypocrite, of acting a good man. To make matters worse, his old lawyer, the originator of his plans, was going to stop with him for a while to see how he was getting along. What could he tell the lawyer?

Brockman had a settled look of determination on his face as he met the lawyer, and without waiting for the lawyer to question him, he burst out:

"Say, Edwards, I am tired of it all. No, the plans you gave me have worked out very nicely. I am engaged to the banker's daughter. But I don't love her. I don't believe she really loves me; she admires and respects me because her father and the others do. So, I say I'm sick of it all.

"Today I tried to do something to be wicked, but would you believe? I couldn't. I tried to smoke, but the cigarette didn't taste as it ought to. Then I started into the saloon, but I could not force myself to enter. I turned away and sought consolation by going to church, muttering that there was some truth after all in that old proverb, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' Or better interpreted, perhaps, 'As a man thinketh, that he becomes.' I have been thinking how to act good so long, that I believe I have come to be a fairly good man."

The lawyer interrupted him with, "Enough! I thought better of you than that—to quit when the game has played right into your hands. Who would have thought of your becoming so pious? I am done with you. Don't let me ever hear from you again, not even to pay back the money you owe me."

The lawyer left him without as much as a "good-bye."

Brockman felt somewhat relieved after his outburst. He felt that he had chosen the right path. But how was he to break his engagement to the heiress without disgracing himself? Fortunately fate decided this for him. He received a note from her saying that she had learned from some source (which he knew to be the lawyer,

who thought that she, in her indignation, would be most likely to spread it through the town) of his former life and the base purpose of his coming here. But through former respect to him and through respect to her old father, who prided himself on having never been fooled in a man, she would not expose him. Though he must never speak to her again.

* * * *

Ten years later we find him still occupying old Stevenson's house, not as a boarder, however, but as son-in-law. Mrs. Brockman delights in the merits of her husband, and in the honors conferred upon him. He is leader. His opinion is the highest appeal in either religious or political matters.

Above his door hangs this motto in bold gilt letters:
"As a man thinketh, that he will become."

True Friendship

G. F. M., '15.

IN THE summer of 1775, two young men, James Dunlap and John Markham, were engaged in discussing the stirring events, the prelude to the Revolutionary War, that had taken place in New England. They had been reared together in the State of North Carolina; both men were fine specimens of manhood. The talk between them was animated and cheerful; but it finally changed to seriousness. when John made the declaration, that he would leave the next day to join the American Army.

"Yes, I shall leave tomorrow," he said.

"I would like to go with you," said James, "but I cannot leave until my father's condition permits me to. As soon as he gets better, I hope to be able to join you."

The young men now parted until the next day. John went to his home and began making preparations for tomorrow's journey.

The morning dawned bright and cheerful. John had risen early and he was soon ready to start on his long journey north. Pretty soon James Dunlap made his appearance on horseback; for he had determined to accompany John on part of his way.

John now bade his mother good-bye, and then he and James departed. The young men had many things to discuss, and time was not wasted while they were together.

"James," said John, "if anything should happen to me, or if anything turns up that should endanger my mother, I want you to take my place and protect her."

"I will protect her as if she were my own mother, but I hope the time will not come when her life will be in peril," replied James.

After accompanying John two miles on his journey, James wheeled his horse and started homeward. John

continued his journey northward. On the first of August, he reached the American camp, and was immediately assigned to a company. He found the army in high spirits, and every man willing to do his duty.

In the long disheartening campaign that followed, John Markham proved himself to be a man of bravery and honor. In all the encounters with the enemy, he showed the world that he was a true patriot. And Washington was not neglectful of the man who fought so bravely for his country. At the end of the campaign, Markham held a captaincy in the American Army.

Turning our eyes to the South, we will now follow the movements of James Dunlap. For one year after John's departure, he had stayed with his father, tenderly caring for him and nursing him back to health. Then one day, while James was away, a band of murderers, claiming to be Patriots and pretending that James's father was a Tory raided his home and killed his father.

When James returned home and found his father lying dead on the floor, he swore that he would have revenge. He immediately joined a band of Tories, who were under the leadership of Fanning, a notorious scoundrel. Then followed a series of raids and cold-blooded murders, perpetuated by this cutthroat band, which are too horrible to record.

In one of these raids the Tories surrounded Mrs. Markham's home. Being a brave woman, she, with her servants, tried to defend the house. In the fight which followed she was killed by a shot from one of Fanning's band.

About the time of this raid, the British changed their field of operation from the North to the South. Cornwallis was already in South Carolina planning to invade North Carolina. To meet this crisis, Washington sent officers and men to re-inforce the American troops in the South.

One of the officers was John Markham. As he was passing through North Carolina on his way to join the army under General Gates, he decided to pay his mother a hurried visit.

When he reached his home, he saw only ruins, and learned the sad story of his mother's death. He also learned that James Dunlap was one of Fanning's followers. Falling on his knees to the ground, he vowed that he would get even with Fanning and Dunlap. The course taken by Dunlap was a surprise to him, for, as yet, he had not heard of the murder of James' father.

The next day John Markham organized a band of Patriots and started on the search for Fanning. Three days later they came upon the Tories, who were in camp at Glenn Springs. Slipping up to the eneemy's camp, the Patriots, with a wild yell, charged into the Tories. The fight that followed was one to be remembered. Both sides, Patriots and Tories, because of their intense hatred for each other, fought with the savageness of wild beasts.

In the meantime, John Markham was searching for James Dunlap, but he could not find him anywhere. Finally, the combat ceased. The Patriots had won a complete victory; nearly all of Fanning's men had either been killed or captured, but Fanning himself had escaped.

When the prisoners were brought before him, Markham was surprised to find James Dunlap among them.

Gazing at the prisoner for a full minutes, he at length sent his men away. Turning to James Dunlap, he said, "Sir, I cannot understand your actions or the course you have taken; but, as I am a living man, I will be revenged upon you for the part you took in the murder of my mother."

"John," replied Jamees, "it grieves me much to think that things have come to such a pass that my dearest friend should threaten my life."

"You cannot regret it more than I, James Dunlap—but I have justifiable reasons. Why did you join this band of murderers? Why did you murder my mother?"

"John, you wound me. I did not take part in the raid against your home; I refused to go. I joined the Tories because my father was foully murdered by a band of Patriots. I now regret that step; for I have since found out that my father's murderers were not true Patriots, but my reputation is now such that I cannot return home and become a Patriot. But, John, since this cannot be so, will you not at least forgive me? Place yourself in my position, then you can see that the provocation was enough to justify the course I have taken."

James' declaration was a revelation to John. With the discovery that James was still his true friend, he was almost overcome with delight. "James," he said, "it is I who should beg forgiveness. I have wronged you greatly. Can you forgive me for losing faith in you?"

Years afterward, the governor of North Carolina, while making a tour over the State, asked a resident of Salisbury for an instance of true friendship. The reply was James Dunlap and John Markham.

The Season of Joy and Peace

T. C. HADDON. '14.

"Oh children, Christ has come
To heal you of your danger,
Pray that you may be reconciled
To the child that lies in the manger."

IF WE could look through the clouds and imagine an opening of the golden gates and a stepping forth of the shining angels to sing, men, women, and children, though not angeles, would join the angelic choir in the singing of that glad song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men."

For nineteen hundred years, Christmas has been gradually becoming the greatest festival in the entire history of the human race. It comes so regularly, year after year, that it is easy to imagine that it has been celebrated always. And it is not only very seldom, but rather strange that we think of the time when the Christmas tree bore no gifts; when, in fact, it was unhunted; when the red berries of the holly and the white berries of the mistletoe were unnoticed; and when the great cities were not alive with the bustle and cheer of Christmas preparation.

From thence it has come, I say, to be the greatest event in the history of the world, and the best and happiest time of this great event is the night before Christmas. Never again is the house so still as on this night before Christmas—no noise except, perhaps, a gentle cracking of the wind or snow on the outside. We generally have snow in our imaginative Christmas scenes; and we never fail to observe some little ones in the home running to the window—in the late afternoon—to see if the snow has covered the sill, the shed, or the wood, and to see if it is still "coming down"—the greatest joy of it all. These same children lie awake at night listening at the unusually loud strokes of the clock, as it ticks

away on the mantel, and waiting and wishing for morning to come—this, I say, is one of the happiest times for the children.

Christmas is a season of joy and happiness. What pleasure—or where comes a more *real* happiness than that which fastens itself to parents on Christmas morning when they see the little folks slip out of bed and sneak into the big room, in the gray dawn, shivering with fear, to see if “Old Santa” has come, or has had a break down and couldn’t come? What whoops of laughter are more enjoyed than those that out burst as these little tots perceive and stand before their overflowing stockings.

At no other season is such spirit manifested. During no other occasion do we notice so much truth in the words, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” Just think of the real happiness, yea the blessedness, that comes from seeing the face of a child, and especially that of a poor one, brighten up with joy and gratitude at the sight of an unexpected gift—be it a fine necklace set with pearls or a large red apple.

Not only is Christmas a message of joy, peace and good will, but it is a message of love, and this, I think, is the greatest one of them all. We read in The Book: “It suffereth long and is kind.” And again, “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.” Love! God’s love to us and our love to one another. Such a message is beautifully expressed thus:

“Yet let me give my thankful heart,
 Oh, little, Lord, to Thee.
 Bless it and give it out again
 To other men for me.’

And remember Christmas knows no distinction. Neither poverty nor wealth mars or helps. There may be no money, there may be no talent, and very little enthusiasm, but a Christmas celebration is possible. One

way in which Christmas is vulgarized, and the greatest of all festivals made cheap, is the lavish extravagance of gifts—when all sorts of gifts are given to all kinds of people just to comply with custom. There is no real honor or happiness in giving or accepting gifts that are not in proportion to the giver's or receiver's standard of living. The real value of a present is in the feeling which it represents. There may be those who are very poor, so much so that they are not able to spend one five cent piece to buy presents; and yet these *can* give gifts—they can have a rich Christmas by giving such gifts as love, sympathy, and warm heartedness.

The day that commemorates the day of the little child in the manger should be, by sincerity and joy of heart, a holy one. Each of us should do something to keep this spirit alive.

Now a bright and happy Christmas to each and every one. And if it be full of material gifts or not, may it be a Christmas marked by a great giving of the most appropriate gift of all—that of Love.

“And if you want to be loved, give love, live love.”

Our Trip to the State Fair

By J. C. B., '14.

TO THE merry tune of Reveille, the corps awoke at 5:45 A. M. on the morning of October 27th. This was one morning that the bugler did not get "cussed," or hear the shout, "cut it out," as he wined his merry tune. This was one morning that the corps, to a man, did not mind going to the early formation, and, as each man's name was called, he joyfully answered "Here!"

Breakfast was soon over, sick call was completely ignored; with blanket-roll and shouldered gun, all hailed with delight the first call for assembly. The battalions were soon formed; and, at the command, "Forward, March!" the corps moved off in regimental formation. Each man, proud of the arms he bore and of the uniform he wore, looked forward to the fun and pleasure which the week's encampment held in store.

It was indeed a happy crowd that entrained at Calhoun Station, a crowd of 700 strong, bound for the State Fair; each anticipating a good time. Each man had an idea as to what it took to constitute his "good time," and he was going out after it. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the trip going down; the trains made good time; friends were at the different stations to see the decorated cars bearing the Clemson boys pass through. We greatly enjoyed seeing our girl friends from the different Colleges, even if the Matron of one well known institution did advise her girls not to kiss their brothers. She took the ground that there were so many boys and they all looked so much alike that the wrong boy might get the kiss! However, we all regret that we haven't more "Sisters," or at least a few more "Cousins" at this particular college.

After seven hours of traveling, we arrived in Columbia and were quickly transferred to the fair grounds,

where we were to encamp. Tents, etc., had been pitched, so there was nothing to do but rid ourselves of Southern Railway dust, attend to the various duties of camp, and get off for town to start something. All Columbia seemed to know that "Clemson" was in town. A short while after release from camp, the Clemson uniform could be seen in automobiles, street cars, etc., all bound on some mission of pleasure or of duty. The streets were enlivened by the presence of many "Gray Coats." Moving picture shows, theatres, etc., were quickly invaded, and other places of pleasure were quickly taken possession of. It was remarkable, how those gray coats could attract a "Skirt;" it is not known just where the attraction lay, but it was conspicuously present. Clemson was having such a good time that a leading daily paper in the State came out and reminded its readers that "Every dog has his day." It was this same paper that some few weeks before had remarked that Clemson was so full of football that they had five teams, but what Clemson would need on Oct. 30th would be ONE team. It is true that we have had four regular teams on the field every day and on November the first, we still had four teams ready to take the field.

There were many and varied attractions in Columbia, chief of which was the great Carolina-Clemson game. This game attracted more attention than any other game in the history of the sport in South Carolina. Fully 5000 people saw the game, the side lines were lined with ardent admirers of the two teams, and each did their best to cheer their team to victory. When Clemson gave her famous old "Ray" yell the bleachers shook, and we are not responsible if some people were deafened or frightened by the terrific noise.

The teams were evenly matched, one had the advantage of weight, but this was balanced by the other having more experience. Carolina had beat us last year 22 to 7, for the third time since 1896 and the first time

since 1902. It was a defeat and we bore it manfully, but what would Clemson do today?

It was expected that Williams, Clemson's efficient coach, would have a team of worthy metal, but it was not expected to be so finely tempered. It was a fine game, Clemson was more powerful, and she deservingly won 32 to 0. This was indeed a sweet revenge and the Clemson men did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to pull off a demonstration of real Clemson spirit. The "Spirit" was fine; there was absolute silence on the part of the Cadets when the ball was in Carolina's possession on our end of the field. This was done in order that Carolina might not miss their signals; and, then when a lady in the crowd fainted, all "yelling" was cut out. This shows the gentlemanly spirit of the Clemson cadets. After such a victory, parades and various demonstrations were certainly in order, and that night the Clemson yells echoed and re-echoed throughout the city, as the line of happy men paraded the streets.

After the football game, we were ready to come back home, and when the time came to break camp, the corps was not so down cast as we might have been. We were going back home to "Ole Lonesome," while we were ready and willing to go, we were loath to leave the city and the many friends we had found during our stay. It was altogether a different crowd coming back than had gone down on the 27th—we were broke, homesick, sleepy, and hungry, and to add to all this misery, the train service was wretched—all that kept us alive was the memory of the "good times" we had had, and the fact that we had beat Carolina 32 to 0.

After nine long weary hours, the train pulled up to Calhoun, and the tired, wornout fellows piled off and "fell in." After the companies were formed, the slow, weary march for barracks was begun—straggling was inevitable, and, as we arrived at barracks individually or in small squad groups, we looked like the advance por-

tion of a routed army. All we wanted was something to eat and a place to sleep and then we were willing to let the world spin round. "Shorty" soon had us full of hominy and baked beans, a few of us went to the lyceum in chapel, the vast majority sought rest in peaceful sleep, which only a tired fellow can enjoy.

The next morning we rubbed our eyes and wondered whether we had been to the fair or whether it was all a vague dream. But as we pulled ourselves out of bed and trotted down to Reveille, we began to realize that we had really been to the fair and that we were then back at "Ole Lonesome," where life is one old thing after another.

On to Atlanta

D. H. BANKS, '16.

ABOUT one hundred and thirty-five students were given breakfast at 4:30 Thursday morning, and these with a few others from the hill left Calhoun on the special train for Atlanta at about 5:40. In no one's mind was there much fear as to the result of the big game that the day would bring. Everywhere, the thought that the Tiger was about to redeem himself prevailed, and in everyone's breast burned a most earnest desire to see the Tigers crush the Yellow Jackets.

When the train arrived at Atlanta, the students formed in double file and, led by the band, marched up Peachtree Street. Considering the small delegation, the parade made a pretty good show for Clemson. The line stopped at the University Club House, where the Atlanta Chapter of the Clemson Alumni had its headquarters for the day and where everyone from Clemson was cordially welcomed.

After being served punch by the Atlanta Chapter, the bunch of rooters dispersed in all directions over the city. To give an account of the students from the time they left the club house in the morning, until the time they assembled at 1:30 is an utter impossibility; so it will have to suffice to say that everyone had a big time, ate a hearty dinner, and was back to the club house before 2 o'clock.

At 2 o'clock everyone started for Tech Flats, where the gridiron battle was to be fought. Upon arriving at the grounds everyone waited outside the gates until the band came up. Then they marched out on the bleachers singing, "O! we'll ride Georgia Tech on the rail." At this point, began the pluckiest rooting that Clemson showed during the entire season, and the team itself will say that the little bunch from Clemson out-rooted over five times their number on the Tech side of the field.



YARD LINE



JAMES, AROUND RIGHT END

In the first quarter, Tech seemed, by her everlasting trick plays, to get the better of the Tigers; but cheer after cheer from the bleachers showed that Clemson still had hopes. The first half, likewise, ended with Tech's score increased; but still the cheering was kept up, unabated. When the game ended the Tiger's were beat but the spirit of Clemson lived on.

Everyone remained in the grounds after the game and gave a few yells for the team, after which the band led off and everyone paraded up street as if they were celebrating a victory. When the team passed the line of rooters, every one stopped and, raising his cap, smothered all disappointment with loud yells for the Tigers.

As before, the parade stopped at the University Club House; but, this time, no one left until a series of creditable cheers were given to show the appreciation for the work of the team and for the courtesy of the Atlanta chapter.

The biggest joy that Atlanta could afford did not mature on Thanksgiving day; but, nevertheless, everyone made the best that he could out of his trip to Atlanta, and if such a thing be in the range of possibility, it may be said that everyone came back fairly contented with the trip. Let our motto ever afterwards be, "See Clemson Beat Tech."

Two Christmas Nights

S. C. STRIBLING, '16.

IT WAS only three days before Christmas. In one of our great Southern colleges the boys were very jubilant, for on the next day they would stand their last examination in the morning and leave in the afternoon for their respective homes throughout the South. They were gathered in groups on the campus and in their rooms discussing plans for the coming holidays. It happened that in one of these groups a boy, whose reputation was not what it should have been, suggested that they have some "fun" before they left. As usual in such cases, his suggestion was soon adopted by his mates. They discussed many ways of having their fun, but finally they agreed on the following plan.

One of the Professors, an old man with an unusual sour and crabbed disposition, and who on account of this was greatly disliked by the boys, owned a very beautiful gray mare. He was very proud of her and groomed her a great deal and always kept her in spotless condition. The boys spoken of above decided they could have some fun and at the same time pay off some old scores, if they were to slip into this man's stable and blacken the mare. They made the necessary preparation; that is, they bought several bottles of shoe polish and soon after dark that night they slipped out of their rooms and went to the mare's stable. They caught her easily; and as she was used to being rubbed and groomed a great deal, they had little trouble in giving her a good coating of polish. They stepped back and examined her, but were not quite satisfied with her, so they were putting the finishing touches on when they were greatly surprised to hear the barn door slam and to hear the bolt turn in the lock. But their greatest surprise was yet to come. They soon found themselves standing face to face with the Professor.

They realized at once their situation. The first impulse was to spring upon the old man and to take the keys from him, and then escape before he had time to recognize them. But their leader, who was a cool-headed fellow, realized that this would only be making bad matters worse; so he told the Professor that they were caught, and that they would place themselves in his hands to be dealt with as he deemed proper.

The Professor thought hard for a few moments and then said, "Well, boys, I am going to make you a fair proposition. If you will take that bucket of water and a cloth and remove entirely all traces of polish from my mare, I will drop the matter and never mention it again, but while you are at work I would like to tell you an incident in connection with my life, which may help to cause some one of you to lead a better life. They, of course, gladly agreed to this proposition, and soon had all the necessary arrangements made for beginning their work.

The old man waited a few minutes after they had begun their work before he began in a slow, trembling voice the following story: "On the Christmas night after my twenty-first birthday, I was probably as strong and as full of life as any of you are. I was a member of the senior class at one of the great Northern colleges, and was at home to spend the holidays. I was deeply in love with one of the finest young ladies in my town, and we were engaged to be married the coming summer. She was one of the gentlest and sweetest girls that I have ever seen in all my travelings, and life would have been almost unendurable without her. On that Christmas night I carried her to a fancy dress ball in a nearby town. At that period of my life, I was not a model young man by any means, and on this night I was not able to decline a drink of whiskey which was offered me by a friend. The first drink made me feel so well that I drank another and another, and soon I was almost

drunk. I went back into the dancing hall, but it seemed to me that things had changed. I imagined that my fiancee was paying entirely too much attention to a friend of mine. I managed to control my temper until after we had started home. Then I accused her of caring more for the other man than for me. She stoutly denied the accusation. I still persisted but she was firm in her denial. At last my temper got the upper hand of me, and in a drunken rage I threw her rudely out of the buggy. I drove on, leaving her lying in the road in a semi-conscious condition. She was later found by some of the other guests and was carried to her home. Sad to say she never recovered from the shock, dying a few days later. I have been told that among her last words was a plea that nothing should be done to me.

The next morning when I awoke, I realized what I had done. I left my home that very morning and have never returned since. I worked my way across the Ocean into a foreign country, and tried to forget. But an indellible impression of the expression of her face as I struck her was made upon my heart. Roaming from place to place, I finally landed in one of the great German Universities under an assumed name. By this time my mind had settled to a certain extent, and I managed to graduate with distinction in my chosen science, chemistry. I taught in that university for a few years, and then came here, where I have been ever since. But I have become a changed man entirely. I did not have a single friend in this world, and I could not help being crabbed and sour. I hope in the future to be able to overcome this. I have sworn long ago that if I ever took another taste of liquor, except as a medicine, that I hoped God would kill me dead in my tracks. Now boys, keeping in mind what that drink of whiskey did for me, I hope each and every one of you will give me your word of honor to-night before you leave this stable, that you won't touch

a drop of intoxicating liquors during the coming holidays."

The boys had finished their work long before the old man concluded his story, but they remained almost breathless until he finished. They remembered with deep regret many little crosses they had thrown across his path. They resolved there that night to give him as their Christmas present their warm friendship during the rest of their college career. They also promised him to reform entirely from the use of intoxicating liquors during the holidays. I do not know whether they kept this promise or not; but I do know that the relation between the old man and the student body was a more pleasant one from that Christmas until his death a few years later.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

The Annual Oratorical Contest.

At a recent meeting of the Executive committee of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association it was decided that the contest would be held at Rock Hill. The Chamber of Commerce of that city is making arrangements to entertain the delegates as never before. Everything indicates that we will see an exceptionally good contest this season. Several of the speakers of last year have returned to their colleges and this will cause much better speeches.

What will be Clemson's part in this contest? For years our interest has been lagging. The new life that our Literary Societies have taken on is sure to be reflected in our representative. It is hoped that a large number of enthusiastic students will go to the contest from Clemson, and encourage our speaker to win.

The Sweetest of Holidays. Soon the greatest season of all the year will steal upon us. That kind, forgiving, charitable, and pleasant time. Christmas, the period of love and sympathy, is coming soon. We find that this holy day is the oldest of the new Christian era. Formerly the observance occurred at different dates. The Eastern Church holding it on January 6th, the Western on December 25th. Finally the latter date was universally selected. The choosing of this date was not without reason. At the time of this action, December 25th, marked two incidents, the close of the Pagan festivals of the Romans, the festival of the Winter Solstice. From this birthday of the new sun, the transition to the Christian point of view comes easily. Hence it became the custom of the Christians to celebrate the birth of the Spritual Sun, in order to draw others away from their heathen festivals.

For several centuries Christmas was to Christian followers a season of heroic ordeal. The spirit of love and generosity still remains dear to us, but we find many people who hold the time for less plauditory reasons.

The Christmas spirit is imbibed in all civilized humanity. On the approaching eve, can we not feel the harmony of the season stealing into our natures? We review the events preceding the birth of Christ. The journey of his parents from Nazareth to Bethlehem, their arrival, the stopping in the manger, the shepherds see the star, and their journey resulting from their intuition; all these events go before us.

* * * *

"The idle brain is the Devil's workshop."

Lost Time. The workings of nature present a grand example, that the human race should follow. Note the harmony and regularity in which the natural processes run. It is by gradual work that the large tree grows out of the acorn. The mechanic boasts of

the efficiency of his machines. Those that produce the largest amount of work for the energy expended are sure to be most in demand. And so it is with our lives. The ancient rule, eight hours work, eight hours play, and eight hours sleep was intended for the actor to concentrate to his very greatest ability the different phases as they come. Concentration of the mind on the specific task brings results. Haphazard, slothful and unambitious work never produce the desired results.

Lost time may well be defined as that time spent that yields no beneficial returns.

As college men, it should be the ultimate aim of each of us to best utilize the days here in fitting ourselves for our service in later years. We spend too much time in idle doings. Lounging, when we should be working, reading novels or less useful tasks when studying would be better. It would be well, indeed, if some of our "letter writing" were consumed in writing for the Chronicle.



EDITORS: J. L. CARSON, '14

The Concept is noticeably small; in fact too small a magazine for a school so well known as is Converse. Of course it may be that the editors were handicapped for lack of time in getting out this, their first issue. We always anticipate with keen pleasure the coming of *The Concept* for there is always something worth while between its covers. We look more with favor upon "The Hymn on the Emancipation of Woman," for here an earnest desire is sincerely expressed from the depth of the writer's soul that "the earth more fair" might be, and that the work of uplift by woman be complete on the coming of "Him who died for us." The translations from Goethe and Chaucer are good and deserve our praise. We can appreciate the arduousness of these tasks and commend the work very highly. However, we would suggest that more original poetry be attempted in the future. It is a rare treat to read "The Plumkets Go to Town." The author is a close observer of rustic simplicity. In "The Review of 'The House of the Seven Gables,'" we are treated to something rather rare and unique. This style of writing at once engages our interest on account of its distinctness. It is a good idea that other college magazines may well follow. The

arrangement of the departments is good, and the editorials are deserving of favorable comment.

In the first number of *The Criterion* is found one contribution that stands out pre-eminent from the rest in interest as well as importance in general information—"Failure of the Public School System" is handled in a clear, concise manner, and contains some startling facts concerning our public schools today. The writer had evidently made a careful study of the subject before attempting this essay. We are treated to a real touch of country life in "The Proposal," which by the way is written in an excellent manner. "The Seventh Member" and "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" are stories that are simple in plot, but very well carried out. There are many such stories to be found monthly among various college magazines. "Sunset" is a pretty picture of the close of day. It appeals strongly to the lover of nature. The poems in this issue are good but are rather short. We would suggest that more essays be attempted. The editorials are very good, concise and to the point. All the other departments are handled well by the various editors.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Concept*, *The Criterion*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *Chicora Almacén*, *The Record*, *The Journal*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Erothesian*, *Winthrop College Journal*, *The Isaqueena*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Mercerian*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Yellow Jacket*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Seniorian*, *The Georgian*, *Emory and Henry Era*, and *The Erskonian*.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on November 9th, a new form of service was held, being a round table discussion. Presided over by Secretary Sweeney, this meeting proved to be a very successful one, as several of the outstanding college problems were discussed by the members themselves, and all seemed eager to give their point of view. One such meeting was held last year, and, as it proved to be successful, it was thought wise to have another. I would recommend that all other Associations have a meeting of this nature for the purpose of discussing some of the vital problems of their particular student body.

Dr. Ramsay

Dr. Ramsay, President of Greenville Female College, addressed the Association at its regular meeting on the night of November 16th.

Although Dr. Ramsay is president of a girl's College, he knows the young man's problems, as was proved to us by his excellent address. He has visited us before, and we are always glad to have him speak to us as he has a message for young men.

Dr. Weatherford

Without a doubt there is no other man in the South who is so widely known and so much loved by College men as is Dr. W. D. Weatherford, International Y. M.

C. A. Secretary for the South. One of the rarest privileges of a Southern student is that of hearing Dr. Weatherford. He tries to arrange his plans so as to visit each one of the colleges in the South once during the life of each student while in College.

Through the efficiency of Secretary Sweeney, Dr. Weatherford has visited us for the second time in the last three years. He arrived at the College on Nov. 20th, and from that time until the following Sunday night, he gave six public addresses besides a large number of personal interviews with students.

It is useless to speak of Dr. Weatherford's ability as a speaker to college men because he is recognized as one of the very best in the country, and surely he was at his best during his recent visit here. Each night there were three or four hundred present to hear him, and no one can estimate the great amount of good which he did. He always spoke on some of the outstanding college problems, and the peculiar way he has of driving a thought into one's mind, caused many serious thoughts to enter the minds of a large number of Clemson men. Probably the best meeting of the series was the last one held on Sunday night. After he had finished speaking, those present were given an opportunity of stating on a card if they had decided to live a better life, or to state their problems so that he might write them after he had left and thereby be of more service. Over 120 of these cards were signed.

We sincerely hope that his coming has rejuvenated the Y. M. C. A., and that the result of his lectures will be felt for years to come.



EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

Many Thanks to Atlanta Chapter

The Alumni delegation from the Atlanta Chapter met the members of the corps at the terminal station and amid cheers escorted them up to University Club, where a bounteous outlay of fruits, sandwiches and punch met the eyes of the enthusiastic Tigers. Members of old Alumni did everything possible to add to the pleasure of the boys. Their interest in the team was unexcelled, practically from the moment the team arrived in the city members of past Tiger 11's were with the team assisting in their comfort and welfare and others aided in the management of the game.

The excellent dinner given to the corps by the Atlanta Chapter was an event which will long be remembered in the hearts of all those who participated.

The confidence of our Alumni, as well as that of our supporters, was not shaken a particle by our defeat, but they showed more enthusiasm, which was backed by the "Old Tiger Spirit;" and they promised support in securing more efficient trained men, both in athletics and otherwise.

Many of the Alumni said that it brought back old times to see the band marching up the street, followed by a crowd of Clemson rooters. Congratulations were

numerous from all sides, especially from the Tech boys; their cry was that never before has such a spirited outlay of college spirit ever been shown any where in the South, and that the Tigers are sure worthy of their fighting emblem.

The Chapter says that next year they must not have only 150 cadets, but the entire corps, which we predict will aid in bringing back once more the laurel wreath to crown the staff of the Purple and Gold.

O. P. McCord, of the class of '11, paid us a short visit sometime ago, while on his way to San Francisco. O. P. has quite a responsible as well as profitable position with a Sales Division Branch of the General Electrical Company. situated in that city.

Frank M. Melleto, '13, appeared on the campus Saturday evening for a two days' stay.

Bob Nichols, noted admirer of the kingdom, spent a few days on the campus discussing military affairs (?) with a person in barracks, (not a cadet). Bob's favorite maxim during his college career was, "The saddest words of tongue or pen old Ben has flunked again."



CHIEF PILFERER: SPOON WITHERSPOON?

She—Why do they call boats “she?”

He—Because they can't make much speed unless there are buoys around, I suppose.

Colored Pastor—I hea' we got a diamond pin in de collection plate dis mornin', sah.

Treasurer—You are mistaken, sah. It was a dime an' pin.

Johnnie—We have a new baby at our house.

Jimmy—That's nothing, we have two at ours.

Professor C. (Catching Willie looking out of the window)—Willie Williams, you stop that.

Willie—(Watching a whirlwind approaching)—I'll try, sir, if it comes this way

Photographer—Full length of bust?

Rat—Sure! an' if she busts I guess I kin stand it.

Mrs. A.—This sewing machine is all out of temper.

Mr. A.—No wonder; you tread on it so much.

BROTHER'S SHARE.

"Willie," admonished the mother, "why don't you let your little brother have the sled some of the time."

"Why I do, mamma," said Willie. "He has it half of the time. I take it going down hill and he has it coming back."

HOW HE USED THEM.

"Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I recommended?" asked the druggist.

"No I didn't!" said the customer truculently; "I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."

HIS FEAR.

Mrs. Capron informed her husband one morning that she expected a party of guests that afternoon. Immediately Mr. Capron arose and put all the umbrellas away, much to his wife's astonishment.

"Why, Walter, do you fear my guests will steal your umbrellas?" she asked in an injured tone.

"No," said Walter as he closed the closet door; "I'm afraid they will recognize them."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Now, Harry," asked the Sunday School teacher, "what must we do before our sins are forgiven?"

"That's easy," replied Harry. "We must sin."

Bush Jackson—What do you call men who won't take medicine?

Navy DesChamps, (with a smile)—Military scientists.

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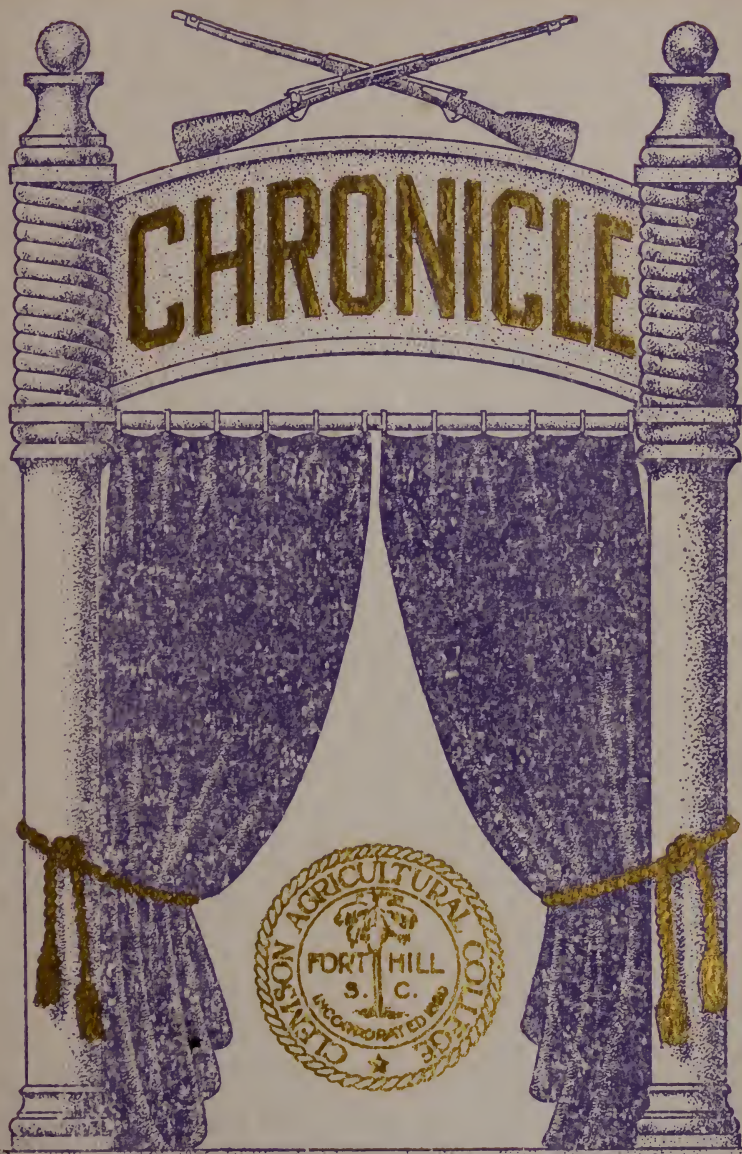
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VOL. XVII. NO. 4.

JANUARY, 1914.

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The
Chronicle
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is similar to the secret of good business—it happens to some and just misses the others.

If there ever was a commercial home run it's Fatima, the Turkish-blend cigarette. The expert who conceived this blend was some batter! Fatima was first lined out in the college towns—the student body quickly proclaimed them winners. Today Fatima is the biggest selling cigarette in this country.

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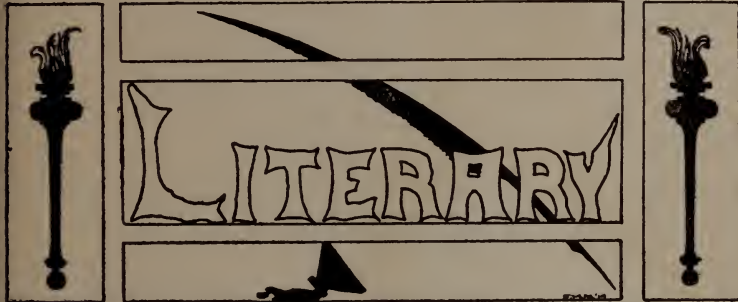
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., January, 1914.

No. 4



EDITORS :

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LEGETTE, '15

The Passing of the Old Year

BY W. J. H., '15.

AS Father Time struck off the hour of twelve,
The old year breathed its last and passed away.
Across the hills the sounding guns and bells
Made solemn music for his burial lay.
And sad were we; for with the dying year
There fled countless golden opportunities,
And struggling hopes we loved and held so dear
And many of our pet inanities.

The old was gone; the new came tripping in
And merrier rang the bells 'till all the earth
Was wide awake. The youthful shouts and din
Grew loud and joyful o'er the new year's birth.
Shaking off the dead chill of things undone
And errors made, our hopes again grew bright.
We could hardly wait the rising of the sun
With all our resolutions to live aright.

The Stuff of Life

BY H. D. B., '15.

WHAT is the most vital problem confronting mankind, either civilized or savage? In fact, what is it that distinguishes between the two classes? Undoubtedly, it is the manner of spending time. It is that which distinguishes the great men of all ages:

They knew how to weave the web of greatness out of the time allotted to them. Time is the one chief essential for anything; and when that is shut off, life ends.

We all crave a long life, or to use the slang expression, lots of time; yet every day do we not waste some of this valuable time—the very substance of life? Do we not see people around us every day engaged in idleness or in some foolishness saying, "Oh, we are just passing time off?" Passing time off, indeed! As if they thought the resources of life were so great that they could never be spent! How foolish! Such people surely do not realize the reality of life, the earnestness of life. If they did, how could they be so wasteful of the stuff upon which life depends? They have surely forgotten Franklin's favorite maxim:

"Dos't thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

When we are wasting our time, we are wasting our lives. And let us remember that lost time can never be regained. When we are inclined to squander our time, we should recall this pathetic little gem:

"Lost—between sunrise and sunset,
Two beautiful golden hours,
Each set with sixty diamond minutes.

No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

Why is it that some men have made a success out of life, while others have made failures? Is it not that they knew how to spend their time more profitably than did

their fellowman; because they knew how to make their time valuable to themselves and to the world? It is the man who gets sixty minutes worth of time out of an hour that becomes really great; for

“The height by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But while their companions slept,
They were toiling upward in the night.”

Or, in other words, the man who reaches the permanent plane of greatness is the man who utilizes all his time, even while his companions are asleep. That is how Lincoln reached his enviable degree of greatness. For, as we all know, he would often work all day, walk five miles to borrow a grammar, and sit up all night by the flickering light of a pine knot blaze to master its contents. That is how Franklin became so great. His rules for industry were of the strictest type. He believed in using every moment of his time. Even the time his fellow workmen would spend in recreation, he would spend reading some valuable book. Just so in every instance; if we look up the records, we find that the really great men were those who made use of their time.

I think moreover that they are the men who must enjoy the real lasting pleasures of life, for we all know the thrill of pleasure we feel at knowing our time has been well spent. Then if they are the men who enjoy the real, lasting pleasures of life, if they are the ones who make a success out of life, theirs must be the life that is worth the living.

Is it not clear then that the one great secret of success, in real life, is the wisely, the profitably spending of every moment of our time? If that be the one great secret of success, then let us add to our New Year resolutions one of Jonathan Edward's famous resolutions:

“Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I can.”

A South Carolina River Scene

R. P. T.

SEVERAL years ago, when I lived in Union County, I often amused myself by hunting along the banks of the Broad River. Many little spots of quite beautiful and attractive scenery appeared along this river, one of which particularly struck me one day on account of its beauty and quiet dreaminess.

It was a hot day in July—a typical July day, with a dim, smoky haze in the air, through which the sun's rays danced and quivered before they reached the hot earth beneath. I came upon the river at a point known as Dunn's Eddy, where the river is very broad, and flows around the edge of the hill in a long curve. I was so struck by the beauty of the view spread out before me that I leaned my gun against a nearby oak, and threw myself at full length on the ground where I could command a full view of the river and the opposite banks.

Far away to my left, and above me, the river stretched in a long, smooth, ascending curve, till its surface mingled with the horizon; one long, smooth expanse of water. Its surface unbroken by a ripple, reflecting here and there in glances and flashes, the shining rays of the sun. Just below me, however, its surface was not so tranquil; for here was the great eddy. At a considerable distance out from the bank, a part of the water seemed to break away from the rest, and sweep toward the bank, and upstream, in a long, slow protesting curve. Here and there tiny whirlpools formed, whirled round and round, and moved off swiftly upstream in graceful spirals, to be immediately followed by others. Pieces of trash, imprisoned by the eddy, were tossed here and there by these whirlpools—now carried upstream, now down, or standing calm a moment, to be snatched into rapid motion the next. Just opposite me, and near the farther bank, a muskrat swam lazily along, pushing out little swelling

wavelets into the quiet waters on either side. In its mouth it carried a green plant. Only the tips of its ears and nose could be seen above the surface of the water, while its tail trailed through the water behind. On the opposite shore stood a forest of immense trees. From this, wafted across the quiet water, as a confused medley of sound, came sounds of bird and animal life, among which could be clearly distinguished, the cawing of crows, the barking of dogs, and the lowing of cattle, mellowed into pleasing accents by the distance. Flashes of color here and there among the green leaves showed the presence of bird life. The cool, dark shadows looked inviting indeed.

In the air above the trees, my attention was drawn to two great blue-tailed hawks, that were soaring about in long, graceful, slowly descending spirals. Finally one of them alighted in the top of a great naked, dead pine, which towered above the surrounding trees, and sat there, a grim and silent spectator of the busy activities about him—sat and pruned his feathers in quiet and dignity, knowing that none of the bird family dared approach him.

Below me, my view was shut off, save for a short distance, by a sharp bend in the river; but, from the low sound as of flowing over rocks that came at intervals to my ears, I judged that there were shoals below me. Through all ran a low, pleasant undertone—scarce distinguishable, inaudible at times, then stealing gently upon the ear—the droning and buzzing of lazy insects as they stirred through the lazy air.

These various sights and noises brought a feeling of laziness and dreaminess over me. The dim haze in the air, the confused sounds of animal life, softened by the soft buzzing of insects, the tiny whirlpools forming and disappearing with their dizzy motions before my eyes—all these brought over me a feeling of perfect comfort and content and sleepiness, from which I was very loath to break myself and resume my hunt.

The Reformed Moonshiners

D. T. F., '16.

LYING on the banks of Laurel Fork Creek, in the northwestern part of South Carolina, are a few acres of level cleared land. At one edge of this field was a one room log cabin, the home of Samuel Powell. Powell had lived there alone for several years, producing corn on his few but fertile acres. This was his only necessity that nature did not freely supply. The forest and streams gave him an abundance of meat all the year round.

Powell was noted for his ability to make "Moonshine," or "Mountain Dew," and to escape the revenue officers. He lived a very solitary life, being acquainted with only those classes of men, namely: the crude mountaineer, who bought his liquor; the officers who cut his stills, and who had tried in vain to catch him in the act of distilling; and third, the man who reported his still to the government. This last class he called by the common name, "Judas." This type of man was hated by every moonshiner.

Once Powell had built a new still in a place where he thought no one would find it. He ran it successfully for three or four months, when a shrewd "Judas," Baxter Fields, found and reported it at once, receiving for doing so, his much coveted ten dollars. The rural police, McKinney and Douglas, went to the mountains with Fields, to capture Powell, if possible. They arrived at the cabin of Fields at dusk, but decided to spend the night with him. Before retiring, Chief McKinney laid out his plans for the capture, which were in brief; They would arise before dawn the next morning, go to the still, wait until Powell came in, then get him at work, so there could be no doubt as to his guilt.

The following morning the men started over the mountains with Fields as guide. When they reached the

top, the officers paused a moment for breath, and to view the surrounding country. A dense fog lay in the valley, hiding everything but the highest peaks from view. It looked very much like a sea dotted here and there with islands. Fields moved on, saying, "It's a fine day for Powell to work, and if we don't hurry he'll beat us thar." McKinney agreed and followed.

Fields soon left the trail, leading towards a deep ravine. He then became very nervous, telling the officers to make as little noise as possible. Soon they came to a thicket so dense that it was necessary to crawl to get through it. Fields became more nervous and frowned at the snapping of a twig or the rolling of an overturned stone. In this thicket, they crept on for a few yards, and halted. Fields pointed down on the banks of a small brook and whispered, "Thar it is." The officers, looking in the direction indicated, saw the crude laboratory of Powell, where the vilest of spirits was made. It was hidden on one side by a steep cliff and on the other side by the thick undergrowth.

Powell had not arrived but he was expected at any minute, therefore Chief McKinney gave his last instructions. Fields, knowing how Powell hated him, wanted to leave, like the coward that he was, but McKinney would not let him. The men concealed themselves and waited.

It was only a short time before the "chemist" appeared. He entered his still and started a fire. The pale blue smoke crept slowly out among the leaves and disappeared as if it knew it had taken part in an evil. McKinney waited until he saw his opportunity, then he moved carefully from his hiding place; but the trained ears of the mountaineer heard the snapping of the leaves, and seeing the officer, he plunged into the underbrush. McKinney dashed after him at once. Then he heard a breaking of limbs, and mutter of oaths in front. Douglas had tripped the moonshiner as he passed and the two

were struggling. McKinney came up and the two officers handcuffed the man who had escaped so many raids. They looked about for Fields but he was nowhere to be seen. Fearing the wrath of Powell, the Judas had fled at the first of the conflict. The officers cut the still and carried their prisoner across the mountain to Field's house, where they had left their car. From there they carried him to the county seat, and placed him in jail, to await the day of trial, as he was unable to give bond.

The trial came, and the case was so plain that Powell was readily convicted. The sentence was fifty dollars fine or six months in jail. He elected the imprisonment.

During the time Powell has been in jail and during the trial, the jailor and other officers had noticed the peculiar disposition of this mountaineer. They had never seen any one act as he did. He refused to talk, answering their questions in monosyllables. When the jailor entered his cell he noticed that Powell would shrink back as if he did not wish to touch him and gave him a look of hatred mixed with abhorrence.

A young minister visited the prison one day, and saw this strange man from the hills, and gained admission to the mountaineer's cell. Powell treated him as he did others, refusing to hold any conversation. But this interested the minister the more. He came again and again to see Powell. Gradually the moonshiner began to see that he had a friend and began to speak freely with the minister.

The minister learned that Powell knew nothing of the government that was punishing him, and that he knew very little about God. He also learned that Powell made and sold whiskey, because he had no other means of marketing his corn. Therefore Powell was justified in his belief that the country was doing him an injustice when they punished him for making whiskey.

The minister understood all, and saw what the moonshiner needed. First he taught him the laws of the State,

and then the Christian religion. At the end of the six months Powell was a new man. He sought the pardon of the jailor and officers for the way he had treated them, and returned to the mountains. Not to his old work of stilling but instead, he put down the custom for many miles around his farm.

This farm was no longer for his old selfish life, but was made happy by a pure mountain lass and brightened by the children that played in the fields and roads around it.

To _____

By H., '15.

WHEN talking to thee face to face
 I only see thy many charms.
 Thou art the very child of grace—
 Then down with all these wild alarms!

The other fellow suffers much
 I what thou say'st to me of him.
 He's untrue and likewise such
 As such thy ever-changing whim.

It chanced I met him yesterday,
 The other fellow gay and free—
 We talked of thee, and lo, I say
 That he was I, and I was he!

Forgive Me

T. C. H., '14.

WHAT is it sir?" It was a middle aged woman speaking, and the words were directed to a man—yea a tramp—some few years her senior—entering the back piazza.

The scene, a quiet dwelling in a town of eight or ten thousand population. Time, a Thanksgiving day, and an hour after dinner.

"I want 'er ten or fifteen cent lunch—if—yer please," he muttered. "But—'er—I haven't got any money—er couldn't you give me a little something to eat?"

She looked hard at him for a moment, looking up and down the personage before her; and turning in search of a lunch for the apparent tramp, she said, partly to him and partly for her own satisfaction, "I can't refuse a man bread as long as I have any myself."

"A paper bag—a man's out here begging for a lunch," said the lady to herself, as she entered the dining room. "We can give him something," she added rather softly, as she began putting in the sack and saying to herself: "A turkey leg, a few biscuits, a couple of sausage, a slice of pork, a piece of light bread, some potatoes, a piece of cake, etc. He'll be glad to get this."

She handed it to him.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, "And so as to get bread for supper, can't you give me some work to do?" he asked.

"Have a seat in the piazza and eat your lunch, I'll see about it; but husband is not here just at present, he will be back in a few minutes," she said.

The lady turned and walked into the dining room to straighten up some things in there while the tramp was eating his lunch. The air seemed rather strange, and a little sympathetic to the wife. She walked out on the

piazza again and stopped in the door way. The tramp—Tom by name—had just finished his delightful lunch and was sitting there on the steps looking out into the yard.

She began, "You are not in a hurry? You haven't any wife or children that are expecting you home before night?"

"None—at all," he murmured.

"No relatives that are looking for you home," she continued.

"I do have some relatives, but—they don't care to see me—in fact—er—I expect they would be glad to donate something to raise a tomb over some spot, if they only knew that I lay under the sod," he added.

"Not married—then—I suppose," she said.

"I am parted, and have been for years," he said as he shifted himself to see the husband who was appearing on the scene.

"I've just given him a lunch, Henry," said the wife to her husband. "And he wants to get some work to do," she continued.

"You are begging?" said Henry to the tramp.

"Well, I've got to eat if I live," said Tom, "and if you have any work that I could do to earn some bread, I'll be glad to see it," said he to Henry.

"You kind of fellows are no good at anything," said Henry, rather rashly. "Let him have a lunch for supper and he can go," said Henry to his wife, as he retired into the house.

Tom's eyes rose, for the first time on the face of the lady who had so kindly lunched him. "Oh! that birth spot on her cheek!" he whispered to himself and almost breathless.

By this time Tom had risen from his seat on the steps. And the lady's eyes were fixed—peculiarly on him—blazing with anger and horror. She sat down in the chair just beside her, filled with surprise and almost in pain.

"Y—e—s, this is Tom," he said.

For a minute no one spoke.

"I thought you were dead—they said you was," she breathed in a whisper.

"No, never—where is my child?" asked Tom.

"The child is dead, many months ago," she answered.

"All the better, I guess," grunted Tom.

"I, with my child, was in the midst of starvation, and what other could I have done but accept this home," said the wife—Alice.

"I told you that my relatives would be glad if they knew I was dead, and I guess you see where I was about right," said Tom rather hoarsely. "Why did the baby die?" he asked.

"He had some—er—disease, and I was nearly starved so—"

"Did Mr.—did your—was he glad of it?" Tom interrupted.

"No, he tried to save the child—he loved it," she said.

"Well, are you comfortable here?" he asked.

"Why—yes," she feebly answered.

With tears in his eyes, Tom said, "I'll be leaving and you will never see me—again."

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked.


"Going some palce where I can do no harm," he answered. "And some where," he added, "where, as I wait to die, I can think of what life might have been with a wife and child to care for—what it might have been, and how happy might I have been had I been a better boy—a better man—not foolish and wicked."

The tears were coming from his eyes.

"But I have roughed it so long," he said rather softly. And stepping off with one hand in a pocket of his tattered pants, the other holding his dilapidated hat, he hesitated and said to Alice, "I wish I had done my duty towards you—I must leave—do forgive me."

Oysters—the World's Most Valuable Water Crop

W. C. WILLIAMS, '17.

 OYSTERS are the most popular and most extensively eaten of all shellfish; economically, they are the most important of all cultivated water products and with the single exception of sea herring, the most valuable of aquatic animals.

On the shores of all temperate and tropical oceans and seas, oysters occur in greater or less abundance; but the supply in the North Atlantic exceeds that of all other waters combined.

The oyster crop of the world at the present time amounts to over 42 million bushels and is valued at nearly \$25,000,000. Of this output, the share of the United States is 88 per cent of the quantity and 69 per cent of the value. Of the remaining portion, fully 65 per cent of the quantity and 50 per cent of the value belongs to France.

Oysters produce an immense number of young in order to compensate for the heavy mortality that occurs at all stages of growth, but particularly in the early months. Of the million of microscopic young liberated by a single full grown oyster, only an exceedingly small percentage become attached to a suitable bottom, form a shell, and enter on a career that will terminate on the table in two or four years.

Oysters have been under culture longer than any other water creature. A simple type of cultivation, with the formation of artificial beds, flourished in China at a very remote period and probably preceded, by some centuries, the beginning of oyster culture in Italy, about the year 100 B. C. The cultivation of oysters is made necessary by the exhaustion of the natural beds.

The body of water which produce more oysters than

any other body of water in the United States or, in fact, in the whole world is Chesapeake Bay. The latest statistics of the oyster industry show the importance of the bay: An output of over 11 million bushels, valued at more than \$4,250,000, or 30 per cent of the quantity and 25 per cent of the value of the entire oyster crop of the United States for 1908.

France, which is the only rival of the United States in the oyster industry, has the distinction of maintaining the most perfect and thorough system of oyster culture in the world, although the methods pursued are not adapted to conditions in the United States or even in some countries near France.

Green oysters in America are often regarded as diseased or unwholesome, and our oyster growers strive to prevent their occurrence, but green oysters in France are in great demand.

French oyster-growers, in 1907, produced upwards of 1,450,000,000 oysters, having a market value of three and a quarter million dollars. In addition, there was a small product taken from bottoms laid bare at low tide, which were not cultivated, and from deep-water public grounds. Over 22,000 men, women, and children were engaged in gathering such oysters and their aggregate take was about 175 million oysters, for which they received less than one tenth of a cent a piece, whereas the cultivated oysters brought nearly three times as much.

Electrical Equipment of the Gasoline Motor

T. W. THORNHILL, '14.

THE principal electrical devices used on the gasoline motor perform the functions of ignition, lighting, and engine starting; their relative importance being in the order given. The service of the first two elements is of a continuous nature; that of the third is intermittent and momentary.

The ignition system and its wonderful development is to a large extent due to the high perfection that the gasoline engine has reached today. The ignition system in its simplest terms consists of a source of electrical supply, an induction coil for producing a high voltage discharge from an insulated to a grounded electrode in the firing chamber, and a control device, or timer, for making and breaking the primary circuit of the induction coil. To insure perfect ignition, there should be an unfailing source of electrical energy, an igniting spark at all operating speeds, and accurate timing of this spark. The dry batteries used in the earlier systems were found to be unreliable. This fact caused the attention to be turned to some form of generator and, due to its great simplicity, and greater range of operating speed, the permanent magnet type, or magneto as it is generally known, was found to be the most suitable. This apparatus possesses several inherent features which are desirable in a spark-producing device. The voltage induced in its windings is approximately proportional to the speed, which fact tends to maintain a constant spark for all speeds.

With the advent of electrical lighting, a generator of different characteristics from that of the ignition machine was required. As light is required during periods when the generator is not operating, the use of a storage battery is entailed, and as the generator must operate in parallel with this battery over a wide range of speed, its terminal voltage must be nearly constant over this range.

For this reason, the magneto system of ignition has been almost entirely discarded, and in its place a generator having a constant voltage characteristic, irrespective of speed, has taken its place, and answers the double purpose of ignition and lighting. The generator in some instances, is connected directly to the driving shaft of the engine, and, as the engine speeds up and tends to deliver high voltage, there is an automatic device which throws into the circuit of the generator field a certain number of bucking coil which cut down the voltage, and then, as the speed decreases, these coils are cut out. At times when the lights are not in use and the voltage of the generator is high, the batteries are being charged, thus taking current and helping to keep the voltage constant. When the engine is running slow and the voltage of the generator is necessarily low, the reverse is the case; the battery discharge and builds up the voltage. In other instances, the generator is connected to the engine through a clutch. The clutch is based on the principal of centrifugal force, when a certain speed is reached, the pressure on the clutch is released, thus causing the speed at which the generator is driven to remain constant, which means that the voltage is kept constant.

For starting the gasoline engine, a motor is used which draws power from the storage battery. There are two possible schemes; namely, the use of the lighting generator as a motor and to operate it at its normal speed would require an extremely heavy machine, though in some instances this is done by having a special driving device which allows the generator to operate at engine speed when driven as a generator, and allows a considerable speed reduction from this generator to the engine when being operated as a motor. This implies a low-speed generator and a high speed motor, which, for efficient results, necessitates double windings and commutators. On account of the general complications of this scheme, it is thought best to use a separate starting motor.

The design of the motor is nothing other than a series motor with efficiency as high as consistent with light weight, and the starting force as strong as possible, in order to minimize the possibility of failure to start when the engine is cold and stiff.

In the gearing between the motor and the engine, there are certain conditions which must be met, due to the peculiarity of the load which the motor is driving. It is necessary to introduce some sort of a device, which will prevent the gasoline engine from driving the motor, owing to the comparatively high gear ratio, the motor will be operating at an excessive speed at even a comparatively low operating speed of the gasoline engine. This device consists of what is known as the over-running clutch, which is merely a mechanical device which allows the motor to drive the engine, but will not allow the engine, to drive the motor.

The battery, while supplying current for the starting motor, must be of a special design due to the momentary excessive discharge rate due to the excessive overload of the motor in starting the gasoline engine.

In the wiring of an automobile there are two plans in general use; that of having two wires for each circuit, or having one wire and using the grounded frame as the other. The former is preferred as there is less chance of its getting out of order, due to a wire from which the insulation has become worn off and causing a short circuit, which would put the whole installation out of commission.

The Glad Return of the Prodigal

J. T. M., '15.

JOHAN NORWOOD was as fine a boy as any one could wish. He was very generous and true-hearted. Indeed, it was this very big-heartedness that sapped the strength of his will, and made him as clay in the moulding hands of his companions. He was very unfortunate in falling in with a rather fast set, and now that the fast pace was set, he found it impossible to curb himself in and rushed with awful momentum down the road to sorrow and shame.

John's father saw that his dear boy, the idol of a departed mother, was sowing too many wile oats, so with a father's love, he admonished him, warning him of the error of his living. But the reply of the son was heart rending: "Father, you have neglected too long the welfare of your son. I have now reached the point where I am entirely unable to live a sober life. However, I shall not remain here and set a bad example for my younger brothers, or be a stain upon the fair names of my dear sisters. I realize I have made an awful mistake, and I shall leave the scene of my folly tomorrow, and shall not return until I have redeemed my honor.

To this the father objected strenuously and did everything within his power to constrain his son. His efforts were in vain. So with tears in his eyes, the father saw his son rend with one mighty effort all the ties that held him so dear to his loved ones and to his home.

John took a north-bound train, finally landing in Richmond. His purse was very light, hence he saw that unless he secured employment, he would soon be reduced to the grade of a common tramp. His every effort to find work, proved futile. So now his meals consisted of only a meagre bowl of soup. He refrained from sitting on the park benches for fear he would fall asleep and be "pinched" by a "bull," and as he could not afford to secure

lodging. He found "toting the banner" inevitable, and things went from bad to worse.

One day, as he sat in a semi-conscious state, almost overcome by hunger and the loss of sleep, he was suddenly awakened by a policeman who informed him that he was wanted on a charge of stealing the pocket-book from a man named Peter Beauchamp, who had passed through the park that morning. John was completely mortified upon hearing this statement. He knew that he was innocent of the charge, but feared that he would be unable to establish his innocence. Indeed, such was the case. Beauchamp's lawyer forged a formidable chain of circumstantial evidence about the prisoner—a chain, the weakest link of which was too strong to be severed by the ineffecual defence of the prisoner. The final verdict of the court was that the prisoner be given 60 days of hard labor on the city streets.

* * * *

It was indeed a typical winter evening. The brief December sun hung as one great ball of fire, and tinged in ruddy hues the surrounding mass of defiant clouds. Howling blasts of wintry wind, the heralds of the approaching storm, whistled in weird notes about the staunch old southern home of James Norwood. Soon all chores were done, and the family group gathered about a roaring fire. No one spoke. The plaintive cry of the outside storm had set its peculiar charm upon them, and their faces showed that they were "livng in the past." No doubt the father was thinking of similar occasions—occasions, however, which unlike the present one, were not marred by the absence of a unit of the family group. He was thinking of his wandering John. However, this quiet reverie was soon ended by a sharp military rap, the kind that does not await the "come in."

"Why how are you, neighbor Bill," James Norwood saluted. "Seemingly, you set at naught the fierce cannonade of enraged elements"—for the storm was now fur-

ious. "Yes, James," Bill Roland replied, "I was rather unfortunately detained at Paynesboro today, and now that the storm is on, I must reach home as soon as possible. But, John," he continued, "I could not think of passing your home without stopping in and giving you this paper, which is of no little importance to you." He withdrew from his coat a rather torn and soiled copy of a Richmond Daily, and pointed to the large head-lines:

"Theft Mystery Solved." Below this appeared: "Young man identified as John Norwood is held responsible for Peter Beauchamp's money."

The father was amazed, shocked, and horrified. But recovering himself, said: "Bill, this is bad news indeed; but fact is, I am glad of it, for now I know where my boy is and can go to Richmond and reclaim him. I have been unhappy ever since he left home, and would have done anything in my power to bring him back to the fold. I shall not mention this to anyone, but will leave to-morrow on a pretended business trip to Richmond. For truly, isn't the saving of a lost boy the most important duty of a father? Bill, I feel very grateful to you for your interest in my happiness."

"O, don't mention that, James," said Bill. "You know I am a father myself and am thereby fitted to sympathize with fathers. But now, I must get on home. Good night, James; may success attend you."

"Many thanks, Bill; good night."

Soon after his arrival in Richmond, James Norwood knew the sentence received by his son. The father went up the street, after having ended an interview with the city authorities, and presently came upon a number of men engaged in excavating a water-main. His keen eye ran from one to another, until finally it fell upon his boy John. The father "threw to the winds" all pride and propriety of action, and with one mighty bound, held the wayward boy in his arms.

"O, John," the sobbing father was heard to say, "how

thankful I am to again hold my precious boy close to my heart. John, I hope you will pardon me for any negligence toward you. I have here a paper setting forth your full pardon. The guilty man has confessed—your innocence is established. Come, John, retrun to the old home, forget your follies and make manifest the manhood which I believe to be yours.

I am trying so hard for to get you
I try but it seems all in vain,
Your mamma and papa are willing,
But you with a frown still tell me,
“I don’t like a downtrodden pauper,
I don’t like a Clemson cadet,
Oh, I don’t like your striped breeches,
I don’t want a soldier boy.”

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

M. R. S., '15.

I WAS sitting in my large, comfortable chair, near the fire. My only companions were a large jimmy pipe and my dog Nero, who was lying at my feet. Outside, the wind was blowing fiercely, cutting the corners of my log cabin with a sharp, whizzing sound. The night was pitch black and such a one as a doctor might wish to avoid making a trip in. "Nero," I exclaimed, "Old boy, aren't we glad we are not out in that gale?" Nero's answer was a wag of the tail, and a whine, which seemed to say, "You're right."

I must tell you why Nero and I were way up on that forsaken mountain, alone. I am a doctor by profession and was working in the small town of B——, when I began to lose my health. After consulting other doctors, I was told to go to the mountains and stay in a peaceful spot 'till I recuperated. A few days later Nero and I settled here.

I was beginning to think of going to bed when I heard a knock on the door which Nero answered with a growl. Bidding Nero to stop, I walked to the door and opened it. Before me stood a tall, rugged mountain boy, who wore a corduroy suit, which was well worn and full of holes. The only covering that he carried to check the force of the wind and to keep off the cold with was a large red blanket which was thrown over his shoulders.

The wind was so strong that it nearly blew me off my feet. A strong blast that had entered through the door blew a quantity of smoke over the room.

"Doc," the stranger exclaimed, "dey sent me arter you, I mean Misses Tompkins. Her husband dats been running de still on de sly came home drunk tonight and nearly killed Bennie; dey told me to hurry arter you. Doc."

"Have you a buggy?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Dere it is out der."

Seizing my overcoat and medical bag, I locked the door, called Nero and was off with my friend. I managed to learn from him that Mr. Tompkins, who had been chided by Bennie for drinking, during a state of intoxication, had become enraged and hit Bennie in the head with a stick.

I never will forget that rough ride down the mountain, how the very wind stung me to the bone and how at any time I looked for the buggy to be turned over and both of us pitched to eternity. After what seemed ages we arrived at the Tompkins' house.

On a little cot in the corner near the fireplace, lay the little sufferer. His mother sat at the head of the cot watching every movement of his face. Around the small log fire was gathered Old Man Tompkins, who had become sober by now, and his two daughters. On my entrance they arose and asked in accord, with eager, yet anxious tones, "Doc, do you think he will live?"

I said, "It's hard to say; if his skull has been broken, there is no chance, but if it is not, he will probably live. I walked over to the cot and examined his head carefully. A short examination told me that there was no hope. Opening my case I took out my hypodermic needle and inserted some morphine in his arm to ease the suffering. Knowing that there was nothing else to do, I took a seat near the fire and waited.

After a few hours Bennie began calling for his father. He was out of his head and talking at random. "Papa, papa," he exclaimed, "please be a good man and join the church, don't make any more whiskey, and please, papa, don't get drunk; you are just killing mamma." He then turned over and, with a smile on his face, stretched out his arms, "Papa take my hand and promise you won't ever again." His father, with a groan, and with tears streaming down his rugged face, went and knelt beside the bed and took Bennie's out-stretched hands. Laying

his head on the bed his big frame shook with agony. Bennie realized that he was crying and exclaimed, "Papa, please don't cry, it didn't hurt much; I know you didn't mean it, papa, I forgive." He then lay back exhausted.

Tears were streaming from my own eyes. It was a pitiful sight; God grant that I may never witness such as this again.

In a few minutes Bennie sat up and cried, "Papa, can't you hear it—the sweetest music, and yonder are angels beckoning me! Oh, papa, I can't bear to leave you and mamma. Promise you won't ever drink again, that you will burn the still and be a good man like Doctor Hawkins," meaning me. His father leaned over and with tears streaming down his rugged face said, "Bennie—for God sake—don't go, I—promise!" A smile spread over the little sufferer's face. He muttered feebly, "Good-bye," fell back, and was dead. That night I left a heart-broken family—but a Christian father.

Several years later my bride and I were passing through that country on an automobile honeymoon. I was amazed to see what a great change had taken place on the Tompkins farm. A new house had been built, the yard was clean, as was also every member of the family. I stopped and spoke to all the Tompkins and found them well. Everywhere I noticed changes for the better. Out under the shade of a large oak tree was a white slab. On it was written the name "Bennie Tompkins." The epitaph read, "Verily I say unto you, a little child shall lead them all."

The Clemson College Chronicle

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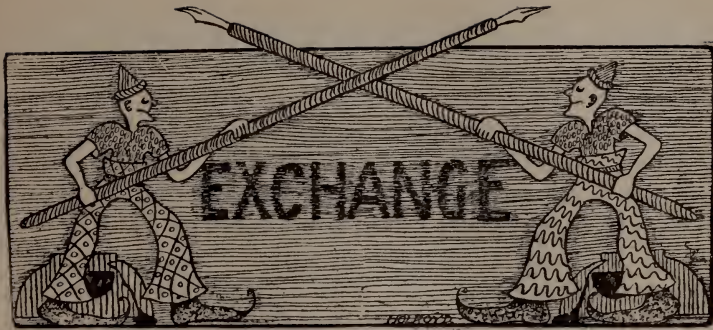
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

What class will win championship in *Class Football*. football? Who will be the stars, and how many players have been imbued with ambition and skill that will place them on the Varsity squad of the 1914 Tigers? If you want an answer to these questions, come out and get your own dope. If you are not playing on your class team, the least possible aid that you should think of rendering is that of enthusiastic support. If you doubt the value of loyalty to the team, think of the result of last year's games. Aside from the pleasant rivalry and diversion that these games give, they are important in the development of our future "Varsities." This season Coach Williams intends to witness the class games, so let us as a student body, put forth every effort in getting out the best teams possible.

Now it is the Movie By the joint auspices of the Block "C" Club and the Y. M. C. A. we are being provided with all the delights of a modern moving picture theater. Twice each week the films are put on. The well stocked seats at each performance is proof enough of the enjoyment of this entertainment. The films are of a high class and present up-to-the-hour scenes. One of the most popular film was that of the Clemson victory over Carolina. Every one who attends finds a pleasant and profitable means of passing an hour of the dreary winter's eve. Aside from the income derived by the two organizations, these pictures are an extremely valuable asset to our college life.

* * * *

The Clemson-Tech Debate. A novel happening to the old rivals, Clemson and Georgia Tech, is scheduled for the early spring. A challenge from the Henry W. Grady Literary Society of the latter college has been accepted by the Clemson Societies, and our representatives are hard at work building an indestructible argument in favor of Woman's Suffrage rights. This meeting is anxiously awaited by the Clemson debaters, who long to revenge the bitter sting administered to our Tigers on the gridiron Thanksgiving.



EDITORS: J. L. CARSON, '14

The Exchange Editors are instructed as well as entertained by the reading of *The Winthrop College Journal*. "As in a Dream," is one of the old Indian legends, of which we never tire of hearing. The legend is so beautifully told that it is well worth reading for the style alone. "The Little Minister" touches human life. It tells of the spirit of self sacrifice, and reminds us of the love of parents, and our debt to them. "The Proctor," a humorous discourse, appeals to all the disciples of self-government. By far the best selection in the Journal is the "Modern Molock." From this we gain an insight into what is going on all around us, yet which we daily overlook, the sacrifice of so many children to the god of money. This evil so predominant in all manufacturing communities, is ably discussed, and a plea is made for the poor man's children. The magazine is not materially improved by "The Gift of Speech." The editorials are handled well. On the whole, we believe this magazine is above the average, but we would advise the use of more short stories.

In the *Palmetto* are found numerous places open to criticism. Perhaps the fault lies with the selection of ma-

terial, but the staff can not always be blamed, for there may be a scarcity of material to select from. In "A Christmas Story," and also in "The Gold Cuff Buttons," the authors appear to have strayed entirely out of their sphere, and to have attempted something, so fatal to beginners, to write a successful story about things with which they are not familiar. The only other story, "Captain Junior," is well written, but lacks the essential, without which no story is a success, originality. We do not criticize this fault severely, however, because we realize how difficult it is to separate that which we have read from that which we call imagination. The same fault is found in the poem, "A Dream of Spring." The contents are original, but the frame is that of another poem. The one redeeming feature of the *Palmetto* is a beautiful poem, "Late Autumn Sunset." It would be a credit to the literary department of any college publication.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

Miss Rutherford.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, one of Georgia's leading educators, the Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on December 7th. The first few minutes of her address was given to a short discussion of the Negro Question. She stated that she agreed with Dr. Weatherford in his beliefs about the question. She believes in educating the negro along moral and industrial lines, but no farther. Then came the best part of her address, when the gifted lecturer told us about her recent travels in the Holy Land. She described many places and scenes in that land which we have heard about and read about for so long a time; but this time, we felt nearer to them, because she described them just as she saw them. We were told all about the manners and customs of the people in that land today, especially were we touched with the description she gave of the shepherds and their flocks as she saw them grazing on the beautiful mountains.

Probably no speaker we have had this year has made such a lasting impression on the boys. The chapel was nearly filled with cadets and people from "the hill." And the attention of everyone was held from start to finish.

This, however, is not Miss Rutherford's first appearance on our campus. She is always welcome here, and we sincerely hope to have her again in the future.

The following morning Miss Rutherford was given the first recitation hour to give her famous lecture on

South Carolina History. She handled her subject well, and when she had finished a hearty applause came from 800 cadets.

Prof. Daniel

On the night of December 14th, Prof. D. W. Daniel, of the English department, addressed the Y M. C. A. on the subject of the Negro Problem. He said that the negro was here to stay, and that it is the white man's place to give him the opportunity to make something of himself. Every living creature, he said, deserved justice, but in the past the negro has not received justice from the white man, and we have no right to expect him to do the very best work unless he has some knowledge of how to do it. And for this reason the negro should be educated along industrial lines. There is no basis, he said, for fear of social equalization as long as the negro is educated along industrial and moral lines.

Prof. Clinkscales

The Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate in securing Prof. Clinkscales, of Wofford College, to give the first address of the new year. He chose for his subject, "Taking Stock," and well did he choose for this particular time of the year. At the beginning of each year, every one should take stock of his life, to see what dividends have been realized during the past year, and then, he added, we should make good investments for the coming twelve months. We should all profit by the many good suggestions which Prof. Clinkscales gave us. He was once connected with this college and he still has a tender feeling for its students.

Y. M. C. A.

At this writing, the delegates to the Kansas City Convention are perhaps on their way to South Carolina. Those representing our Y. M. C. A. are Messrs. McDonald, F. H. McCall, P. L. Ward, and Secretary Sweeney. From all reports, the Convention has been a great success; in fact, we know it must have been a success with such men as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, and W. J. Bryan to deliver addresses. This is one of the greatest opportunities that any Clemson Students have ever enjoyed, and we believe these delegates are coming back with a determination to create a missionary spirit in this college.



ALUMNI.

The title 'ALUMNI.' is rendered in a large, bold, black serif font. Above the letters, there are three black silhouettes: a plow on the left, a mortarboard in the center, and a building with a steeple on the right. A horizontal line runs through the middle of the silhouettes, passing behind the letters. To the right of the building silhouette, the words 'Hagood Day' are written in a small, cursive font. A small registered trademark symbol (®) is located at the bottom right of the word 'ALUMNI.'

EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

Tom Redfern, '11, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University. We extend our best wishes and hope that he will be as efficient as his father in preventing the cadets from "beating out."

S. W. Rabb, or "Shorty," '11, is a traveling salesman for Textile Machinery. We wish him the Rabb-its fast ways in acquiring his fortune.

Pat Adams, an old Clemson graduate, appeared on the campus for a few hours a few days ago.

Carrol La Rooke, '08, is chief clerk at the Southern R. R. Freight Office in Columbia.

J. S. H. Clarkson, '09, is a progressive farmer at Eastover, S. C.

"Buck" Kaminer, '08, is Secretary and Treasurer of the Congaree Fertilizer works at Columbia.

J. T. Lazar, '11, proved very troublesome to many cadets on their return to college from their home after the holidays. He is now ticket collector on the Southern road between Charleston and Charlotte.

Walter Keenan, '08, deals in real estate at the State Capital.

Joe Bates, Varsity '11, is a clerk at the Palmetto National Bank, at Columbia.

Duncan Ballinger, '08, is Probate Judge of Richland County. We hope his decisions will aid in building his position to much more success.

The Young Men's Christian Association.

General Secretary R. L. Sweeney
President J. C. Barksdale
Secretary P. L. McCall
Treasurer A. R. Boyd

The Calhoun Literary Society.

President W. B. Wilkerson
Secretary E. A. Pate
Treasurer C. C. Thornton

The Columbian Literary Society.

President R. B. Ezell
Secretary L. R. Tarrant
Treasurer J. F. Harrison

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President A. H. Ward
Secretary M. A. Smith
Treasurer F. H. McDonald

The Athletic Association.

President Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun
Secretary and Treasurer J. W. Gantt
Historian J. N. McBride

The Football Team.

Manager J. B. Douthit
Captain A. P. Gandy

The Baseball Team

Manager E. H. Pressley
Captain S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager A. P. Lewis
Captain A. H. Ward

The Basketball Team.

Manager K. G. Caughman
Captain J. W. Erwin

The Alumni Association.

President D. H. Henry
Secretary and Treasurer H. W. Barre

The Senior Class.

President J. L. Carson
Secretary and Treasurer E. H. Pressley

The Junior Class.

President S. W. Hutto
Secretary and Treasurer.....W. J. Hunter

The Sophomore Class.

President J. R. Logan
Secretary and Treasurer J. P. Harrall

The Clemson College Sunday School.

Superintendent B. J. Wells
Secreary and Treasurer A. R. Boyd

The Clemson College Orchestra

Manager W. B. Wilkerson
Director H. L. Smith

The Glee Club.

President R. S. Hood
Director W. B. Wilkerson

The Agricultural Society.

President J. N. McBride
Secretary J. L. Carson

Freshman Class.

President L. A. Page
Secretary A. B. Schacht

A. I. E. E.

Chairman F. J. Jervey
Secretary and Treasurer F. H. McDonald

Students Press Association.

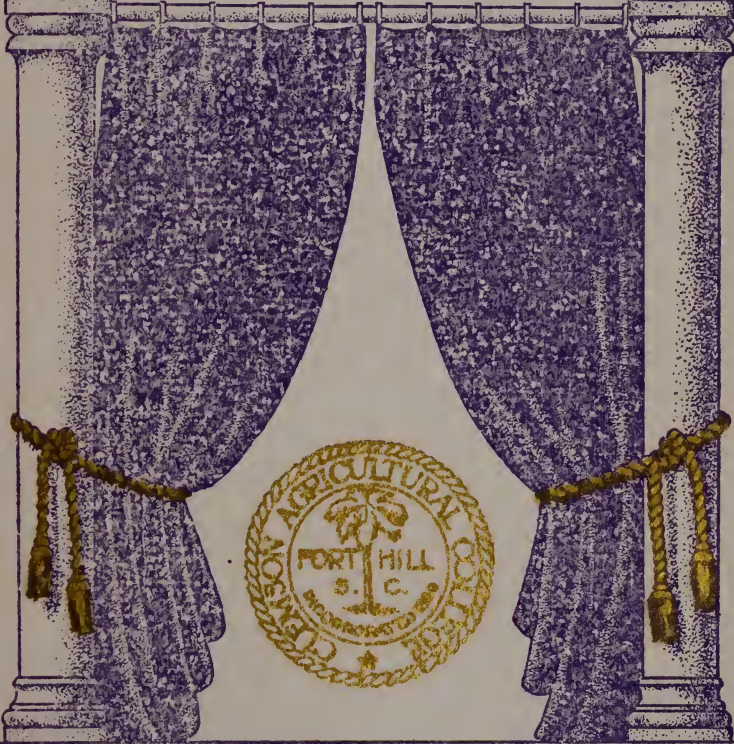
President A. R. Boyd
Secretary G. M. Armstong

Rifle Club.

President J. A. Berley
Captain A. R. Boyd
Treasurer F. Osborne



CHRONICLE



VOL. XVII. NO. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

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The
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Keep a-going!

We are all praise for the fellow who can win! By the by, you fellows started a winner a few years ago. We first offered Fatima Cigarettes for sale in the college towns. We put excellent tobacco in this smoke—we watched you! Quick enough you discovered them, and that the tobacco was likable, and from this small beginning they have “kept going” all over this big country until today they are the biggest selling cigarette in the U. S. A.! Plain package, but 20 choice ones.



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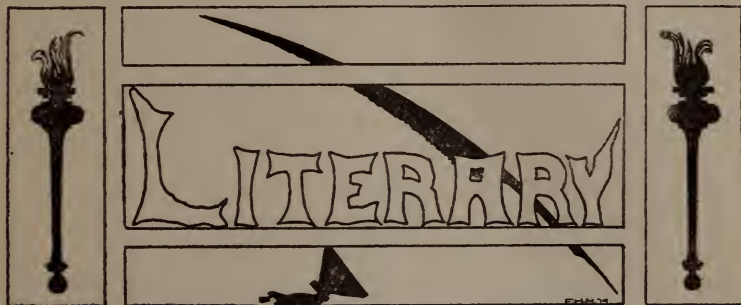
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., February, 1914.

No. 5



EDITORS:

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LeGETTE, '15

A Mother's Song

D. E. S., '15.



H! SING me a song tonight
Of the days of long ago.
In this soft and misty light,
Sing me a lullaby low.

Oh! sing of a lad, whose eyes
The shade of the violets are,
Who played with the fireflies,
By light of the sunset star.

Oh! sing me a song tonight
Of a soldier boy in blue.
With honor and valor bright,
And a heart so brave and true.

Oh! sing low—in newer tone,
While the dusky shadows fall
Soft as the sea waves sad moan,
And sweet as the night bird's call.

The Helping Hands

H. L. S., '14.

MRS. JONES was pottering around in her garden, which extended from the back of her house on to the back fence. This fence was the common property of the Jones family and their neighbors, the Smith family. It being a warm morning, Mrs. Jones was just about to quit her gardening for the day; for, as she expressed it, "The crick in my back is something awful this hot, damp weather."

Just about this time, however, Mrs. Jones saw her garrulous neighbor, Mrs. Smith, approaching the back fence, from the opposite side. This meant that Mrs. Smith wanted to exchange village gossip; so Mrs. Jones was not loath to change her mind in regard to going to the house; for, she reasoned to herself, that leaning on the fence would ease her back just about as well as sitting in a chair at home would. By this time the two women had met at the gate.

"How are you feeling this morning, Mrs. Jones?" inquired Mrs. Smith.

"Well, I ain't doing much good, I don't reckon. That crick in my back has got so it hurts somethin' awful, 'specially in this hot, damp weather," replied Mrs. Jones.

"Crick in your back!" snorted Mrs. Smith, contemptuously. "Why, Lardy, if you was in the fix I am in you wouldn't pay any attention to a little thing like a crick in the back. You'd better thank your stars that you ain't got the heart disease!"

"Heart's disease," repeated Mrs. Jones blankly.

"Yes ma'am, heart's disease is what I said," emphasized Mrs. Smith. "I have had it for ten years or more now, I guess, and I didn't find it out until just the other day!"

"Tell me how you found out you had it," broke in Mrs. Jones, wonderingly, for she was now listening with intense interest.

"Well, I'll just tell you everything about how it happened, Mrs. Jones," continued Mrs. Smith, "'cause it shore does beat anything I ever heard tell of."

At this point the narrator stopped, momentarily, and sighed mournfully. The extremely interested listener, however, urged her to "Go on." This mental prodding produced the desired effect on the melancholy Mrs. Smith, who immediately took up her thread of the woeful recital.

"You know I got a long letter the other day from a fine doctor that lives 'way up yonder in New York," she began, "and he said that he had heard I was a little sickly, so he just couldn't keep from writing to me. He said that he was always interested in sick people because he felt so sorry for them that he couldn't bear to think of them suffering; and he said that he was going to spend all his life to help sick eople."

"He must be a mighty good man," Mrs. Jones exclaimed, fervently.

"Yes, I know he is," added Mrs. Smith, "'cause if he wasn't he wouldn't be so good to a sick person like me, 'way off down here—and he ain't ever seen me either. Yes, you just ought to see that letter. Every bit of it is printed off just as pretty as you ever saw, and up at the top of every page in that letter there's a picture of that doctor's drug store, and he's got his name printed in big, gold-looking letter right under that picture, and over at the side of his name it says, 'A Friend to all Suffering Mankind.'"

Mrs. Smith was obliged to stop for breath at this point; so, seizing the opportunity, Mrs. Jones remarked, almost reverently, "Gee! but ain't he a grand man."

"The grandest I ever heard of," Mrs. Smith replied quickly. "He knowed exactly how a sick person like me feels, too. He asked me if I didn't have a bad taste in my mouth when I got up in the morning. Then he asked if my skin looked sallow, sometime, and my hair felt dry and coarse. He said, if my hair and skin was in that fix,

I would likely feel dizzy too, sometime, and would have sick headache, and pains close around my heart right after a meal. After that, he went on to say that he guessed I felt my heart thumping loud when I walked fast. Yes, he told me just how I felt so plain that I know I have the heart's disease like he says!" concluded Mrs. Smith triumphantly, in a wailing tone of voice.

In the meantime, Mrs. Jones had been listening with extreme interest to her neighbor's recital of the alarming symptoms peculiar to diseases of the heart. As Mrs. Smith had progressed with her tale, though, Mrs. Jones' face had gradually assumed a troubled look, until, finally, when she could hold back no longer, she almost shouted hysterically:

"Mrs. Smith, I believe I've got the heart's disease, too!" And, then, in response to her friend's look of bewilderment and amazement she added, "I've got every one of them symptoms that you have."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Mrs. Smith, "this world shore is full of trouble and woe." Almost immediately, however, her face beamed again. "I didn't tell you all that was in that letter, Mrs. Jones," she said, more cheerfully.

"Well, what was the rest of it?" inquired Mrs. Jones, apathetically, brightening almost imperceptibly, though.

"I know it will be good news to you just like it was to me," commented the first sufferer. "Right down at the bottom of that letter I was telling you about, 'while ago, the doctor said that he had retired from business; but he said that he loved his suffering brothers so well that he simply couldn't keep from letting them have some of his fine medicine to cure them. Then, he said of course he would have to charge people just what it cost him to make it; but not one cent more 'cause he said he would feel like he had stole it from some sick person," explained Mrs. Smith. Now, in an awed tone, she revealed the great news. "That doctor said that he was so interested in my case that he would let me have seven bottles of his fine, wonderful medicine for ten dollars, if he

heard from me before ten days. He said it cost him a whole lot more than that, but he didn't think about that when he had a chance to cure me."

"Do you reckon you could get him to let me have some of that fine medicine too?" almost sobbed Mrs. Jones, with an imploring look in her eyes.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Jones," began the more fortunate woman, consolingly, "I am going home right now to order mine, and I'll ask him about letting you have some, and he is a such a good man I know he won't refuse. Good-bye, I hope you won't get any worse."


"Yes, I hope so," rejoined Mrs. Jones, "but I know I must be pretty bad off, and no telling how long it'll be before I can get any of that medicine. Good-bye."

And both women walked feebly back to their respective homes, each of them pressing an attentive hand over their respective, troubled hearts.

William Gilmore Simms

1806—1870

W. H. A. '15.

 ONE OF the stalwart pioneers of American Literature was the South Carolinian, William Gilmore Simms. He received his education under very adverse conditions. He wrote many books, but most of them are not up to his normal standard because they were produced under the influence of necessity for a livelihood. But he did a real service in drawing attention to and awakening interest in local United States history. His works are unique in that he drew upon the native material for the scenes and plots in his stories.

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, S. C. April 17, 1806. He received only a common school education. Before studying law he was, for a while, a clerk in a chemical house. He was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-one years old. But he did not like the profession of law, as he showed two years after he was admitted to the bar, when he entered upon a literary career. As a first step in his literary career, he became editor and part owner of the Charleston City Gazette, which took the side of the Union during the Nullification excitement. After a year's residence in Bingham, Mass., he returned to South Carolina and settled on his plantation near Midway, S. C. He served for many years as a member of the State Legislature. He died in Charleston, S. C., June 11, 1870.

Personally, Simms was an impulsive, generous-hearted man, full of pluck and energy. Like many other wealthy Southerners, he was practically ruined as a result of the War Between the States.

Simms published more than thirty volumes of novels and shorter tales. In addition to this, he wrote histories, edited various standard authors, and contributed many articles to periodicals. His works are voluminous; and

his chief faults are his looseness of construction, his carelessness of style, and an inclination to the sensational, in that his bloody scenes were usually laid in full view of the audience. His good qualities as a writer were his live characterization, brisk movement, a sense of the picturesque, and a good abundance of scheming and invention.

The best one of his books is, beyond doubt, *The Yemassee*, which describes the uprising of the Yemassee Indians, and the bravery of the early Carolinians in repulsing them. *Guy Rivers*, produced in 1834, was Simms' first successful attempt in native romance; and crude as it is, full of action and holds the reader's attention. *The Partisan*, *The Kinsman*, *Mellichampe*, and *Katherine Walton* form a series of books in which is related the stories of Marion's troopers and the British campaign in the Carolinas.

Simms' works were very popular at his time, and ten of them received German translation. Simms traveled a great deal in order to study the physical aspect of the country for the setting of his stories and to collect old legends and scraps of local history.

He was a writer with a very conspicuous talent for character limning and narration which was aided by years of ceaseless pen work.

Simms wrote in every style of fiction, and there is no generation of Southern life upon which he did not touch, and no phase of romantic murder which he did not illustrate. His rank as a writer; is not so high as some of the other writers; but it should never be forgotten that he was not only a pioneer, but the pioneer, of American Literature, whose destiny forced him to labor in the least favorable section for successful literary work.

Although his works have been superseded by later novels, still they are widely read. Taking into account the variety and amount of his work, its distinctive American character, and the positive merit possessed by much of it, his name deserves to be cherished among those of the most honored representatives of our literature.

The Scarlet Death

D. E. S. '15.

WITH his overcoat buttoned closely around him to keep out the biting wind, Richard Douglas stood on Broadway New York, and watched the crowd sweep by. He saw the richly dressed women with their queenly air; the business man with his quick impatient stride; the young school girls admiring the brilliantly lighted windows with exclamations of delight; the little newsboys with their bright eyes and expectant faces. In spite of the cold, there was a sound of gladness in every voice, and a look of joy in every face. For this was the holiday season. This feeling of joy did not reach Douglas, for in his heart was a loneliness that comes to the stranger in a large city.

"Good old Wyoming for mine," he muttered. Although a Westerner, he had chosen to spend the holidays in New York.

"I wonder," he mused, "if there is not one person in this throng, that has the good fortune to know me. Who was it said, 'If one stands long enough on Broadway, he will see the world pass by.'"

Even as he murmured these words, he felt a hand descend upon his back with a face which nearly brought him to his knees. He felt his hand seized in a grip which seemed to crush his fingers. "Joe Wright! as I live," he shouted.

"The same old Richard," smiled Wright, a broad shouldered young giant, who looked as though he might have easily taken the place of Atlas, and supported a world on those broad shoulders.

A hundred questions rushed to Richard's mind. "Not so fast, Dick, let's find a place where I can satisfy this appetite, while we discuss old school days." For they had been class-mates in a western college.

They entered a brilliantly lighted cafe, and soon their

boyhood days seemed to return once more. As they talked, Richard noticed that a change had come over the care free and reckless Wright, the jolly fellow who had been the most popular fellow at a large University. Although he appeared jovial, Richard noticed that his gayety seemed forced and at unguarded moments, he noticed a look of horror and awful fear steal into his companion's face.

As they leaned back, enjoying their cigars, and listening to the music of the orchestra, Richard inquired, "Joe, what has become of Walter Long, I remember you and he entertained notions of exploring unknown worlds."

At the mention of Long's name, that look of horror came into Wright's face, and the glass which he held in his hand was broken into a hundred pieces, as his fingers closed upon it.

"Walter," he cried in a hoarse voice, "I was afraid you would ask me that question, but I must tell the story to some one, or go crazy."

He grew more calm. "Walter and I joined that geological survey party, bound for South America, you know. Walter, as well as myself, always had a love for adventure. We made a permanent camp about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast on the Amazon River. There were five Americans in the party: good old Billy Donald, the chief and one of the whitest men I ever saw; Tommy Black, who had been expelled from Yale, and didn't care to face his parents; and George Shannon, who knew South America as well as you know Cheyenne. The remainder of the party was composed of natives, and Shannon acted as interpreter.

The climate was not bad, and as there was plenty of game and fishing was good, everything went along smoothly.

One evening as Walter and I sat in camp waiting for supper, Walter sprang to his feet with an exclamation, 'See that canoe, drifting down the river. By George! there's something in it too.' We quickly launched a row

boat, and overtook the drifting canoe. In it lay the body of a native, his face distorted as though with fear. We towed the canoe to shore, and, as we lifted the dead body of the native to the waiting men, I noticed a mark about an inch wide, and as red as the reddest blood extending across his breast. We could find no marks of violence.

"In the bottom of the canoe, we had noticed a collection of rocks, and when Tom playfully began to toss them away, Billy picked up one. For a moment he gazed at it, and then—"My God! look here, gold!" he shouted, 'pure gold!' We all crowded breathlessly around, and there cropping out from the rocks, were nuggets of yellow, virgin gold. All the rocks proved to be the same way.

"You can imagine the excitement that night. Our dreams were filled with visions of mountains of gold, and rivers flowing with gems.

"Of course the common idea was to go up the river, and find the source of this gold. But, when we began to make preparations next morning, Shannon came to us with a serious look on his face.

"The natives," he explained, "refuse to go up the river, they—"

"Tell them I will give them a hundred pesos apiece," said Billy.

"Shannon returned in a moment. 'They say that they will not go for all the pesos in the world. That it is certain death.'

" 'Ask them what is the matter,' said Billy in disgust.

" 'They say it is too terrible to speak about. I can get nothing from them. And I believe there is something in what they say. I've never seen a man who has been above this place.' We jeered him down, but I noticed a troubled look in his eyes, as though he half believed in the natives' fears.

"We were forced to go alone, and, as we had decided that the native in the boat had not been dead for more than a day, we made a camp that night.

"We were up early next morning, and drew lots to see who should guard the camp. The lot fell to me.

"The others had not been gone long, when I heard a cry which seemed to freeze my blood in my veins. It could not have been human. I seized my rifle, and ran in the direction of the cry.

About three hundred yards from the camp, I came to an open place in the jungle, and there stood Walter. His hands were clutching his throat and on his face was such a look of horror and fear, as I hope I may never see on a man's face again. He fell before I could reach him. He was dead, and across his breast was the same red mark, that we had seen on the dead native.

Not fifty yards from him lay the body of Shannon, his temple pierced by a pistol ball. He had shot himself with his own pistol.

"For two days, I waited in camp, neither eating nor sleeping. Billy and Tom never returned.

"I made my way down the river, and I have never had the courage to lead a party back. But I—"

As he spoke he rose to his feet. On his face was a look of agony and fear. His hands clutched his throat. He fell before Richard could catch him. As they unbuttoned his clothes, Richard saw, on his breast, a livid scarlet mark.

Washington, the Man and the Lover

R. P. T., '15.

WE ARE so accustomed to hear and to read of the greatness of Washintgon in military matters that we almost fail to see him as a man who loved pleasure and fun just as we do; who was a tender and affetcionate husband and father, and who was fond of social life. He was a handsome man, and always dressed in good style. He was always glad to avail himself of an opportunity to attend a ball or any kind of festivity. He especially enjoyed the society of ladies and had several love affairs before he finally found the girl of his choice.

The first account we have of Washintgon's falling in love is when he was fourteen years of age. The young lady was Mary Bland who lived in the same vicinity. He composed some verses in her honor, and wrote to a friend about the affair, calling her his "Loveland Beauty," and also mentioning the fact that he was staying in the same house with a Miss Mary Cary, sister-in-law to George Fairfax; and in this letter he deplores the fact that he cannot enjoy her very agreeable society because she makes his passion for the "Loveland Beauty," burn fiercer. Miss Mary, however, soon cured him of his melancholy, and he paid diligent suit to her during the intervals of war and Indian fighting, for a number of years. Then his attention was diverted to a Miss Betsy Fauntleroy, of Richmond, who had apparently treated him with coldness in the past, for he speaks of making a visit to her to persuade her to revoke her former cruel sentence. He was unsuccessful, however. No doubt he was discouraged by all these evidences of the fickleness of woman and all his unrequited wooing; for, after this, we have no record of his again falling in love, for a number of years..

In February, 1756, he set out in grand style for Bos-

ton to arrange a matter of dispute about rank between himself and Captain Dogworthy. He was preceded by the fame of his action on the field at Braddock's defeat; and, as he passed through Philadelphia, he was entertained very lavishly. This was repeated at New York, where he fell deeply in love with Mary Philipe, the sister-in-law of his friend Beverly Robinson. He pushed on to Boston, finished his business, and returned to his suit of Miss Philipse. She gave him no encouragement, however, and he left for Virginia, once more an unsuccessful lover.

He was soon able to console himself, however, for on a trip to Williamsburg, in 1758, he stopped at his friend Major Chamberlayne's house, and there met Martha Dandridge, the widow of Custis, whom he afterwards married. His courtship was exceedingly brief and fervent. He enjoyed her society so much that he spent the afternoon and evening with her, though he had intended leaving early in the afternoon. On his return, he stopped at her home, and successfully completed his wooing of the charming widow. He returned to camp and remained there until after the fall of Fort Duquense, when he resigned his commission and was married on January, 6, 1759, in a little church near the White House.

Washintgon took his wife to Mt. Vernon as their home. He was a good farmer, and managed by his thoroughness and foresight to make money while so many of his neighbors were falling into debt. He cared for his slaves well, and always kept them well fed and dressed, and under good discipline. He loved country life, and spent many pleasant hours hunting the fox, in company with other gentlemen of his community. He often hunted with Lord Fairfax, who was one of his best friends.

Washington always had the most tender love for his two step-children. He cared for them as if they had been his own, and when the daughter died in 1773, he mourned deeply for her. He took the boy, John Custis,

to New York, and entered him at Columbia College; but John never graduated there. He had fallen in love with Eleanor Calvert, whom he married shortly after his entrance at college. Washington did not approve highly of this union, because he had observed John's flighty disposition, and had thought much of his future.

Washington was the soul of hospitality, and the doors of Mount Vernon were ever open. His home was a chief resort in the hunting season, and it was seldom that there was not company in the house. Though a serious and grave man at times, no one loved a ball, or a game of cards or the society of young people more than did Washintgon, and he liked to go to his neighbors houses and talk with them and take part in their festivities.

Washington's life was wholesome, versatile, and altogether manly. He developed his physical and mental talents with equal earnestness. There was no man in Virignia who could go further on foot, sit a horse so well, or endure such hardships as Washrington. This is what kept him so strong and athletic and kept his mind so bright, when many men would have become slow and heavy from the indulgence of the times. He would fell a tree or shoe a horse with the same firm will and serious intention which ever characterized his actions. He never seemed to grow old, but kept young by exercise of both mind and body, and grew stronger and wiser and riper as the quiet, happy years passed between youth and old age.

Their Valentine

M. R. S., '15.

PEERING through the car's windows was a silvery haired old man. He was dressed in a style that indicated neatness and prosperity. As he looked anxiously out of the window, one could see he was deeply absorbed in thought. Flake after flake of snow hit upon the pane of glass, through which he was so anxiously watching. Everywhere the ground was beginning to whiten from the soft white flakes upon it.

I love to study faces, and as a railroad trip gives one a chance to see many, and an opportunity to observe them carefully, it was not strange that I found myself watching the old man's face closely. There was a face which seemed to tell me that the owner was a good man, but regardless of this fact there were some deep lines under his eyes that bespoke of worry and anxiety. I do not make it a point to intrude, but I thought that I possibly could be of assistance, I arose, walked over to his seat, and introduced myself. After we had become acquainted and I had explained that I was returning to Trenton, after having held a series of meetings in a town several miles below us, the old man began to talk more freely.

In a few minutes I was surprised to hear him say, "Rev. Howard, that was my old home fifty years ago. I now am a stranger in these parts, and to explain why requires the telling of a long story." I insisted that he tell me the whole.

He began, "My story dates back fifty years ago. It was, sir, fifty years ago that I lived at the place where you are now living. I was fifteen years of age then and was attending the graded school. My father was a poor man and had a large family. Being one of the older boys, I was forced to work in the afternoons to help him keep the wolf from the door. While attending school there, I fell in love with a young girl as pure and sweet

as ever lived. We were sweethearts long before the day. I whispered to her over my desk, 'I love you.' Day by day our love grew; older folks called it 'kid love,' and said that it would not last, but not such love as ours. Everyday I carried her books for her, and as we walked home, we planned for a happy future. It was a long path that we had to climb before we could reach the top of our aspirations, but time could not daunt such love and courage as we had. Her influence over me was all that a good woman only could hold over a man. It moulded my life and made me a better man. She was a girl of common sense, and not as the average type we see so often today.

"There was an old familiar oak tree, under whose boughs I spent many a happy recess, planning with her for the future and studying my lessons which were made easier by help and companionship.

"At last there came a night which I well remember. It was to be our last together for a long time. Next day I was to leave for New York, to make my way in the world. Time never seemed so precious as it did those last few minutes we spent together planning and discussing our future. I was to come back when I had gained success, and take her home with me. We swore that only God could part us, and that if we never saw each other again we would remain true.

"As I kissed her good-bye and as we tore ourselves from each other, there was a lump in my throat and a mist in my eyes, which I could not keep back. As the bewitching moonlight fell upon her tender face, tears could be seen creeping from her soft blue eyes. An angel she seemed to me.

"After leaving her home, I glanced at my watch; it was twelve o'clock. Everything was quiet, only a slight murmuring of the trees overhead, caused by a gentle breeze, interrupted the stillness of the night. I hurried to the school grounds, and there, under the boughs of the old oak I knelt, throwing my body on its gnarled roots,

and asked God to make me worthy of such love and to grant success in my approaching enterprise. A lump arose in my throat which nearly suffocated me. I realized how very little I was in the sight of Him, overheard, who had always cared and watched over me. As I knelt there I thought of the Harvester, who, at the head of his mother's grave, which lay under a large oak, had said, 'God help me to be a man.'

"Next morning I left for New York and began working in a department store. Years passed and I began to attain the coveted success. Elizabeth," here the old man looked tenderly at me, "that was her name, failed to answer my letters and I, with reluctance, had quit writing. Fifty years had passed, when the other night I dreamed of a silver haired old lady, still waiting for me! I made up my mind to arrive in the city of Trenton on the fourteenth of February and marry her if she was alive and willing, as my dream indicated. Because of my nature for the sentimental I wished for it to be on Valentines day. I am going to tell you her whole name, probably you know her, and could tell me what I desire so much to know." He paused and looked at me, "Her name is Miss Elizabeth Norton."

As I heard the name, there came to my mind a picture of a sweet old lady in Trenton. Did I know her? The question was useless. Was there a soul in the city of Trenton, from the poor of the slums up, who did not know of her and the good she had done in charity work? She had been wealthy ever since I had known her. Why she had never married? I had often wondered. Now was I learning why. When I told the old man that I knew her and how good she was and of her faithfulness, he was overjoyed. For the rest of the journey he was as anxious and restless as a child. As I was a preacher, he urged that I go with him and perform the ceremony, if she was willing.

Several hours later, we stood on the old lady's front piazza awaiting the answer of the door bell. The door

opened, and then with a cry of "Elizabeth,"—"Bob," I was forgotten.

A few hours later a silver haired couple, on bended knees, with the spring of their life almost gone, but still happy, became as one. That is, Miss Elizabeth Norton became Mrs. Robert Jones, and two old hearts were made happy.

A Glimpse of Dickens

G. R. B., '15.

A MASTER portrayer of character is Charles Dickens. He wields his pen as a master artist wields his brush, painting for the mind in beautiful and well-fitting words, all gradations of character, from the noblest to the ignoblest.

Some good illustrations of this wonderful power of his is shown in some of the characters portrayed in "David Copperfield." There is "little Davy," whose noble qualities amidst terrible calamities are so pictured, that our heartfelt sympathy is drawn to him at once. And there is his beautiful and tender mother, whose vanity, and finally her weakness, causes her soon to disappear and leave "little Davy" an orphan. There, also, is honest, faithful "Pegotty," whose devotion to "little Davy" and his mother is forcibly pictured. Her loving nature is revealed when in a state of emotion she catches "little Davy" and squeezes him so hard that the buttons pop off of her back. A picture of an entirely different sort of character is Miss Murdstone. There is a sternness about her that is metallic as the beads which she strings. Not to be omitted is the bluff and big-hearted Mr. Pegotty, whose hearty philanthropy is unbounded. This noble quality of his is shown in his kindness toward old Mrs. Grummidge, who is a "lone, lorn creeter;" and to "little Emily," whose radiating beauty and good fellowship are at once felt.

A quality that is soon to be noted in Dickens, is his sly and all pervading humor, which sparkles in and out even in his darkest passage. This humor is usually brought out in a clear description, as of the chuckling of the carrier's horse at the thought of his slowness being the cause of so many people having to wait for their packages.

One of the most striking qualities of Dickens is his insight into human nature and his power in interpreting pathetic scenes so graphically. In the hardships of David Copperfield this quality is especially shown at the marriage of his mother and in her slow decline and death.

This last quality of Dickens is more prominent in some of his other books, perhaps, than in "David Copperfield." In several it is his wonderful pathos which is his strongest characteristic; but in this particular one he is at his best, perhaps, in picturing character. His works should be read, if only for this quality alone.

Running the Rapids

D. F. F., '16.

IT WAS one of those still, sultry summer days, when the only comfortable place to be found is in the cool, clear mountain stream, that Dick and I decided to take a canoe trip around Horseshoe Bend. Horseshoe Bend is a curve about five miles long in Eastatoll Creek, a branch of Seneca river. Throughout this five miles the creek runs between two mountains, over rocks and shoals making it very rough water even for a canoe.

Neither of us had ever heard of anyone attempting to wind his way through this bend, but we were keen for excitement of any kind. We entered the little stream about two o'clock one afternoon, eager to explore the entire course. The creek was not rough at the start, but neither of us had ever been over the ground before in a canoe, and therefore, we were very cautious. The boat shot between rocks, over shoals, and often dipped water. We were soon dashed with spray from head to foot. But the frail craft took the bumps and sharp-edged rocks exceedingly well.

Soon we came to the head of a very rough shoal, where the water plunged down about ten feet. We dared not go over this, but decided to walk around and let the canoe make the plunge. When we set it free, the water carried it quickly forward and rushed it over rocks and foaming whirlpools at a greater speed than we had expected. In a flash it was out of sight around the curve. The banks of the creek at this point were thickly covered with mountain laurel and it was impossible to go through the tangled mass with any speed. We struggled ahead, tearing our clothes and bruising shins, but our only thought was to overtake the canoe. We finally got through, and luck was with us, for we found the canoe lodged only a few paces down stream.

Then we proceeded over many small rapids for a mile or more and came to another shoal very much like the one at which we had lost our boat. We rowed up to the edge to pick out the best route to go over, for we had decided to stay with the canoe at all times. At the bottom of the shoals we saw a large tree across the creek about two feet above the water. This meant that we must lie flat in the boat if we went under it. Trusting to luck, we again placed ourselves in the canoe and let the current carry us slowly to the brink. Then with a leap we rushed downward, striking rocks which almost upset us, water splashed in, in large quantities. We could not rise to guide the boat because the tree would sweep us off. In a few seconds we passed under the trunk of the tree and raised up, just in time to find the canoe dashed broadside against a large rock in the stream. Immediately the water began to pour in on the side which the force of the current pushed under the surface; before we could attempt to turn it about, the canoe was half full of water. The only thing for us to do was to jump for the rock. No sooner had we done this than we saw our frail craft sink to the bottom of the mad stream.

I looked at Dick and he at me for a moment in silence. There we were standing in the middle of the creek on the rock, three miles from home and two from the nearest house, with our canoe under water, wedged between the rocks. What could we do? Since our clothing was wet by the spray, we decided to recover the boat if possible. The water was only waist deep but it was swift and it held the canoe firmly in place. However, after much prying with the steering pole and tugging in different positions we managed to turn it bottom upwards and then it came to the surface. With a shout of joy we pushed it on the rock and poured the water out. The severe strain had sprung a bad leak but we were able to make the remaining two miles. It was a wet and weary pair that walked the two miles home across Horseshoe Bend as the sun sank behind the mountains, but both were satisfied.

Impatience

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.



H, WHY this wild unending pain
That will not let my spirit rest?
Years have I sought, and sought in vain,
To fill the longings of this breast.
The future looms up fair and bright,
Today is always dark and drear.
The hours are winged and take their flight,
While hopes grow pale and disappear.

A day is but so many hours
Which so many minutes fill;
A rose is one of the countless flowers
That deck the valley, dale and hill;
Life is but a transient spark
Within the flaming race of man.
I hail the sea, and lo, my bark
Has the cherished prize ship outrun!

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

Short Winter Agricultural Courses Very Valuable.

Seventeen South Carolina farmers have just completed the four weeks course in agriculture. Their varied in age varied from sixteen to fifty. This course was originated and prepared especially for the farmer who has neither time nor resources to take the regular agricultural course. Farming in the South has recently undergone a radical change. No longer are the old time, haphazard methods and practices thought to be sufficient to produce the desired results from the soil. Science, combined with trained minds, has proven that the farmer must be educated in order to obtain the maximum success. It was for the purpose of giving the farmers an opportunity to learn the underlying scientific principles of agriculture, that this four weeks course was offered.

The work given in this course is extremely practical. It consists of lectures and actual work upon the subjects that the farmer meets every day. Lectures are given on cotton growing and cotton grading; rotation of crops; production of grasses and forage crops; the breeding and feeding of live stock, draining; fertilizers—their composition, application and home mixing; hog cholera and the use of the cholera serum; tick eradication; and control of contagious diseases, both plant and animal. In addition to these lectures, practical work is supplemented in each of the above lines.

This course is a great step towards fulfilling the wishes of the founders of our college. The information gained from this study is sure to bring a marked change for the better in farming throughout South Carolina.

Baseball Weather. How quick and how radical the change. The long, parallel white lines on the athletic field have given way to a snappy looking base ball diamond. We no longer speak of touchdowns, for now it is base hits we long to see. With the first hints of spring come that indescribable "base ball feeling," that longing to hear the whack as a sturdy batter hits the ball.

For two years Clemson's Tigers have held the State championship. Shall we make it three? Well, we hope so! Time after time the fighting Tigers have rallied and won victories when defeat seemed inevitable. Evening after evening, our rooters have joyously paraded hoarsely shouting the yells of a hard earned victory. Is there a cadet among us who will not yell until he is hoarse that he may again feel the joy of victory?

This period of the base ball speculation is necessarily one of speculation. However, we have strong proof that the team that goes out from Clemson will not return without having added glories to Clemson's reputation in the base ball world.

Every cadet must lend his unselfish aid in building our team. It is easy to see things that do not suit us exactly, but could we do better? If so, why not do it? The man who finds fault, should first prove himself perfect. It should be *our* team, not *the* team, and it must be our encouragement that gives the incentive to the team that causes them to accept no defeats.

Nature's Provision for Winter. During the seven days in which our Maker created the earth and all the things thereon, he did not fail to make provisions by which the plants and animals could safely pass through the changes of the seasons. First, we find the varieties so proportioned over the earth as to be best suited for that particular region's climate. Then we find each individual specially endowed for the endurance of the extremes of temperature. The apparent simplicity and naturalness of these provisions cause us to regard this preparation as an ordinary happening.

Man, alone, possesses the power of bringing about artificial protection from the winter's icy blast or the scorching winds of the dry summer. The animals of the lower kingdom prepare for the winter through promptings of their instincts. The hair of horses, cattle, and other live stock becomes thicker and longer at the approach of winter. At the coming of spring, however, the hair becomes lighter. Various birds leave their northern summer haunts, and hasten to the South, where the sun's rays and the gulf-stream breezes will lessen the freezing grips of winter. Cold-blooded animals that have basked in the summer's sun, sneak back into their holes in the ground and pass the winter in a torpid state. Other animals, like the squirrel, store away food for use when none may be found in the open. The one-celled plants and animals form reproductive bodies that are especially fitted to withstand severe cold or heat. We find the

moths and butterflies assuming certain forms in their life cycles. Perhaps they pass the winter in a cocoon, or as a grub, deeply buried in the ground or in the hardened stalk of its host.

The plants and trees whose foliage has freshened the earth all summer, shed their leaves early in the fall. Much of their sap leaves the trunk, thus lessening the danger of freezing. Grains and other food plants form seed that lie dormant for the winter and spring up in warm weather.

The provisions of nature for all plants and animals will amply carry them through the winter, and save the lives of all throughout the coming years.



EDITORS—J. L. CARSON, D. E. SWINEHEART

The Yellow Jacket, continues as it has been all through the present session, the ideal of what a college magazine, published by a technical school, should be. In addition to two first class stories, *The Yellow Jacket* contains several poems, of greater or less merit, and two well worded and concise essays, on technical subjects which are of importance at this time. These things, we believe, with the addition of the editorials and exchange department, are absolutely necessary to the success of a college publication.

The old proverb, "You can not tell a book by its cover," is strikingly brought to mind when we open the covers of the *Emory Phoenix*. Between those modest blue covers, we find a collection of material that would be a credit to any college. "Moonlight on the Tennessee," is a delightfully written story, bubbling over with mirth and splendid description. This story shows more signs of real talent in the author, than is common among college publications. In a discussion of "Time and Existence," several beautiful thoughts are brought to light, and show a good deal of originality. In addition to the sentiments expressed, this essay has a value for its literary style. "Cupid and Football," belongs to that class of story

which fills our magazines. They are a bore, both as a literary production, and as a source of entertainment. In each collection of monthly exchanges, it is not uncommon to find several differing very little in style and plot. The editorials are remarkably well written. They are handled in a forceful manner, and show a thorough knowledge of the subject at hand. This is an important part of a magazine, and shows the originality and resourcefulness of an editor. We would suggest that more poems be used, as they are indispensable to a first class magazine.

The Davidson College Magazine is always acceptable at our desk. We would venture to say that it is distinctly above the average in college magazine circles. Among the earliest to arrive and last to survive, well typifies our interest in and treatment of this publication. "Laughing Water" is a very beautiful story, but rather erratic and fanciful. The ending is a decided disappointment. However, we don't know but that it may portray the Red Man's peculiar nature. "A Guerilla Incident," is interesting to say the least. It is, however, a little loose in form. We can hardly agree with the author about "the roar of the horse's feet." We would suggest clatter for roar. We wish to thank the author of "The Lilac Bush," for carrying us, as it were, back to our childhood days. The story is very sweet and touching, but we are inclined to believe that it is just a bit sentimental. The asterisks are used to good advantage in grouping the divisions of the story. The essay, "The South in the National Literature," is well written, and contains much valuable information that is fast slipping from the minds of Southern people today. We most heartily approve of an essay of this type. "Pootoo—a Buddhist Mecca" is a short sketch which deals with the Buddhist in China. The poetry is very pleasing. There appears to be a deep, underlying thought in all the poetry of this issue. The departments are handled with precision and care. The

fun department styled "Snowflakes" is rather unique in its clever sayings and keen wit.

In the December number of *The Wesleyan* the Christmas spirit is predominant. The stories are fairly good, but thru all of them there is a little touch of sadness here and there. We would like to see at least one of the stories written in jolly, carefree Christmas style. "The Lonely Little Lady" is a sweet, gentle story of the Christmas of a sad little lady who finds her only joy in living in the past. The story is however a little inconsistent. The writer of "The Giver" deserves creditable mention because of her vivid portrayal of child life at Christmas time. "Christmas Ghosts" reflects "Long Ago Christmases" in a very pleasing and touching way. The very simplicity of the story readily engages one's attention. The note of sadness so prevalent in this issue is especially brought out in "A Christmas Gift." The absence of essays and sketches is quite noticeable. We would like to see more poetry in a Christmas number. Nevertheless, the poetry offered is particularly praiseworthy. The departments are well arranged and are handled in good style. The Exchange Department offers many valuable suggestions, and is otherwise very progressive in its attitude.

We gratefully acknowledge the usual exchanges.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on January 25th, reports for the past year were made by the chairmen of the various committees, after which the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. Right here, the old officers are to be congratulated on their work for the past year. We believe that this has been the most successful year the association has ever experienced.

Officers, Session 1914-1915

General Secretary, Robert L. Sweeney; President, P. L. McCall; Vice-President, E. H. Pate; Secretary, N. L. Dudent; Treasurer, H. H. Dukes. With these men to lead the Y. M. C. A., we are looking forward to a great future during the coming year.

A number of the reports from the various committees will be found in the next issue.

Special mention should be made of the reports given by our delegates to the Kansas City Convention. These delegates have made reports both at our meetings and to the whole corps at the morning chapel hour. These men have come back from the convention with a determination to arouse the missionary, not only in our college, but in the surrounding community. As a result, besides the reports that have been made here, Secretary Sweeney and Cadet F. H. McDonald have made reports of the convention in the towns of Pendleton and Central.



ALUMNI.

EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

T. C. Gentry '13, better known as "Red" is working in the testing laboratory of the Erie Railroad Company at Huntington, Ind. Red was probably one of the greatest military (?) in the class of '13.

D. M. Sloan '13 is engaged in Electrical work for the Westinghouse Electric Co. at Pittsburg, Pa. We see "Monkey" in the future a prominent consulting Electrical Engineer(?), for "Well"! says that he will be a second Dr. Lammi(?)

Louis Hutson '13 has recently resigned his professorship in a rural school in Georgia and has accepted a position in the State Chemical Laboratory at Atlanta.

The man who dreamed of raising the Titanic, an old Clemson student, paid his Alma Mata a flying visit a few days ago. This famous student is "Ball H." Johnson.

W. M. Hayworth '11, better known as "W. Bill," is seeking his fortune in the soil in Florence County.

M. W. Wall '11, is a Professor at the Horry Industrial School.

J. O. Bethea '08 is teaching in an industrial school at Franklinton, La. We know that his bride, as well as the Clemson authorities, expect much of him now.

G. J. Hearsey '12 has taken unto himself a bride and we hear that through her influence he refrains from inflicting corporal punishment upon his pupils.

P. E. Myers, '13 was married to Miss Turner at Easley, S. C., on Jan. 11th. Cadet T. W. Thornhill, his old room mate, had the honor of officiating as best man.



CHIEF PILFERER: SPOON WITHERSPOON?

Son—"Papa, did Edison make the first talking machine?"

Father—"No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off at will."

"How is your friend doing out West?"

"Oh he is carrying everything before him."

"What business is he in?"

"He's a waiter in a restaurant."

Tom—"Mother, Jack's got half the bed.

Mother—"Well, you take the other half.

Tom—"I can't, he's got his half in the middle."

"Don't you believe every woman should have a vote?" asked the sweet young lady."

"No," replied the young man, "But I believe every woman should have a voter."

Patient—Doctor, it hurts me to breathe, in fact, the only trouble I have now is breathing.

Physician—That's all right, I will give you something that will soon stop that.

"This watch will last a life time," said the jeweler, as he handed the watch to the customer.

"You can't fool me" said the customer, "Can't I see for myself that its hours are numbered?"

"If accidents must come your way," remarked the professor, "I pray that you may be struck with a good idea."

Many a man who sleeps like a log sounds like a saw mill.

"In writing love letters a fellow does not have to use a quill pen to make a goose out of himself.

There are a few men in this world that are so bashful that they blush at the naked truth.

Wanted—Control of a patient to make both ends meet, notify Economic Department.

The object of some women's lives is to prevent their husbands marrying again.

Cox, in Charleston, on seeing a boy fishing off the Battery, said;

"Buddy, what's he fishing for?"

Buddy—"He's fishing for shrimp".

Cox—Great golly, man, he's done caught three on one line. (Ask Cox what was used in baiting the lines.)

Hop Gandy is giving lessons in "Heroism," or in other words, how to face rocks like a stone wall.

The Young Men's Christian Association.

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The Palmetto Literary Society.

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Bomar & Crigler	Spartanburg, S. C.	Clothiers
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Vol. XVII. No. 6

MARCH, 1914.

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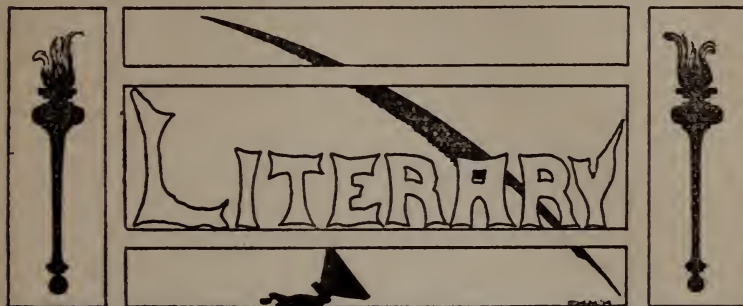
The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITORS:

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LeGETTE, '15

The Coquette

F. H. McDONALD, '14.

YOU ask me why I'm sad, my boy,
And why I've lost my cheer?
List to my tale, and when I'm done
You'll understand my care.

I met her near a year ago—Just how? No matter—and,
As she was young and beautiful, and very gracious too,
I liked her, and when I returned again
To the place I called my home, I wrote to her.

And she, having naught to do, perhaps, answered right
away;

And I, without delay, wrote to her again.

Thus, for many months, we often swapped our thoughts.

Several times, I saw her, for she lived not far away.

And e'er I seemed to grow more fond of her.

So came the summer months—and then
 Like a gay butterfly spreading its wings in happy, care-
 free ways,

She left. And I also went away. We wrote,
 At first; but as the joys of gladsome youth
 And beauty filled her life, she ceased almost to write,
 Except when as a fancy rare it sometimes seemed to please
 her.

Yet I wrote as before; until at last
 I, too, was tempted to give up.

Howe'er, the summer passed away,
 And she came back again. And I, also, returned.
 And then she wrote, and I gathered that though the sum-
 mer months

Had nearly cost me dear, that she had meant no hurt,
 And all might now be as before. And I believed it.

Since then, I've fought my hardest. I've
 Done all a suitor should, and much have borne withal,
 Giving in return my best. But she,
 As tiring of a plaything old, seemed ne'er to care a mite;
 Though once I thought she would, but all in vain.

At last I went to visit her. I would tell her I had come
 To find out if she cared. Arrived,
 I sent her word, and asked if I might call.
 But she, replying, bade me nay; for I had come,
 And she had not expected me. "But," said she,
 "I'm sorry, and will write to you tomorrow." And—
 Tomorrow has not come.

You've listed well my tale, my boy;
 You know why I was sad.
 But telling you has cheered me some;
 For, unlike tomorrow, the end has come,
 And I, methinks, am glad.

N. B: For reference see Shakespeare's Julius Ceasar,
 Act III, Scene 3, line thirty-three.

Henry Timrod

H. D. B.— '15.

HOW many men, upon first being introduced to the charms and beauty of literature have not aspired to eminence in a literary career? I dare say there is scarcely a person possessing the barest rudiments of education that has not, in his youthful fancy, beheld himself honored among the great authors of the age. Indeed, this fanciful ideal is not always confined entirely to their own imagination; oftentimes I have heard boys and girls imparting to one another, in a more or less serious manner, such youthful ambitions. Yet how unfortunate that ninety-nine per cent of these should let life ebb away without making a single effort to realize their early ideal. It is much to be regretted that this criticism is especially applicable to the people of the South—a land so richly endowed with a warm, balmy atmosphere; a land blest with such soft, inspiring beams of sunshine as our delightful Southland—an ideal land for producing poets; as Timrod himself said,

“Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays.”

It is to be wondered that such a land has produced so few men who have attained literary eminence. Yet it is for this very reason that we should study and honor the lives and the works of the men who spent their lives

in setting us such worthy examples of sticking to our early literary ideals.

South Carolina has been able to boast of being first in so many things that it seems a pity she can not rank first in literature. Yet she is far from being first in that line. Among the men whom she is indebted for what literary attainment she has made is found that beautiful lyric singer, Henry Timrod. Let us now see something of the man himself and the conditions under which his songs were produced, and we can better appreciate him and better understand the purpose and the value of his poetry.

Charleston and Columbia are honored as being most intimately associated with his name: the former having been his birthplace, some thirty years prior to the war between the states; the latter his final resting place very shortly after the war. He was of excellent parentage. His father, who was also a poet, was a member of a highly respected German family; his mother was an English-Swiss lady of refined poetic temperament. Thus we can see why Trent is justified in saying "His inherited qualities had given him a greater artistic endowment than any other Southern writer save Poe, had been blessed with."

Of his early education little need be said except that while in school in Charleston, his desk-mate was Paul Hamilton Hayne, with whom a strong and lasting friendship sprang up. Timrod received his college training at the University of Georgia, where he gave full vent to his passion for reading. The effects of this, especially the influence of Tennyson and Wordsworth, can be traced in his earlier works, altho we find that Timrod soon worked out a strikingly original form of poetry that has caused him to be classed by many as one of our most typical Southern poets. Aside from his diligent perusal of such poetry as had begun to inspire his own genius, he seemed to be a great lover of nature, and spent a considerable part of his time accordingly. But his college

career was cut short because of his lack of means.

He turned to law as an occupation, but like so many of our Southerners of literary inclinations, he turned with disgust from the dull, dry law books to follow his natural calling. But being unable to support himself by his pen, he tried being a tutor in private families, composing poetry between times, which was published in current magazines.

The stirring times preceding the war caused the South to be in a poor mood to recognize the merits of a promising poet; yet it seems that his war poems were highly popular in the South. These poems are regarded by many critics as being his best productions. Henry Austin said of them: "In his war poems there is a fervor and fire lacking in Tennyson. Read it," he says in speaking of *Carolina*, "and say whether anything in English or Greek battle poetry surpasses this in fervor and form. Timrod is the most masterly Southern poet our civilization has produced."

But he was not content with serving his country with merely his war poems, which did much to arouse his fellow Carolinians; he volunteered his services to the army. Consumption, the disease that was so soon to blight the life of so fair a young man, had begun to lay its hold on him, however; and he could not enter active service, but became a war correspondent. In 1864, he became editor of the *South Carolina*, published at Columbia.

About this time, he married Miss Kate Goodwin, who is the heroine of some of his most beautiful poems. The most noted of which is *Kate*, a poem that has been published in an illustrated volume.

Fate seemed to be unreasonably cruel to this young poet. Troubles began to heap up thick and fast on his head. When Sherman sacked Columbia, Timrod's library as well as all his other property was destroyed. He was left in the very depths of poverty. Then his infant son died. And to crown it all, the ravages of the deadly disease that

had obtained such a fatal clutch on him, were slowly robbing him of his life. Amid such troubles, his life soon came to an end, with Timrod muttering, "And this to be the end of it all—so soon, so soon! And I have achieved so little. I thought to have done so much." Thus he died without reaching the prime of life, leaving us to wonder at the cruelty of Fate in depriving the South of what promised to be one of her brightest stars.

We cannot gain a true conception of his style from a few of his war poems, for which he is most widely known. They undoubtedly deserve the greater part of the praise awarded them; yet it is the nature poems that come straight from his heart. He was not a war loving poet, but a simple nature lover. And it is in the songs of nature that the true man shines forth. In studying these, the critics agree that his style is simple and clear, with the heart of the man shining forth through them; that he was at ease on whatever theme he adopted, and that his writing never had the effect of straining. Of his love lyrics Hamilton W. Mabie says: "They are never on stilts, but are simple, sincere, and grandly spontaneous. This spontaneity is under the restraint of a well considered art."

It is true that the number and the limited scope of his works will not allow him to be classed as one of the great poets; yet from the appreciations expressed by men of authority, he must have had many of the endowments of a great poet. He is undoubtedly the greatest native Carolina poet, and it is only just that this state should take pride in honoring him. The Timrod memorial Association has done much to perpetuate his memory, by placing a monument over his grave in Columbia, putting a bronze bust in Charleston, and publishing memorial editions of his poetry; yet that is not sufficient. Every South Carolinian should read Timrod's poetry, and try to catch the hidden beauty of his lyrics. In so doing, some persons of literary temperament may catch the

inspiration that will stimulate him to honor his State by giving her a still greater man, who will be worthy of all the honors of the grand old State of South Carolina can heap on his head.

“A Mistake Rectified”

By J. F. M— '15.

MR. JOHN PERCY, age 21 years, rose from his bed with a feeling of great dissatisfaction. He had been married only a fortnight, and yet, in that short time he and his wife had discovered the unfortunate fact that they were not at all suited to each other. Only last night, he and Victoria had quarreled bitterly, and the truth of it was that Victoria had won the best end of the argument. That is why Percy felt so bad this morning; for, if he hated anything, he hated to be beaten in an argument.

It required some time for Percy to dress; and when he had finished, his ill humor had in no-wise disappeared. He looked at his watch, it was eight o'clock, breakfast time.

Percy walked into the breakfast-room determined to be as disagreeable as a man in his frame of mind could be. He greeted his wife with a curt nod of his head and seated himself at the table. His wife took a seat opposite.

For some time nothing was said; then, Percy started the conversation by saying:

“Madame, I think this coffee is the worst I have ever tasted.”

His wife flushed, for she had made coffee this morning, herself.

“I think, sir something is wrong with your taste and not the coffee.”

“Something is wrong with my taste, or else my judgement would not have tricked me into selecting you for a wife.”

Victoria looked at him. Was he in earnest? I believe he is, she thought. Then,—

“If your judgement displays not merit in selecting, you had best retrieve yourself by getting rid of the selection.”

It was John's turn to look across the table. Was she in earnest? Without a doubt, yes. Then,—

"I shall act in accordance with your advice."

"As you please, sir."

"Of course, it will be agreeable, if I ask you to sign the papers which will free you."

"You could not render me a greater favor, sir."

A week later, the agreed arrangement between John Percy and his wife had become complete and effective. They were no longer, legally, husband and wife. John Percy went to Cincinnati and entered business as a banker. Victoria disappeared.

* * *

Six years have passed away since that eventful morn when John Percy and his wife parted. John Percy has become one of the influential business men of Cincinnati. A great change has come over him; he is a different man from the John Percy six years back. His time is given entirely to business; he rarely graces a social occasion—although hard pressed by the social dames who are desirous of marrying their daughters to him. His external appearance has changed; he is a larger and stouter man; his hair has assumed a deeper hue; he has grown a mustache, and this along with business has added greatly to his dignity. He is a more handsome man than he was six years ago.

Today, he is sitting in a large revolving chair in his private office. A glance at him will show that he is thinking hard—but he is not thinking of business, he is thinking of marriage and a home. "I really ought to get married," he muttered. "As it is, what does all this fortune avail me? I think I will cultivate society once more—let's see—tonight, Mrs. Brelawne gives a ball in honor of a young lady who is visiting her. I believe I'll attend it."

John Percy acted upon his newmade resolution. That night, he could be seen engaged in conversation with Mrs.

Brelawne who was delighted at having acquired such a prominent man for her social circle.

"By the way, Mr. Percy, I want you to meet Miss Victoria Inland. She is so beautiful and sweet. There she is over there talking to Mr. Belcher.

He looked in the direction indicated. "I would like very much to make her acquaintance," he replied.

A few minutes afterward, he had his desire gratified, and was soon engaged in conversation with Miss Onland.

Percy's hostess had not overestimated Miss Onland's qualities. He saw at once that she was extremely beautiful. She was about twenty-five, of medium height, and superb form; her head was crowned with a wealth of auburn hair; her eyes were azure blue—dancing with mischief. Tonight, she wore a soft, silken like dress. She was matchless. Percy was carried by storm. He fell in love with her at first sight. His talk with her drove cupid's darts still deeper into his heart. His talk was witty, humorous, brilliant. Her mood was changeful—rising to every occasion.

The ball passed away all too quickly for Percy; but nevertheless, he had to take his departure.

He walked to his bachelor quarters with buoyant step and with a pleasant sensation which he could not describe but which made him feel delightfully happy, yet, besides this delightful feeling, he was aware of something else, something which kept telling him that he had seen Miss Onland before. He searched his mind to recall where and when, but failed.

Miss Onland, in her room at Mrs. Brelawne's was also reviewing the night's events. She had had a pleasant night, extremely pleasant. Mr. Percy was, she decided, extremely interesting and very very handsome. Then musingly, "I think I have seen him before yes, I'm sure of it. Can it be possible that he is the same? Yes, I believe he is—no, I'm not certain—I'll find out."

Two days later Miss Onland received a call from Mr.

Percy. Again, another delightful evening was spent. Conversations were laid aside, and the talk became quite confidential.

Percy walked back to his quarters feeling that he had made considerable headway in his suit. This night's two hours in Miss Onland's company had convinced him that he had seen her somewhere before, but he was unable to remember where.

Miss Onland was again reviewing the night's events. "I like him very much," she said to herself after he had gone away; "but I am almost certain that he is one and the same, yet he is greatly changed."

For the next three weeks, Mr. Percy was seen quite regularly at Mrs. Brelawne's residence. By this time things had greatly progressed. Mr. Percy was not only deeply in love with Miss Onland, but she was just as deeply in love with him. During the fourth week, the die was cast, and Mr. John Percy and Miss Victoria Onland were engaged.

Percy now thought it best to tell his bride-elect the story of his former marriage and its failure. Victoria in her turn surprised him by telling a similar story, analogous, and equally astonishing.

The gist of Percy's story was that he had married a young girl, Victoria Langdon; they had settled down to house-keeping, had shortly afterwards quarreled over some trifle, and by mutual consent parted.

Miss Onland's story was to the effect that her name was not Victoria Onland, but Victoria Langdon; that she had early married one, John Percy; that they had settled down to house-keeping, had shortly afterwards quarreled over some trifle, and by mutual consent parted.

The two lovers were of course greatly surprised, but this was succeeded by a mutual laugh, long and hearty, when they saw the humorous side. The confessions did both good; both acknowledged that they had been wrong;

both made elaborate apologies to each other, and after awhile the matter was amicably adjusted.

"Well my dear we will start life anew and try to make up for the time we have lost," he said.

"We will," she agreed.

Six months later, Mr. and Mrs. Percy were at breakfast in the dining room of the Percy's new residence. They had just returned from their honeymoon trip abroad. They were sitting opposite to each other. Mr. Percy tasted the coffee. "My dear," he said, "this coffee is delicious."

Mrs. Percy smiled. She had made the coffee herself. Then,—

"I am glad you like it," she replied.

Your Calling

By C. B. FARIS '12.

WERE you born for a loftier purpose than Happiness and Contentment?

If so then take the winding path that leads to the smoking smeltering city, make your home there and rub elbows with the thousands who languish in the crowded alleys—where thousands dwell amid the stench and blackened walls of misery, and are living slaves to heartless masters—where you will see daily, every striking contrast of virtue and vice, hope and fear, glory and shame, joy and sorrow, wealth and rags,—where you will see every extreme of society—tenements of poverty and sin unillumed by hope and unhallowed by love—where you will see life robbed of its sentiment; youth, its romance; and age, its reminiscence—where you will see the environment of brick and mortar contrasting the ideals of men to the circumference of the dollar, and shape their dreams of happiness to all the gilded forms of artificial happiness.

When you have seen all these shifting scenes of life pass like phantoms before you, it is then that you will dream by day and by night of natures untouched fields and cooling springs—all beckoning you to come and live among their landscapes of beauty. You will dream of the farm—the realm of rural life far beyond the maddening strife of men. You will dream of the sunlit hills and shady dells, where God curtains the earth with blade and leaf and flower, and borders the streams with spreading trees and tangled vines.

I had rather be a worshipper at nature's shrine with my cheeks and hands all tanned by the summer's sun, and my heart as light as the wing of a bird—than beneath the halo of glory which encircles the beautiful city, with its perfections of art, its splendor of habitation, its brilliancy of drama—and yet with its awful inequalities of life.

I claim for the farm that it has its thorns and its thistles, that serpents crawl among its fairest flowers, that to have and maintain a home on the farm means work, work, work. But is it not true that work is the only anti-toxin for human woe? Then why not spend the days close to the bosom of nature where applied common sense will place you in position to look the world squarely in the face, and to cope with the business world, where you might build a home

“Of not merely four square walls
 Tho with pictures hung and gilded
 But a home where affection dwells
 Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.”

--An unpretentious country home, builded close to natures treasures and crowned by the wisdom of her teachings.

There is a horizon of intelligence for you to attain, and it defines your field of endeavor. It is glorious to aspire, but is it not too often true that dread of the plow handle makes us see, with holy calm delight, a mountain of gold in the merest soda-jerking job? The age of agricultural progress is calling for heroes for the farm, and if the Lord made you tomtit, then be content to stay among the low cedars and don't soar with the eagles. But I am thinking mostly of the worthy, and how often you find among these, ones whose life is an organized mass of misdirected energies! I refer to the multitude of men who have missed their calling—those who did not know that whoever enters the lists for the laurel wreath of renown must bare the head for a crown of thorns, and drink the bitter cup which sorrow has pressed to the lips of genius in every age.

Almost every day at eventide, along the great highway of life, you may observe these—doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers and business men returning at last to their own sphere, the farm; But alas! with a hole in their reputation and their pride in a sling.

The Mystery of Kalalanta

S. C. S. '16.

I.

DURING the past summer, it was my pleasure to spend about two weeks in the picturesque mountains at and around Highlands, North Carolina. The father of one of my boyhood and college chums rented a small cottage in Horse Cove, two miles below Highlands, and, with his family, and several relatives and friends, I among the number, spent the summer there. In the crowd there were four other boys all about my age.

Soon after we reached the cottage, we became acquainted with two typical mountain boys, John and Jack Smith. They were twins, and had been living in this Cove ever since the time of their birth about eighteen years before. They were well acquainted with all the mountains, streams, trails etc. in that part of the mountains, and were also well informed as to all the ghost stories, mysteries, legends of the different hollows and mountains. One of their tales was to the effect that a noted mountain climber had climbed about one hundred and fifty feet down an almost perpendicular cliff of solid stone, and had carved his name on the side cliff. Our story is not intended to discuss this feat, however, we want to mention the fact that in the place described in this tale, there is what appears to be a name carved on the rock in the side of the mountain.

On the second night after our arrival, in telling us of the many interesting places we should visit, the boys mentioned Kalalanta as being the highest dwelling house this side of the Rocky mountains, and as a point from which the most beautiful view in North Carolina could be obtained. Seeing that we were interested in the place, they went on to tell us a tale of mystery which had gained a good deal of credence in the last few years. According to the story, Kalalanta was the property of a rich widow who lived in one of our great northern cities. For several

years she was accustomed to spending the summer here. On these visits she was accompanied by her son, who was about ten years old, and her daughter, who was two years his senior. There was no mystery connected with the place at the time of these visits.

One winter while they were at their northern home, the daughter contracted a dreadful disease. The widow carried her to the great doctors and surgeons of the world, but they were all puzzled, and none of them could relieve her. The disease caused the girl to have violent spells in which she was endowed with almost superhuman strength. She would lose her mind in the fits, and at times would not even recognize her mother. Everybody soon began to fear her. Her mother was frantic, and did not know what to do. One day she thought of this beautiful mountain home, and decided to brave the winter weather and carry her children to this home. She reached the home in safety, but soon was stricken with the dreaded pneumonia, and after a short illness she died, leaving her daughter to the care of her young son, who was only twelve years of age..

This death seemed to make the daughter worse. Her fits began to seize her oftener. The mountaineers, who as a rule are very superstitious, soon began to believe that she was possessed of an evil spirit, such as those spoken of in the time of Christ. This belief was greatly strengthened when one night the little boy disappeared, and was never heard of again. Some thought the evil spirit in the girl had seized him and hurled him into the region of darkness. They began to shun the girl, and soon they would not go near her home at all. Soon her supply of food began to give out. She became hungry, and was almost starved. Still none of the hard-hearted mountaineers would help her. At night she could be heard to scream and cry in a most fearful manner. It was terrible to hear. One night she began screaming but suddenly stopped. She was not heard again that night,

nor for several nights following, finally, two or three of the bravest mountaineers mustered up courage enough to visit the house and see if she was still there. They entered the house and searched it thoroughly, but found nothing of her. They spread the news, and soon parties were organized and the country for miles around was thoroughly searched, but no traces of her were found. So the common belief was that the evil spirit had carried her, soul, body and all to the region below. The mountaineers began to have a fear and dread of the place, and it was not long before the only visitors to the place were those who went in the daytime to see the beautiful scenery. Some months after the death of the girl, the voice was again heard at the house. It sounded weaker and shaky, but the people near were ready to swear that it was the same voice. The boys went on to say that not many months before the time of our arrival at the Cove, that a young man had become lost in the part of the mountains near Kalalanta, and had stopped in the house out of the rain. Soon he heard that dreadful voice, and could hear something moving slowly towards him in the dark. A broad flash of lightning lighted up the house, and all that he could see was two bright flashing balls of fire moving slowly towards him. He fled out into the night, but the object seemed to follow him. He ran to his home, the way seemed to come back to him after his scare, but could not rest, for that dreadful cry was still ringing in his ears. "Since this incident," the boys said, "The awe of the place has increased.

Of course my companion and I were filled with curiosity, and instantly decided to visit the place on the next day. We were not at all superstitious about the place and laughed at the idea of its being the abode of spirits. The night following this stay, I could not sleep. My companions slept soundly, but all through that long tiresome night I imagined that I could hear the cry of the girl, and I determined that night, that, before I left the mountains that summer, I would solve this mystery.

The morning of the next day was cloudy and foggy; so we did not leave on our trip to Kalalanta until in the early afternoon. By that time the fog had risen and the clouds had been blown away, and we concluded that we could get a pretty good view from the mountain. In order to reach our destination, it was necessary to climb the mountain almost to Highlands, and then go around the ridge by a circuitous route to the house; so it was late in the afternoon, almost sun-down in fact, before we got there. The house looked very much the same as any of the many other summer homes of the community. Upon closer examination, we could tell by the architecture that the house had been planned and constructed by a master hand. The main part of the house appeared to have six rooms, the kitchen and dining room were under a separate roof and were joined to the main part by a covered passageway. The yard showed that it had at one time been a well ordered flower garden, but it was now almost entirely overgrown with weeds and briars. I noticed that a well worn path lead up to one of the doors, and I wondered at the time what it could mean, as I understood that the house was uninhabited.

From the front yard of this house, I beheld what I consider the most beautiful scene that it ever fell my lot to behold. I don't believe my youthful mountaineer informers were exaggerating in the least, when they said that it was the grandest view in the mountains of North Carolina. Below me, stretched for several miles straight in front of me was the beautiful valley known as Horse Cove. It was a level piece of country and was covered with the rich green mountain grass characteristic of that part of the country. A small river flows through the center of the valley and many smaller streams empty into it. In the fading sunlight these streams resembled the prettiest mother-of-pearl and gave the valley the appearance of having a pearl setting. On my right rose a large mountain, known as Black Rock on account of the large bulging

rock which covered almost one side of it. A small stream of water was flowing over this rock, and the rays of the setting sun passing through the water caused most of the colors of the rainbow to appear before my eyes. Extending from the further side of this mountain almost entirely around the valley was a ridge of lower peaks. This furnished an excellent background for the picture. On my left was another large mountain, which stretched away to my left, gradually converging toward, and finally meeting the ridge which formed the background of our picture, thus entirely enclosing the picturesque little valley.

My companion and I gazed at this scene for sometime before we realized that night was rapidly approaching. My companions began making preparations to leave, but I decided to take the first step in my determination to clear up the mystery attached to this place, by remaining in or near the house during the night. My companions gave me all of the lunch which they had not eaten, and left me. I told them to take my horse and tie him at a certain place about a mile down the road, where I could find him in case of an emergency. I then sat down on the front door-step and began my long watch. At first every muscle and nerve of my body was strained listening for some sound. However, I soon became tired and sleepy and almost went to sleep. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the most hideous cries that I have ever heard. I was awake instantly and jumped to my feet, amazed. But soon I remembered all, and determined to find the source from which the cry came. I started toward the back of the house, but again that shrill, heart-rending cry broke into the stillness of the night. I was so frightened that my heart almost stood still, my knees shook, my hands fell limp at my sides. Never before nor since have I heard such a mournful and yet fearful cry. I soon regained some of my strength and realized that something was coming towards me. I had just enough sense left to remind me to run. I was not armed, and

did not have a light of any description. I believe I broke all known records for the mile in running from the house to my horse that night. I could hear, or thought I could hear, something coming on softly through the leaves after me, and once looking back I thought I could see in the moonlight, two bright shiny objects moving after me. I thought of the descriptions I had read of the bright eyes of the Prince of Darkness, and I thought it might be he after me. So I quickened my pace to its fullest extent. By luck, I succeeded in reaching my horse, and as he seemed fired by the same fear and restlessness that I was, we flew on down the mountain at a dangerous speed. We reached the cottage in safety, however, and I was soon on my pallet, hoping to ease my mind in slumber. But such was not my luck. I rolled and tumbled that night and could not sleep. Almost every minute I imagined I could hear that hideous and yet pitiable cry, out like some one in distress. My thoughts were too many to mention on that long, tiresome night. I thought of how all my life I had been trained by my parents and teachers not to believe in superstitious tales. I had been taught from infancy to know that there were no such things as spirits on this earth. And yet, as I lay awake on that hard pallet that night, I began to believe that I had found an inhuman being and that after all, this early teaching and training was wrong, and that there really were "spirits" and ghosts living on this earth. I had only one consolation, and that was the fact that I would have another chance the next night to test the truth. With this consolation in mind I went to sleep sometime in the early morning, and got a few hours of pleasant sleep. I rose the next morning more determined than ever to solve the mystery. All morning I was nervous and restless.

About the middle of the afternoon, I began making preparations to visit Kalalanta again that night, I tried to persuade some of my companions to go with me, but they all flatly refused. I borrowed a pocket flash-light

from one of them, and taking my revolver and a large sharp meat knife, I saddled out my horse and started to the scene of my recent adventure, thinking that with the outfit in my possession I would be able to stand against man or devil. I fastened my horse at the same place as on the previous night, and walked on to the house arriving there just about dark. I took my seat on the doorstep as before. I managed however to keep awake this time. I had waited probably two hours, when as on the preceding night I heard that fearful cry. It did not scare me so much this time, as I knew what to expect. I decided that it came from one of the back rooms of the house. I went round to the back and started into one of the rooms, when I heard something move. I jumped back quickly, but approached again, this time holding the flash light in front of me. I saw the same two bright lights that seemed to follow me in my flight the night before, I was closer this time, and soon the idea came to me that they were the eyes of some wild beast. I jerked out my revolver and aimed at the portion between these two lights and fired. Instantly there was a sharp cry of pain, and then I was sure that my enemy was human. The animal jumped at me, but I stepped back and avoided his blow. In my quick jump I lost my light and there I was, face to face with the beast in the dark. I shot again at the spot where I thought the animal was, and again I heard a cry of pain. I was becoming accustomed to the darkness by this time, and I could make out the form of the animal as he made ready to spring at me again. I raised my revolver and shot again, but he had already sprung, so I missed him. His blow was well directed this time and I was knocked down and my pistol was knocked from my hand. I then thought of the knife. I jerked it loose from my belt, where it had been fastened, and as the beast made another spring at me, I aimed the knife at his breast, and succeeded in piercing him to the heart. The blow knocked me down again, but this time the beast fell on top of me, a lifeless

body. I was not long in freeing myself from his body and finding my light. I flashed the light on the lifeless body, and to my surprise, before me lay the body of a lean mountain panther. The mystery of Kalalanta had been solved. Instantly I knew what had become of the little boy, why the maiden had disappeared so suddenly, what it was that had scared the young; I also knew that the balls of fire I had seen were the eyes of the panther shining in the light. I knew that the hideous cry was the cry of the lonesome panther wailing for his mates, I was sure that he was the only panther in that part of the mountains. I searched the rooms and found what appeared to be the skeleton of another panther, so I concluded that either the boy or the girl had killed the mate before they were finally devoured, and that this last panther, faithful to his mate had gone to the house every night and sent forth that hideous, yet pitiful wail. So the entire mystery of Kalalanta had been solved. I returned to the cottage that night and slept soundly till morning. When I awoke the next morning I found that in some way the news had got started, and later in the day when I went to Kalalanta, I found that a crowd had gathered there, among the rest, a near relative of the widow, who said that the house would soon be remodelled as he intended spending the next summer there. He invited me to be the guest-of-honor at a spend-the-summer party in celebration of the solving of the mystery of Kalalanta.

The Quitter

BENNIE SIMON '17.

Tell you, that fellow's a thorough quitter. He has disgraced the team."

The president and manager of the Tigers were sitting in the club's office. They had been discussing John Hughes a recruit first-baseman, for whom a large price had been paid.

"There is no doubt of that," responded Folman, the president, "and we will have to get rid of him."

At the time that this conversation was going on "Tim" Griff, manager of the Eagles was sitting at the desk with the president and manager of the Tigers trying to pull a trade through between the two teams. "Tim" had seen Hughes and although he had heard very bad rumors about him he liked the looks of the player. All of a sudden he said to Folman, "What will you take for Hughes? I'll give you Brid my old shortstop, how about it?"

"It's a deal," quickly answered Folman, and thus it was that the Eagles secured "Quitter" Hughes.

"The first time that Hughes reported to Griff at his office, Griff went up to him and said, "Hughes, I have heard it said that you're a quitter and that you have thrown up a game. Is that so?"

Before another word could be said Hughes struck Griff across the face with his hand.

"Quitter or not, that's my answer," he cried.

To Hughes astonishment Griff did not do anything.

"I'm ready to fight you," he cried hoarsely, "you've called me a quitter."

And then Griff spoke up in his slow easy manner, "Im not sure that I care to fight you," he said.

Hughes turned white.

"Damn you," Hughes said fiercely, "what do you mean?"

"You know that you are disgraced and I can refuse to fight you if I want to and I do—yet."

"Explain what you mean!"

"You've got to prove yourself worth fighting," Griff answered with a faint smile. "If you're a quitter—well, I'm not going to disgrace myself by meeting you. If you're not, well and good, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

Hughes' ears were strained to hear what Griff was ready to say. "Tomorrow we play the "Gulls" and I'm going to give you a chance to show whether you're a quitter or not; and if you prove that you are not, then we can settle this affair." As he finished these words he left the office.

The next day when Griff came to the field he saw that Hughes was already in uniform and practicing.

During the practice Hughes took his regular place at first base and all of the people began jerring at him; for though he was a new man on the team his name of "Quitter Hughes" had quickly followed him.

This had him worried, but as he thought over what this game meant to him he determined to go into it and do his best. Even the players jeered him and wouldn't have anything to do with him, so great was the hatred for a "quitter." Not a word had been said by anyone to him except by Griff and that was only to tell him to "take" first when the game commenced.

After the game the first thing he did was to hunt manager Griff.

"Well! will you fight now?" was the first thing he said.

Griff took him by the hand and said, "Shake hands with me old fellow, I knew you had the stuff from the very start and I did that to you because it was the only way I could think of to make you forget to be afraid."

From that time on if one would call him quitter the "fans" would tear the unfortunate knocker up for Hughes was a new man from the time he heard those shouts for him after his three bagger.

Direct Me, That I May Help

By H. L. P. '14.

THERE is "He" and there is "She", but they are "He and She". Where they live it does not matter to you, gentle reader, howbeit they live—and not a hundred miles away. What their names is we know but we will not tell you. You can, doubtless, fit a name to them out of your own acquaintances. If this were a fictitious story we would, of course call them by their real names? but this is a true story and therefore we will give no names but will call him "He" and her "She."

He is young. We know he is young because we know him and knowing him we know the secrets of his heart, its hopes, its dreams and we know that only youth can dream dreams as he does. Aside from being real young in spirit he looks young, is clean shaved, has well shaped features, light hair, blue eyes. This, you say, is the man of the stories, but this is a real man and we can show him to you, if needs be. So much to his looks.

As to his nature we might say as follows: He holds a good job—never mind what—is thoroughly capable and knows it. One day the boss sent him word that so and so was not exactly in accordance with the rules and regulations and so forth. To the boss he sent word which, summed up, meant as follows: I am running things over on this hill and if the boss does not like the way I am running them tell him to get another man." Up to the present writing no other man has been "got". That is the way he treats the boss and all others who are "up". If the boss had been a little child who, in a timid little voice had asked for something, possibly for raiment to clothe its pinched little body, or a bit of food to go in its hungry little mouth, those blue eyes would have kindled up with light like rays from the home of Joy, and on that face would have shown a desire that was stronger than any-

thing else on earth—and in the meantime what he had would belong to it.

But we haven't said anything about her. "She" was all that a man like him would desire for a wife. She was pretty and little and young. Her heart was his heart and his longings were hers, and those longings were—for little twining arms to bind them closer yet, and little tottering feet to patter around the little bungalow in which they lived. No one would ever know this, however, had it not been for a little incident that happened not over a century ago.

As the Right Reverend Mr. X. sat in his library before the fire one snappy December evening he heard a knock at his door. On going to answer the summons, this is what he found: "He" stood there with a large bundle in his arms. "Mr. X." he began, "I-er, no thank you I haven't time to come in—here is a package which I would like for you to take charge of and-er sort of distribute to the needy little children. A wistful look was in his face as he turned—

"But", cried Mr. X." Do not hurry, sir. I do hope that you will have a very merry Christmas."

"Thank you, sir. It will be something unusual, in a way, if I do. For the past six years, Mr. X. I have never had a real happy Christmas for fear that some little one near me who was suffering, or who had nothing to cheer its little life at the season when all was joy and gladness. God has not seen fit to send these little ones for me to make happy so I have to be content with making those of other people happy".—

Long stood Mr. X. in his door deliberating whether that was a tear or not in "His" eyes as he turned to go.

* * * *

It was Christmas eve. Snow, mingled with freezing rain, was falling. The wind howled around a certain little bungalow. Inside around a cheery little fire sat She very close to He. Holly and Christmas robbons decorated

the room. Gifts from Him to Her and from Her to Him were strewn around. But something was lacking to make the scene complete—The old fear was gnawing at his heart.

“Do you reckon” said he, rising and looking wistfully out into the darkness, there can be one in need about here, or some tot who hasn’t something to make ’em happy.”—He cleared his throat and started towards his hat and coat.

“Where”.

“Out.—Somewhere. The post office, maybe. Somebody needs me.”

She was left standing in front of the fire, and there She stood for fifty eight minutes trying to reason it out and then—footsteps. She flew to the door.

He walked in with measured tread. In his arms was a bundle wrapped in his greatcoat. His face was as white as the snow outside as he laid the bundle on a soft couch.

With quick motions she undid the bundle. What lay there seemed to rend her heart in twain as his had already been rent.—A little seven year old boy. Its emaciated little body frozen and covered with ice. In its arms, hugged tight against its breast was a little wooly lamb all ready for mailing. On an attached piece of paper was the



Oh, two hearts whose joy is banished by visions of beckoning hands and soft clinging arms—Two hearts who must at last come before the Great White throne with none behind who can say “I am the embodiment of all principles for which they stood. I am the perpetuator of their race—the sower of good seed.”—Two hearts whose tombs will never be labeled “Mother,” “Father” The world will say unto you “he that hath a great mind and spirit and dares to battle for men hath done it unto me.”—But I say unto you “in-somuch as ye have done it unto one of these, the least of mine, ye have done it unto me.”

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

The Senior third term courses *Three New Studies.* have been greatly improved this year. The advantages gained by the changes in the courses that were made at the beginning of the year are now being emphasized to their fullest.

For the first time, the Seniors at Clemson have been given a course in Sociology. The chief aim of this study being to learn the social problems, their importance, and relation to economics. This course has been taken up with interest by the Seniors, who hope that it will become permanent in the curriculum.

A course in Pedagogy has been offered to the Agricultural Seniors, and many have accepted this opportunity to prepare themselves to be more fitted should they decide to teach.

This class gets two hours lectures each week. This study has filled a long neglected gap in many of the graduates education.

Still another new course is found. This one is on cotton grading. The value of this course to agricultural men will be readily seen. To know the methods of grading, the grades, and their relative worth is valuable to many Southern men whether they farm or enter the commercial field.

Forests of South Carolina. Lumbering is the second most important industry of South Carolina. The value of its products is not less than \$15,000,000 annually. Of this sum \$3,000,000 represents the value of the timber before cut; and the remainder is the cost of manufacture, which goes principally in wages to the community—there being about 15,000 wage earners employed by this industry. Thus it is not hard to see the fundamental importance of protecting the forests. And along with protection should go proper management; for if the forest is used as it should be, it will go on producing timber, and more and better timber, indefinitely.

Few other regions in the world are as favorable to tree growth as the one in which South Carolina lies. Climate and soil combine to produce the most valuable timber in the shortest time. Nowhere else are there so many hardwood species.

Fire is the greatest enemy of the forests. Since the first settlement of this country it has destroyed as much timber as lumbering has utilized. It does not confine its damage to the forest growth. It robs the soil of its fertility; it sweeps away the cover provided by nature for the watersheds increasing the danger both of floods and of low water in the streams; it impairs these streams

navigably; and it destroys property and interrupts business. The value of the forest destroyed yearly in the state amounts to about \$300,000.

Not only is the destruction of the virgin forest or older growth, an important loss to the state, but also the removal of the young growth takes away a source of future wealth. Upon the young growth depends the permanency of the lumber industry of South Carolina. Its protection will mean that when the present crop of merchantable timber is removed there will be another to take its place. The young growth is an important preventive of high and low water. Memories of the disastrous floods of 1903 and of 1908 are still fresh in our minds. These floods are steadily becoming more frequent on account of the destruction of our forests, especially of the undergrowth.

South Carolina has a productive forest area of about 10,000,000 acres. On this area it is safe to say that the average annual production per acre is not more than 15 board feet of log material. This means that the total annual growth of forests of the state is something like 750,000,000 board feet of timber. The annual cut, however, is estimated at one billion feet, which exceeds the annual growth by 250,000,000 feet. Thus, one third more timber is being taken away from the forests of the state than is being produced. The entire amount of timber in the state at present is estimated at something like thirty billion board feet. It is, therefore, evident that if the present methods are continued it will not be long before the forest wealth of South Carolina will be exhausted.

There is no need, however, for this to come about. With the affiliation of forestry the annual growth could in all probabilities be doubled, permitting a gradual increase in cutting without injury to the forest. Before Prussia began to practice forestry on a large scale in 1865 the annual yield from its forests was 144 board feet per acre. In 1904 it was 390 board feet—an increase of

175 per cent in 40 years. An increase in the annual yield of only 10 board feet per acre would give an additional timber growth in South Carolina of 100,000,000 board feet. This would mean an increase in the value of the annual timber products of about \$1,500,000, distributed mainly among those who furnish the labor and materials for marketing the products.

Measures for the preservation of forests have been adopted by practically all of the Northeastern States, the Lake States, and those of the Pacific Northwest. It would, therefore, be only natural and highly practicable for South Carolina, a region more favorable to timber growth and to the practice of forestry than any of the above mentioned states, to adopt similar measures.

By D. H. B.



EDITORS—J. L. CARSON, D. E. SWINEHEART

The February number of *Collegian* contains one of the most fascinating stories that has come to the notice of the Exchange editors. "A Jury Room Secret", has the power to hold and interest the reader, until the very end. The words are well chosen, each expressing the very meaning it was intended to convey. The author has a graphic power of description, and we have no difficulty in picturing the tired faces of the disagreeing jurors.

"A Game for Two" has a humorous trend, but the author shows little judgment or skill in his narration and description. This story does not satisfy the reader. A good plot is useless without the power to express one's self surely and forcibly.

"To a Pressed Chrysanthemum" is a beautiful short poem. "The Majesty of the Night" contains no special merit.

The Editorials are lacking in force and interest.

We are surprised that the *Criterion* has fallen from its usual standard. The January number may well be termed a good example of what a college magazine should not be. Lack of quantity may be readily excused, but not a lack of quantity and quality.

"Loyd's Mistake" is one of the numerous stories dwel-

ling on the terrible misfortunes of love-lorn sweethearts. These stories fill our magazines and are not worth the space that is given to them.

On the very next page, we find a repetition of this style in, "A Romance of the Foothills." This story if possible, is more heartrending than the first. The great question, around which centers all the interest, and which holds the reader breathless is, "Does she love me?"

In the editorial notes, there seems to have been no attempt to select topics which may be developed into good editorials. The Editorials are a vital part of any magazine and really show its literary strength.

D. E. S.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

As space will not permit the printing of the several reports from the various committees read before the Y. M. C. A. recently, an attempt will be made to say a few words about the most important.

The committee on conferences rendered a very favorable report. Clemson has been well represented at all of the important conferences held for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. during the past year.

In the Bible Study Department the work has been exceptionally good. The classes studying the "Life of Christ" and the "Life of Paul" have just been discontinued, for the purpose of taking up the study of missions. The total enrollment of the classes studying the "Life of Christ" and the "Life of Paul" was 208. The mission classes are taking up "The Chinese Revolution" and "South American Problems."

Since the beginning of the second term the morning watch has been held in the Y. M. C. A. hall each morning. Fifteen or twenty boys are present each morning for these services. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Kittles has been untiring in his efforts to keep alive the Sunday Schools in the rural communities in the immediate vicinity of the college. Sunday Schools at "Old Stone Church" and Keowee are being kept up by a few of the boys interested in this work.

The Music under the efficient leadership of Mr. Wilkerson, for the past year has been a great improvement over the music in former years. A regular choir has been organized and the singing is one of the most important features of the Y. M. C. A. meetings.

Under the head of religious meetings, the committee reports of the many successful services held during the year. We have had several good speakers from different parts of the state to deliver excellent addresses.

In the interest of missions, our Y. M. C. A. in co-operation with the University of N. C. is supporting a missionary in China. Mention has already been made of classes organized in mission study.

The social committee gave a "Feed" to all Bible Class members on Feb. 18th this was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The committee on athletics has been successful in organizing a basketball team. We are in hopes of getting a few match games. Two tennis courts have been kept up during the year, and it is hoped that cement courts will soon be built. We have prospects of a good Y. M. C. A. basketball team. Arrangements are being made for a few trips.

The report of the treasurer will be given in the next issue.



ALUMNI.

EDITOR: B. M. JACKSON, '14

Quite a number of our Alumni are farm demonstrators in the different counties of the state. At the recent meeting of the county farm Demonstrators held at the college, the following alumni were present: G. J. Hearsey, M. W. Wall, J. F. Easell, "Pike" Riley, L. B. Altman,

A. P. Fant '12 attended the St. Valentine's Ball on Friday night Feb. 13th.

N. K. Rowell '12 is in the Civic Service commission in the Philippine Islands. We know he is not lonesome because his helpmate accompanied him.

ALUMNI MEMBERS OF "THE FACULTY"

R. E. LEE.

Professor Architectural Engineering. B. S., Clemson College; S. C. M. A.; Zomarian Art College; Cornell University; University of Pennsylvania; tutor Preparatory Department Clemson College '97-'98; Instructor in drawing, Clemson College, '98-'00; Assistant Professor Drawing, Clemson College, '00-'04; Associate Professor Drawing, Clemson College, '04—Professor architectural Engineering '12—

PROF. D. H. HENRY.

President Alumni Association. Associate professor of chemistry; B. S. Clemson '98; Post-graduate, Clemson College; Assistant chemist. '99-10. University Chicago summer '08; Clemson since '99.

W. W. KLUGH.

Assistant Professor of Drawing and Designing.

B. S., Clemson College, '96; Vanderbilt University; Cornell University; Assistant Instructor in Drawing; Clemson College, '99-'00; Instructor in Drawing, Clemson College, '00-'01; Assistant Professor in Drawing, Clemson College, '01—

D. N. HARRIS.

Instructor in Drawing. B. S. Clemson College, '08. Instructor in Drawing, Clemson College, '10—

A. B. BRYAN.

Associate Professor of English. B. S. Clemson College, '98; B. Lit., University of Nashville, '01; Graduate Student, University Chicago, by residence work during summer quarters and by correspondence.

J. E. HUNTER.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics. B. S., Clemson College, '96; public schools of Newberry county, '96-'00; Post-graduate course in mathematics, University of Chicago, summers '02-'04; Clemson since '01.

J. M. BURGESS.

Assistant Professor Animal Husbandry and Dairying. B. S. Clemson College, '02; assistant in animal husbandry and Dairying, Clemson, '05; assistant professor Agriculture, Clemson, '08-'10; assistant professor animal Husbandry and Dairying, Clemson '10-'11; summer quarters, University of Illinois; Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Live Stock Association; Clemson College since '05.

Many other Clemson graduates are connected with their Alma Mater in some manner and it is our intention to complete this list in later issues.



CHIEF PILFERER: SPOON WITHERSPOON?

The following motto was seen over a fire department in one of our cities.

“May this fire engine be like all the old maids in our village,—always ready but never called for.”

Two Irishmen were in a railroad accident and both of them got pretty badly bruised. Each of them sued the railroad, one of them got \$2,500 and the other \$2,000.

They met one day and were discussing their good luck “Look here, Pat, how does it happen that you got five hundred more dan me?”

“My tear friend” said Mike “It vas easy. During der excitement, I had der presence of mind to kick me wife in der face, and der railroad thought she got bruised through accident.”

A young man fell into a state of coma, but recovered before his friends buried him. One of them asked what it felt like to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead and I knew I wasn't because I was hungry and my feet were cold."

"But how did that make you sure?"

"Well, I knew that if I was in heaven I wouldn't be hungry, and if I was in the other place I wouldn't have the cold feet."

Professor—"Why Willie, what are you drawing?"

Willie—"I'm drawing a picture of God."

Prof.—"You musn't do that; nobody knows how God looks."

Willie—Smiling confidently. "Well they will when I get this picture drawn."

Queen--Jobo, why is kissin your girl like a bottle of olives?

Jobo—I give it up.

Queen—Cause if you can get one the rest come easy.

Dr. Quigley was giving the Juniors a lecture on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the bone heads understand he said "Now boys, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you all know would run into it, and I would turn red in the face.

"Yes sir", said the juniors.

"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

After thinking for a while, Carrie Foster replied, "Cause yer feet ain't empty."

An Evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn you he shouted, "that there will be weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

At this moment an old lady in the gallery stood up. "Sir, she shouted this is impossible for I have no teeth."

"Madame", returned the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

Hamney—Joe, what is the difference between a wonder and a miracle?

Joe Birly—Well, if you were to ask me to lend you five dollars, and I lent it to you, that would be a wonder.

Hamney—Well, what about the miracle?

Joe Birly—There wouldn't be any miracle unless you returned the money.

Dr. Calhoun—You men can take either, pedagogy or Taxonomy.

Major Boyd—Doctor, is taxonomy the study of the science of levying taxes?

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Band & White	Spartanburg, S. C.	Printers
Barksdale, A. D. L.	Greenville, S. C.	Insurance
Bomar & Crigler	Spartanburg, S. C.	Clothiers
Bull, J. A., & Co.	Greenville, S. C.	General Groceries
Byers, E. D.	Spartanburg, S. C.	Insurance
Carolina Hardware Co.	Greenville, S. C.	Hardware, Paints, etc.
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THE CHRONICLE



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CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

The
Chronicle
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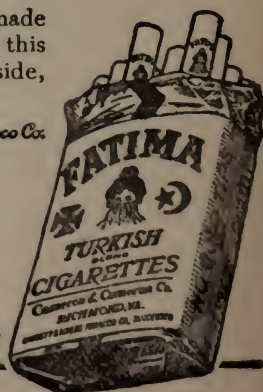
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., April, 1914.

No. 7



EDITORS:

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LEGETTE, '15

A Dream of Spring

By W. J. H. '15.

BRIGHTLY shone the sun to-day
Upon the waking earth below.
Nature, in a mood for play,
Dispersed the chill of mimic snow,
And with gentle zephyrs softly blown
Tossed my wilding fancies high.
The river's soft low monotone
Became a song in passing by,
The mighty oak with branches bare
Reached proudly upward to the sky,
Drinking in its welcome share
Of morning sun without a sigh.
Each dew-drop looked a sparkling gem
For half the rosy morning hours;
Each weed, a fancied rose-bush trim,

A moment bloomed with fragrant flowers.
The sparrows winged from tree to tree
And wildly twittered all the while.
Their little pranks, their bursting glee
Might make the brooding owl to smile.
Across the freshly furrowed earth
Was heard a gently cooing dove.
The while a something o'er me stole
That hinted spring and whispered love.

The Little Casket

D. F. F. '16.

AURIE BLAIN was spending the summer months in a little mountain town at a big hotel, which offered many kinds of amusements to entertain its guests. But of them all Aurie loved the early morning gallop on the excellent saddle horses best. She rarely missed a morning in riding for miles out among the hills. She had gone out alone, one bright sunshiny morning, to the top of the bare little hill. There she halted her steed to take in the beauty of the valley. The grasses wet with dew, sparkled, like an ocean of pearls in the slanting rays of the sun the whole earth was alive with birds and insects. The harsh cries of a gang of crows attracted her attention, and, as they flew over her head; she watched them alight in the top of a tall pine tree, which towered high above its brothers. Before she could turn her eyes away, the crows scrambled away from the tree, rending the air with their harsh shrieks. Aurie knew that something must have frightened the birds, and, curious to know the cause, she turned her glasses on the root of the tree. There she saw a curious pantomime. A rude mountaineer was digging in the earth with a spade, and beside him lay a small coffin shaped box. In a few minutes he ceased dig-

ging, lowered the box very solemnly into the grave he had made, and covered it with the lose earth. Aurie watched him until he had finished his task and had disappeared into the forest. It seemed sad and peculiar to the girl, and she wondered if he could have buried a child there in that manner. Still thinking of the scene, she turned her horse towards the town.

While Aurie was out for her ride the neighbors of an old miser, Peter Kemper, were aroused by his screams. They rushed into his house and found him almost frantic. He tore his clothes and pulled the long gray locks from his head. He uttered such expressions of grief as the people had never heard before. It was sometime before they could quiet him enough to learn that someone had taken his little casket containing all that he had hoarded for many years.

When Aurie returned to the hotel, she learned of the robbery, at the breakfast table. Her friends noticed that she was unusually quiet and a little nervous, but they did not understand. She was thinking rapidly all the while about the small box she had seen the mountaineer bury. Perhaps it was *the little casket!*

She would find out. Hurrying thru the rest of the meal she pleaded a headache and left the merry, care-free throng. She called for her horse again and in a few minutes she was out on the road to the tall pine she had seen only an hour before. Arriving at the edge of the forest she alighted, led her horse in among the bushes and tethered him. She thought it best to leave him here and walk the remaining few yards to the pine. She proceeded cautiously peering thru the forest for any signs of the mountaineer. She crept on, full of excitement, to the root of the giant pine, and there she saw the little mound of earth. Leaning against the tree, was the spade the mountaineer had left behind. Eagerly she seized the tool and began to throw away the lose clay. In a very short time she removed about two feet of earth and her spade struck the hard wood of the box. Her young

heart throbbed with joy as she thought of herself presenting the treasure to the old man back in the town. She kneeled over the hole, grasped the handles and pulled her prize out upon the ground. As she straightened up her weary little self, she looked into the forest and saw, at some distance, the mountaineer approaching. She stood motionless for a moment, stupefied from fear. With a start she regained her control, grasped the casket in her arms and moved swiftly and stealthily towards her horse. If she could get to him before the man discovered her, it would be an easy matter to get to the town. In a few minutes she arrived at the place where she had left her horse, but to her dismay there was nothing there but a piece of his rein. He had broken his halter and gone!

There was no means of escape other than the open road a few yards across the field. With the hope that she might meet someone there she made her way as rapidly as possible across the field. The casket was cumbersome and it retarded her speed very much. Before she had gone very far, however, she heard the man shouting to her from behind. It could be only a few moments before he would overtake her and get the treasure. How she longed for the sight of some friend but it was in vain. She tried to move on more rapidly but her strength was failing. She glanced back and saw the man within a hundred yards of her. She wondered if he would kill her at once, or if he would take her back into the mountains to some filthy hut or cave! Her body quivered at the very thought. She was angry with herself for attempting such a daring thing alone. What would the people at the hotel think of her? The man would regain the treasure and she would be rebuked by the public for her foolishness. But then the mountaineer was nearly to her and she stopped almost exhausted. To her surprise, he did not rush up and overthrow her, nor did he point a horrid gun in her face. He simply stopped and stammered, "Er-er Miss, what you gonna do with my old dawg."

Three-Fold Development

W. E. B. '15

WE, OF THE present generation, are indeed fortunate. Never before in the history of the world has there been so much to minister to physical comfort and to inspire noble achievements. The products of the nations, the resources of the whole world and in fact the scientific and medical advances of all time are combined in this present era to make life enjoyable and profitable.

As a direct result of the foregoing facts the present day man has greater power of endurance, and is able to accomplish more physically than his less fortunate predecessor. The world worships strength. The greatness of kingdoms is often measured by the strength of their armies. Yet while it is true that the physical must ever constitute an indispensable foundation, nevertheless, the distinguishing characteristic which elevates man above the beasts is not his physical powers. Many of the lower animals are far superior to man in this respect. Had the fight for supremacy on this globe of ours depended upon sheer strength alone, man would have long since disappeared. The indomitable strength of the lion would have placed him as king over a wild and desolate wilderness. But such is not the case!

Let us then consider for a moment the fundamental cause of human success. It is the *symmetrical* development of man's threefold nature, the physical, the intellectual and the moral. No one of these three essential natures, regardless of to what degree it may be developed, can produce a *man*.

I gaze thru the grated bars of a cell in the asylum for the insane. There stands a gigantic figure with enormous chest and broad shoulders, his chord-like muscles standing out in broad relief against his massive form. But his eyes are wild and bloodshot! He stares at me

with a manical grin! His mouth is covered with foam! His head is mangled and bleeding from repeated attempts to batter down the bars. Is he a *man*?

Let us change the scene. We are in the learned professor's study. The clock has just announced by its two clear peals the dreariest hour of the night. There, reclining in his soft Morris chair sits the object of our consideration. His head is buried in an encyclopedia. His slender form is doubled so that his narrow chest appears even smaller. His face is drawn and extremely solemn. His slender legs totter as he rises to greet us. His voice has a weak, feminine accent. He appears past middle age, altho the calendar places him in the early thirties. He has been from earliest boyhood a deep student and scholar; but alas, in his efforts to develop the intellectual, he has pitifully neglected and ruined the physical and moral nature. He may be able to tell you every date in history, every function of x , and lecture for two hours on the fourth dimension. But, *is he a man*?

The moral to these remarks is simply this:—Avoid a one sided development. Let your nature be threefold and remember that perfect manhood is upon the *symmetrical* development of the physical, intellectual, and moral.

Running the Lines

E. L. R. '15.

“**W**HAT time is it, Bob?” asked Juhn as he peered anxiously thru the inky darkness in the direction of the camp.

“I’ll see if you will hand me a match.”

The match was handed over. As Bob was looking at his watch by its feeble rays, a challenge of, “Who’s trere?” came from the sentinel whose post was along the road.

“Confound it, I forgot all about that sentinel,” exclaimed Bob as he quickly threw down the match.

“Look out, here he comes!”

They listened. The sentinel could be heard coming toward them. The friendly cornfield made the elusion of the sentinel a very easy matter. He looked around for a few minutes and then went back to his post muttering dire threats against any “line runner” who might be so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches.

These two boys were in a sad plight. It was the summer of 19—. They were in the annual militia encampment. That night they had overstaid their leave. Rather than to be court-martialed for coming in late, they were trying to sneak thru the lines. Bob’s “boner” had almost gotten them caught the first thing.

“Whew! that guy came near falling over me,” whispered John as the disappointed sentinel trudged back to his post.

“It’s a cinch. we’ll never break the lines around these parts now.”

“It’s pretty near two o’clock.”

“Well, it’s another cinch that I am not going to stay out here all night,” said John as he began to feel that a little sleep would come in well.

Suppose we go around to the other side of the camp,” suggested Bob, “I know we can slip across that post by the shower baths.”

They made a cautious detour of the camp. Every thing was quiet. They passed thru the copse of woods and into the field or clearing that joined the camp site on the north. The chirping of the crickets was the only sound as the two miscreants crept nearer and nearer the sentinel's post. They were within thirty feet of the line when the tramps of relief was heard. "Number three," called the corporal.

"Halt, who goes there?" challanged the sentinel. "Corporal of the guard and relief," answered the corporal.

"Advance to be recognized!"

"Number three," said the corporal to the new sentinel who stood ready to receive special orders, "There were two 'line runners' sneaking outside of post 'one' about a quarter of an hour ago. Keep a sharp look out and catch them if possible." "Post?"

The new sentinel saluted and started walking his post as the relief marched on.

"Hear that?"

"Don't think I am deaf do you?" answered Bob as they crouched just outside the lines. "It means that we had better wait and give that 'scout' time to get sleepy." "Let's go back into the woods any how, I am about to die for a smoke."

Back to the woods they crept. Half an hour later found them back in the same spot, crawling toward camp.

"Can you hear that sentinel?" asked Bob as they drew nearer.

"No," answered John, "stop a minute and we will locate him."

They lay motionless for a minute but no sign of the sentinel was perceived.

"Here. I've got it!" whispered John, excited after a few minutes.

"Got what, the cramp?"

"Shut up you fool, and listen," whispered John as he rose to his knees and began feeling around. "Here's

the 'route'." "We'll get a rock and sail it at that bath house over there on number three's post and of course he'll think that there's someone in there drunk and holler at them. In that way we can locate the 'scout'. I believe he's up there laying for us now."

"That's a good idea, but have you the rock?"

"Sure, here you are. Now stand up and throw it at that bath house over there," said John as he handed Bob a rock and pointed to the farthest of the three houses along the post.

Bob threw the rock. It landed squarely against the side of the house with a noise not unlike that of a drunken path-looser.

The noise had hardly died away before the sentinel was heard to arise not thirty feet away and hasten towards the house.

"Now, slip across quickly."

They had just passed over the lines when the sentinel heard them and realized that he had been duped. He began calling the corporal with all his might.

"That was pretty neat," laughed John.

Hardly had he made the remarks when the corporal turned out a company street within ten feet of them. It was too late to run. They had to face the music.

"What's that?" asked the corporal.

"Officers," answered Bob as he nudged John to keep quiet.

"Humph! You don't look like officers to me," said he coming closer, "I believe you ran the lines."

"You guessed right," said Bob as with a quick motion he tripped the corporal and gave him a shove.

"Halt!" cried the corporal as he fell in a heap with his gun clattering down on top of him.

"Not much," muttered Bob as they sped away.

They had just ducked in their tent as they heard the corporal run by, hot on the trail, as he supposed. He was swearing something awful about those two scoundrels.

"Such a docile frame of mind," laughed John as his footsteps died away.

"Yes," said Bob, as they prepared to turn in, "It's a pity he drinks."

Lines on Madness

By W. J. H. '15.

THERE is a storm upon the coast.
 The seething waves are rolling high.
 The forms of night, a phantom host,
 Are flapping through the dismal sky.

So, dark the soul when vexed at life.
 The mind is but a ceaseless roar.
 And things long past renew their strife
 And strike against the broken shore.

Decaying hopes in shrouds of gloom
 Stalk through the turret of the soul.
 Ambitions sink into the tomb,
 And lost is all of self-control.

No song can soothe the raging mind,
 And gentle words avail no more.
 All is cast unto the wind
 And with the tide must drift ashore.

Fame

WHEN WE look back over the history of humanity, we see that the trend has ever been upward ad onward. Although this trend is always forward yet it has its turning points. These turning points in the history of humanity are a record of human efforts and human triumphs and achievements under that Providence that guides the affairs of men. Every point gained has been a stepping stone to a new advance. Material and moral progress can be traced from age to age; and the end is not yet.

In every age we see men fitted by nature and decreed by fate to promote the progress of the world. These men before whom fame has paused with bended knee, seem to appear at regular intervals; each time leaving their indelible mark upon the progress of the world, and each time uplifting man to a clearer vision of that perfect age which is to be.

We all look forward to the time when we shall no longer tread the pathways of life beside our dearest friends, or move along its highways amid the plaudits of an admiring public; and we wonder if we shall return the honor and esteem of all, and if our name shall be inscribed on honor's roll.

Great men have used countless ways of touching men's hearts and winning their affections. Some have won their place in the hall of fame by the power of music; have by the exercise of that endowment made the strong weep; the weak grow strong. There is nothing that will urge a man to battle like the strains of martial music. Music can bring tears to the eyes of the savage, or may lead him on to fiendish slaughter. The murderer with knife up-raised, relents as the sweet strains of melody strike his ear. Music can tame the savage beast. It can make the wolf restrain his rage; the lion tremble in his lair.

Thru the music of his poetry. Edgar Allen Poe has cast a spell upon the world, which can never be dispelled

by criticisms or by time. He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame he is immortal. And immortal he shall be. The ever gathering wind which bears down to us the odors of the past, shall carry always a trace of the bitter fragrance crushed out from that despairing soul.

To some there falls the lot to stir men by their eloquence; who hold the power to check the multitude, who can by matchless oratory decide a nation's fate. Many of the most noted achievements of mankind have been the result of the power of oratory. Its field has been the pulpit, halls of legislation, courts of justice, and any time or place in which the minds of men were to be influenced to action. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day. Nowhere in Roman history do we find a man who was more loved by the people or who as greatly changed the internal history of that great empire, than Cicero, the master of oratory.

A few years before the birth of Christ, there was born in the fertile valley of the Nile, a woman, who, by her beauty and magnetism, erased her kingdom from the map of the world, reduced Egypt to a province, and even gave to history a new era. So we picture Cleopatra, "The Siren of the Nile," the rival of Helen of Troy, and under the canons of physical taste that ruled at that time, the ideal of human beauty. And yet the life of Cleopatra is a life of crime. She robbed Antony of an empire and ruined the man who bade fair to become the conqueror of a world. Dollabella and even Augustus, himself fell beneath her charm. When Antony had established peace between the East and the West, Cleopatra held him under her sway and caused him to declare a war which plunged the Roman empire into a bloody struggle, and shaped the history of the East. It was because of

her death that she did not carry war and devastation farther into the world.

The one to whom fame pays the greatest homage is not the master of music, the silvery-tongued orator, nor the woman of beauty, but the man of war. From our earliest moments, the pulses of the young are stirred by the waving of flags, the tramp of soldiers, and the strains of martial music. We picture masses of troops in battle array, the shining buttons, and the flashing of sabers. We hear the clear call of the bugle; the fearful roar of red-breathed cannon, the distant rattle of musketry, and the cry of victory. We forget the shattered home, the ghastly field strown with the dying and the dead, and hear not the wailing cries of myriads of victims that fill the air.

Amid the vine-clad rocks and citron groves, in the beautiful valleys of Macedonia, was born Alexander the Great, the first of the mighty warriors and the conqueror of a world. He has been charged with the most infamous crimes, and the justice of his course as a king and a conqueror has been questioned; but his powers as a warrior in every sense of the word neither friend nor foe has attempted to deny. In his youth, Alexander was taught that the blood of Achilles flowed in his veins, and he dreamed of the conquest of the worlds. With this dream in mind, he invaded Persia, with forty thousand men and shattered the hosts of Darius. With his victorious army he marched to the confines of the known earth, and never knew defeat. He ran through a brilliant series of exploits, which were so bold, so romantic, that all the world looked on with astonishment then, and mankind has continued to read the story since. Alexander's fame rests on his triumphant success in building up for himself so vast an empire, at so youthful an age.

The storm-swept island of Corsica which has been called the battle-ground of Europe, was a fitting birth-place for the greatest of military geniuses, Napoleon Bonaparte, "The Man of Destiny." As long as time

shall last the inspiration of the poor and the ambitious will be not Alexander, the born king, not Caesar the Patrician, but the son of the poor Corsican lawyer. Born in obscurity, Napoleon first rose gradually, then with tremendous strides, until he reached the zenith of his fame. We see him rise against troubles as the eagle breasts the storm. We see him lay the better part of the civilized world at his feet. We see him bring brothers and sisters from their island home and put crowns on their heads. We see him meet the combined armies of Europe and hurl them back.

His achievements on the field of battle stand unsurpassed in the history of the world. Nothing in romance approaches the facts of his amazing career, and his dignity in exile and as a captive; he was triumphant in death; for when his body was returned to France, all the nation from king to peasant, all starts up to meet her returning hero. He comes back to the throne which none dispute. Allied kings^s will league themselves in vain to break that imperial supremacy. No Tallyrand or Boumont can find for treachery a leverage to overthrow that majestic power. It has linked itself with things immortal; and for this imperial career and fame there can be no death. Let *Cherbourg's* thousand guns salute. Triumphant arches span the Seine as he passes on his way. Let hill and slope and river bank hold their gazing hosts. Aged peasants drop on reverent knees, fire the old musket in humble salute, and then cover the weeping face with trembling hands. The funeral ends, but to-day around the great man lying there in his tomb with his marshals near him, and the battle flags that he made famous drooping around him, flows the homage of the world.

Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar were great men, wonderful men indeed, but *Napoleon* towers above them all. When the stars of fame burst forth in the heavens of glory, there is one star far brighter than the rest, which sends its lustre and radiance to the limits of the world—the star of Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is no Place Like Home

H. H. Q. '16.

JACK DARELL sat by the window of his den, quietly puffing away at a cigar, and looking dreamily down on the dusky street below him. It was on this very day ten years ago, that he had run away from home to come to New York. Ten long years had gone by, during which he had had many ups and downs, but now he was successful. Did he not have plenty of money, and plenty of friends? It is true that they were rather a fast set, but the world looked on them as the best of people. This very night he was going to a big affair given by some of his friends.

While he sat there in the dusk, looking at the fantastic shapes that presented themselves in the smoke from his cigar, there came to him, from the house across the street the sound of some one singing. He could see thru the window of the house, into the room where the family were gathered around the piano, singing old songs. The song that they were singing was "Do they think of me at home." That song set Jack Darell to thinking. Did they think of him at home? It had been ten long years since he had gathered around the piano with his mother and his sisters, like the family across the street. He had left home because his father had punished him for something he had not done, and since that time he had crushed out every tender feeling for home. His home had seemed to him a place of tyranny.

But this simple sight of the family gathered around the piano was too much for him. His eyes filled with tears, and the heart that had been hardened for so long, was suddenly softened. What was that they were singing now? "Home, Home, Sweet Home!" This was more than Jack Darell could stand. He realized that in spite of his money, in spite of his friends and his social position, he had no home. This suite of rooms, in which he was

living, was no home. He would gladly exchange them for his bright little bed room at home. But was it too late to go back home yet? Somehow, he knew that they would be glad to see him, yes, he was going home.

Just then his servant entered to get him ready to go out.

"James, pack my suit case at once. I must catch a train in twenty minutes."

The man looked at him as if he could not understand what had come over his master. "Yes, sir! Is there nothing else?"

"That is all. I may be away for some little time. You can look out for everything until I get back James, I am going home for the first time in ten years.

The Darell family was gathered in the sitting room where the father and mother sat talking, with the rest of the family sitting around in the room. They heard some one walking down the road toward the house, whistling for all he was worth. At this sound the mother's face became sad. "Father, doesn't that sound like Jack. He always used to whistle when he came along the road. It was ten years ago last night that he left us. What do you suppose has become of him?"

"God knows, wife! Maybe he will come back yet."

"O, if he only would! I would be so happy."

Just then the door opened and in stepped Jack. When his mother saw him, she cried "Jack! My son! Thank God you have come home at last." In an instant he was on his knees beside her, with his arm around her.

"Mother, can you and Father forgive me?"

His father with his eyes swimming in tears placed his hand on his boy's head while the mother answered, "My own dear boy, don't you know that we will always forgive you?"

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

Better Co-operation Needed Among Southern College Magazines. Every one admits that the benefits of co-operation are many. The college magazine is not exempt from this fact. The need is great

for an organization of the college magazines of the South. An improved system of exchanges should be established, and a higher premium placed on the work of the various magazines. This association could hold yearly conventions, express and enlarge ideas, and in a short time perfect the work of college publications. This convention would draw together in personal contact and acquaintance, people who will soon supply material for Southern journalism.

For three years there has been an organization embracing only a few of the colleges of the South. Since its

beginning an Eastern and a Southern association has been formed, using as a basis the constitution of this Southern College Press Association.

However, the Southern Association, after having established a foundation, and proved the idea that co-operation among colleges is beneficial, have realized that in order to attain the best results the membership must be increased. They struck out clauses in the constitution limiting the membership to male colleges and only those having a weekly and monthly publication. This makes it possible for nearly all our colleges to become members. It is hoped that many will accept the invitation to become members.

Next year the Association will meet at Clemson, and it is the Chronicle's wish that every magazine from Georgia throughout Virginia will send delegates.

Spring Work.

Isn't it great to feel the spring of life bubble again! The animal and plant world has much to be thankful for.

Nature, alone, does not or should not, renew its life in this season of new growth.

There is just a short period left for study. Our past work may not have been the best of our ability. But would it not be wise to brace up and work still harder for the remaining days? There is ample time for redeeming work; and much can be gained if the spring inspiration is taken for work, not fretting and dreaming. Let the vacation wait. Work now and provide material for memories worth while.

*One Side of Governmental
and Telegraph Lines
Ownership of Telephone*

principal considerations.

One of the live questions of our national politics today is Governmental Ownership. The lines of electrical communication are one of the

If the United States were to install Governmental ownership of these lines, an enormous public debt would be created for an experiment with an undeveloped, ever changing enterprise. This enterprise will lead to false economy by destroying competition, creating new political evils, forcing Uncle Sam to become a manufacturer, or ruin the system with low grade material that is obtained by competitive bids. This move would be exceedingly impracticable and undesirable, as is shown by European conditions. Our present accurate speedy system would be exhausted for an inefficient-political creation.



EDITORS—J. L. CARSON, D. E. SWINEHEART

As a change from the regular method of writing exchanges, the Exchange Department has decided to publish a review of the criticisms of the *Chronicle*, published in the various College magazines. We believe that this will not only be an agreeable change to our readers; but that it is only just to them, that they have the opportunity of seeing how the *Chronicle* is viewed by the neighboring colleges. With this end in view, we will not try to choose the favorable criticisms only, but the unfavorable ones as well.

The Criterion says: *The Clemson Chronicle*, too, deserves mention. *Chronicle*, much is expected of you. Though you are good, you are small. You have good fiction, but too much. Your poetry was good, but you could have had more of it. Ask some of your contributors to give you a poem or an essay next time. "The Coming of Music" was well written. In fact, it is so well written that one is checked when he opens his mouth to say, "Oh, dignity of the *Chronicle*, where art thou?" It was good not to be welcomed with an apology. If the staff had done its best, where lies the need of apology? Angels can do no better than their best. Be careful to do your best; for the invitation to be frank was well received.

Three cheers for the Young Men's Christian Association! She does well to publish her works and make known her aims and needs.

From North Carolina, we are remembered in the *Lenorian*.

The Chronicle, by far the most attractive, is not all "show." It contains much that is of credit to any magazine. The article, "The Spirit of Christmas," is a good story. It sets forth the true Christmas spirit—the spirit of giving. It shows a familiarity on the part of the author with the dialect typical of city waifs. "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" is a neatly written Christmas story worthy of mention. "As a Man Thinketh", holds the reader's attention to the end. It is a good story and well written. "Agriculture in South Carolina", is a noteworthy article, showing the place that South Carolina holds in comparison with other States. In this article, the value of agriculture, South Carolina's greatest asset—is shown by a plain statement of facts. "True Friendship" is of especial interest. It portrays the true character of typical North Carolinians in the trying period of the American Revolution. "The Season of Joy and Peace" shows, for the one thing, the commercialization of Christmas. The true meaning of Christmas is too often forgotten. We give, not in the true spirit—"It is more blessed to give than to receive;" but because we feel that we are under obligation to give to our friends in order that we may receive their attention. Too often we look at the monetary value of our presents and not at the spirit in which they are given. "Our Trip to the State Fair" is a glowing account of a football victory. "On to Atlanta" shows that, while Clemson may be defeated, her college spirit still lives on. The various departments of the *Chronicle* are well edited by capable editors. The attractiveness of the magazine is greatly increased by the color page of football pictures. We

congratulate the editors on obtaining the excellent pictures that were taken just at the right moment.

The Wesleyan contains the following: *The Clemson College Chronicle* offers quite a number of short stories, or rather, narrations. However, it is a relief to know that they have arrived at the conclusion that college life is not made up of love, but is the time of preparation for their future loves; and we feel sure that, with the attitude they assume towards music, set forth in "The Coming of Music," when the proper time comes love will not be lacking. The conceptions of life in "Reciprocity" are splendid, and it is well worth a second consideration.

We welcome the frank statements from the *Collegian*.

The Clemson Chronicle for November was something of a disappointment to us. The setting of the first story was handled well, and really deserved to be linked with a better plot. The author describes his hero as being in love with his work and entertaining thoughts of "the girl waiting for him in the States" Just to make the story four-cornered the author has introduced this absent character. Would it not have been much better to write a three-cornered story with a real hero, than to have introduced this other factor, at the expense of the chief character's manliness? We could not help feeling that his death was poetic justice, an effect apparently not intended. Manly in all other respects, he lacked a most important characteristic, faithfulness.

The story "Speen-Juice" is faulty in many respects. The first paragraph is merely descriptive and has no direct connection with the story. In a short story, every item, almost every word should be indispensable. Too many of the sentences are short and choppy to stand the test of reading aloud.

The Literary Department was not sufficiently diversified. Three of the stories relate to winning contests. It is true, one is an automobile race, one a football game,

and one a baseball game, but still there is the fault of sameness to be avoided. If we are not mistaken, the winning as recorded in the baseball story was not in accordance with baseball rules. The Editorial Department takes up practical college questions and discusses them very well.

From *The Southern Student*:

The first magazines to come to our table were *The Vanderbilt Observer*, *The Clemson Chronicle*, *The Mercerian*, and *The Yellow Jacket*. As an initial number for the year, these magazines deserve commendation; but especially would we mention *The Yellow Jacket* and *The Clemson Chronicle*.

It seems to us that Editor-in-Chief of the *Chronicle* was sure of his ground when he requested that all suggestions for improvement in the magazine be made known to the Department Editors. Never have we seen a magazine where more hearty co-operation existed between the student body and the editorial staff. This in itself bespeaks a year of success to the *Chronicle*. The felicity of expression attained by many of the contributors to this issue is well exemplified by the following quotation from the Exchange Department:

"Yet all the skies are not clear and blue for the Exchange Staff. There are sighs and tears for all our smiles. For how many hours must we endure upon our rivals' labored prose and rhyme!"

Quite as delicate as significant. Nor does the poetry, which usually proves a target for magazine criticisms, deserve particular harshness. It is not too sentimental nor does it reach the other extreme,—an unusual quality in college productions. The whole magazine is a pleasant combination of seriousness and fun.

We are glad to record our Sister College's opinion in this paragraph from the *Winthrop College Journal*:

We are glad to find the *Clemson Chronicle* among our

exchanges for this month. We wish to compliment the staff on the success of the first issue. We were sorry not to find any heavy material in the magazine, but we realize how difficult it is for any of us to have a serious thought during the opening month of the college year, and we accept this as an excuse for the shortcomings of the *Chronicle*. "A Tragedy" has a rather unusual plot, but it shows originality. "For His College's Honor" is perhaps the best article in the magazine. The writer has expressed his thought well, and he holds the attention of his readers in a masterful way. The story "A Case of Honor," is not good. We find, too, that the writer has made a grammatical error at the very beginning of his story. This mistake is found in the sentence, "In a secluded spot in the Shenandoah Valley, a young man stood leaning against a large boulder whose dress indicated that he was an officer of the Confederate Army." "For the Love of Mike," is amusing. "Love's Confession" is perhaps the best poem.

In the *Palmetto*, we find the following thorough criticism:

"The *Clemson College Chronicle* for December is a very attractive issue. The stories as a whole, are unusually good. "The Spirit of Christmas" is worked up in a rather unusual and interesting way, and has many good points to recommend it to us. "True Friendship" reads too much like a collection of historical facts. It lacks smoothness and finish. Nevertheless it is quite readable, and contains material for a good story. In "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" the thought is good but not always expressed as it might be. For instance, we find these sentences, which are certainly not all they might be, according to rules of grammar and good expression: "No wonder he felt so blue, that he noticed no one around him, who were celebrating." "Surely it must be him."

"Vain Regrets," a poem, is a most doleful wail for

love long lost. There is one part that we really need explained:

* * * "And then came she,
Who, for old remembrance's sake
Oft did come to live in memory—
To love again—to idly quake."

We cannot understand her quaking, unless it was for the sake of the rhyme. If such were the case, it was very sweet and accomodating of her to quake just at the right moment. "Dreams and Facts" is much more worth while. It is a sonnet containing good thought, well worked out.

"Agriculture in South Carolina" is the kind of article that we would like to see more often. Essays on the "Romanticism of Scott," "A Criticism of Browning," and the like, are of much importance; we would not depreciate at all their value, but we would like to be able to add to the importance of articles dealing with the vital, present-day subject of living and the relation of the world about us to our life. However, we have one criticism to offer in regard to the article in question: Note the striking climax in this sentence, "Situated as we are, bordered on the south by the blue waters of the Atlantic, and overlooked on the north by the snow-capped peaks of the Blue Ridge, we have an unsurpassed climate, with an annual temperature of 63 degrees Fahrenheit." The author should either maintain his eloquent style throughout or should descend at the first to practical statements. "Our Trip to the State Fair" was written in an entertaining way."

We gratefully acknowledge the usual exchanges.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

Prof. T. W. Shannon

On March 8th and 9th, Prof Shannon, under auspices of the Y. M. C. A., delivered a series of lectures on the Sex Problem. Those students who were here two years ago, well remember the helpful lectures given by Prof. Shannon at that time, and this made his recent visit all the more welcome. He has lectured to more college men on this subject than any other man in America. His experience and knowledge of the problem are very broad. He is the author of several books, and now holds the President of the Single Standard Eugenics Movement. He is a sane and attractive speaker, proven by the fact that all of the meetings were largely attended. No estimate can be made of the amount of good which Prof. Shannon did and we hope to have him with us again in the future.

The Clemson "I-Don't-Swear" Club

As a result of Dr. Vine's lecture in chapel during his stay here, a Clemson "I-Don't-Swear" Club was organized on the night of March 1st. Realizing the need of such an organization, a meeting was held and the following officers elected: President, A. H. Ward; Vice-President J. C. Barksdale; Secretary, R. B. Ezell. Through the kindness of Dr. Riggs, we were allowed the privilege of wearing the "I-Don't-Swear" badge for a period of one week. Over 300 of these badges were given out,

and the boys seemed willing and anxious to show their attitude towards such a prevalent and needless evil. No one can doubt the fact that this club has already had an influence. The badge was an indication that the wearer was trying to quit the evil, and many were heard to say "I've stopped cussin." We hope to make this a permanent organization which will aid materially in obliterating the evil.

Treasurer's Report to January 18, 1914

LIABILITIES.

Social Committee	\$ 46.60
Incidentals, (Stationary, Stamps, etc.)	158.76
Missions	5.00
Conference Expenses, (Delegate to Black Mt.)	67.00
Secretary's Salary to Jan. 1st.	704.00
Speakers	3.00
Payments on Piano	103.94
Religious Meetings	1.50
Y. M. C. A. Hand Book	104.60
Secretary's Expenses to Kansas City	51.65
Expenses of Delegate	45.00
	<hr/>
	1291.05

ASSETS.

Parent's Subscriptions	\$ 127.00
Membership	307.50
Faculty Subscriptions, Paid in	34.00
Sale of Mission and Bible Study Books	28.50
By Appropriation From College	206.30
From Y. M. C. A. Store and Moving Picture Show	587.75
	<hr/>
	1291.05

George Irving

The Association was very fortunate in securing such a man as George Irving to pay us a visit. Mr. Irving, for fifteen years, has been working in the interests of college men, and is now editor of the North American Student. His address, at the regular meeting of the Association on March 15, was listened to very attentively. He brought out some very beautiful thoughts under the subjects: "What Shall my College Mean to me? What Shall I mean to my College? and What Shall be my Life Work?" He stated among many other things, that no matter what work we went into we could not make a success without God.

THE CHRONICLE



Vol. XVII. No. 8

May, 1914.

R. H. JOHNSON, President

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President J. C. Barksdale
Secretary P. L. McCall
Treasurer A. R. Boyd

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President J. E. Dunlap
Secretary J. S. Moore
Treasurer C. C. Thornton

The Columbian Literary Society.

President G. M. Armstrong
Secretary G. R. Briggs
Treasurer J. F. Harrison

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President D. K. Banks
Secretary H. D. Barker
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Secretary and Treasurer J. W. Gantt
Historian J. N. McBride

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Captain A. P. Gandy

The Baseball Team

Manager E. H. Pressley
Captain S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager A. P. Lewis
Captain A. H. Ward

The Basketball Team.

Manager K. G. Caughman
Captain J. W. Erwin

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Secretary and Treasurer H. W. Barre

The Senior Class.

President J. L. Carson
Secretary and Treasurer E. H. Pressley

The Junior Class.

President S. W. Hutto
Secretary and Treasurer.....W. J. Hunter

The Sophomore Class.

President T. E. Boone
Secretary and Treasurer J. P. Harrall

The Clemson College Sunday School.

Superintendent B. J. Wells
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President A. R. Boyd
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Rifle Club.

President J. A. Berley
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The
Chronicle
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 DRAKEFORD

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If everybody could do just what everybody else could, there would be nothing doing in the Stadium!

College fellows will remember the first appearance of Fatima Cigarettes in the college towns a few years back—you spontaneously realized that here was a smoke some better than the others. And today, the biggest selling cigarette in America! The pure, good, choice tobacco in the plain Fatima package surely carries weight with the smokers of America. (omit the college yell).

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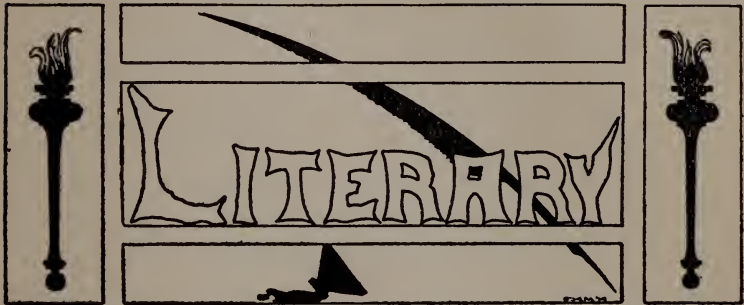
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVII.

Clemson College, S. C., May, 1914.

No. 8



EDITORS:

D. K. BANKS, '14

W. J. HUNTER, '15

F. C. LEGETTE, '15

Mother

By W. J. H., '15.



H, MOTHER, thou who kindly watchest o'er our
days

From infancy on through the weary years,
Whose love no end can know, whose very fears

Art but a prayer that we may walk the ways
Of upright manliness. E'en when the maze

Of life has all but wrapped us in and wears
A rayless mask, thou standest by in tears

To bid us rise; nor, doubting, darkly gaze.

Neither time and tide; nor wind, nor storm, nor sea

Can change thy heart, or thwart thy holy will,

Which like the sea rolls onward ceaselessly

Forever strong and deep. O'er dale and hill

Thy prayers follow us entreatingly—

Through life and death thou art mother still.

Cotton Mills and their Relation to the General Welfare of South Carolina

BY J. C. C., '15.

THE FIRST Arkwright cotton mill established in the United States was in our own state, South Carolina, and the second cotton manufactory, run by other than horse power, to be established in America is located and in operation at Autumn, S. C.

The growth of the cotton mills, at first, was very slow, a fact probably due to the following causes: the attempt to use negro labor, the lack of cheap motor power, the disregard as to kind of product manufactured, the location of plants, the lack of sufficient capital to maintain the operation of the mill until it became self-supporting, and the general disfavor of the public in regard to cotton mills.

However, about 1880, the cotton mill industry began to grow in South Carolina. Money was obtained from the state; The influence of big corporations and northern financiers, the use of white labor, and the building of churches and the founding of schools, along with the increased desire of the moneyed interests in the state for these institutions, gave an impetus to their growth that has continued to be more than marvelous.

Before 1880, the number of cotton mills in South Carolina might have been counted on one's fingers; now South Carolina, in the cotton mill industry, ranks second among all the states in the union.

The cotton mills have spread their influence over all the state, and have even influenced immigrants to enter this state. They have reached up into the mountains and brought the backwoodsman from his primitive home, meagre fare, and shiftless, aimless life; and they have given him a better and more comfortable home, a place to educate his children, and easy access to Sunday

schools and churches. Along with these, and his broadened view of life; he has become imbued with a desire to improve himself and to become a better citizen. The mills have induced many of the better class of foreigners to come to this state. They are furnished a ready cash market for the farmer's principal crop, cotton; and the operatives' furnishing a ready cash market for country produce. These mills enhance the value of property wherever they are located; they have been an important factor in the development of good roads; and now they are becoming a vital force in the development of electric power plants, causing the potential energy of our streams to be changed to the silent and swift electric current.

Cotton mills have raised the price of labor in the South—besides these benefits, which affect all the people, whether farmers, merchants, or mill workers, the mills have provided for their employees Y. M. C. A. buildings, usually equipped with a library, a reading room, a gymnasium, and a large reception hall. Night schools are usually established for the day operatives and a free day school for the operatives' children. If the free school is not supported by the owners of the mill, then easy access to some nearby public school is provided for the children of the operatives. Each mill has one or more churches where preaching and Sunday school are conducted each Sunday. Many of the officials of the mill have given money liberally from their private purse for the betterment of the conditions under which the operatives live, and for the organization and out-fitting of base ball and track teams.

The interest and scope of the work accomplished by one mill, the largest under one roof in the United States, may be seen at Greenville, S. C. This mill is 780 feet in length and 130 feet wide. Part of it is four stories and part is five stories high. It has a floor space of ten acres. It is equipped with 112,128 spindles and 2702 looms. The output, in cloth, of this mill is over seventy-

five miles per day, about sixty bales being the average daily consumption of cotton for this cloth, along with the expenditure's of four thousand horse-power. This mill gives employment to over one-thousand persons, paying them salaries ranging from seventy-five cents per day to four thousand dollars per annum. This mill has a free school for the operatives' children, a large Y. M. C. A. building where the operatives may spend their evenings and Sundays, and employs a secretary for this Y. M. C. A. and for general welfare work. The churches were built for the operatives, and part of the minister's salary is paid by the corporation owning the mill.

The study of this one mill gives us a fair index to the work done by the numerous mills throughout the state. A closer study of the mills in other parts of the state will make us appreciate more and more the value of the cotton manufacturing industry to the state in supplying the large percentage of the population of the state that it does with honest, remunerative work.

A Siesta with a Rattlesnake

D. F. F., '16.

THE AFTERNOON of our day's journey was spent in winding our way up into the heart of the mountains. As the sun sank lower the boys of our party began to grow impatient for a place to stop and set up our camp. Finally we came to an ideal place at the foot of a mountain and just above the river. Here we halted and two was sent to the farm house several hundred yards away, to get permission to camp upon the site. I found the old mountaineer at home and asked him at once if we might spend a week or more on his farm.

"Shore, ye air welcome to stay'as long as ye wish, but that place whar ye stopped is purty bad fer rattlers. Ye had better come on up here by our spring," was his hearty reply.

"Oh we don't mind rattlesnakes. I like to kill them just to get the rattles," I answered boastfully.

"Wall then I reckon you'll find enough this time but you'd better be careful."

I thanked him and returned to the boys with the reply. We cared little for his kind advice and soon we had arranged camp for the night, which we spent without interruption. The next day we spent in camp making everything as convenient as possible. When we had finished all the boys went up the river for a swim, but I remained in camp to take a nap.

I entered the tent and was soon dreaming peacefully. After a short time I awoke and lay on my back for a few moments collecting my thoughts. Soon I realized that something heavy was resting in my hand and I moved it slightly. The sound I heard made my blood run cold. I was paralyzed with fear. Barely glancing down I saw a large rattlesnake coiled over my hand. Its

head was erect. Its forked tongue shooting out rapidly and its rattles buzzing in that dry, harsh tone. The slightest movement on my part now would mean certain death, because the ugly reptile had been aroused by the first movement of my hand. A hundred thoughts rushed thru my brain in the next moment. I watched the steady swaying of the snake's head and listened to the continuous music of its tail until I was dizzy. The earth seemed to rock beneath me, and I longed for the return of the boys. More than once, I thought of the mountaineer's warning and I swore to myself that I would give more thought to his advice if I escaped this reptile.

After what seemed hours to me I heard the merry shouts of my friends. They were never more welcome. But then another fear seized me: it would be natural for one of them to rush in to awake me and thereby disturb the snake! in a few minutes they were in camp, laughing and talking carelessly. They seemed to have forgotten me. Soon however, one youth came to the entrance and peered in. I saw his frightened look as he beheld the scene. He called to the boys at once and a moment later five anxious faces looked in at me. One boy seized a gun but then we realized that it was useless from his position, he could not shoot the snake without hitting me, and they knew it would be almost impossible to enter the tent without disturbing the snake. I began to think my case hopeless unless I could wait for hours until the snake would leave of its own accord.

The next moment I heard the boys outside the tent near my head, and one told me to remain quiet for a few minutes longer. I saw the knife blade come thru the canvass and cut its way softly thru the threads. The snake's head moved faster and the buzzing grew louder at the sound outside. The knife was withdrawn carefully and the muzzle of a shot-gun came thru the opening so softly that the motion was barely detectable. It came on until it was just about my face. The snake saw that

some change had taken place, and its head shot higher in the air ready to strike. I closed my eyes at the order of my friend and was deafened by the report of the gun. The powder burnt my face slightly but the snake's head was torn off. The event almost caused us to move camp.

Again

BY W. J. H., '15.

WE MET this spring one year ago,
When the roses were in bloom.
All nature was at play,
And the birds along the way
Sang my being into tune.
Thru fancy guiled as oft before,
I with Cupid went astray.

I dreamed I loved, and sought to gain
The love of her whose hand I held.
With Cupid urging on
I proudly marched along,
While countless fancies thru me swelled
'Till love, no more a low refrain,
Became a throbbing song.

The summer wore itself away,
And changed were our affections too;
And leafless were the bowers
And gone the balmy hours
In which our love began and grew
Still mem'ry lingers o'er that day
We met among the flowers.

Again the spring has come; again
The coaxing roses are in bloom.
All nature is at play
And the birds along the way
Sing my being into tune,
And with the season as before
I with Cupid go astray.

At the Foot of the Sun God

By D. E. S., '15.

DONALD BROWN looked down into the laughing brown eyes of the girl whose hand he held. "You don't understand what it means to me if I get caught out of Barracks at night," he said thoughtfully.

"Now, Don," smiled the girl, "if you love me, you will take me to the dance tonight. You know, I don't care about going with anyone but you, and I have set my heart on going."

"I can't do it, Mary." But pretty Mary Nichols knew her power over him. Donald could not resist those sparkling eyes and that pleading voice. Before he left her, he had promised to be at the dance that night.

Next day Donald Brown faced groups of stern faced men. He was court martialed for breaking barracks. He was no weakling, and did not seek to lighten his punishment by begging off. When he was found guilty, and the punishment of dismissal awarded him, there was not a man among the judges who did not have the greatest respect for him.

It was not until Donald awoke next morning that the full force of the blow struck him. Discharged from school! How would his proud father look upon it? Could he ever face him? With these thoughts in mind he dressed and sought a near cafe to order his breakfast. As he sat moodily waiting he heard his name spoken, and he looked into the face of an old boyhood friend of his, John Harris, several years his senior. It was soon apparent to Harris that his friend was in a troubled state of mind.

"Tell me all about it, son," he suggested. Glad to lighten his mind to some one, Donald hurriedly related his misfortunes.

"Your father wouldn't understand it as I do, Don," mused Harris. "I'll tell you what, boy. You come

back to Panama with me. My vacation is over this week and you can go back with me. I'll give you plenty of work."

"It's a bargain," cried John with visions of blue skies, waving palms, and dark eyed Senoritas rising before him. Even as he spoke, he saw Mary Nichols passing by with one of his school mates. As he watched, he saw her smile at her escort with that same affectionate smile that had made him like wax in her hands. The realization that he was only another one that she had made a fool of came to his mind. "I'm with you till the end of the world, John."

The Steamship Cristobal arrived in the harbor of Colon during the darkness, and when the first light appeared in the east, Donald was awakened by some one shaking him. "Get up, sir, if you want to see something worth looking at."

As Donald came out on deck, the first rays of the sun were throwing long jagged stretches of light upon the smooth surface, and, striking the sands across the harbor, made them glow like a million diamonds. Groves of great palms and glistening orchids could be seen in the distance. The great break-water, formed by earth moved from all parts of the canal, lay before them. Straight ahead, with the sun gleaming on the towers, and the wharf alive with lazy workmen, idle pickaninnies, lay the city of Colon. Donald drew a deep breathe. "Life is worth living when you can see a sight like this," he cried.

"Wait until you see a sunset on the Pacific," smiled Harris as they went below.

After passing the custom house, they took the train to Ampere.

As they passed the great Gatun Locks and the enormous dam, as they saw the mighty channel cut through solid rock, where vast jungles once stood, Don was filled with the wonder and glory of it all.

Arriving at Empire, he was introduced to Ziun, the resident engineer, who, upon Harris' recommendation, told Don to report for work with the corps of engineers next morning.

The next few days were busy ones for Don, and he soon forgot his recent troubles. He grew at once to respect the great army of working men, their whole-heartedness, their kindness to the man who was down. He admired them for their efficiency, their daring and skill. He realized that this little band of sunbrowned care-free Americans were making history day by day and he swelled with pride at the thought of it.

It was on his third Saturday evening that Harris proposed a trip to Panama City. "You'll enjoy it, son. Come and take in the sights of the 'Gay Paris of the South.'"

As they left the station at the foot of Avenida Central, they evaded the throng of cab drivers and walked toward the plaza. To Don everything was strange, the dark featured Caballares with their superior air, the old women with their bundle of Lottery Tickets, the gayly dressed Senoritas with their brown eyes and mocking smile, all this appealed to his romantic nature.

Late in the evening having left Harris, who wished to attend to some business, Don strolled down past the old Cheriquia Prison and out to the seashore. On one side he noticed a large mansion which even in the moonlight showed signs of former splendor, but was now cast in darkness. It was surrounded by a stone wall with the large court-yard, common to all old Spanish houses.

As he stood admiring the moonlight on the bay, there came to his ears an awful cry as one in the agonies of death could utter. It came from beyond the wall. Grasping his pistol in one hand, Don laid his other on the top of the wall and leaped lightly over. Nearing the house, he could see a dark shadow under the palm trees, and two sharp flashes of light leaped forth, and a bullet whistled by his ear. Without stopping he returned the fire, and

saw the figure of a man disappear beneath the trees. Beneath the palm lay the body of a man. As Don knelt over him, the man gasped, "Who are you?"

"A friend."

"I don't know you, but anything is better than letting them get it. I'll trust you. Give this to my daughter, Jaunita. Quick before they come back. I am done for," he gasped in broken English, and forcing a small book into Donald's hand, he fell back dead. Knowing that nothing could be done, and realizing that he was in a dangerous position, Donald hurriedly left by the way he had come.

The morning papers contained a story of the death of the well known Senor Poras. He had been stabbed, and no evidence could be found in regard to his murderers.

Donald, upon inquiring, discovered that Poras and his daughter lived in the old mansion. That afternoon he was admitted into the presence of Senorita Porcas. He was at once struck by her beauty and queenly air. She listened intently to his story.

"Senor Brown, I can never repay you for the kindness you have already shown but I am now preparing to place myself more deeply in your debt. I ask you to keep that box and its contents until I ask for it. I know it is a strange request, but I will explain some day."

Don readily agreed and departed. His sleep that night was troubled with visions of a beautiful face with wonderful sad, brown eyes. Two days later he found a letter awaiting him.

Senor Brown:—

Meet me at the old Cathedral in Old Panama City.

Jaunita Poras.

Before the time of the Spanish in Central America, there dwelt in what is now northern Columbia, a tribe of sun-worshippers. While other tribes were driven to the west, or annihilated by the cruel Spaniards, this tribe held their ground. Spaniards who wandered among them or were captured by them fell into their ways and

beliefs, and married among them. Among their strange beliefs, is one that each year a human sacrifice must be offered to the great Sun God. In the center of the great temple is a great idol, and in the center of its forehead shone a great ruby, one that was worth many a king's ransom. While this great gem shone from the idol's head, all was well.

One day there came to the vantage two Spaniards, one called himself Poras, the other Sanchez. They were prospecting for gold. One morning the sun-worshippers awoke to find the prospectors gone and also the great ruby with several lesser gems. Kneeling before the Sun-God each man swore that he would never rest until the ruby was restored to the great forehead, and the guilty ones offered as a sacrifice.

As Donald entered the gate of the wall that surrounds the old cathedral, he heard it close behind him, and strong hands seized him. He was held powerless by two strong, bronzed men who carried him into the interior. There he saw a sight which made his blood boil. Jaunita Poras was in the hands of the captors. He knew they had been foiled. Mockingly they let him free, and handed him his empty pistol.

"Now," said the leader, tell us where the ruby is. If not we can introduce you to the chamber of horrors, yonder." And he pointed toward the old room, where once the protestants had suffered the horrors of the inquisition.

"You won't scare me by anything like that," smiled Don, "you know this is the twentieth century."

The leader's answer was to point towards Jaunita and make some vile remarks. Don's debon air manner changed. Grasping his empty pistol tightly by the barrel he crashed it into the giant leader's teeth. Then all grew dark.

When Donald opened his eyes again, he was bound securely upon the back of a mountain pony, which was

lead by one of the sun-worshippers. Turning his head, he groaned for he saw Senorita Poras riding between two men. All marks of civilization had been left behind. They were far up in the mountains. From their talk he could tell that the heathen were to be offered as a sacrifice to appease the Sun-God.

Suddenly there was a great commotion among their captors. They seemed overtaken by fright. Forgetting their captives, they raced ahead. From behind came the voice of pursuit, and soon the former captives were in the hands of United States Marines.

A week had passed and Donald and Jaunita stood together gazing out over the still Pacific.

"Dear," said Jaunita, "have you that box now? Silently he handed it to her. Opening it, she held it before him. With a cry of astonishment he looked upon the most wonderful gem he had ever seen. It lay like a great drop of blood on a field of snow. She took it carefully from the box, and before he could stop her threw it far out into the water. "It has caused too much sorrow in the world now," she said softly.

Was Aaron Burr a Traitor?

By G. F. M., '15.

THE pages of the United States' history are filled with words of noble or ignoble men. For the former, we boast, but for the latter, we blush. Washington and Jefferson were heroes of whom we are proud. But woven in the early history of our republic are threads that mar the pages of harmonious heroic splendor.

On one page, we can see a finger tracing slowly but sadly the name of Benedict Arnold. What a pitiful episode! What a barren ending to the career of a man of so much bravery. I am sure every loyal American regrets that such a black page occupies a place in our history. But let us pass on. A little farther over, we see the same finger tracing another name; but it traces doubtfully, waveringly, slowly. The guilt is not firmly fixed; the finger is fair; it does not mean to do anyone harm without fair cause; and so as we follow it, we see the letters slowly traced into the name, Aaron Burr, but we wait long and in suspense for that dreadful and horrible word "traitor." It is not written; the finger hesitates, then slowly a dash is placed after the name, indicating doubt.

This is the record upon which we will have to base our judgment. Is it fair for us to accept a man's guilt without proof? Would not you be willing to accept a man as innocent of crimes charged to him, rather than believe him a traitor? Would you not like to look back and point to a certain page in America's history and say, "Benedict Arnold was not a traitor; he was a hero." But that cannot be. Arnold's guilt is firmly established; he was indeed a traitor to his country. But Aaron Burr cannot be so referred to; his guilt is not established; there is doubt, and as long as there is such, we cannot add his name to the list of traitors.

Let us look back and review some traits of this man. First, we will say that he was a man of bravery; he joined the army and showed considerable bravery in Arnold's expedition against Quebec. He served four years in the army being promoted to the command of a regiment before he resigned. Burr was also a man possessed of a brilliant intellect. He graduated at Princeton at the age of sixteen. As Attorney-General of New York state, Burr proved to be a brilliant orator, and a very capable administrator. Burr possessed the qualities of leadership. The people honored him by electing him to the Senate and then to the Vice-Presidency of the United States. He was a man of varying moods, sometimes calm, but more often rash. He possessed great social and literary accomplishments, not being surpassed at that time by any man in America. Up to the time where his history became a dark blot, Burr seems to have been the soul of honor.

As we come to the point where he was accused of treason, it seems impossible, and absurd to even harbor the idea that he was a traitor. Yet, the fact that he was accused as a traitor remains untouched. That gaze we cannot avoid. Why was it that Burr's guilt was not established? The answer is that he was never convicted. Why was not he convicted? The answer to this last question is that evidence was lacking. Then is it not strange that Burr still is regarded as a traitor? Knowing that he was tried in Kentucky, in Mississippi, and finally in Virginia, on the charge of treason and was acquitted each time, is it possible that he is still regarded as a traitor? He was tried in Richmond by the highest Court of Justice in the United States. At the head of this court presided the greatest and fairest of America's judges, John Marshall. The decision of this man, who had made so many great constitutional decisions, did not establish Burr a traitor.

Let us review some of the facts connected with the

judiciary proceedings at Burr's trial in Richmond. Jefferson and Wilkerson brought forward a charge against Burr. In this preliminary trial, the prosecution failed because of not producing the evidence; the prosecution had had six months in which to collect this evidence, but they failed to obtain it. John Marshall gave at this trial a very notable opinion. He argued that if Burr was guilty of assembling forces and levying war against the United States, that such an action was a visible transaction, and numbers must witness it; that it was, therefore, capable of proof; and that when time had been given to collect this proof, it ought to be adduced, or suspicion becomes too weak to stand. He ended with the following statement, "I shall not, therefore, insert in the commitment the charge of high treason."

To convict a person of treason, according to the mandates of the Constitution, he must be proved guilty of an overt act of levying war against the United States, and this proof must be presented by at least two witnesses. At Burr's real trial in Richmond, treason was the charge brought against him. Facts brought out in the trial failed to substantiate the charge; not a single witness was able to testify that war had been levied.

The only strong point brought out against Burr was that, when he was arrested, he was embarked upon an expedition down the Mississippi river. Burr stated that it was his intention to plant a settlement on the Washita Islands. Circumstances rather substantiate his assertion.

John Marshall's last decision is notable. The gist of it was that, upon comparing the testimony advanced by the prosecution, this is observable: That which relates to treason indicates the general design, while that which relates to the misdemeanor points to the particular expedition which was actually commenced; from the testimony adduced, the enterprise was designed against Mexico. Marshall ended this decision with the following words, "Believing, then, the weight of the testimony to

be in favor of the opinion that the real and direct object of the expedition was Mexico, it would in my opinion, be improper in me to commit the accused on the charge of treason."

This is the verdict rendered by the Supreme Court, but it is not the verdict rendered by the people. Public sentiment also tries; it convicted Aaron Burr, and he suffered in consequence thereof.

Let us take a look at the dying man. On his death-bed, Burr was asked the question, "Whether in the expedition to the Southwest he had designed a separation of the Union," the reply was, "No, I would as soon have thought of taking possession of the moon, and informing my friends that I intended dividing it among them."

He died leaving this statement. Was he a traitor?

The Ship of Life

BESIDE the bank of a rapid stream
 I stood at the rose-flushed hour of dawn.
 The ceaseless roar of the waters seemed
 To call to the surrounding sea beyond.
 Ship upon ship in the current wild
 Was ploughing through the morning air.
 And on they went dreaming all the while
 Of the mighty main and the glories there.

At sunset down by the wave-worn shore
 I walked, and the tide was coming in.
 Nothing was heard but the ocean's roar;
 And nothing seen, but the waves which the winds
 Were rolling high. On came the dark,
 And the rosy glow of sunset waned.
 And the morning ship, now soaked and stark,
 Sank to the depth of the windswept main.

A Bundle of Habits

BY H. D. B., '15.

I KNOW that the word *habit* is derived from the Latin *habeo*, meaning 'to hold'; but does that mean that man holds the habit, or that habit holds the man?" was once asked our late life trustee, Col. Simpson.

"Well," he replied after a moment's thought, "it means both: at first man holds the habit until it becomes firmly fixed; afterwards it holds him."

It has been aptly said that "man is merely a bundle of habits." That may seem a rather crude way of expressing the idea, but can't you find a better expression to show the extremely close relationship of a man's

habits to the man himself? Know his habits, and you know a man. It is habit more than anything else that determines how a man walks, eats, talks, laughs, and so on. Thus we see that habit has a very despotic control over a man's nature, the character of the habit alone determining whether he is to be ruled by a noble hand or a base one.

It is not impossible for a mature man to overcome a settled habit, but it is very hard for him to do so. By constant repetition of any one act, his nerve cells have become so accustomed to acting together in a definite way that the act is ultimately produced automatically; or, as he might say, from mere force of habit; just as a coat sleeve will wrinkle more easily in the direction it is accustomed to. The effects of such settled habits may be clearly seen in workmen who have become adapted to certain forms of labor, and who prefer that to all other, regardless of the labor or pay involved. Some of you may recall a striking example of this in one of the Southern Railway's most faithful nightwatchmen, whom the company thought they ought to reward by giving him an easier job with more pay and best of all a job in the open daylight where he could once more enjoy the bright, inspiring rays of the golden sunshine. But the job did not satisfy him: force of habit was too strong: he went back to his old night job.

Then, can we not agree with the expression, "Happy is the man whose habits are his friends"? This happiness is produced by having beautiful habits sublimely carved into our characters, as the angel dream in the Sculptor Bay-
And

"Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision."

Habits once formed, either aid or deter man in his progress onward. If they are good strong habits, they

are his most valuable asset; if they are low, base habits, they are the mortal enemies of his better self, and in the end will cause his downfall. It was so in the life of one of our bright American youths, who, while traveling in Europe, become suddenly ill with fever, and wired his mother to come over immediately. By the time his mother was to arrive, he had so far recovered that he decided to give her a pleasant surprise by going to meet her. A short time prior to her arrival, he was strolling around when he came to a saloon where he was accustomed to stopping. He wanted to go in, altho his doctor had warned him that one drink in his weakened condition might mean death. He knew that the ravages of fever had left the tissues of his body in no condition to withstand the attacks of alcohol; but the force of habit was too strong for him; it had the better of his will power. He entered. His mother found him dead.

According to Smiles, the great difference between good men and bad men is not so much the difference between their inborn characteristics as in the habits they have acquired. He says, "The valiant good man is he who, by the resolute exercise of his free-will, has so disciplined himself as to have acquired the habits of virtue; and the bad man is he who, by allowing his free-will to remain inactive, and giving the bridle to his desires and passions, has acquired the habit of vice, by which he becomes, at last, bound as by chains of iron."

If the habits we are forming now are to make or mar our after-lives, why are we so careless in the forming of them? Perhaps it is because we do not realize that every thought we think and every act we do, are wearing themselves into definite habits. As Romanes expressed it, "No change in childhood's early lay,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves a track upon the clay,
Which hardens into man."

When asked how to make a hundred on examinations,

any honor student of Clemson said the first and greatest requirement was to work! And in almost every phrase of life, I suppose this is considered the greatest requisite. However, we all have different ideals of the greatest habit; but whatever this may be, let us ever aspire to gain it, and let nothing turn us aside until it is firmly implanted in us.

In attempting to cultivate these habits, be careful that you permit no exceptions to occur. Do not say, "I won't count this time." "Maybe you won't count it," Lockwood says, "And maybe the kind God in heaven won't count it; but it is being counted, nevertheless, by every nerve cell in your body, and you will be the weaker to overcome that exception next time."

And in conclusion, I think we might well take to heart Lockwood's sound advice:

"Seize the first opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain."

The Devil's Mansion

By G. F. M., '15.

IT WAS three weeks from the time when I would leave for my home in the South. Never had I spent a more enjoyable and quiet vacation; I hated to leave such a quiet spot; I loved the country; I loved the people; the family I was staying with had treated me as one of them. I had become greatly attached to them. But that which bound me more than anything else was the bond of friendship which had sprung up and existed between the son of the household and me. Fred Barnard was his name, and he was a fine specimen of young manhood. We were constant companions; we hunted together; we fished together, and took long walks up in the mountains with each other.

He now came out on the front veranda where I was standing. I saw by the hesitancy of his manner that he had something important on his mind. At last, he spoke rather timidly, I thought.

"Mr. Blake, do you believe in ghosts?"

The question somewhat startled me, but I answered without hesitancy;

"No, I do not."

I might as well say here that Fred had improved wonderfully in his choice of words and speech since his acquaintance with me. His next words awoke a long dormant interest in me.

"Have you heard of an old haunted house, about thirty miles from here, called the 'Devil's Mansion'?"

"Yes; I have heard it casually mentioned, but I have never been able to get any real facts relating to it.

"There seems to be a great deal of superstition concerning it; and the few facts that I have gathered about the house are too confused to get a story from it.

Then followed a desultory conversation concerning ghosts. I gathered from this conversation that Fred

wanted to tell me something, and he seemed to be considering whether to do so or not. Finally, I learned that the old haunted house, the Devil's Mansion, was the thing that worried him. At last, I secured a promise from him to tell me all the facts connected with this old haunted house.

"But, I can't tell you tonight," he said. "Tomorrow, when we go on our hunt I will tell you all."

The next morning, Fred and I started out with the intention of killing squirrels, but all that morning my mind was so occupied with thoughts and conjectures of the old haunted house that I had very ill-luck with the squirrels. Noon came, and we ate our lunch under a large oak tree. Nearby was a cool mountain spring. Lunch finished and pipes going, I listened to Fred's story.

"It was three years back," he began.

"I was nineteen years old. My father was living at the same place as now. I was very happy in those days—young—just stepping into the outer circles of manhood, I was beginning to enjoy life.

"Just across the mountains from here, there lived old Colonel Jenkins. His home was made happy by kind and loving hands; he had a daughter, the very apple of his eye. Aline was her name. No other name sounded so sweet in my ears as hers; for I loved her, and she loved me. Regularly twice a week, I paid her a visit; then came the day when I was as happy as any man that ever rounded these hills. She had consented to be my wife; and as soon as I could make arrangements, we were to be married.

"Then came the day when my happiness was completely destroyed; it was the day a man from the great busy city came to spend his summer vacation here. He was an artist. He secured board at Colonel Jenkins, and there he made the acquaintance of my darling.

"Colonel Jenkins and his daughter were both capti-

vated with this man; he had that personality about him that wins love and favor. So this is how it came about that I became an outcast. Soon, the girl had no eyes for anyone but the artist. Needless to say after three months of misery and wretchedness, I received a note of dismissal from Aline.

"I never visited her again. They married, and the artist had a magnificent house erected, the old haunted house that has received the appellation of the "Devil's Mansion."

"Into this house then Aline went to live with her artist husband. I never went near there; report was that Aline was happy; that her husband was all he could be to her.

"Then came a night when the peace of this neighborhood was broken. The night was dark—darker than any I have ever seen. A fierce storm came up, and lightning and thunder were frequent. During that night a lone traveller passing by the residence on the mountainside heard a woman's piercing shriek of terror; he did not go to the house; for he was unacquainted of its presence, and the darkness of that awful night showed him nothing.

"He reported the incident to my father, and he and I with several of our neighbors made an investigation. No signs of life greeted us as we approached that house; the interior was as silent as the dead. With fear, we opened doors leading into room after room. We made no discovery until we came to an old oak-paneled room in the southeast corner of the house. There it was that a horrible sight greeted our eyes. On the floor near the center of the room was a dark pool of blood. Nearby lay a woman's handkerchief and a small piece of torn silky lawn. Without a doubt murder had been committed, but further search revealed nothing else. The body could not be found, and the murderer had left no trace.

"The verdict was that Aline had been murdered, and

that the tragedy happened while the lone traveller was passing the house the night before. The murderer has never been apprehended, and as yet no trace of the girl's body has been found.

"A pall has settled upon that house; no one has ever summoned courage to visit it since our investigation. Strange tales are told concerning it. There are men in this community who will swear that they have seen ghostly figures and heard strange noises in there at night. I know nothing about it; yet I am worried."

When Fred ceased telling his story, which was as remarkable and strange as any I had ever heard, he wiped the perspiration from his brow. I could now account for the melancholy bearing in this boy which had heretofore been a puzzle to me. The ordeal he had gone thru with was no small thing, yet it seemed to relieve him.

For some minutes I sat trinking of this story, then an idea came to me. Why not visit the house and put the test to the mountaineer's superstition. But I could not do this unless Fred was willing to aid me. I explained my plan to him; and after some hesitation, he agreed to accompany me.

Early the next day, mounted on two good horses and carrying with us enough provisions to last us two days, Fred and I started on our journey to the Devil's Mansion. It was a good thirty miles to our destination, and the road was very rough, we did not arrive in the neighborhood of the house until nearly ten o'clock that night. In the meantime, the sky had become overcast; a storm was brewing.

When within a quarter of a mile of the house, we dismounted and tied our horses to a limb of a large stout oak.

On foot and silently, we approached that awful house. My nerve almost forsook me as we stepped upon the front poarch, opened the door, and silently entered the

hall. We had removed our shoes from our feet, so we made very little noise as we tiptoed down the hall and entered the old oak-panelled room. In a corner of this room, we huddled and waited for events to develop.

Two hours of nerve-racking wait in that old oak-panelled room almost made us insane. You can imagine our feelings. Imagine yourself in an old haunted house, away from all civilization, in a room where a murder mystery still remained to be solved, and with no sound to greet your ears except the low moaning whine of the wind as it whistled around and about that old house. Then recall some hair-raising ghost story, and you will in imagination be in the same position that I and Fred were in.

Suddenly the tenseness was broken by a tremendous clap of thunder, lightning flashed, and the old house rocked and quivered. The moan of the wind became terrific. Then by the light of a flash of lightening, we saw a sight that made our hair stand on end. A young woman stood motionless in the doorway. The vision I shall never forget. She was dressed in a long loose flowing robe of silken lawn. A wondrous wealth of auburn hair fell in rich profusion over her shoulders. I did not see her face; for she looked as if she were crying and had her face covered with a handkerchief.

With a cry of Aline! Aline! Fred sprang towards her with outstretched arms, but the vision faded away, and he clutched only the empty air. Another flash and the woman stood opposite the door on the other side of the room gazing out the window. Slowly she turned and another flash of lightning revealed the figure of a man at her side.

With another cry of, "Murderer murderer!" Fred sprang at the man, but he again only embraced the empty air. Outside the storm raged; it seemed as if the very mountain would be rent into fragments. With a fearful look about me, I again beheld the figures of the man

and woman. They were now in the center of the room, and I could see that they were struggling. A flash of steel blue light cut thru the air; the man had stabbed the woman thru the heart! Then the ghosts disappeared.

A few moments passed, and again the woman stood in the center of the room. This time she beckoned to us, and turning, she walked straight to a panel in the old oak wall. We followed. The woman touched a secret spring and the panel slid back, exposing to view a secret chamber. The woman now pointed at a horrible sight. Just inside the secret chamber lay a decayed body of a woman.

While we looked, we heard the warning sound of a large rattlesnake. The noise came directly from the vicinity of the skeleton; a dozen other rattles sounded, and we fled in terror. The house rocked, and the very walls seemed to be coming together. Strange and horrible cries rent the air. We reached the front door, and with one backward look into the ghostly chamber, we left and hurried to our horses.

Hastily, we mounted them and galloped away from that dreadful place. A tremendous clap of thunder sounded, and looking backward we saw that the old house was on fire. It was a fitting ending for the downfall of the Devil's Mansion.

The Inner Self

WE OFTEN struggle with ourselves and go
Far from the paths of duty ceaselessly;
But still we find we are not wholly free.

The things we would, like as the twilight glow,
Allure us on with mellow light and slow.

The while a shade we would not see
Is at our side to bid us turn and flee

Before the wave of death shall o'er us flow.

So far we may beyond grave duty's call

And grasp the things that from us outward fly;
Go farther still, and tread the fields where fall

The weak before the ruthless strong—There lie
In evil wait, and still beyond the wall

We rear will come the voice that cannot die.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: J. B. DOUTHIT, '14

The Senior's Soliloquy. It will not be very long until a change will be made, so we had better "take stock." Our days at Clemson have been valuable ones, but have we gotten as much as we could have? It is easy to do the wrong things, but it is hard to repent and sigh, "what might have been." Could the beginner see as clearly, as does the Senior in June, there would be a different outcome. The Professor would be an appreciated helper, not a taskmaster. Acquisition of knowledge would be first, followed closely by the "good-fellowships" and other joys of college with eager participants. Efficiency would be practical at all times.

How clearly we see, now, that the crust of knowledge's vast accumulation has just been broken. How inviting is the field! We hear on every side, and see it illustrated

every day, that the college man is armed with superior opportunities. Shall we accept the advantage?

Soon we are to change our positions. This time we shall enter a man's realm, not a training ground. It seems fine that we are soon to become independent and know that it is up to one's self to make, or mar, the future. But it is hard to break bonds of four years strength, to leave behind the scenes of incidents that will linger fondly with us for all time. The ties of friendship will hurt, when broken, sad, indeed, it is to part forever from our comrades, with whom we have worked, rejoiced with, loafed with, and jointly speculated of the future.

Never again in the same free way, shall we meet. College days have no substitute. Then too, we feel attached to the little world that accepted us so willingly, and allowed us to partake freely of its advantages. With each thought of parting, comes scores of others, more reluctant than the first. Still, there remains with us until death, a chance to ever act so as to bring respect and aid to our beloved institution.

The lone bright spot is that the future may be made still better than the past. Those things for which we always yearned may now come within our grasp. A worthy goal sought by honest efforts can not but lead to brighter days.

Last year the War Department tried the project of holding summer camps for military instruction. These camps were held at Monterey Gettysburg; and only college men allowed to attend. There were fifty two colleges represented at the Gettysburg camp. Regular hours were kept on the encampment. The morning being devoted to setting up-exercise, drill, sham battles, war games, maneuvers, and lectures; while the afternoons were spent in baseball, swimming and other amusements. An oc-

Students Instruction Camp at Asheville, N. C.

casional dance and concert were given in the evening. Both camps proved great successes in many ways. All the fellows who attended write that they had a good time, and derived much in the way of instruction and physical development.

One of the camps is to be held at Asheville, N. C., this year. Although there will be considerable military training to go through with, the beautiful scenery and healthful climate bespeak a pleasant month for those who attend. Being thrown with college men from a large number of schools tends to broaden one's mind. Those who like "roughing it" cannot find a better place than one of these camps. Almost all of the larger schools of the country were represented at one of last years camps. However, Clemson was not. It is hoped that she will have a good delegation at the Asheville camp this summer.

*The future of
Alaska.*

Is that cold, neglected, struggling, resourceful country, Alaska, to be given a chance? This question was recently answered by an action of Congress giving President Wilson the power to build and operate a railroad connecting the sea coast with the interior, the purpose being to develop and at the same time conserve the natural resources, to promote settlement, provide adequate and suitable transportation for supplies for our Navy, and eliminate the grasping hand of monopoly. Congress was stirred into making this step by the conviction that Alaska had long been neglected, by the fear of private monopolization, and the increasing need of the Pacific coast and navy for coal. This action is, of necessity, an experiment of Federal ownership, and is eagerly watched by the entire nation. On the result of this trial undoubtedly rests the fate of many other corporations.

Far greater than the valuable experiment, are the benefits that will come directly from the railroad. The cost of supplies in Alaska, under present conditions, is enormous; inadequate and laborious transportation being the principal cause: at the very best there can be nothing but a dreary, unhappy existence in a country like that.

With the railroad will enter a great prosperity. The benefits of the few small lines in Alaska have proven this. A railroad built and operated entirely for public benefits will open the vast store houses of minerals, cause a rapid growth of population which in turn will give large markets for agricultural products that grow in Alaska. Thrift, education, and culture will find a new field; and soon this Northwest territory will be a valuable and powerful portion of our nation.



EDITORS—J. L. CARSON, D. E. SWINEHEART

And now we must bid our worthy and estimable critics farewell. In an amicable spirit we freely forgive all for the seemingly harsh and uncommendable criticisms offered. We have suffered in pride temporarily when they abused, but we have profited immensely as a result of such censure. In this closing number, our mood is one of uncomplaining. We have applied the golden rule to a certain degree, it is true; we ever believe that we have been too lenient. We wish to extend our sincere thanks for the noble suggestions and criticisms offered in our exchanges. If in our feeble attempt, we have aided a contemporary in any way, we feel that we have in a small way repaid for what we have gained. To all we extend a fond but reluctant farewell.

The Yellow Jacket for March is in the first place entirely too small. This number is far below the usual standing of the energetic Tech editors. We find but two stories, three poems and no essays. The first story, "Fisherman's Luck" is very engaging in interest, and is quite amusing on account of the excellent use of the typical negro dialect. This type of story is quite a departure from the ordinary type in that the writer shows a clean understanding of the proper function of dialogue in good story writing. "The Trials of Tom"

is to be condemned. How such a story could get into a creditable magazine, we cannot conceive. The story from beginning to end is entirely erratic and fanciful. It is not even ludicrous, and certainly cannot be classed as interesting. We can see how a child's fancy could turn to such things as a mechanical dog, but never a man's. The poetry is really the only redeeming feature of this number. It is simple, but the beautiful flow of words makes its rhythm and meter perfect in its simplicity. The agitation for more literary societies should be kept up until results are obtained.

We find *The Lenorian* for March a very creditable number. "The Cost of a Visit" is by far the best story in this issue. The arrangement and language is almost perfect. It is indeed a delight to read such a story as this, the scene of which is laid in a foreign land. The writer evidently knows whereof he speaks. "The Freak Hit" would do credit to the sporting columns of a modern newspaper. "The Girl In Blue" is well arranged, and in plot and expression is somewhat along the average college magazine story. "Cherry Blossoms" is a very sweet story, but short and simple. "A Policeman's Adventure" is interesting, and not without a sense of humor thrown in. The exchange department offers some valuable suggestions.

The one poem of this issue, "Know Thyself," in addition to its beautiful flow of words, teaches a valuable lesson. A total absence of essays is quite noticeable in such an otherwise excellent magazine.

"The Richmond College Messenger," by right of conquest, should stand among the first of the March exchanges. We are impressed by the unusual bulk and the excellence of material which characterize the March issue. Could all South Colleges attain this standard there would be a marked improvement in our college magazines.

"According to Rules," is a delightfully written story. It is with real pleasure and interest that we read it. The plot is unusual and the expressions are original and appeal to ones humorous side. We wish to extend our congratulations to the author.

"The Talisman Voice," has a plot which might have been well developed, but seems to have been badly shattered. Perhaps the author's strength does not lie in this class of story.

"When the Barrier Broke." is really a disappointment. It does not reach the standard of the other material. Neither the plot nor the description should entitle it to publication in this splendid issue.

The poetry is well distributed among the stories, and on the whole is quite up to the average. We are especially touched by the "Master Musician." It is a poem that well deserves praise.

It would be almost impossible to pick flaws in the Editorials, while the Athletic Department is splendid.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges which is our complete list: Emory and Henry Era, Isaqueena, Collegian, The Journal, The Messenger, Mercerian, William and Mary Literary Magazine, Concept, Georgian, Erskinian, Ouachita Ripples, Davidson College Magazine, Palmetto, Erothesian, Emory Phoenix, Our Monthly, Record, Lenorian, Yellow Jacket, William Woods College Record, Wesleyan, Wake Forest Student, Stylus, Chicora Almacén, Criterion, Talisman, College of Charleston Magazine, Mountaineer, Winthrop College Journal, Brenau Journal, St. Mary's Muse, Woman's College Journal, Red and White, The Echo, Limestone Star, Uni. of Virginia Magazine, The University Magazine, (N. C.), Carolinian, Columbian, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Trinity Archive, Elizabeth College Magazine, The Cerberus, Hollins Magazine, The Watch.



EDITOR: A. H. WARD, '14

SOME GOOD SPEAKERS.

Within the last month the Y. M. C. A. has been very fortunate in securing some exceptionally good speakers. It was a rare treat to have such a man as Dr. Jones, of Atlanta, to address us. After preaching in the chapel, on the morning of March 29th, he addressed the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. that night. His talk was very interesting as well as instructive. He made clear many facts about the Master and His works.

It was also a treat to have Dr. Gaines of Richmond College to address us on the night of April 5th. Dr. Gaines is a member and an active worker of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and is making a tour thru the South giving lectures in the interest of this movement; and along lines of missionary activity.

He spoke of the great progress that had been made along all lines of religious activity, and of the great need of still more interest in the missionary cause. Probably the most striking statement he made was that the greatest obstacle to the mission cause in China was Godless America.

At the regular meeting on April 12, Dr. Smathers of Anderson, S. C., gave a very helpful address on "The Practice of Medicine as a Life Work." He spoke of the necessary things which it took to be successful in any vocation especially that of medicine. He also spoke of the great fields for service and investigation along this line.

We hope to have a few more life work addresses in the future as these always appeal to the boys. ,

SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE AT BLUE RIDGE.

THE PURPOSE.

The Southern Student Conference is a gathering of representative college men from all the leading colleges and universities of the South, for the study of the problems of college life. for the building up of a virile college spirit. and for the discussion of methods of Young Men's Christian Association work.

THE DAILY PROGRAM.

The daily program which follows gives one an idea of the inner workings of the conference. The mornings are given over. first. to study classes in the Bible; second, to discussions by the students of the problems of moral and spiritual need in the colleges and of the most approved methods of dealing with these problems; third, to study of social service and life investment; fourth, to addresses from outstanding Christian leaders. The afternoons are free for all forms of recreation. The new grounds have ample facilities for baseball, track, basketball, volley ball, tennis, and mountain climbing which have always had a prominent place in the life of the gathering. After supper each night classes are conducted in the study of some of the most pressing needs of humanity at home and in the mission fields; and there is also an address each evening on opportunities for life investment. Perhaps the main uplifting feature of the whole conference is the hearing of addresses from men who are great thinkers and real workers. It is no small privilege to be in a gathering where some of the best and strongest speakers of the nation are to be found.

ATHLETICS.

There are always a large number of Varsity athletes at the conference, making the athletics contests very interesting. A series of championship baseball games will be arranged between the colleges represented, and several afternoons will be devoted to competitive track meets. Clemson now holds the Championship Banner for track meets held at the Southern Students Conferences, and her ability in this line is always recognized in the meets. Tennis tournaments will also be held between the players from the various colleges. Appropriate pennants or banners are always awarded to the winning players or teams in these contests.

SPEAKERS.

Among the prominent speakers who will be at the Conference this June are:

Dr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation.

Dr. T. R. Glover, Lecturer in Cambridge University, England.

Dr. H. H. Horne, University of the City of New York,
President E. M. Poteate, Furman University.

President W. L. Poteat, Wake Forest College.

Prof. C. W. Steed, Mercer University.

Dr. T. B. Ray, Secretary of the Baptist Mission Board,
Richmond, Va.

Dr. John J. Tigert, University of Kentucky.

REPRESENTATION.

The widespread interest in this conference is shown by the fact that all of the best Southern colleges always have large delegations at the Blue Ridge meeting. Vanderbilt is making an effort to send 50 students. The University of Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Mississippi, all these universities send large delegations. Even Georgia Tech will have a large

crowd up there. There were nine men from C. A. C. at Blue Ridge last June. How about sending FIFTEEN OR TWENTY this June? Can't YOU go?

THE EXPENSES.

Reduced rates on the railroads are always available for this conference. The round-trip rate from Spartanburg to which point all Clemson delegates will probably wish to return on the home trip, will be about \$2.50; Board at Robert E. Lee Hall, the Hotel on the Blue Ridge grounds will be \$12.50 for ten days. Some board, too, believe me! This far we have reached the sum total of \$15.00. In addition to this, there will be a Conference registration fee of Five Dollars, which goes for securing the speakers, paying off the help and such things as that. This brings us, then, in our computation, to the munificent amount, \$20.00, which may be considered the outside absolute cost.

We are now in position to consider what may be termed 'extras,' by which one means hack-fare laundry, a dish of ice-cream, or a box of crackers between meals. Take a man who is what we might call lousy with the mazuma—or 'flush' if we use a more dignified phraseology—and such a man might spend FIVE DOLLARS for these mere decorations; while another man with a lean look and eye to bargains might come out on twosixtyfive.) The whole trip should not cost more than \$22.50 at the outside. And you can take it from those who have been, you will get your money's worth.



ALUMNI MEMBERS OF "THE FACULTY"

(Continued from April issue.)

Claud Wightman McSwain, B. S. Clemson College; member Southern Manufacturers Association; assistant Professor Weaving and Designing; Clemson College; '05.

Lawrence Alexander Sease, B. S. Clemson College; Cornell University; Public and Graded School work; member South Carolina Teachers Association; Assistant Professor English, Clemson College; '08.

Benjamin Freeman, B. S. Clemson College; Assistant in Chemistry '05—'10; Assistant Chemist, '10—; Clemson College since '05.

W. P. Gee '08 is professor of Etymology and Zoology at the University of S. C.

Woodward Allen '10 was seen on the campus a few days ago.

Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Jim Byrd Keith '11 to Miss Hardiage, of Virginia.

E. N. Sitton '11 is engaged in textile manufacturing at Autum, S. C.

T. C. Gentry '13 is with the Erie Railway Company at Huntington, Ind.

G. H. Folk '07, who was assistant professor of Woolwork a few years ago, is now with a branch house of The General Electric at Pittsfield, Mass.

Jonnie Wakefield '12 made us a flying visit several days ago.

"Phil" Sitton, Clemson's star pitcher in '01, '02, now with Syracuse in the New York League, was married a few months ago.

One of the greatest events in the history of the college will be "The Home Coming Week," which will take place some time this summer. No definite date on schedule has been announced yet, but it will probably take place in the latter part of the summer. The object is to foster the spirit of loyalty and love toward the institution and the spirit of brotherhood between old Clemson students.

The Atlanta Chapter of the Alumni has announced that they will equip the Freshman football team of next year. This is only one of the many incidents, which goes to prove the loyalty and faithfulness of our Alumni. We wish to offer them our sincere thanks for this gift.

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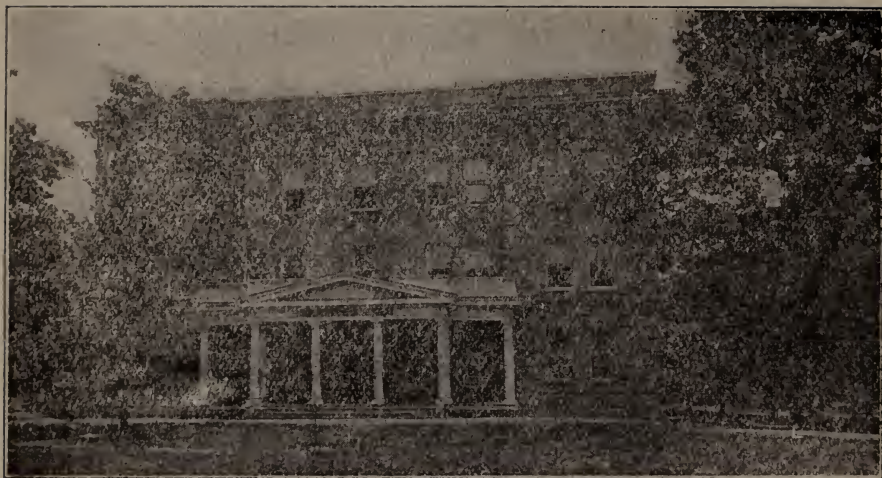
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Barksdale, A. D. L.	Greenville, S. C.	Insurance
Bomar & Crigler	Spartanburg, S. C.	Clothiers
Bull, J. A., & Co.	Greenville, S. C.	General Groceries
Byers, E. D.	Spartanburg, S. C.	Insurance
Carolina Hardware Co.	Greenville, S. C.	Hardware, Paints, etc.
Carolina Suppl. Co.	Greenville, S. C.	Mill Supplies
Cadet Exchange	Clemson College, S. C.	Cadet Supplies
Cecil's Business College,	Spartanburg, S. C.	
Clemson A. & M. College	Clemson College, S. C.	
Charlottesville Woolen Mills	Charlottesville, Va.	Woolen Mfg's.
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Farmer's & Merchant's Bank	Anderson, S. C.	Bankers
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Hotel Gresham	Spartanburg, S. C.	
Hotel Imperial	Greenville, S. C.	
Jacob Reed's Sons	Philadelphia, Pa.	Cadet Uniforms
Marchbanks & Babb	Anderson, S. C.	Jewelers
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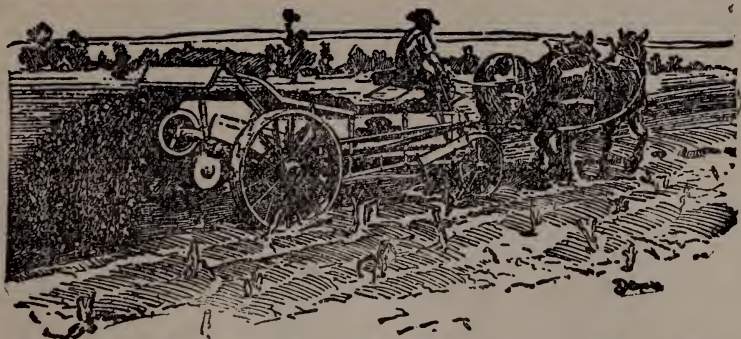
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Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72
Total Income	<u>\$109,392.41</u>	<u>\$885,312.55</u>

Income Multiplied More Than Eight Times in Nine Years

	1904	1913
Admitted Assets Dec. 31.	\$333,977.61	\$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

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Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years

Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914.....	\$62,120.95
Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount invested in Mortgage Loans	6.6%
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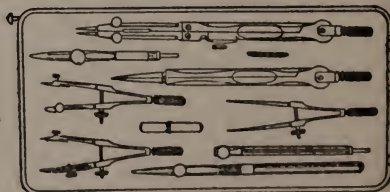
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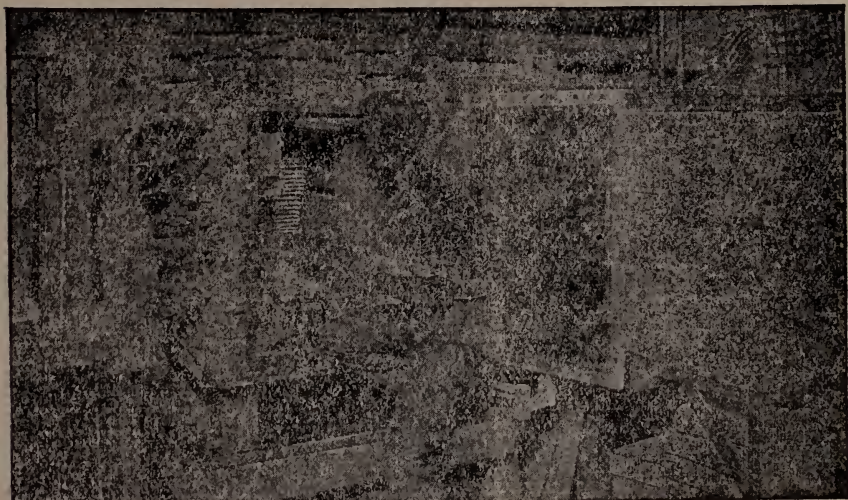
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