

THE GAMECOCK

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The Gamecock solicits humorous sketches, essays, verse, etc., and will gladly publish such as is available, when accompanied by the full name of the author. Unsigned manuscripts will neither be acknowledged or returned.

All checks and money orders should be made payable to Roy Webster, Business Manager.

COLUMBIA, S. C., MARCH 7, 1908

EDITORIAL

R. E. GONZALES.

The Legislature has appropriated \$30,000 for an Administration Building, work upon which will be begun as soon as practicable. To Mr. August Kohn is due much of the credit for the appropriation, since it was mainly through his efforts that the Ways and Means Committee inserted the item in the general appropriation bill.

The campus is very beautiful these days with the warm spring sunshine bathing it every day, and removing the traces of the winter's grime. Everything seems glorified, and the birds sing sweetly in the trees, while the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Every now and then when one cuts a class, it is because the voice of nature calls him stronger than duty. Duty is apt to be disagreeable anyhow, when it means setting in an overheated lecture room on a fine day, especially with the pages of the text-book unconned.

The Euphradian Society has appointed a committee to arrange for a banquet, at which toasts will be responded to by prominent alumni of the Society. This recalls the idea which we advocated some time ago in the magazine, viz.: A college banquet, universal in character, to cost a dollar a plate, and to

serve as a means of further unifying the student body. We thought, and still think, that it would be a very good thing, and hope that the students will take sufficient interest to insure its being set on foot. The mere meeting together of the undergraduate body with the faculty on such an occasion would do great good, and college spirit would certainly be aroused to a very high pitch. Think this over, boys, and "whoop it up."

Baseball prospects are very bright this spring, and with the team managed by such men as Perrin and Gibbes, Carolina should have a successful season. We regret that Clemson has refused to play us here on the only dates we could use, as this game is regarded as the banner game of the season.

Dr. Joynes several days ago asked that THE GAMECOCK suggest in place of the Garnet and Black the substitution of albums, in which students might keep the photographs of their friends, as well as some sentiment written there by them which might serve to summon back sweet memories of the dear old campus days, when a bulky volume like the Annual is likely to have been lost or misplaced.

This appears to be a very good idea, and these albums might very profitably be kept, but we cannot do without our Annual for a thousand such. It is a storehouse wherein are garnered the treasures of college life; it is a keepsake, valuable as a handsome book, and embellished with all we have held dear for four years; it is a relic which we should cherish, as do the Scots, the casket that held the heart of Douglas; in its livery of black and garnet it embodies those things the black and garnet stands for; it is a carcanet of 300 gems; it is our Law and our Prophets; every page is an inspiration, and every allusion that makes a long-forgotten memory shine out from the cobwebbed alcoves of the mind is no less hailed with delight because we were the participants in the occasion it recalls.

We are young and generally happy. We drink deep of that effervescent champagne of youth whose vintage is our daily beverage, and often being tipsy from never-deep wassail, we loose wild tongues that have not the constituted authorities in awe. Yet, in spite of that, our young manhood is an asset more to be prized than fine gold, and it is natural to wish our friends and associates, our college atmosphere, intangible as it is, our games and the record of our

triumphs and failures to be where we can turn a page and see them all again as we saw them last.

So, with all due respect to the Doctor, we say, take away everything else—aye, even the immortal Topshie, who of old dwelt and babbled in Babylon—but let us keep our Annual!

A Few Words From the Editor's Couch

Although still in its infancy, THE GAMECOCK is already offering great treats to its six millions of delighted readers and others. Run your eye over the following list of contributors and you will see that we are sparing no expense to make this magazine worth at least one-fifth of what we charge for it.

It gives us pleasure to announce for next month a story by Mr. John C. Shipslod, Jr. Mr. Shipslod is a gifted young writer who has a style almost as grand and as forceful as his personality. And we say right here that Mr. Shipslod has a bright future ahead of him. A bright future which will, we fear, stay ahead of him. The story Mr. Shipslod contributes for next month is a masterpiece of romance, mystery, poetry, and tragedy. Its title is, "Wedded, But Not Parted, or Three Spits of a Revolver."

We also offer you for next month an article from the pen of Mr. B. Jennings What? This article is very instructive, and is entitled "How to Successfully Woo and Win a Maiden at One Sitting."

Mr. J. College-Girl Masher tells very interestingly why country life is superior to city life. Mr. Masher says "the country boy is better in every respect than the city boy." We would be inclined to accept Mr. Masher's idea, only we see in him living proof to the contrary.

Mr. Woods Doogan will furnish an article dealing with the "Evils of This World." Mr. Doogan's temperance talks are always good. He warns students to shun drink and cigarettes, and to keep in the long, narrow path. Mr. Doogan's experience in Christian work renders him fully capable of writing on anything else but this.

Mr. William Jams will tell the very interesting story of his college life. The title of this is "Stung!"

Mr. Crum E. Murrinski will give a few hints concerning Men's Fashions in Clothing and Neckwear for 1908.

All the above contributors are finished writers and have reputations. You, however, may not know that they have reputations. That's why we tell you. As to their being finished writers, well, if you forced us, we would probably ad-

mit that the best any of them ever did was to make a II (second) on some English theme they didn't write.—By the author of "Stars I Have Known."

Current Events

VICTOR E. RECTOR.

Last week the House of Representatives killed the Nash Prohibition Bill. It was defeated by eleven votes. This shows that the Prohibition sentiment is growing, even in the House. The trouble seems to have been that many of the present members were elected on a Local Option platform, and these men felt that they could not be true to their constituency and vote for Prohibition. Such a spirit of loyalty is to be admired; but surely it has its limitations. The question is this: How far ought a man to allow policy for personal gain to have precedence over the greater interests of a commonwealth?

The Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., has extended a unanimous call to Dr. E. M. Poteat. This is a compliment to Dr. Poteat's ability, but just now he is doing a great work for Furman. That institution is making rapid strides under his guidance, and it is hoped by every lover of Christian education in South Carolina that Dr. Poteat will remain at his present post of duty.

Is the world going to the bad? Some pessimists would lead us to believe that it is. They tell us this is an age of graft and corruption; that there are no longer any honest politicians, and that the business world is wearing a false face. This view suffers a severe shock when we look around us at the vigorous effort that is being made, in both State and national affairs, to bring criminals to justice. Purity of government was the dominant note of the President's message to Congress. In our own State a hard effort is being made to punish Dispensary grafters. Such signs convince the thinking person that the old Ship of State is still in the current of progress.

During the last month there have been three different people from the North in the mill districts of Columbia. These people came for the purpose of getting facts about child labor, mother labor, and moral conditions in general. Their field of investigation is wide and very complex. In some respects mill life is demoralizing, in others it

is elevating. It would be interesting to know just what the effects of cotton mill labor upon character are, but as long as we have such a large influx of people from the country every year, such information will be next to impossible. The mills are getting credit for a lot of damage they have never done.

This is election year and the issue will be squarely joined. The clash of opinion will be upon the one point: Shall South Carolina be made entirely dry through and through even to the "Dark Corner?" This summer the candidate for the House who stumps his county on any sort of a whiskey platform will quite likely tread upon a rotten plank that will let him fall. The people are sick and tired of the stuff which brings a thousand woes and not one blessing.

Last week, after a brief illness of pneumonia, one Miss Lewis, a member of the Senior Class of the North Greenville High School, died. The entire school was made unusually sad, because this was the first death that has occurred in the boarding department of that institution since its establishment in 1892.

The Angels

In the gray of ether-even,
When the light begins to fade;
Flies an angel out of heaven,
Veiled in vesper shade.

On the plains of drear midnight,
Whence long since has fled the sun;
Sobs the angel in affright
Of the work that must be done.

For the Reaper must be reaping
Living buds upon the heath;
And the time is gone for weeping,
For the angel's name is Death.

In the Judgment-Dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Comes that angel, plumed and glorious,
Like the sun arrayed.

And he gathers up the flowers
From the shining plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adorning.

Theirs no more in sin and sorrow,
Nor the world's perennial strife—
Theirs the joy of that bright morning,
For the angel's name is Life.

—A. T., Jr.