Clariosophic


David Hamilton, Law, '07, of the Chester bar, visited the campus recently.

Joseph A. McCullough, one of our honored graduates, has announced himself as a candidate for the United States Senate.

James Wardlaw, '03, is doing civil engineering work with the firm of Shand & Lafayette of this city.

Henry Davis, '05, one of the leading lawyers of Florence, was in the city Friday attending the election of Shipp to the judiciary of the Twelfth Judicial Circuit.

Euphradian

Society resumed work on last Saturday night after a rest of six weeks, and as it was the regular time for election of officers, the literary exercises were dispensed with.

The retiring officers were: President, J. B. Davis, '08, Winnimoor; Vice-President, T. H. Peeples, '08.

Query—That the United States Senators should be elected by the people.

Weekly Orator—Boucheir.

LOCALS

RANDOLPH MUTRAUGI

The days of enduring and tribulation have passed. Some have been driven back by the waves, but most of us managed to pull through with very few hanging on, which, when you come to think about it, is a whole lot better than very many third. It seems now as if everything has taken on a brighter hue, and the old world seems like itself once more.

Scene (rear of DeSantassoule College)—"Can you direct me to the proprietor?"

The second course was served and the committee will be assisted.

"Once there was a Senior so rash As to cultivate a fuzzy mustache, But the "exams" knocked him down And trimmed it around, And now he has lost all his dash."

The Island of Rye

Out of the sapphire realms of the sea—
In to the torquose sky,
Where the birds bumble, and palms drunkenly
Flutter their fronds on high—
Out of the mystical reaches of the sea
Rises the Island of Rye.

Oh, the Island of Rye is a merry old isle,
And there's where I long to be,
Far from the lure of the blind tiger's wife
And the door of the 'apenousy.
But there stretches full many a nautical mile
"Twen us and its gold-sanded lea."

The Rivers of Rye flow busily on
In endless variety,
They are nothing at all but rivers of corn
With a few that are Wilson's Wishes and
And the brooklets that prattle are
"Kiss of the Dawn."
Which is sold in Columbia, S. C.

Three Feathers, Mount Vernon, Old Joe and the rest
Can't have got there for nothing—
It's fine
To see boundless vineyards with
Grapes yet unpressed
As yet unscuppermong wine.
You may talk all you like of the
Isles of the Blessed,
But I'll tell—give me Rye
every time.