THE SERIOUS SIDE

ECHOES

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

McCald (at the Senate)—"Murry, who is that man in the Speaker's chair?"

Murry—"Why, that's Thomas G. McLeod."

McCald—"Why, I thought McLeod was lieutenant-governor of the State!"

HE HAD KID SOMETHING

Prof. Davis—"Mr. Russell, have you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Red" Russell—"No, sir."

Prof. Davis—"Or Tennyson, or Scott?"

"Red" Russell—"No, sir."

Prof. Davis—"Well, what have you read?"

"Red" Russell (mendly)—"I have red hair, sir."

IMPORTED SPECIMENS

"Paris" Green—"Parlez-vous Francaise?"

"Lastige Withe" Hart—"Ich sprache e."

HEPAREPE:

But the Big—"Say, kid, does your mother know you are up on Main street?"

Mullina the Midget—"Yes, and she gave me a cent and a half to buy the biggest fig I met. Are you for sale?"

WABLES FOR THE BIRD

Young Wyche from Prosperity

Once got on the—of a spree,
And now he declares
With eyes in his tears
He'll touch nothing stronger than tea.

An hypertec is old George Topshe, He told me he 'neer took a drophee, But on bravely and sherry
He once got so merry
That they had to call in a copshee.

Red Russell, whose morals are lax,
Once went to a joint known as "Jack."
He bought him some corn;
Drank it till near morn—
They brought him home in two luggies.

In Necessity

When the night is cold and still,
When to study 'tis your will,
And upon the campus near
Comes a cry that fills with fear
'E'en the far off Bengal Ion—
Then there'll be no harm in tryin'
A gun on poor Fresh. Mace;
Because, in such a case,
It is necessity,
And thus such things must be.

When the day is dark and drear,
And Russell, "Red," approaches near;
When to see him you do wish,
And in vain you're not to fish
Among the lofty soaring boughs,
There 'ain't no use in strainin' eyes.
So, a glass, 'tis best to use,
For one's eyes do not confuse;
Then, in necessity,
Such things must sure be so.

When Merry Widow's voice resounds
Within the campus' lonely bounds,
And in your brain a strain
Of music can't remain
For 'en a minute's relace,
Why then most certainly, perhaps
A dose of good morphone
Would bring one joy serene,
And, in necessity,
No harm in this could be.

If, after exams, have passed by,
And left you still wondering why
Your name not on the list appears,
And of reports you have your fears,
Sometimes it seems most good to know
That, like the winds, your troubles'll go.
If a dose of hope you'll take
For the good exam's sake. Save.
Since—necessity,
No harm in this could be.

Fred Stem, one of the best first base-
men in the big league, paid Carolina
a visit last Sunday on his way North
to report to his team, the Boston Na-

Are you trying for The Gamecock prize?

Dr. Joneys on His Florida Trip

My Dear Gamecock: The State and The Carolinian had already anticipated you in asking for some memoirs of my recent trip to Florida. But through you I may send a greeting to our students, with my thanks for a happy return to the dear old campus. My visit to White Springs not only restored my health, but greatly revived my spirits. In proof of which, after being there a week, I was asked in a room full of company, how long I had been a widower! And my old pencil, long accustomed to nothing beyond correcting French and Latin exercises, began to indite verses to the melting eyes of that tropic clime. Of these I enclose you a specimen or two of the least concrete type; I promise not to do so any more, if I may be forgiven this time.

Glad to be back again amid friends and familiar scenes, and with best wishes,

Yours truly,

Edward S. Joneys.

March 5, 1909

WHITE SPRINGS VERSES

1. To Miss Mary—
A fair young widow.

"Marry, sweetest, fairest name,
Born by the Virgin High—
So sweet, so pure the flame
That gleams in your soft eye.

2. To Miss Julia, when sick
O, where is Miss Julia?
I find it peculiar,
That when she is well
She is bright as a bell,
But when she is sick she is wise.

3. To Miss Mabelle Fay—
The myrtle is sweet,
And a fay is a good elf,
But where sweetness and goodness meet
Is Mabelle Fay herself.

4. To Miss Claude Bond—
A rhyme for Miss Claude! Who would not applaud Her voice so bright, Her eyes of light?
What heart could fail to respond To the charm of so sweet a Bond?

E. S. J.

Exit "Crowbar"

Sad, sad, sad. The "Crowbar" has flown; the "Crowbar" will no longer be seen in 7 East Rutledge. He has picked up his loins, gathered up his belongings in a box about two feet in diameter, and gathered himself unto other parts. Crow Murray is hysterical; Charlie Colecock has lost his joyous disposition, and Pat is weighed down by a dark melancholy.

"Crowbar" has gone. But let us not weep for him; but rather find consolation in the memory of the past joys of his presence.

J. H. Cooper had threatened to close in the mortgage on Crowbar's household goods at chattels; Chick Addicks was in a prostrated condition, and Goldstein was furious because of an unrequited watch which would not run. Besides all this, No. 7 was too near that water spigot, and it is well known that "Crowbar" does not like water as a drink or for any other purpose. Vale, vale, "Crowbar."

Simon Departed for Syria

The Senator was smiling.

"What's the matter, George? Somebody paid you some money?"

"Nar, man!" with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders; "Ain' you hear? Simon gone back to de cold country dis mornin', he an' his wife."

"What did he do with his store?"

"Sold out to his brudder. But, hal man, his brudder, I kno' his brudder. You buy one pack cig'rette, he give you one match, you buy two pack cig'-rette, he give you two match, tree Pack cig'-rette, tree match. Hal man, I kno' his brudder. He stingy!" The Senator concluded emphatically.

"But, George, I never have noticed that you were so free with matches."

"Hal, man, I got cig'arette. Cost me tree dollar."

"What made Simon go back to the old country?"

"Me," answered the worthy Senator, "wit' his wife. " He make no money. Go back to de cold country, where you can live cheap, five, ten cint day, man."

"When are you going back, George?"

"Hal, man, when dey move de college over dare."

"Well, so long, George. I'm sorry Simon's gone."

"Say," called the Senator after me, "You hear de jekle on Jim Sullivan? He crazy as—""Heard it years ago, George," I answered and departed.

Our Royalty

There's many a maid with lustrous hair.

And lips of a strawberry red,

Soft-clad in wondrous raiment fair,

And with milk and honey fed.

There's many a maid of royal birth,

Closed locked in grist castle wall,

Renowned for beauty, and wit, and

And no one can count them all.

But the Queens of Carolina! Each one a fair Regina! Their Spieg for beauty and Finley for birth.

And for wit with Yowman there's never a dearth.

So raise me a toast and wine 'er! Each Queen of old Carolina!

And back in the famous times of old

Full many a monarch suayed;

And insurrections off be squared, And many a kingdom made.

And noble and freeman and varlet and

He ruled with an iron hand;

And many a foe hid in the turf, Hacked by his faithful hand.

But the King of Carolina! A King with no Regina! For Irvine doth rule 'em and Irvine doth sway.

And insurrections low doth lay. So raise me a toast, Gay Winer! The King of old Carolina!

Our old friend George Washington is again off the gang. George states that he is delighted to be among us again.