There is another phase of the question to which we owe no less than we may secure stamps and postal cards? It is bad enough to have to go up-town to get a post office money order. There should be unnecessary when we wish stamps. Why not let the postman sell stamps, etc., or, if that is not practicable, why not let a supply be kept at the office or in the home? There, we may as well have a convenient place to the college men.

To recapitulate. We need a larger postoffice. At least two men are necessary to handle the mails of the few hundred men or more. We should have longer opening hours; and last, we ought to have a convenient place to get stamps and postal cards, etc.

Would it not be wise then to think that the college authorities will give this matter immediate attention, as it is a pressing matter.

Take our water, our lights, our all, if you will, but do not fail To give us, we pray you.

At least our daily mail.

JAMES H. CARLISLE.

Last week the University of South Carolina lost her most distinguished alumni. Death called Dr. J. H. Carlisle, president emeritus of Wofford College, to his final reward. He did not die in his name into the page of history with the enshrined word of war, but he impressed his memory upon the hearts of his fellow-men. He did not stand upon the rostrum and there denounce the abuses of his time. He did not stand upon a quixotical sway momentarily the minds of men, but by his quiet and simple conversation he has led thousands into paths of eternal righteousness. His birth was not heralded by the blowing of trumpets, the waving of flags and the shouting of a multitude, but his death has hushed the trumpets of festivity, placed the flags into half-mast and brought the multitude to grief. A life so simple and pure, a death so calm and quiet, has given us an example of true goodness, and today Carolinians is bowed over with sorrow at the loss of one whose life was indeed uplifting to our people.

A SIN OF OMISSION.

The twelve men who were in the library on Wednesday night, and the thirty or forty men who were there until ten or fifteen minutes before closing time will probably agree with us in thinking that ten o'clock is too early to close the library.

Last year THE GAMECOCK worked to get the library to stay open at night. We accomplished what we were working for, but the hours of closing are too early.

People will say that "you kicked when it was not open, and now you want to have it open?" Of course we are satisfied to a certain extent; we are glad it is open at night; to prove that, look at the number of students that go there every night, but we ask, Is there not always room for improvement?

When you go to the library at night, you go for one of two things, either to study or relax and enjoy yourself. You are not able to get there before eight o'clock, because of the lateness of supper. When you get there it is fifty or twenty minutes after eight. If you have anything to refer to it takes some time to find them. It will be nearly nine o'clock by this time, and yet you have not studied. You then spend the rest of the hour in which to do your work. This is too short. It is impossible for a college man to do his work in one or two nights. It takes a hard work. Say you are reading a novel in the most thrilling part, just as the hero is about to propose or do some rash thing, here comes the top of the clock announcing that time is up. This is exasperating.

Again, many men go to the library to keep from making a fire in their kitchen, which are now of ten to a college man. No modern college man can go to bed as early as ten o'clock, because he has work that keeps him up until twelve, or possibly later. When you leave the library at ten o'clock your room is cold and uninspiring. The bed is the only warm place. You seek it, and hence lenity into lesson is learned. This will not do. So we contend that the library should remain open longer.

We are not kicking; no, indeed, we are content that it is open for even a short time, but we hope they will be able to reach the library and the library will remain open at least until eleven o'clock.

DR. JOYNES' GIFT.

In last week's GAMECOCK we pub- lished an article from Dr. Jno. Joynes explaining his intention of giving the University his magnificent collection of modern language books. This gift was accepted, and now the University of South Carolina has one of the most complete sets of modern language books in the South. This collection contains about one thousand volumes. The contents were the result of a twofold effort: a search for books of some special fitness which it had along with the study by one of the foremost comparators in our country. This search was made of the years of earnest study in developing the modern language, in order to a better teacher, and then with his study as a guide, he began to collect the books which are now in the Joynes Library. We would extend our thanks to the venerable doctor, but we feel that his love for this institution, and his solicitude for her welfare in a measure prompted this gift, and we feel that it would be an insult to such love for us to attempt to thank him for a gift made so cheerfully and on account of motives so unselfish.

"Oh! You Seisin."

To whom it may concern: Take notice that the word "seisin," hereto- fore pronounced by the legal fraternity "sooz-in," shall, henceforth, by the authority of the modern blackstone, be pronounced "seaz-in."

C. R. W. girl to University students: "You all have broken nearly all the springs of our iron fence."

"Merry Widow" II: gallantly: "Madam, while we would even break steel bars to reach you all, yet we must, in this case, plead not guilty."

The Y. M. C. A.

Rev. Kirkman G. Finlay, rector of Trinity church, made an address before the Y. M. C. A. Thursday afternoon. Mr. Finlay, in a very informal manner, talked heart to heart with the men. He drew a beautiful lesson from the Old Testament, and then applied it in a practical way to the problem of giving to the intelligence of his hearers. He showed that men who were entering college stood as it were upon a sacred place, and that the purpose of the confessions should be to bring them into a better and that habits would go with us through life. He then appealed to the men to let no habit stand as an adversary between us from entering upon a life of nobler service.

It is to be regretted that the whole student body was not present to hear this stirring address. The services were opened with prayer by Dr. Green and closed with a prayer by Dr. Mitchell. We always welcome the members of the Faculty to these services, and hope that they will continue to come.

After the religious services, a business meeting was held. As cold weather is approaching it was decided to hold the meetings after next in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. A new Y. M. C. A. editor was elected as a member of THE GAMECOCK Staff. H. C. Ritter, Jr., was chosen to succeed Mr. Vassey, who has made us a splendid editor. It was also decided to hold a mid-week prayer meeting service on every Thursday evening at seven thirty. These meetings are conducted by the students, and will serve a twofold purpose. It will help to develop the leaders and will also serve to draw the men closer together. Every one is cordially invited to attend these services.

At this meeting it was decided to make a thorough canvass, and invite every man in college to join the Y. M. C. A. As we all know, the Y. M. C. A. has not the united support of the whole student body. As a college organization the Y. M. C. A. and the Athletic Association or the Literary Societies, should have the active support of every man in college. In its life work should be the work of the Athletic Association depends entirely upon the support of the student body. Without the aid and cooperation of every man in college our teams must inevitably meet a disastrous end. And in the same way the Y. M. C. A. can never amount to much without the support of the entire student body. For this reason, meeting the Y. M. C. A. has a right to expect—yets, even to demand—the active support of every man in college. Let us, then, individually, give this support by at least joining the Y. M. C. A.

Professor G. B. Moore to Junior Furse: "Where is the brain located?"

"Bone" Furse: "In the back of the head, doctor."

Professor Moore, pointing to his forehead: "And where is there any brain here, Mr. Furse?"

"Bone" Furse: "No sir."

Lives of football men remind us, That they write their names in blood; And departing leave behind them, Half their faces in the mud—Mr. Furse.