

POE CENTENNIAL AT THE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from Page One.)

Gonzales, a student of the University, will deliver a sonnet on "Poe."

It will be seen from the above program that those who are to vie in doing honor to this genius of American letters are fully capable and equipped for the task by special study. The speakers are all literary specialists and are fully acquainted with the life and merits of the poet of the grotesque and arabesque.

The citizens of Columbia are cordially invited to unite with the faculties and the students of the colleges in thus doing honor to the memory of the great poet, critic, and romanticist who has powerfully influenced French and German literature, whose works have been translated into all the modern languages of Europe, and who has made so lasting a contribution to the literature of the world.

A Pipe Dream

It was a cold, sultry, October twilight. Great flakes of snow fell outside, while the shrill wind whistled mournfully through the cedar and holly trees that dot the campus. The noonday sun was shining with unaccustomed splendor, even for an April noon. Al. Wallace, just returned from George Washington University, was sitting on the monument, muffled in a pink overcoat, expectorating tobacco juice on the library, and singing "The Booze I Left Behind" to the inspiring strains of a sofa pillow. Literary Bob could be seen perched in the "topmost crag of rock-ribbed Tau"—that is to say, perched on an oak limb, making love to a bird, and smoking opium. George Topshe stood on his head before the Marshal's office, giving away twenty-dollar bills, and "Grease" Graydon and a graphophone were having a wordy battle up in Youmans' room, much to the delight of that old lady.

"Same old campus, same old characters," said a stranger, who had just appeared on the scene, and with the assistance of the telephone directory, had succeeded in rolling a keg of beer into that big pit near Legare, where Cooley keeps his snakes. "Same old place, after all these years, except that I don't see my venerable friend, George Washington, who used to mend umbrellas at 10 cents an umb. George was certainly—"

At this stage of the game, the generous "Senator," having distributed \$452,000 among the Freshmen, resumed his former attitude, and joining arms with George Washington, who had suddenly dropped from nowhere, they danced the "Merry Widow" waltz with much gusto to the following tune:

"Of Georges, worth the mention,
So says our histo-ree,
Comes first General G. Washington,
And second, George Top-she.
All other Georges are a fake
(Save one within our knowledge),
For we two Georges take the cake—
The Patron Saints of the College!"

"Bravo!" cried the stranger, showing his false teeth in approval.

"Row, row, row, South Carylinow!" cried the General.

"Rack 'em up, Bubba!" cried the Senator.

At this precise moment, the delivery wagon from the Great Moral Institute hove into view with 902 dozen quarts of beer for Buie and Rich, which Charlie Colcock signed for, and got Marshal Dyches help him take up to Crum Murray's room.

Just then "Cope" Massey and Fromberg ran in from the athletic field, where they had been catching a few punts, and became involved in a heated discussion with "Chick" Addickes as to whether Thermopylae or Waterloo was the battle fought between Socrates and the Carthaginians on one hand, and Hammond and the French on the other, just before Xerxes and Cleopatra had their famous falling out in Babylon. Jack Desportes, with a haggard look, left in a lope for the river, with McIlwain panting behind.

The Honorable I. Living Belser then commenced his famous monologue, "How to Win the Roddey Medal." This was listened to with closest attention by Simipson and Izlar, who frequently broke into applause. John Sheppard, however, grew peevish at hearing some one else talk so much, and he interrupted the speaker quite rudely with a recital of how he made his 45-yard run in the Citadel game. Shakespeare resumed the discourse with a vague and rambling account of high tide at Long Branch, which immensely exciting piece of information being received frigidly by his audience, he departed in a huff for Topshe College, accompanied by Brown, rattling poker dice in his pocket.

The discussion became more heated than ever, necessitating "Grease" Graydon's coming out to stop the noise. The sun, with a sorrowful glimpse at Josh Ashley's head, went out, and Darkness, Silence and the Red Death reigned over all.

The Faculty Is Not There

The Faculty says to go to church,
I hardly think it's fair;
For when we sit in the pew
The Faculty is not there.

The 'fessors say to study hard,
And sit up late and study more;
So we ponder o'er our books
While all the 'fessors sleep and snore.

"To chapel go," the Faculty says,
In a week don't miss but two;
But, Faculty, I wish to ask,
If chapel is not good for you?

Twice in every week that comes
We have to go to Gym,
To run and hop and skip and dance
Like monkeys on a limb.

From that old ancient river
We call the Congaree,
We get our bathing water,
And its cold enough "Gee whee."
— F. W. S.

I'll swear, there's my washwoman,
and I'm broke.

The Sapp of the Brown and White Bushes has gone down, but they are still Green.

Prof. Sullivan's front name is Jim,
He thinks a great deal of him
Self, and loves "gassing"
But his chances of passing
Exams, are decidedly slim.

John Shakespeare Washington Hoey
Is really a broth of a boy;
He buys some rock-candy,
To mix with his brandy,
Which doth Bob Laird much annoy.

Hurrah for Professor Yates Snowden,
Dear Charleston he oft has powwowed
in,

And it has been said,
By a man who's since dead,
That III History he sometimes talks
loud in.
"Clint" Graydon, whom Dargan dubbed
"Grease,"

It seemeth, has taken a lease,
To furnish the nation,
With his conversation,
When will his big mouth ever cease?

Wake Forest sent us down McCall,
Who dearly does like his high-ball,
He takes his rye "straight"
Swigs beer by the crate,
It's a wonder he's living at all!

John Sheppard, a governor's son,
Is considerably fond of a pun,
But this is on him,
And his face will be grim,
When we speak of his 40-yard run.

There's Belser, we often call Irvine,
He's King, and his kingdom we serve
in;
When he gives you "I swing,"
You can't do a thing
But wonder how he holds his nerve in.

Then, there's my good old pal, Simon
Rich, whom I can make a bad rhyme
on,
He lost his watch chain,
Now he searches in vain,
For something he can keep his time on.

Not to mention B. Jennings White,
Who often gets up in the night
To write a short story
Full of murders, and gory
Wounds, which he does when he's
tight.

There was a dark Senior named
Buster,
Who, one Fair Week, was biffed with
a duster,
In the hands of a lady,
Then turned he, and said he,
"O, Dammit," and mighty near cust
her.

You all know old Mademoiselle,
Who is a musician as well;
She eats a banana,
And bangs the piano,
Till everyone hollers, " —!"

Thanksgiving Day one of the most exciting games that ever occurred was pulled off at the mess hall, beginning at 2 o'clock. The game was a long contested, bloody struggle. The turkeys had a strong line and ran a beautiful interference. This back hit the line for good gains and their ends tackled beautifully. The students won the game in a fake, Rainsford making a spectacular run of 90 yards for a touchdown.

And early in the morning there ariseth a Joseph, surnamed Allen, and goeth forth to ring the bell.

And the bell ringeth and maketh a long noise and waketh those who sleep from their slumber.

And the young men who have been asleep rise up and gird their loins, and each taketh a staff in his hand and journeyeth afar off and goeth into mess; and there he devoureth the portion of the spoils awarded to him.

And, ere long, again the bell ringeth with a loud noise, so that he trembleth and goeth unto chapel, unto the assembling of the saints.

And a certain parson, surnamed Mood, prayeth long and leisurely, and when he hath finished he sayeth, Amen!

And the young men arise and go each to his own labor; some unto English, and some unto Latin, and some unto History.

And, behold, there is much hustling, and the young men are cast down and sore at heart.

And Shakespeare, the Hoeytite, singeth with a loud voice, saying:

"Oh, lay—ee—ee! You lay—ee—ee! Josh Ashley—ley—hoo!"

And the young men are wroth and rise up to lay hands upon the Hoeytite, but he fleeth very swiftly and goeth unto George's.

Where he remaineth until the sun hath set and cometh quietly back upon the campus.

And at the eighth hour the bell ringeth, and again the young men rise and gird their loins and journey unto mess.

And each devoureth his portion of the spoils.

And when each hath devoured his portion he ariseth and goeth hence.

Some unto Math, some unto Chemistry, and some unto Gym.

And, behold, some go into a far country and there waste their substance in eating, drinking and riotous living.

And when each hath gone his way, a Robert, surnamed Gonzales, cometh forth and chanteth upon the campus, saying:

"Send ye one out from your midst to meet me, and if I slay him then shall your people serve me. But if he slay me, then shall my people serve you."

And, behold, Al. Wallace goeth out to meet him.

And Robert riseth up against and slayeth Al. Wallace, and placeth his head upon the monument. And there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

And, behold, the sun goeth down and darkness cometh upon the earth.

And the young men goeth each to his own room, and there he pondereth diligently over Logic, Math. I, and other things which do bring on sleep.

At last he putteth out his light and goeth unto bed, and darkness reigneth upon the earth.

Boys, every now and then, take a notion to write a little skit for the weekly paper. It will be always appreciated by the editor-in-chief.

Fresh Henderson (to Freshest McIntyre): "Say, Bean, what horse power is our electric globe?"