

**I and My Money At The Fair.**

I had a little money to start with during the first two or three days of the Fair. I had written home for money. Rather, say, I had written Father and told him how hard I was studying, how much I wished I had studied more in high school, how much my brother would need his high school education and to make him study hard, and how much I needed money for the Fair.

Father sent me fifteen dollars, so without selling my watch I thought I had enough. Don't think, though, that I had all that fifteen dollars—Mr. Burnett charged ten cents for cashing the check.

The first days of the Fair were not very exciting. I didn't spend much. Counting the dollar and a half I got for my watch, I had nearly ten dollars Thursday. But, fool that I was, I met a GIRL (curses on the name) and was her escort before I could escape.

Scientists tell us that a normal person needs only 2000 calories of food each day. If that is true, and a calory is equivalent to a "hot dog," that girl was certainly abnormal; for I swear that she ate 5000 "hot dogs." No, since I am calmer about the thing, she may not have had more than 3000. If she had been one of the free exhibitors I could have enjoyed it. It must have been marvelous, wonderful—to the man who was not paying for them.

When I finally got her from the lunch stand it developed that she had always had an ambition to ride on the "caterpillar." She said it must be awfully exciting, with the cover pulled down and just she and I, if she happened to get faint, or anything.

The caterpillar would not have been so bad if she had stuck to it, for after the first ten rides the man wanted to sell me a cheap block ticket, but my member of the contrary sex seemed to prefer the sideshows.

She was enjoying the wonderful horse with five legs so much that I hated to leave her, but business was business so I went under the tent wall and then to the football game. On my way to the field I bought a package of Camels, to still my twitching nerves, and went into the gate with three cents in my pocket.

It had never entered my mind that Clemson might win, so imagine my feelings when the Tigers made the first touchdown. People who were around me brought me to the edge of the field, away from the crowd, and gave me air, water and brandy. I arose numb with despair, thinking of my fifteen dollar bet, now gone where all bad bets go, to the other man. I nearly recovered when we made a touchdown, but sank rapidly when we failed to kick goal.

Somhow I managed to dodge my Clemson man as I came out and found Father. "How much did you win on Clemson?" I asked him.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply. "Why?" "Because I want fifteen of it to pay my bet."

"So you're started gambling already. I sent you here to learn something, not to frolic and gamble. Here's a twenty. Bring back the change."

I paid my bet and carried five dollars back to Father, although my leg was sprained from trying to kick myself for not telling him I had lost twenty instead of fifteen.

Not until I had given him his money, and told him goodbye did I realize that I had exactly three cents. I looked around but Father was gone. It is a long way from the Fair grounds to the campus, but I was about to try it when I saw a Packard going toward town with enough spare tires to hide an army. I climbed on and came within two blocks of the University. I reached my buildings with three cents, which I gave to a negro to run across the campus with a note. I entered my room flat "busted."

I hate to add anything more when I've finished, but the janitor has just come in with my laundry. Will someone kindly inform me where I can find seventy-five cents?

W. W. A.

—Y.M.C.A.—

**Lose Faithful Worker.**

Altho, the students do not know so much about the work of the janitors and caretaker of the University, yet this group of loyal Gamecocks has an important part to play and certain members have filled their positions exceedingly well. We regret to learn of the death of Elizer Williams, who was a maid here for over six years. Lately she had charge of Davis College.

Marshall Cantey said that she was a faithful worker and did her assigned work well. She left behind a host of friends, both white and colored.

**RADIO IN THE HOME**

Many prominent business men in Columbia have bought wireless sets. Some have had success with them but others have not. The reason for failure with many seems not to be so much in the mechanical operation of the sets as in the social atmosphere of the home.

I happen to know one lady who said that when her husband came home in the evening she dared not talk above a whisper the rest of the evening, for he spent the entire time working with his wireless set. It may be a good thing that he will not let her talk for who can work, think, or do anything worth while when a woman starts her vocal exercise.

That particular man's set is a failure. He should have a loud speaker attached to his set to amplify the signals. Then they could be heard even with "friend wife" talking. I consider a loud-speaker very essential to every set where the signals are so weak and faint that no one is allowed to talk above a whisper for fear that they will not be heard. What a calamity it would be if women had to whisper all the time! The world would be so quiet that one would have no trouble in hearing himself think. Even on club days it would be possible to carry on ordinary business. With an amplifier a man can drown his wife's voice by steadily increasing the amplification until she gives up. No feminine noise-box ever operated that could do more damage to a person's ear drums than a loud-speaker attachment for a wireless set.

Some women object to a wireless set in the home because it is liable to make them miss Keith's or a movie at night. This might lead to the breaking up of many a home if it were not for the fact that most of the women who do the kicking are afraid it might not be such easy sailing the next time.

Then, too, the man is not such a fool as to think he is the only person in the world. He has to stop occasionally to eat and sleep. His wife comes in rather handy when he has to eat or cannot find his clean shirt. Therefore he lets her use the parlor once in a while for a party, provided she does not have to use the table that ordinarily belonged in it. Nothing is too good for his wireless set.

Sometimes he lets her listen to the "signals" and the first time she hears them she says, "What is it doing?" That is what she thinks of it. When she hears the wireless telephone she says "So uncanny," or "Rotten!" according as it is good or bad. One woman asked me if the music came in in dots and dashes and how did I change it into real music again.

The music is expected to be as loud as a woman can talk. Most sets which do not have amplifiers would go on a strike long before they reached that point.

Even though she misses a bargain sale or a shopping trip up-town a woman has not lost anything and her husband has gained that much money. If she is allowed to "listen-in" she may hear the prices of fata-lewa birds that lay square eggs or something equally as important. Sometimes she may hear lost notes of a song she sang when she was young. Wireless is a wonderful invention to have in the home.

—Robert B. Basford, '24

—U.S.C.—

**LAW ASSOCIATION.**

The Moot Court, existing primarily for the benefit of the law students, is working smoothly under its present system of having one member from each of the three classes as opposing counsel. To date, Col. McMaster has the distinction of being the first man from the 1st year class to take an open part in the issue.

May a mortgagee foreclose when he is a joint heir of the property in question when he obtained the mortgage prior to the death of the mortgagor? Messrs. Broom of the 3rd, Edmunds of the 2nd, and McMaster of the 1st so contended; Mr. Fair of the 3rd and Mr. J. C. B. Smith of the 2nd combatted.

Mr. F. H. Townsend ruled that the mortgagee could not foreclose against himself. The case was an interesting one and beneficial in its principles to all present.

—U.S.C.—

R. M. Smith, President of the student body and the Clarosophic Literary Society has made a hit with the ladies. They all call him up and ask him for dates. These Columbia lassies are rushing the season a bit. Lucky boy Smith, tell us how it's done.

—U.S.C.—

**We need a new classroom building.**

**EUPHRADIAN SOCIETY.**

Tuesday night the Euphradian Literary Society presented the following program: witticisms, John Smith and Sanders; declaimer, H. H. Hentz; extemporaneous speaker, Rease Joye. The query for the debate was Resolved that the Land Commission should bring in farmers from other states to farm the untitled lands of South Carolina. The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs J. H. Black and Hollins Abrams; the negative, by C. C. Fishburne and I. M. Polier. The decision was given to the negative.

Eight new men were initiated into the society. Several matters of business were arranged: Plans were completed for a social to be held next week. There were other important matters discussed and it was eleven o'clock before the society adjourned.

—U.S.C.—

**Student Volunteer Convention**

At a meeting of the student body Wednesday morning Mr. R. G. Bell announced that the International Student Volunteer Conference would be held in Indianapolis during the Christmas holidays from Dec. 28th to Jan. 3. At this convention the University is entitled to ten delegates: a member of the faculty, the "Y" secretary, and eight students.

Mr. Smith, in view of what Mr. Bell said, appointed a committee to receive the names of those who want to go to this conference. The students on this committee are: O. D. Johnston, representing the Baptist students; E. C. Schneider, Lutheran; McBride Dabbs, Presbyterian; J. E. Hankins, Methodist; P. J. Boatwright, Episcopalians; and Miss Thelma Penland, representing the eveds.

Professor James McB. Dabbs will represent the faculty at this convention. It will be remembered that several years ago a similar conference was held at Des Moines, Iowa.

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