

The Gamecock

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THE GAMECOCK solicits humorous sketches, essays, verses, etc., and will gladly publish such as is available, when accompanied by the full name of the author. Unsigned manuscripts will neither be acknowledged nor returned.

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COLUMBIA, S. C., MARCH 25, 1911.

Has anybody here seen our new bulletin board?

Those that have not secured their season ticket should do so at once—the association needs the money.

The regular college season opens next Friday afternoon. Let's come out in force and do some good cheering.

We hope the management will see to it that our scrub team gets several good trips. It means much to go out every afternoon and play consistent ball, and we trust the second team will be given due consideration for their efforts in the way of two or three nice trips.

Have you been approached by the Freshmen to assist them in the splendid work they have undertaken? Ten cents per week by each man in school will do the trick, and think what it means. The Freshmen are doing a good work, and we are glad to see the interest they are taking in things pertaining to our life and duties here.

Stop and think a moment. Are not things runnings smoother and better this year than at any time during your connection with the University? Less politics, hardly any gambling and drinking, less rowdyism, fewer objectionable Freshmen, and greatest of all, more studying. What is the cause for this great change? All roads for good lead to Flinn Hall.

The offer of fifty dollars to the student writing the best *alma mater* is still open. It seems possible that in our ranks there is someone capable of writing a fitting hymn. It is a thing needed badly, and to some of us the fifty dollar prize looks awfully good. Suppose we try, each of us, our hand at it. If

you see the task is impossible after a fair trial, then keep it to yourself. Some of us may be poets and don't know it. It would be a pretty good paper to hand in in English, and we suggest that the professors make each Freshman try his hand at it, as an exercise in theme writing.

This grand old institution has been in existence now for over one hundred years, and with it the present deplorable system of janitor service. In a few cases the janitors themselves seem to have been in existence a much longer time. Today much is being done to improve the teaching facilities, and in a certain measure the comfort of the students in a general way, but the dormitories themselves are still served in the same old style by the same old janitors. It is practically impossible to keep a room habitable when you have a janitor whose only qualifications are his ability to spill water all over your floor, remove the ashes from your grate in such a way as to deposit them in every nook and corner of the room, and then, after the manner of one sweeping the streets, proceed to bury everything in a cloud of dust from his artistic handling of the broom. There is a little variety as to the particular quality and quantity of dust deposited upon any one spot from day to day, but none is ever lost or removed. They are most careful as to that, their object being to take the dust from this table and deposit it as carefully as possible upon that mantle, desk, or divan, without allowing any of it to escape through the doors or windows. To find a book used the day before, it is necessary to dig into the dust as they dig among the ruins of Pompeii, searching for a knowledge of the ancients.

We suggest that each janitor be supplied with a sprinkling can, so he can settle the dust on the tables, chairs, etc., before sweeping. Of course, this would prevent the uniform accumulation of dust upon everything, but we would bear the hardships for the sake of knowing exactly how many cubic feet of dust could be removed in the course of an hour or two.

Seriously, the trouble seems to be in making the janitors do too much work or in expecting too much of them. If we had more and better janitors many of us would be able to enter our rooms and sit down without having to first remove two or three inches of dust from the chairs.

Irvine F. Belser, '10, now at Yale, who won the Oxford scholarship last year, writes that he has been accepted at Christ Church College. This is the college all our representatives have been admitted to, and we congratulate Mr. Belser upon being admitted to such an highly desirable college of Oxford.

Young lady (at senior dance): "This floor is so slick that I'm afraid I'll fall."

Senior Wall: "Never mind, just hold onto the Wall."—Ex.

A Very Hasty and Jagged Ballade of Baseball.

(With contrite apologies to MM. Villen, Blandelaire, de Banville, &c., now presumably in the bosom of Abraham.)

To a lowlier key I attune my car
O Sovereign Muse, and all ye Graces,

Than the range and pitch you're wont to hear;

Forsaking the shadows and windy spaces,

And the ships the rhapsodist said were Thrace's,

And the Orient casement, where crimsons climb,

No, no, Erato! I won't suffer your traces

When the April sun's shining in baseball time.

They're off to the sound of a splendid cheer,

And a dominant yodel that must be Mace's,

(He so wakes the campus i' the fall o' the year.)

The same old look in the same old faces,

As the Gamecocks run to their usual places;

Ah, what's the good of this impotent rime!

These are at best only counterfeit phrases

When the April sun's shining in baseball time.

With a wad in his jaw, and a visage austere,

Our "Tommy" strides up, and very soon laces

A nifty three-bagger way back in the rear,

And the poor old Davidson fielder chases,

And our fellows are breezing around the white bases,

And life seems worth living, faith just in its prime,

And each crazy fanatic his neighbor embraces,

When the April sun's shining in baseball time.

Envoi.

Then close up that trig, and those musty law cases;

Come out and "holler." O Gee, it's sublime,

That second ecstatic; your blood leaps and races,

When the April sun's shining in baseball time!

R. E. G.

Jones: Do you carry any life-insurance?

Brown: Yes; I have ten thousand dollars.

Jones: Made payable to your wife?

Brown: Yes.

Jones: Well, what kind of an excuse do you put up to your wife for living?—Ex.

Suitor: "Your daughter, sir—well, er—that—is—she told me to come to you—she says you—"

Pater: "Quite so—I understand. Let's see; are you Mr. Bronson or Mr. Whibbles?"

Suitor: "Why, I'm Mr. Hotchkiss."—Ex.

BIRD SEED.

Don't be a T. W.

* * *

Who is K. C. Jones?

* * *

Our Sheppard has no sheep.

* * *

Who can Fill up Arrowsmith?

* * *

Ball game soon. Harems v. Hobbles.

* * *

"The Gamecock" is of necessity a confirmed bachelor.

* * *

Carolina's student colors—black, brown, green and white.

* * *

Oh, happy Monday, that brings the faculty to chapel!

* * *

A Freshman thought an aeroplane was a carpenter's tool.

* * *

"Time is money—and I have no time."—DeWolf Hopper.

* * *

A Junior law student was surprised that the Police Gazette was subscribed neither at Flinn Hall nor in the Library.

* * *

Quite different: "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Fall of the Usher of the House."

Also different: "Keep off the grass," and "Keep the grass off."

* * *

Carolina students usually look down on performances at the theatre—from the "roost."

At the College for Women.

Next Monday evening at 8:30, in the auditorium, Mr. Kittredge and Miss Alexander will give what promises to be a treat in the way of recitals.

From now until late spring we are promised many such recitals by the Department of Music at the "college," and we look forward to them with much pleasure.

The last of the series of three lectures will be given next Tuesday evening by Dr. Geo. Vincent, formerly dean of the University of Chicago and now president of the University of Minnesota. The subject will be "The Mind of the Mob," and promises to be of especial interest to students of psychology. The price to students is fifty cents.

Reward Offered!

A reward of thirty-three and one-third cents will be given the first person showing us wherein lies the humor of the following:

"There was a young man named McColl

Who went to a fancy dress ball

He thought just for fun

He would go as a bun

And a dog ate him up in the Hall."

Editor's Notice.

There will be an important meeting of "The Gamecock" staff Monday morning immediately after chapel. Every editor is urged to attend.