

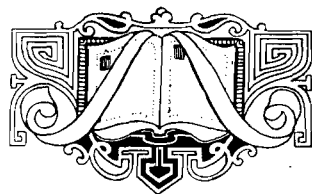


SOU'WESTER
1908

G. F. Nicolassen

The S. P. U.

Sou'wester



Published Annually by the Literary
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University at Clarksville, Tennessee



DR. ROBERT PRICE

DEDICATION

TO

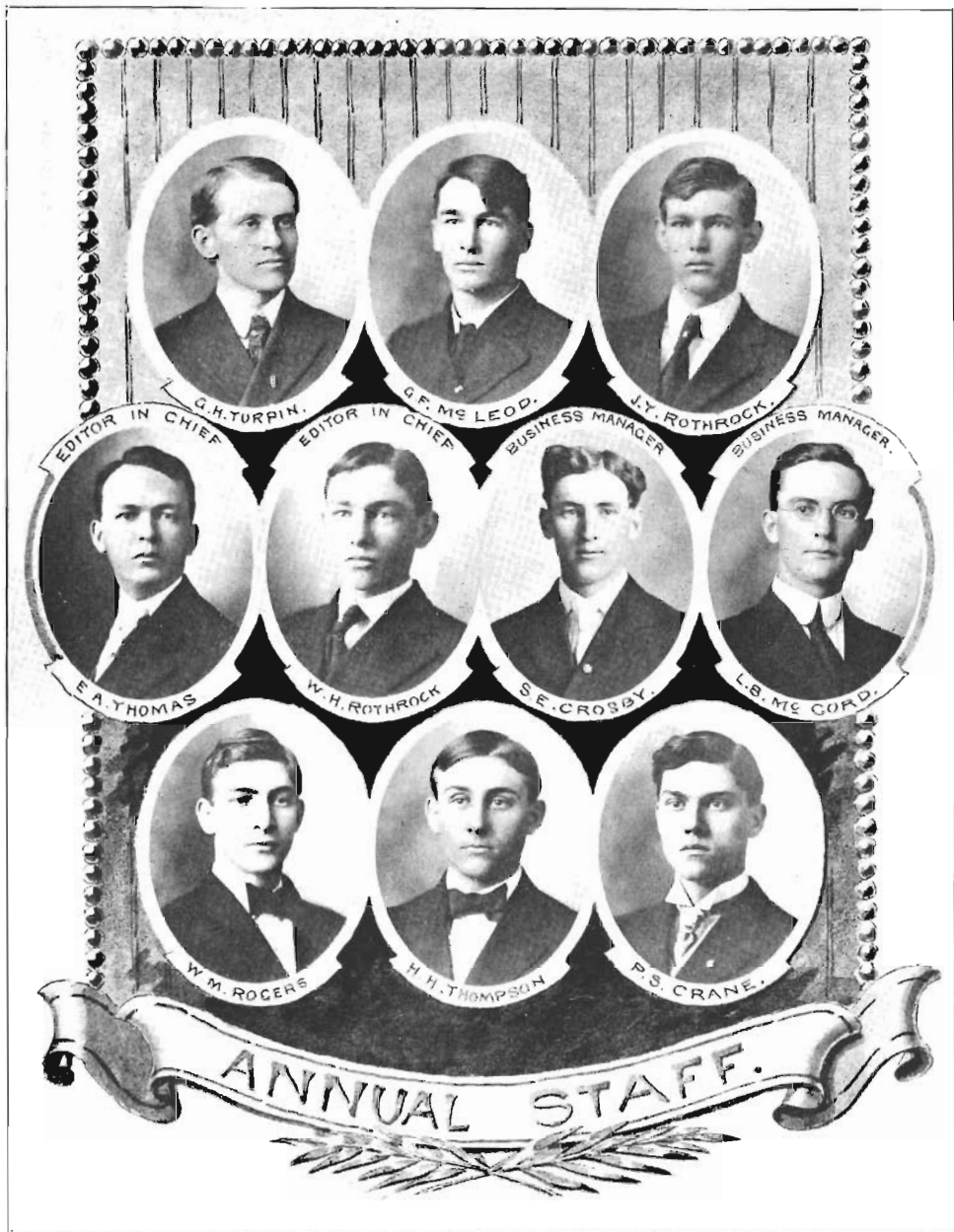
DR. ROBERT PRICE

WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE
FAITH WHICH HE PROFESSES, THIS
BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

GREETING

TO all who may read this volume, it is our sincerest wish that it may interest, instruct and please. We trust that in coming years the Sou'wester may preserve and cherish memories that should not fade. Should it do so, and at the same time reflect honor on our Alma Mater, we shall feel that we have not labored in vain.





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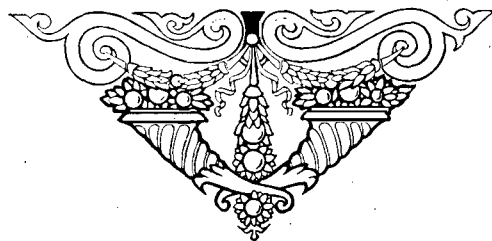
SKETCH OF THE UNIVERSITY'S HISTORY

THE history of a university is in large measure the history of its Chancellors. Whether it be just or not, the personality and the policy of its chief executive largely shape its destiny. During the thirty-three years' career of the Southwestern Presbyterian University there have been five Chancellors. The earliest of these was Rev. J. W. Waddell, D.D., who came to the institution at the time of its transition from Stewart College. This latter had been operated under the management of the Synod of Nashville. According to the new regime, the control was assumed by the six Synods of the Southwest. We should not fail to mention here the work of that eminent educator, Rev. J. B. Shearer, D.D., whose efficient administration as the last President of Stewart College contributed greatly toward rendering the University possible. Succeeding Dr. Waddell, in order, were Drs. C. C. Hersman, J. M. Rawlings, George Summey and Neander M. Woods. Immediately preceding the incumbency of Dr. Woods there was an interval of three years during which Dr. G. F. Nicolassen, at that time Vice-Chancellor, administered the affairs of the University, tiding it over the trying period when the question of removing it to Atlanta was before the Synods. The four controlling Synods, the number having now been reduced from the original six by the withdrawal of Arkansas and Texas, were equally divided in their vote on this question, and adverse decision having been delivered by a chancery court of Tennessee, the matter remained in statu quo. Dr. Woods, after exercising the functions of the Chancellorship for three years, felt it his duty to return to the pastorate, and recently resigned to accept the call of the Central Presbyterian Church of Montgomery, Ala.

The institution has been growing steadily in proficiency and patronage. The faith of the Board in the future of the University was evidenced by the fact that during the administration of Dr. Waddell a theological department was installed, and Dr. J. R. Wilson was called to the chair of Systematic Theology, notwithstanding the fact that there was not a dollar of endowment for such a purpose, and their faith was ultimately confirmed in seeing this department put upon a permanent basis by the liberality of friends. Dr. Wilson was succeeded by Dr. R. A. Webb, who after filling the chair most ably for sixteen years has tendered his resignation, in order that he might accept a like position in the Louisville Theological Seminary. It might be interesting to observe, in connection with Dr. Wilson, that the Stated Clerkship of the General Assembly has always been held by a representative of this school. The first elected to that office was Dr. Waddell, though this was antecedent to his residence in Clarksville; then followed Dr. Wilson, and later Dr. W. A. Alexander, the present incumbent, who is also Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature.

The wisdom of the Board in the selection of instructors is evinced by the fact that other institutions have often come to this University to recruit the ranks of their own faculties. For example, Dr. Hersman was called to Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.; Dr. Hemphill to Columbia, S. C.; Drs. Jno. W. Caldwell and A. B. Dinwiddie to Tulane, and Dr. J. B. Wharey to the University of Nashville. The endowment has been increased from time to time. While there have been many donations from individuals, it was due to the energy and persistence of Dr. Summey that a claim of twenty-five thousand dollars was finally allowed by Congress for damage done the University during the war. It was at the time when Fort Donelson, and with it the city of Clarksville, fell into the hands of General Grant. During his stay in this vicinity Federal troops were quartered in the College buildings, resulting in the mutilation of the property. Dr. Summey was also successful in securing funds from other sources, with which the Waddell building was erected, thus furnishing a spacious auditorium, a splendidly equipped gymnasium and beautiful Y. M. C. A. rooms.

Oratory has always been at a premium at the Southwestern. There are two flourishing literary societies, and the fact that out of the eight contests of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association the honors have five times been borne away by an S. P. U. representative, will attest the thoroughness of the work done. Once the medal was won by this University in the Interstate Oratorical Association, held at Monteagle. Among the Valedictorians for the past eleven years, Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama claim three each; Virginia, one, and Louisiana, one.



Sonnet: "Some Day"

How swift, yet silent, pass the moments by,
Borne on the tide of Time's fast-rolling stream,
Each like the fleeting image of a dream.
With each is borne some treasure dear and nigh—
The friends we love, our aspirations high,
The lights from far, celestial lands that gleam
An instant on us—ah, how soon they seem
To vanish! Naught left but memory and a sigh.
Our hearts are sad to lose them, but some day,
When our frail barks of life have reached the shore
On which Eternity's great ocean beats alway,
There, where no clouds of parting ever lower,
We'll find our treasures that were borne away
And clasp them to our hearts forevermore.

Eternality

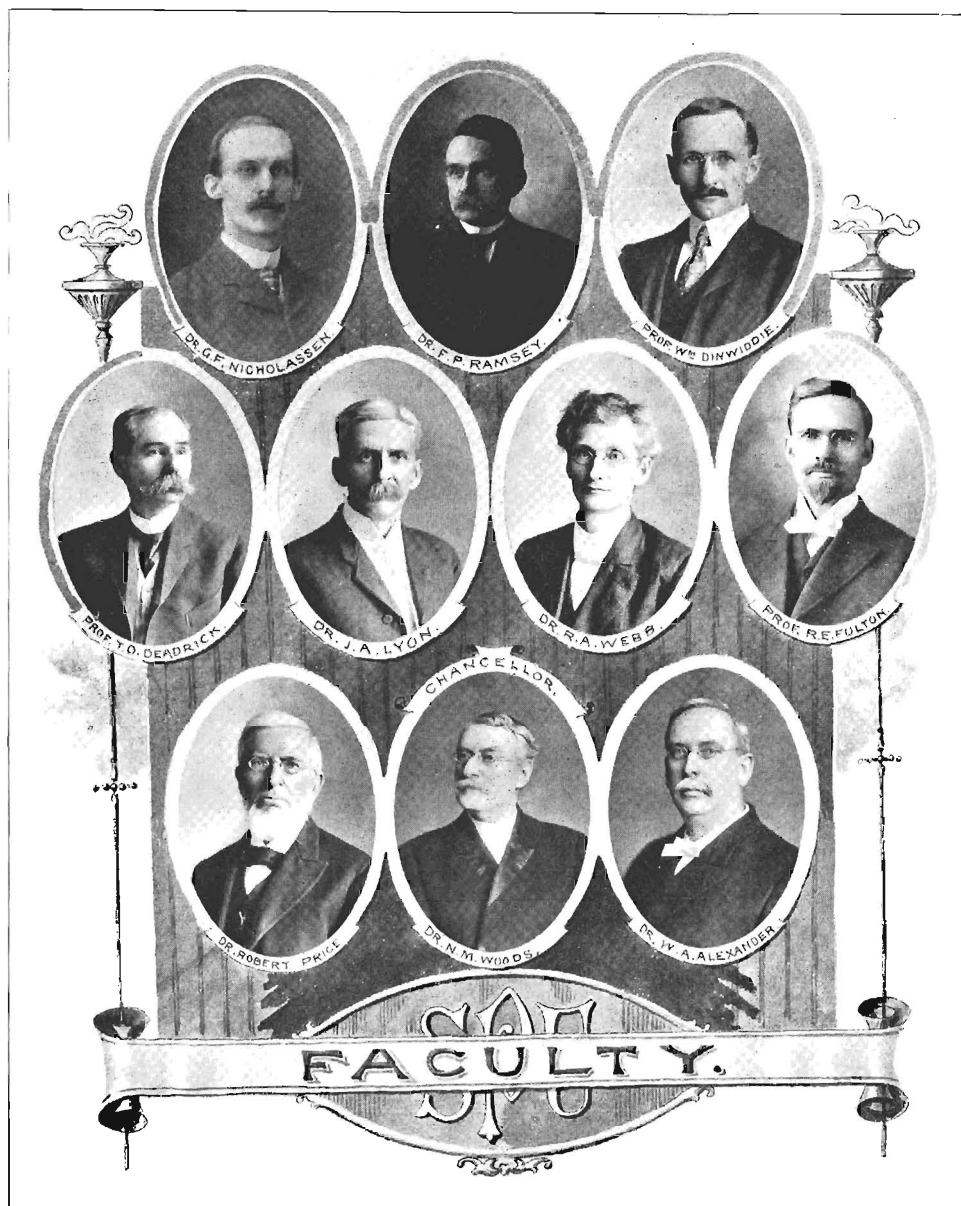
The grass that groweth at morn
Withers at eventide.
Sunshine precedeth the storm
On mountain-side.
Flowers so gorgeously bright,
With faces upturned to light,
Droop before night.

Life, how vain thou art!
Pregnant with care.
Hope, groping in the dark,
Falls in despair.
Frail mankind, still we trust
We shall conquer, tho' but dust,
Conquer, we must!

Humanity, how inhuman!
Friendship so rare.
Love daily escheweth
Our burdens to share.
Shall we in such an abyss
Bereft of heavenly bliss,
Our destiny miss?

Paradise! Sweet heavenly goal,
Thou remainest sure.
Vaulted with all the immortal souls
Who've gone before;
While we, though thorns infest
Our way, shall gain at last,
Eternal Rest, Eternal Rest.

—CHRISTOPHER TAFTE.



DR. G. F. NICHOLASSEN



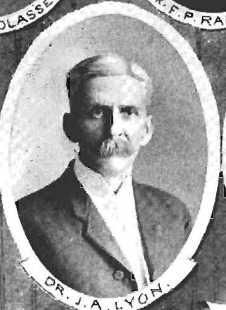
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DR. J. A. LYON



DR. R. A. WEBB



PROF. E. FULTON



DR. ROBERT PRICE

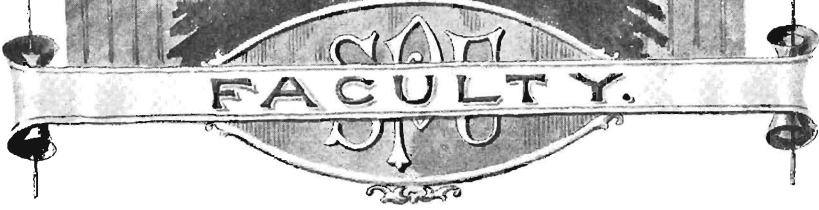


CHANCELLOR

DR. N. M. WOODS



DR. W. A. ALEXANDER



OUR FACULTY

FEW institutions can boast of instructors equal to those of our Faculty. We are highly honored by having as our Chancellor the distinguished Dr. N. M. Woods. He studied law at the University of Washington, but decided afterwards to enter the Christian ministry. He then went to Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Woods holds a high position in the Church, having occupied some very prominent pastorates, among which are the Second Presbyterian Church of Memphis and the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville. From the latter field he came to this University, and though here only a limited number of years, has rendered this school valuable service. We regret to have Dr. Woods leave us.

The Vice-Chancellor, Professor Dinwiddie, took his early training at Potomac Academy, and then entered the University of Virginia, from which he received the degree of Master of Arts. After several years of successful teaching he accepted the Chair of Mathematics in this institution, where he has become quite popular with the students and other members of the Faculty.

Dr. G. F. Nicolassen, A.M., Ph.D., is the Professor of Greek and German. His early training was taken in Baltimore. He then took an A.M. degree at the University of Virginia. He next spent three years at Johns Hopkins, when he received the Doctorate of Philosophy. As a teacher he is eminently successful.

Rev. Robert Price, D.D., is the occupant of the Chair of History. Having taken his early training at Oakland College, Mississippi, he entered the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. Dr. Price has been a professor in this University since 1882, and is considered very efficient. He is well known throughout the Church for his sound and clear views on matters of ecclesiastical nature.

Dr. James Adair Lyon, Ph.D., has charge of the Department of Natural Sciences. He graduated from Princeton College at an early age with great honor. He took his LL.B. degree from the University of Mississippi; his Ph.D. at Princeton, N. J. Since his graduation he has filled some very eminent positions, among which are Mathematics and Science Professor in Highland University, Professor of Physics and Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. He is very accurate and thorough, and the department under his charge has made great progress.

The Professor of Latin and French is Thomas Oakley Deaderick, A.M. He is an alumnus of the University of Tennessee, where he graduated with first honors. In 1888 he went abroad, spending a year and a half in the study of languages at Berlin and Leipsic. For two years after his return he taught in Florida. Since then he has been one of the best friends and instructors of the boys of this University.

Rev. William Addison Alexander, D.D., is the Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in the Divinity Department. Dr. Alexander graduated at an early age from the University of Mississippi with second honors of the class. After graduation he was appointed tutor in Physics and Astronomy. His theological course was taken at Princeton under Dr. Charles Hodge. Dr. Alexander's ministry was at Lexington, Yazoo City and Canton. He is well known throughout the Southern Presbyterian Church. For several years he has been Stated Clerk of the Assembly and has rendered valuable service to this institution and to the whole Church.

The Chair of Systematic Theology is occupied at present by Dr. Robert Alexander Webb, D.D. After taking his preparatory work at Webb School, he entered this University, known then as Stewart College, and graduated with the highest honors. He then took theology at Columbia Seminary, South Carolina. His ministerial labors were at Moore Memorial Church in Nashville, Tenn.; Bethel Church, South Carolina; Davidson College, North Carolina, and the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C. In 1892 he accepted the professorship of Systematic Theology in this University. As a theologian Dr. Webb is recognized as one of the ablest, soundest and most conservative in our Church. He tendered his resignation lately to the Board of Directors.

The Department of English is now in charge of Rev. F. P. Ramsay, Ph.D. Dr. Ramsay took his early training at Davidson College, North Carolina, where he received both A.B. and A.M. degrees. Later he resumed his studies at the Johns Hopkins University, and then obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago. Dr. Ramsay was very successful as a pastor, occupying the pulpit, among other places, Laredo, Tex.; New Dublin, Va.; Augusta, Ky. He has also been for a long time successful as a professor and instructor, being President of Fredericksburg College, Virginia; Oxford College, Alabama; and King College, Tennessee. From the latter he came to this University. Dr. Ramsay is well known for his sound judgment and thoroughness, and we feel sure the Departments of English and Bible will prosper under his care.

Rev. Robert E. Fulton has charge of the Academic Department of History and Ethics. He is an alumnus of this College, where he took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, and also a B.D. degree. After graduation he spent a few years in ministerial work at Newton, Miss. From that charge he accepted the position which he now holds (in 1906). Professor Fulton has won the esteem and admiration of all the students, and is one of the most popular and influential members of our Faculty.



SENIOR CLASS

SENIOR CLASS

Colors: Purple and Old Gold

Flower: LaFrance Rose

Motto: "Fortibus est nihil difficile"

Officers

JOHN FRANKLIN COUTS	<i>President</i>
JOHN THOMAS ROTHROCK	<i>Vice-President</i>
JOHN SPENCER DANIEL	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
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W. H. ROTHROCK	Tennessee
H. H. THOMPSON	Mississippi



EDWIN LEE CARNEY, A.B. Tennessee

Commencement Orator; Stewart Literary Society; *Σ A E*; Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Sophomore Class, '05-'06; Tennessee State Club; Baseball Squad, '05, '06, '07.

"The better part of valor is discretion"



JOHN FRANKLIN COUTS, A.B. Tennessee

President of Senior Class; Valedictorian; Mack Bible Medalist, '06-'07; Physics Medalist, '06-'07; Secretary Athletic Association, '06-'07; *Σ A E*; Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '07.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now"



WALTER FRANCIS CRESON, B.D. Tennessee

Commencement Orator, 'c6; Faculty Medal for Oratory, 'c6; A.M., 'c6; *H K A*; Stewart Literary Society; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '05-'c6; Chairman Bible Study Committee, 'c8; Vice-President Robb Hall, 'c6-'07; President Robb Hall, '07-'c8.

*" 'Tis sweet to love, but oh, how bitter,
To love a girl and then not git her"*



JOHN SPENCER DANIEL, A.M., K Σ Tennessee

President Junior Class, '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class, '07-'c8; 'Varsity Eleven, 'c4, 'c6, '07; 'Varsity Nine, '05, 'c6, '07, 'c8; Chemistry Medal, '06; Captain 'Varsity Eleven, '07.

*"And when a lady is in the case,
You know all other things give place"*



T. W. GRIFFITH, *A T O*, Ph.B. Tennessee
University School of Nashville, '02-'04; W. I. L. S.; Tennis Club,
'04-'08; Y. M. C. A.; Manager of Football Team, '07.

Who does not know and does not know that he does not know



JOHN THOMAS ROTHROCK, JR., A.B., *H K I* Tennessee

S. L. S. Improvement Medal, '05; Junior Greek Prize, '06; President
of Stewart Literary Society, '08; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '07-'08;
Vice-President Robb Hall, '07-'08; Vice-President of Senior Class;
'Varsity Basketball Team, '06, '07, '08; Captain Basketball Team, '08;
Captain Scrub Football Team, '06; 'Varsity Football Team, '07; Sub.
'Varsity Baseball Team, '06; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '07, '08; Journal
Staff, '06-'07, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief *Sou'wester*, '08.

*"While we live let us live in clover,
For when we're dead we're dead all over"*



WILLIAM HERON ROTHROCK, A.B., *H K J* Tennessee

Washington Irving Literary Society; Elementary Greek Prize, '05; Athletic Medal, '05; Physics Medal, '06; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '07-'08; Varsity Basketball Team, '07-'08; Captain Scrub Baseball Team, '08; Athletic Editor, '07-'08; President W. I. L. S., '08; Associate Editor Sou'wester, '08.

"Brevity is the soul of wit"



HENRY HOWARD THOMPSON, A.B. Mississippi

Class Historian; Washington Irving Literary Society; *A T Q*; President of W. I. L. S., '07-'08; Inter-Society Orator, '07; Varsity Eleven, '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief Journal, '07-'08; Associate Editor of Sou'wester, '07-'08; President Y. M. C. A., '07-'08.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible"

CLASS OF 1908

OUR college career is near its close. Happy and eventful have been the years since so many Freshmen assembled on S. P. U.'s campus in '04. Pleasant days to us, but for the sad recollections of those who enlisted with us and have fallen by the wayside; some from sheer neglect, others overcome by the length and weariness of the journey, the scrutinizing test to which all the faithful are subjected. Through all we have toiled and now stand at the end of our training pilgrimage, strong, robust and stalwart; striking examples of the survival of the fittest.

In all college activities the class of '08 has participated and has won its part of the laurels. On the athletic field we have shown skill inferior to none in college. In the "gym" we have starred by acrobatic stunts, but most of our memories will be associated with the classroom, where '08 won special distinction. All the sciences we have mastered. In the ancient classics we exhibited a bravery that never dawned upon the world's greatest military chieftains, for over mountains and precipices, through great valleys and deep seas, we marched where old Cæsar or Napoleon would have staggered with fear.

And, again, few classes can make such exhibits of oratory. The winged words of many of our silver-tongued speakers have resounded in rich melody through the halls of old S. P. U., more inspiring to the Juniors and Sophs than the flattery of Napoleon to his men; as he, pointing to the everlasting Pyramids, said: "Men, forty centuries are looking down upon you."

As the savage warrior of old, before receiving the title of "knight," passed through the crucial "vigil of arms" so we trust that ours has been a faithful vigil and that our armor for life's battles is duly fitted on. Fellow classmates, let us be courageous, and when duty calls us let each warrior answer "Here." When our plumes no longer wave along the ruddy tide of battle; when our banner no longer marks the path where the bravest loved to fight; when all is gone, may it be repeated:

The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

—HISTORIAN.

Sleep Sweet

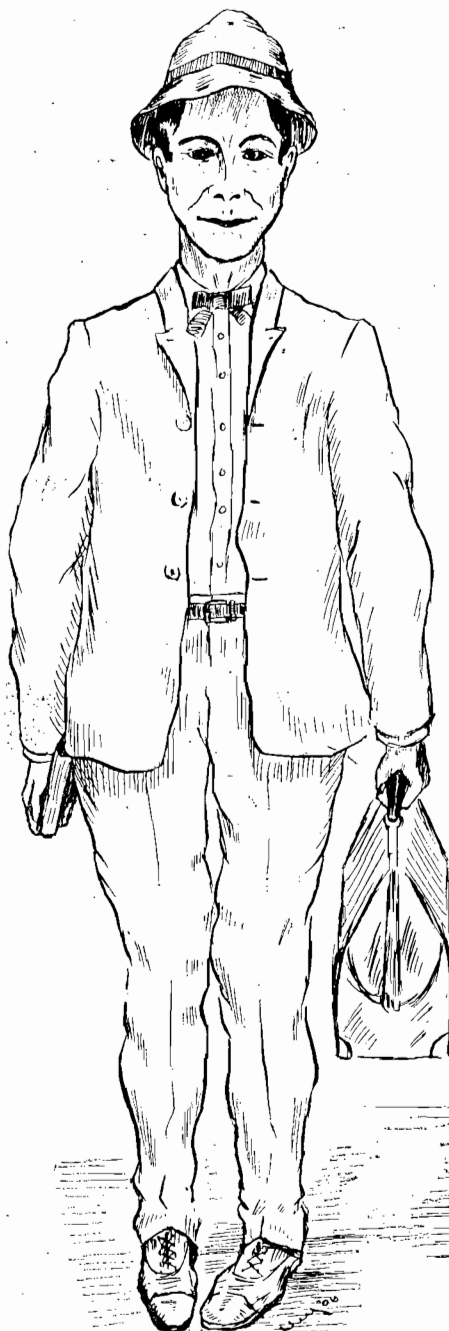
Sleep sweet,
Within thy cosy den,
O Senior! where thou art;
And let no mournful college days
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of future greatness.

Thy Pony,
Once thy changeless friend,
Has formed a new acquaintance.
Forget thyself and classic lore,
And heed no more old college bell.
The Preps are watching o'er thy head—
Sleep sweet,
Farewell! Farewell!

—C. TAPPE, '08.

Junior

Class



JUNIOR CLASS

Colors: Old Gold and Black

Motto: Cum tacent, clamant

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Yell:

Civics, Latin, Senior Greek!
We're the boys from 'way up the creek!
Old Jupiter drinks the sparkling wine
And gives three cheers for 1909!

Officers

E. R. MABRY	President
C. TAFTE	Vice-President
W. G. MILLER	Secretary and Treasurer
W. H. ALLEN	Historian
E. B. MAYES	Janitor
W. L. MERRIN	Liar

Class Roll of 1909

W. H. ALLEN	Alabama	R. N. MARION	Mississippi
W. H. ARMISTEAD	Tennessee	E. B. MAYES	Mississippi
H. M. BADLEY	Mississippi	G. F. McLEOD	Mississippi
G. S. BUDER	Mississippi	W. L. MERRIN	Florida
G. W. CHEEK	Mississippi	W. G. MILLER	Tennessee
C. L. LOCKERT, JR.	Tennessee	F. R. RAMSAY, JR.	Tennessee
E. R. MABRY	Tennessee	C. TAFTE	Kentucky



CLASS OF 1909

AS WE look back over the record of the class of '09, we find its past history filled with honors, and I dare say a glorious future may be predicted. It was in the early fall of 1905 that old S. P. U. was first honored by the presence of this class. Our first year was indeed a pleasant one, and many deeds were accomplished. After being in school only a few weeks a battle was forced on us by the "Sophs," and we placed our steps in the straight path to fame by defeating them. As '09 showed her determination and ability in this "scrap," so has she shown it in other phases of college life.

In her Freshman year she was well represented on the athletic field, and since then some of her members have starred on each of the Varsity teams. Neither did we fail to distinguish ourselves in the classroom, for as riders we stand foremost. But since our experienced ponies have been handed down to those below us, our record is in great danger, and we fear that the championship will soon be won from us. Having passed the rigid examinations this year, we were allowed to experience our Sophomore year.

As "Sophs," we came up to the standard and went through the year with the determination we had in the former, thereby accomplishing much.

We are now experiencing our Junior year, and we can look back over our past deeds, and see them shining forth, lighting those on their way who are ascending below. As the session draws to a close, we sadly realize that '09 has only one more year to hold her meetings in the halls of S. P. U. Our long-looked-for Senior year is near at hand; but yet sad to realize that the class of '09 must separate and go out into the world and perform deeds which will light the way of men and cast honor on old S. P. U.

—HISTORIAN.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Colors: Purple and White

Flower: Pink Carnation

Motto: Perge et Sursum ad Successum

Yells:

Rappety, rap tap — boom bang!
Here we come, the Sophomore gang!
The steamboat's comin' around the bend,
And gives three cheers for 1910!

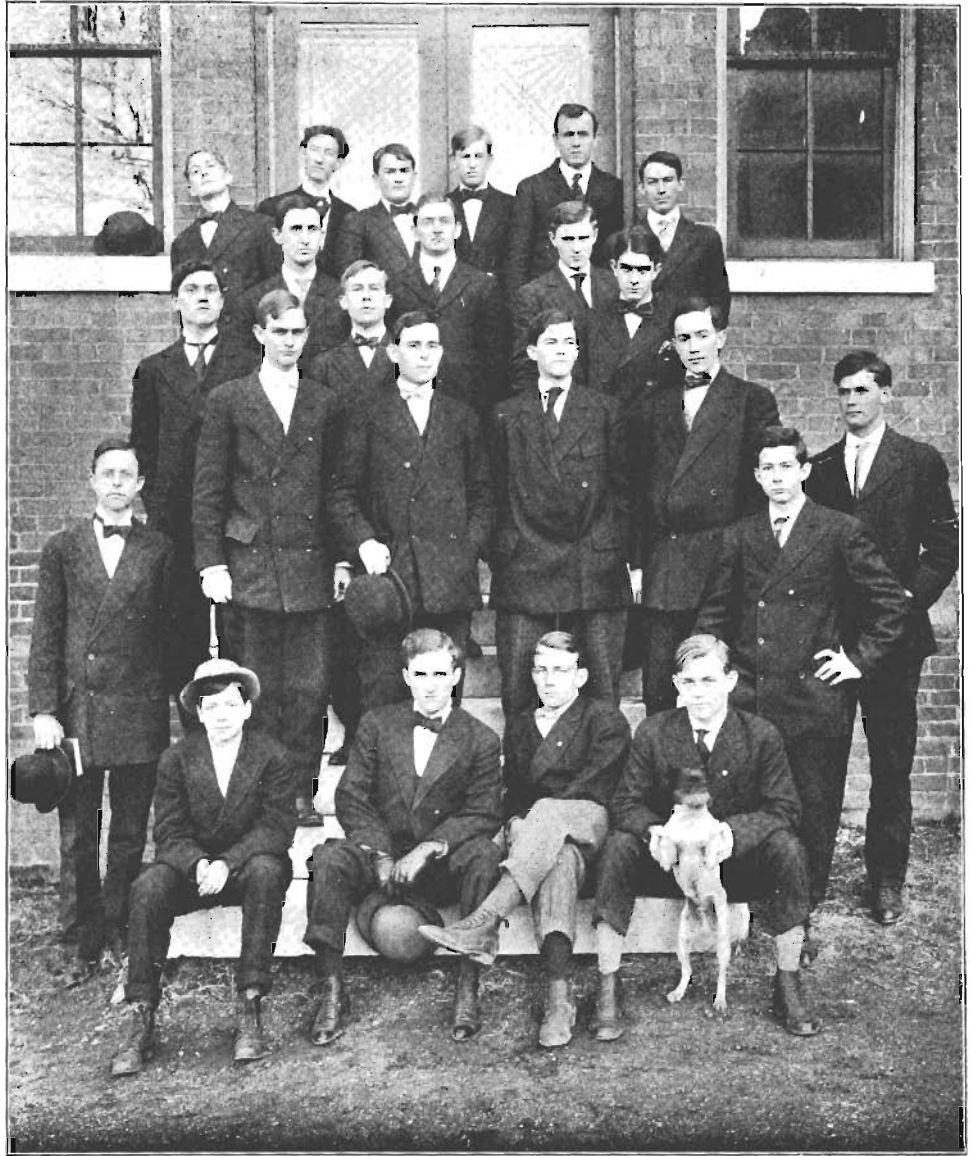
Knowledge, virtue, truth and might!
We're the boys that are ready to fight!
The lives of Freshmen all depend
Upon the class of 1910!

Officers

O. W. BUESCHGEN	President	E. S. MATTHEWS	Dude
E. R. WHITE	Vice-President	R. A. WEBB	Prep
J. M. ALEXANDER	Secretary and Treasurer	M. M. GORDON	Dunce
P. S. CRANE	Historian	L. A. DOTY	Pig
D. L. MARTIN	Poet	C. F. HOFFMANN	Handsome
R. L. HALL	Liar	F. L. ALLEN	Athlete
E. D. CURTIS	Prophet		

Class Roll of 1910

ALLEN, F. L., Alabama	DOTY, L. A., Mississippi	MERRIN, W. L., Florida
BYRNES, C. F., Mississippi	DICKSON, C. M., Tennessee	MARTIN, D. L., Alabama
BUESCHGEN, O. W., Alabama	HALL, ROBT., Mississippi	SNEED, H. L., Tennessee
CRANE, P. S., Mississippi	HENDERSON, H. S., Virginia	STAPLES, W. B., Mississippi
CARNEY, N. L., Tennessee	HOFFMANN, C. F., Louisiana	RALSTON, C. N., Tennessee
CARTER, "NICK," Mississippi	GORDON, M. M., Tennessee	STOKES, A., Mississippi
CURTIS, E. D., Alabama	MATTHEWS, E. S., Tennessee	WEBB, R. A., JR., Tennessee
DAY, C. M., Tennessee	McFADDEN, Tennessee	WHITE, E. R., Alabama



CLASS OF 1910

ON THE morning of September 19, 1906, there entered into the walls of old S. P. U. the handsomest, most congenial, intelligent and cultured class of Freshmen that had ever been enlisted upon the books of our beloved University. Early realizing our ability to progress, the class of 1910 met on the evening of November 15th for the purpose of organizing. Officers were elected and our colors and motto chosen. By reviewing our positions in college, we found that many of our members had cruelly and unmercifully captured the hearts of "the girls" of the community and were leaders in society.

A few days later we found some of our classmates playing on the 'Varsity football team. When basketball season came upon us, there were the Freshmen playing with the best. At the arrival of spring, some of us decided to play baseball and tennis. Of course such a determination means victory for us. So, sure enough, we played two of our members in the pitcher's box, one on first, one on third, and one at "short." The first tennis court was easily made.

In society we rivaled, in athletics we surpassed, and in intellectual abilities we were unequaled by any previous class of S. P. U.

After a brief summer vacation, in which time we were edifying our characters, we returned to Clarksville to continue our preparation for life's work. Thus began another triumphant year for us.

Several more meetings for various purposes gave us renewed courage this year, and to-day we find ourselves taking the third great step upon the ladder of fame to whose summit we so courageously aspire.

With such an inspiring record of the past we go onward and upward, never doubting, never fearing, or thinking of retreat; but with an unwavering perseverance we proceed. Led only by the beautiful Carnation with the Purple and White in the background, and urged on by the great "Perge et Sursum ad Successum," we advance to those heights of fame, usefulness and glory which mark the greatest achievements of mankind.

So beware, ye 1908 and '09,
And to your oars hard bend!
For in pursuance, close behind,
Is the class of 1910!

—HISTORIAN.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

FRESHMAN CLASS °

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold

Flower: Violet

Motto: No labor, no gain

Yell:

Racky Chicky Boom! Racky Chicky Boom!
Racky Chicky, Racky Chicky, Boom, Boom, Boom!
Where are we? Where are we?
Nineteen Eleven what'll be!

Officers

T. P. ALLEN	President	R. D. BACHMAN	Sport
J. E. McJUNKIN	Vice-President	M. RAMSAY	Athlete
H. P. BATES	Secretary and Treasurer	E. C. SCOTT	Most Conceited
C. T. WHARTON	Historian	F. D. BARLOW	Liar
C. B. TOMB	Poet	L. H. WHARTON	Prep

Class Roll of 1911

ALLEN, T. P., Tennessee
BACHMAN, R. D., Tennessee
BARLOW, FRANKIE, Mississippi
BATES, H. P., Mississippi
CATO, P. C., Mississippi
DOLIVE, W. C., Alabama
GERHART, W., Tennessee
HAMILTON, W. W., Tennessee
MARTIN, P. C., Mississippi
McJUNKIN, J. E., Mississippi
DICKSON, S. A., Louisiana

DICKSON, C. B., Louisiana
RAMSAY, J. C., Texas
RAMSAY, M., Tennessee
ROGERS, W. A., Mississippi
SCOTT, F. A., Tennessee
STEWART, J. C., Mississippi
TOMB, C. B., Louisiana
VAN ZANT, H. C., Mississippi
WARDLAW, O. W., Georgia
WHARTON, C. T., Tennessee
WHARTON, L. H., Tennessee



CLASS OF 1911

AS a body we have as yet no past; but the present is ours in every sense of the word. The past does not now concern us, except as an exhaustless fountain from which to draw our inspirations and fuel for our ambitions. We have then but to consider the future; that mysterious realm of impending providence. Its dream clouds take the wondrous glory of the morning sun, or the lowering blackness of midnight, according to the dictates of joyous hope or of hopeless despair. Where there is youth and future there is hope, and where there is hope the blackest clouds must turn their silver lining.

Now, when Father Time, in his endless task of making past out of the present, has reached that memorable year when our illustrious institution shall bring to maturity that great masterpiece of collective brilliance—the class of 1911—he will mark the epoch by such a halo of memories that it may be readily found in after years by the sons of ambition who seek the history of success attained.

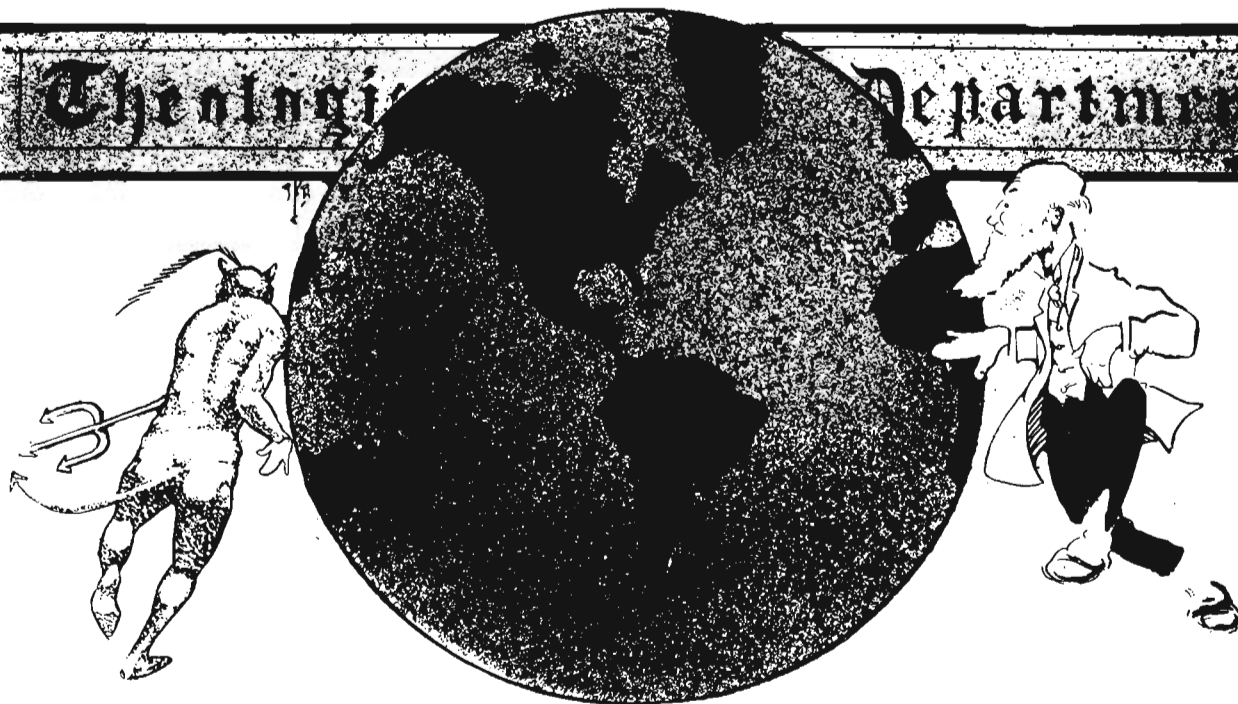
Though in the natural order of events, we must—as a class—fade into the ranks of the past, still the light of our achievements will bridge the chasm that lies between what has been and what will be, and will cleave a path of golden light, in the uncertainty of the future, to guide others in the attainment of success that may rival but never surpass that of our own beloved “1911.”

Yes, we are proud of her, and with a pride that finds justification, even in her present stage of infancy; for she is our “ship of state” and we rejoice in the knowledge that when she goes to pieces on the rock of 1912 she will leave strewn on the sands of time a wreckage of such value and variety as would lay the foundations of an Utopia. But that time is not yet, and here’s to years of peace and happiness ere the relentless tide of years shall close over the garnet-and-gold pennant of the class of 1911.

Shall such a height then be attained
By mortal man the whole world o’er?
Shall such success again be gained?
“Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore!’”

—HISTORIAN.

Theological Department



CLASS ROLL: JUNIOR THEOLOGY

- DAVID BURR GREGORY Alabama
 High School, West Point, Mississippi; University Military School, Mobile, Alabama; Southwestern Presbyterian University, Academic Department, '05-'06; Washington Irving Literary Society; Secretary of Junior Theological Class, '08.
- GIDEON BLACKBURN HARRIS, JR. Tennessee
 Academy of S. W. B. University; '98; Collopiean Literary Society; Southwestern Presbyterian University, Academic Department, '00-'07; Woodmen of the World; Ancient Order of United Workmen; Royal Arcanum.
- LEWIS B. McCORD South Carolina
 W. I. L. S.; Varsity Football Team, '04, '05, '06, '07; W. I. L. S. Improvement Medal, '05; President W. I. L. S., '06; Secretary Robb Hall, '06-'08; Business Manager Journal, '06; Business Manager Annual, '08; President of the Athletic Association, '08.
- WILLIAM WILSON PATTON Tennessee
 Castle Heights, '04; Southwestern Presbyterian University, Academic Department, '04-'06; President of W. I. L. S., '06; President of Junior Theological Class, '08; President of Y. M. C. A., '08-'09.
- JOHN VAN NESTE TALMAGE Louisiana
 Boys' High School, New Orleans, '03; Tulane University, B. E., '07; Student Volunteer; Leader of Mission Study; Vice-President of Junior Theological Class, '08.
- ELI ADOLPHUS THOMAS Alabama
 Graduate High School, Ozark, Alabama, '00; Southwestern Presbyterian University, A. B., '07; Washington Irving Literary Society; Inter-Society Orator, '05; W. I. L. S. Improvement Medal, '06; Librarian of University, '05-'07; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Local Editor Journal, '06-'07; Intercollegiate Orator, '07; Faculty Orator, '07; Stewart Bible Medal, '07; President W. I. L. S., '07; Editor Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief Sou'wester, '08.

כשם אלהינו נדגל

1908



CANDIDATES VOLUNTARY PRAYER-MEETING

Officers

W. W. PATTON

President

H. S. HENDERSON

Secretary

Executive Committee:

CRESON

MCQUEEN

CHEEK

Members

ALEXANDER

ALLEN, T. P.

ARMISTEAD

BACHMAN

BARR

BUESCHGEN

CHEEK

CRANE

CRESON

CROSBY

CURTIS

DOLIVE

GREGORY

GRIFFITHS

HARRIS

HENDERSON

HOFFMANN

HOOPER

LAVERGNE

MCCORD

McFADDEN

McJUNKIN

MCQUEEN

MARION

MARSHALL

MARTIN

MERRIN

MUIRHEAD

MURPHY

PATTON

RALSTON

SCOTT, E. C.

SMITH, H. L.

SNEED

STAFFORD

STEWART

STOKES

TAFPE

TALMAGE

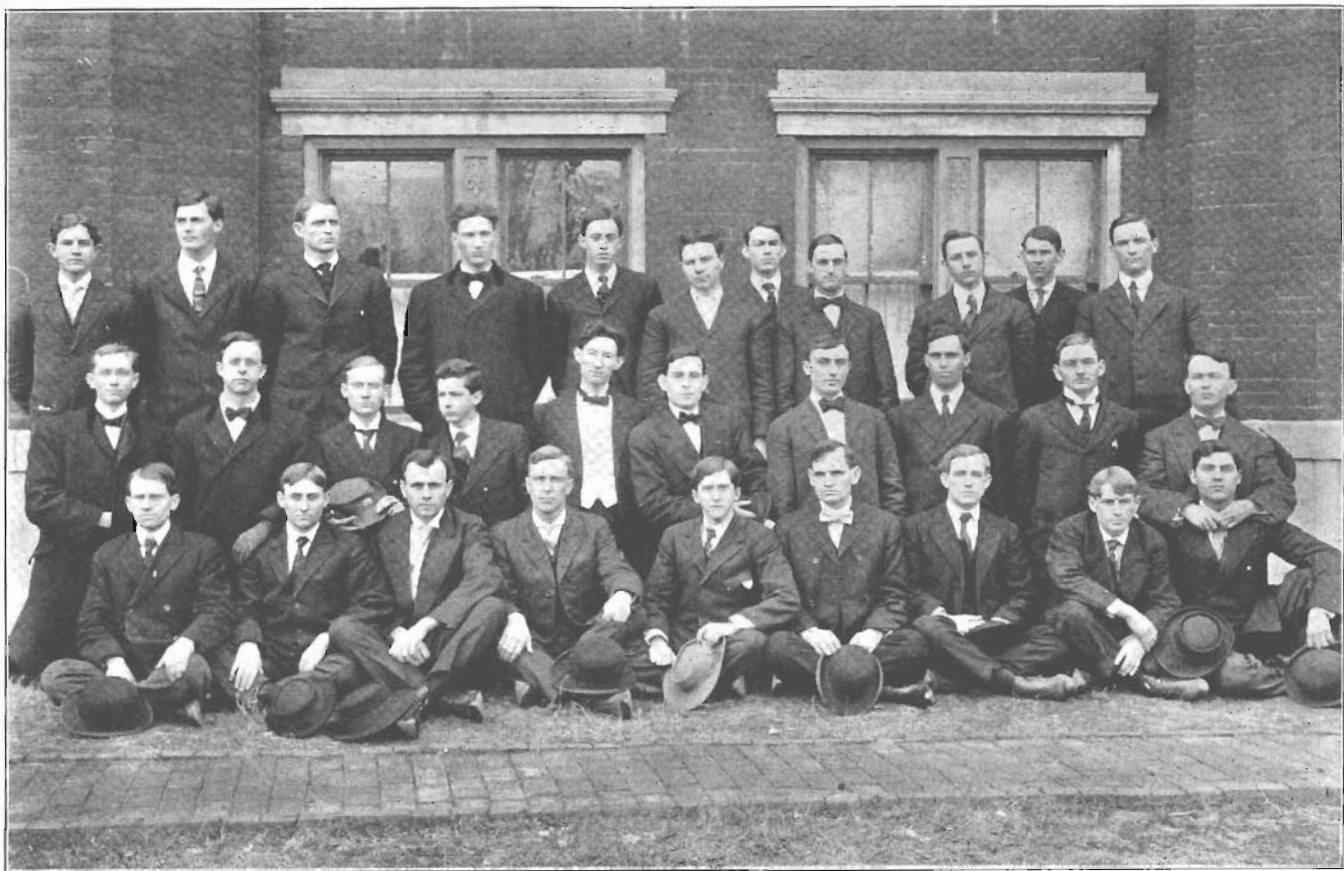
THOMAS

TOMB

TURPIN

THOMPSON

WARDLAW



IN THE DAYS OF THE VIKINGS

[PRIZE STORY, '07]

TWILIGHT was falling on a September evening in the year of our Lord 1018. The last rays of the setting sun, piercing through the rifts in the rolling cloud-banks that overcast the western sky, lit up the craggy cliffs of old Norway with a weird glory, while the wind sang a mournful dirge to the departing day. The scene was a wild one. On every side the walls of the fjord towered straight into the heavens, their silent grandeur unrelieved save here and there by the silvery gleam of a waterfall where some rivulet, fed by glacial snows, plunged from the summit two thousand feet to the rocks below. Along the sheer face of the cliffs a chamois could scarcely have found a path. Only at one point was there aught but an unbroken barrier, and here, on a gentle slope extending a half mile inland, was a little hamlet, consisting of a few score rude huts and a larger building, the dwelling of the chief, or hersir. It was an unfrequented region—a district where the folk still bent the knee to Odin, though King Olaf had made Christianity the national religion nearly twenty years before.

At a little window in the hersir's dwelling sat a girl of some two and twenty summers, gazing out dreamily into the gloaming. She was tall and stately; her queenly head was crowned with a mass of flaxen hair just shading into golden brown; her deep blue eyes bespoke a frank and noble nature. Yet those eyes were sad now—sad, and it was her wedding day! But marriage meant no joy to Hilda, the daughter of the hersir, Lodbroak. For Lodbroak was a man whose god was gold; he had sold his child like a horse to the highest bidder, and the rich chief Guthorn had come across the inland snow fields, over the glaciers, to claim her as his own that night, and to bear her away, leaving costly gifts behind him. And now, in the twilight of evening, Hilda looked for one final time on the home of her birth, and recalled bitterly the fact that it was her last day of freedom, that henceforth she must be the wife of a man whom she did not—whom she could not—love. She lived over once more the scenes of her childhood, that childhood which could never come again, which must from that day seem as the dream of another world. Especially did her thoughts run on young Sigurd Egilson, her foster-brother, whom a dying friend had placed in her father's care. What merry playmates they had been in her girlhood days, when he was a manly youth and she as madcap a little shield-maiden as ever speared a salmon or sent an arrow through a fleeting deer! Her eyes rested fondly upon a narrow ledge on the face of the cliff opposite her, a spot seemingly inaccessible to any save the seagull. Here, amid the shadows of two or three trees that grew in the scanty soil, had been their favorite retreat. Here, one evening five years ago, he had declared his

love for her, while she had sat silent, troubled, her face glowing with unwonted emotions. "Go forth!" she had cried at last; "go forth and prove yourself a man before you speak to me of love. I like you better than anyone in the world, Sigurd, but I don't know whether I really love you. Yet this I know—that none save a hero like those the gleemen sing of shall ever win my hand. Go and do some worthy deed, and then I will listen." She remembered how, in silence, he had led her home, how he had severed a lock of her hair with his hunting-knife, kissed her lips once, and left her—to return no more. That very night he and two other youths had rowed out of the fjord along the coast and had joined the muster of a viking ship, bound on a pillaging expedition to England.

Was he dead? Yes, surely he must be dead, for Sigurd Egilson would never forget. He had fallen in the forefront of some fierce struggle, sword in hand and with the smile of the dying Northman on his lips. Some Valkyr had long since borne him up to Asgard, to sit in the great mead-hall of Valhalla and feast with mighty chieftains on the flesh of the Magic Boar. She would never see him again. And as she lingered tenderly on that last parting, her lips quivered and the tears gathered unbidden in her eyes.

All too soon for Hilda came the fatal hour when Guthorn could take her as his wife. In the great hall—rough, but commodious, low-roofed and lit by smoky cressets—all the hamlet was assembled. There were the rich presents to be exchanged; there was Guthorn himself—a stocky, grim-visaged man, with the scar of a sword-cut extending from the bridge of his nose to the lower corner of his left ear. The whole scene appeared a blur to Hilda; the voices sounded thin and far away. Her own gloomy thoughts seemed reflected in nature by the rumble of distant thunder and the wail of the wind outside. But even as Guthorn stood before her, the door was thrown open and a mail-clad figure entered. The newcomer was a youth certainly no older than twenty-five, but his armor denoted a man of rank, while his bearing was that of one accustomed to command. He was tall and rather sparely built for a Northman. From beneath his gleaming helmet flowed a tangle of golden locks. A rich purple cloak was thrown over his shoulders; a sword glittered at his side. Without a single glance at the unwonted gathering, he strode straight up to Hilda, who gazed at him with staring eyes and parted lips.

"Hilda," he said, simply, "I have come back."

For a moment the girl reeled—the room swam round before her eyes; then, with one great sob of "Sigurd!" she clung to him and buried her face in the folds of his cloak. "Do you know? Do you understand?" she cried, with choking voice.

"Yes, everything, little one," he answered. "I had it from one on the beach. But it is not too late. I have come back, as I promised. Much honor has been mine from King Canute, of England. My galley waits in the harbor; will you come with me?"

She raised her head and looked into his face. Her eyes answered him, but before her lips could frame a word, Guthorn broke in harshly: "What talk is this of going? This girl is plighted to me, and by Odin's spear, no young jack-fool comes between me and my own! Stand back, fellow!" And he pushed Sigurd roughly aside.

Quick as a flash, the young sea-king stooped and, seizing his burly antagonist around the waist, hurled him some ten paces backward, to fall at last with a crash. Then, before any could recover from the confusion, he drew his sweetheart to the door. "Run for the beach, little one," he whispered, and turned to guard the exit.

Those within snatched whatever weapons they could seize upon and rushed against him, Guthorn at their head. Hilda, fascinated, lingered for a moment, saw Sigurd dodge beneath Guthorn's sword-stroke, and, springing erect, cleave his skull with a sweeping blow; saw him fell two others; saw the rest give back; then, at his cry of "Hurry, Hilda!" ran swiftly down the path that led to the water's edge. In a moment he joined her, and they sped on together. How like the old times it seemed, when they had raced for sport so often! But now they raced for love and life, and in their ears rang the clamor of the chase. Twice a pursuer overtook them, and twice Sigurd turned and cut him down. But the villagers were closing in. Sigurd snatched a whistle from his belt and blew it shrilly. They neared the beach; through the darkness loomed the dim outlines of a viking ship. For a moment more they ran on, then, when their pursuers were scarcely twenty paces distant, once more Sigurd's whistle purred, and, like lightning, he threw himself upon the ground, pulling Hilda down beside him. The villagers had raised a shout of triumph, when over the lovers' heads poured a storm of arrows from the ship. The chase halted, wavered, then broke into tumultuous flight, while a wild cheer burst from the viking crew. By the light of flickering torches Hilda saw their rough but kindly faces as they crowded round her, breathed a long sigh of thankfulness and relief—then knew no more.

That night, amid the raging tempest, a galley plowed its way southward through clouds of flying spume. Its course was set for the English shores, and in its cabin lay Hilda, the daughter of Lodbroak. The lightning flamed across the heavens, the wind howled like Loki in his torment, the foaming billows, mountain-high, tossed the little bark from wave to wave and threatened to engulf it. But Hilda recked not of leaping flame, nor howling wind, nor raging sea, nor all the world beside, for Sigurd held her in his arms, and he was all the world to her.

CHARLES LACY LOCKERT, JR., '07.



FRATERNITIES.

THE FRATERNITY OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

Founded at the University of Virginia March 1, 1868

Official Organ: The Shield and Diamond

Colors: Garnet and Old Gold

Secret Organ: The Dagger and Key

Flowers: "Gold Standard" Tulip and the Lily of the Valley

Chapter Roll

University of Virginia
Southern University
Southwestern Presbyterian University
South Carolina Presbyterian College
Cumberland University
Roanoke College
Kentucky State College
Georgia School of Technology
University of State of Florida
Millsaps College

Davidson College
University of Tennessee
Hampton-Sidney College
Richmond College
University of North Carolina
University of the South
Trinity College
North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College
Missouri School of Mines
University of Georgia

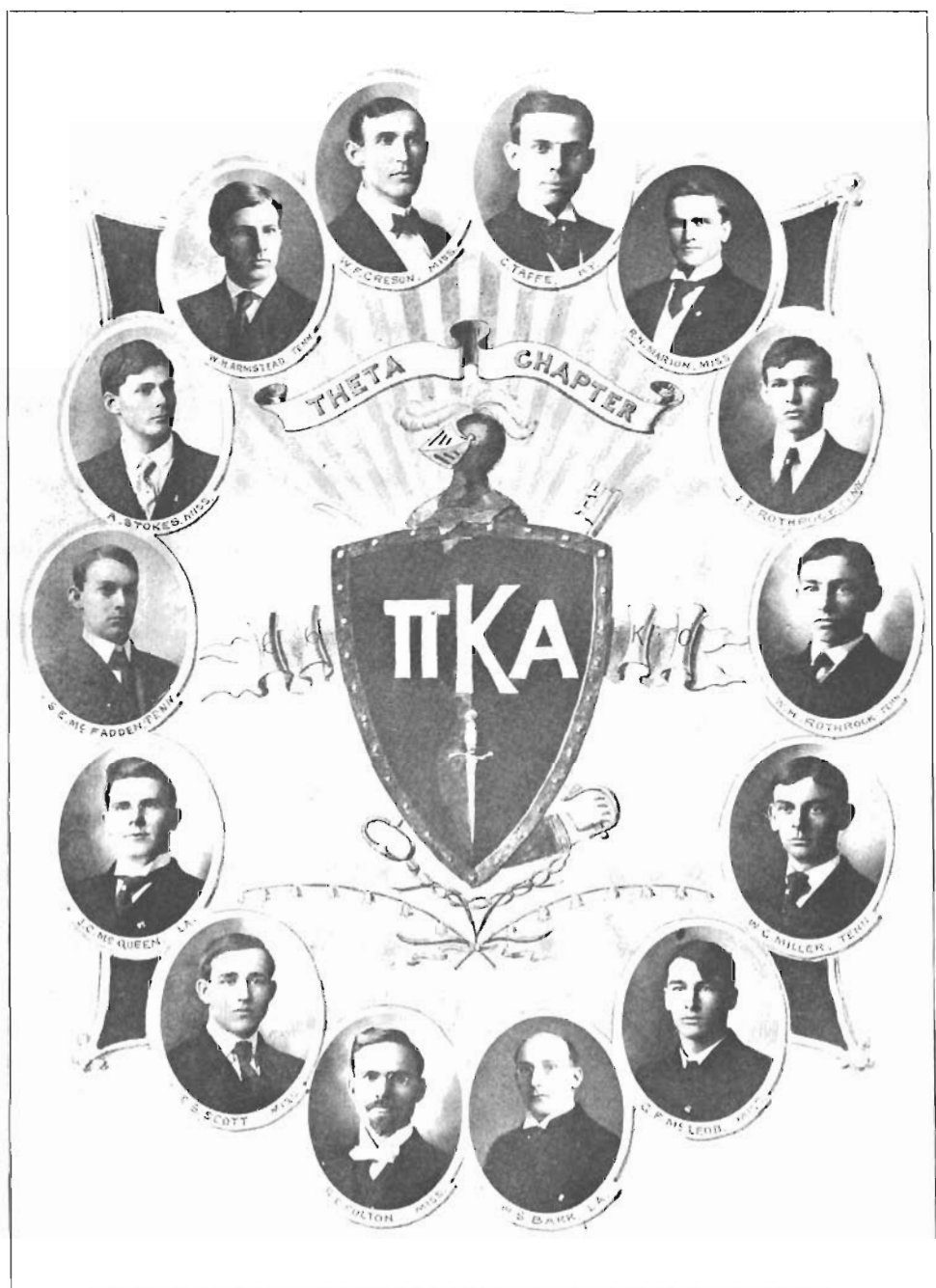
William and Mary College
Tulane University
Kentucky University
Washington and Lee University
Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Georgia Agricultural College
Louisiana State University
University of Arkansas
West Virginia University
Georgetown College

Alumni Chapters

Richmond, Virginia
Charleston, South Carolina
New Orleans, Louisiana
Charlottesville, Virginia
Birmingham, Alabama

White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia
Norfolk, Virginia
Dallas, Texas
Opelika, Alabama
Lynchburg, Virginia
Gainesville, Georgia

Memphis, Tennessee
Dillon, South Carolina
Knoxville, Tennessee
Fort Smith, Arkansas
Spartanburg, South Carolina



THETA CHAPTER OF PI KAPPA ALPHA

Established 1878

Fratres in Urbe

G. W. SYPERT

H. P. PICKERING

R. B. ELEAZER

WESLEY DRANE

E. W. FOX

W. B. YOUNG

G. W. LOCKERT

GEORGE FORT

J. MAC NEBLETT

F. N. SMITH

G. W. PICKERING

ROY WEBB

Fratres in Facultate

R. E. FULTON

Fratres in Universitate

WEST HUMPHREYS ARMISTEAD, Tennessee

WILLIAM SMITH BARR, Louisiana

WALTER FRANCIS CRESON, Tennessee

ROBERT NEWTON MARION, Mississippi

SAMUEL EDGAR MCFADDEN, Tennessee

GAYLORD FLOYD MCLEOD, Mississippi

CHRISTOPHER TAFPE, Kentucky

JOHN CHRISTIE MCQUEEN, Louisiana

WILLIAM GILBERT MILLER, Tennessee

JOHN THOMAS ROTHROCK, JR., Tennessee

WILLIAM HERRON ROTHROCK, Tennessee

EUGENE CRAMPTON SCOTT, Mississippi

ALWIN STOKES, Mississippi



TENNESSEE ALPHA TAU CHAPTER OF ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Established 1882

Fratres in Urbe

HON. MICHAEL SAVAGE
WILLIAM A. QUARLES
J. ERNEST ELDER

LAUREN B. ASKEN
CLARENCE R. MAJOR
R. JESSE ELLIS
W. W. McLAUGHLIN

LAUREN B. ASKEN, JR.
R. A. RUDOLPH
DAVID S. BLOCH

Fratres in Universitate

FRANK L. ALLEN	Alabama
WILLIAM H. ALLEN	Alabama
HUGH M. BADDLEY	Mississippi
W. M. BUCKLEY	Mississippi
OTTO W. BUSCHGEN	Alabama
CHAS. F. BYRNES	Mississippi
GEO. W. CHEEK	Mississippi
SAMUEL E. CROSBY	Alabama
ALFRED C. GLASSELL	Louisiana
T. WALTER GRIFFITHS	Louisiana
CHARLES MARSHALL	Tennessee
E. STIT MATTHEWS	Tennessee
HARRY H. ORR	Mississippi
W. BALFOUR STAPLES	Mississippi
HENRY H. THOMPSON	Mississippi
PAUL M. WATSON	Mississippi
EDWARD R. WHITE	Alabama
RANDOLPH PIPES	Louisiana

THE ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY

Founded at Richmond, Virginia, 1865

Flower: White Tea Rose

Colors: Sky Blue and Old Gold

Official Organ: The Alpha Tau Omega Palm

Roll of Active Chapters

Alabama Polytechnic Institute
 University of Florida
 Mercer University
 University of Colorado
 University of Illinois
 Purdue University
 University of Vermont
 Cornell University
 Washington and Jefferson College
 University of North Carolina
 University of Virginia
 University of Arkansas
 University of Michigan
 University of Nebraska
 University of Wisconsin
 Ohio Wesleyan University
 Western Reserve University
 Southwestern Baptist University
 University of Washington

Southern University
 University of Georgia
 Georgia School of Technology
 Tulane University
 University of Chicago
 Tufts College
 Columbia University
 Muhlenberg College
 Pennsylvania College
 Trinity College
 Mt. Union College
 Adrian College
 Albion College
 University of Maine
 University of Kansas
 Wooster University
 Southwestern Presbyterian University
 University of the South
 Washington and Lee University
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology

University of Alabama
 Emory College
 University of California
 University of Texas
 Rose Polytechnic Institute
 Brown University
 St. Lawrence University
 Lehigh University
 University of Pennsylvania
 College of Charleston
 Simpson College
 Hillsdale College
 University of Minnesota
 Calby College
 Wittenberg College
 Ohio State University
 Vanderbilt University
 University of Tennessee
 Worcester Polytechnic Institute

The Alumni Association

Allentown
 Atlanta
 Birmingham
 Boston
 St. Paul
 Cleveland
 Colorado
 Cincinnati
 Dallas
 Montgomery

Georgia
 Kansas City
 Louisville
 Manila
 New Orleans
 California
 Chicago
 Pittsburg
 Cincinnati
 Charleston

Dayton
 Dist. of Columbia
 Texas
 Columbus
 Seattle

New York
 Philadelphia
 Indianapolis
 Detroit
 Charlotte



PHI CHAPTER OF KAPPA SIGMA

Established 1882

Fratres in Urbe

R. R. ACREE	J. M. DRANE	M. G. LYLE
R. E. ATKINS	H. M. DUNLOP	O. D. LYLE
N. R. BARDWELL	J. P. DUNLOP	W. H. McGEHEE
W. E. BEACH	D. FORT	J. B. McKEAGE
F. S. BEAUMONT	A. R. GHOLSON	P. D. MARABLE
L. N. BYERS	J. L. GLENN, JR.	T. H. MARABLE
M. K. CLARK	R. W. GLENN	H. E. MORROW
C. E. COOKE	W. C. HURST	J. E. MOSELY
J. CROUCH, JR.	R. L. JAMES	H. D. PETTUS
F. S. DANIEL	H. B. JOHNSON	H. W. RITTER
L. T. DANIEL	T. D. JOHNSON	J. H. SMITH, JR.
R. H. DANIEL	J. C. KENDRIK	E. C. TATE
W. M. DANIEL, JR.		L. H. LEECH

Fratres in Universitate

J. M. ALEXANDER, Mississippi	J. M. MAGRUDER, Mississippi
J. G. BRYANT, Tennessee	E. B. MAYES, Mississippi
P. S. CRANE, Mississippi	T. McGEHEE, Tennessee
J. S. DANIELL, Tennessee	H. C. MERRITT, Tennessee
C. M. DAY, Tennessee	S. L. PRICE, Tennessee
H. E. GHOLSON, Tennessee	H. D. SMITH, Alabama
E. R. MABRY, Tennessee	E. STACKER, Tennessee



THE FRATERNITY OF KAPPA SIGMA

Established at the University of Virginia 1867

Flower: Lily of the Valley

Colors: Red, White and Green

Official Organ: The Caduceus of Kappa Sigma (Monthly)

Roll of Active Chapters

District I

University of Maine
University of Vermont

Bowdoin College
Massachusetts State College

New Hampshire College
Harvard University

Dartmouth College
Brown University

District II

Cornell University
Pennsylvania State College

New York University
University of Pennsylvania

Syracuse University
Bucknell University
Dickinson College

Swarthmore College
Lehigh University

District III

University of Maryland
William and Mary College

University of Virginia
Hampton-Sidney College

Randolph-Macon College
Richmond College

George Washington University
Washington and Lee University

District IV

Davidson College
University of North Carolina

Trinity College

Wofford College
North Carolina A. and M. College

District V

Mercer University
Georgia School of Technology

University of Georgia

University of Alabama
Alabama Polytechnic Institute

District VI

Cumberland University
Southwestern Presbyterian University

Vanderbilt University

University of Tennessee

Union University

University of the South

District VII

Ohio State University

Case School of Applied Science

Kentucky State College

Washington and Jefferson College

District VIII

University of Michigan
University of Illinois

Purdue University
Lake Forest University

Wabash College
University of Chicago

University of Indiana
University of Wisconsin

District IX

University of Minnesota

University of Iowa

University of Nebraska

District X

William Jewell College
Baker University

University of Missouri

Washington University
University of Arkansas

Missouri School of Mines
University of Oklahoma

District XI

Millsaps College

Louisiana State University

Tulane University

Southwestern University

University of Texas

District XII

University of Denver

Colorado College

Colorado School of Mines

District XIII

Leland Stanford, Jr., University

University of California

District XIV

University of Washington

University of Oregon

University of Idaho



TENNESSEE ZETA OF SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Established 1882

Fratres in Facultate

ROBERT ALEXANDER WEBB, D.D.
THOMAS OAKLEY DEADERICK, A.M.

Fratres in Urbe

WALTON BARKER	GRACEY H. LUCKETT	ROBERT A. WEBB
GEORGE S. BOWLING	ROBERT E. McCULLOCH	SAM H. NORTINGTON
MARTIN L. CROSS	JULIEN F. GRACEY, JR.	B. F. GILL
THOS. O. DEADERICK	CLYDE W. CARR	LEWIS DRANE
J. MOORE DICKSON	BRYCE F. RUNYON	ROBT. W. PICKERING
WILL K. HARRISON	CHAS. V. RUNYON	MATTHEW GRACEY
EARL HARRISON	FRANK J. RUNYON	POLK SMITH
CHAS. L. LOCKERT, SR.	ROY P. SMITH	ALFRED O. CANON

Fratres in Universitate

WILLIAM B. ANDERSON, JR., Tennessee	CHARLES M. DICKSON, Tennessee
GEORGE S. BUDER, Mississippi	S. ALLEN DICKSON, Louisiana
GEORGE M. BUCHANAN, Mississippi	WM. WALKER GEORGE, Mississippi
EDWIN L. CARNEY, Tennessee	ROBERT L. HALL, Mississippi
NORFLEET L. CARNEY, JR., Tennessee	WALTER E. LOCKE, Mississippi
WILLIAM R. CARTER, Mississippi	DAVID L. MARTIN, Alabama
JOHN F. COUTS, Tennessee	WILLIAM M. ROGERS, Mississippi
C. BICKHAM DICKSON, Louisiana	R. CLIVE WILCOX, JR., Tennessee





SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY

Founded at University of Alabama 1856

Official Organ: The Record.

Secret Organ: Phi Alpha

Colors: Old Gold and Royal Purple

Flower: Violet

Yell:

Phi Alpha! Alicazee!
Phi Alpha! Alicazon!
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon!
Ruh! Rah! Bon Ton,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon!

Roll of Active Chapters

Province Alpha

University of Maine

Worcester Polytechnic

Harvard University

Boston University

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Province Beta

University of Pennsylvania
Pennsylvania State College
St. Stephens College

Cornell University
Gettysburg College

Columbia University
Allegheny College

Dickinson College
Bucknell University
Syracuse University

Province Epsilon

Georgia School of Technology
Emory College

University of Georgia
University of Alabama

Mercer College
Southern University

Alabama Polytechnic Institute

Province Zeta

University of Nebraska
Washington University

University of Iowa
University of Arkansas

Iowa State College
University of Kansas

University of Missouri

Province Gamma

University of Virginia
University of North Carolina

Wofford College

Davidson College

George Washington University
Washington and Lee University

Province Delta

University of Illinois
Ohio State University
University of Michigan
Northwestern University

University of Chicago
Mount Union College
University of Cincinnati
Adrian College

University of Minnesota
Ohio Wesleyan University
University of Wisconsin
University of Indiana

Case School of Applied Science
Purdue University
Franklin College

Province Eta

Denver University
University of Washington

University of Colorado

University of California

Colorado School of Mines
Leland Stanford University

Province Theta

University of Texas

Tulane University

University of Mississippi

Louisiana State University

Province Iota

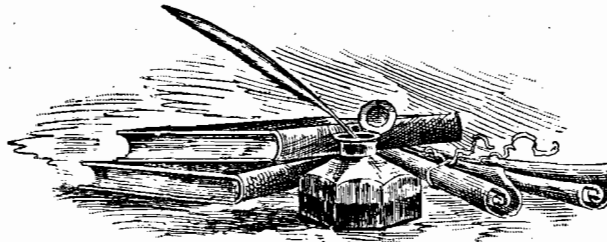
Vanderbilt University
Central University

Kentucky State College
University of the South

University of Tennessee
Cumberland University

Southwestern Presbyterian University

Union University
Bethel College





ALUMNI OF S. P. U.

AS a tree is known by its fruit so a college is known by its Alumni. Magnificent buildings, a beautiful campus and a large endowment do not constitute a real college. These things, though good, are not even absolutely necessary to the success of an institution of learning. The truth of this statement is clear from even a superficial examination of the history of the Southwestern Presbyterian University.

Material equipment is valuable only as it is used wisely and well to advance the great ends for which a college is founded. The true essentials of the worthy college are, in the first place, a capable faculty, professors who not only know things but who also have the power to communicate knowledge; who not only have high ideals but also have the ability to impart such ideals to the students; and in the second place, a company of students who are in earnest and are capable of receiving and appreciating what their professors have to give.

That our Alma Mater has possessed and does possess these essential things is abundantly demonstrated by the product which she has given to the world. Wherever her Alumni have gone she has had no cause to blush for them. And, too, they are found in many parts of the world and in many walks of life. She counts her lawyers by the score. There are Congressmen, State officers, eloquent speakers, among them. Her business men from Wall Street to Texas will show a very large proportion of real successes. Some of them are millionaires, and that, too, not by inheritance. Her physicians, though perhaps not so many in numbers, are as capable as those from any other school. Some of them stand very high in their profession. She is well represented in journalism, and is not unknown among the leading men of other professions.

Many colleges and almost innumerable preparatory schools owe a debt of gratitude to S. P. U. for training their best professors. The Prince of Southern Theologians is not ashamed to own her as his Alma Mater.

The Theological Department is as yet her only professional school, and so naturally we look for a larger proportion of her Alumni in the Presbyterian ministry than in any other calling. Consider this one fact, that in almost every large town in the South, on Sabbath morning you may hear from the pulpit of some church, usually the most important Presbyterian church of the place, some expression, some conception of truth, which marks the preacher as a disciple of the masters who teach in Clarksville. Then, too, in far-distant mission fields, both home and foreign, the S. P. U. boys are found exemplifying in life and teaching the noble principles first perceived by them in the lecture-rooms and upon the campus of our little Southern college.

In conclusion, simple justice compels the remark that the Southwestern Presbyterian University is one of the youngest of the sisterhood of Presbyterian colleges, and hence her Alumni are comparatively youthful men.

Some characteristics of her former students may be noted which are due to the training and environment of schoolboy days. They are men who do things, not men who dream about them. They are men of broad general culture, not highly organized machines for some single work. They are, on the whole, steady and conservative, not easily swayed by popular passion or prejudice. From the unpretentious character of college surroundings they have learned to stand upon things and not upon the show of things. Always loyal to any cause with which they find themselves aligned, they reserve their deepest loyalty, their richest memories, for the beautiful campus, the old familiar buildings, the loved professors, and the "White Ideal" of our Alma Mater.



Dreaming

I am dreaming, sweetly dreaming,
Of the days of long ago,
Of the radiant sunshine streaming,
And the timorous afterglow;
Of the times when in Love's presence
I, so happy and so blest,
Felt the thrill of joyous rapture,
Felt that Love alone was best;

Felt that all of earth was nothing,
Vanished every grief and care,
As I felt the soft, sweet soothing
Of that lov'd presence there;
Felt that with her life was sweetest,
That without her life was void;
But those pleasures were the fleetest,
And each sentence but one word.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
Of the joys and pleasures gone,
Of the time when Hope was beaming,
Of the dawn of Love's bright morn;
Of each joy and of each sorrow,
That has flown and hastened on.
To the brightly rising morrow,
With its rose and with its thorn;

Of the time when we together
Walked beneath the moonbeam's rays,
When I told her that I loved her,
And her eyes turned from my gaze.
Scenes have changed since then, as ever
Scenes will change from day to day,
But my love has changed—no never,
For my love will ne'er decay!

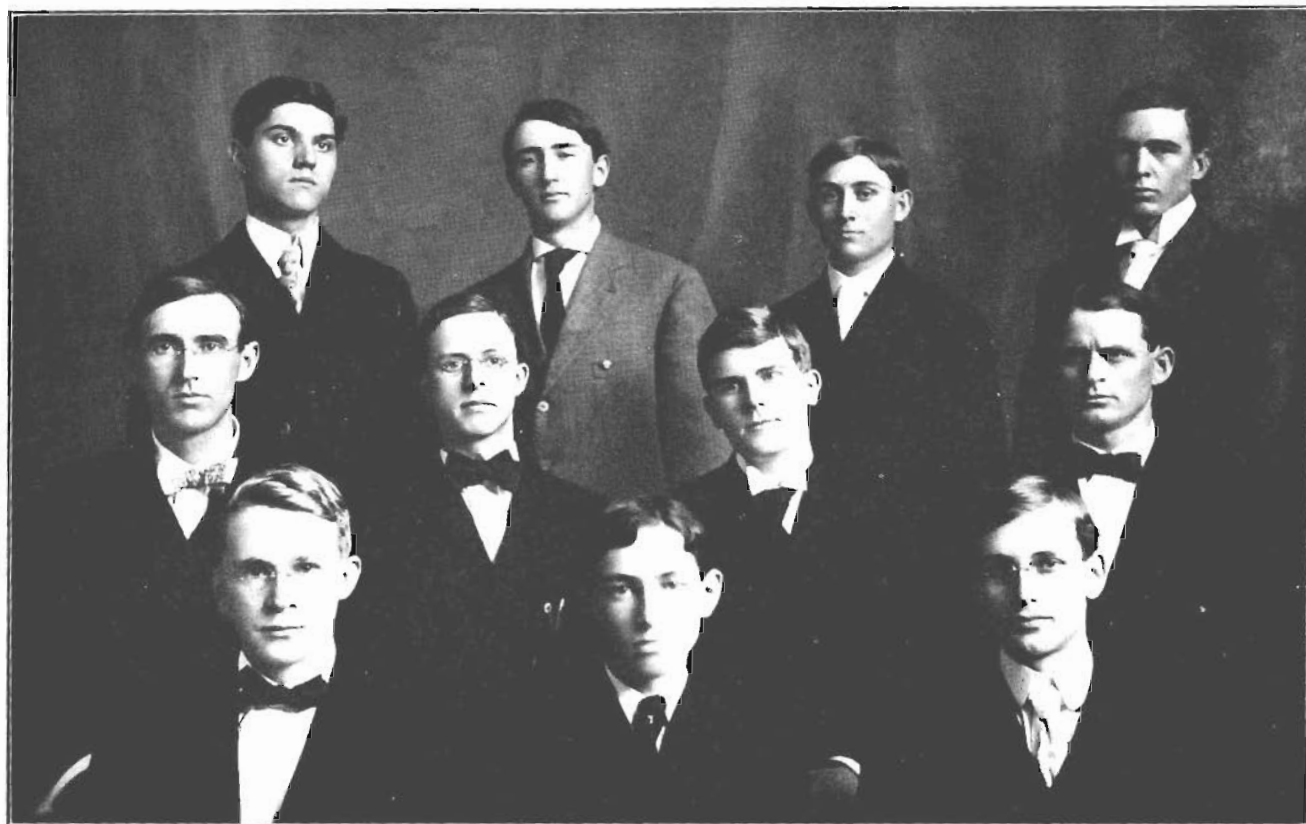
THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

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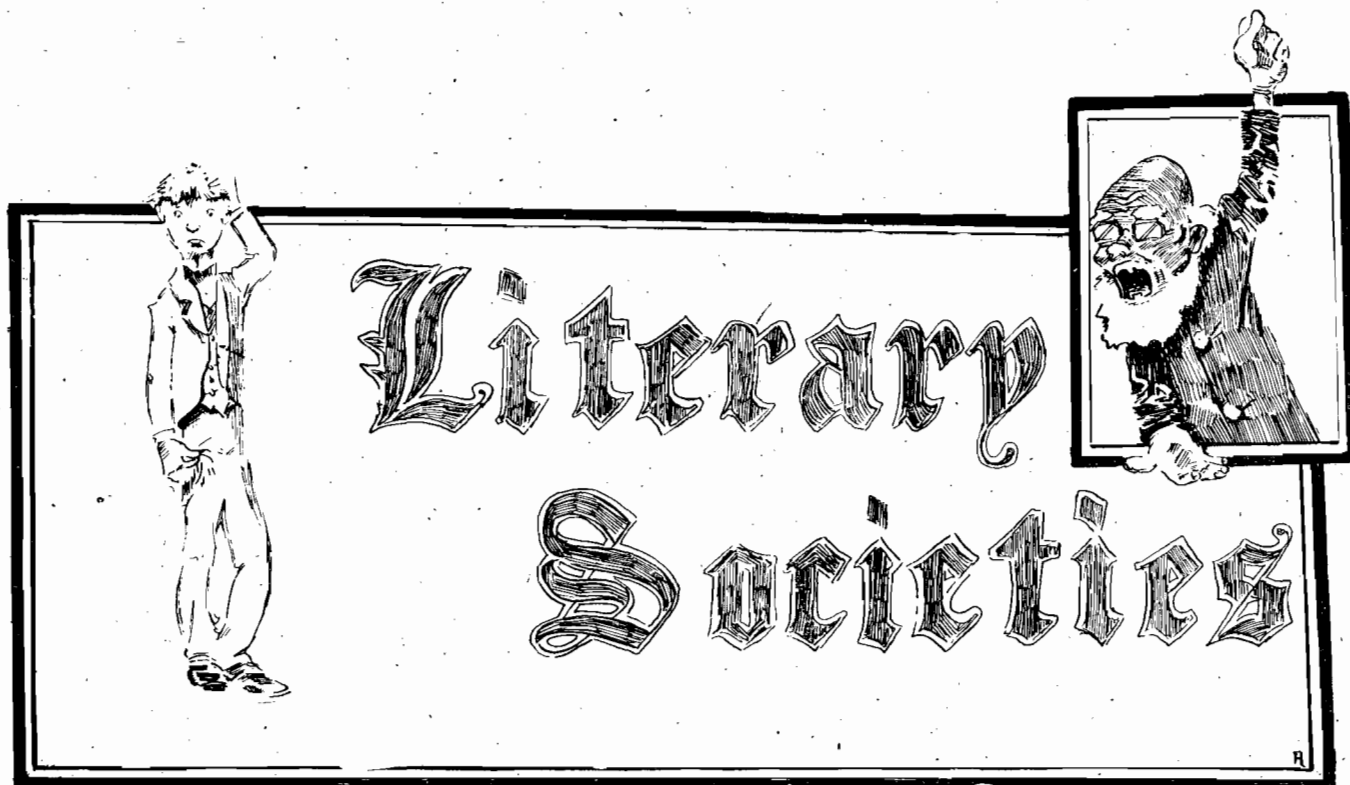
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The Gospel of Labor

But I think the King of that country comes out from his tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.
He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead;
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts his hand to their burdens; he enters their homes at night;
Who does his best shall have as a guest the Master of Life and Light.
And courage will come with His presence, and patience returns at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love Him much;
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer
For the toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince of Peace draws near.
This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



WASHINGTON IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY

Founded in 1872

Motto: Surgam

Colors: White and Blue

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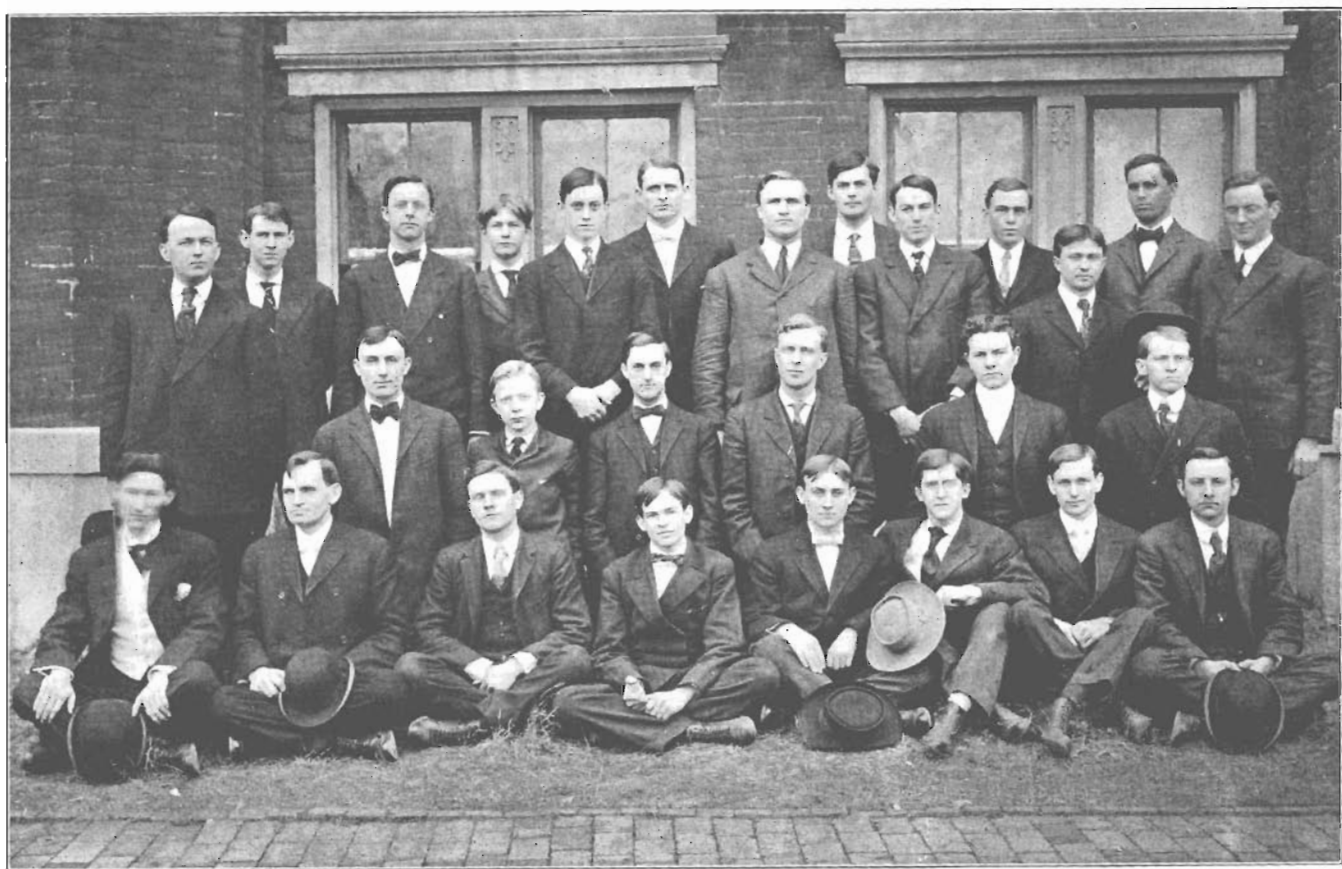
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STEWART LITERARY SOCIETY 1907-1908

Motto: Per ardua ad alta

Colors: Red and White

Officers 1907-1908

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RODGERS, W. A.
ROGERS, W. M.
RAMSAY, F. P.
ROTHROCK, J. T.
SMITH, H. D.
SNEED, H. L.
WHARTON, L. H.
VAN ZANT, H. C.
WEBB, R. A.



THE VALUE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

THE highest object of a college or university is not to store the mind of the student with isolated facts or detached fragments of Truth. A college course rightly used so trains the mind and heart of the student, the unit-self which we denominate the man, in the perception of things, that where others see little he perceives much; where others grasp only the outward and phenomenal, the show of things, he looks beneath and beyond and beholds a system of related Truth more or less complete. It is a hackneyed phrase, though true in one sense at least, that the schools can do no more than teach a man to read. If, however, the school be a good college, and the student not a dullard, learning to read is no light matter.

To one who has learned the lesson well, the world, commonplace and dull enough to a dull and commonplace man, has become a never-failing treasury filled with wonders, a well-nigh infinite source of mysteries, which to contemplate and solve is to him a never-ending delight. The world, whatever his station in it, is to such a man crowded with numberless opportunities for joy to self and good to his fellows. His is the broad, full life of the man who sees things.

But the power of perception is worth but little unless there be trained with it the power to communicate knowledge of the thing seen. Self-development turned inward, instead of broadening and beautifying the life, must of necessity after a while narrow and contract the soul, and the labor expended for good will result in evil. The power of self-expression must be developed. Such is the primary aim of the literary society in the college.

Powers developed in the boyish debates of Washington Irving and Stewart Societies are even now accomplishing things in the world of men. Those debates, in halting, stammered words and with farfetched, absurd arguments, seem far removed from the busy world of trade, from the sacred desk and the bar of justice, have yet been found in after days very useful to lawyer, preacher and to merchant.

The societies, too, are not to be despised as factors in the training of men for managing practical affairs. He who as a youth can wield an intelligent ballot in his literary society will be a better citizen for the practice. He who can edit a journal or an annual or transact the business of such an enterprise has received his course in journalism or has done more than ninety days' work in a business college.

The fact that such business must be transacted not singly and alone but in association with others is no disadvantage in this day of co-operation and combination. The knowledge of parliamentary usage and practice in applying it never hinders the student in after life. Many successful men owe their success to just this knowledge gained in the societies of S. P. U.

Perhaps no one has ever defended the literary societies on the ground of their usefulness as social organizations. As a means of clean and manly recreation they are worth much. The fact that their work is taken seriously by the members does not discount in the least their value in this respect. He who when he plays plays not in earnest will get small good from the playing. Let us sing the praise of old "Wash" and Stewart. In growling bass and screeching tenor let the world hear of their beauties. When wrapped in the mantle of imagination we stand in gloomy meditation upon the ancient platform of rumination and bend our ear to the telephone of time and listen to free silver and the protective tariff, thundering amid the ruins of Rome and Greece, we'll whisper softly through the gloom that "Wash" and Stewart live on. They walk in beauty like the night—Friday night—the bright oasis in a desert of Latin, a bubbling fountain in the thirsty land of Greek roots and quadratics—things of awe and wonder to the Freshman, the Junior's glory, and the butt of conceited Seniors' jokes.

Nine Rahs for "Wash!"
Nine Rahs for Stewárt!

—ERIN.

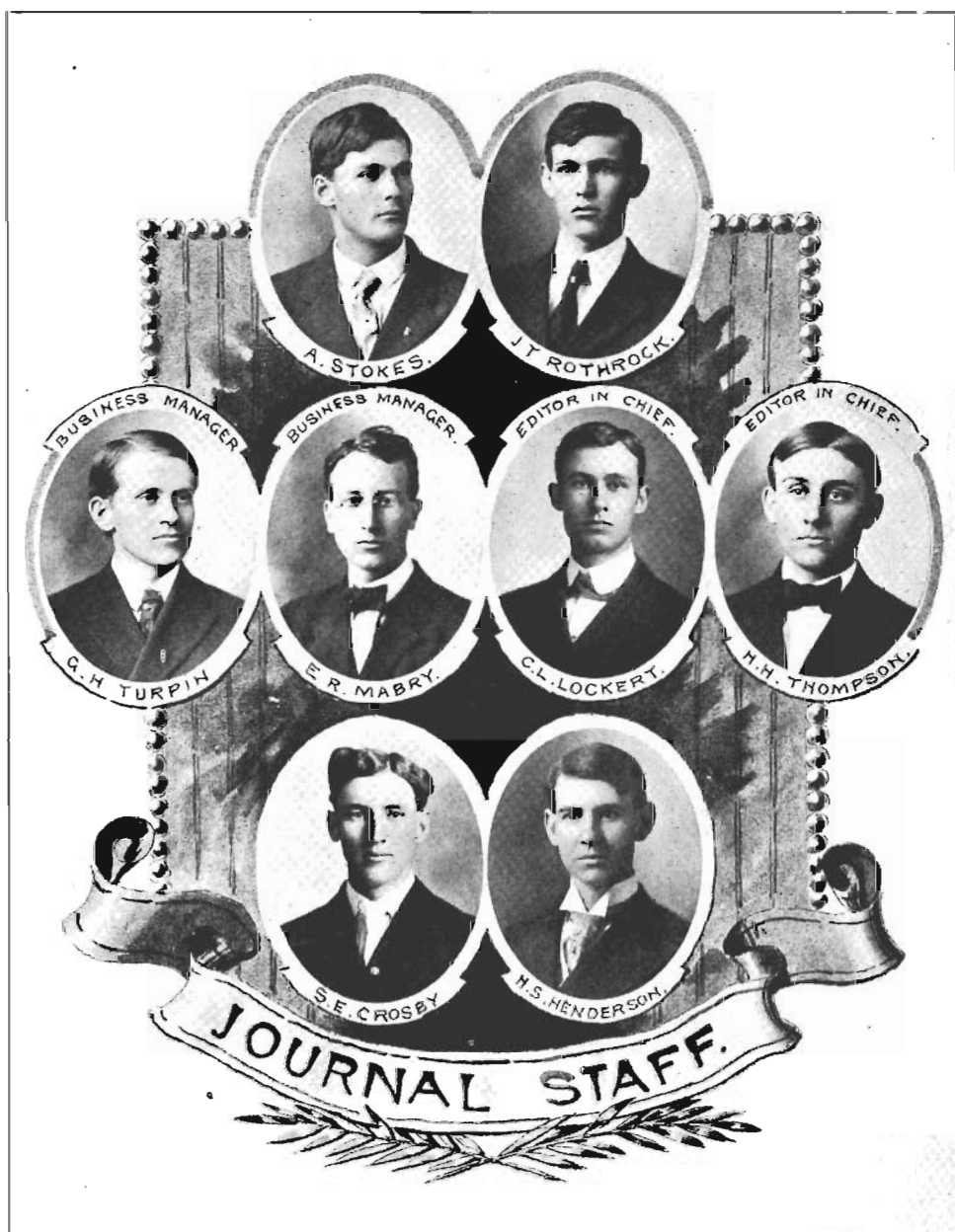


THE JOURNAL

Published Monthly by the Literary Societies of S. P. U.

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Autumn Leaves

One by one the leaves are falling,
Rustling, bustling, here and there;
'Tis sad to watch the faded foliage
Scatter o'er the earth now bare.

Stately trees are now deserted,
Druid oaks unveil their heads,
As the bleak winds of October
Moan their dirges o'er the dead.

In the distance weirdly looming,
Clad in robes of purple hue,
Hills and mountains, fields and valleys,
Sigh for Summer's retinue.

See the deepening shades impending,
Where the sunbeams linger near;
Hear the chilling winds come moaning,
Whispering ever in our ears

That we, too, are buds of Summer,
In the foliage of life;
Blooming in the sunny morning,
Drooping leaves before the night.

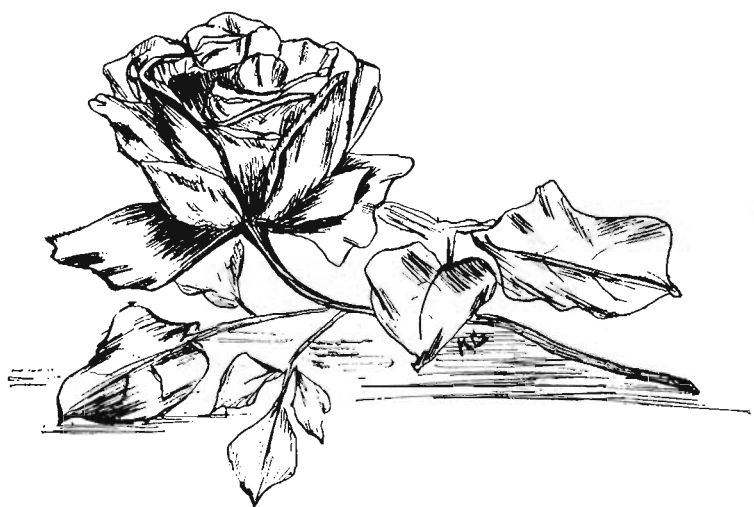
Yes, the leaves, brown leaves, are falling,
Autumn leaves so brown, so sere;
Transient heralds, so emblematic
Of the change that waits us here.

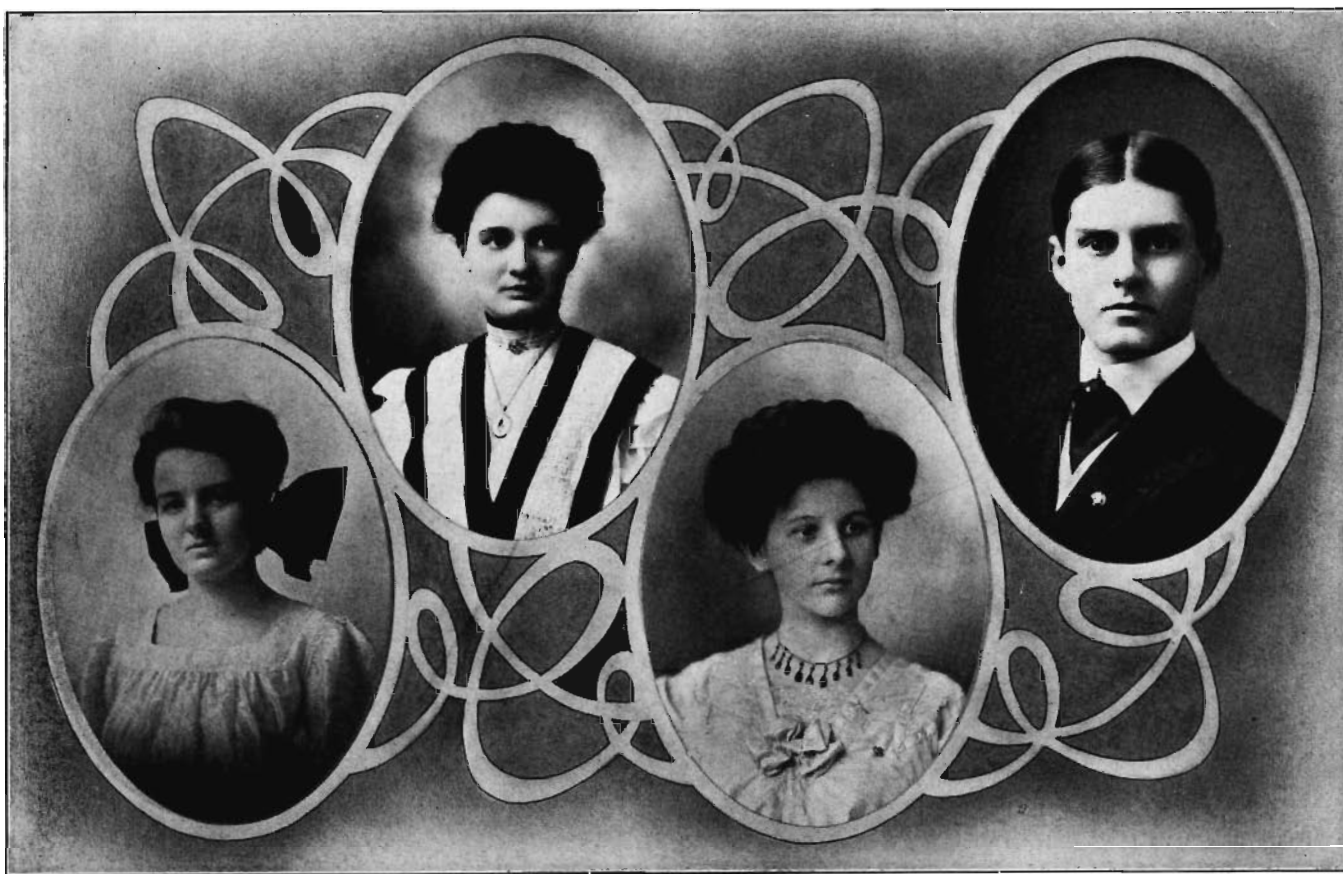
—C. TAFFE.





BACK CAMPUS VIEW, S. P. U.





MISS EDITH WADDILL

MISS KATHCHEN GIBON

MISS MARY WARFIELD

MR. JOHN C. CULLEY

Tennessee, My Tennessee

(This poem was written by an alumnus of old Stewart College during Reconstruction times.)

Tho' silent hangs thy tuneless lyre,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Tho' tyrants seek to quench thy fire,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
That quenchless flame can ne'er expire,
Its genial beams her sons inspire,
The foe that spoils shall soon retire,
Tennessee, my Tennessee.

Tho' for a season sunk in woe,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Tho' now her prayer she breathes but low,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Tho' on the margin proudly glow
The colors of her hated foe,
She swears in wrath they yet shall know
There still is life in Tennessee.

Amid the gloom how sweet the thought,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
This truth is with blessings fraught,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
The liberty our fathers bought,
That priceless boon we count but naught,
Until our foes at last are taught
There still is life in Tennessee.

My noble State, for thee I sigh,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Thy favored hour will soon draw nigh,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Thy twice born sons can never fly,
They'll conquer or they'll nobly die,
Then let this be our battlecry:
There still is life in Tennessee.

No fetters can thy spirit tame,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
Be thou as in the past the same,
Tennessee, my Tennessee,
By Zollicoffer's hallowed name,
By Hatton's deathless, priceless fame,
By all thy martyred sons proclaim,
There still is life in Tennessee.



MISDEMEANORS OF THE FACULTY

Dr. Woods: Leaving city limits without permission of the Faculty. Had to call the roll.

Dr. Dinwiddie: Throwing Chapel chairs in the pond. Promoted.

Dr. Price: Scattering sneezing powder in Chapel. Forbidden to tell a "joke" for two months.

Dr. Alexander: Disturbing the public peace. Ordered to be at Chapel at ringing of first bell.

Dr. Webb: Pinching Dr. Alexander during Chapel exercises and other frivolous conduct. Relegated to Louisville.

Dr. Nicolassen: Undue publicity at the ball games. Commanded to wear his hair long.

Dr. Lyon: Advertising Cook's hoarhound candy during classes. Advised to eat "Honey-drops."

Dr. Deaderick: Climbing campus trees during dark hours of the night. Severely reprimanded.

Dr. Ramsay: Cutting Chapel and Senior Bible. Kept on probation.

Dr. Fulton: Assuming too much dignity. Ordered to shave his beard.





“BARNEY”

THE subject of this sketch is one of the fixtures of the University. Bartley Naughton, which is his full and official name, was born in Gallway, Ireland, sixty-three years ago. He came to America when a lad of ten. Most of his life since that time has been spent in Clarksville. For fourteen years “Barney” has served the students with Apples! Oranges! Bananas! and Cakes! If “Barney” should fail to make his daily visit, the students would be alarmed. In all phases of college life, especially in S. P. U.’s athletics, “Barney” is ever enthusiastic.

One of the pleasant memories which each student will carry with him into life will be this faithful old Irishman.

Nine 'Rahs for “Barney!”





FOOTBALL TEAM 1907

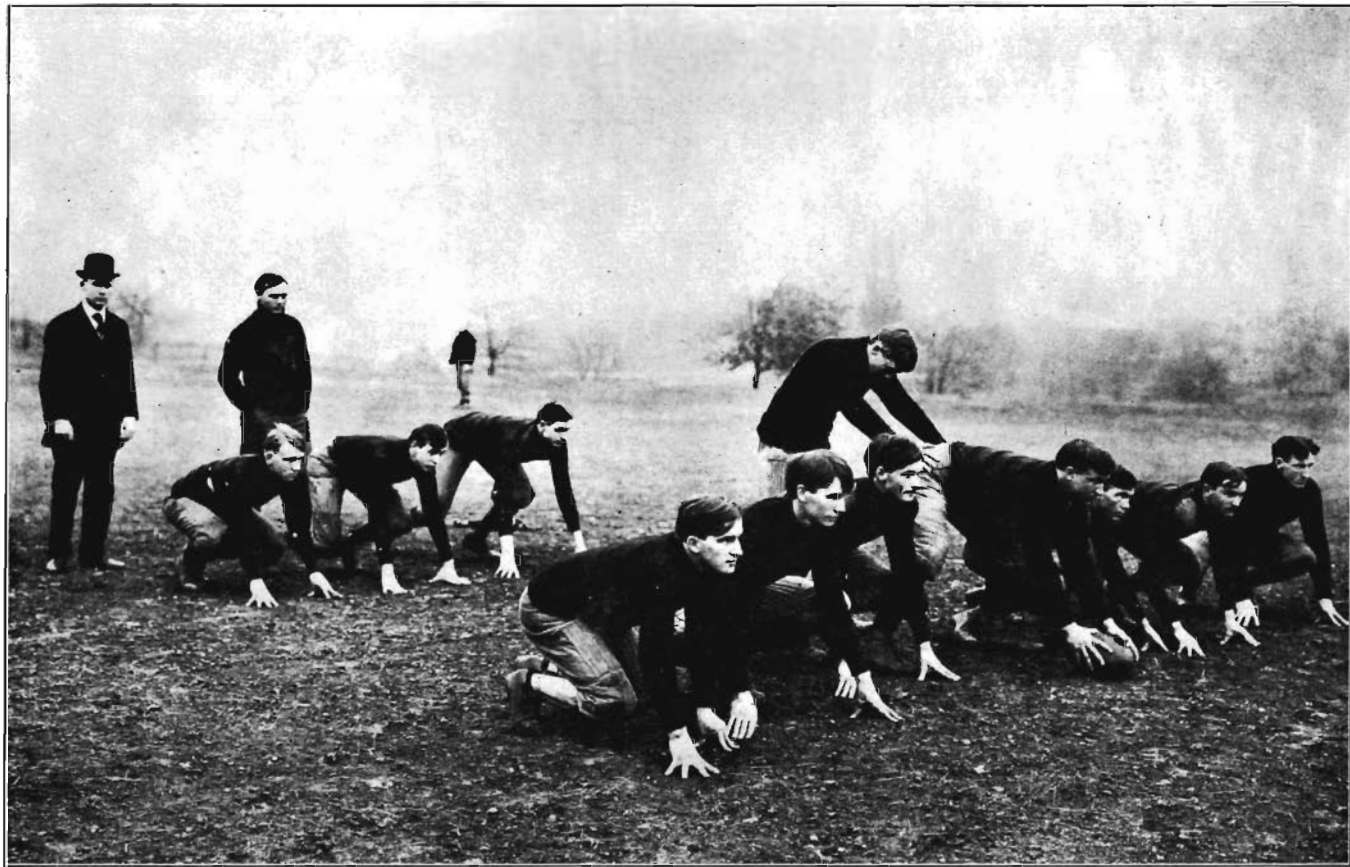
T. W. GRIFFITHS *Manager* J. S. DANIEL *Captain*
 D. G. WETTLIN *Coach*

Lineup

MARION	Center
STOKES	Right Guard
MURPHY	Left Guard
MCLEOD	Right Tackle
MCCORD	Left Tackle
DANIEL	Right End
CROSBY	Left End
ROGERS	Quarter Back
CHEEK	Right Half
ALLEN	Left Half
ROTHROCK	Full Back
GEORGE, THOMPSON	Substitutes

Record of Season 1907

Mississippi A. and M.	7—Southwestern Presbyterian University	0
Howard College	5—Southwestern Presbyterian University	0
South Kentucky College	6—Southwestern Presbyterian University	5
Madisonville Athletic Club	0—Southwestern Presbyterian University	75
Bethel College	0—Southwestern Presbyterian University	86
South Kentucky College	0—Southwestern Presbyterian University	17
Total		183



S. P. U. YELLS

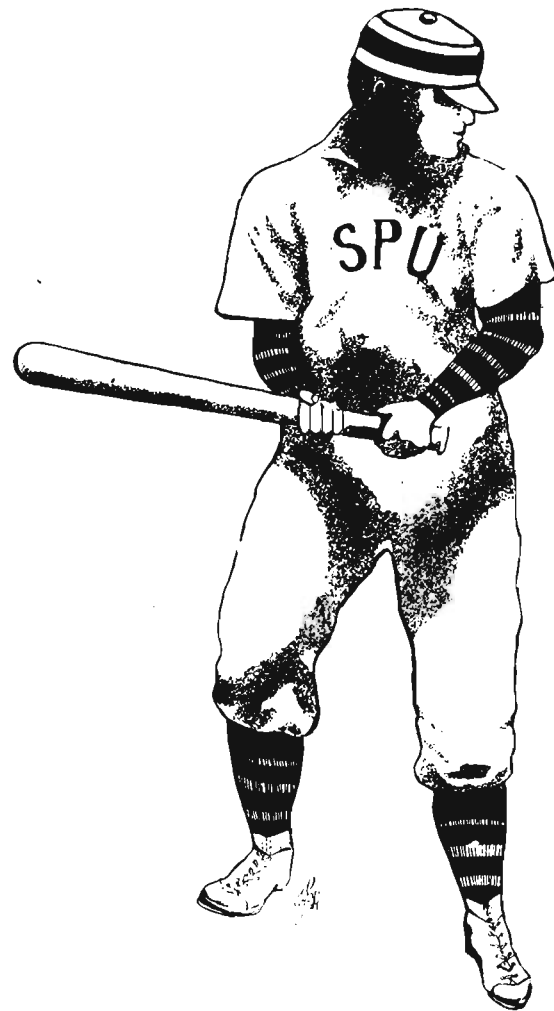
Rackety cax co-ax co-ax
Terrey-orex orex orex
Hulla-ba-loo, hulla-ba-loo,
S. P. U.

S-o-u-p soup, c-o-u-p soup,
S-o-u-p, c-o-u-p, soup, soup, soup.

S.-P. U. is our cry,
V-i-c-t-o-r-y !

S. P. U. Rah! Rah!
S. P. U. Rah! Rah!
Hurrah, hurrah!
'Varsity, 'Varsity,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

With a vevo and a vivo and a vevo vivo vum vum,
Johunny get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap,
Johnny get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap,
Hannibal, Hannibal, sis, boom. hah,
'Varsity, 'Varsity, rah. rah, rah.



BASEBALL TEAM 1907

S. E. CROSBY *Manager*
H. Y. MARSHALL *Captain* A. M. GIFFORD *Coach*

Lineup

ROTHROCK	Catcher
DANIEL	Catcher
ALLEN, F. L.	Pitcher
LEMON	Pitcher
STAPLES	Pitcher
STOKES	First Base
BRIGGS	Second Base
ALLEN, W. H.	Shortstop
MARTIN	Third Base
LEMON	Left Field
ALLEN, F. L.	Left Field
MARSHALL	Center Field
ARMISTEAD	Right Field
RHEA, ANDERSON	Substitutes

Record of Season 1907

University of Nashville	2—S. P. U.	11	Nashville Athletic Club	c—S. P. U.	2
University of Nashville	3—S. P. U.	2	Cumberland University	5—S. P. U.	3
Vanderbilt	4—S. P. U.	2	Cumberland University	2—S. P. U.	0
Vanderbilt	4—S. P. U.	5	Cheek-Neal	c—S. P. U.	5
Vanderbilt	10—S. P. U.	1	Cheek-Neal	1—S. P. U.	2
Cheek-Neal	0—S. P. U.	1	S. K. C.	c—S. P. U.	5
Cheek-Neal	4—S. P. U.	0	Bowling Green Independents	c—S. P. U.	1
Cheek-Neal	1—S. P. U.	11	Bowling Green Independents	2—S. P. U.	3
University of Mississippi	4—S. P. U.	0	Bowling Green Independents	c—S. P. U.	1
University of Mississippi	c—S. P. U.	1	Bethel College	c—S. P. U.	2
University of Mississippi	6—S. P. U.	3	Bethel College	c—S. P. U.	8
S. W. B. U.	1—S. P. U.	0	Bowling Green Independents	1—S. P. U.	2
S. W. B. U.	2—S. P. U.	6	Bowling Green Independents	3—S. P. U.	2
S. W. B. U.	5—S. P. U.	14	Bowling Green Independents	c—S. P. U.	1



BASEBALL TEAM 1908

H. M. BADDLEY *Manager*
F. L. ALLEN *Captain*

Lineup

ROTHROCK	Catcher	BYRNES	Second Base
DANIEL	Catcher	ALLEN, W. H.	Shortstop
ALLEN, F. L.	Pitcher	DICKSON	Third Base
STAPLES	Pitcher	MARTIN	Left Field
STOKES	First Base	ROGERS	Center Field
ARMISTEAD		Right Field	

Schedule of Season 1908

March 26-27-28	S. K. C., at Clarksville
April 2-3-4	Vanderbilt, at Clarksville
April 8	University of Nashville, at Clarksville
April 15	Union University, at Jackson
April 16-17-18	University of Mississippi, at Oxford
April 21-22	Cumberland University, at Clarksville
May 4-5	Chamberlain-Hunt Academy, at Port Gibson
May 6-7	Mississippi College, at Clinton
May 8-9	Mississippi A. and M., at Starkville
May 14-15-16	Nashville Athletic Club, at Clarksville
May 21-22-23	Bowling Green Independents, at Clarksville
June 4-5	Nebraska Indians, at Clarksville



BASKETBALL TEAM 1908

G. F. McLEOD, *Manager*

J. T. ROTHROCK, *Captain*

Lineup

CHEEK	Center
McLEOD	Guard
ROTHROCK, J. T.	Guard
ALLEN, F. L.	Forward
ROTHROCK, W. H.	Forward

Substitutes: W. H. ALLEN, STAPLES

Record of Season 1908

Bethel College	8—S. P. U.	36
Vanderbilt	9—S. P. U.	20



WEARERS OF THE "S"

X ALLEN, F. L., Football, Basketball, Baseball
 ALLEN, W. H., Baseball
 ARMISTEAD, Baseball
 X BADDLEY, Manager Baseball Team
 BYRNES, Baseball
 CHEEK, Football, Basketball
 CROSBY, Football
 DANIEL, Football
 DICKSON, Baseball
 GEORGE, Football
 X GRIFFITHS, Manager of Football Team
 MARION, Football
 MARTIN, Baseball
 McCORD, Football
 McLEOD, Football, Basketball
 MURPHY, Football
 ROGERS, Football, Baseball
 ROTHROCK, J. T., Football, Basketball, Baseball
 X ROTHROCK, W. H., Basketball
 STAPLES, Baseball
 STOKES, Football, Baseball
 THOMPSON, Football



TRACK TEAM

O. W. BUESCHGEN, *Manager*

W. C. DOLIVE, *Captain*

TENNIS CLUB 1907-1908

Officers

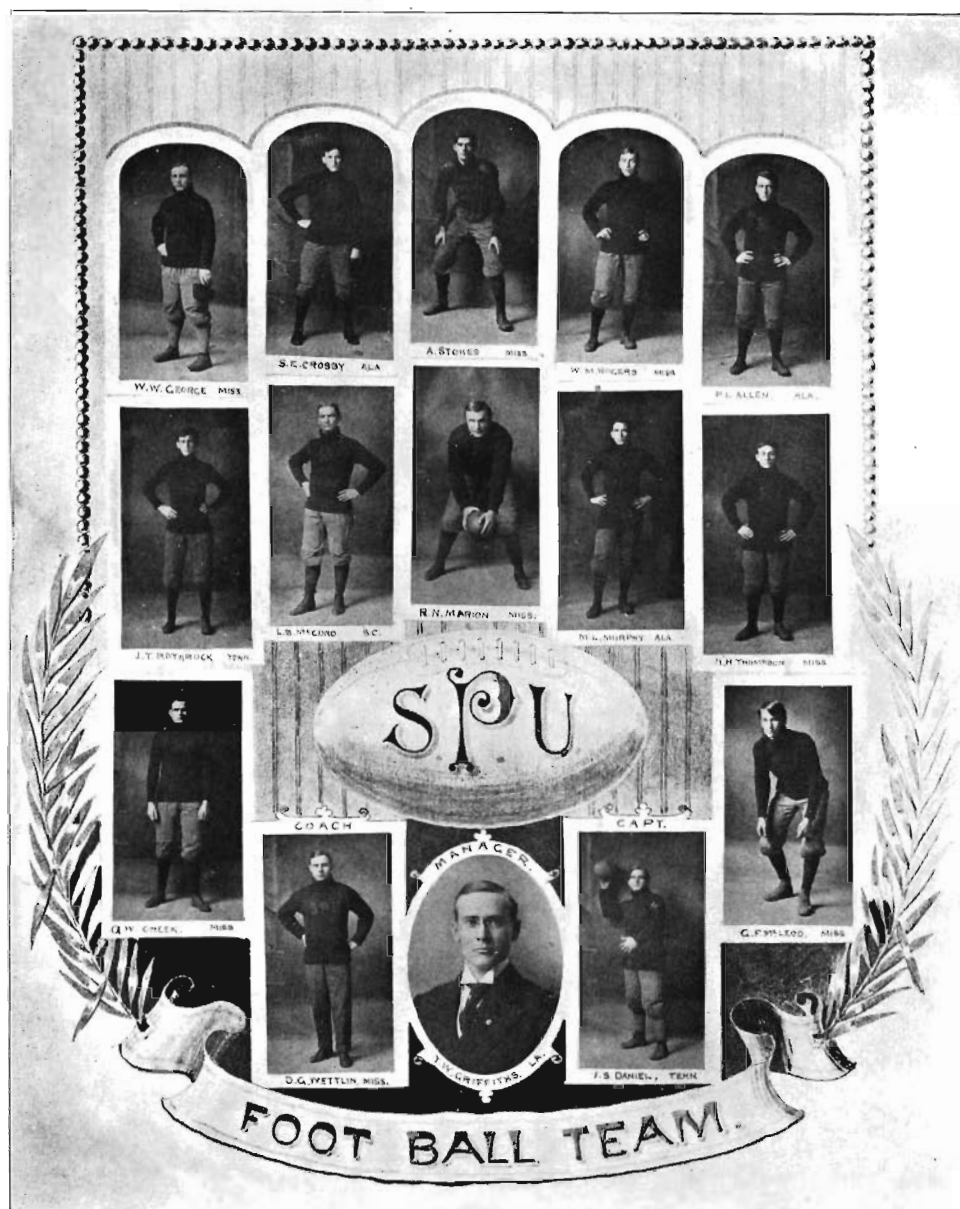
DR. JAS. A. LYON	President
E. R. MABRY	Secretary and Treasurer
C. L. LOCKERT, JR.	Marshal of the Courts

Members

McQUEEN
GORDON
TOMB
BUESCHGEN
ALÉXANDER
BRYANT
HALL
WEBB
MISS BESSIE LYON
BARLOW
WARFIELD
CRANE
VAN ZANT.
PRICE
MERRITT
SMITH, H. D.
RODGERS

RAMSAY, M.
RAMSAY, F. P., JR.
RAMSAY, J. C.
RALSTON
CATO
DOLIVE
BUCHANAN
WHITE
CARNEY, E. L.
BRATTON
CURTIS
McCORD
TAFTE
STAPLES
BOILLIN
GERHART
GLASSELL







MAIN BUILDING, S. P. U.



STEWART BUILDING, S. P. U.



S. P. U. Medals and Prizes for 1907

The Mack Bible Medal	J. F. COUTS
The Stewart Bible Medal	E. A. THOMAS
The Faculty Orator's Medal	G. I. BRIGGS
The Spencer Greek Medal	C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
The Owen Chemistry Medal	C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
The Montgomery Physics Medal	J. F. COUTS
The Senior Greek Cash Prize	C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
The Intermediate Greek Cash Prize	C. TAFTE
The Junior Greek Cash Prize	E. R. MABRY
The Beginner's Greek Cash Prize	J. M. ALEXANDER
The W. I. L. S. Improvement Medal	J. M. ALEXANDER
The S. L. S. Improvement Medal	H. L. SNEED
The Inter-Society Orator's Medal	G. H. TURPIN
The Inter-Society Declaimer's Medal	E. R. MABRY
The Essayist's Medal	C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
The Story Prize	C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
The Poet's Prize	C. TAFTE
The Clark Athletic Medal	C. F. HOFFMANN

Can I Forget?

Can I forget—the hopes, the fears,
The sad mistakes of former years,
The sunshine beaming through the tears
And lingering yet;
Can I forget,
Can I forget?

Can I forget—the friends' of old,
Whose memory, treasured more than gold,
Has kept my heart from growing cold
And sore beset;
Can I forget,
Can I forget?

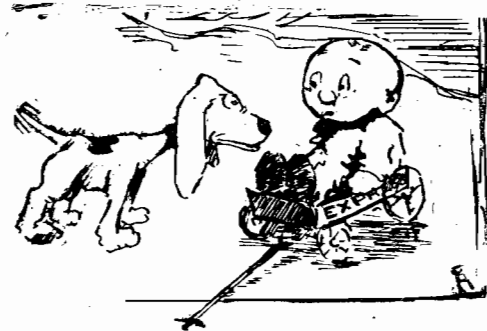
Can I forget—a mother's love,
Cherished all other love above,
Mysterious power to soothe, to move,
And I bereft;
Can I forget,
Can I forget?

—ALUMNUS.

THE HONORED MEN OF S. P. U.

(The results of recent voting contest of
student body)

Most Popular Student	J. T. ROTHROCK, JR.
Best Athlete	FRANK L. ALLEN
Best Student	JOHN F. COUTS
Ladies' Man	EDWARD R. WHITE
Biggest Eater	LAWRENCE H. WHARTON
Laziest Student	ALLEN S. DICKSON
Most Handsome	C. F. HOFFMANN
Most Conceited	JOHN S. DANIEL
Biggest Loafer	J. M. FURRH
Who Gets the Pup?	CHARLES L. LOCKERT, JR.



THE CITY OF CLARKSVILLE

CLARKSVILLE is situated upon seven hills overlooking the Cumberland River. It was founded in 1784 by Martin Armstrong and John Montgomery, and has been transformed from a frontier trading-post into a city deserving its sobriquet, "The Queen City of the Cumberland." Clarksville is situated at the confluence of the Red and Cumberland Rivers, some sixty miles from Nashville. From the view-point of health, no better location can be found anywhere. The hills of Middle Tennessee are not the home of malaria. With a high altitude and with an abundance of clear, sparkling water, the student need have no fear of smallpox or of being pierced by the death-dealing stegomyia. Clarksville has a population of ten thousand, and is accessible by means of Louisville & Nashville and Illinois Central Railroads. It lies within that famous section of Middle Tennessee which is known as the "Black Patch," where the finest dark-leaf tobacco of the world is grown. For this Clarksville is the principal market. Indeed, "The Queen City of the Cumberland" ranks among the foremost cities of the world as a market for tobacco, which is shipped from here to all parts of the globe.

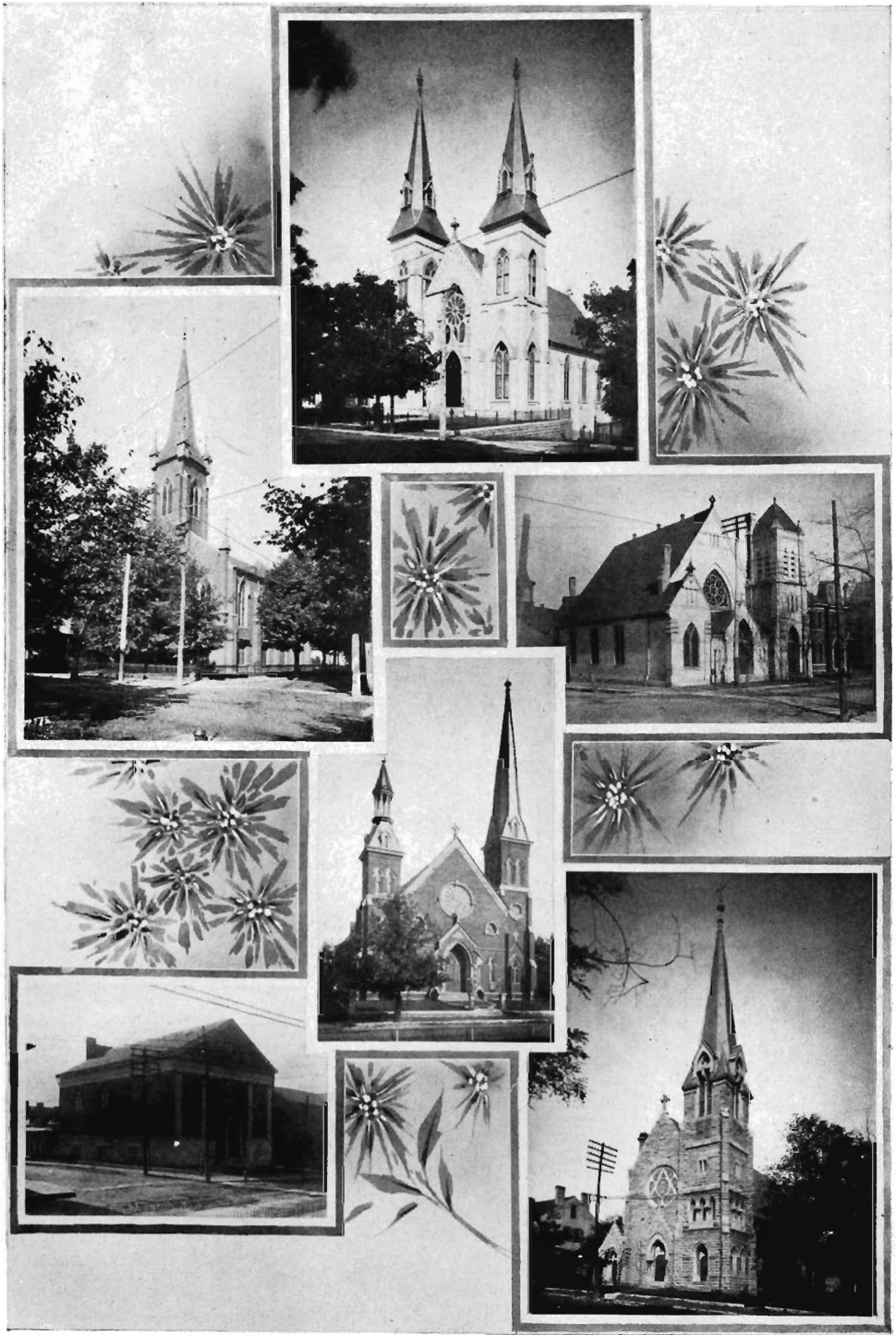
We are getting a fair share of the immigrants who are beginning to come South. New residences are continually being built and new business enterprises of various kinds are being launched. Among the leading industrial establishments should be mentioned an iron furnace, foundries, a button factory, a skirt factory and others for which we have not the necessary space. Our merchants are up-to-date, courteous, and always extend a hearty welcome to the college man. They support with liberality any praiseworthy venture set before them.

The people of Clarksville were caused to rejoice when the saloons were driven out, and this, too, should be a great inducement for parents to send their boys to Clarksville to be educated. The church spires that may be seen in all directions show that Clarksville is not wanting in things pertaining to religion.

In speaking of the business interests of Clarksville mention should be made of the Chamber of Commerce, an organization of the leading business men of the city which has as its chief object the encouragement of everything which looks toward the industrial and commercial advancement of the city. Upon this interesting subject much more could be written, but let this suffice.

The educational interests of the section are well cared for by the public graded schools, the high school, the Clarksville Female Academy, and our own institution.

Whether considered with reference to location, accessibility or advantages, commercial, educational, moral or religious, Clarksville will be found the superior of most and the peer of any city of like size in our Sunny Southland.





CENTRALIZATION OF POWER

(Oration delivered in the Tennessee Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, 1907.)

LIBERTY is the dearest possession of the American heart—a priceless treasure descended to us from our fathers. Hating oppression, they hoarded the principles of freedom in their breasts and bequeathed them to succeeding generations. In every part of our great land, the voice of the American people has risen loud and clear like a trumpet-blast and made irresistible demands for unbiased justice. In childhood this principle is implanted by maternal lips; and withered age is solaced by the recollections which it suggests. Our nation is the product of the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary Fathers, who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to liberty forever. This freedom is the cause of the greatness and dignity of America to-day. Occasionally, in other parts of the globe, liberty has been bestowed upon downtrodden nations. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the Star-spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was humanity caught up, in the embrace of liberty and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

The fundamental principles of liberty were made secure by the framers of the Constitution. The pages of history clearly show that unholy ambitions sometimes master men. Realizing this, the early patriots laid a check upon the executive machinery. No ruler or president can trespass upon or change the Constitution. Such a declaration assures us that the death-knell of despotism on American soil was then sounded. But is it not asserting itself again? Significant utterances of prominent men indicate that we are drifting away from the Jeffersonian principles of Democracy, and are driving headlong toward monarchy. Public events, united with presidential acts and utterances, have created a condition which should cause the wise man to reflect upon the very foundation principles of our country.

This tendency to force upon the Constitution an interpretation which it does not naturally bear—this spirit which, upon occasions, breaks through constitutional barriers—this, the public press has denominated Rooseveltism. This term therefore stands for the usurpation of the people's rights by the ruler, and for the transformation of a public servant into a lordly master. The real aim of Mr. Roosevelt's policy is apparently to add both legislative and judicial prerogatives to his executive functions. The President was called upon to seal with an oath his determination to carry out the will of the people. In the exercise of self-government they committed to Mr. Roosevelt a supreme and sacred trust. How carefully should he weigh this solemn obligation! But he is not guided by a just and unstrained construction of the Constitution—by a careful distinction between powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States; neither does he regard those functions specially consigned to the executive branch.

The true and only mode of preserving a balance of power in a government such as ours is to define well the relation of departments. Since this course is absolutely necessary, any infringement thereon must be resisted at the first step. Whether the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be any illegal exercise of power, every encroachment, great or small, should awaken those trusted to preserve a constitutional government. This diseased principle of unjust power ought to be detected and dragged from beneath its sneaking guise. Let it not escape our eyes until we have destroyed the slightest vestige. The will of a great and free people is being ignored and their rights trampled in the dust.

The Constitution declares that Congress alone shall have power to make treaties with foreign nations. Contrary to the wishes of the Senate, the President made a treaty with San Domingo. Such action on his part is sufficient to cause universal dissatisfaction. In fact, he has arbitrarily the powers and forces of a real but unconfirmed agreement with foreign powers, an agreement which demands for its validity the ratification of the Senate.

With the Japanese treaty as a disguise, Mr. Roosevelt again has gone beyond the Federal rights. He has demanded that the Japanese children shall continue in the public schools of San Francisco. His demands are unconstitutional. The Japanese children were ordered to attend a separate school. The right of the city of San Francisco to make such an order always existed, but it was not exercised. When this action was challenged by the Japanese, the rule was promptly asserted by the school board and as promptly enforced. Complaint was made by the Japanese representative in San Francisco, and suddenly this matter, exclusively under the control of the State administration, became a question of national importance. Why should Mr. Roosevelt insist upon the continuance of the Japanese children in the public schools? California has a right to exercise jurisdiction in all matters not granted to the Federal Government. If Mr. Roosevelt's present policy is carried out, we shall have a vast bureaucratic government, which will prove inefficient if not absolutely corrupt.

Nor has the President any regard for tradition. From Mr. Roosevelt's ruling on the race question in San Francisco should we not suspect that he is planning an easy highway for the entrance of the negro into the schools of the South? The public eye has been opened. Wise men have intimated that Mr. Roosevelt will use the California affair to aggravate the plague of our Southland. If he crossed his bounds in San Francisco, why should he not intrude upon the South by thrusting the negro into our schools? Are these not his intentions? His partiality to negroes has been shown in executive act, in public utterance. Ignoring both the Senate and the people of Charleston, he appointed the negro Crum. Again, the Indianola postoffice affair illustrates this tendency. Forgetting that he was a servant of the people, he became a despot. He satisfied himself at the expense of the feelings of the American citizens and deprived them of mail service. The South will never consent to have the negro placed upon a plane of equality with the white children. The same valor which inspired the

Southerner to pour out his blood at Gettysburg still remains in the breasts of Southern men. So long as a drop of Caucasian blood courses our veins, we will not submit to Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate attempt to give the negro social equality with the white man. The same drumbeat which summoned the heroes of the South in the Civil War will call them at any moment to the defense of the homes of the Southland.

The President's defense and sanction of Paul Morton is an instance of his trespass upon the judicial power. The corrupt officials of corporations should be punished rather than be allowed to go free. Where did the President get all these powers? Did they come from the people?

The President is not free from the taint of political corruption. In New York, has he not used his high position to secure votes in the State Legislature? What is the difference between paying money for votes and paying for them in Federal appointments? Both are graft. It is the supreme right of American citizens to express their vote through their representative. But a representative dares not stand against a presidential measure, for the influence of party organization soon overcomes him.

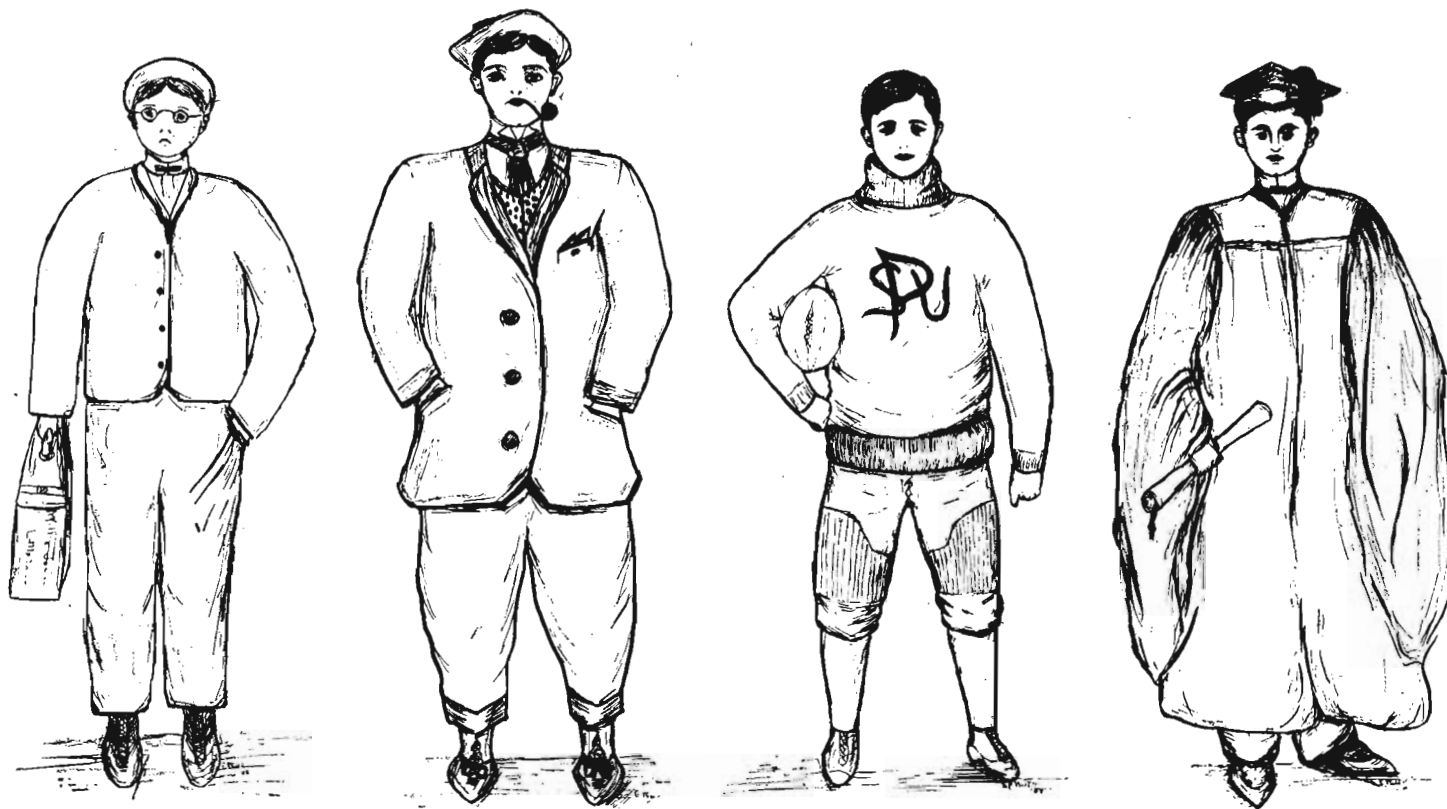
The charge has also been made that his appointments to the United States Supreme Court were made for the purpose of influencing that tribunal on great national or party issues. The implication is that, forgetful of his oath, President Roosevelt has conceived that it is permissible to nominate to seats on the highest Federal bench, not men believed to be competent and resolved to expound what was meant by the fathers of the Constitution, but men willing and pledged to construe the Federal organic law in the pursuance of a centralizing purpose. Never before did a President practically avow a deliberate intention to commit a flagrant breach of duty, and to violate a solemn promise to uphold the Constitution.

The American form of government has been proved to be one of the best in the world and we behold its advancement with admiration, with hope, and with gratitude. Shall we lie supinely, hugging the delusive phantom of hope while our freedom is being snatched away? Who is responsible for this condition of things? Mr. Roosevelt is little by little usurping the rights of the people. This state of affairs begins by giving to the same man a lengthened term of office. The life of a commonwealth is in her masses. If the great mass of the people take their stand on the side of liberty the vitality of the nation will be strong and enduring. From time immemorial this fact has been exemplified in the rise and fall of mighty nations, and for us who are deeply concerned in our country's welfare there should be a vital and absorbing interest in the problem of awakening the men of America to their duty and responsibility. The people will soon have the privilege of asserting their right in the selection of a President. Let them stand firm in this God-given privilege and entrust the sceptre to one who will not drag our banner in the dust!

But though there be fears, hope is not utterly gone. And now let liberty live where it first raised its voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained! Let it live in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit! Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, it will not be, if conscientiously and valiantly we discharge our duty to preserve and wisely to administer the rights of American citizenship. Then shall our nation stand as a monument, not of oppression and terror, but of peace and of liberty—a monument upon which the world may forever gaze with admiration.

E. ADOLPHUS THOMAS.





THE EVOLUTION OF A COLLEGE MAN.



CALVIN HALL CLUB

Colors: Daffo-down-dilly

Motto: "Let Us Eat"

Flower: Ox-eyed Daisy

Officers

E. B. MAYES	<i>President</i>
MRS. JULIETTE B. ROGERS	<i>Matron</i>
G. W. CHEEK	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

ALLEN, F. L.	CROSBY, S. E.	MATTHEWS, E. S.
ALLEN, W. H.	GLASSELL, A. C.	ORR, H. H.
ALEXANDER, J. M.	BUESCHGEN, O. W.	PIPES, R.
BADDLEY, H. M.	DICKSON, C. B.	ROGERS, W. M.
BUDER, G. S.	DICKSON, G. S.	STAPLES, W. B.
BARLOW, F. D.	DICKSON, S. A.	STEWART, J. C.
BUCKLEY, W. M.	DOTY, L. A.	THOMAS, E. A.
BYRNES, C. F.	DOLIVE, W. C.	THOMPSON, H. H.
CURTIS, E. D.	LOCKE, W. E.	WHITE, E. R.



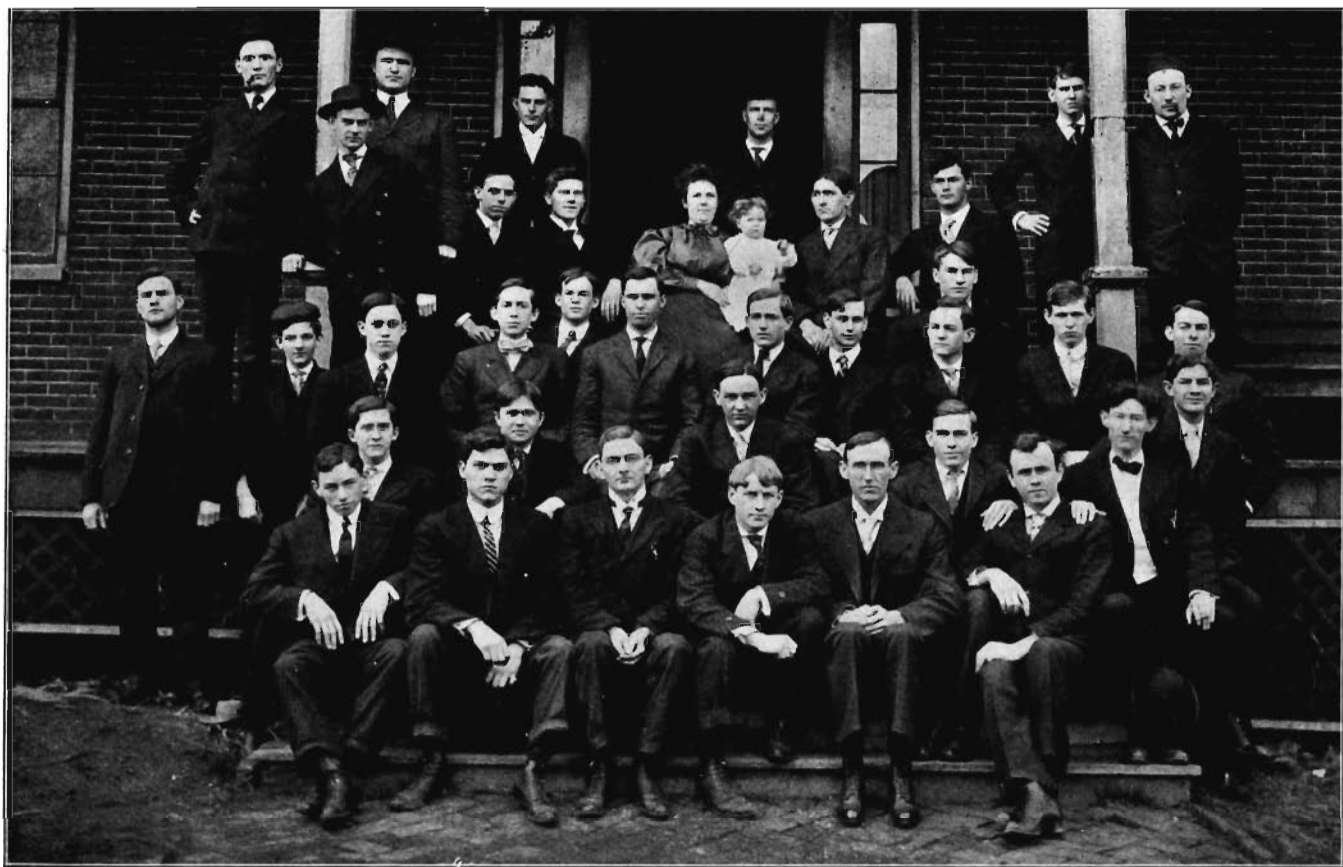
ROBB HALL

Officers

W. F. CRESON	President
J. T. ROTHROCK	Vice-President
L. B. McCORD	Secretary and Treasurer
A. STOKES and M. L. MURPHY	Committee

Roll Call

BACHMAN, R. D.	McQUEEN, J. C.
BARR, W. S.	MERRIN, W. L.
BATES, H. P.	MILLER, W. G.
CRANE, P. S.	MURPHY, M. L.
CRESON, W. F.	RALSTON, C. N.
FURRH, J. M.	ROGERS, W. A.
GREGORY, D. B.	ROTHROCK, J. T.
HAMILTON, W. W.	ROTHROCK, W. H.
HENDERSON, H. S.	SCOTT, F. A.
HOFFMANN, C. F.	SCOTT, E. C.
HOOPER, S. H.	SNEED, H. L.
MARION, R. N.	STOKES, A.
MARTIN, P. C.	TAFFE, C.
McCORD, L. B.	TALMAGE, J. V. N.
McFADDEN, S. E.	TOMB, C. B.
McJUNKIN, J. E.	WARDLAW, O. W.
McLEOD, G. F.	WHARTON, C. T.
	WHARTON, L. H.



Yell:

Razzle! Dazzle!
Hobble! Gobble!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Here we are! Here we are!
Alabama-a-a!



Colors:

Navy Blue and White

Flower:

The American Beauty Rose

Motto:

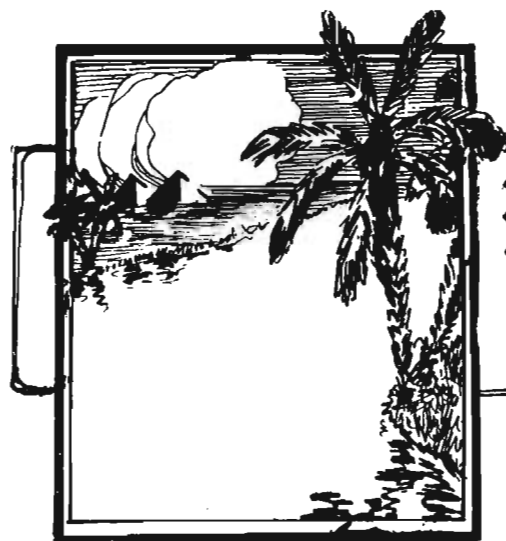
"To love the fairest of the fair"

Officers

SAMUEL EUGENE CROSBY	President
ELI ADOLPHUS THOMAS	Vice-President
MURDOCK L. MURPHY	Secretary
E. A. THOMAS	Candidate for Matrimony

Members

ALLEN, F. L.	CURTIS, E. D.	SMITH, H. D.
ALLEN, W. H.	DOLIVE, W. C.	STAFFORD, J. M.
BUESCHGEN, O. W.	GREGORY, D. B.	THOMAS, E. A.
CROSBY, S. E.	MARTIN, D. L.	WHITE, E. R.
	MURPHY, M. L.	



LOUISIANA CLUB



Motto: You may laugh, and you may grin,
But it takes the Pelican boys to win

Colors: The Whole Rainbow
Flower: Cauliflower

Yell:

Pelican! Pelican!
Ho! Ha! Hay!
Louisiana, Louisiana,
She's O K.

Members

J. C. McQUEEN	Chief Pelican
A. C. GLASSELL	Owl
C. B. DICKSON	Skunk
E. LAVERGNE	Game Rooster
J. L. BRUNOT	'Possum
R. PIPES	Yellow Dog

S. A. DICKSON	Crane
J. V. N. TALMAGE	Monkey
C. B. TOMB	Peacock
W. S. BARR	Hog
T. W. GRIFFITHS	Sheep
C. F. HOFFMANN	Goat



Colors: Blue and White

Flower: Magnolia

Motto: Repeal Fifteenth Amendment

Yell:

Mississippi, Mississippi,
Sis! boom! bang!
Hit the grit, burn the wind,
Here comes the gang!

Officers

G. W. CHEEK	President
W. M. ROGERS	Vice-President
W. R. CARTER	Secretary and Treasurer
H. W. BADDLEY	Dude
W. B. STAPLES	Fool
C. F. BYRNES	Liar
L. A. DOTY	Loafer
P. C. MARTIN	Cotton Picker
E. B. MAYES	P'simmon Tree Climber
R. U. MARION	Watermelon Cutler
H. P. BATES	Gof'er Catcher

Members

ALEXANDER, J. M.	McJUNKIN, J. E.
BACHMAN, R. O.	MAGRUDER, W.
BADDLEY, H. W.	McLEOD, G. F.
BATES, H. P.	MAYES, E. B.
BUDER, G. S.	ORR, H. H.
BARLOW, F. O.	ROGERS, W. A.
BURNS, G. F.	ROGERS, W. M.
CRANE, P. S.	SCOTT, E. C.
CARTER, W. R.	STOKES, A.
CHEEK, G. W.	STAPLES, W. B.
DOTY, L. A.	STEWART, J. C.
HALL, R. L.	THOMPSON, H. H.
MARION, R. U.	VAN ZANT, H. C.
MARTIN, P. C.	WATSON, PAUL

Colors:
Blue and White



Flower:
Morning Glory

Motto:
A club whose love of jollity
Extends to no frivolity;
The essence of whose polity
Is not quantity, but quality.



Yell:
Rah! Rah! Ree! Rah! Rah! Ree!
Vive la! Vive la! Tennessee!
Who are we? Who are we?
We're the stuff, don't you see?

Officers

J. T. ROTHROCK, JR.	President
J. S. DANIEL	Vice-President
G. H. TURPIN	Secretary and Treasurer

Roll

W. H. ARMISTEAD
N. L. CARNEY, JR.
C. M. DICKSON
E. R. MABRY
C. T. WHARTON
CHARLES STRATTON
S. E. MCFADDEN
W. W. PATTON
F. A. SCOTT
T. MCGEHEE

R. D. BACHMAN
J. F. COUTS
M. M. GORDON
J. T. ROTHROCK, JR.
H. L. SMITH
F. P. RAMSAY, JR.
R. H. MEACHAM
S. L. PRICE
L. H. WHARTON
T. P. ALLEN

J. J. BOILLIN
W. F. CRESON
W. W. HAMILTON
W. H. ROTHROCK
E. ATKINSON
CHARLES MARSHALL
H. C. MERRITT, JR.
C. N. RALSTON
S. H. HOOPER
M. RAMSAY

J. G. BRYANT
J. S. DANIEL
G. B. HARRIS
E. L. STACKER
R. C. WILCOX, JR.
BRATTON
W. G. MILLER
H. L. SNEED
M. H. RUDOLPH
BRANDON

E. L. CARNEY
CHARLES DAY
C. L. LOCKERT, JR.
R. A. WEBB, JR.
H. E. GHOLSON
E. S. MATTHEWS
J. R. OSBORNE
G. H. TURPIN
W. B. ANDERSON, JR.
WARFIELD

Motto:
Cur omnis vita labor sit?



Flower:
Cotton Blossom

TEXAS CLUB

Officers

J. M. FURRH
J. C. RAMSAY

President
Secretary

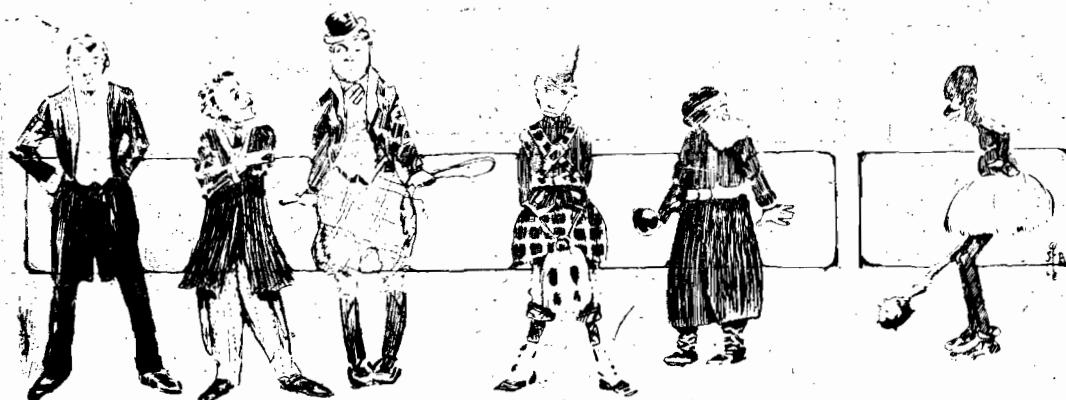
Yell:

Rah for Texas,
Fun and noise,
Furrh and Ramsay,
The Cowboys!

Members

JUNIOUS M. FURRH
"JACK" C. RAMSAY

J. CORNELIUS RAMSAY
J. M. FURRH



COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

Colors: Heliotrope and Purple

Motto: "Distance lends enchantment"

Flower: Goldenrod

Officers

W. H. MUIRHEAD	President
C. TAFTE	Vice-President
L. B. McCORD	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

L. B. McCORD	South Carolina
O. W. WARDLAW	Georgia
H. S. HENDERSON	Virginia
W. L. MERRIN	Florida
W. H. MUIRHEAD	Florida
C. TAFTE	Kentucky



IRISH CLUB



Motto: Be pretty always
Flower: Shamrock
Color: Emerald Green

Yell:

Erin-Go-Braugh! Erin-Go-Braugh!
 Ireland! Ireland!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

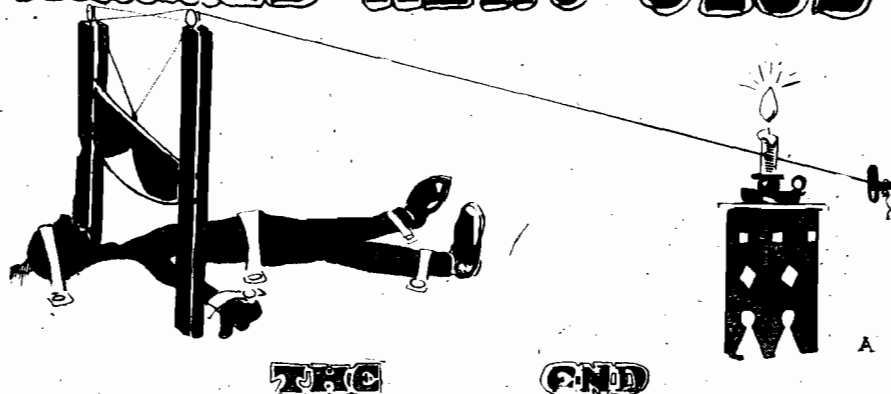
Officers

L. B. McCORD	Noble Grand High Chief Pat
G. F. McLEOD	Noble Grand Chief Mike
J. E. McJUNKIN	Noble Keeper of Annals and Keys
J. C. McQUEEN	Grand Wielder of the Shillalah
S. E. McFADDEN	Grand Leader of the Retreat
T. McGEHEE	Grand Custodian of the Shamrock and the Rose

Members

LEARY B. McCORD	J. ELKINS McJUNKIN
S. ENNIS McFADDEN	GALIGAN F. McLEOD
TOPTIE McGEHEE	J. CONROY McQUEEN

MARRIED MEN'S CLUB



Flower: Peach Blossom
Motto: A Leap into the Dark

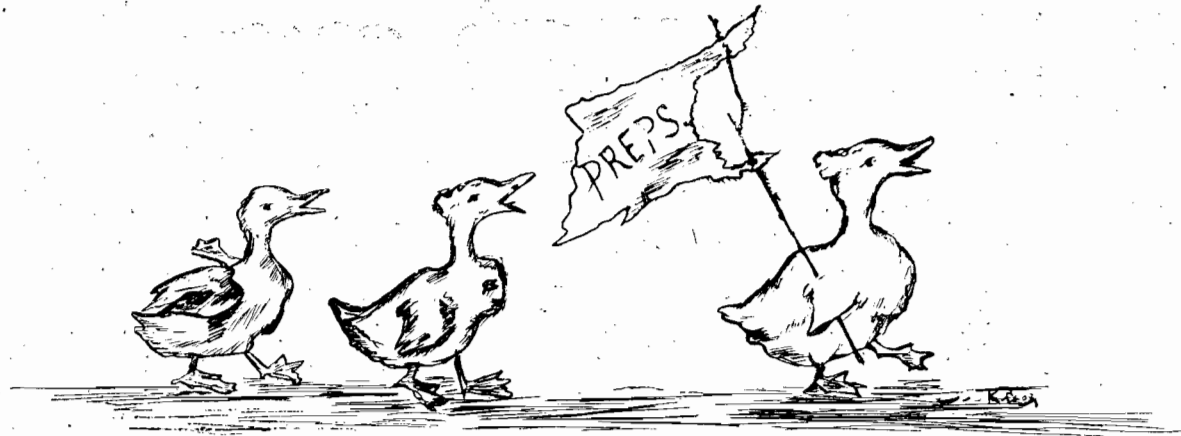
Drink: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Song: "Oh, I wish I was single again!"

Officers

W. W. PATTON	President
G. H. TURPIN	Vice-President
T. P. ALLEN	Secretary
W. H. MUIRHEAD	Treasurer
J. M. STAFFORD	Sergeant-at-arms

Members

WILLIAM W. PATTON
 J. M. STAFFORD
 T. P. ALLEN
 W. H. MUIRHEAD
 G. H. TURPIN



"PREP" CLUB

Motto: Talk much and think little

Colors: Darkness and Pale Moonlight

Yell:

Ki-yo! Ki-yo! Ki-ye!
 Who do you think are we?
 We're the Freshies! We're the Freshies!
 Who came to Tennessee!

Officers

PAUL S. CRANE
 JOHN VAN NESTE TALMAGE
 FRANK D. BARLOW

Chief Chin-gun
Advisory Committee

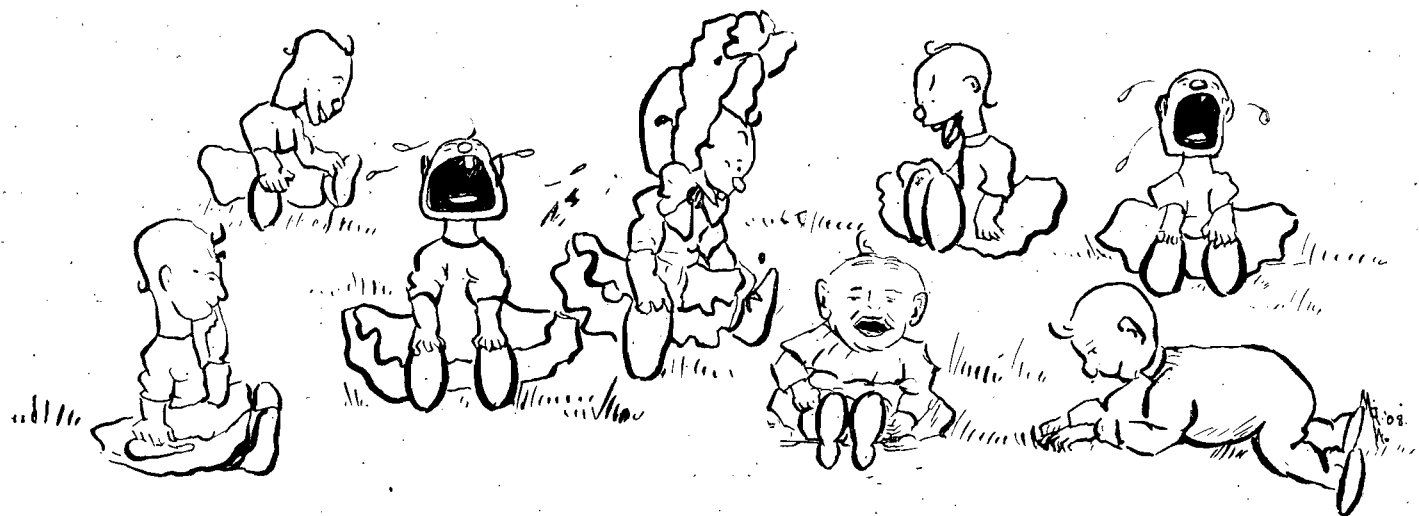
*PAULIE WATSON
 JOHNNIE ALEXANDER

Chief Laughter
Chief Butter-in

Members

LITTLE ROBERT WEBB N. L. CARNEY

*To anyone seeing him when not laughing will be given five dollars.



“CRADLE ROLL”

Motto: “Always keep our bottles filled with malted milk”

Colors: Pea Green and Baby Blue

Yell: He—He—Tee—Wee!
We’re Mama’s Ba-be!

Officers

SALLIE LEWIS ALVIN DOTY
*CECILIA BLINKIE BUDER

Rattle Keeper
Bottle Filler

MAMIE MEBIN RAMSAY
MARY ELIZABETH MCQUEEN

Hair Curler
Matron

“Babies”

LITTLE ROBERT N. MARION
LITTLE CHARLTON STEWART

†LITTLE JIMMIE MCJUNKIN
LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON CHEEK

LITTLE HATTIE S. HENDERSON
MR. CHARLES MARSHALL, Washwoman

*Has quit bottle and joined the “funnel gang.”

†He has cut his first teeth.

"THETA NU EPSILON"

Colors: Black and Green

Motto: Wind Dispensers

Emblem: Skull and Keys



Officers

GEORGE S. BUDER	Grand High 'Possum
JOHN S. DANIEL	Great Worthy Monk
SAM L. PRICE	Moral Director

Representing Sigma Alpha Epsilon

GEORGE S. BUDER	C. BICKHAM DICKSON	WALTER E. LOCKE
	S. ALLEN DICKSON	

Representing Kappa Sigma

JOHN S. DANIEL	HENRY C. MERRITT	D. G. WETTLIN
	SAM L. PRICE	

Representing Alpha Tau Omega

EDWARD R. WHITE	FRANK L. ALLEN
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Representing Phi Gamma Delta

JOE BRUNOT

Life

Childhood, Youth and Manhood brave,
Mere passing bubbles on the ocean wave,
Your morning light, your evening ray,
Come to beguile us, not to stay.

How like the ships on a dashing sea
Each hour farther still are we
Distant from the fading shore
Of the happy hours of days of yore?

The mist grows fast, the sun has gone,
The sea of Life more ghastly yawns;
Mercilessly tossed our helpless bark
Vanishes in the awful dark.

From Time's gray urn who can restore
The cherished days that are no more?
Bright phantom beings of the night,
Vain your regrets and vain your delight.

Childhood, Youth and Manhood brave
At last we falter before the grave.
The daylight breaks and calm the sea,
And safely anchored shall we be.

—C. TAPPE.

THE FAULT WAS ALL HIS OWN

THE summer of 1903 was just giving place to autumn when Olney Brown returned home from Tate Springs. She had gone to the Springs in search of health and strength after the long strain of her senior year at the Jackson Seminary. Olney had made many new friends of both sexes during the summer. At the Springs she was deservedly popular. Her family was of the highest social standing and she herself was regarded as unusually attractive. She was rather small, but her figure was beautiful, her eyes were black and sparkling, and her coal-black hair was always arranged in the prettiest possible way.

Many social functions had been given her since her return home, and it was at one of these that she had met Charles Spencer, who though a man of twenty-five and very fine looking, was more of a business character than a society man. He had been living at M—— only a few months before Olney's return, having come over from the city of B——. But during this time he had proved to be a great addition to the social world of M——.

As soon as these two young people became acquainted, a friendship began between them which is to play an important part in this story.

Charles, having been out of college only a few years, found himself very entertaining to Olney. Both being bright and cultured and having similar tastes, spent many pleasant moments together. During the days that followed, they were together quite often, and it soon dawned upon them that they had many things in common. In fact, Olney had already consumed more of Charles' time than any other girl in all his past career.

Olney found that her desire for Charles' company increased daily, and before many weeks had passed she realized that what had been her friendly regard for him was beginning to ripen into love. She had never really loved before, but now something had seized her heart of which she could not rid herself, and so she was never satisfied unless she and Charles were together.

Charles, unlike Olney, had not thought of love. He realized the fact that he liked Olney better than he did any other girl, but as for loving, he had never loved any girl. He knew that the future of a man's life depended upon his choice in selecting a companion. So the words of love that this beautiful little girl had been longing for had never passed from his lips. In fact it may be doubted if they had ever entered his mind.

"Say, old man," asked one of his friends as he passed down the street, "I guess you have heard the latest news, have you not?"

"I don't know that I have; what is it?" responded Charles.

"That you and Miss Olney Brown are to be married soon."

"Why, where on earth did you get that from?"

"My, it's all over town," responded his friend.

Charles was somewhat surprised at this remark, and began to investigate more closely his feelings as to Olney.

Four months had passed, January had come, and all the while Charles had been a constant visitor at Olney's home. People were beginning to talk more and more, and in fact were looking for their wedding to take place some time soon. Did he really love Olney, or was it only her power to entertain that so much attracted him? Certainly he liked her more than he had ever liked any other girl. This much was sure. But could this feeling which he had for her be called love? Did he love any woman enough to live with her the remainder of his life? Certainly he did not. He was convinced of the fact that the divine flame had never flashed across his heart causing its beats to be quickened.

The thought had now dawned upon Charles that perhaps Olney loved him; nor was it egotism that caused him to think thus, for he remembered many little incidents that had happened since their friendship began, which at the time were meaningless, but now whose meaning he could too easily interpret. For a woman's love will unconsciously reveal itself to its affinity, and blind indeed is the man who fails to see it.

For some time Charles had been thinking over this serious question, but at last had decided that his love for Olney was not sufficient for him to ask her to become his wife, although Olney was longing for some question like this to pacify her desires, something to sooth her burning heart, but so far she had found no relief.

Charles had decided as he thought best, but how could he reveal his thoughts to Olney? He had too much feeling for her to reveal them openly, but still he knew that their friendship must close, for the longer he let matters run on in this way the worse fix would they be in.

That night when Charles had gone to his room he pulled a letter from his pocket, which he had gotten as he passed the postoffice. When he read it he was very much surprised to see that it was an offer for a position as cashier of the national bank of B——, the firm with which he had worked before coming to M——. At once the thought flashed across his mind that this would be a means by which he could bring his and Olney's friendship to a close, and as it paid more than the position which he then had, he decided to accept it at once. The next day he sent in his resignation to the firm which he was then working for, and boarded the train for the city of B——.

Olney was disappointed in Charles Spencer. She knew not why he had thus abused her love, but she was too proud to ask. As the dove with its wings will cover and conceal the wound that is preying upon its vitals, so Olney concealed within her bosom the wound which Charles Spencer had made upon her heart.

She went more into society now than ever and tried to forget her disappointed love. She tried to make the world believe that she didn't care, for it had been remarked that Charles had ceased to visit her.

She renewed her correspondence with Jack Mason, one of her friends, whom she had met during the summer, which she had dropped after becoming so much in love with Charles Spencer. More than once had Jack asked her to marry him, but Olney felt towards him as Charles did toward her, and his love was just as much in vain. Jack had been seen at Olney's home several times since Charles' absence from the city, and at last she had promised to marry him, not because she loved him, but that she might make the world believe that she didn't care.

As Olney wished to have a quiet wedding, the engagement was kept secret. The time was arranged for the night of the first of April, and Jack Mason was expected to arrive in M—— on that night.

The eventful day was drawing nearer and nearer, and yet Olney was not happy, indeed she was anything else but happy, for her thoughts were not of Jack Mason, but Charles Spencer. Did she still love him? Her heart would answer the inevitable word "yes." She realized that she was about to take the most important step of her life, and that would blight her future happiness, and the cause of it all was that she might make the world believe that she didn't care. She could see no peace. Something continued to say to her: "Retreat the step you have taken before it is forever too late. You do not love Jack Mason, and, in marrying him you will do yourself a far greater injury than you would in breaking your engagement. Tell him that you do not love him."

The appointed day drew nearer and nearer. She was unhappy. Yes, she was miserable and undecided as to what to do.

* * * * *

On the thirty-first of March Charles Spencer received a letter addressed in a handwriting that somewhat puzzled him. Opening it he read:

"DEAR CHARLES: I guess you think it somewhat strange in me writing you, for I know that I have been blotted from your memory long ago. But otherwise I would be doing myself a great injustice, for to-morrow night I am to wed Jack Mason, and as my love for him is not what it is for you, I feel that you should know it. It has always been a mystery to me why our relations ceased, and I said at the time that I would never mention the matter to you, but now—I am powerless. At one time I thought that you loved me, and still now it gives me great pleasure to think of the many happy moments we spent together. OLNEY."

Charles was surprised both at the letter and its contents. This was the first that he had heard of Olney's wedding, and by no means was it pleasing to him. All through the day he would catch himself thinking over this letter. He tried to banish the thought from his mind, but to no effect.

"Do I not think more of Olney now than I ever did? Surely absence has made my heart grow fonder. Will not her marrying to another mean more to me than I ever thought?" He began to ponder these questions in his mind, and at last decided that he had acted too hastily. At one time he had thought he could be satisfied with her freindship, but this would not satisfy him now. Things had changed.

He had missed Olney's company far more than he had thought, and many a time had he longed for some of those many pleasant moments which they had spent together. After all he came to the conclusion that she had won a place in his heart, one that would increase as time passed by.

That morning Olney received a telegram which read as follows:

"MISS OLNEY BROWN: Expect me on nine o'clock train to-morrow morning.—C. S."

* * * * *

Charles had just re-read the letter which he had received from Olney the day before, and had gone into the smoker, and was sitting there cherishing anticipations as he watched the smoke curl up from his cigar. Yes, he had never known what true happiness was until now. It was a mystery to him how he had remained separated from Olney so long a time, and a smile unconsciously crept over his face as he reflected that before many minutes he would be in her presence. He had just finished his cigar when the train-blew for M——. Straightening up in his seat, he buttoned up his coat, picked up his suitcase, and was standing in the aisle ready to pass out of the door, when looking through the window he saw a sight that almost staggered him: There, coming across the platform, was Olney, dressed in brown traveling suit and accompanied by a young man, whom Charles took to be no other than Jack Mason, while a gay crowd of young people were hurling rice at them from every direction.

This was enough for Charles; he could not think of meeting Olney under these circumstances, so he waited to see no more, but crept back and sat down in his seat. It was hard for him to believe what his own eyes had witnessed, for Olney had been the truest friend he had ever had. Would she have treated him thus? Perhaps she had not received his message. Yes, vengeance was hers, and the fault was all his own, and now he would give his life for the love he had once abused. As the train sped on Charles grew morbid and embittered. What was life without the only girl he loved? He was debating this question in his mind as the train sped on, he knew not, nor cared not, where.

The following article was in the evening paper:

"Mistaken for a married couple, a very exciting incident happened at the depot this morning as the nine o'clock train pulled up to the station. A gay crowd of young people had gathered to give Mr. Nelson and his bride, who were to leave on the morning train, a farewell send off, and just as the train blew for the station a closed hack drove up to the platform, and the excited crowd, expecting it to contain no other than the married couple, gathered around, and when a young man and lady stepped from the hack, began to throw rice at them from every direction, without waiting to see who they were. The couple proved to be Miss Olney Brown and her cousin, who had come down to meet a young man friend from M——, who was expected to arrive on the train. The married couple had not yet arrived."

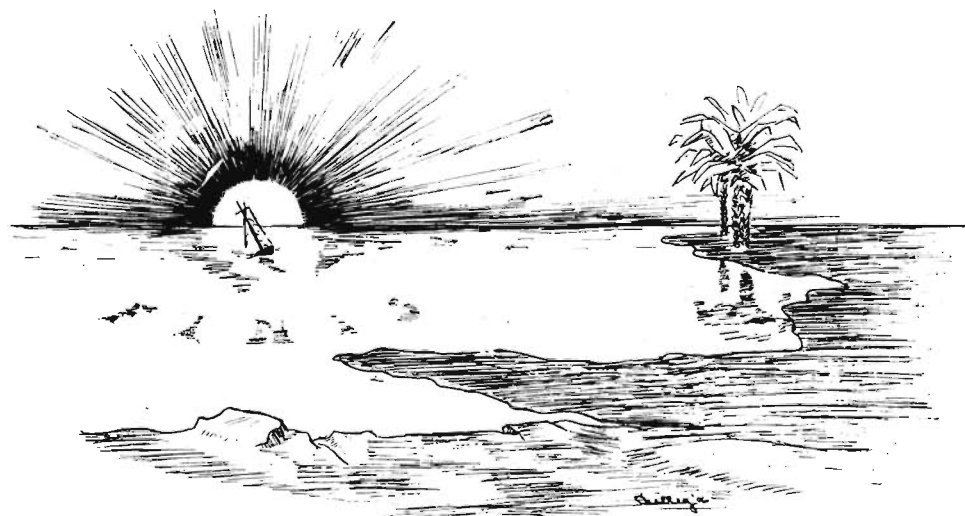
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Crocuses! Crocuses! Angels of spring!
Are ye not shining ones? Golden your wing;
Brightest of messengers, born of the sun,
Sunshine and heaven your garments have spun.

Crocuses! Crocuses! Snowy and white—
God's holy thoughts from the kingdom of light—
Pure as the snowflakes that fall from the sky—
Clad like the Cherubim dwelling on high.

Crocuses! Crocuses! Purple and mauve—
Royally robed flow'rets, dear emblems of love;
Daughters of heaven each wonderful thing,
Heralds of beauty and Angels of Spring.



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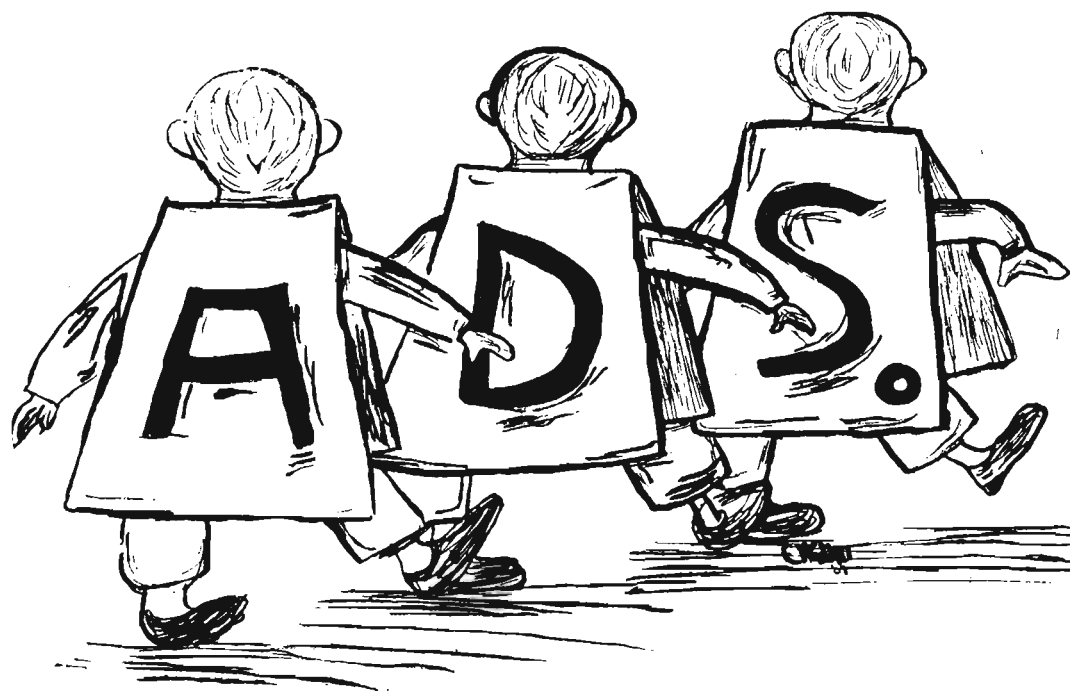
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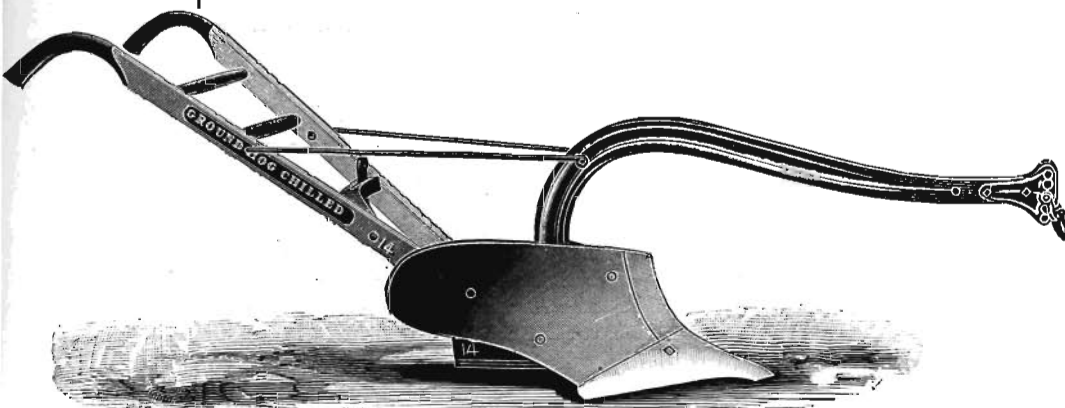
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