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S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1896.

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Class Poem, 1896.

'Tis known that when a bard in olden time
Was called upon to set his tho'ts to rhyme
He first invoked th' assistance of the Muse
Of Poetry, in order that his views
Might be more clearly giv'n. This custom old
I follow. So before I start behold!
I call upon the Muse of College Lore
To sing to me the songs of days of yore.

Sing oh! Muse of that poor college boy
Who came at first so full of life and joy
With his heart so light and spirit gay
And face as bright as some fair summer day.
But ere spent three weary winters here
His life grew wretched, burdensome and drear.
No life, no joy, is seen upon his face,
As he before you sits and stares apace
His soul is stricken with a load of care
And written on his face you see despair
As thro' his mind there flits the tho't of Math,
Of Calculus and the searcher's wrath
At him.

Who says his life is full of bliss,
That everything goes right and naught amiss,
That life's unending stream flows smoothly on
Without a ripple while he stands upon
Its shore and gazes at the throng
Which ever wars and strives and whirls along,
The rushing eddying current white with foam?

He errs who thinks 'tis thus, for there are woes
Yea countless woes which fall upon his head,
And I shall now endeavor to disclose
Somewhat the many trials dire and dread
Which do beset his path where'er he roam.

Like a dream it all comes back to me
The days and nights the weeks and years I've spent
Endeavoring to attain that high degree
Of excellence which every one should hope
To reach before he can the laurels wear.
When first he enters in the school he finds
That all around is strange. There's no one here
To whom he can for sympathy repair.
Bewildered and amazed he enters school
And learns to his surprise there is no rule.
But he discovers soon an ancient creed,
By which each one must act a man indeed
And doing this, from other laws is freed.
After learning well this sage decree
He meets the Chancellor and pays his fee.
Then midst a crowd of students, old and new,
He goes to have a weighty interview
With the class committee who, with looks profound
And pompous mien, are eager to propound
Such dreadful questions that the lad is dazed
And looks and feels as if he had been hazed,
But soon he's classified and to the stores
He goes to waste his wealth on books by scores.

The first few days of college life are spent
In awful misery, and tears long pent
Up in his breast it seems must surely come.
Homesick, heartsick, oh! to be at home
Seems to him to be the height of earthly joy.
He recalls the time when as a boy
He wandered up and down the little farm.
He never felt before the wondrous charm
Which seems to hallow all his boyhood days.
To desperation driv'n he kneels and prays
As he never prayed before, to be

Delivered from his wretched misery.
 But time, the ever blessed comforter
 Removes his homesickness and bids him stir
 Himself and gird his loins that he may meet
 With courage bold a legion of concrete,
 Abstract and fearful monsters known as Greek
 Verbs. Ah! now his trials, so to speak,
 Begin with all the fury in their power
 And pour on him with ever growing shower.
 In order that you may more fully know
 Greek's terrors, here I give an extract found
 In a grammar used by a student long ago:

Don't talk to me of studies hard,
 Which do the mind defy,
 This to me is worst of all:
 Luo, lueis, luei.

Whene'er I think in sweet repose
 Upon my bed I'll lie,
 In dreams there dance in awkward rows:
 Luo, lueis, luei.

My brain grows tired, my heart grows sick,
 I almost pray to die,
 For still they come in double quick:
 Luo, lueis, luei.

The balmy breezes when they blow,
 Do seem these words to cry:—
 "Please conjugate the verb luo,"
 "Luo, lueis, luei—"

I get this far and then I stop,
 No matter how I try,
 Just here my mem'ry seems to flop:—
 "Luo, lueis, luei."

I wonder who invented Greek!
 'Twould please me much to ply
 The lash upon him till he shriek—
 "Luo, lu— luomai."

If I should study Greek ten years
 I'm sure I'd never know
 The tenses, moods, in rows and tiers,
 Of that old verb *luo*.

Such then is the mournful wail you hear
 From those who've only studied Greek a year,
 And those who've studied it must longer say
 It ne'er grows light, but harder every day.

A tale was told to me some time ago
 By a lad who'd suffered pain and woe
 From frightful dreams concerning Math. he'd had.
 I reproduce it that you all may know
 The trials every one must undergo
 Who studies Math. :—

When at night I seek to slumber,
 Seek to rest my wearied body,
 Try to leave my daily troubles,
 Comes a phantom to my bedside,
 Grim and awful in appearance,
 Stands beside my couch and, pointing
 To a spot upon the ceiling,
 Bids me watch and study closely
 All the figures, coming, going.
 Wishing much to disobey him,
 Yet not having strength within me
 To resist his dread command, I
 Fix my eye upon the ceiling,
 Whence in bands and troops and armies
 Comes forth every kind of symbols
 Used in studying Mathematics,
 X plus Y and minus zero
 Partial payments and division
 Hand in hand with old subtraction
 With addition as commander
 March in figures Geometric
 Fall in line and wheel in circles
 Double quick all round the ceiling.
 Then a crooked crowd of fractions

Gets detached from all the others,
Comes a marching without order
Straight upon my couch's cover.
Then another troop of symbols
With infinity as leader
March in quick step o'er my body;
Analytical examples
With some Calculus thrown in
Dance a jig upon my forehead;
While that monster Mathematics
Stands there grinning at my anguish
At each groan and cry for mercy
Calls forth other fiends to try me
Oh, for morning, oh, for daylight!
That this monster may be driven
Off from me. These words I utter,
Then exhausted topple over,
While that phantom with a chuckle
Steps upon me, presses on me,
Stifles, smothers, chokes my screaming,
"Wake you lazy, sleepy scoundrel."
Wide I ope my eyes, upon me
Sits my room mate laughing at me.

The student after he has been in school
A year, and breaking not a single rule
Decides 'tis time for him to act the sport
And to prepare himself the girls to court.
Now there comes the time to put on glasses,
To snub the Preps. and sometimes cut his classes.
He also bears a cane of pond'rous weight
Goes out quite oft at night and comes in late.
His hair he parts half way between his ears
His shoes too small almost compel the tears
To flow because of pains they give his feet.
He also learns to love some maiden sweet
Whose blushing cheeks and glorious golden hair
Whose dark blue eyes and manners debonair
Entrance, bewitch, bewilder him, poor lad
Till all his friends are sure that he'll go mad.
At last with trembling lips he tells his tale

Of how 'twill surely kill him should he fail
 To gain her heart's affection, full, entire.
 How burns within his heart, love's flowing fire.
 The maiden coy, perhaps then bids him hope
 That through the rays of love her heart might ope
 Just as the rose her petals spreads whene'er
 The sun throws down his smile and beams sincere.
 He hopes, he longs, he loves, he waits till she
 At last reveals her rank inconstancy
 By getting married to another man.
 The shock is greater than our lad can stand
 He dies!
 Some time ago it happened that I took
 A walk down by a cool sequestered nook,
 While there I chanced upon a lonely grave
 Whose stone to me this wondrous legend gave:

When e'er this lonely grave you see
 Kind traveler whosoe'er you be
 Oh! shed a tear, before you pass
 For him who died of school, alas!
 Once I was happy, blithe and gay
 And hoped to live till old and gray
 But hopes when prematurely made
 Oftimes in silent graves are laid.
 It chanced that in an evil hour
 I was placed in school under teachers' power
 And there great evils upon me fell
 How great they were I cannot tell.
 But first I must reveal to you
 This school is known as S. P. U.,
 A place of torture where you lose
 Original and pristine views
 Till like the stone on its periphery rolls
 The mind is forced in certain molds
 From which it never will be freed.
 The teachers there are all agreed,
 That the student lad must be subdued.
 In secret meetings met, they brood
 O'er some deep scheme to trap the lad,
 Of how they'll put up questions bad

To make him wish he'd ne'er been born,
 To make him wretched, sad, forlorn.
 Terrible instruments they use
 Whereby the student's mind they 'buse;
 They're Math and Latin, Logic too,
 (With speculations not a few).
 Sesquipedalian terminology,
 Which marks the study of Theology,
 They warmly insist that terms scientific
 Or technical names (to be specific)
 Should be applied to everything;
 The one who is ever able to fling
 Out the longest, high-sounding word,
 Is esteemed above the common herd,
 And 'mongst the boys is honored high.
 You ask the aim of these studies dry?
 Well then the general purpose or design
 In all this work is to puzzle the mind,
 Burden the memory with defunct places,
 Unknown tongues and departed races,
 To flat one so that he'll lose his degree,
 And after this pay a doctor's fee
 For shattered nerves and weakened strength
 And a typhoid fever of terrible length.
 And now, my friend, I think you know
 The reason why I'm here below,
 And if you really wish to live
 A long and happy life, then give
 Good heed to the warning I sound,
 Beware of study and learning profound;
 Content with Ignorance you'll live in peace,
 But sorrow will come with learning's increase.

But 'way with all this useless fun,
 Our labor's ended and our work is done,
 No, not fully done, but just begun:
 And now as we sit on the brink between
 Our college and our active life, there comes
 To us the sad refrain:

One more year has passed away
 Into th' eternal sea of time,

That sea from whence naught e'er returns,
That sea mysterious, sublime.

One more year with all its pleasures,
One year more with all its tears,
Has been carried by the current
Down into the sea of years.

And now our hearts look sadly backward
To the tide that came and went,
And to us comes the bitter sorrow
O'er the hours and days mis-spent.

Oh, we never value moments,
Till they're gone from us forever,
Till they swiftly pass on by us
Down the mighty, rushing river.

But why should we sit sadly moaning
O'er our lot with folded hands,
When by rising up and working
We can break the iron bands,

Which seem to bind us down so firmly,
If we wave our sword and speak,
The talismanic word of power,
Their strength is gone and lo!—they break.

And now as we go out from college,
Leave our student life behind,
Leave behind the friends and dear ones,
Strong in body, strong in mind,

May we ever do our duty,
Work where'er our fortune lies,
Whether it be hard or easy,
Then we'll surely gain the prize.

—T. E. P. Woods.

International Arbitration.

Oratorical Contest, 1896.

The condition of international politics is at present profoundly perplexing. Many causes have united to render our previous policy of isolation impossible and to demand the performance of our part in the nations' great drama of life. The world is growing compact. Steam and electricity, bidding defiance to the limits of space, have bound together its distant parts and made us the neighbors of earth's remotest nations. Missionary zeal, love of travel and commercial pursuits are enticing our citizens into other countries. The protection of these oft-times necessitates our voice in the councils of the world. Commerce between nations, also is rapidly increasing, and international trade brings with it a corresponding share of international politics. Thus slowly but inevitably our affairs are becoming intermingled with those of other countries. America lives henceforth not unto herself; she has now become a member of the great company of nations.

Already these new conditions expose us to serious perils. Embarrassing problems loom across the threshold of our national existence, demanding our attention and exciting our fears. Storm clouds, terribly threatening, appear above our horizon, while rumors of wars float upon every breeze. Perils, so imminent and menacing, have produced almost universal alarm, and popular feeling has found expression in a general clamor for the pacific settlement of these disputes.

International arbitration is not the idle dream of a foolish dreamer. Those who deny its practicability are confronted not by theory but by stern, relentless facts. Three centuries ago, the plan of a congress of nations was conceived in the mind of the romantic and interesting French king, Henry of Navarre. For three hundred years it remained a theory until in 1872 England and America proved that it was not a mere Utopian fancy. The Alabama arbitration, at that time, was successful beyond all expectancy. Since then numerous cases have been settled in this manner, each time with results eminently satisfactory to all concerned. As the practicability of such a course is proven

by actual experience, so the wisdom of the plan is shown by many arguments.

The declaration of an English statesman that the greatest of British interests is peace is no less true of the United States. Our people to-day are confronted by national questions of tremendous importance. Governmental affairs are shamefully and distressingly tangled. Wider and ever wider grows the chasm between capital and labor; urgently the demands for municipal reform are pressing upon us; the money question is far from settlement, while the multitudes of foreign immigrants constantly augment our embarrassment. Such circumstances as these amply suffice to test the wisdom and statesmanship of our people. Should a war be precipitated upon us, the confusion, already great, would be worse confounded. True our attention might for a time be diverted, but delay would be the only possible gain. The solution of internal difficulties will never be made easier by foreign war. However great then may be the disadvantages of war at other times, at present, it is clear, the urgent and emphatic demand of the American people is peace.

But war has its terrors not for the Americans only, nor are its attendant disadvantages peculiar to the present time. Proudly and majestically may sail the ship of state. Beautifully proportioned, powerfully manned and wisely constructed she may be, but when the martial storm cloud burst upon her, consternation and fear inevitably result. Nor is this universal fear of war the mere instinctive shrinking of a cowardly nature. Its effects upon nations are truly disastrous.

From a pecuniary standpoint, wars are very expensive. National dignity and honor, we grant, must be preserved at any cost, but the notion that these are best maintained by the power of arms is a false one, inherited from medieval ages. Before a nation involves herself in a needless war, it is vastly important that she count the cost. To-day the European people are burdened with an enormous taxation, two-thirds of which is required to meet the exigencies of war. Five hundred millions of dollars did the French people pay for the conquests of Napoleon. War necessitates navies and armies; add to this large amount the greater loss resulting from the destruction of trade and commerce; augment this by the sum expended for pensions, and the result is almost inconceivable. Used in the interest of humanity, that amount would scatter joys innumerable, and

would bring upon that nation the dearest benediction of heaven.

But the loss in dollars and cents is insignificant compared to the greater loss of civil liberty. Individual liberty is the goal toward which humanity has ever been striving. From a system which made the individual completely subservient to the state; from principles which would offer him a victim upon the altar of society, this age-long and world-wide desire has been slowly and painfully evolved. Bitter experiences and sacrifices innumerable were required to teach the lesson that society exists for the individual, not the individual for society. Carelessly and needlessly shall we relinquish the prize? Statesmanship and humanity thunder, No! Reason and experience have taught us that war and liberty exist only for each other's destruction.

The military spirit aims at the complete subjugation of the individual. Personal interest is nowhere so thoroughly disregarded nor individual rights so entirely forgotten. The exaltation of the state and the degradation of the individual are the inevitable results of such a system.

History is replete with illustrations of the principle. A quarter of a century ago, a bloody war was waged between France and Germany. A recent writer referring to the effects of that struggle upon civil liberty, considers them disastrous indeed. Assuming the airs of absolute power, petty officials demanded for trivial offenses the most cruel punishments. Freedom of the press was denied; the circulation of books without license was criminal, and personal conversation even was regarded with suspicion. Such a price did the German people pay for a recent victory.

But the Germans do not afford the only illustration of the truth. The example of our kinsmen across the waters is equally to the point. English history has repeated itself, and in every instance civil liberty has declined as the martial spirit grew stronger. War is invariably followed by monarchical absolutism while the uniform result of peace is the growth of parliamentary institutions, the establishment of wise and beneficent measures which tend toward the liberty and happiness of the people.

But notwithstanding the enormous waste of means, and the universal history-proven tendency toward the destruction of liberty, war, after all, seldom effects the adjustment of the matter in question. Instances almost without number might be cited

in which the only result was increased dissatisfaction and a greater demand for war. Arbitration, on the other hand, would secure the settlement of disputes upon the principles of justice and equity. It is the crowning glory of man that he is endowed with reason. The ability to think and to judge exalts him far above the brute and reveals his kinship to the Divine. How basely ignoble that so wondrous a creature, "so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in action so like an angel, in apprehension so like a God," should refuse to employ these heaven-born powers, but should dishonor and degrade himself by adopting the methods and tactics of the brute!

But great as are the demands of statesmanship and reason for arbitration, stronger still is the appeal of philanthropy. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands weep," and the paths of the nations are moistened with blood and tears. Think of homes made desolate by the terrors of war. Imagine, if you can, the bitter grief and sad heart-rendings of those who mourn for loved ones lost, and tell me if war is philanthropic. The philanthropist loves his fellow men, the soldier is trained in savage butchery. The one strives affectionately for human kind; the other is "incapable of pity, void and empty of every dram of mercy." The one appeals to the manhood in us; the other appeals to the brute; the one is on the side of civilization and progress, the other is a relic of the barbarous and cruel past.

But the teachings of reason and philanthropy are not more emphatic than those of religion. Christianity is pre-eminently a system of peace and is laid in principles purely pacific. Isaiah of old, looking with prophetic vision down the vista of ages, saw a time when "the sword should be beaten into the plow share and the spear into the pruning hook; when nation should no longer rise up against nation, neither learn war any more," when the gospel of peace would be triumphant.

The messenger angels that proclaimed a Savior to the world at the same time chanted the glad anthem of peace. The Savior himself denounced most plainly the spirit of resistance and strove to teach the great principles of diplomacy, arbitration, and law.

Moreover peace is absolutely essential to the rapid diffusion of the gospel and if it is true that the causes of religion and civilization are one; if it is so that humanity has derived its

choicest blessings and its greatest good from Christianity, if these are facts, then those measures which facilitate the extension of that system are the agents of progress and the servants of mankind.

Such are the advantages of peace and the disasters of war. The record is written on history's pages so legibly that all can read; it is revealed by reason so plainly that none can doubt. The voice of public opinion declares the attitude of our nation already fixed; other countries seem prepared to follow in this grand step of progress.

The power of prophesy dwells no more with man, but humbly bending and praying that our eyes may be made to see, we catch the vision of great events to come: banished earth's great armaments; a bloom on woman's cheek and a song on childhood's lips; love, the rule of human action; joy, the essence of human life.

May that time be not far distant of which the statesman has dreamed, the poets have sung, and for which the Christian has earnestly prayed. Then shall the march of the nations be onward and ever onward; then shall humanity trend upward and ever upward until the glorious coming of the Prince of Peace.

—S. L. McCARTY.

Literary Department.

D'Artagnan the Soldier.

Had "The Three Musketeers" never been written, we may reasonably suppose that the characters of many of our modern romances would have been much different from what we see them. Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard and Stanley Weyman's Gil de Berault could never have been the characters we know without the influence of the elder Dumas, the acknowledged master of this sort of fiction. So, although the present tendency of the critics is to scoff at the extravagance of Dumas, the father, and to praise rather the "realism" of Dumas, the son, and others of that school, still the "Musketeers" is well worth some study as giving the inspiration for so much that is good in modern fiction. And, again, although these works can boast of but little of that sort of realism for which our critics are asking, still they are not without a certain kind of realism—the realism of vividly drawn historical pictures. There is indeed a fault of some consequence to be found in these pictures if we could substantiate the charge of anachronism brought by the author of "The Elder Dumas" in the *Century* some months ago. The article in question declares that the musketeers of Dumas' pen are only French Revolutionary soldiers put into seventeenth century costumes. It is not clear as to the exact grounds on which this accusation is based. The musketeers certainly do not possess the most striking trait of the soldier of the Revolution—that intense zeal for the liberty of France and that just as earnest hatred of kings amounting almost to fanaticism which made his dying "Vive la Republique" a shout of triumph, as of one giving his life for a principle. We shall then, in our study of D'Artagnan, the central figure of "The Musketeers" and its sequels, look on him as the *beau ideal* of the French soldier of the most glorious epoch of Bourbon rule.

Although we do not expect our Musketeer to show himself the finished man of war from the start, yet since the soldier—like the poet—is born, not made, we do expect to see in him some promise of the future leader of men. If we were to follow out fully the character-development of our young Don Quixote, we should find him in many things much more than a soldier. For even the astute Aramis knew no better than he the ways of the world, and the Musketeer could well match the Jesuit in skillful diplomacy. But we speak of D'Artagnan as the soldier because whatever other parts he plays are only incidental, while his principal role in the drama is that of "a man of the sword."

The first lesson that our hero is given to learn is the acquiring of that prudence which is the better part of valor. Though it must be confessed that he was a much older man before he had learned this lesson perfectly, he soon became possessed of that power of shunning the disagreeable, which we know by the name of tact. And in those good old times tact was no inconsiderable part of prudence. For while nowadays being even peculiarly disagreeable rarely brings any harsher consequence than biting words, in that era of fire-eaters these sharp words were only too likely to be followed by sharper sword-thrusts. The lesson was but poorly begun by the "man in the red cloak" at Meung, but was advanced no little by the episode of "the shoulder of Athos, the baldrick of Porthos, and the handkerchief of Aramis."

D'Artagnan, again, was slow to acquire the habit, if we may call it so, of devotion to the king, which was such an important requisite to a servant of the Bourbons. In "The Musketeers," it is true, he always sided with Louis "le Juste" in the petty intrigues against the Cardinal; but only on account of his prejudice against Richelieu and because his three inseparable comrades-in-arms chanced to be King's musketeers instead of Cardinal's guards. And he does at last become a Cardinal's man and remains one under the successor to the Great Cardinal. With his practical turn of mind he could not side with Athos' doctrine of royalty as something to be revered, regardless of the character of the man who chanced to bear the sceptre. His adherence to the throne was of but a fickle sort until he found in Louis XIV. after the death of Mazarin a real ruler of men who had no need of a crown and throne to proclaim him one. But when once he had found the man whom he would call

master, his allegiance was unwavering. And so we find it in the darkest hour of the Grand Monarch's life as depicted in the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." When the plots of Aramis had succeeded in placing on the throne the Prisoner of the Bastile, it is D'Artagnan who alone can see which is the impostor and which the true king—D'Artagnan who walks up to Philippe and lays the hand of arrest on his shoulder saying, "Monsieur, you are my prisoner."

The young fortune-seeker had hardly more than begun what he called his "musketeer apprenticeship" before necessity, then as always the "mother of invention," called out his fertility of resource. And, together with this skill in planning, we find coupled that necessary complement in a soldier's character—unflinching resolution in carrying out plans once made. Perhaps the finest instance of this that we have is in the first part of the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." Having quit the service of a king who he believes to be a mere doll, he goes to the house of his faithful Planchet and there evolves his scheme for replacing Charles the Second on the English throne. And say what we will about the wild incredibility of this part of the book, we cannot deny its plausibility. It was a plot well laid and, with favoring circumstances, not impossible in execution.

We might go on to look at D'Artagnan's gallantry and coolness in danger, which traits, with those already mentioned, would in no wise oppose his being an ideal man-of-the-world. But there was one characteristic which he never wore off that marked his character as essentially the soldier's, and that was his bluntness of speech. Not that he could not at times be subtle as any intriguer, but when his ire was once roused nothing could prevent him from speaking his mind. Even Louis himself had at times to listen to scorching rebukes from his outspoken musketeer captain. It is really refreshing to read those views in which the Monarch's injustice or indifference is reproved with as unsparing a tongue as if the royal delinquent were but a musketeer himself.

But we would not have a good portrait of the hero of the Musketeer Romances if we failed to look for a little time at that trait which needed no development, but which we find in him from the opening of the first scene in the drama to the dropping of the curtain, without which he would really not be the D'Artagnan we know. D'Artagnan, I say, with one whit less of

reckless daring, would not be himself. When he is on the way to England for the Queen, he demands of DeWardes his own private passport with the coolest of impudence; and failing to gain his end by words he gains it by that sword of his which, as Athos said years afterwards, was like a fiery serpent in those young days. His prudence was rarely any other than the Napoleonic sort, the prudence of seemingly extreme rashness. So, in "Twenty Years After," in the days of the Fronde, he conducts Mazarin out of Paris in a closed carriage by the dangerous expedient of an apparent joke—in answering the question as to whom the carriage contains laughs, "Mazarin!" The same method of impudence is used in the abduction of General Monk and in fifty other instances.

As he had lived a soldier, so he died in true soldier fashion. Had the war-worn old Captain of Musketeers been asked to choose his own manner of death, he would doubtless have asked for just the death described by the author in the closing scene. At the moment of victory, dearest of all moments to all ambitious souls—seeing the flag of his country floating over the enemy's position, having just received with the message from Colbert the baton of Marechal of France, he is struck by a ball from the city and gives up his life as the very goal of his hopes is reached. I could give here no better words than those used by Dumas in closing: "Of the four valiant men * * there now remained but one single body. God had garnered the souls."

Writers and Their Work.

"The Cavaliers" has a successor and Mr. S. R. Keightly is before the reading populace once more in "The Crimson Sign." In some particulars it is no unworthy addition to the list of modern romantic fiction. The tone of the book is thoroughly commendable—the heroine one of your real heroines of romance, and the hero one of that sturdy and reliable stock to which belongs Dr. Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke." In fact "The Crimson Sign" is not a little like "Micah Clarke" in another character. Those who read both books cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance between Macpherson and Saxon. It must be confessed, however, that if Mr. Keightley's praying soldier

be but a reproduction of Dr. Doyle's, he is a comparatively weak and inferior one. The title of the work is of the vaguest for the reader may finish the story without any knowledge but by the hazard of a guess what "The Crimson Sign" may be. One is finally forced to the conclusion that the red flag floating over Londonderry, the siege of which city is the ground work of the tale, **must** be the object referred to. If this is not correct, the mystery must remain unsolved. At some places the interest of the story flags considerably, but in spite of this there are scenes like that of the "game of chance"—which justify a prediction that Mr. Keightley will yet produce something worthy of a high place in the world of Romance.

* * *

Characters we have met before in "The Bicyclers" are brought to the front again by Mr. Bangs in "A Chafing-Dish Party," which appears in the December *Harper's. Munsey's Magazine* to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not an altogether untenable opinion that John Kendrick Bangs is not so good in his farces as he is in his other works. In "A Chafing Dish Party" for instance, while we meet with ~~not~~ a little of the author's peculiar style of absurd humor, still when we have finished reading the piece, we feel only measurably repaid because of the large amount of uninteresting matter that merely gives bulk to the farce. Now, neither in "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica," nor in "The House-Boat on the Styx," is this the case. Here we find none of that semi-irrelevant, useless stuff that is found in the farces, but the *mots* follow one another in such close succession as to render tiresomeness to the reader wholly impossible.

* * *

In this day of impressionist literature, the unobtrusive style—the style that does not seek to make a display of itself—is only too much of a rarity. Just as rarely too is perfect and candid impartiality met with in a discussion of political questions. It is then very gratifying to the reader to find an article which possesses both of these good qualities. Such is "A Summing Up of the Vital Issues of 1896," by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the November *Review of Reviews*. It is the most purely non-partisan discussion of the doctrines of the different parties that

has appeared for many a day. Dr. Abbott does not pretend that he himself has no party sympathies; as he says, no intelligent American could in the face of present issues be without such sympathies. But he does without regard to personal feelings, take a calm and critical view of affairs and shows the good and the evil in the conservatism of the East as unhesitatingly as in the radicalism of the West. His position is pointed out by the words "rational progress," which he uses in the closing paragraph. No one can read the article without being powerfully impressed, and this is without doubt due to the "unobtrusive style" mentioned above. It is without the least taint of affectation, adheres scrupulously to facts, and is full of the soundest logic. In a word, it is convincing because of its utter passionlessness.

* * *

"The Ten Year's Captivity of Slatin Pasha," in the December *Cosmopolitan*, suggests once more the old controversy as to the justifiability of practicing deceit. The "Captivity" is an account in condensed form of the experiences of Rudolph Slatin, an Austrian officer taken prisoner by the Mahdi a short time before the death of Chinese Gordon in Khartoum. He was kept captive by the successor of the Mahdi after the death of the latter and did not make his escape until 1895. During this long period of imprisonment he managed to save his life only by affecting the greatest zeal for Mahammedanism and the most boundless love for his brutal captor. Now while the average reader can hardly find it in his heart to condemn the man in acting purely for self-preservation, still it does give a disgusting element to the story. We cannot help making a sort of mental comparison and contrasting with the case in hand the manner in which General Gordon himself would have acted in like circumstances. V.

Editorials.

V. MOLDENHAWER, - Maryland. S. L. McCARTY, - - - Missouri

Announcements.

The essays of those who desire to contest for the essay-prize are due on the first of January. Contestants must be members of one of the Literary Societies, and the length of the essays must not exceed fifteen hundred words.

A friend of the JOURNAL has kindly offered a prize of ten dollars for the best story, to be published in these columns during the year. All stories must be submitted by the first of February. The editors reserve the privilege of selecting and publishing only such as are worthy of publication. Any student in the University may contest for this prize.

A prize of five dollars will be awarded by the Literary Societies for the best poem, written by one of their members, and published in the JOURNAL. Acceptance and publication are conditional upon the merits of the publication. All poems must be handed to the editors by the first of February.

Further information in regard to these prizes may be had from the Editors-in-Chief.

The apparent desire on the part of the Faculty to encourage work in the Literary Societies this year has opened again—among

the students, at least—the question of a weekly holiday. There can be no doubt that society work would be vastly improved if such a holiday were given, for the student could then be beyond care as to regular recitations for one day in the week and could give full time to the preparation for society night. Nor can we see why this weekly holiday should be objected to. Surely the only ground of such objection must be that regular college work must suffer. But this need not be so, as can readily be shown by example. Suppose a student has eighteen recitations per week, three each day. Could not the full quota of work be done just as well if he had four recitations each on three of the days, and three each on the other two? This would fill out the eighteen hours in five days, and the sixth could be had for a holiday. The claim that this would unduly crowd the work is hardly to be held, for even at present many of the students have four recitations on some days, and some have as many as five! All things considered we think that the advantages of the five-day system far outweigh its disadvantages.

“Of all the arts in which the wise excel,
Nature’s chief master-piece is writing well.”

The attention of the students is directed to the announcements which will be found in this issue. The liberality of the Societies and others is a source of no little encouragement to the editors, and we trust the prizes which they offer will be made the objects of a hard contest by the students. It is noticeable that the successful contestants for the essay prize in the past are among the most distinguished alumni of the University and occupy exalted positions in their respective professions. The honor of winning the prize, which is by no means insignificant, will be augmented greatly by the reflected reputation of the associates with whom the victor will be classed.

But the accompanying advantage to one’s style of writing will far exceed the worth of the prize. The ability to express one’s thoughts well on paper is remarkably uncommon, and practice along this line will certainly result in positive benefit.

The object of the fiction and poetry prizes is to induce the students to enter a new field of literary work. We are conscious of an uninteresting sameness in our magazine, which can only

be obviated by the insertion of such matter as that for which these prizes are given.

The need of stories and poems has been deeply felt, and we trust that the desire for securing a prize will accomplish what interest in the JOURNAL has failed to effect, and that by February 1st a number of well-written stories and poems will be handed to us.

Exchange Department.

H. L. MICHEL, - - - Tennessee.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* comes to us this month clothed in a very neat and attractive new dress. It is well to occasionally change the binding of a magazine, as this gives fresh impetus to read and digest the contents. The drama, "In One Act," is a splendid piece of fiction written in verse, and the work of Mr. Joe M'Spadden. This article strikes one as being quite true to nature, and the thorough treatment it has received from the pen of the author certainly reflects much credit upon his ability as a poet. Many other interesting pieces appear in this magazine and entitle it to a place on the topmost round in the ladder of journalistic fame among the Southern colleges.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* contains, as usual, many excellent articles of fiction, among which we wish to give especial praise to "The Lottery." This is a beautiful and touching love story, full of interesting and thrilling scenes. Beyond any doubt this high order of fiction is becoming more common among college journals, and it is certainly far more entertaining than the biography of some noted man written in a matter-of-fact style. Let more of this class of literature appear in our magazines, and then we may hope to take a higher stand in the journalistic world. "On the Outlook for Literature in the South" is an article well analyzed, and containing sound arguments in favor of a signal victory for Southern literature in the future. The *Magazine* is deserving of special praise in the high order of poetry to be found in its pages. It was our good fortune last year to see several copies of it, and the high opinion formed then has not been changed. There is real genius shown in the three-stanza poem entitled "Who?" in the October number.

Centre College can play foot ball, there's no doubt of that, but if we may take the October number of the *Cento* as an example, she is not so proficient in bringing out a college magazine. The number referred to is a conglomeration of college catalogue, compressed Encyclopædia Britannica and waste-basket poetry. In its capacity of catalogue it takes up some thirteen pages with practical information as to Centre's Fraternities and Literary Societies. The cyclopædic work is done by giving us short sketches of the lives of the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Grover Cleveland. The most glaring example of the poetry above mentioned is "The Lady in Black," concerning the author of which it is most charitable to suppose that he was mentally "off" at the time of writing. The diction is bad, the metre atrocious, and the whole combination almost utterly senseless. We append here a few lines:

"Gently in wily whist,
Her feet, the pearly mist kiss'd."

Again,

"Fragrantly she breathed a deep hush
Upon the flowery green lush."

At last the *University of Mississippi Magazine* is upon our table, and in it are two articles deserving of great praise. As orations, "America; a Peacemaker," and "The Southern Civilization," are forcible pieces of literature. They are well composed, and indicate some close thinking. Their Local Department is neatly divided and well edited.

The Hampden Sidney Magazine is a very versatile production and stands well up in the rank of college magazines, but their Exchange Department frequently savors of irony while seemingly praising the materials of other journals. We believe if students contemplating matrimony, before completing their college course, would peruse the article on "The Married Student's Trials," they would take a second thought before steering out into that unknown sea.

For the first time this year the *Vanderbilt Observer* is within our field of vision. "A Ramble at Olympia" is certainly a well

written production and contains many interesting and instructive points, yet we believe it too lengthy to catch the eye of the average student. For the prevailing tendency among the readers of college magazines is to read the short articles, putting the longer ones aside for that more convenient season which in most cases never comes. There are several bits of good poetry in this number, and as to the remainder of the magazine we have nothing but commendation.

We extend our congratulations to the young ladies who edit *Ax-X*. Their work on their journal is really creditable. They deal, for the most, in their last issue, with historic sketches, and comments upon Burns' production: "The Cotter's Saturday Night," all of which are very good.

The Mercerian seems to confine all its matter almost entirely to local happenings. We would like to say to our brethren that we believe the minds of college men demand articles more universal in interest in order to make *The Mercerian* popular.

In the *McMicken Review* "The Study of Nature" is a work well written throughout and presented in a forcible manner. The remaining articles are about up to their average.

We extend a hearty and most cordial welcome to the *Mnemosynean* and trust that the young lady editors will continue to keep us on their exchange list. We appreciate their work and compliment it very much.

Owing to the limited space we are compelled to simply acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following periodicals: *Wofford College Journal*, *The King College Magazine*, *Our Monthly*, *Weetminster Student*, *Crimson and White*, *Arkansas College Magazine*, *The Cloverleaf*, *Orange and Blue*, *The Cadet*, *The Southwestern Presbyterian*, and *Converse Concept*.

Clippings.

Maud S. has feet of speed.
 Nancy Hanks has feet of fame,
 The student's horse has no feet at all,
 But it gets there all the same.

SOPHOMORE MATH.

There is beauty in the ocean,
 And there's beauty in the skies;
 There is beauty in misfortune—
 If we know just where it lies.
 Classic Greek may show its beauty,
 And Old English if it tries;
 But when Math proclaims its beauty—
 Well, I know just where—*it lies.*

CURIOSITIES.

Rafters supported by the beams of the moon.
 Nails from the claws of a hammer.
 A bird's-eye view from the top of the morning.
 A receipt in full of the dews of eve.
 A leg of a toad-stool.
 A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.
 A map of the state of matrimony.
 Nnots from the board of health.
 A bill drawn on the banks of the Hudson.

Y. M. C. A.

D. H. OGDEN, - - - - Louisiana.

We learn that Mr. R. L. Campbell, who was president of our association last year, will be married on the 30th of this month. It is not our work to record matters of such a nature, but we must lay aside precedent and bid our faithful fellow-worker "God-speed."

Mr. Jueridini led the devotional meeting November 22d, his subject being the "Life of Isaah." He brought forward many practical lesson from this life which would profit us to learn well; as, for instance, faith, obedience to parents, meditation and prayer, peaceful nature and purity of life.

The Missionary Society did not meet Tuesday, December 1st on account of the lecture by Dr. Rose, which was delivered that afternoon. The work of this society is being well carried on, owing to the efforts of the secretary. The meetings are more interesting than ever before and the attendance better.

The Association should agitate the question of fitting up the new rooms. While the new building is far from being finished, yet it would be well to have funds on hand with which to handsomely furnish the parlor and assembly room when they are turned over to us. The assembly room is large and will be a great convenience, especially on state occasions. We should make the parlor a very attractive room for reading, etc.

Regular evening services were held during the Week of Prayer. Dr. R. A. Webb conducted these services and we be-

lieve much good was done. The chief object of the meetings was to revive Christians in the work of the Master. Dr. Webb preached heart-reaching sermons, some of them being in the form of Bible readings. A good attendance was maintained throughout the series of services.

Let us all bear in mind the regular Sabbath afternoon devotional meetings, which begin at 3 P. M. and close promptly at 4 P. M.

Locals.

GEO. SUMMEY, JR., - Tennessee. D. H. OGDEN, - - - Louisiana.

—Mr. J. H. Long, Jr., has returned to his home at Wesson, Miss.

—Dr. Long was in Nashville on the 25th and 26th of last month.

—Messrs. Morrow and Montgomery spent the Thanksgiving holiday in Nashville.

—Mr. Hugh Hall is out again after a week or ten days' confinement on account of sickness.

—The preliminary oratorical and declamatory contests of the Literary Societies will be held this month.

—Dr. and Mrs. Lyon entertained some friends in a very pleasant manner on the evening of November 21st.

—Mr. Currie has resigned his office of President of Robb Hall, and Mr. Stewart has been elected to fill the position.

—Dr. and Mrs. S. R. McKee, of Bowling Green, Ky., visited Dr. and Mrs. Summey during the Thanksgiving season.

—About thirty students spent a part of their Thanksgiving holiday exploring Dunbar's Cave. They report a very pleasant trip.

—Mrs. Beck, the mother of Mrs. Dr. R. A. Webb, has been very seriously sick, but, we are glad to say, she is now recovering.

—Dr. Dinwiddie attended the Vanderbilt-Sewanee game at Nashville on Thanksgiving day, and from there went to Smyrna, Tenn. He returned on the following Saturday.

—Mr. H. L. Patterson left recently for Columbia, S. C., where he will attend school. The severity of this climate necessitated the change.

—Mr. Leland T. Powers will appear on the Star Lecture Course, December 14th. This is his second appearance on this lecture course and is proof of his popularity here.

—A very entertaining elocution recital and musical was given at the Academy on Tuesday, November 24th, followed by an informal reception to which the audience was invited.

—Mr. Berryhill is prepared to give a very graphic description of "Fat Man's Misery" in Dunbar's Cave, which he explored on Thanksgiving day. He says he'll "never go there any more."

—Mr. J. W. Muir, Jr., our long-haired foot ball trainer and player, has returned to his home at Lexington, Ky. He is an excellent trainer and a pleasant fellow, and we regret that he has gone.

—The Stewart and Washington Irving Literary Societies have appointed respectively the first and the second meeting of the month as visitors' night, and visitors will be welcome on these occasions.

—The following representatives have been elected for the Inter-Society debate to take place next March—Stewart Society, McCarty, Hollingsworth, and Michel; Washington Irving, Moldenhawer, Wilson, and Eddins.

—Mr. Jureidini gave a lecture at the Court House on Tuesday, December 3rd, for the benefit of the Shiloh Sunday School, in South Clarksville. His subject was, "The Manners and Customs of Syria," and the lecture was interesting throughout.

—Dr. Summey attended the Synod of Alabama, at Anniston, and was absent from the University for several days. This

is probably the last of his trips this session, and his classes may expect regular work from now to the intermediate examinations.

—The first of a series of three lectures on Hygiene, provided by the Executive Committee of the University, was given on the first of December by Dr. J. W. Ross. There will probably be also a series of lectures on Home Missions to the Theological students later in the season.

—The Bethel College team had somewhat of a freezeout when they came to play foot ball. They lost the game and their expenses by refusing to obey the umpire's ruling, and about all they could do to amuse themselves was to telegraph the Louisville paper that they had won. Altogether they had rather a bad day of it.

—At Saturday Declamation a bright young student after making a short speech, and flatting on it, remarked that since Demosthenes and Cicero had perished on account of their eloquence, he considered himself in danger and thought it wise to sit. The faculty completed the joke by giving him zero as his mark on declamation for the month.

—Many more than usual of both students and professors spent Thanksgiving Day out of town. A few went hunting, some boating, some to Nashville and other places, some to the Cave, while those who stayed here went for the most part through the usual Thanksgiving program of church and dinner. But it is needless to say that nobody had any difficulty in putting in his time. Holidays come so seldom to us that when they come we enjoy them to the uttermost.

—On the 11th of November Mr. Geo. Kennon delivered a lecture at the Opera House on "Arctic Asia." The experiences of this traveler were exceedingly interesting and the information with regard to the country and people was very valuable. His lecture was not only replete with facts but contained much beautiful word painting. Foremost of his descriptions was that of the Aurora Borealis, which gave his hearers a conception of that remarkable phenomenon that they probably never had be-

fore. The Star Lecture Course gives promise of great success, and will be a very valuable course if all other entertainments are as interesting and instructive as the lecture of Mr. Kennon.

Athletics.

GEO. SUMMEY, JR., - - Tennessee.

In the game with Vanderbilt University our team was clearly outclassed. The score was thirty-six to nothing in favor of Vanderbilt. We were rather surprised that the score was so large, for the Vanderbilt team is not considered superior to the Nashville Athletic Club, whom we held down to eighteen points, but it is well to be prepared for surprises. The weather was bad and only a small crowd attended.

The game with Bethel College on November 18th was almost a continual wrangle, due to the fact that some on both sides were inclined to quarrel and that the Bethel referee imagined he was umpire. Early in the second half the Bethel team refused to continue the game because one of their players was ruled out by the umpire. The game was closed and given to our team by the usual score of six to nothing. The only score of the first half was in Bethel's favor, and it was made only by a fumble on the part of a S. W. P. U. player. The teams were tolerably even matched, but it will be conceded (except by Russellville people) that our team was somewhat superior in everything but interference, in which the Bethel men were evidently superior. We were much disappointed that the game was not finished, for our team was sure of scoring if the second half had been finished, and although we won by Bethel's default still we would have preferred to have it out.

How on earth did the Bethel team make it out that they had won the game, as their telegram to the *Courier-Journal* indicated? We fail to comprehend, for in spite of the score that they made they would not finish the game, and consequently

lost it. We sincerely regret that they lost their traveling expenses, but it was clearly their fault. Their caps were "assimilated" by Mr. Swango, but for that we were not in the least responsible.

The athletic season of the present year has past, and while no games have been won by the team (one game was not finished) it has been encouraging to see so much interest taken in athletic sport. The team, the trainer, and those who assisted as members of the second term, are all to be commended for what they have done. To them, and to students of their class, we will look in the spring for a track team, and we are sure that they will not fail us. It is evident that there is good athletic material both among and outside of the football team, and only moderate and regular work is necessary to develop such material. If we do not have a team, and a good one, pure laziness will be the only cause. It will be a pity if we have next spring such a disgraceful field day as that of last year, when five out of eleven events were not contested by any of our students, but left for Bethel and Vanderbilt. Every one of us should use every effort to avoid such a disgrace.

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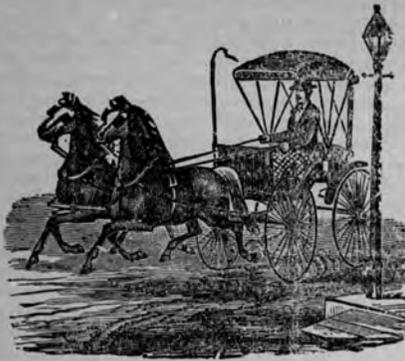
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