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S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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JANUARY, 1897.

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VOL. XII.

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NO. 4.

Southwestern
Presbyterian University
JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

Washington Irving and Stewart Societies,

—OF THE—

Southwestern Presbyterian Univ.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

COLLEGE YEAR--\$1.00.

W. P. Titus, Printer and Binder, Clarksville, Tenn.

Staff.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

STEWART.

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S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 4.

“Marguerite.”

Ah yes! I call her “Sunbeam,”
And sometimes “Marguerite,”
But any name will suit her
That’s pure and fair and sweet.

She’s like the dainty blossoms
That grow along her way;
Her presence like a sunbeam
Across a cloudy day.

Eyes that are deep and tender,
Lips that were made to kiss,
Her hands dispensing blessings,
Her coming always bliss.

A flower for every season,
A smile for every day,
To love her is but reason,
And all that tribute pay.

Aye, blessings on this maiden,
My dainty “Marguerite,”
And may the paths be easy,
That wait her tender feet.

May all the dreams and visions
Deep in her heart untold,
In perfect full fruition
The coming years unfold.

—L.

Coral Reefs.

PRIZE ESSAY NO. I.

Our Southern seas are noted for the number and beauty of their coral reefs and islands, scattered like oases through the weary wastes of water. The two are often found together, one surrounding the other. These structures, begun many fathoms below the surface, are erected by tiny creatures known as *polyps*; which animals have the power of extracting from the water such calcareous substances as are found in the composition of the reefs, and upon dying add their skeletons to the structure. Another generation is born, lives, labors, dies, and their bodies go to make the structure higher and stronger. Succeeding generations repeat the same process. Through years of inconceivable toil and labor, slowly yet surely, higher and higher the reef rises till it reaches the water's surface. The waves wash driftwood and floating bodies upon it; drifting leaves and logs lodge upon it. These under the action of sun and water decay, thus producing soil, in which seeds, caught by the reef or brought thither by birds, sprout, grow and blossom, till anon the once rude edifice has become verdant with foliage, luxuriant with vegetation, blooming with flowers and alive with birds.

Against the reef the foaming billows rage in vain, the ramparts built by these poor creatures of scarcely nascent life last through ages, while only ridges and formless ruin mark the places where once stood the proudest works of man. It stands firm because it has been slowly and carefully built, resting upon a solid foundation. The reef serves as a defence to the island it encloses, which is the happy abode of man and beast, both things of beauty and joys forever.

The process of character building is similar to that of reef building. Character consists of the principles and peculiarities that make a man what he really is. Notwithstanding "there's a divinity which shapes our ends," we are to a great extent what we make ourselves. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." What we love we become like. Fill the mind with great thoughts and they will become great deeds. What we long for that we are for the one transcendent moment. If our ideal be

true and pure, then it is our guardian angel, ever leading us to something higher and better. In character-building the thought is the unit of structure. Every thought, every word, which is only the thought expressed; every act, which is the thought executed; go to make that composite structure we call character. If we would become virtuous we have only to think on the true, the beautiful, and the good; while if we wish to become base, we can do so by dwelling continually upon the low, mean, and vile. Yet does it not seem strange that one thought can influence your character?

"No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray."

The key to character-building is found in the maxim, "Thoughts are deeds, and may become crimes."

Then, since character-making is a process of construction, we must have material from which to "hammer and forge" a character for ourselves. As in every other kind of building there must be a foundation, a foundation of great and eternal principles, without which character can never rise to strength and grandeur. A tower built upon a rock withstands the assaults of wind and wave, endures "the whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock," and remains unmoved and unshaken. So the character based upon The Rock rises majestic, mountain-like, above the storms of passion and tides of evil, and when they have subsided it stands only the stronger for having struggled with and repulsed them. What then, one naturally asks, are some of these principles employed in the formation of character?

It is self-evident that purity, or virtue, is one of the cardinal principles in every perfect character. It is a fundamental canon of art that he who would paint beautiful pictures must necessarily live a pure, chaste life. So he who would build a character, true, beautiful and good, must live an unsullied, untarnished life. He should make it the effort of his life, says Ruskin, "to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed." Only he whose hands are clean can erect an unsoiled structure; one who works with soiled fingers leaves spots of stain, and marks of blemish wherever he touches. We can become virtuous by thinking upon whatsoever things are true,

honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. Hear this from the sublime Milton:

“Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Truth is another of these essential principles. It is truth that gives strength and stability to character. The love of truth is the highest form of knowledge. 'Tis the duty and privilege of every mind to search for the truth, and having found it to act according to it and abide by it. “No person,” says Bacon, “is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.” In this fickle, uncertain world Truth is one of the few unchanging, immortal principles.

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

Passing from the philosophical truth let us consider for a moment the truth of civil business. Surely to tell the truth is binding upon all men. To speak and act the truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and no occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. Then, be true to thy Maker, true to thy fellow man, and—this above all—to thine own self be true.

The third great principle is Love. Virtue, Truth and Love are the three pillars in the triple-pillared temple of character, and of these the strongest is love. Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of love, self-love, and love for others. By self-love I do not mean selfishness, for that is always detestable, but a legitimate regard for one's self. Man is the last and highest in the scale of created things, made in the Divine image, with God-given faculties, and if he does not highly esteem his talents he is not worthy to be called a man—he is a brute. To develop one's faculties, and righteously regard his nature, is a moral duty. Self-love is even the adopted standard of neighbor-love. The

other and higher kind is the *altruistic* love, or love for others, having its highest manifestation in self-sacrifice for the good of others. Love is the sum and substance of Christian doctrine; it is the very quintessence of all true Ethical teachings. It is even said that God himself is love. In brief, it is "the greatest thing in the world," or as the poet has expressed the idea:

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Though we have eloquence, though we have knowledge, though we have truth and virtue, all faith and benevolence, if we have not love, it will profit us nothing.

In the making of our character the power of habit plays a prominent part. Habit is the result of repetition, and its law may be stated thus: Our powers acquire strength, facility, and a permanent tendency by repetition of the same exercise. Command of one's faculties by the power of attention is the result of discipline; "the attention of the intellect is the natural power by which we obtain the enlightenment of reason." Moral strength is also the result of practice. How practice doth breed habit in a man! And "use," says Hamlet, "can almost change the stamp of nature."

The perfect human character is the noblest structure that can be built. It is better to build such a structure than a beautiful tower or dome; one will decay, the other live through all eternity. While building for ourselves we should be careful of our influence on others, for consciously or unconsciously we are continually leaving touches upon the souls of those around us—touches of beauty or marring. Then with virtue for our rule of conduct, truth our criterion of judgment, and love our standard of action, let us press on, not fearful of our influence on those around us, not apprehensive of failure, but realizing that "he only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

—BISHOP BENBOLT.

The Man of Weimar.

Acquaintance with Goethe as a man, is an essential prerequisite to a successful study of his literary productions and to

an intelligent and proper understanding of the eminent position he occupies as an author. A study of his works, whether prose or poetry, is largely a study of his life and character. His personality manifests itself on every page. In this respect he stands almost alone, with Milton perhaps as the only other poet of any consequence whose personal life is read in his lines.

What made Goethe the poet he was, was his impressibility. One of the three potent influences, we are told, that affected his career as an author was the grandeur of the cathedral at Strasburg. Susceptible to impressions from without, he fashioned them into thoughts within, and gave utterance to them in poetic language. If the experiences of his life were checkered, there is variety of style. He wrote as he lived. Some one has said: "Nature wanted to see how she herself looked and so she made Goethe."

It has been thought that the aim of his life was self-culture. His character became more refined as he grew older; and, in his old age, he gave to the world a more excellent type of poetry. If literary beauties are found in the efforts of his early life, when his true character was yet unformed, there remain gems not yet brought to light by the critics of the past, and the writings of his old age furnish a scope for the genius of scholars in ages yet to come.

Goethe's character furnishes an interesting but difficult model for the artist. Many have overdrawn his bad qualities and given us a one-sided picture; some have given too much prominence to his good traits, and painted a picture, to say the least of it, not symmetrical. His character presents a strange mixture and is a puzzle to the student of character. What its locus is, it is not easy to determine. One thing to-day, he was something else the day before. On the one hand deserving censure, on the other meriting praise. He was a genius and his lack of a high standard of morality made people call him that "immoral genius." Not an exception to the general rule that, in literary men, sensuous propensities develop in direct proportion to the ability of the man as a writer, Goethe, throughout the greater part of his life gave evidence of this weakness.

One of the gravest charges brought against his character is that he was selfish. The charge is not well founded. On the contrary, he had a helpful spirit and kind, and what he did for his race shows that he lived not for self alone.

Very near akin to this, is the charge that he was egotistic. The best proof of this is found by reading the "Dichtung und Wahrheit," an autobiography of his early life. The very fact that he wrote his own biography is rather a presumption in favor of the position taken. It is natural that an egotist should write of himself. This is only an hypothesis, however, but, if we read the record as given by himself, we are struck with the idea that he was fond of speaking of himself in very favorable terms. On one occasion, in writing to a lady to whom he had become attached, concerning Frederica, whose tender heart he had won and broken, and whom he had called to see after several years of separation from her, he said, "I must do her (Frederica) the justice to say that she did not attempt by the slightest allusion to awaken in my soul the old feeling." What could show more clearly than words like these, that our hero held a very exalted opinion of himself? Yet this is only a fair sample of what runs through the whole history of his early life. For all this, we must make some allowances. There is certainly no palliation to be offered for this lowest form of egotism, as it can not be admired in any character; but there is an egotism that is not always culpable, and for this we blame him not. There is an egotism, if it can be called such at all, that is not a sorry quality. Plato, the philosopher of ideals, was a man of haughty self-esteem, but no one thinks any the less of him for it, because he lived a life that towered itself above the lives of his contemporaries in intellectual superiority. So with Gœthe. He undoubtedly lived in advance of his age. The feeling was only natural, and could but spontaneously manifest itself whenever he descended from the plane on which he lived to mingle with the populace.

Again, Gœthe was not patriotic. He was concerned little about the French Revolution. Living in a time when his country was trodden under foot, he raised not his hand, murmured not a prayer, wrote not a line for her defence. We must remember, however, that he was a man of thought, and not a man of action. It is important to remember also that he did more by his writings to bring about the unity and brotherhood of the yeoman people than if he had slain thousands in battle. Looking at it from this point of view, was it not far better that he remain at home and use as he did that mightier power, the pen? He was a strong believer in the predominance of force and the

necessary evolution of history. Whether this does or does not excuse his seeming indifference to the action of nations and the welfare of his own country, men must judge.

As a world poet, Goethe holds no secondary rank. The most brilliant luminary in the literary firmament of Germany, he ranks as one of the four representative poets of the world. Homer is the poet of Antiquity; Dante is the representative of the middle ages; Shakespeare is the spirit of the Renaissance; Goethe is the expression of modern thought and modern life.

The times brought the poet; and, when Goethe appeared on the arena, all eyes were immediately turned upon him. The world had been preparing for his coming; it knew him when he came; and he was received with joy. The literature of other nations was failing to maintain its former degree of excellence. At the time there was only one English poet, and that was Goldsmith. There had developed in men a spirit which found no utterance in the poets of the day.

Philosophical utterance, too, had prepared for his reception. The pious and amiable Locke had laid the foundations for the overthrow of religion. French sensualists were counting the number of convolutions in the brain of a man with a view to picturing the mind. These materialists were teaching that thought was nothing but secretions of the nerves. Men were in a state of doubt and perplexity. All religion and all high and heroic feelings were becoming to them only a fancy. Nothing pleased but poetry and this was cherished only because it pleased the pressure loving and was, men thought, only a sentimental and refreshing means of making that which was not take on the form of a reality. Voltaire had spread the poison of infidelity and men were gathering within their bosoms a pent up feeling of pain and misery which gave rise to a longing for some word to express it. Goethe came with his "Sorrows of Werther," and uttered the very cry the world was trying to utter but could not.

Goethe's two chief works are "Iphigenia" and "Faust." The former is an epic based upon a familiar Grecian myth and treated of preciously by Euripides in two of his dramas. The latter is a tragedy in two parts. The principal character in it is Faust, a learned doctor who, disgusted with the choke damp knowledge of this world, sold himself to the devil for a paltry

sum. This is the work that won for its author his world wide reputation. Here we leave him. Not loved by any, but admired by all, the greatest poet of this age, the pride of the German people, the study for ages yet unborn.

—J. WALTER COBB.

Literary Department.

Some Well-Known Books.

III. HYPATIA.

In the Preface to "Hypatia," the author declares it his purpose to "teach us somewhat about the last struggle between the Young Church and the Old World." In a book of this sort, where the great aim of the work is the showing to the reader what sort of men an epoch produced, it is only natural that what we call the "plot" should become a thing of comparative unimportance and that the character-portrayal should be the feature of special interest. Such we find to be the case in "Hypatia," and by this fact we are justified in calling it a book of types. And such a book, to be judged aright, must be judged in those types—must be pronounced good or bad, in proportion as its types are true or false.

Those who represent to us the "Old World" are many enough, and it would be a task of no small dimensions were we to study, one by one, Wulf and the Amal and Pelagia and Miriam. We can only stop for a brief space and look at those two who are typical of the worst and of the best that can be found in the ranks of the enemies of Christ and His religion—Orestes the Roman governor, profligate and debauchee, and Hypatia the Philosopher, purest of the Neo-Platonists.

A finer example of total depravity than Orestes it would be hard to find. In his capacity of governor, what with greed and tyrannical cruelty and injustice, he might have played the part in history of another Caius Verres, but for the fact that Rome could no longer produce a Cicero as prosecutor for provincial misgovernment. Placed in a position where it is his duty to attend to the enforcement of the laws, he is himself the most

reckless of malefactors. Yet with all his wickedness he is totally lacking in that daring which is the essential quality of the successful villain. He is in fact a nearly perfect representative of declining Rome—still as cruel and arrogant in her almost pitiable impotence as in the days when there was reason for pride in an all-acknowledged supremacy. Through Orestes we see only too clearly in what fashion the Old World was trying to govern its people.

But unprincipled licentiousness has never proved the worst enemy to Christianity in so far as retarding its progress is concerned. So we find Orestes never so powerful as when allied with the chaste goodness of the maiden Philosopher. So sweet and pure, indeed, is Hypatia that the reader finds it hard to think of her as an enemy of the Truth. Standing as she did as the foremost exponent, in her day of the Neo-Platonic Philosophy, by her irreproachable character as well as by her brilliant genius she made her cult far more formidable to the young church than the hostility of a moribund government could ever have been. All that is good in the creed of the Neo-Platonists is shown us by the author with the greatest fairness. Yet with all that we can find to admire in such a philosophy, none but a careless reader can fail to see its faults. These, in truth, are many enough. But the one fatal feature in the religion of Theon's daughter is its awful futility. To no sinning, broken human heart could it show a way to better things. Philammon seeking from Hypatia a cure for the erring troubled spirit of Pelagia, could get only the advice to let her follow her destiny. And that is why Neo-Platonism fell before Christianity; the philosophy that could do nothing but philosophize was forced to give way to the religion that redeemed.

As in the Old World we found both the good and the bad, so among the soldiers of the Young Church we find those whom the name of Christian in its truest meaning fits but ill. To this very class I would say that Cyril belongs; and yet on account of the very faults which we see in him, he is all the truer type of the church man of his day. It was the misfortune of Christianity to have men fighting in its ranks who were still blinded by the same false notions of which the apostles of Jesus found it so hard to rid themselves. Cyril and a vast number of his associates were still struggling for the establishment of a temporal kingdom. Though aiming at a noble end, he was almost as

unscrupulous as to means as was Orestes himself; moreover, possessing an enormous fund of that statesmanlike boldness and resolution which Orestes lacked, did really succeed in making his name a power to be feared by the heathen in Alexandria. And yet after all what had been won for the advancement of true Christianity? Only a little temporal power in the winning of which too many unbelieving souls had become convinced that the church had nothing better to strive for than to become a great tyranny, and that the spiritual kingdom was only a myth—a thing having no existence but in the dreamer's brain. Cyril, the churchman, had taken his stand among those who "begun by lying for the cause of truth; and setting off upon that evil road, arrived surely, with the Scribes and Pharisees of old, sooner or later, at their own place."

If in Cyril, the ideal Ecclesiastical intriguer, we see but a poor representative of what there was in the church during that last century of the old Roman Empire, we have something better shown us in the young monk Philammon. Burdened though he is with the intolerant views and prejudices acquired through his monastic training, he is nevertheless so open-hearted, so brave and self-reliant, so valorous a fighter, so gentle to those in need of help, that he is altogether an admirable character. For a while he throws off his monkish notions and even passes within a hair's-breadth of being converted by Hypatia. But with his troubles comes the revulsion, and accompanying the re-establishment of his old Faith, hereafter never to be shaken, with the almost fatal consistency of human nature returns also all the memories and lessons of the monastery, and the young monk who had desired to see the world, having seen it and tasted its disappointments, returns to the place from whence he came and ends his career as he had begun it—still a monk.

The book is named after Hypatia, Philammon would perhaps most generally be called the "hero," but the greatest character of this, Charles Kingsley's masterpiece, is Raphael Abenezra. I have not included him either in the ranks of upholders of the church or in those of its enemies, though he might with propriety be placed in both. For he is Jew and Christian, Sceptic and Believer, Cynic and Philanthropist, all in one. In his character as we have it depicted for us we see one of the great battles—a fight for a soul—between the Young Church and the Old World. Too acute a logician to tolerate superficial reason-

ing, with all his admiration for Hypatfa he finds in her philosophy only a guide to lead him to the "bottom of the bottomless," the abyss of absolute skepticism. Jew that he is, there is that in the Christian religion which appeals to him, but the sort of Christianity common in Alexandria could only serve to make him more and more cynical. And so the fight seems likely to end in but the poorest manner, when there comes upon the scene a pure and lovely Christian maiden, Victoria, about whom so little is said but so much implied. An unassuming Christian life following the example and mandates of Christ converted where the schemes of Cyril and the visions of Hypatia had only been things to mock at.

With the character of Raphael the novel is a finished work. Without it we feel that its purpose could never have been quite so well fulfilled. For, splendidly-drawn as are the other characters, we could never have formed so correct a conception as by this one strongly-drawn example of the young church's triumph over its enemies.

Writers and Their Work.

For a book of such brief compass, "Amyas Egerton, Cavalier," by Maurice Hervey, accomplishes a great deal toward the end it has in view. Although it might be charged with being superficial and apparently somewhat hasty in construction, still it is worth the reading to those who like a good stirring tale of stirring times. The taking of Gerald's place by Geraldine in the trooper's saddle cannot, as a story-teller's device, claim the merit of novelty, yet the deception is so well kept up that we readily pardon its use. So throughout the story, as in this one instance, a certain piquancy in the telling makes up for any lack of strict newness. The title of the book tells its motive. Amyas is indeed a cavalier of cavaliers and follows the unfortunate Stuart even to the scaffold, serving him to the last with an unquestioning zeal worthy of the most devoted adherent of the Prophet of Arabia. And it is by this very zeal for his royal master and his true cavalier hatred of all that savors of rebellion that he attains to the end for which the book is written. For no one, though he be the veriest Roundhead in opinions, can

help admiring the fine daring and gallantry of these servants of a falling house and the reader is swept along by the outspoken and candid enthusiasm of the narrator and his heart, in spite of him, echoes the words with which the book closes—"God save the king!"

* * *

The cry of the reading world for romantic fiction seems rather to be growing stronger than becoming weaker, and new writers aspiring to become the *litterati*, other Doyles and Weymans, are pushing to the front. Among the answers to this cry for Romance, one of the few that may justly lay claim to the quality of strength is "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker. It is a rare thing enough to find a romance in which the character-portrayal is so strong as to become the thing of chief interest. Such, however, is the case here, and as it was said about Weyman's "House of the Wolf," that the character of the Vidame alone was enough to give the book a lasting reputation, so we may say here concerning the character of Doltaire. Gabord the soldier, too, and Voban the barber, are strikingly drawn, and the terse narrations of the latter are as finely dramatic as anything we have seen for many a day. Perhaps the only criticism that could be fairly brought against the work is as to its size. Considering the scope of the plot and the number of important characters introduced, there is not room in a book of about four hundred pages for a just development of the drama. When we read the description of the death of Doltaire as recounted by Voban, we cannot help feeling that we have not seen enough of him. The same, too, can be said of several of the other characters, especially of the heroine herself, Alice Dewarney. The book should have been about twice its present size, and then justice could have been done to Doltaire, Cournal and Bigot. Treatment as full as the scope of the book demands would make "The Seats of the Mighty" a splendid work of literary art.

* * *

Among the writers of fiction of our age, there are many contestants for first honors. We have many specialists, each of the highest order in his own particular school, but if we were to award a prize for versatility, Conan Doyle would certainly

bear it away over all competitors. In Historical Romance he is Stanley Weyman's greatest rival and has, indeed, given us some more distinctive types than his competitor. With the same skilful pen he portrays to us the knight-errant of the time of Edward III., and the cavalier of the days of Louis Quatorze. With equal facility and naturalness of action he personates Micah Clarke, the Puritan cavalryman, and Brigadier Gerard, soldier of the Empire. In "The Mystery of Cloomber" he wrestles with the subject of Indian mysticism. In "The Firm of Girdlestone" he gives us a novel of the ordinary conventional sort. In "Sherlock Holmes" we have presented to us the prince of detectives and the detective story is at last brought within the bounds of respectable literature. So much has he done and so much more may he do! But if he would by a single step reach the top round of the much-spoken-of "ladder of fame," let him write a "problem novel!" For nowadays the crown of complete approval is rarely given to any other sort of work. We like to read romance and we want lots of it, but our over-developed "realistic" slave demands something else for first place. Let, then, our master of versatility write a book after the fashion of "The Damnation of Theron Ware," and before this new year of '97 is closed, the name of Conan Doyle will head the list of literary celebrities.

—V. MOLDENHAWER.

Editorials.

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

Examinations are usually considered a contrivance of the faculty by which they torture their unhappy victims. The mutinous student, as he sits chewing his pen in a vain effort to recall a paradigm he never knew, has a deep insight into the sufferings of Prometheus; paternal authority fittingly symbolizing the chain by which he is bound, his desk, the stock, and the smiling professor—but we desist!

But why recall the racking pain to those who are liberated? Those who have not experienced it have not ears to hear. Yet those who have passed beyond the noisome gases and smoke which hang about the examination room realize that there are real advantages in this purifying process, and that even in such apparent calamities, there are blessings in disguise.

The examination is useful in bringing before the mind the whole subject, which no cursory review could possibly accomplish. The daily study and recitation only considers a small part of the subject, and leaves upon the mind a disconnected impression of the whole. This the examination will unify and classify in a very gratifying manner.

Moreover, a fair test of attainment should be welcomed by every earnest student. If one is well grounded in previous work, it is a source of encouragement; if he is deficient, he should be the first to make the discovery and strive to remedy the defect.

But examinations have their abuses as well as their uses. The student who persistently neglects the preparation of his recitations throughout the entire term and attempts to pass by a process of "cramming," is seriously abusing his opportunities for intellectual culture. Thorough preparation during the year

will rob the final tests of half their terrors and enable the student to gain the positive benefits for which they are intended.

But the most serious abuser of examinations is he who attempts to secure the desired end by unfair means. The temptation to cheat is often strong, but is unworthy of him who aspires to the name of "man" and embodies the perniciousness of lying and stealing with the weakness of self-deception.

Proverbially short-lived as New Year's resolutions are, we have come to look upon them with no unreasonable distrust. Yet there is one of these resolves, made by the average student at the first of every year, which is generally adhered to with some degree of strictness for the space of a month. He resolves to "turn over a new leaf" and henceforth study hard. And so he does for a brief season, but not to stick to his resolution—inconsistency forbid—but simply because examinations full of gloom and threatening are casting their shadows before. Far be it from us to censure this struggle, tardy as it is, to run the gauntlet safely, for "we have been there ourselves," as Nye would put it, we are there now, and are more than likely to be there again. But if a little good preaching in spite of contrary practice will be allowed, we would like to suggest once more the old fact that a reasonable quota of time given to study throughout the session would leave the student far better prepared for those critical moments of the school year than all the frenzied efforts we see just before the examinations.

Exchanges.

H. L. MICHEL, - - - Tennessee.

Although there is nothing worthy of special note in the general features of *The Blue and Gold*, the locals and exchanges are among the best we have seen. The locals we pronounce good because they possess the merit—rare in college magazines—of being interesting to outsiders. And when this can be said, it is good proof that they are of more than usual interest to the college men themselves. We call the exchanges good because they are “spicy,” as, for instance, the paragraph which “touches up” the *Mississippi College Magazine*.

“The Chrysanthemum Legend,” in the *Tennessee University Magazine* for December, is quite pretty and is told in the simple style that fits a story of that order. As the tale is given as a legend, perhaps the present writer is not responsible, but the deriving of *Chrysanthemum* from *Christ-anthem* is surely a rather far-fetched piece of etymological work. We are inclined to think that a Greek scholar would tell us something different. The contents of the *Magazine*, however, always show literary talent, and its mechanical “get up” is splendid.

In the December *Vanderbilt Observer*, there are two pieces of literary criticism of more than average ability—“Tom Jones,” by D. H. Bishop, and “Sir George Tressady,” by Campbell Bonner. Both articles are marked by that judiciousness and impartiality of treatment which we like to see in book reviews. What Mr. Bishop says about “calling a spade a spade” is worth reproducing: “Above all things, deliver us from squeamishness,

but we object to his talking of *spades* at all when there are other implements more æsthetic and ethical and better adapted to the artist's handling."

There may be "nothing new under the sun," but some things have for so long a time been unnoticed or at least not commented on, that their being brought to light has the effect of a complete revelation. So it is with the article, "On Celtic Genius," in the last *Tulane Collegian*. It occupies more space than is usually given to a single production in a college journal, but in our judgment, the space could not have been filled better. Even were the article one of less marked ability than it is, the purpose—to show what part the Celtic element plays in English character—would be sufficient apology for the writing. We also heartily agree with "Postprandial" as to the idiocy of the button craze.

Clippings.

She was walking with my rival,
As they chanced to homeward roam,
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home.

"How do you know Hamlet had a bicycle?" Because he said: "Watch over my safety while I sleep."

A Freshman stood on the icy steps,
Whence all but him had slid,
"Zip!" went his heels, down went his head,
"—! —!!" went the kid. —*The Ozark.*

A Professor in Systematic Theology, being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The Professor being

ill, requests me to say that the Seniors may keep on through purgatory, and the middle class continue the descent into hell until further notice from the Professor."

Upon her lips
 To plant a kiss
 Methought would be
 Most perfect bliss.
 And then at last, by chance,
 I kissed her,
 And got the bliss—
 Also a blister.

Brutus: "Say, Cæsar, how many oysters did you eat for supper?" Cæsar. "Et tu, Brute."

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Crisp blows the wind, and its song flies gay
 O'er the billows that leap with a rush of glee,
 And blithely the foam-caps toss their spray,
 And gleam in the joy of the sun's every ray,
 And my heart grows glad with the sea.

Harsh blows the wind, and its angry roar
 Sweeps far o'er the waves that swiftly flee,
 And dashing leave on the waves before,
 And surge and break on the storm-beaten shore,
 And my heart grows mad with the sea.

Hushed is the wind, and its song is fled,
 The waves from its mighty lash are free,
 And the calm blue water's roll is dead,
 And the cloud's dull gray lowers mournful o'erhead,
 And my heart grows sad with the sea.

Alumni.

E. D. PATTON, Editor, - - - Georgia.

The Era of the Demagogue.

The last twenty-five years have been an era of isms and dogmas. New ideas have been inaugurated, and hair-splitting differences have been made, so that the most trivial notions and beliefs are dignified by high-sounding titles. Realities and things themselves have been made subordinate to forms and externalities. This tendency has grown to such an extent that we have become a nation of classes, united by some formality, either of belief or outward union. Simultaneous with the growth of the manifold doctrines and new ideas, which may be practically powerless for good or evil, we have nourished one which is dangerous more than all, as its devotees are not disposed to be known as such, and it permeates all the rest, or rather all the rest contribute to its nourishment, and distinguish the time in which we live, as pre-eminently an age of demagogism; a fact made apparent to all by the boldness with which it shows itself in every phase of human occupation.

America, in prehistoric times, was the home of the Aztec; later the Indian claimed it as his own, and then the Anglo-Saxon, represented by the noble men who began the history of a glorious country, only to be superceded by that master the demagogue. He has come among us as quietly yet as swiftly as the tiny sparrow, which a few years since unknown, now on every hand boldly proclaims his demands with all the malevolence of his demagogic little spirit. And like the sparrow, he is not indigenous, but an exotic contaminated by the foul atmosphere of its earlier growth. The earlier settlers were not troubled with him. Theirs was a day of earnest toil, and a fight for existence. They would not

tolerate the like among them, neither would he have been likely to have stayed. These men were of a pure and noble type of manhood, it is true, yet there were external inducements to prevent the nourishment of a class of hypocrites. The times were such that men had no opportunity to juggle with people, in the endeavor to curry popular favor. They had other things to do, more important than the manipulation of wires for an election. As true patriots engaged in the arduous struggle for civil and religious liberty, they were too noble to be false in their beliefs, or to let their words be greater than their actions. And so it remained for a time; but as the nation became stronger, and the people became wealthier, so also came the demagogues. And now behold him seated on the throne of his regal majesty at the head of every phasis of human endeavor.

In the political world he is perhaps most prominent. It is here that he has full scope for all the diabolical schemes that can be originated from the corruption of his evil mind. There is no position, however high or honorable, that he does not endeavor to sully with the slime of his filthy tenancy. We see him, with all his bombastic eloquence, persuading his rural friends that he is the one able to save their property, and protect them from oppression. He even persuades himself that he is a legislator beside whom Solon himself was a mere pettifogger. The sublimity of his conceit is beyond comprehension. In his own superiority he reposes unbounded confidence. If he succeeds in making this very evident fact plain to his more obtuse brethren, he hies himself away to his little office, there to perform the momentous duties imposed upon him in looking after the weal of the great commonwealth. Nor does he now throw off the mask of his demagogism, and expose himself in the true light of his atrocious deception. He still continues to bow down at the altar of that ever-changing deity, public opinion, and the professions of his fidelity are as loud as ever, while he is engaged in the noble task of legislating for the benefit of—himself. His every thought is in reference to the influence he is exerting for the continuance of his position by his constituents. His one high aim, his one great ambition, that motto which marks the high pinnacle of the success which he covets, is to be all things to all men. And the success of his schemes has been such that we who are about to enter on the stage of active life, will find him occupying all the positions of governmental control, from the

blatant little demagogue of a magistrate to the more polished but more cunning species, who casts his bait for larger game.

But he does not confine himself to the monopoly of the mere political functions of a great people. Would that he did! But the virus of his deadly poison has permeated the veins of a mighty body, until every member has been affected and bears the mark of its pernicious influence. Occupying positions of trust, in the market-place sits the demagogue, exercising not the least of the many functions which he has seen fit to appropriate to his insatiable maw.

Though here his characteristics may not be so striking as those of the political demagogue, yet the mask of his many virtues has not been so carefully placed, but that the genuine nature of his character may be easily detected. Perhaps he is most easily recognized in the capacity of a petty barterer, bespeaking the praises and wildly proclaiming the merits of that boon which he is about to confer upon mankind. Or having discovered the great panacea of all the troubles to which the frail bodies of suffering mortals are subject, he, the great benefactor of mankind, is engaged in the performance of the duty of spreading the news to his more unfortunate fellows.

Again, under the guise of public enterprise and development, he plots the ruin of many, and transfers the hard-earned wages of his poorer associates to his own coffers. With no more conscience than he crushes the writhing worm beneath his feet, does he bring ruin upon the mighty and despair to the multitude. Even and anon his path has been marked by some gigantic monument of ruin, as the South Sea bubble or the famous scheme of Law. With the people as easily gulled as ever, and the unscrupulous monetary demagogue scattered broadcast among them, as great disasters may be expected, even in our own country which we have blindly believed to be the nearest approximation to Utopia.

Again, he has forced his presumptuous way into the realms of Philosophy, infusing his malicious dogma throughout the whole. He scruples not to invade sanctity of the most sacred of human beliefs, and that Christian philosophy which should be the spontaneous emanation of an upright and noble spirit, and as pure as the beautiful mountain stream that pours its crystalline waters over its rocky bed. But it is in this that he exposes most completely the malicious nature of his dogmas. By his very

eagerness to combat the best ideas of the best men, because, forsooth, he would cater to the low and sensual and appear to the vulgar crowd as one having burst the ancient bonds of knowledge, he proves himself a villain of the deepest dye.

But let us proceed to consider another aspect of the disease which has had such a far-reaching effect. Let us see him as he appears to us with all the suavity and elegance of the social demagogue. Behold him, as in the person of a Ward McAllister, he sways the sceptre of regal sovereignty of the Four Hundred, or the immature youth, just past the bounds of paternal discipline, as he begins to don an air of worldly wisdom, and take his place in college circles. Again, we see her ladyship, as with signs of annoyance, she dutifully betakes herself to pay her social respects to an acquaintance, on whom, at the present moment, the onerous duties of society seem to fall with special severity. But when they meet, the outburst of well-simulated affection and regard is tremendous. Of a certainty each must recognize the mask so skillfully arranged for her own benefit. But they play their little part in the comedy of life, and so the world goes.

After contemplating the many outward forms, shallow pretences and absolute unnaturalness, incident to, and almost requisite to the best regulated society, we cannot but concede that we are all social demagogues. Who is there that has not made pretence to sentiments which were far from the true feelings of the heart? Perhaps some unworthy manifestation may have been induced by a better motive, but the candid mind inevitably recognizes the double physiognomy as in a mirror.

Assuredly, these are not the only types in which the ugly head of the monster rears itself in proud predominance. But passing these by, the next thought that suggests itself, comes with startling distinctness. What must be the result of such an usurpation of all the broad fields of our country's thought and activity? To what extent will the evil which has thus imbued our national system, affect the high standing for integrity, and the upright maintenance of true liberty which has been so far preserved by the American people? Shall we, too, like ancient Greece and Rome, conquering all the obstacles of poverty and unaccomplished toil, which attend the birth of a nation, sacrifice the noble aims and high ambitions of our fathers to the demagogue? Such must be the inevitable result, unless some hercu-

lean effort of those who are yet untainted, snatches the sceptre of omnipresent power from the mighty hand of the evil one, tears asunder the strong meshes of his political net, and following the recent example of our greatest State, purges the ballot box and humbles his proud spirit. Here we behold the shining example of one man, mighty in the determination of a great purpose, daring to contend, and that with success, against the most cunningly contrived political machine of the nineteenth century. And it is only such men, men of high aims and grand ambitions, men of education, who can understand a nation's troubles, that can effect a nation's cure. Yes, to-day the world needs more than ever, the disciplined brain and the soul expanded to the width of a nation's boundary. A nation's fate is in the hands of those who shape the character of the men who are to go forth, as men strong and true to fight her battles, or join the vast body that fattens upon her life-blood. Then let us give all honor to those noble institutions who send out men determinad to be great in a country's defence, not as demagogues, but knowing full well, in the words of one known and beloved of us all, that "to be honored is not worth much, but to be worthy to be honored is a grand thing."

—F. C. LOTTERHOS.

Alumni Dots.

Owing to the non-appearance of the Alumni Department last month, some of the dots may be a little out of date.

—We were glad to welcome back among us for a few days Mr. J. L. Alsworth, who came up to spend Thanksgiving.

—Rev. R. I. Long was ordained and installed pastor of the church at Okolona, Miss., on November 5th.

—Rev. W. J. Caldwell has accepted the call to the First Church, Tyler, Texas.

—The following is taken from a western paper which came under our notice: "Rev. Johnston Robertson and Nellie, daughter of Mr. Ed. T. Rucker, were united in marriage on Wednesday at the family residence, Rev. J. T. Sailes, officiating. The groom is a son of Mr. J. J. Robertson, of this city, and is as fine a man

as the Lord ever put upon the earth. He is pastor of the San Angelo Presbyterian Church, and is doing a good work in that field. The bride is a young woman of lovely disposition, charming manners and bright mind. It is an ideal union of heart and hand—love's perfect consumation."

—On New Year's eve Rev. D. F. Wilkinson, of Crowley, La., was married to Miss Jennie Naylor, of this city. Mr. Wilkinson is an Alumnus of the S. W. P. U., and a man of sterling worth and ability. Miss Naylor is one of the noblest, purest and most lovable of women. We extend our most sincere congratulations to them both, with the hope that the love of their early years may but be dimmed by the glory and sweetness of a mellow old age.

Gossip.

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

Several new students have entered since the holidays, and a few of the old ones have gone to their homes. The total number of matriculates is now one hundred and forty-seven.

William, the janitor, is expert in combining his salutations with gentle hints for a present. His New Year's greeting to some of the students was: "Good morning, gentlemen, happy New Year's gift."

Both Literary Societies have selected their representatives on the contests in declamation, oratory and public debate. The sides in each contest appear very evenly matched, and the result is the subject of much speculation. The Valedictory addresses will be delivered this year by Moldenhawer and McCarty.

Just before the departure for the holidays, the students were invited to spend the evening at the residence of the Chancellor, where they were handsomely entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Summey and Dr. and Mrs. Lyon.

As the boys were too numerous to be received in one, the reception was continued two evenings. If the A's boasted of

"what's in a name," the Z's could confidently reply, "the last shall be first."

Beautiful girls, pleasant conversation, soul-stirring music and elegant refreshments were a delightful combination, and both receptions were thoroughly enjoyed.

Christmas and Christmas holidays never come without impressing us more deeply with their value. Perhaps nothing else could have produced greater pleasure to so large a number of students as the ever-joyous Christmas time. The majority of the boys returned to their homes, which the months of absence had taught them to appreciate more than ever.

But those who remained here could only congratulate themselves on their pleasant surroundings. Clarksville is always delightful, but holiday ways and holiday attire render her particularly attractive.

A number of visitors in college circles added much to our enjoyment. W. H. Deaderick, who is now studying medicine in Louisville, and his brother, Frank, of the Jennings's Business College, spent the holidays with their parents. Miss Ellen Moldenhawer, the attractive sister of our fellow student, was the guest of Miss Sudie Tate. Miss Hettie Anspach, of Bedford City, Va., visited her aunt, Mrs. Nicolassen, and made a host of friends and won the admiration of all. The far-away and absent-minded expression of some of the boys can only be accounted for by the fact that our young lady visitors have departed. "Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain,"

Several informal entertainments were given during Christmas week which enabled the students who remained in the city to pass their evenings very pleasantly.

Mrs. Lyon has proven herself a charming hostess on numerous occasions, and her success in amusing the party at her home on Wednesday evening confirmed the reputation.

The last hours of the old year were spent in a very agreeable way by a small party at the home of Miss Annie Williams.

The Progressive Love Party given on the following evening by Mrs. Harry Gerhart, in honor of Misses Major and Ingram,

was a unique and pretty affair. It was New Year's night and the young ladies relinquished their Leap-Year prerogatives and accepted proposals from the boys in a very creditable and charming manner. Miss Anspach won the prize for the best love-receiver (or love rejecter). The prize for the best love-maker was given to Mr. Jureidini, which proves very conclusively, let future suitors take notice, that the Syrian method of love-making is more acceptable to the ladies than the American. Mr. Jureidini has kindly consented to instruct a class in the latest and most irresistable methods. Ten lessons will be given at the very low price of one dollar per lesson.

A Charming Book About Old Violins.

Violinists everywhere will hail with delight the beautifully printed and authoritatively written book about Old Violins, just published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago. The fact that this volume contains, as an appendix, a list of the old violins offered for sale by Lyon & Healy, and will therefore be sent free upon application (to violinists only), does not detract from its literary value nor from the keen interest with which its fac-simile labels and other quaint illustrations will be viewed. It is safe to say that any lover of the fiddle might seek a long time before he could find another volume whose perusal would afford him such a fund of entertainment. The short biographies of the famous violin makers are wonderfully complete and comprise a host of fresh anecdotes that must prove vastly interesting to violinists, great and small.

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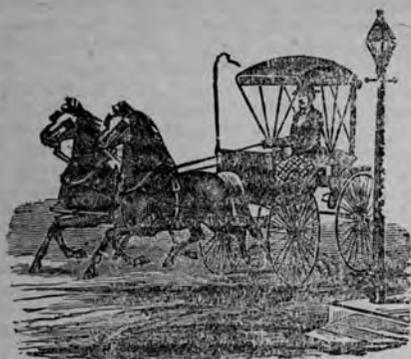
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