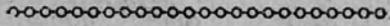


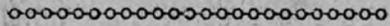
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Dr. Sumner

# S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.



APRIL, 1897.



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# S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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## The Purchase Price of Human Progress.

PRIZE ESSAY NO. IV.

It is a law of nature, as true and as certain as that day will follow night, or that winter will follow summer, or that old age will follow youth, that no progress can be made in civilization, nor advance in any sphere of life, without paying an adequate price for it. As some one has said that there is no royal road to knowledge, so it is true that the golden gates of science, of literature and of art have never swung on golden hinges, but he who would lead his fellow-men onward into the unknown must be willing to toil, endure and suffer unceasingly and so gain strength and courage to show the world a nobler and a better way.

But it was not always so. Once the earth brought forth her golden grain spontaneously. The flowers bloomed all the year round and the rose was without its thorn. The smiling skies were never swept by storms. Man rose and plucked the fruit from the never-dying trees and ate. He laid him down at night with only the blue canopy of heaven for his cover-lid and the twinkling stars to keep watch by his bedside. In the morning he was waked by the sweet songs of myriads of bright-plumaged birds and went forth to another day of joy unalloyed.

But one day there crept into his paradise a wily serpent that snatched from his brow the crown of his manhood and he was cast out from his former beautiful home, and as his leafy garments swept the gilded gates on the morning of his departure from his forfeited possessions words like these fell upon his ears, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And

ever since that fatal day his hands have been hardened by unceasing toil and his feet wearied by endless labor as he strove with difficulties, which, like thorns and thistles, beset his pathway.

When Demosthenes said that action was the first, second and third qualification of an orator he gave utterance to a truth applicable, not only to oratory, but to all spheres of life. Without it nothing can be accomplished.

The man who, sleeping, dreams that life is beauty,  
 Will some day wake to find the heights by great men gained  
 and kept  
 "Were not attained by sudden flight ;  
 But they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward  
 in the night."

A hundred years before Columbus was born Juan Verazex, a Spaniard, conceived the idea that by sailing westward he might find land. He dreamed of the glory and honor that should be his when he laid new worlds at the feet of his sovereign. But such an achievement was never evolved from the idle fancies of a dreamer's brain. He only dreamed, he did not act, and few people have ever heard of him. It was left for a Genoese sailor, a man of action, to realize his dreams. Ridiculed and despised, Columbus at last, after being rejected by all the courts of Europe, was enabled by the faith and assistance of a woman to fit out his expedition. Then after months of trial, during which his constancy never failed and his purpose never faltered, even though his life was threatened, his perseverance and self-sacrifice were rewarded and he discovered the beauties of a new world.

But greatest of all, most honored and revered of all, is the name of that noble man who first penetrated into Africa, opening up an unknown continent to explorers who should come after him. Through untold hardships, through suffering and pain, without a single friend to whom he could speak in his own tongue, David Livingstone persevered and fought his way on until at last in the deepest jungles of the "dark continent," for the love of its people, he breathed out his life to God upon his knees. It cost him his very lifeblood, but even that he was willing to give to uplift and save his fellow-men.

In the world of science we find the same law is true. We are all familiar with the story of James Watts, and picture in

our minds the childish form that so earnestly watched the steam from the spout of the tea-kettle. His mother considered him an idler and dreamer. We can imagine the petty fault-finding and reprimands that were his portion, but the thought evolved in the brain of the boy was not forgotten nor abandoned. The curiosity and interest widened and deepened and only increased as the years passed by. Each year he tried some new experiment and failed; each failure taught him his own weakness. Through weary years of constant work, sacrifice, and endurance, he persevered, and today steam is one of the greatest factors in the world's progress. Had Watts simply dreamed, what success would have followed? Had he experimented a few times and failing, yielded, as many do, to what is called bad luck, how different the history of his life would be today! But he knew no such word as failure, and through perseverance won his way to fame.

Equally abundant and forceful illustrations of this principle are to be found in the realm of literature. No one can make his hearers truly feel what he is narrating unless he has himself experienced it and shows them his own soul.

Carlyle says, "Human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on our walls." No one has given us so many or so faithful pictures of life as Charles Dickens, and he is welcome in every home. His portraits hang on the walls of memory to cheer us in our days of gloom, to add to our pleasure in our days of joy. Who has not wept over little Nell? Who has not hated Steerforth? No one has shown us London life as it really is in almost every phase better than Dickens. And where did he get his facile pen? In what school did he learn his art of portraiture? In the school of hard experience. He knew the life of the city because he had been in it. He had wandered through its narrow, dark lanes, the haunts of vice and crime. How was he able so well to portray the horrors of a debtors' prison and make our heart bleed for little Dorrit? Because when he was only nine years old his father was imprisoned for debt and he, a weak and tender child, was put to work in a blacking factory. Here he had to remain two long years surrounded by vile and wicked companions, his mind greatly perplexed to know why his parents should subject him to such humiliation. Of this period of his life he himself says, "No words can describe the secret agony of my soul as I sank

into this companionship, compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt that my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, were crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless, of the shame I felt in my position, of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day after day, what I learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more—these things can never be written." If Dickens had not been the strong character that he was he would have sunk under the mire of such degradation and probably ended his life in a drunkard's grave. But by the force of his own character, by perseverance, energy and indomitable will he rose above the level of his surroundings and wrote his name high above the highest on the scroll of honor and of fame.

"The prince, who keeps the world in awe,  
The judge, whose dictates fix the law,  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,"

are all subjects of this inflexible law. For this price of endurance, sacrifice and suffering must be paid for all that is won. This law is immutable. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to save it. He had spoken the decree and did not see fit to revoke it even for His Son. Christ left His home in heaven and for thirty-three years lived as a man. In His humanity His life was one of action; He did not sit an idle dreamer but went about seeking opportunities of doing good, relieving the distressed, the hungry, the suffering. While on earth He endured all things—poverty, hunger, abuse and loneliness. His life was a living sacrifice, not only to His Father's will but for the world. How long these thirty-three years must have seemed? Did He look back to the beautiful city of which the half has never been told, to the companionship of God, His Father, and draw back feeling that the sacrifice was too great, the price of redemption for a world too much? Echo brings back to us that anguished midnight cry, but the hosts of the redeemed alone can tell the full significance of that suffering death of ignominy and shame on Calvary's heights.

He paid the price, and shall we hope to do less? Let us remember that while wreaths of roses fade, crowns of thorns

endure. Calvaries and crucifixions have ever taken deepest hold on humanity. Then let the man who would write his name on history's page, learn first to act, then to persevere, to endure, to forget self and, if needs be, to suffer and grow strong, if he would not have his name written in water. Let him realize—

“A sacred burden in this life he bears,  
 He must look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,  
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
 But onward, upward till the goal he win.”

—X.

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### A Mother's Counsel.

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Far beyond the wave of the mighty Mississippi, in the vast solitudes of the unbroken forests of the west, is a lonely grave. Here, more than a thousand miles from the home of his childhood, sleeps a mother's only son. He was born upon the banks of our own historic Cumberland, and spent his early childhood in the great throbbing heart of our own State Capital.

His father and mother had been reared in the wealth and culture of a typical southern home. The ravages of war and freedom of slaves had desolated their farm lands, wasted their fortunes and left them naught but the beautiful home upon the Cumberland.

On April 9, 1865, the very day that Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, a son, their first and only child, was born, and the happiness of the home now seemed complete. Reverses of fortune were forgotten, life's burdens lightened, and around the home-circle clustered joy and happiness. Often, as the father sailed away with his hands upon the steering-wheel, did the mother with her sleeping babe upon her bosom stand by the window and watch him till all was lost to her view, and then in silent prayer commend him to God; and in the still watches of the night, while the returning vessel was yet in the distance, he would see a light in the window where his wife and little one awaited his coming.

Three years sped by; prosperity smiled; fortune was retrieved, and he promised his wife that after one more trip he

would quit the life upon the waters and share with her the pleasures and responsibilities of the home. He had reached Magnolia on his return. Many passengers were on board, and among them a mother and little child, who reminded him of the dear ones longing for his return. Scarcely had the boat left the landing when it went down in the angry waters.

Brave men from the shore looked on, but, unable to rescue them, turned aside to weep. The pilot sprang to the cabin to save the mother and child, but the angry waters surged in one mighty whirlpool; a gulf; a yawning chasm; the waters flow on; and in that home upon the Cumberland was a widow; the little boy was a fatherless child.

Dark clouds of grief now shrouded this home. The mother looked out upon life with its responsibilities and shadows and longed for the day when little Robert Lee—for she had named him for the great Southern chieftain—would be a strong arm of support and protection. With more than Spartan endurance did she battle with life's duties and cares.

Robert was never neglected. He was a noble little fellow, amiable in disposition, and endowed with superior gifts. Every promise of manhood rose like stars upon his pathway.

Her only brother now lived in a city upon the Pacific coast enjoying a life of luxury and ease. She declined to enjoy with him the comforts and happiness of his home.

As Robert grew to manhood, the romance of a wandering life gave him an intense longing for the west. When yet a youth of thirteen summers his mother, reluctantly yielding to his entreaties, consented for him to go west. Could she have lifted the veil from the future and have seen the life of sin that was to follow, naught but death could have severed her darling boy from her bosom. Just in the hour when he most needed a mother's care, he went out from the parental roof. In one final embrace she folded him to that heart that beat for him only, and committed him to God and the inviting allurements and vices of a great western city. Who can tell when he sets forth to wander whither he will be borne by the uncertain current of existence, or when he will return, or whether it will ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

He was the only child in his uncle's home, and was its idol. His uncle was all that a father could have been to him. Years sped by; to him they were years of only folly and pleasure.

Ere the first marks of manhood appeared upon his fair young brow he began to frequent the rum-shops, to find pleasure in the evil associations of the card table, and from this he hastened on through evil to greater sin. His uncle counseled, reprovèd, rebuked. Robert promised and gave evidence of reform, but only to plunge deeper into vice, and thus hasten on down his darkening career. Finally a letter brought to his aged mother the sad news of the persistent waywardness of her child, and suggested that she call him home or require strict obedience to his uncle. The time for the latter had long since past; her failure to do the former was unwise. She wrote:

“MY DEAR BABY BOY:—Your dear old mother has heard with sorrow of the waywardness of her only child. My mind reverts to those happy hours of childhood and innocency when your little feet, strangers to the paths of sin, played around our home, now so desolate. You were then my only hope. From the sorrow and gloom of your father’s death, I turned to the future for a ray of hope, and shall that one star of hope now set in gloom? But five short fleeting years have passed since you left me. Oh, that you might return to me as fair and pure as when you left my side!” At this point his eyes filled with tears; she had touched a tender chord, and his wayward heart melted within him as he thought of the dark paths of sin that lay between him and the home of his childhood. Oh, that the letter had closed there! but it continued: “Now, Robert, you are old enough to be a man of your own. You do not need the advice of your mother, your uncle, or anyone. It is time for you to make your own choice in life.”

This was that mother’s last counsel. Would God it had been wiser! This counsel marks the point of his rapid and persistent ruin. No love is so strong as a mother’s love; nor is any counsel so potential as hers. From this hour he felt that every restraint was removed—he was a free man. The tear which fell upon his mother’s letter soon dried, and he plunged without restraint into the ways of sin. He soon became insensible to reproof, vice and passion wielded entire sway, and his state of depravity seemed almost impossible for one so young. From the roof that for seven years had been his adopted home, he went out. Soon joined that traveling fraternity that wanders homeless and aimless from place to place, and was loafing on the streets of a great city in the Lone Star State,

begging bread from house to house. He joins two brothers as they leave the city for their homes far up the fertile valley of the river that flows along the State's northern boundary line; pretends to be seeking employment, and, through their rural hospitality, is received kindly and accompanies them in their overland journey home. As they pass over the long stretches of miles in silence, Robert plans his first robbery; then contemplates his first shedding of blood.

The last rays of twilight had faded from the western sky, and the dark shadows of evening were thickening upon them. Passing on through a region far removed from human habitation they reached a deep, dark ravine lying in silence beneath a dense foliage that shut out even the faint rays of the stars that twinkled here and there in the distance—a fit place indeed for a tragic scene. But the curtain must fall here. Of the dark deliberations of that heart, the details of Robert's first shedding of human blood, none but he has ever known. Day dawned upon the horrid scene; the two brothers were found lying side by side in death's cold embrace; one steed remained; upon the other the young criminal had made his escape to the great trunk line of railway leading to the west, and was a fugitive from justice hundreds of miles from the scene of his crime.

In the silent hours of the following night Robert entered his uncle's home, confessed his crime, and asked for the counsel he had so long rejected. For an hour the silence of that bed-chamber was broken by whispers and heart-beats, and the poor boy's pleadings for advice. But, alas! for him it is too late; now an object of criminal exile and detective search. No advice can be given but "flee."

One word of consolation—strange indeed to call consolation!—he is told of his mother's death, and as he weeps he yet rejoices in that she will not hear of the sad end of her only son. The agonies of the hour are intense. The interview closes and Robert departs in haste, weeping as he goes. He thwarts every plan of vengeance and justice and makes his escape, yet he finds no peace. Remorse hounds his steps by day and dreams of horror distract his wakeful sleep by night. But one night he slept; cares fled from his mind and he was lost in a happy dream. He thought that the half score years of waywardness and sorrow had itself only been a dream, and he had waked to find himself an innocent little child playing around the door

of the home upon the Cumberland. He heard the sweet tones of his mother's voice as she sang to her sleeping child upon her bosom. With childish glee he watched the waves from his father's boat dash in pieces along the shore. Time passes on; he is a happy loiterer upon his way to school; then a bright young man of worth and promise. Day by day he sees the furrows of care steal upon his father's brow, and watches his mother's golden locks as they whiten year by year. Finally he is a man of trust and fortune. To him his parents point with pride, and upon his strong arm they lean in their declining years. How sweet the visions of this dream, yet how delusive. His countenance glows with the fervency of childish innocence and a smile of angelic happiness played upon his youthful face. He hears his mother's voice and rises to obey her call. The vision flies; his wretchedness is a solemn reality. His grief was more than he could bear. With one despairing cry of agony he sprang from his bed, grasped the deadly weapon which he had used in the dark ravine, and ended his life in sadness and in gloom. The family rushed in; the grim visage of death was upon his face; he had gone where there is no escape from justice, where remorse is never alleviated even by delusive visions of fleeting dreams. Upon his table lay a note without date of writing, saying:

"DEAR UNCLE:—I send you the sad story of a wasted life. My waywardness dates from my last hour in my mother's home; my ruin, from her last counsel. Let my grave-stone bear no name; naught except 'Only a wasted life; only a mother's broken heart.'

"ROBERT."

—A. S. TORY.

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### Tommy' First Visit.

---

It was a balmy evening in the late fall. The moon was high in the heavens. The southern breeze scarcely rustled the dead leaves that were still piled in little brown heaps in fence corners, and the long naked branches of the maples sighed faintly as the gentle breaths came and went.

One could have stood at the end of the little village street and looked until the lines became indistinct and street and sky seemed to meet. All was still, silent and shadowy. There

were only a few people abroad that night, and but one that would interest us, and that was Tommy Chick. Tommy was scared. The cold perspiration rose on his brow, and he trembled a little too, but in spite of these demonstrations of fear there was a broad grin in his honest face, and he gave first his collar and then his tie a vigorous jerk. Then he took off his hat and smoothed down that energetic lock which stood up so persistently on the top of his head.

He walked along thinking the while what he would say and how she would look. He saw her in his imagination or perhaps in the moon—never mind which, he saw her. Saw her as she came tripping down the steps and opened the door, and then she stood flushing with pleasure and surprise, with drooping eye-lids and all that sort of stuff. She wore a soft clinging gown and a rose in her hair. (I am afraid Tommy has been reading novels.) Then they were in the parlor on the same sofa and talking—well, about political economy, or something like that—maybe—and—but—Tommy was rudely waked to the stern realities of life by walking into a gate-post—her gate-post. He clawed blindly at the hinges of the gate and then tried the other side and found the latch, much to his relief. He walked up to the house, his heart in his mouth, wiped his feet ten minutes on the mat and waited. Then remembering he had not rung, he began feeling in the dark for the bell. He found an electric button. “Now, let me see, press this, I believe.” Hearing no sound he pressed and pressed again until the door was hurriedly opened by Mary’s mother.

“Why, Mr. Chick, how are you this lovely night? Won’t you come in and sit awhile?” as he hesitated on the threshold. Mrs. Smith was in one of her blandest moods.

“Well—er—er I believe I will do so. In fact I was thinking about that—er.” Just as if he had not been primping for three hours for that express purpose.

He was invited into the cozy parlor where, after much stumbling and stammering, he made her understand that Miss Mary was the object of his visit. Feeling very much relieved at the departure of Mrs. Smith, who left promising that Mary would be down in a few minutes, this unaccountable lad took the only straight backed, uncomfortable chair in the room, buttoned his coat to the top, then began and unbuttoned it, placed his feet side by side, and took a survey of the room. The

traces of a girlish hand were very distinctly marked there—an extra loop in the lambrequin, a string of souvenirs across the curtains on a blue ribbon, a bow here, a butterfly there, a picture of a miserable species of flower that only flourishes on the beginner's canvas; there was a lamp with a tissue-paper shade, with pinks strewed artistically over it. He had no time for further observations.

The door opened and Mary entered, looking very sweet, but minus the rose in her hair, and she had a smile on her face that made Tommy quite overlook the deficiency.

She advanced, extending her hand cordially, but her lids did not droop nor her cheeks flush—no, not at all.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Chick. Do take this chair; that one is so uncomfortable."

But Mr. Chick had formed a sudden partiality for straight chairs, and nothing would induce him to take the offered rocker.

"Isn't this the most beautiful day you ever saw?" Settling herself in her chair.

The eagerness with which he assented to this showed that he not only considered it a brilliant and timely observation but also entirely original, and then he inquired tenderly after the general health of the family.

"How do you like the University, Mr. Chick?"

"It's very nice in some ways, but very different from the schools we have down in Texas. They never keep a boy in or beat him, or anything like that here. I was just writing to ma about it today."

"Did you get very home-sick when you first came? The first time I went off to school I nearly cried my eyes out."

"Well, I don't—er—cry," said Tommy, feeling very foolish.

This sort of delightful and interesting conversation continued for some time. Then Mary played and sang, in what Mr. Chick thought a very beautiful manner. She then came back to the chair, skillfully swallowing a yawn, for it was growing late; and after one of the longest pauses the clock began in its frantic little way, ding, ding, ding, and Tommy thought it would never stop, and it did not until it had struck eleven. Finally Mary gave up trying to talk altogether, and things were getting desperate. But still the youth lingered. Sud-

denly his face brightened—an idea had evidently struck him.

“Er—Miss Mary, would you—er; will you please, ma’am, bring me—er—a little glass of water?”

Certainly she would, and out she tripped for it for the poor thirsty boy, reproaching herself for being so thoughtless as not to have had some water in the room.

No sooner than the girl had left, this timid young man bolted for the door and made good his escape. Thus ended Tommy’s first visit.

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### Writers and Their Works.

---

Concerning “Uncle Bernac,” by A. Conan Doyle, the last chapter of which appeared in the March *Cosmopolitan*, there is little to be said. It might be called a sort of literary *encore* to “The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard;” but the hero of that series of tales from the time of the Empire was a real and life-like figure, while in “Uncle Bernac,” the name of “Gerard” is very nearly all that remains of him. Although as always in A. Conan Doyle’s books we find some good historical sketches here, yet as an example of the tale tellers’ art, it is either underdone or overdone—readers may take their choice according to their point of view. It is surely too brief if we look at it as a novel, while there is undoubtedly too much of it if it is to be called a short story. A certain amount of interest it has of course, but an interest which is there not because of literary form, but in spite of it. If we were desirous of forming an idea of the author’s opinion of the history of Napoleon’s era, the story would be useful as forming a counterpart to the picture given us in “Rodney Stone.” —V.

\* \* \*

The “Soldiers of Fortune,” by Mr. R. H. Davis, which is being published in *Scribners’*, is simple and unhackneyed like most of this author’s novels. As it is not yet finished, of course one would not be justified in forming a fixed opinion of it, but if the latter chapter equal the first, we should be satisfied.

It is the story of a young American engineer, Clay, who has charge of some mining interests in a fictitious South Ameri-

can republic called Olancho. The owner of the mines comes to see them with his two daughters, and Clay falls partly in love with both of the girls. In the meanwhile one of the numerous revolutions breaks out in Olancho, in which Clay and the mine owner become entangled in their endeavor to protect their property.

The principal charm of the story is the character Clay, who is a type of the American self-made man. He has scarcely thirty years, but he has fought his way upward from pick and shovel until he has reached the top round of civil engineering. Simple as a child in many respects, he nevertheless possesses a deep intellect and the courage and coolness which comes from being exposed to danger.

One enjoys stories of this class because they are simple and direct. For Mr. Davis, like the other good American novelists of the present day, does not bore us by loosely interweaving two or three counter-plots with the main one, so that the unity of the whole is broken. Another thing, too, which pleases us is that the long conversations upon philosophy, ethics and science, which are instruments for displaying the author's pedantry, are not found in Mr. Davis' novels. —C.

## Editorials.

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

Missouri.

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The near approach of the time when our Southern universities meet in friendly rivalry in athletic contests, suggests to us that there should be between our colleges other contests than these. What with the foot-ball and base-ball games, the mile runs and hundred yards dashes which are so regularly shown to the public, it is not altogether incomprehensible that the sneering remark should be uttered that our colleges are becoming athletic training schools. What we need is an inter-collegiate league for the arranging of public debates and oratorical contests between our universities. The field sports are all right in their way, and we have not a word to say against them. We want them and wouldn't do without them. All that we ask for is a little uniformity. If the universities are still to train mind as well as muscle, brain as well as brawn, as they have always done, there is no need for us to be so excessively diffident about informing the general public of the fact.

The organization of such a league is not necessarily a futile project. The *King College Magazine* has also made a suggestion in this line, and we have no doubt that the rest of our State's universities will co-operate heartily in making what is now only a plan an actual fact. A desire for it is all that is necessary—the will can always make the way.

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Quite a noteworthy article, by the Rev. F. S. Townsend, appeared some months ago in the *Methodist Review*, entitled "Studies in Recent Fiction." It is a brief critical essay on the works of the novelists of to-day, with special attention paid to the general tendency of this work and the outlook for the future. The author's style is of that crisp sort that has at least one merit—it

banishes tediousness. The disadvantage to such a style is that very often the desire to say what he has to say in this "taking" fashion causes the author to become an extremist where there is no sufficient reason for being so. For instance, he rates Weyman and Doyle pretty severely for failure in giving us good portraits of Henry of Navarre and The Black Prince, declaring that "the Prince is card board, and the Huguenot hero little better." The fact is that in both books the worthies here criticized hardly appear enough on the stage of action to be considered in a critique on the author's ability as a character-painter.

It has been said that a critic's ability may be judged by his opinion of contemporary writers. If this is true, Mr. Townsend has taken a bold stand when he declares that the "*Manxman* has placed another dweller upon the lofty eminence where Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and the German Auerbach's *On The Heights* have so long stood in gloomy grandeur." Yet the bold stand is often the wise one, and I believe that the critics who in time to come are to judge Hall Caine and his work will ratify what Mr. Townsend declares of him as a man of to-day.

## Exchanges.

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H. L. MICHEL, - - - Tennessee.

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The March number of the *Wofford College Journal* is better than usual. "Wordsworth's Attitude to Nature," and "Comments on Washington Irving," are both the result of serious thinking; "A Precious Pair" is a production which we have seldom seen equalled. The author of it bids fair to make an enviable reputation for himself in that style of work.

---

*The Mnemosynean* takes a high position in college journalism this month, the editorials especially being splendidly written. "Wordsworth's Diction" is a well-written article and manifests the writer's familiarity with the great English Poet of Nature. In addition to this, "Browning's Philosophy of Life," and "Origin of Badges in Wars of the Roses" are well worthy of mention.

---

*The Tech* has for the first time paid us a visit, and judging from the present issue it could be improved upon. With one exception, the articles excite but little general interest. We hope the future will crown with better success the efforts of the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

---

Judging by *The Converse Concept* we should be drawn irresistibly to the conclusion that ladies, as a class, possess a keener insight into the works of literary geniuses than men. Whether this is the fact, or whether they simply spend more of their time in such undertakings, is not to be here discussed. The members of the staff of this magazine are quite equal to their fair rivals of

the *Mnemosynean*, and to say this is equivalent to many words of commendation.

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The proof reader of the *Arkansas College Magazine* should exercise a little more care in performing his duty, for nothing goes so far toward ruining good literary work as numerous typographical errors. Apart from this fact, the journal is up to their standard, the local department being unusually well edited.

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*The Criterion* is a welcome addition to our exchange list. The young lady who wrote "The X-Rays" evidently understands the intricate study of this phenomenon far more than the average college student. The remainder of the journal consists of too many brief statements, none of which would awaken especial interest. Two or three good productions are absolutely necessary to insure popularity to a periodical.

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In the March number of the *Atlantis* appear several well-written poems. Our journals should give more attention to poetry—the language of the soul. Most of us are adverse to publishing this type of literature. The *Atlantis* is a typical magazine, all the departments being well managed, and their contents showing the result of no little careful work.

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It is extremely sad to see in those of tender years, symptoms of desperate depravity. Such symptoms are developing in the exchange department of *The King College Magazine* with a rapidity truly alarming, considering the limited years and experience of said publication. When the exchange editor speaks of throwing aside with disgust the *Vanderbilt Observer* because of its long literary criticisms, he simply shows his own ignorance of what a good critical essay is. But he goes further and does worse when he includes three magazines, among them the S. W. P. U. JOURNAL, under the title of "measly publications." As the youthful editor seems deplorably ignorant on subjects of etiquette, we beg leave to inform him that such language from one college magazine to another is ill-bred and discourteous.

### Clippings.

---

A green little boy in a green little way,  
 A little green apple devoured one day.  
 The green little grasses now tenderly wave  
 O'er the green little boy's green little grave.

---

"Why look you so intently?"  
 She asked in accents terse.  
 "I love to scan your perfect form."  
 Quoth she, "I'm not averse!"

---

Demand does not always regulate supply: a lover may ask  
 for letters at the post-office for a year without getting any.

---

### RECEIVED PAYMENT.

I stole a kiss as I left her,  
 In the doorway standing there,  
 A picture for any artist,  
 So graceful and debonair.  
 For her eyes seemed to half invite me,  
 And her lips didn't seem to refuse,  
 And a spirit within me whispered,  
 'Twas a chance too good to lose.  
 Yes, I stole a kiss as I left her,  
 But I left in its stead my heart,  
 Surely value for value received,—  
 So she seemed to think for her part.  
 For the kiss lasted only a moment,  
 And the heart—why, she has the heart still,  
 To treat as she likes, and to keep for aye,  
 Full of love that no time can kill.

## Alumni.

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

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### "Fin de Siecle Fiction."

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Art, the faultless embodiment of equally perfect thought, may be manifest in phrase as in form, in literature as in sculpture. Fiction, the projection, absolute subjectivity and therefore as well the most easily artistic as popular of the many forms of literature, as regards some of its more recently developed salient characteristics and obvious tendencies, is well worthy of attention, not alone from the æsthetic, but also from the social and moral point of view.

Undoubtedly the primary purpose, the *sine qua non* though not the *ne plus ultra*, of fiction is or should be art—perfection of intent, content and extent. It may be more but it cannot be less. If the purpose be less limited its product may be rightly characterized in the cant, oft and insistently, though erroneously, abused expression, "Art for art's sake"—"sheer literature" as Prof. Woodrow Wilson has it. This though an all sufficient justification, is not so nearly a glorification, of its existence as would a higher, a nobler aim, an aim above and beyond mere æsthetic satisfaction—amelioration, social or spiritual, of the individual and the race. Many of the later authors, claiming saction of "Art for art's sake," have in effect perverted it to "Vice for the devil's sake," and deluged a too willingly deluded press and public with a mass of rubbish, aptly characterized as "erotic, neurotic and tommyrotic." Instance, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Meredith (at times), and those peerless apostles of iniquity, Verlaine and Gabriele D'Anunzio, of the "lesser sort" John Oliver Hobbes, together with a host of others,

rightly styled "decadents," and an almost sufficient justification of Nordau's extravagant and sweepingly condemnatory "Degeneration." True, Americans have been largely wanting in this class, yet that is small matter of patriotic congratulation, for though indicating present somewhat more wholesome conditions, yet the continuance of these conditions, in view of the all-enveloping evil atmosphere, is to say the least uncertain. The innumerable "Philistines," "Chap Books," "John Bradley, His Books," are no ambiguous symptoms of America's literary tendency.

Fortunately, others purer or more clear sighted, appreciating the ultimatum of all art as of all effort, have given forth, at no whit a sacrifice of artistic canons, works of a marvelously stimulating and bettering power. Conspicuous among these may be mentioned Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "A Singular Life" and "The Supply at St. Agatha's."

Between these extremes we may run the almost infinite gamut of varying intent and content of the numberless remaining works of fiction—those solely or mainly (properly speaking) artistic, those colloquial, those socially or politically utilitarian and so *ad infinitum*. Of the properly artistic writers, Rudyard Kipling is perhaps the leading exemplar; of those "with a purpose," among others may be mentioned Hall Caine and Mrs. Ward; of the abounding historical fictionists—none of the highest, or even higher class—Weyman and Crane; among colloquialists, J. M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren (Scotch, à la John Galt of the last century), or coming nearer home, our own Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page—the latter with his exquisite "Marse Chan," and scarcely less beautiful, "Meh Lady." Robert Louis Stevenson is usually thought much—away and above—the best of the narrativists. Anthony Hope, S. R. Crockett and Conan Doyle are typical latter day romancers.

The general characteristics as to nature, of present day fiction, are as of course, the consequences of a previous period, and that of the well named "domestic novel" of Geo. Eliot, Thackeray, *et als*. From this there are two divergent lines of development: the lighter, that of the short story and romance, and the heavier, of the "problem" novel. As to which will be permanent, which temporary, or both permanent, or both temporary, whether we may expect progress, evolution, retrogression, involution, it would perhaps be rash to predict, though from the

rather strained, unnatural character of both these forms of fiction and the universal and inherent reslessness and love of variety, one might make bold to foresay not only a change in one but in both, a drawing away from each, probably an evolution in an uncertain whitherward. As to its extinction altogether as a form of literature that is well nigh impossible, it being at once a thing of art and of proved utility, and as such will doubtless, in some guise or other, survive.

In the matter of expression, in the extent, as well as content and intent, of the century's later lighter literature, there is observable similar and as broadly contrary characteristics and tendencies. The one slight, more or less incomplete, and "etchy," the other well filled in and rounded out with appropriate lights and shadows, with many of the infinite combinations and modifications, robust and delicate, of tone and color. Similarly as to style. on the one hand, pure, conservative and scholarly; on the other, full of curious conceits, of "quips and quirks," sometimes almost grotesque. Of all the elaborators of style, Stevenson was probably foremost, now Henry James or Zangwill. Diction being less susceptible to variation, is more nearly uniform—though even here the hand of the "degenerate" is often times visible.

Originality in both substance and seeming, in matter as in manner, is the invariable sign and seal of genius, but in this century's last decade of fiction, we have no genius with which to deal, and its significance though appreciated and within limits manifested by the few, to judge from externals, would seem never to have dawned upon the vast majority of our book and story grinders—novelty being their nearest approximation. But notwithstanding we like originality and genius of the highest sort, yet there is certainly manifest (and it argues not badly for the future) a considerable amount of disregard of convention and undoubted progress along lines of previous chalking.

Such are some of the characteristics and tendencies of our latter day *fin de siècle* fiction. A day of mediocrity in conception and expression, of contrariety as to purposes and methods of not large though many things. The increased and apparently increasing popularity of the better stamp of fiction, of the kind of which "A Singular Life" and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" are types, is perhaps an indication of future and not distant betterment; perhaps the first slight movement of the

purser, nobler human self, the precursor of its shortly to occur mighty upheaval, eventuating in complete off-throwing of the deadly crushing incubus of latter day degenerate, prurient fiction ; perhaps the prelude to an universal and mighty alternative chorus of "regeneration or extinction."

J. G. HAMILTON.

## Alumni Dots.

—Rev. R. H. Latham, '91, of New Madrid, Mo., spent a few days in Clarksville last week.

—The address before the Homiletic Society will be delivered by Rev. Theron H. Rice, of Atlanta, Ga.

—Lieutenant Henry Alexander Pipes, of the United States army, and of S. W. P. U., 1885, died at Denver, Colorado, March 22d.

—We were glad to have with us, a short time ago, Rev. R. I. Long, of Okolona, Miss. We do not notice much change from the boy whom we all knew as "Bob."

—Rev. Henry Price, who was with us for over a year, has returned to his work in Japan. As an alumnus we watch him with peculiar interest. As a man we esteem and honor him. May success attend all his labors.

—The following item from the *Dallas News* of March 27th, concerning John H. McLean, '96, will interest all: "The Medical Department of the Fort Worth University closed its term of six months last Saturday. All honors awarded the first course students, a class of seventy in number, were won by John H. McLean, son of Judge W. P. McLean, of Fort Worth. He was graduated at the Southwestern Presbyterian University, of Clarksville, Tenn., on June 11th, 1896, it being his nineteenth birthday."

## Locals.

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GEO. SUMMEY, JR., - - Tennessee.

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—One of the most recent converts to the bicycle is Dr. Webb.

—Mr. Harry E. Kirk is attending a meeting of the Presbytery at Woodlawn, Ala. He will be examined for licensure.

—The Athletic Association has received an invitation from Bethel College to participate in their field sports. This invitation will doubtless be accepted.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stitt left last week for Texas, where they will make their home. Mr. Stitt has been here several years preparing for the ministry.

—Mr. H. P. Anderson, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited us April 4th. His address before the Association was along the line of "being well pleasing in the Master's sight."

—Rev. A. B. Curry, of Birmingham, Ala., will preach the Commencement sermon. Rev. Marion Kennedy, of Pulaski, Tenn., has accepted the invitation to preach the sermon before the Y. M. C. A.

—During the past month the boarding department of Calvin Hall was abolished. Some of the students have rooms at the Hall, but secure their meals elsewhere. The Hall will be re-organized next session.

—The regular Field Day this season is to be held on Friday, May 7th. Whether it will be an inter-collegiate affair or not has not been decided. The results of the preliminary field day will probably be a considerable factor in the decision.

—Dr. E. R. Long has tendered his resignation of the chair of English to the Board of Directors. We regret that he will not be connected with the University after this session, for he is a man of strong character, and a friend to the students.

—Mrs. G. B. Wilson gave a reception in honor of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, March 18th. Besides the members of the Zeta Chapter, representatives from other fraternities were present. The affair was elegant and thoroughly enjoyed.

—Mr. Geo. Guille will conduct a series of Gospel meetings for men during the third and fourth weeks of April. Good music will be furnished by a choir of men selected from the churches of the city. The services will be for town men and college students.

—The grand game of baseball, the Junior Latin Class vs. the University, has been decided on the second trial, rain having interrupted the first. Only six innings were played, at the end of which the score was fourteen to ten in favor of the University.

—The address to the Literary Societies, on Tuesday night of Commencement week, will be delivered by Hon. Josiah Patterson, of Memphis. The Homiletic Society has secured as their speaker, Rev. Theron H. Rice, of Atlanta. Mr. Rufus N. Rhodes, of Birmingham, will address the Alumni Association. We may expect to hear splendid addresses.

—As far as it can be judged at present, we will have a track-team this season. One good sign is the large number of entries in the preliminary field-day. There were fifteen events, and in each there were from two to six entries. Baseball also is receiving some attention, and one game has already been played.

—It is probable that a minstrel troupe, including a mandolin club, will be organized this month. They will give their first entertainment about May 1st. Two years ago there was such an organization among the students, which gave a really good entertainment at Guthrie. There is sufficient material among the students at present, and it is hoped that the affair will be gotten up.

—Mr. Merrill deserves the most hearty gratitude of the Athletic Association for his kind gift to them of the proceeds of the recital which he gave here on March 26th. The amount was sufficient to pay a considerable part of the Association's debt, and was highly appreciated. The recital was one of the best entertainments of the season, and it seemed to be enjoyed by everyone of the audience.

—In view of the changes in the University course, a training school is necessary. "The University School" has been organized and will be conducted by Profs. E. E. Dinwiddie, A. B. Dinwiddie and G. F. Nicolassen. The object of this school is to prepare young men for the regular University course here or elsewhere. The school, while located at Clarksville, is entirely independent of the University.

—The University catalogue, which has recently been published, brings to our notice the action of the University authorities with regard to raising the grade. All preparatory work has been abolished in the schools of Latin, Greek and Mathematics. In these schools measures are being taken to establish past-graduate courses. The Greek course will be for the training of teachers, and that in Mathematics for engineering work. It is the desire of the Directors and Faculty to raise the grade of the University as high as is possible.

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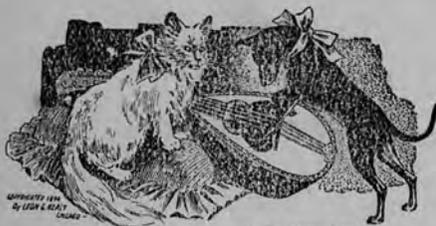
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