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U. D. MOONLY



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M. E. MELVIN



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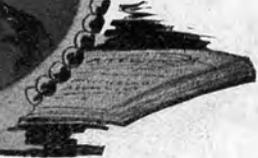


P. G. IRWIN



J. W. ORR

S.W.P.U.
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1899



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EDITORIAL STAFF.

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To the First Bird of Spring.

Thou joyous prophet of a brighter time,
Returned to us from some far, sunny clime,
We give thee warmest welcome. Sing
Glad minstrel! Sing among the leafless trees
And wake them back to life. Sweet voice of Spring
Lade with thy music every passing breeze.

At thy glad call our hearts leap up to greet
The smile of cloudless skies, which bend to meet
The drowsy earth and kiss it into smiles.
Glad type of Hope! Be with us all along
Our path of life. Make glad its weary miles
With thoughts of heaven's Summer-land of song.

—ROMEO.

PRIZE STORY NO. IV.

Sunset and Evening Star.

It had been a busy day for Sidney Thornton. Ever since it had become certain that war must come, he had been collecting and drilling a company of men, and to-day he had been completing the final preparations ere leading them forth to the conflict. From his own resources he had advanced the funds necessary for furnishing them with the best arms and equipments procurable, and to-day as he saw the little band of gray clad soldiers, eager for the coming struggle, he felt that neither the labor nor expense had been in vain. The services of the company had been tendered to the State and to-morrow they would leave.

But now that the day's duties were ended, Sidney turned his steps toward a home in the outskirts of the little village, a place most dear to him, for there lived Alice Dale. She and Sidney had grown up together, and the friendship of childhood ripened into love as they grew older. In a few months they were to have been married, but the war had come and the wedding had to be postponed. As Sidney walked up the path he saw Alice sitting on the verandah, and quickening his pace he was soon at her side. They sat and chatted for some time, then Sidney said abruptly:

"We start to-morrow."

"What, so soon? I thought that you were not going before the end of the month."

"So did I," he replied, "but the order came to-day, so we

must leave at once. However, it won't be for long, you know. This war is not going to last, and in a few weeks or months at most, I will be back, and things will go on as if nothing had happened."

Alice was silent for a few moments, then taking Sidney by the hand said, "Before you go, I want you to promise me one thing: don't be reckless. There is no use in exposing yourself needlessly, and besides, leaving yourself out, the State cannot afford to lose a single man. I know how willing you always are to sacrifice your own comfort and safety for that of others, but promise me that you will take care of yourself, won't you?"

He laughed a little at her earnestness. "You ought to know me better by this time," he said. "Don't you know that I am an arrant coward, and far from exposing myself, I shall probably hide myself behind some convenient tree, from which point of vantage I shall encourage my men and beseech them to perform deeds of valor rivaling those of the ancients. Of course after the danger is past I will come out and straightway pose as the hero of the day."

Alice could not help smiling at his raillery, but sobering said, "You know that you ought not to talk such nonsense. Do I not remember that Sunday, years ago, that you saved that little girl from drowning at the risk of your own life?"

"Yes I remember, but I remember also that I wanted to go swimming, and knew that if I did I would catch it when I got home. I was never so glad of anything in my life as when I saw that little child fall in and knew that I could take a swim with impunity, to say nothing of the pleasure of ruining the Sunday clothes I had on. O I was a brave infant, I was! Instead of petting me and calling me her little hero, mother ought to have spanked me well for going into the creek on Sunday. But seriously, I don't think that I will be in much danger, but if it will make you feel any easier, of course I will promise what you ask. But don't you worry; I will come through all right

likely, but if anything should happen to me, you will at least know that I did what was right."

"I know that. But O, Sidney, if you should not return, what would I do? It is a glorious thing to give one's life for a just cause, but there is naught but sorrow for the dear ones left behind."

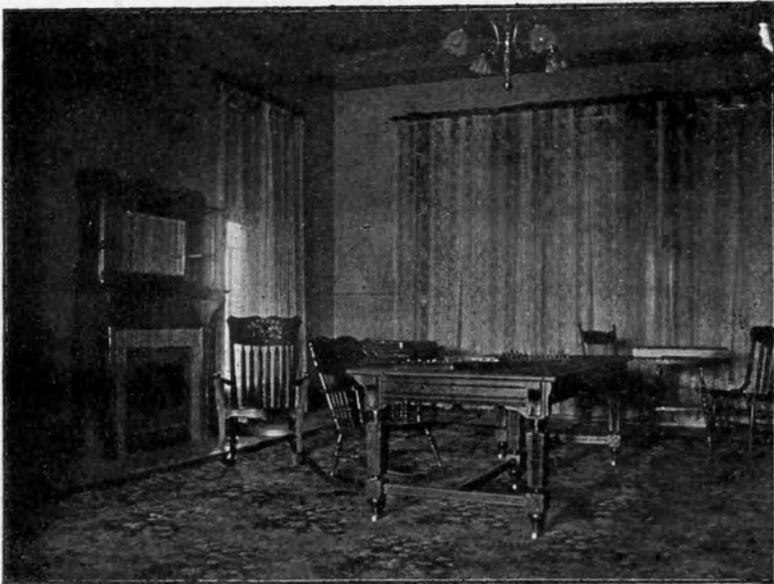
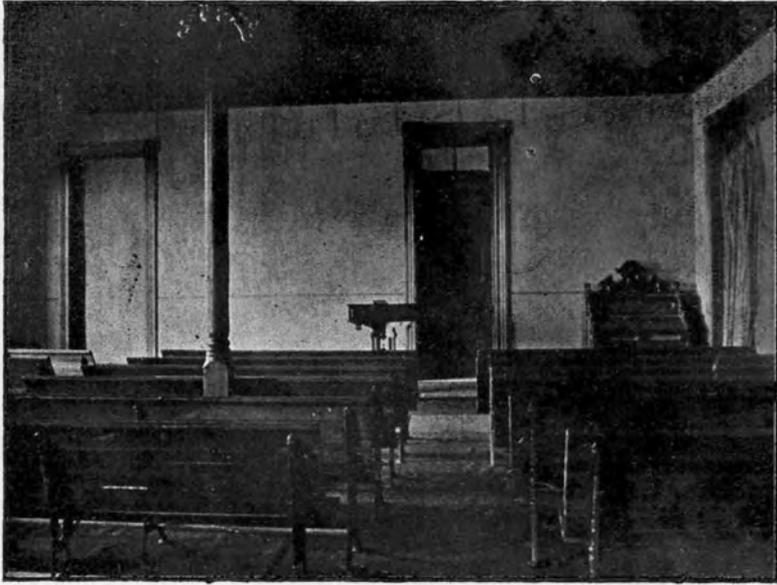
They talked for a long time and finally Sidney rose to go. As they stood saying good-bye, Alice caught sight of the evening star shining brightly above the horizon.

"How beautiful it is to-night," she said, pointing her hand towards the star.

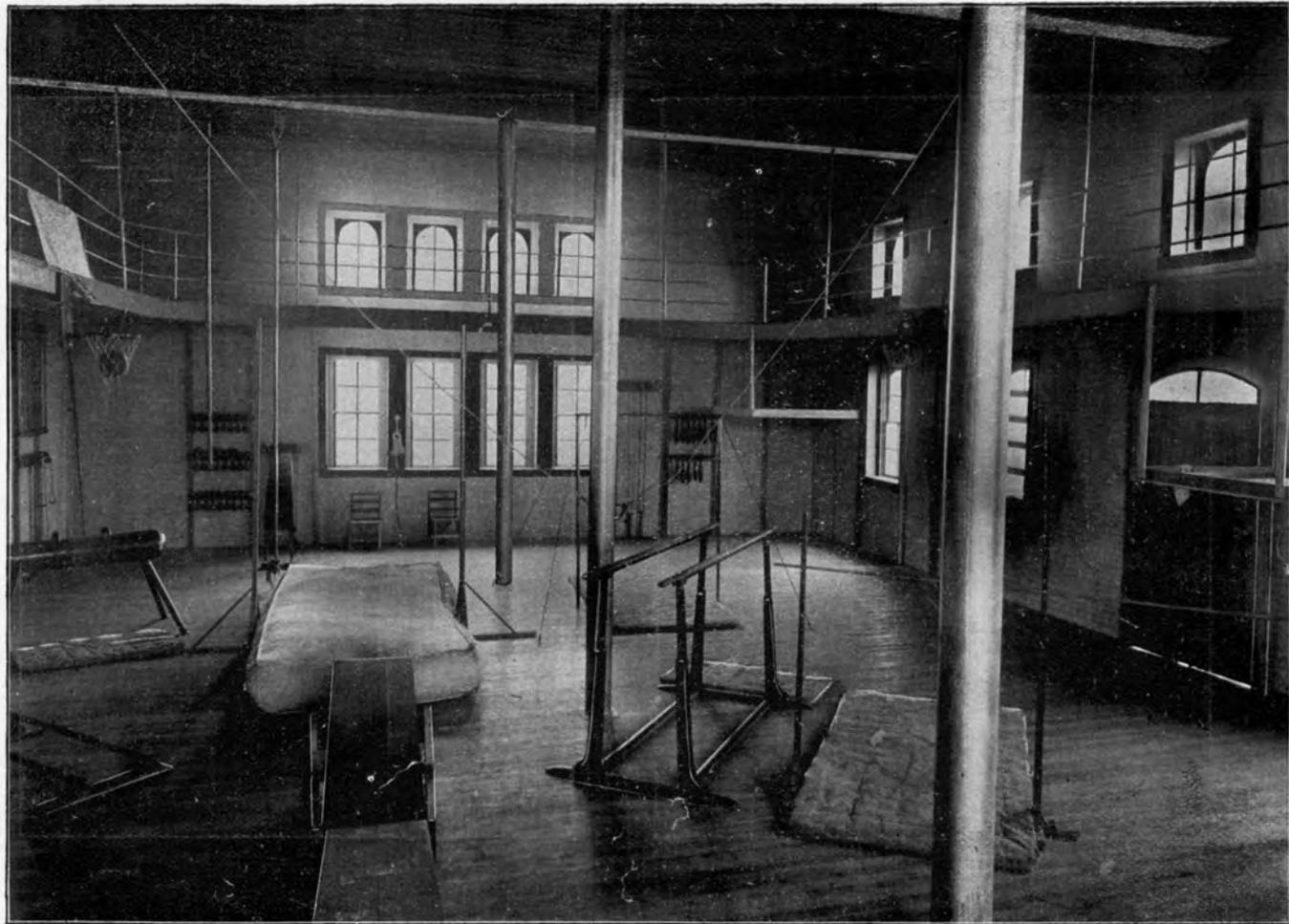
"It is setting at our parting," Sidney replied, "but with its rising on some other day we will be together again."

So they parted, and Sidney went home thinking little of the dark days before him, but only of the girl he had left,—how true and brave she was. She was indeed brave, yet she wept and prayed the long night through, and often in accents of bitter grief would she cry out, "O Sidney, Sidney, why must you leave me. What if you never come back." Truly the loved ones left at home have the greater burden of sorrow to bear.

Ere the sunrise of another day the little company had gone, many of its number destined never to see the dear old place again. Soon rumors of battles lost and won began to reach the village, through certain news came seldom, for the enemy had cut off communication with the army. Alice devoted herself to preparing comforts for those in the field, and in tending to the wants of the people around her. When news of the death of any of the men who had gone from the village was brought, it was Alice who was asked to bear the sad tidings to the stricken family, and many were the words of hope and comfort that she spoke to sorrowing hearts. So she lived, and as she moved among them the people came to love her as never before, and they blessed her for her goodness. While Alice was thus doing her part, Sidney was likewise doing his. Soon after leaving



Y. M. C. A. ASSEMBLY ROOMS.



GYMNASIUM.

home his company became a part of the army under Lee, and followed that great leader til the end. Sidney took part in many battles and soon earned a reputation for dashing bravery and for ability as a leader. Naturally he fell into the line of promotion and rose step by step until he became Colonel of a regiment. Good fortune seemed to attend him in all his efforts, so that his fellow officers came to speak of him as "Lucky Sid Thornton."

On the night that he received notice of his last promotion he sat down and wrote a letter to Alice. After describing various incidents of camp life and telling some of his adventures, he said, "Have just got news of my promotion. How do you think Colonel Thornton sounds. If this sort of thing continues I fear that the village wont hold me when I get back. However, you will be there, so I wont disgrace myself utterly by my airs. They say that we are going up into the 'Yank's' own country soon and pay back some of the devilment they have raised down here. I hope that this will put an end to the war, for I for one am tired of it and want to get back home. It seems ages since I saw you last. Somehow I often think of what we said about the star, and I long for the time when it will come true. I don't know when this will reach you, but hope to follow it in person soon."

Not long afterwards two great armies hurled themselves upon each other on the bloody field of Gettysburg. Long the battle raged, and finally the last great charge was made. In it Sidney Thornton's regiment won an undying fame. With their ranks torn by shot and shell, they rushed onward, up to the very lines of the enemy. Then only a handful of powder-stained, ragged men fell back. The rest had sealed their heroism with their lives.

After the battle a party of men were picking their way across the field. Men lay on every side; here the blue, there the gray; some with their brows knitted in the last stern agony, others calm and peaceful as if in the last moment they had caught a

That, when by aid of me they meet,
They find a Paradise as sweet.
Viewed this way, that way, I'm the same:
Now give me, if you please, a name. —X.

Evening Song.

Starlight is falling softly falling
And my heart is calling fondly calling,
Through the silent evening shadows,
"I am coming love to thee."

Fire-flies are gleaming brightly gleaming
And my soul is dreaming sweetly dreaming,
For the evening breezes whisper
"I am coming love to thee."

Keep thy vigil love, I'm coming.
When the night-bird's silvery calling
Wakes the echo in the forest,
I am coming love to thee.

In my heart high hopes are burning,
All my life to music turning,
That your heart to mine is calling
"Come my sweetheart come to me." —AMO.

Her First Proposal.

Ethel had just completed her course in school, and was spending the summer with her teacher at Monteagle. Here she made her first appearance in society. Kept in school all her life, she knew but little of the lover's episodes, of which she had so often heard companions, less unsophisticated, discuss.

Freed from the restraints which she felt had made her life so narrow, she constantly wished to become initiated into what she imagined to be the girl's ideal life. Indeed her whole thought was occupied in devising some means of meeting a lover. Often at night the god of sleep was worshiped in vain, when with excited imagination she pictured herself with the tall, handsome fellow answering her description of a lover. She fancied themselves sitting together in the fading twilight on "Flirtation Bridge." She longed to hear his story of love, as much for the sake of novelty as anything else. How rapidly her heart beat as her fancy finished the picture!

In the course of a few weeks her wish lost everything of an indefinite aspect, and became fixed in the determination to meet a certain young man, who had on several occasions shown some interest in her. In fact, she thought herself to be desperately in love with him, often indulging in the girls' stock expression, "Isn't he cute?" A small black mustache and rather regular features, combined with a keen, penetrating eye, gave him a handsome appearance.

For several evenings in succession he stood on the porch of "Assembly Inn," as she and her teacher returned from their stroll. More than once, she caught his searching glance some distance before they reached the steps, and felt its force as she passed down the corridor. He managed to change table at the "Inn," securing a seat at the one just opposite hers. When her eyes were turned his were making the usual search. To Ethel this was tormenting, but at the same time a little pleasant. The following day they became acquainted, and this step was followed by taking a walk together to "Warren's Point." This was the beginning, she thought, of that ideal life. Her nerves were at high tension. To make the slightest mistake, she thought, would upset her hopes, and prevent his nearer approach. But her anxiety was relieved to some extent when he began:

"I have paid close attention to you, Miss Winston, at times

S.W.P.U.

SENIOR CLASS

1899



- 1 K. BLACKBURN
- 2 W. M. COX
- 3 N. BLACKBURN
- 4 E. D. PATTON
- 5 J. E. BERRYHILL
- 6 F. P. GRACY

- 7 R. B. ELEOZER
- 8 G. D. WILSON
- 9 J. M. LUNKVYDER
- 10 J. F. MONTGOMERY
- 11 J. F. FRIERSON
- 12 B. C. IRWIN

CLARKSVILLE
TENN

PHOTO BY *Thuss* NASHVILLE, TENN.

when you least expected it. My desire has been to know you better, and the time has come when I can make known the one hope I entertain in regard to you. For some time I have been looking for the right girl, and you conform perfectly to my ideal. But while this is true, I fear that my hope may meet with strong opposition."

"Why," she said, a little excited, "Mr. Carmack, if the valuation I have placed upon your character be correct, your hope need meet with no opposition. But if I may ask, what is precisely your hope?"

"I am general traveling agent for a large book firm in Chicago, and am out securing reliable and competent agents, and have a proposition to make you."

"Sir? er—er—all right—go on!" —MARSUS.

My Sweetheart.

I melt away whene'er I hear
 The liquid sweetness of her voice;
 My heart will flutter when she's near—
 Nor need it very strange appear
 To dance when we rejoice!

Oh! torture not my life in vain,
 But take it once for all away,
 Nor cause me thus with constant pain
 To die and come to life again
 A thousand times a day! —X.

Life.

Man is a creature of a curious mold,
 With a heart unstable, now warm, now cold;

Now rejoicing in glorious hope,
Now descending in gloom to grope;
Of good and evil a strange alloy,
Of sin and sadness, of light and joy.

Sometimes life with its burdens seems
A complex of whirling, bewildering dreams;
Dreams of pleasures that leave a pain,
Dreams of successes that bring no gain,
Dreams of a bootless and bitter strife,
Dreams of a death that men call life.

Then we despair and cry aloud
For a ray of light to pierce the cloud,
That wraps our hearts in its cold embrace,
In vain do we seek for a resting place
For our tired souls. So weary and cold
We wait for the next sad scene to unfold!

Oh God! look down on Thy suffering child,
Soothe his longings so restless and wild.
Bind up his heart with tender love;
Give him a glimpse of the Home above.
Only to Thee can we fly for rest;
Receive us Father and we shall be blest!

—REFUGE.

A Story of the Teche.

A drive of a few miles from Franklin brings the traveler to one of the most dreamy and poetic sections in Louisiana. The picturesque Bayou Teche winds through the avenue of oaks, and the grass-covered terraces extend even to the water's edge. Lilies float upon the bosom of the slowly moving stream, and cattle graze in the cool shadow of the trees. At sunset, there is no picture more beautiful than this, and none more soul inspir-

ing as the hush of the coming night falls upon the landscape. Then, as the moon rises across the plains and silvers the Teche, the hour for dreaming is at hand.

The spirit of gain has led many of the planters living along this bayou to neglect nature's gift, and in some instances to mar it, but there is one home where this is not true and here our story centres. A little distance from the water's edge stands a modest cottage, having two rooms and a vine covered gallery; there are no flowers, but the carpet of grass spreads from the steps of the cottage to the bayou, and the lawn is shaded by many trees. All of these are oaks, save one, which grows close by the bayou, the drooping leaves of which touch the waters of the Teche, and the appearance of this weeping willow is striking in the midst of its unlike neighbors. A few cows graze upon the lawn, and in the rear of the cottage there is a large garden. A dreamy stillness hangs over the place even at noontide, and as the shadows deepen in the coming of the evening grows almost oppressive.

The Civil war had ended, and Pierre Danjean had returned to his home on the Teche to begin the task of building from the ruins of a lost fortune. He had always lived in the old home, and had not been out of the State until the call to arms, when his company had served in Virginia. The experience of these years had changed him from an inexperienced boy to a man; but there was one thing unchanged, his love for Marguerette Guion. It is not the duty of the writer to tell all that might be told; it is enough to say that Marguerette and Pierre had learned to love each other as boy and girl, and the love had matured even as they. Mr. Guion was proud of Pierre as a soldier, and gave his consent to the engagement. Through many happy months they dreamed of the future, and the waters of the Teche listened to the words of love. When Pierre had succeeded in making certain their support, they were to be married in the little Catholic church, and begin the life which promised so much. But busi-

ness matters were not friendly to them; the day of their marriage seemed no nearer as the months passed. The old home was taken, and Pierre built a little cottage where he lived alone and labored hard to redeem what was lost. During the summer of the second year of their engagement, Marguerette's mother was taken sick, and grew worse until she lay at the very gate of death.

Prayers were said in the little church, and often the priest knelt by her bedside. She lingered thus for weeks and months, and Marguerette watched by her side and prayed. One day the priest spoke to Marguerette of God's purpose in this providence, perhaps it was to lead her life into His keeping, and claim her young womanhood in His service. Through the night she thought and prayed. She believed that the highest life was that of the Sister, and saw, in her love for Pierre, selfishness which was keeping her from the service of Christ. The strife was bitter and long, as she watched by the bed of her mother; at last the choice was made. She had not courage to see Pierre; but wrote to him of this decision. She loved him and wanted his love always, might they not serve in a higher sphere than that of their dreams, and in another world be forever united; thus the letter ran. She had vowed and was true to her vow. The sufferer, at whose side she had spent the anxious months, passed quietly away, and was buried near the little church. Marguerette, in the bitterness of her grief, found it not so hard to take the vow required, and turned from the world forever.

* * * * *

Fifteen years wore slowly away, and many changes came. Pierre continued to live in the cottage, a lonely man. His one thought was fidelity to her; he knew that she loved him; he believed that God would not forsake those who trusted Him; and so he waited. It was then that by the waters of the Teche he planted the weeping willow, in order that its voice might speak to his lonely heart as he sat and dreamed in the evening. Many



HOMILETIC HALL.

thought his loss had changed him entirely; it was only a change in appearance, not in heart.

We dare not tell the secrets of a Sister's heart, but Marguerette could not forget the past, and its memories became sins in her life. They told her that she was untrue to Christ, if she loved any other, and the thought of Pierre was dishonoring to her Lord. So she fought, and so she failed. Could it be, she at last asked herself, that God would implant a love so deep, and then declare it sin? Was not Pierre a servant of her Lord, and was it wrong to love him who loved her Master? Was it really wrong, or had only man declared it so? These were the problems which burdened her heart: She had hoped to find peace, she had failed; and the news had come, for such things are told even in convents, of Pierre and his lonely life. That night, the evening of which she had heard of Pierre, she spent in prayer, and God opened to her the secret of His love, showing her that the truest life, that most accepted, is lived where duty calls. She determined to renounce her vows, and find her higher life with him who loved her and who served her Lord.

* * * * *

Pierre was sitting in his old arm chair (there was a vacant one beside his own, which he called her chair, and often in his dreams she sat beside him) down by the bayou, when she came in the twilight to his home and hers. She stole near, and would have spoken but she could not, she simply laid her hand in his. Words were not needed; Pierre knew that she had come in answer to his prayer.

* * * * *

There is a stillness in the little home which seems sad, but it is not. Deep joy is always silent. They live there alone, for no one cares to see them, since they turned against the faith; yet they are not all alone; they have each other, and God dwells with them in the shadow of their home. —D. H. OGDEN.

Pleasure.

I took by pleasure in a garden bright—

Ah! that our happiest hours so quickly pass;

That time should be so rapid in its flight!

Therein my soul accomplished its delight,

And life was fresher than the green young grass.

There rain-drops trickle through the warm still air,

The cloud-born firstlings of the summer skies;

Full oft I stroll in early morning there

When, like a pearl upon a bosom fair,

The glistening dew-drop on the sapling lies.

There the young flowerets with sweet perfume blow,

There feathery palms their pendent clusters hold,

Like foxes' brushes waving to and fro;

There every evening comes the after-glow,

Tipping the leaflets with its liquid gold. —B.

The Contributions of France to Civilization.

We are accustomed to think that the French nation has contributed but little to the world's progress. We remember France as the land of the insane "Revolution," where license masqueraded under the guise of liberty and the people ran wild in a great carnival of blood. We look with wonder upon the career of Napoleon, and marvel that such a people could accomplish so much. Yet in Napoleon's conquests we see little that looks toward better things, but rather a rehabilitation of the fierce spirit of barbarism. In the events of later years, too, there is not much that is reassuring—only extreme deeds, revolutions and anarchy.

Yet the great historian Guizot has said of this nation: "There is hardly any great idea, hardly any great principle of

civilization, which has not had to pass through France in order to be disseminated." Can this statement be true? A brief examination of the facts in the case cannot fail to be of interest.

First of all in our study of the French nation we are struck by the character of the early inhabitants of Gaul. They were of the Celtic race, energetic, impulsive and imaginative, very elastic in temperament but lacking the dogged, persistent and stern determination of purpose that characterizes Teutonic peoples. The same temperament seems to have prevailed among the Galatian Christians even after a residence of many centuries in a foreign land, and to a large extent it is characteristic of the French people even to-day. Hence, from the very nature of the people, we might expect them to originate much, to strike out in many new directions; yet without the "staying" qualities necessary to the full use and enjoyment of the fruits of their own restless, inventive genius.

What then are some of the ways in which France has contributed to the world's progress? First of all, through France the treasures of Roman civilization have largely been transmitted to Europe and the world. By the time of Rome's decline her civilization had supplanted, in great degree, the rude barbarism of ancient gaul. Roman law prevailed, Roman customs were established, and the Latin language had almost wholly taken the place of the Gallic speech. When Rome fell, eaten up by internal disease, France preserved much that was best of her culture, law and language, and has since disseminated it to the world.

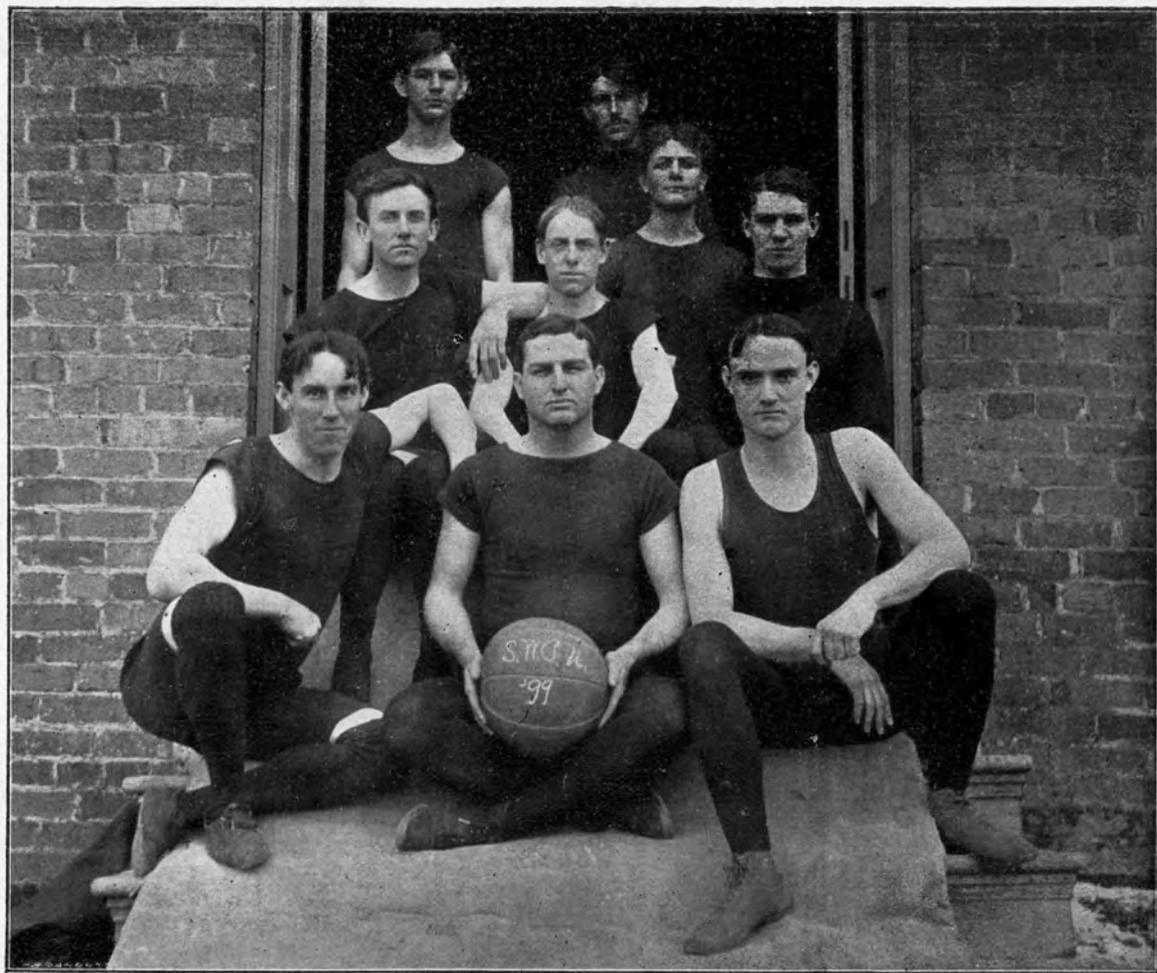
Another step in history brings us to contemplate the colossal empire of Charlemagne. Under this impetuous warrior and wise statesman, French rule was extended over almost the whole of Europe, and with it went civilization and Christianity. It was Charlemagne's supreme purpose to educate, civilize and Christianize Europe, and though he was only partially successful, it is impossible to estimate the tremendous influence of this right-

eous sovereign in promoting civilization. After Rome, he was the first great civilizing force in Europe, and in estimating the influence of France for good we must not forget Charlemagne and his wonderful reign.

Next let us look at the effects of the Feudal system, which originated in France. In an age of universal disorder, almost of anarchy, it established a basis of government which, however imperfect, was vastly superior to the old state of things when every man was at the mercy of his neighbor. It made the execution of law and the preservation of order possible by creating an authority to which men must answer for their deeds. Furthermore it operated to settle the people in fixed localities, thus promoting a closer national life than had been possible before. It exalted the position of woman, and promoted fidelity between man and man. Finally it was the stage of transition to a centralized monarchy, which, with all its disadvantages, was yet the highest type of mediaeval government.

In the eleventh century we behold in France the rise of chivalry. This was the outcome of a new spirit of honor, kindness and courtesy, and as Guizot says, "Was the most splendid fact of the middle ages." The institution soon spread throughout Europe, and its influence was everywhere elevating. The knight was pledged to the defense of all that was good and noble. Courage, devotion to the truth, magnanimity and unflinching courtesy were the characteristics of the true knight, just as they are to-day of the true gentleman. So, too, the high position which woman occupies in modern society is largely the outcome of that same chivalric spirit.

A little later in French history we come to those colossal undertakings in which the whole of Europe finally joined, the Crusades. With all the terrible loss of life which they caused, we must still recognize the fact that they were the result of a genuine religious zeal, and that they were fruitful of much good. First of all they drew Europe together around a common stand-



BASKET BALL TEAM.

ard and promoted a spirit of sympathy between nation and nation. Again they aided the cause of liberty by securing to the lower classes concessions that would have been impossible except in some such national need. They encouraged commerce, brought Europe into touch with Eastern culture and checked the Mohammedan power. The Crusades began in France and with her king, Saint Louis, they ended. To France is the world indebted for whatever of good the Crusades accomplished.

But what specially appeals to us as Americans is the position which France took in regard to American independence. In the hour of our direct need she was our friend and we gladly acknowledge our debt of gratitude. Forgetting their own poverty, their own misery and oppression, the French people gladly rallied to the support of the colonists with men and money. Not the least of France's contributions to the world's advancement was the noble aid she gave to the cause of American liberty.

But what of the influence of France in respect to education? Here again, she was pre eminent throughout the middle ages. Some writer has said that the University of Paris was the first great intellectual center of Europe. It was from France that England drew its early educational inspiration, and the same was true, perhaps even in greater degree, of many others of the European nations.

In literature France has always held a high place, but it was under Louis XIV. that her influence in letters was pre eminent. Around him, in the magnificent court at Versailles, Louis gathered a galaxy of brilliant men which perhaps has never been equalled. There were such poets and dramatists as Corneille, Racine, Moliere and Fenelon; among prose writers such deep thinkers as Descartes, Malebranche and Pascal, while of painters there were Poussin and Claude Lorraine. The French language at that time was spoken in the best society

throughout Europe, and this fact gave to the great French writers and thinkers a breadth of influence which was impossible to writers of any other language. So that in literature, too, we must give France credit for a wonderful influence.

With all these facts before us we cannot fail to acknowledge that the world has much for which to be grateful to France. Indeed Guizot's statement seems to be fully borne out by history.

—R. B. ELEAZER.

Lucky Dog.

My lady smiles on him,
 To me no favours fall.
His form is fair and slim
 I am not fair at all;
My face is somewhat grim,
 His head's symmetrical
 Although his brains are small.

Yet I can love as well
 As twenty dogs like that.
My eyes my passion tell
 Albeit my nose is flat.
I'd fight for Lady Bell—
 He'd tremble at a rat
 And fly before a cat.

I gaze upon his bliss
 With short despairing sneezes.
Sometimes I think it is
 From love my lady teazes
Her faithful pug like this—
 And then, eease doleful wheezes
 Do she whate'er she pleases!

Still sad I sit and blink
 Her memory to jog.
 I shiver, quiver, shrink;
 E'en were it raised to flog
 I'd kiss her hand—and think,
 With such an epilogue,
 Myself a lucky dog! —E. R.

The Officer's Story.

The sentinel at Post No. 1 has just answered, "Nine o'clock. All's well."

The night was superb. Although it was in the presence of war, peace reigned everywhere. The sweet song of the night-bird was accompanied by the rich mellow obligato of the wind as it gently fanned the earth to rest. The stars twinkled like so many nursery candles, and nature, with a child-like simplicity of faith and trust that all was well, fell asleep.

Seated in a tent were an officer and his orderly. The former, an old veteran of the civil war, in whose heart the fires of patriotism had glowed brightly for many years. The latter was a youth in the beginning of manhood, his young heart overflowing with noble love for his country.

"And so you hated to leave her, my boy," said the old man sympathetically, and with a sweet smile that always lit up his intellectual face.

"Are you a prophet?" was Jack's evasive reply, which came from his manly heart.

How these influences brighten depressed spirits! After all, a man's idea of his country lies deep down in his heart where his mother is, and just beyond where lies his Annie Laurie.

"Jack would you like to have me tell you an experience during the former war?" continued the officer.

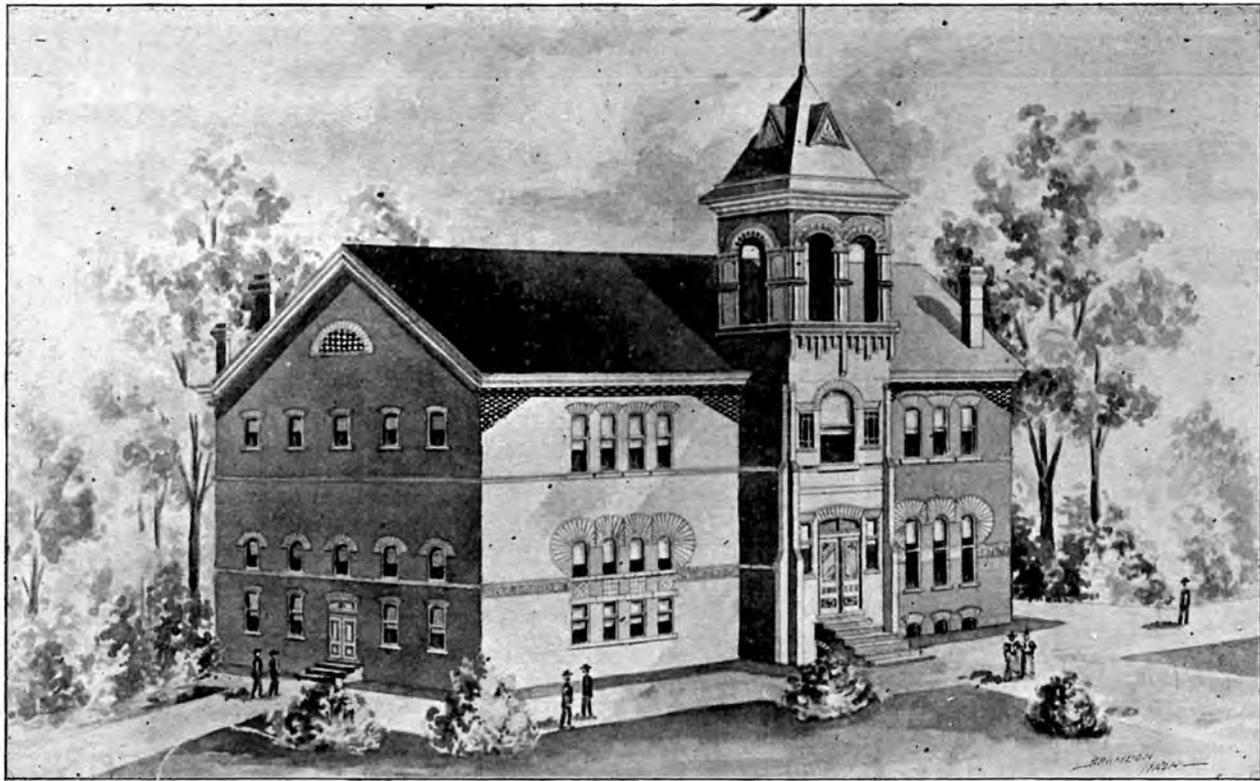
"Yes, we sometimes profit by the experiences of others," Jack answered with a smile.

"I was just about your age when the war broke out, and being very patriotic, I was among the first to enlist in the Confederate army. We left our Southern homes to obey our country's call. There were several boys of our town who enlisted with me. For some months we were held in camp near our home, but we were finally given orders to move. Most of the boys had sisters Jack, and some of us envied them, as those sweet, pretty sisters kissed their brothers good-bye."

"We were ordered to —, where a number of the Confederate troops were encamped. I had not been in camp long until I was given a cot in the ward with the typhoid fever patients. We had men as our nurses whose roughness seemed exaggerated according to our way of thinking."

"One night a little fellow from our town became seriously ill, and it was not long until most of us knew that his sister was coming to be with him. About daybreak the next morning we had his sister with him and with us. Every man sighed great sighs of relief. We could appreciate the fact that her presence was sunny whether we felt her touch or not. The kind radiant face that accompanied the birth of the new day will never be forgotten. I tell you it was better than any febrifuge we had in camp. Our hearts did not need nearly so many stimulants as on previous mornings."

"Our comrade got well in a phenomenal fashion! His was a generous spirit, as one would naturally think, belonged to a man raised under such influences as now seemed to envelope us. He wasn't a bit selfish with his treasure, and I heard him tell her to go over to a neighboring cot where a man lay in a critical condition, as far as his life was concerned. The angel of mercy, as we used to call her, arose and with soft steps came and bending over the cot, touched the fevered brow; well, it must have been done very gently for he looked up with a start, and smiling



WADDEL, MEMORIAL, HALL.



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ANNUAL STAFF

faintly, whispered, 'How good of you.' Through the many days of the soldier's suffering she came to his bed, and with the many little acts of kindness begun to steal his heart away. How he watched her every movement, and his poor aching head was almost easy when her soft hand stroked the fevered temples."

"Yes, Jack, into my life she had gently crept. I almost wanted to stay sick, the days would seem so long without her. She was destined to be my guide. Into every battle she was my stimulus to greater things."

"The war ended, our brave and mighty leader laid down his arms at the famous court house at Appomatox. My heart leaped for joy as we entered our old home. I shall praise God as long as I live for guiding me safely to my new and happy life. You know there are some things which we do not describe. The few weeks after my return home are among them. The girl who was her brother's treasure while in camp, is my treasure now, and so if I, who am so unworthy, can win such a treasure, surely, old boy, you must some day win your Annie Laurie."

"Post No. 15, eleven o'clock. All's well."

"Hello! is it that late? We must answer revelie call at five thirty, so good-night."

Good-night, my boy."

—A. F. K.

When and Where.

There is no place more dear to me,
On land or on the wide, wide sea,
Than when, sweetheart, I am with thee.

There is no time more sweet to me,
On earth or in eternity,
Than when, sweetheart, I am with thee.

I care not where the place may be,
Or when the time I come to thee;
Thy smile bids clouds forever flee,
Revealing love's sun-light to me. —POPHUS.

Retrospect.

When I look back on the departed years,
And many silent summers passed away,
 Since youth beneath the jocund morning sun
 Panted with ardent hope his race to run.
Ah, not unmindful that I now am grey,
And my race almost run, in this same fane
 I hear those Hallelujahs peal again. —W. L. B.

Editorials.

M. E. MELVIN, - - Miss. U. D. MOONEY, - - Miss.

INASMUCH as most of the editors of the JOURNAL staff were also connected with the staff of the University Annual, modesty forbids our saying very much in regard to this recent publication which appeared in our midst a few days since. Suffice it to say, however, that it came up to the fullest expectations of the editors in charge. It is neat and artistic in its appearance, and several friends have been kind enough to say, that its subject matter is also worthy of commendation. However, be this as it may, we are certainly glad that this first effort was a successful one. There were many difficulties to be overcome. There was much work to be done. And now that the attempt has been made, and this attempt justified by the outcome, we hope that the editors for the next session will enter into its accomplishment with even a greater energy and interest. The work will no longer be a trial. The trial has been made. Let this year's work be only a basis, and an earnest for all future endeavors, which shall broaden and expand as the years go by.

IN taking a retrospect of the history of the University, and of the events that have come into our own individual lives during the past season, it does seem that we have great reason to be encouraged. We have had no difficulties between the students and the faculty. Both seem to have appreciated, to have understood, and to have been mutually helpful to each other. The thorough equipment of our splendid gymnasium has given a

renewed, and we trust a lasting impetus to athletics. Our victories in the field have been wonderful, when we consider the difficult environments, the many limitations, and the lack of interest and sympathy shown heretofore. The laurels which we have won in the realm of oratory have also crowned us with glory and caused our fame to echo on beyond. The substantial endowment added to the funds of the University this session, will materially increase its equipment, and its power for good. The addition of a new professorship for the coming session certainly gives us just cause for congratulation. And yet above all these there stands, magnificent in its structure, our new "Waddel Memorial" building. A building which shall perpetuate in lasting memory, the noble, godly life of one that has gone. This brief review certainly reveals to us the fact that our future prospects are exceedingly bright. And we do believe that we have entered into an era which throbs with a new life, and with unlimited possibilities.

THE editors do in truth experience a feeling of peculiar sadness as they are about to take up the pen to write their farewell editorials for the session of '98 and '99. It has indeed been a duty involving responsibilities, yet not unmixed with pleasure. We are glad that we have been able to serve our Societies in this capacity, and we feel grateful for the honor, and for the trust reposed in us. We have tried to do our whole duty as we saw it. Our prime object has been to forward the interests of our own institution in the literary realm, through the organizations with which we are connected. And now our work for this session is about ended. We have endeavored in our editorials to write principally upon those subjects which come nearest to the heart and to the life of the student body, always keeping all of their varied interests before us. We humbly trust that the opinions which have been modestly advanced through these pages during the year which is now so rapidly closing, may

have in some degree at least fulfilled the mission for which they were intended.

WE have become accustomed to look upon our JOURNAL work as one of the duties in the routine of our college life, and it is but natural that we should have become in a manner attached to it. Here it is that we have been given the privilege of expressing to our fellow-man the thoughts that have lived and burned in our own minds. Here it is that we have felt as untrammelled and as free as the birds that soar upon the morning breezes. And surely there is a fascination in this freedom. This position has been our *sanctum sanctoris*, and we are loth to be banished from its presence. We feel a relief when we think of the burden of labor as rolled away. We feel a sadness, when we think of this same burden as gone forever.

WE believe that taking it all in all Volume XIV. of our JOURNAL has been a success. We have attempted to enlarge it, and to broaden its sphere, and we hope that we have succeeded in our efforts. We cannot neglect to highly commend the work of all the staff. The Associate Editors have ever been zealous and faithful, and their work for this year is a fitting tribute to their devotion. The Local Editors have spared no pains or exertion to make their columns sparkling, vivacious, and interesting. The Business Managers have been earnest in their labors concerning its financial condition. And last, but not by any means least, we wish to heartily thank those kind and faithful contributors who by their contributions have enlivened and brightened our pages, and substantially aided in making our magazine what it is. To our patrons one and all, we would return our heartfelt thanks for what you have been and done for us.

AND now the pen must drop from our hands. It seems but as yesterday since we assumed our duties. Time has flown

rapid-winged away. Life is complex. We perform some task for a little while. Ever and anon the nature of the task changes. Old labors are surrendered, new duties devolve upon us. Thus life goes on, full of activities, full of energy; yet with these activities, and this energy ever changing. Thus it is with us. We surrender our present privilege. Others will soon devolve upon us. Yet each duty, whatever its character may be, weaves itself into these lives of ours, and leaves its impression there. May we ever live, and may we ever perform every trust, in such a way that these lives of ours shall be made stronger. With this principle ever animating our souls, each new task will find us stronger and better able to master its labor. Leaving these thoughts with you, we bid you forever, adieu!

Pen and Scissors.

P. C. IRWIN, - - - Tenn.

With a mixed feeling of joy and regret we take our farewell from the ranks of college journalism. As Exchange Editor we have become quite intimately acquainted with the literary work of the universities and colleges throughout the South, and it is a pleasure to feel convinced that rapid development is being made in this field of college work; the promises are bright for the future and journalistic rivalry bids fair to take its place alongside the rivalry displayed on the gridiron, diamond or cinder path. The very commendable scheme of starting a magazine for the public at large, and designed to be an organ for the introduction of college writers to the world, which is being organized by some of the students of Columbia University, shows this increasing activity of literary taste among the Northern institutions of learning, and why should not Southern universities inaugurate a similar plan?

One of the pleasures of the year has been the almost unanimous commendation which our own publication has received from our cotemporaries; the few exceptions to the rule we will have to attribute to the ignorance of our critics or disbelieve the great majority. Believing them misled by the lack of judgment we have been content through charity not to attempt any defence but to leave them to their own blissful ignorance.

To the few of our exchanges whom we have offended by our criticisms we apologize for the ill will which they seemed to think we harbored against them, but not for our criticisms, which were undoubtedly true and must have struck the quick, judging from the commotion stirred up. We hope their ebullitions relieved their feelings, and the fact that we calmly ignored such attacks would also be a balm to their misguided senses, thinking that they had entirely erased us. To those who have

offered honest advice we extend our kindest regards, but as we know our abilities and our situation better than they, and have our own tastes in regard to what college journalism stands for, most of them, sorry to say, have been wasted on the desert air; as a brother editor has said, they were sweet morsels but have been mostly trampled under foot.

One of our conclusions from observation is that an exchange editor would accomplish more good if he would take a careful survey of the possibilities of magazine work in his own institution and then introduce such ideas that would be applicable which he finds among his exchanges; that is, let each magazine apply for its own improvement the good features of others, because each editor knows his own shortcomings better than the exchange editor of some publication at a distant college. We don't mean to disparage the criticisms of the exchange chair, but we can be benefitted by what others do as well as by their advice.

In closing we desire to thank all magazines, journals and papers who have courteously exchanged with us; many of them have been the losers by the exchange we know, and to these we feel doubly grateful. To the smaller publications that lead a precarious life dependent almost on the charity of their advertisers, we have welcomed to our exchange list, feeling that it was our duty to give them all the encouragement possible. To one and all we wish success in the years to come, and to our brother exchange editors we wish many pleasant memories of their year at the exchange table.

Clippings.

A SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

Dear comrades, well remember I the day,
When first we trod these now familiar halls,
Looking with awe upon the Juniors wild,
Viewing each Senior as a solemn Demigod;
When our best aim was to evade our work
And poor professors were our hated foes, on whom

We wrecked imaginary vengeance of all sorts.
 We came to school because we were obliged,
 And hated it with that deep Freshman hate
 Which springs up from the expectation of the world.
 Since then, full many an hour has winged its course,
 Full many a grain has fallen from the glass,
 But each succeeding year has found us comrades still,
 And each has drawn us nearer to each other's hearts.
 I would not it were otherwise, could it be so,
 Though many a face is missing from the crowd,
 And many a chair is vacant in the hall,
 And often does the heart cry out in vain
 For those whom we have loved together,
 And have lost.

Yet are those here to whom my heart is knit
 By ties which time and fellowship have made so dear,
 That, at the prospect of dissolving them
 And going, each upon his separate way,
 The smile deserts the lips, the merry laugh is gone,
 And at me looks a stern, grim spectre—LIFE.
 O, brothers, let us stay in the old college here;
 The path beyond is cheerless, dark and steep.
 No more the kind Professors, now so dear,
 For those peculiarities which we
 In jest and revel, mimic oft and mock,
 Will gladly lend to us a helping hand, and say
 Words of good counsel in an evil hour,
 Which make us glow, doubly renew our strength,
 And help us on to higher, loftier things.
 Alas! It cannot be. The cry is "Forward all!"
 Farewell old halls, old friends; familiar haunts;
 Forgive our faults, Professors, one and all.
 The very chairs, so scarred with pen and knife,
 Are dear to me, yet must I on and on.
 Oh, Alma Mater, must I part from thee!
 Oh, Alma Mater, Mater, fare the well!

—The Tulane Collegian.

I. THE SENIOR'S.

What time the pale-faced mother of the stars
 Hath seen with brightning smile her lord depart,
 When Cupid wakes, and Morpheus conquers Mars,
 I brood upon the bliss that breaks my heart.

O Life of life! Thou flower of all the ages,
 Thou tender blossom on the growth of time!

Thy slender form, the dream of bards and sages!
 Thy thoughts, the breath of all that is sublime!

Ah! can it be that ere the night hath striven
 Yet three-score times to catch the fleeing day
 This plain old Earth will smile and change to Heaven,
 Thou wilt be mine, and life perpetual May?

I'll take thee to a green isle wreathed in flowers,
 Where none but I can ever see thy face:
 Far from the course of the consuming hours,
 I'll rest eternally in thine embrace.

II. THE JUNIOR'S.

Two months more and I'll be free
 From this clime of misery.
 Home I'll go; but, ah, then what
 Through all the summer long and hot?
 Will he say, "Take line and hook,
 My boy, and fish the babbling brook?"
 Or, "Catch the broom-sedge mule and plow
 Till sweat pours from your marble brow?"
 Woe's me! Uncertainty's the force
 That from me all my joys divorce.
 But at the picnic, I'll be there
 To rush the girl with yellow hair.
 She'll love me. Give yourself no fear,
 For I'll be a Senior next year.

III. THE SOPH'S.

Give me my cig and my cane
 And let me go to the train;
 For I'm a dead game sport—
 Heart-breaking is my fort.
 At the ball game I will bawl,
 And dry my nose in a dollar bill,
 And then I'll outcuss all
 The cussers from Cussingville.
 These are the wisest steps
 To astonish the Fresh and Preps.
 I hate a Prep like a Christian hates sin,
 For he shows me the state that I once was in.
 I'll sport this year,
 But next year I'll settle,
 And work like a Tirk
 For the Junior metle.

—Wake Forest Student.

TO —

It is not fair, it seems to me,
 To spend my life in endless toil,
 And burning dim of midnight oil,
 Although they help to a degree.

But you are fair, it seems to me,
 And thoughts of you, 'mid study drear,
 Brighten my life, so it is clear,
 That you will help, to a degree.

So I will study part the time,
 The rest I'll praise your name in rhyme.
 As a result, you soon will see,
 There will, in fine, B. A. Degree.

—G. G. C., in Univ. of Va. Mag.

SONNET. . . .

I dreamed; and in my dream there came a sound,
 A fluttering of wings; a hovering spell
 Of strange and sweet bewilderment; there fell
 A vapor of soft odors all around
 And whispering voices, light as fancy, bound
 The motions of my heart, as when a bell
 Has ceased its brazen clangor and we dwell
 With stifled breath upon the murmurs, drowned
 At length, and still we bend a listening ear.
 But, though I held my breath to catch a word
 Falling from angel lips, I only heard
 That murmur as of bees some drowsy day
 In summer. Life, so thou art! Every way
 Sweet voices float—their words we never hear.

—Olin D. Wannamaker, in Wofford College Journal.

I know not why I love you as I do,
 When first I met you something told me so.
 A glance, not eye to eye, but heart to heart,
 One little glance—your eyes look down—we part,
 And I go home to dream.

And Part my dream comes true. We two have met,
 The flame that first glance lit burns brighter yet,
 And dreams—in laggard's souls, weak, undefined—
 When strong love pleads, they hope and seek and find.
 Then let my dream come true.

Univ. of Penn. Mag.

ALMA MATER.

One built a fair and glorious monument;
 The breath of Time swept by and laid it low.
 One limned a panel of rare colors blent;
 'Tis buried 'neath the years' resistless flow.
 One penned a book renowned in every clime;
 Forgot, it lies among the nameless dead.
 One wrought a wondrous melody sublime;
 Its notes are vanished and its music fled.

But thou, O gentle Mother, well hast wrought
 A work far nobler than aught earth can give,
 For thou hast reared a monument of thought
 Which in thy children shall forever live.
 Thou needst not mortal pen to sound thy name;
 Thou in thy sons shall find eternal fame.

Davidson College Mag.

"I've stood beside the cataract,
 Of the great Niagara flood;
 I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill
 And saw the earth drink blood;
 I've seen the Vatican at Rome
 And St. Paul's—but alas!
 These are but molecules beside
 Our present Senior Class."—Ex.

"Whether your fields of life be far or near,
 By native valley or hill, or beyond the seas,
 Give freely, O generous hearts, of your best!
 Enrich the world with your gifts of courage and cheer;
 Uplift the world with your tender ministries,
 Untiring in noble deed and exalted quest.

—J. R. H. in Phoenix.

On seeing a Commencement girl yawning a wag remarked,
 "A good opening for a young man."—Ex.

BAD TO WORSE.

The old Greek's spouse was obstinate,
 Bad as a mule, he'd aver;
 But the Roman's wife was worse than, that,
 For she was MULIER.—Ozark.

Locals.

J. W. ORR, - - - Tenn. W. B. GRAY, - - - Ky.

On the evening of May 12th, Miss Mabel Morrow entertained the X. Y. Z. Club in honor of Miss Nellie Runyon, one of the most popular members of the club, and also Valedictorian of the Class of '99 at the Academy.

Mrs. Summey, the wife of our esteemed Chancellor, entertained in a most charming manner, her Sunday School class of young men, on Saturday evening, May 13th.

Prof. Emery's music pupils gave a recital at his home, on Friday evening, May 26th.

Miss Myrtle Bryant, of Paducah, is the guest of Miss Annie Wood, on Franklin street.

A crowd of school boys, taking advantage of the holiday given for the field sports, visited Dunbar's Cave.

At the elegant home of Miss Maude McKeage, on Madison extension, the Westminster League of the Presbyterian Church was entertained May 16th. Refreshments were served, and music was furnished by the 'Varsity Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Miss Sarah Bringham gave a most charming outing party to a large number of her friends, at Porter's Bluff, Friday evening, May 19th.

Messrs. Geo. Wilson, McFadden, Geo. Rea, Barton, McDonald, Turner, Currie, Smith, Foster, McGovern, Rudolph and Gray attended the S. I. A. A. contest at Nashville, Tenn., on May 20th.

On the evening of May 30th, Miss Susie Tate entertained in honor of her guests, Misses Duncan and Edmunds.

Judge Orr, who thought to get on the good side of Dr. Webb the other day, when the latter appeared in the class room

after a few days illness, said in an Aunt Mariah tone of voice: "Dr., you seem rather weak yet." "Yes," replied the puny Dr., "I'm almost as weak in my legs as you are in Theology!"

A number of Miss Jessie Graham's friends were charmingly entertained by her, at her home on Seventh street, Tuesday evening, May 22d. The guests were treated to delightful music, both vocal and instrumental, after which refreshments were served.

Misses Taylor and Sowell are visiting at the beautiful home of Miss Martha Belle Bowling, on Madison street.

Miss Nettie Edmonds, of Hopkinsville, Ky., is visiting Miss Susie Tate.

On the evening of May 26th, Prof. Naff, our popular English teacher, delivered a very entertaining and scholarly lecture at the Academy. His subject was Lanier and Wordsworth.

Mr. Dunbar H. Ogden, of the Theological Department, was orator of the occasion, on Decoration Day, at Greenwood Cemetery, May 25th. Mr. Ogden covered himself with glory and flowers as usual, and reflected credit on the University. S. W. P. U. has within her halls a number of young men who will in a few years be famous as orators.

Miss Jennie Logan Clark and her friend, Miss Lottie Banks, of Nashville, Tenn., are visiting Mrs. Elder, on Franklin street.

A sunset drill was given by the large class in physical culture, at the Academy, on June 3d. The clubs were gracefully swung to the music of Vincent Nigro's band, which produced a very beautiful effect. The dumb bell exercise by the small girls was also a model of grace and beauty.

The wags of Calvin Hall had great sport with the young and unsophisticated youths of the hall, last week. It was the same old gag that college men have worked for ages—taking boys to steal cherries, and when the miscreants are well up the tree, one boy to rush out and with the usual admonitions of husbandmen to fire blank cartridges. The boys bit, just as did the proverbial suckers of Salt Creek, and a number left generous samples of spring clothing on the hedge and barbed wire fences through which they beat a hasty and unimpeded retreat.

Among these samples were found a section of Alex. Duncan's trousers, Vince Frierson's hat, a remnant of Dubose's coat tail and one of McDonald's shoes! Duncan still refuses to be comforted, and Arch McDonald says he's just as tired as he can be!

Miss Lucy Bailey has returned home for the summer vacation from Ward's Seminary.

The "Commencement Exercises" of Prof. Naff's ladies' class in English literature were held at Porter's Bluff, on Wednesday, May 24th. The program consisted of a reading by Mr. Naff, and a general review of the year's study, including brief discussions by Prof. Naff, the members of the class and visitors. The whole was concluded by a delicious luncheon.

The Academy Literary Society held an open meeting in the Academy Chapel, on May 25th, which a number of students from the University had the pleasure of attending. A delightful musical and literary program was given.

One of the loveliest receptions of the season was that given by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Morrow in honor of Misses Mabel Morrow and Irene Stout. The handsome residence was decorated with flowers, the artistic profusion of which made the large parlors a perfect maze of beauty. Vincent Nigro's Italian band furnished music for the occasion. Nothing was omitted by the charming host and hostess that could have added pleasure to the many guests.

The art levee at the Academy was Tuesday evening, June 6th.

The various closing exercises that constitute Commencement week at the University we can only anticipate. Large and elaborate preparations have been made in every direction, and Commencement '99 will be the most notable one in years.

Miss Dora Warfield, who has recently graduated at Athen's Female College, Athens, Ala., has returned home.

The Misses Ross, of Rossview, will be in the city during Commencement.

Miss Meda Haynes, of Athens, Ala., will visit Miss Warfield during Commencement.

Mrs. R. A. Webb entertained very delightfully, her cousin, Miss Winn, of Washington, D. C., a few nights ago. Every-

thing was done to make the occasion one of pleasure, and the hostess' object was fully realized.

Miss Carrie Barker, of Louisville, Ky., will visit the Misses Armstead and attend the Commencement.

Rev. Mr. Lacey, the new pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Clarksville, began his work on the first Sunday in June, by giving us two splendid sermons. It is hoped that he may do a great work here in the city and among the students.

Some of the Commencement visitors are Drs. King and Johnson, of Texas; Rev. Mr. Raymond, and Dr. Alexander, of Mississippi; Revs. Messrs. Sullivan and Patterson, of Tennessee, and Patton, of Georgia.

Dr. Palmer arrived, well and sound, much to the delight of all.

Miss Morrison, of Nashville, is visiting Dr. Summey.

Mr. John Childress' brother is a welcome visitor.

We are glad to see the familiar faces of Misses Carrie and Millicent Lupton.

Misses Blanche and Lula Alexander are visiting their brother, Dr. Alexander.

The Class exercises were enjoyed by all.

The new hall is beautifully decorated. Dr. Summey deserves much credit for the result of his labors in building the Waddel Hall. No criticism can be passed. It is up-to-date in every respect. We were disappointed that the Dr. was too unwell to be at the opening exercises of the new hall.

The yell of the Dinwiddie school deserves notice in these columns. It runs as follows:

Mortgage your farm, sell your mule,
And send your kid to Dinwiddie's school!

The greatest event of the season is the appearance of the Sou'wester, our first Annual. It so far surpassed all expectations of faculty and students that we continue to hear compliments paid the staff on the splendid success they made. It will certainly give a boom to the school. In years to come, the staff will look back with pride to the session of 1899-1900, as being the beginning of a new era in the history of the institution—the result of their labors.

The JOURNAL follows Rev. Mr. Nesbit and his charming bride with best wishes. May their life be happy, and their end a success. The students lose a warm friend in giving up Miss Anabel, but Mr. Nesbit wins an excellent wife.

When the vote was taken in the student body for the "handsomest" man in college, Mr. O. S. Allbright was chosen by a large plurality. But since some of the ladies have been expressing their sentiments on the subject, and it has come to our ear that Mr. Alva Hardin "Is the handsomest and smartest man in college."

Mr. West Gillespie, of Petersburg, Tenn., is in attendance at Commencement.

Problem for solution—Mr. Joe Dungleingson's cyclometer registers 44 miles in one week; Mr. Dungleingson is known not to ride anywhere save to 22 on Madison Extension, which is exactly one mile from Robb Hall gate. How many trips does Mr. Dungleingson make in one week? How many in a day? Solution—Mr. Dungleingson has ridden 44 miles in one week. He has ridden two miles at a trip. Then we have 44 divided by 2 which give us 22 trips in one week. There are 7 days in a week, and as he makes 22 trips in a week, then 22 divided by 7 would give us an average of 3 $\frac{1}{7}$ trips per day. "Figures do not lie." Who can beat it?

The thanks of the whole student body is due the business men of the city for the liberal support which they have given us during the year for our publications, the JOURNAL and the Annual, for which the business managers of both these publications wish especially to thank them.

Sickness prevails to a great extent among the students. It has been so warm for the last days of school that a man needs a strong constitution if he does not give way under the pressure brought about by examinations and the hot weather.

Every train that goes out carries off some of our students bound for "home." There are a great many joys mingled with sorrows in these times of departure. Some are going out never to return. Friendships that are like Jonathan's for David will be severed, and friend perchance will never look into the face of friend again. These things make us sad. But when we think of the "home going" and the glad hearts that will greet us there

we are made glad. We would say a long adieu to those who go out this year not to return to us again. The wish of the JOURNAL is that your life may be prosperous and that the world may be under many obligations to you for your life in it.

Athletics.

The 'Varsity athletics were represented in Bethel College field meet on May 18th by Randolph, Lewis, Wilson, and B. H. Mooney. Wilson carried off the high jump medal and the cake walk prize, and Rudolph won the 440 yard run. Mooney barely missed winning the 110 yard dash in 10 3-5 seconds. Our athletes are equal to every occasion; even in a society hop you could not find a single novice.

The S. W. P. U. field day, though having labored under the difficulty of being postponed, was a decided success. Every man in the University showed his interest by being out with his best lady. This healthy increase of interest in the athletic line is very gratifying to every lover of athletics. The winners of every event were S. W. P. U. boys. The following were the successful contestants: 120 yard hurdle race, S. G. Tate; mile run, Rudolph; putting 16 lb. shot, McFadden; 100 yard dash, McCalla; running high jump, Lewis Wilson; throwing 56 lb. weight, Selfridge; 440 yard run, Wade; throwing 16 lb. hammer, Geo. Wilson; pole vault, Sam Tate; 220 yard dash, McCalla; one-half mile run, Rudolph.

W. R. McCalla is one of the fleetest straight away runners in the South. He wears on sporting days four medals won on 100 yard dashes and three on 220 yard.

The last regular game of 'Varsity base ball team was with the Clarksville nine on May 17th. At the end of the fifth inning the game was called on account of rain, with a score in our favor of 12 to 2. The last game of the season will be played Saturday, June 10th, between the Senior Class and Senior Theologs. The players will be dressed in mid-summer costumes of Mother Hubbards, and it is safe to predict that their gracefulness will only be surpassed by their clever ball playing. Think of rosy-cheek 230 pound Johnny Orr in a wrapper twirling a base ball!

Owing to various calamities which looked like hard luck only two men of our track team entered the S. I. A. A. field

sports at Nashville, May 19th. Rudolph won the second medal in the half-mile run in 2 minutes 12½ seconds time. George Wilson competed in the hammer throwing contest. Some of the records were: running high jump, won by Fitzpatrick, of Tulane, 5 feet 8 inches. Throwing hammer, Crutchfield, of Vanderbilt, 105 feet 6 inches. Running broad jump, won by Edwards, of University of Tennessee, 21 feet.

On May 27th, at a meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected for 1900: W. B. Gray, President; R. H. Orr, Vice-President; O. S. Albright, Secretary and Treasurer; and Alva Hardie, Manager of Foot Ball Team.

The closing year has been a most successful one in athletics, in which success the most important factor has been the new and well equipped gymnasium. Our physical instructor, Prof. E. M. Mooney, deserves especial praise for his excellent work in every phase of athletic training. George Wilson, the ex-president of the association, has also done a great deal towards building up the athletic spirit in the University for the past few years. In this connection we would like to remind the 1900 gridiron men to be careful of "society and soda water" during the hot summer months.

This last week of the year the boys are, despite the hot weather, seen in the gym. every afternoon taking their last jolly sail in flying rings, and doing their last kips and drop offs.

The Athletic Association is to be congratulated upon its securing Alva Hardie as Manager of next year's foot ball team. Mr. Hardie makes a number of sacrifices in accepting this office, and every athlete should give him hearty support in every way. Liberal contributions have already been received towards securing a coach for next fall, and every man who hopes to be a member of next year's team must keep in trim.

Y. M. C. A. and Missionary.

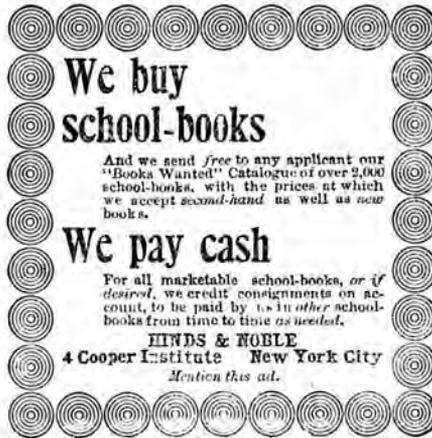
Elder Garvin, of the Christian Church, Clarksville, Tenn., was with us at the last meeting of the Missionary Society and gave us an interesting address on his work in the Hawaiian Islands. He gave to the young men some excellent words of advice which should be heeded.

Mr. Gaines Hall has been elected a delegate to the summer school which meets in Asheville, N. C. Mr. Hall is a good man for the place. We hope that our society will be benefitted by his going.

It is to be hoped that the officials Y. M. C. A. will at the first of next year begin a "Lecture Course." The University needs it. The city needs it. It will be a great benefit to the Y. M. C. A. There is no reason why we should not have it. We can if only some one will take hold of it and push it. Other colleges and schools have this and there is no reason why a college that takes as high a stand as ours should not. Then let us have it.

The Missionary Society has been meeting regularly and doing some good work. While it has not been what it should have been in attendance, we hope there has been much good accomplished. We are glad that there has been a marked improvement in the interest manifested. We hope that every member will be inspired by what success we have attained unto and come back next year determined to make greater strides in this great work than has been made before.

Dr. Fogartie made a splendid talk before the Missionary Society a few weeks ago. He put special emphasis on the fact that unless the Gospel be preached there was positively no hope for the heathen. This is a great and solemn truth that a great many people do not realize. They think that in some way or somehow God is going to provide a way for salvation of the heathen. Dr. Fogartie showed clearly that there was but one way, and that was the way provided by Jesus Christ and set forth in the Holy Scriptures. If the people of the world are not saved in this manner they will never be saved at all.



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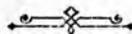
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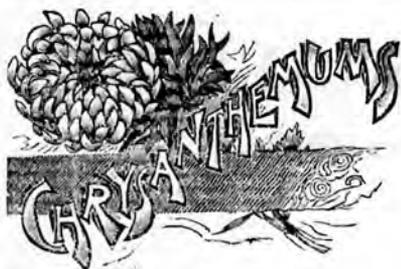


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