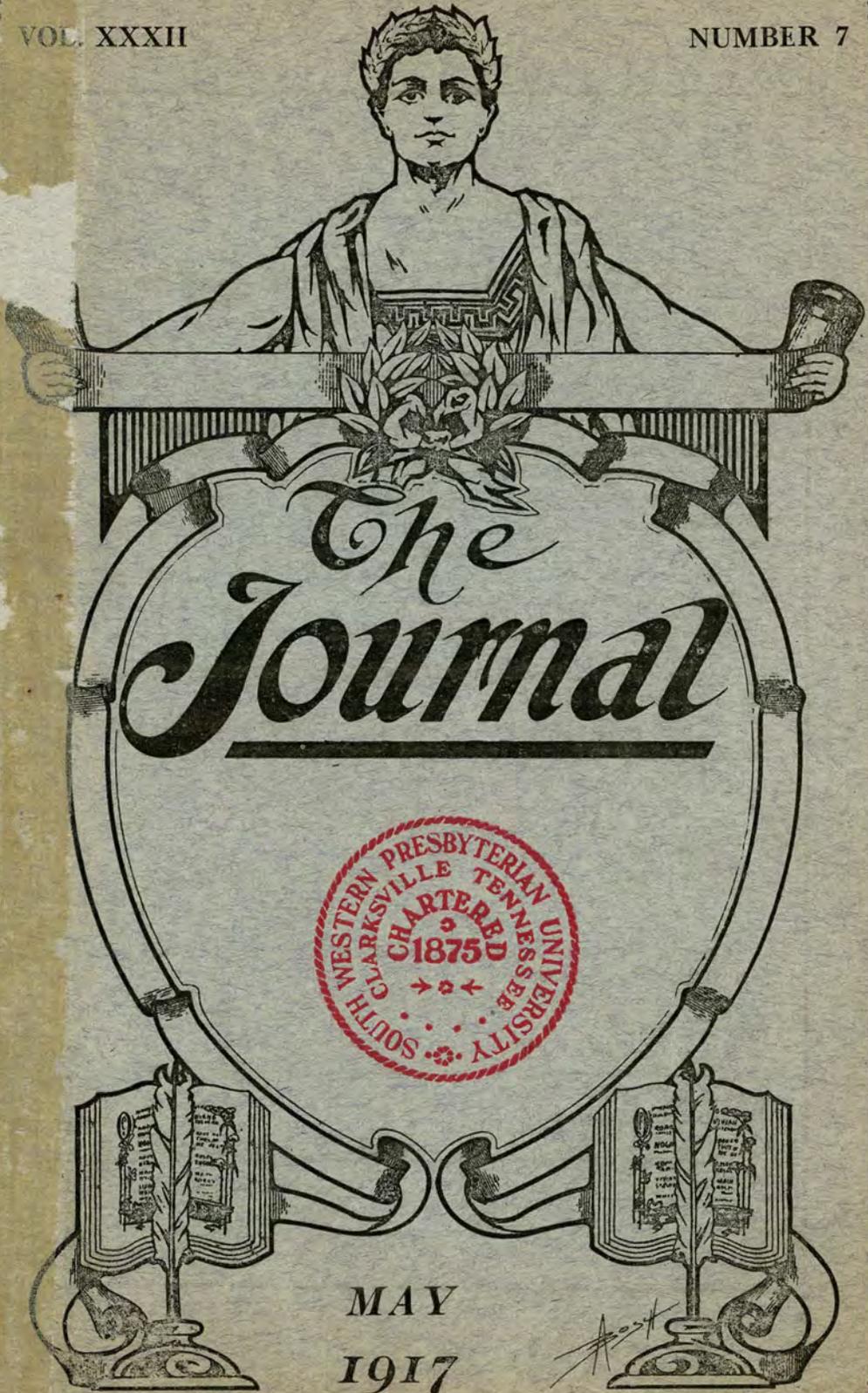


VOL. XXXII

NUMBER 7



MAY  
1917

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# THE JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine Published  
By The Students of the Southwestern  
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CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

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# The Journal

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VOL. XXXII

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1917.

No. 8

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## THE DAWN

X, Y, Z

Slowly forth gushed the rosy dawn  
Bathing the heavens with light,  
And the coming of the lusty morn  
Quickly drove away the night.  
Boreas brushed the firmament clear  
And the rising sun' s burnishing hue  
Drove the shadows of night to the rear.  
Then passed in procession across the blue  
Vivid lines of orange and red,  
And nature was thrilled with life anew  
And waked from its silence dead.

Across the branches of a topmost bough  
A shaft of sunlight flew  
Instantly in a scampering row  
The woods were alive in every pew.  
A squirrel leaped the air above  
And scurried through the branches away.  
In the distance called a dove  
As he watched the coming day;  
Two tiny wrens fluttered in glee  
About their breakfast fare;  
At the top of a dead oak tree  
Tattooed a wood-pecker with lively air,  
From the underbrush screamed a jay  
As he watched the gorgeous day.

As the sunlight sipped the dew  
From every tiny blade,  
Rugged mountains loomed into view  
Around the open glade.  
Down the mountain's narrow alley

## THE JOURNAL

Sparkling in the daylight beam  
Murmuring softly through the valley  
Slowly trickled a little stream.  
A gentle breeze began to croon  
Through the sunny dale  
High above the misty vale  
Hung the sleepy moon.

Downward in long sweeps of summer green  
Sloped the wooded mountain's copse,  
While across the valley could be seen  
Other jagged, peaky tops  
Near the level of the eye.  
Beyond, the bulks of boundless blue  
Rose towering in the sky  
And filled the limitless view.  
Down below in the valley wide  
Giant beech trees waved their arms;  
And every slope on mountain side  
Was rich in all its charms.

In snowy sweeps along the slope  
Dogwood blossoms scented the air,  
Dangling down like hempen rope  
With twist and graceful swoop  
Rustic swing and easy chair  
Grape vines hung in tangled loop,  
Near the hillside of the spring  
From the branches of alders high;  
While silvery green leaves sought to cling  
And shut out the clear blue sky.  
Here and there ever twinkling  
Their mingled branches through the bower  
Wild roses slowly climbing  
Nourished daily the blooming flower.

Yet the sunlight stole its way  
Down through the leaves between,  
And each tiny, scampering ray  
Bathed the earth in such a sheen;  
That even the shadows chased around  
Hide-and-seek to play.  
And every beam that fell to ground  
Increased the beauty of the day.

**THE LICENSED SALOON, UNCONSTITUTIONAL**

A. KILLOUGH



THE end of government is not the abridgement of human privileges, nor the permission of human wrongs, but the preservation of those rights conferred upon all individuals by their Creator, and the protection from those injustices occasioned by man's inhumanity to man. The signers of the Declaration of Independence recognized this great principle when they incorporated in that treasured document the following conviction: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Such also is the spirit of the Constitution, the spirit of human freedom and of protection from human injustice. The limits set by that compact to the powers of State governments are in accordance with that principle. The fourteenth amendment expressly declares, "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges . . . of the citizens of the United States." In other words, no State Legislature may, in accordance with the Constitution, enact any legal statute that shall deny to the citizens of this nation their rights as such, either by directly diminishing those rights or by countenancing anything tending thereunto.

Admitting such to be the end of government, the spirit of the Constitution, and the very letter of the fourteenth amendment, let us examine the statutes of our State governments to see whether or not it has been violated, and authority assumed where none has been granted. A statute that rewards our search, probably deserving most consideration, is the one licensing the saloon, a law which wears on its very face a look of dubiousness as to whether it is constitutional.

It is the duty of the State to preserve the privileges of citizens of the United States; but it is not the duty of the State to protect a traffic which is not a privilege of such individuals. If the business of the liquor dealer is a privilege, in the light of the

Constitution it cannot be abridged; but if it is not, by the same great standard no just plea can be presented for its preservation.

A privilege of a citizen of this nation needs no statutory law to confirm its legality; according to its very nature it stands, under the Constitution, as lawful in itself. When we measure the liquor traffic by this standard of a privilege we discover that it fails to meet the requirements. No saloon dealer operates his business without the protection of the license law; his attempt to do so would be pronounced a criminality in all the courts, and the offender punished as a violator of the law. He must have a legal permit before he can force his evils upon any community. This license differs from that required for the followers of honorable vocations inasmuch as the permission to carry on vice for the revenue that proceeds from it differs from the lawful protection and regulation of the honest man's business, in order to prevent fraud and deception upon the community. This distinction has been declared to exist by the Supreme Court. If therefore the saloon must be legalized before it can operate, it cannot be regarded as a Constitutional right and deserves not the protection of the State.

Again, a privilege of a citizen of this nation cannot be abridged; the Constitution so declares. But from hundreds of towns and counties throughout this country, under the righteous indignation of public opinion, local option laws have banished the saloon; and in seventeen States of this Union there are laws upon the statute books prohibiting the sale of liquor in those territories. And there is not a court that has ever questioned the soundness of those laws, or failed to accord them its fullest sanction. And yet the Constitutional clause forbidding the abridgement of privileges is just as authoritative today as it was when it became an instrument of government. Where is the consistency of rights, if the saloon is a privilege? The Supreme Court of the nation has declared, "To keep a saloon is not a privilege of a citizen of the United States." Then, if it is not a Constitutional right in those States where it has been abolished, it cannot be said to describe any protection in those States where it now exists; and the State is not in duty bound to pass an atrocious law licensing such an evil.

Since we have seen that by prohibiting the saloon no privilege of citizens would be abridged, let us examine another phase of this

question, in order to discover whether the law licensing the liquor traffic does not, in itself, abridge the privileges of the citizens of this nation. A person enjoying the blessings of this government may not lawfully have forced upon him an evil which is detrimental to Life, his own, or that of society at large. Surely there is no individual who can truthfully assert that the saloon does not daily and insistently filch the privilege of life, not only from those who indulge in the immediate evils of this curse, but also from those who, in their helplessness, must endure its indirect effects. Drunkards' graves are not the only proof of its death-dealing blows; examine the criminal dockets of our courts, and ask what proportion of the murders there recorded were due to the craze produced by drink, and you will receive the appalling answer, "Seventy-five per cent." The deadly poison of the saloon produces the deadly mania that results in the suicides, homicides, and the great multitude of other life-destroying crimes that crowd the business of our criminal courts.

A person, enjoying the privilege of this government, may not have thrust upon him a curse which destroys his liberty. Is there any individual so presumptuous and so daring as to claim that the saloon does not directly and indirectly abridge the just liberties of the citizens of this nation? Do crazed intellects, diseased wills, and blighted souls have true liberties? Where did they lose them? Inmates of hospitals, insane asylums, and prison houses answer, "The saloon."

An individual enjoying the blessings vouchsafed by this land of the free may not have swung about his neck a weight which checks him in the pursuit of happiness. Ah perhaps there is in the subtle evil of the saloon a secret motive that speeds man onward in his chase after that priceless treasure! But let grave yards, paupers' hovels, overcrowded jails, wrecked homes and bleeding hearts render the decision as to whether a single individual, urged forward by that force, has ever overtaken the coveted prize.

A citizen of this nation may not justly be exposed to those evils which disturb the public order, or violate the peace and safety of citizens. We need but the testimony of newspaper files and that of our own eyes to secure evidence that the saloon daily abridges this privilege. Three-fourths of the crimes of Chicago are due to the saloon. The police records of Hammond, Indiana, show that "ninety per cent of all the offenses committed

are due to the liquor traffic, and that \$15,000 a year is almost wholly and exclusively employed in watching and caring for men, women and children affected by drink."

Such is the nature of the saloon business, which the license law protects. From the fact that it is not a citizen's privilege, since it necessitates the permit of the law to operate, and may be, and has been, abridged by legal statute, we conclude it can be entirely abolished, without disturbing the Constitution. But since it clearly and openly infringes upon the privileges secured to citizens by that instrument of government, we conclude that the State, in keeping upon its statute books a law sanctioning its operation, is also guilty of Constitutional violation. May the time soon come when the citizens of the United States shall be so stirred by this fact that they will demand with their ballots that such a law be swept from their State governments and a traffic that abridges their rights of Life, Liberty, and Happiness be annihilated in the nation.

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### OUR COUNTRY IN 1950

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"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world,  
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in  
awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."



**I**N the year 1950 many changes, both political and otherwise will have come to pass. So many and so radical changes take place in such a short time that it is difficult for us to picture just what conditions we may find existing in our nation a few years hence. However, I shall suggest a few changes, or reforms that will probably occur within the next few years and which are consonant with the trend of modern political thought.

In 1950 in the United States we shall find woman's suffrage universal. Women will not only vote but they will also hold office, both in state and nation. Women are very largely taking men's places in European industries. They may be found in the munition factories, operating railways, and carrying on the work of agriculture while the men are at the battle front. This is in Europe. In America too, the industrial inflation of the past two

years has caused employers to give tasks to women which before this time had never been suggested. A notable fact is that women are superior to men in application, accuracy, and in manual ability, even in work of a technical nature.

By 1950 many judicial changes will have been made. The Supreme Court of the United States will no longer have the irrevocable right to declare null and void any law passed by Congress. In 1950, a plan known as the "Recall of Decisions" will be in force. By this plan a majority of the voters can recall any decision made by a Supreme Court. Thus the will of the few cannot thwart the will of the many. The recent change made in the courts, abolishing the archaic rule allowing unlimited debate, or filibustering, and replacing it by giving two-thirds of the Senate power to shut off debate at a certain time—such a change as this suggests that other changes will be made as necessity demands. Government of a people is perfect only as it is progressive.

In 1950 our presidents will be elected by a direct vote of the people. The old and complicated electoral system for electing our presidents will be a relic of the past, and for a president to be elected in 1950, he must receive a majority of all votes cast.

In 1950 the majority of the people of our country will be Socialists in spirit if not in name. The other political parties will be in the minority. We shall elect a president who is thoroly in sympathy with the socialistic movement of the times. Many policies, both social and political, which the Socialists now advocate will have been adopted by that time. We read an editorial from one paper that is strongly in favor of government ownership or control of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, mines, forests, oil wells, water power, and other natural resources. Then probably the very next paper we read propounds exactly the opposite principle. Cardinal Gibbons opposes such control, claiming that the efficiency of American railroads far surpasses that of the railroads in Europe. He states there are deficits in revenues each year which the European governments have to pay. He says that government ownership is contrary to the spirit of the people, and that "if the present employees were to be made government employees, we would build up a central power that would use its employees for political purposes and would bring about corruption of the worst character." The post offices, he claims, are a failure financially, but they are indeed a most serviceable institution to

our people, and one that would be indispensable. Instead of competition we should have coöperation. Why was it that an English concern was able to underbid the American steel men for a contract to supply our navy with big shells? Some say that it was conclusive proof that we need a high protective tariff. But we believe that the extreme efficiency of the English concern was due to coöperation. What we need is, not an impregnable tariff wall, but coöperation.

In 1950, therefore, there will be no protective tariff on goods entering our country. There will be a National "bone-dry" law on the statute books of 1950. And then, anti-tobacco laws will be demanded as strenuously as the anti-whiskey laws are being demanded at present.

In 1950 we shall see the "commission" form of municipal government adopted in all of our towns and cities. Each city will publish annually a pamphlet showing where every dollar of public revenue comes from and where it goes. The states will also adopt this plan, for it is here that economy and efficiency in local and state government begins.

The latest revenue reform, the income tax, has hardly had time to be tested. The returns for 1916 showed that a great many people had managed to escape the tax. But we shall find the government requiring a statement of income from everybody in receipt of fifteen hundred dollars or more a year. Officials will be directed to keep an eye on every man's expenditure, and if the income he reports for taxation seems inadequate for his style of living, he will be asked for an explanation.

Another thing that we expect to see existing in 1950 is a Pan-American Union of all the American countries. A Pan-American Congress will be held annually at some appointed place where all of the representatives will legislate for the benefit of all of the countries represented. Social, commercial and political relations will be discussed at this congress, and laws passed to promote the welfare of the masses represented. President Wilson says that "progressive action is a constant adjustment of government and of society to the welfare of mankind." By re-electing Wilson, the nation expressed its approval of his progressive actions and forward marching policies, such as: The Federal Trade Commission; Federal Reserve Act; Rural Credit Law; Adamson Eight-hour Law, and Child Labor legislation. May we not expect even more from the next administration?

We believe that with the introduction of political, vocational, and industrial education, which is sanctioned by Congress, we will have the much needed help in solving the problems that will arise in the future concerning our social, political, and economic life.

—“THE CO-ED.”

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## THE OLD MAIDS

---

A comedieta in one act and in prose by Luis Cocat Y Heliodoro Criado.

TRANSLATED BY J. W. THOMSON.

Characters—Pura, Procopio, Casta, Claudio, Sandalia.

Place—Madrid. Time—The present.

### ACT THE FIRST.

Scene—An office luxuriously furnished. Side doors at the right, and another at the back. On the left a fireplace, and beside it two arm-chairs. A writing desk at the right, and another arm-chair before it.

### SCENE I.

Pura, Casta, Sandalia and Procopio. On the rising of the curtain Procopio appears writing at the table; Sandalia and Pura are sitting in the arm-chairs near the fireplace; the former knitting a stocking, and the second reading in a prayer book. Casta, sitting in the arm-chair before the table, is reading a newspaper.

Procopio (writing)—Five, and I carry six—six, and I carry seven—seven, and I carry eight—.

Sandalia—But, Procopio, you keep on taking more away than you leave.

Procopio—What do you know about it? This is arithmetic, woman. Ha, ha, (adding it up). Fifty thousand six hundred and seventy-four. Our income has increased this year by ten thousand and seventy-four reals. Now we can give each of our daughters an income of about twenty-five thousand reals.

Sandalia—That is good.

Procopio—What are you doing, Pura?

Pura—Father mine, I am reading the drill (devotional exercises) for the day.

Procopio—What, the military drill? Have some troops come? And you, Casta?

Casta—I am enjoying a wonderful article called: "The Day of Judgement, or the End of It All." This world is only an immense space filled with skulls. The hair rises on end—

Procopio—The hair on the skulls? I don't understand. And you, Sandalia, what are you knitting there by the fireplace?

Sandalia—You can see already.

Procopio—(Rising, and looking at them with pleasure). Good, perfectly good. I have here a family picture in which everything breathes happiness, peace and quiet. But it cannot continue thus, and it will not continue this way.

Sandalia—What are you saying, Procopio? You are not pleased to see your family happy?

Procopio—To the contrary, my dear. I only want to say that although this is a beautiful picture, tender and moving, it doesn't entirely satisfy me. I am worried much about the future of our daughters, who are still unmarried; and it is needful for them to think seriously about marriage.

Casta—Good heavens! (Making a gesture of disgust).

Pura—Did you ever hear of such a thing! (Crossing herself).

Procopio—I'm getting tired of your ridiculous and affected gestures of surprise whenever there is any talk of your marrying. How do you expect to continue thus? Casta, you spend your time with literature, with music, and in throwing bird-seed to the canary. You, Pura, are so absorbed with your prayers, church services and mystical ideas, that already everyone is calling you "The Little Nun". You must come out from that monotony which casts a kind of disagreeable seriousness on you. To do this, there is nothing like love, which offers—in short, it is that that makes things go.

Sandalia—Procopio, don't be silly.

Procopio—(Continuing the thread of his discourse). That's right. Love fills the imagination with pleasant illusions, makes us agreeable, cheerful, and talkative. To sleep and eat tranquilly, as you do, is not enough for life, for man cannot live by bread only; other things are necessary—

Sandalia—Meat, for instance.

Procopio—And wine. Will you please be quiet? Don't you see that I am philosophizing? Accordingly you say that it is

necessary to attend to the life of the spirit. You, Casta, are already twenty-nine years old.

Casta—(Protesting energetically). I? It is impossible! How outrageous!

Procopio—You know it is the truth. And you Pura, you are thirty.

Pura—(Angrily) You are not telling the truth!

Procopio—What? Just look at the little nun!

Pura—(In a gentle tone). Forgive me. I only meant to say that you are mistaken.

Sandalia—But, my dear, what is the use of talking about years. It is neither appropriate nor to the point.

Procopio—You also? How unreasonable women are! Not to the point, am I! Then I would like to know how much longer they can go without marrying?

Sandalia—But do you think that the poor girls are the ones to blame for their sweethearts having turned their backs on them?

Procopio—Perhaos so. Generally, when a man leaves his sweetheart, it is because she doesn't have what is commonly called "charms". And what are charms? Well I'll tell you. Among other things it is affability, affectionateness, gentleness; a certain studied submission made up of apparent yielding, while in reality he is the one yields to the least of your caprices. Make little concessions; for example, when he passionately strokes your hand, don't draw it back indignantly; just yield it as though you had not noticed it; and when he lightly treads on your foot, don't draw it back in a hurry as though you had a corn on it. You have corns, haven't you?

Casta—What a question! Father! Who has them?

Procopio—Why, everyone. I, your mother,—

Sandalia—But, Procopio—

Procopio—Keep still. I am emphasizing my points.

Sandalia—You better say that you are putting the feet on the corns.

Procopio—Yes, finally. And then, if the women would have a little more practical sense, they would never need to fear becoming old maids thru following chimeras or not making good use of their opportunities. The large part of the girls with good faces and beauty,—of these, I say, there is not one who does not believe herself handsome on looking in a mirror, and dream at fifteen of marrying some Castillian title; at twenty they yield and put

up with a banker; at twenty-five they resign themselves at last to a government clerk, lawyer, merchant, etc., etc.; at thirty all men are equally attractive to them,—even the water carrier.

Sandalia—Do you know that you are most eloquent today?

Procopio—It is the truth breaking out and making wise the most stupid; and that isn't saying either, that I am one of the most stupid. (Turning to Pura and Casta.) Well then, what are your opinions? Speak out.

Casta—Well, to be frank, man seems to me to be absolutely disagreeable. He is coarse in his exterior, and common. (Exciting herself with poorly concealed anger.) Morally they are degenerate, faithless, false, and untruthful.—(Changing her tone.) I'll make an exception in your favor, because you are my father.

Procopio—Thanks, daughter. (To Pura.) And you, what have you to say?

Pura—(Getting up, and showing religious fervor). For myself, father, I never judge men by the physical. From that point of view, they are all equal to me; entirely inconsequential. From the moral point, however, I can see nothing more in them than a faithful likeness to the devil, from whom it is always necessary to flee. Their words are deceitful, their smiles, diabolical; and their glances—ah! their glances are so satanical and penetrating, that they cause the blush of shame to come to one's cheeks. Oh! I abhor them so much, that I mourn the fact that you, my father, are a man. (She sits down.)

Procopio—What else could I be, since I am your father? Do you understand what I am telling you? It is more chagrin than horror that you feel, for you haven't had anyone to burden themselves with you yet.

Casta—What foolishness!

Pura—May heaven protect me from it!

Procopio—So you expect to remain old maids, do you?

Sandalia—But, dear, let them do as they please. Besides, the first thing that is necessary for them if they are to marry, is a sweetheart, and they haven't any.

Casta—Fortunately.

Pura—(To Casta.) You are right.

Procopio—(To Pura.) You aren't like your mother whom I caught as a widow and having you with her.

Sandalia—I always had much charm, as you call it.

Procopio—(To Casta.) Neither are you like your mother who is resting in peace; for she married me for her third trial, and you are the fruit of our tender love.

Sandalia—And you are more charming every day.

Procopio—In short, I am grieved and driven distracted, by the sight of you drifting along this way. It hardly seems possible that the comparatively young element of this house, should take a delight in being bored. It will be a happy day for me when I see them leave the house, and I think I will celebrate it by dancing the cancan with your mother.

Pura—(Crossing herself.) Good Lord!

Sandalia—What's that you are saying!

Procopio—Keep still Sandalia. I am desperate. Can't you see? (Swinging his arms violently.) My nerves are all vibrating like the strings of a violin!—Go and make me a lime tea to quiet them.

Sandalia—Come, let's get it. It seems to me that for today at least, you have the very devil in you. (Sandalia and Procopio go out by the second side door.)

## SCENE II.

Pura, Casta, and after a while Claudio.

Casta—How determined they are that we should become the victims of those wicked men! A fine lot men are, I must say!

Pura—Fine? Well I should say not! They are horrible!

Casta—My convictions are so strong that I will not give in.

Pura—Neither will I.

Claudio—(Appearing at the door at the back of the stage.)  
Good morning—

Casta—What? Whom are you looking for?

Claudio—Senor don Procopio Chanchalagua; I would like to see him. (He advances.)

Casta—Are you looking for our father?

Claudio—Yes, Senora.

Casta—(Very plainly.) Senorita.

Pura—(The same.) Senoritas. We are both Senoritas. (As soon as Claudio appears, Casta and Pura glance at him closely.)

Claudio—Pardon me, I had not noticed—But then, Senoritas, desire to talk with your father; but if it is inconvenient for him—

Casta—By no means; have a seat, while we go and tell him. Thanks for your name?

Claudio—I haven't any.

Casta—What, you haven't any name?

Claudio—Oh, to be sure; Claudio Pasalodos.

Casta—That is good. (Looking at him closely.) (It is very attractive—)

Pura—(The same.) (He has interesting eyes—) (They go out at the second side door.)

### SCENE III.

Claudio and shortly, Procopio.

Claudio—I wonder why those girls looked at me that way? They aren't ugly. And to think I have offended them by calling them *Senoras*—I would like to know how in the world any one can tell at a glance the state of a woman. (Looking around the room.) How luxurious! There isn't another such home in the village. It is easy to see that Don Procopio has the coin.

Procopio—(Entering.) My dear sir—They have told me that you were looking for me, and besides that your name isn't unknown to me.

Claudio—I believe it isn't. I am the son of your friend Policarpo Pasalodos.

Procopio—How delighted I am to see you—But sit down. (They sit down.) And how is your father?

Claudio—Crippled with the rheumatism; and wracked with pains that make him scream; but for the rest, he is entirely well.

Procopio—I am indeed sorry.

Claudio—That he is well?

Procopio—No, that he is crippled so with the rheumatism.

Claudio—As he couldn't come with me to Madrid, he told me to bring this letter (He draws out a letter which he hands to Procopio, who reads it) to my friend Chanchalagua, who has a strong political pull, and he will accompany you everywhere just like a dog.

Procopio—(The beast!) As he says in the letter, you have come to attend to some business?

Claudio—Yes, sir. As my father is now the mayor, he wishes me to be the town clerk of Matalauva, our home town.

Procopio—Yes to be sure. Doubtless to be of one mind so as to reform the administration most easily.

Claudio—By no means; not so!

Procopio—No?

Claudia—No, sir. The other day he called me and said: Look here Claudio, it is necessary for you to corner the clerkship; because when I am mayor and you the secretary, we will have a whole sea of graft, and hold two good, paying offices.

Procopio—Of course! I see that pain hasn't lessened Policarp's appetite any. (What barbarous frankness!)

Claudio—And for that reason I have come to see the representative of the district—

Procopio—That is very simple; I will go with you to the Congress, and to see whatever parties are necessary. Have you ever been in Madrid?

Claudio—Yes, but several years ago. By the way; do you know that your daughters are very attractive.

Procopio—What of that! (They have seemed attractive to him! Good!) Let me tell you something, they attract the attention of everyone; so much so, that I dislike to go out on the street with them, for there are so many men going in the opposite direction to us, and standing like statues with their heads turned and glances full of admiration. Man, I tell you they have caused more than one twisted neck.

Claudio—Just listen to that!

Procopio—They are two angels, my friend, two genuine angels. Casta, now, is the Roman type of beauty. Pura the Greek type. And both for their moral qualities are worthy of being counted among the most famous of the vestal virgins.

Claudio—What's that? (As if not understanding what he heard.)

Procopio—I love them madly. And the day that either of them says to me: Father, I am going to marry, my heart will break. (How I wish it were tomorrow!) But, it is a question of an honorable man and one who will make them happy, and—

Claudio—One for both of them?

Procopio—You rascal! (Flipping his cheek with his finger.) They on their part, will work for the happiness of someone, for besides their physical charms, they have other quantities of economical kind. They can count on a good dowry, which, united to that of their husbands, will permit them to live in a kind of luxury.

Claudio—That is good. (Rising.) Well, Don Procopio, I must be going.

Procopio—(Rising.) So soon?

Claudio—I will return tomorrow—

Procopio—(Reflecting.) (They have seemed beautiful to him!) Where are you staying?

Claudio—As my father did not want me to stop for expenses, I am lodging in the best hotel in Madrid; in the Posada del Peine.

Procopio—What an idea! I cannot consent to it—

Claudio—Why?

Procopio—It is not to be thought of; that the son of my good friend Policarp should stop at an inn. By no means! You shall stop here in my house as long as you are in Madrid. I suppose you will accept. Meantime we will order the baggage sent up, and—

Claudio—Good. That will save me some expense.

Procopio—(Pointing to the first side door.) See. That bedroom is separate. We intended it for just such cases. There you will find everything that is necessary. Well; I will go and tell the others about the arrangement. Sandalia; girls!—(Approaching the second side door.)

#### SCENE IV.

The Same, Sandalia, Pura and Casta.

Sandalia—(Who appears, followed by Pura and Casta.) What is it?

Procopio—(To the three.) I have the pleasure of introducing the son of my dear friend Policarp Pasalodos to you.

Sandalia—You are most welcome.

Procopio—Business has brought him to Madrid, and I have asked him to stop with us during this time. He has kindly accepted, and—

Sandalia—Why of course. Nothing else could be thought of!

Procopio—But, let us sit down. (Aside to Sandalia.) The girls looked beautiful to him. We must catch this eel!

Casta—(He is going to stay here!) (They sit down; Casta beside Claudio; Sandalia beside Procopio; Pura near the grate.)

Claudio—(How beautiful they are!) (Looking at Casta and Pura.)

Procopio—(Pointing them out.) Here they are. Casta is my daughter; Pura, my wife's. We married when we were old,

and have had no more children. These are from former marriages. (He paused, Pura, Sandalia and Procopio looked at Claudio,—Pura showing chagrin; and Casta, coquettishness. Aside to Sandalia.) Just look what eyes he is casting at Casta! It is plain to be seen that he has fallen in love at first sight!

Sandalia—(For Pura. To Procopio.) If that other is a fool!

Casta—(To Procopio—wuth coquettishness. And do you like poetry?

Claudio—No, *senorita*; verses trouble me. I get tangled up with the sun, the moon, the stars and the planets. I can't carry so many things in my head. As for music,—well I should say I am fond of that! So much so, that when at home I pass the whole day doing nothing but playing on the accordion.

Procopio—(For Casta.) Here you have a great teacher of music. She plays the piano while sleeping.

Claudio—Is she a *sonambulist*?

Procopio—I meant to say—(What a materialist this man is!)

Sandalia—(Nudging Procopio.) Shut up!

Casta—(For Claudio.) (He isn't any *Apolo*, but still he dresses a la mode—)

Pura—(Just look at the one of fixed convictions! What hypocrisy! What horror men do cause her! The hypocrite! (Claudio yawns.)

Sandalia—(Aside to Procopio.) He sighs—

Procopio—(The same to Sandalia.) Yes, the braying of an ass—I mean a sigh of love.

Casta—(To Claudio.) Did you sigh?

Claudio—No, *Senorita*. It is only a yawn from weakness, because I haven't dined today—

Sandalia—(Springing up.) What do I hear! You haven't dined—and you have been so silent! (All rise.)

Claudio—To be sure! Who wants to talk on an empty stomach?

Procopio—But why haven't you said something about it? Let's see, girls, run and tell the servant to bring out something to eat. (To Claudio.) We have already eaten—But enter, come into the dining room with my daughters. I'll be with you in a moment—

Claudio—After you. (He enters before them.)

Procopio—(Detaining Sandalia, who is going to go out after them.) Come back here. (Pura, Casta and Claudio go out by the second side door.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

# The Journal

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## Editorial

In the course of a lecture, a professor remarked, "A man has to live and commune with himself, and for my part, I prefer to associate with a man of broad mind, and extended knowledge." Under this consideration it is easily seen that a merely superficial knowledge is inadequate. For, to a man's inner self, if he be really true to himself, he will be stripped of externals, and appear as he truly is. A man may appear quite versatile, conversant along many lines, broad minded; yet what will he profit if he knows his so-called breadth is merely a veneer, and not the true breadth of knowledge and mind which comes from depth of thought? Sometimes as we see persons who appear woefully lacking in mental acumen, we wonder what they really think when alone. We feel like asking if those who are deceiving only themselves, ever waken to a realization that they are themselves the only dupes of their own pretensions? It is an important thing to know oneself, though perhaps sometimes it is really a sad awakening. And this is one of the values of a true education,—knowledge of self, and of one's relativity to the eternal values of

life. Another important item to learn is how best to be equipped for one's place in the world.

The unprepared state of affairs which have prevailed in our country for the past several years, has occasioned difficulty and hindrances which perplex the leaders of our nation at this time. These are times which call for clear, well directed thought, and for quick and accurate decisions, in order to efficiently meet the exigencies which confront us since the declaration of war upon Germany.

Let us learn the lessons which may be derived from these conditions. College days should and are days of preparation. We are now training our minds to definitely directed thought. And as the end of this college year draws near, we might well consider whether we have diligently used the means at hand, and have not neglected anything in our work of preparation. Have the values received been commensurate with the expenditure of time, labor, and money? If not, wherein lies the fault? Can we now think clearer and more to the purpose than nine months ago? Have we broader interests, sympathies, and knowledge? If so, we can truly feel that the year has not been spent in vain, and that it has proved to be worth while.

So then, one of the most important things for which to strive, is definiteness of aim in our thinking. A child's vivid imagination is able to call into being wondrous things. This imaginative power undeveloped and untrained, is of no value, to the child or to the world. However, when the imagination is trained and controlled, we see the results in wonderful inventions, in governments, etc. Is your mind filled with childish anticipations of enjoyments of the results of some noble achievement? Or is it concerned with the means by which best to accomplish the achievement? Are your thoughts, when alone, directed toward some definite goal, or are they merely the idle dreams of a visionary?

Let us take heed to our courses of action, not being crushed by backsets, but profiting by the experience gained, let us rise and go on further. Let us be thorough in all our work of preparation and of execution, and let us not rest satisfied with a superficial wisdom, but seek true wisdom and knowledge.

# Y. M. C. A.

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At the regular meeting on March 25th, the following new Y. M. C. A. officers were elected: Messrs. P. M. Watson, President; O. M. Barry, Vice-President; C. E. Guice, Secretary; F. V. Long, Treasurer; P. L. Armstrong, Journal Editor. The Y. M. C. A. has indeed shown exceptionally good judgment in the selection of these officers, and may well expect a very prosperous year under their leadership.

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On April 9th and 10th, we had the happy privilege of having Mr. McNeil Poteat with us. Mr. Poteat is an International Secretary of "The Students' Volunteer Movement," and is himself a volunteer as a missionary to China, for which country he expects to embark this summer. He addressed us on two occasions and brought us a most virile and searching message on our part and interest in Foreign Missions. He pointed out the gross and almost universal ignorance of even theological students in our own Foreign mission activities. He further indicated the very small percentage of theological students who are even considering the foreign field, and said if possible the percentage ought to be reversed or certainly increased in behalf of foreign missions since the need there is much greater in proportion to the number of unconverted than in the Home Field. Mr. Poteat also reminded us that the foreign field offered wonderful opportunities for Christian service to Christian men and women in all professions of life besides that of the ministry. We were lastly warned of the danger of missions being somewhat overlooked and neglected in the general rush and excitement of war, and of the possibility of its work being curtailed now when the opportunity for effective service is possibly the greatest in the history of the world. We feel that we have been greatly benefited by these inspiring and forcible words of Mr. Poteat, and that his visit has been a great blessing to us all.

---

It should have been announced some time ago that our Dr. A. R. Shaw had been chosen to deliver the Y. M. C. A. Sermon at Commencement. The chief motive behind this choice was a sincere desire of the Cabinet, many of whom are in his Senior

Theological classes, to express its hearty appreciation of Dr. Shaw's excellent work in our seminary department. It is to be regretted that on account of the suspension of all Commencement exercises this year we will be deprived of the privilege of hearing Dr. Shaw on this occasion.

---

On account of the illness of the Y. M. C. A. editor only the names of the speakers for April can be given: Mr. E. B. Thompson, April 1st; Rev. C. R. Raymond, April 8th; Dr. de Ovies, April 15th; Mr. W. E. Powell, April 22nd.

---

The new officers were initiated into office at the regular meeting on April 29th. Mr. W. S. Smith made a few introductory remarks, after which the new President, Mr. P. M. Watson, made us an interesting talk upon the future success of the Y. M. C. A., impressing upon us the necessity of each one putting his shoulder to the wheel.

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## Exchanges

He kissed her rosy lips,  
 Just kissed them in a frolic,  
 Ah, 'twas a dear, dear kiss,  
 For he died of painter's colic.

—PUNCH BOWL.

---

### NOT CURRIE!

His Wife—Charles, dear, you are growing handsomer every day.

Husband—I'm sorry, Isabel, but I'm rather hard up at present.—LIFE.

---

Johnny had a Thomas cat  
 That warbled like Caruso;  
 A neighbor threw a baseball bat,  
 Now Thomas doesn't do so.

—LEHIGH BURR.

Officer—Do you know anything about field drilling?

Private—Field drilling? Oh, yes, I used to have a job in an artesian well company.—LONDON OPINION.

“This,” said the goat, as he turned from the tomato can and began on the broken mirror with relish, “this is indeed food for reflection.”—TIGER.

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SOCIETY NOTE.

Mr. Nicholas Romanoff of Petrograd has left for his summer place on the south coast of the Crimea.—NEW YORK EVENING SUN.

The ex-King of Portugal is hard at work on a book. Manual labor!—SATURDAY NIGHT.

Son—Pa, what do the Head Hunters do with the heads after they get them?

Pa—Make noodle soup of them, I guess. Don't bother me again.—TIGER.

---

CONSIDERABLE GROWTH.

A Texan and a New Yorker were one day discussing the relative merits of their respective climates. “Down where I live,” said the Texan, “we grow a pumpkin so big that when we cut it my wife used one-half of it as a cradle to rock the baby in.”

The New Yorker smiled. “Why, my dear fellow,” he said “that's nothing at all. A few days ago, right in New York City, three full-grown policemen were found asleep on one beet.”—EX.

---

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The Rev. George C. Abbitt took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

“Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?” a woman asked.

Mr. Abbitt recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

“No,” he replied in stern reproof; “it is your rector.”

Was there a dull thud?

No.

“Indeed,” said the lady, quick as a flash, “and pray what are you doing there?”—NEW ERA.

## NOAH WAS STRONG FOR PREPAREDNESS.

Noah made the zebra ride on the hurricane deck of the ark. "The stripes," he explained to Ham, "will save us from the German submarines."—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

## SOME FIGHT.

Pat was in the museum looking at a copy of the "Winged Victory."

"And what may yez call that?" he asked an attendant.

"That is the Statue of Victory," was the answer.

Pat surveyed the headless and armless statue with renewed interest.

"Victory, is it?" he said. "Then begorra, Oi'd like to see the other fellow."—HOPKINSVILLE NEW ERA.

## RECENT UTTERANCES.

Billy Sunday: "If a minister believes and teaches evolution, he is a stinking skunk."

Rev. Charles R. Brown: "The loss of capacity for moral indignation is infinitely worse than war."

Senator Williams: "Wall street did not sink the 'Lustiania.'"

Emperor William: "Before God and humanity I declare that on the governments of our enemies alone falls the heavy responsibility for all the further terrible sacrifices."

## THE SEED MAN'S DOOMA?

Hon. Curfew—Since Tom Wallace, the farmer, has busted into poetry over the Russiam revolution why should not I?

The Czar of all the Russians,  
 He put a P before them;  
 As Czar of all the Prussians  
 In Russia, he forswore them.  
 The Duma heard the story,  
 And straightway there was yelling,  
 And after battle gory  
 Restored the ancient spelling.  
 "I put the P in Russia,"  
 The Czar he used to murmur;

But now the Duma's got him,  
 Likewise his monk and Sturmer.  
 And in the Russian alphabet—  
 Than which there is no better—  
 Just bet your better half on it,  
 P is a silent letter.

—THE SEED MAN.

---

LITERARY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For clearness, read Macaulay.  
 For logic, read Burke and Bacon.  
 For action, read Homer and Scott.  
 For conciseness, read Byron and Pope.  
 For sublimity of conception, read Milton.  
 For vivacity, read Stevenson and Kipling.  
 For imagination, read Shakespeare and Job.  
 For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.  
 For elegance, read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.  
 For simplicity, read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.  
 For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.  
 For lofty, ennobling sentiment, for sympathy, candor and honesty, for comfort and consolation in affliction, and for the promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come, read the Bible.—RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE.



## Locals

Cumberland Rooter (as Aunt Fannie Thomas steps up to the plate): Now for the leading lady!

Little Katherine Brownell (after chat with P. Alexander Mickel): Mother, I just talked to Mr. Pickle.

Dr. Long (in chapel the morning following the announcement of J. V. Currie's coming marriage): The first engagement of the war took place yesterday and—

Guide to visitor at the S. P. U. museum (in the year 1952): Those? Why the poker and shovel were used by two cave men,—Aston and McAtee—during the early part of this century.

W. L. Smith: Lets tie Caesar Crow to yon tree.

Archie Warren: I cannot do same without feeling of compunction, prompted by no lesser feeling than love of country and desire to see justice established thruout the world.

Tacket: Burns met a girl and that upset him.

Dr. Beale: Very sad.

### NOAH BROUGHT THIS ONE OVER.

A.: Could a man shed a volunteer?

B.: No, but Dynamite.

Dr. Shaw: What other great event took place simultaneously?

Crowe (speaking of the veil in the temple): The curtain fell down—was blown all to pieces—was rented—cracked.

Dr. Shaw: Which way?

Crowe: Always.

Dr. Shaw: That's sufficient.

Bob McGehee (after storm): Clearing up!

Cain: Yes. Quite a change in the hemisphere.

As a couple of students passed a couple.

First Student: She was certainly hard hit.

Second Student: Yes she took the count.

## POEM BY DR. EDWARDS.

2 men wrote a book  
 —Blackmar and Gillin,  
 ½ Bunk,  
 —The other half fillin.  
 A “measley” feeling is manifest among the students.

## SEVEN WONDERS OF S. P. U.

1. The oratory of Judge King.
2. The vocabulary of Dr. Lang.
3. The salve of Carroll.
4. The schemes of Dr. Edwards.
5. The rotundency of J. Caesar Crow.
6. The flower house of deception.
7. The tin-pecker of Waddel Hall.

Archie: Why do the girls wear their dresses so short?

Mays: For two reasons.

## LIBERTIES RECENTLY TAKEN.

McAtee wore Gewins' trousers to a date.

A freshman hid Coleman's asbestos gloves with which he handles his ties.

Glasscock tried on Kirk's Texas Stetson.

Speckle Mecklin felt the edge of Aston's poker—not with his head as did T. J. Wharton.

Jack Tacket tapped Sanballat on the dome with a pencil in chemistry.

Mickel borrowed, without visible witnesses, several hydrox from the University store.

Rhodes stole a potato for family use.

Sam Lindamood, seeing Paul Watson plant a potato in his garden, planted a brick in Judge King's stomach.

## A NEW TRANSLATION OF GEN. 12: 4.

O. M. Barry (Heb. 1): “And Abram was a son of five wives and seventy years when he departed out of Haran.”

Jun. Theolog. (to H. V. Cain, as he was walking along with a melancholy pose): “Say, why aren't you raising Cain tonight?”  
 Cain: “I am not Able.”

Freshman Baker: "Rat T. why have you bought so much talcum?"

R. T.: "Well I've discontinued correspondence with my girl and she requests that I return her letters and presents, etc., which I always do if they request; and these three boxes are to repay for all I've eaten."

A certain gentleman from the "White house" rebuked a little boy for not washing his face, saying, "I have washed my face every day for twenty-nine years."

Little Boy: "Yes and you've pretty near ruined it too."

#### REASONS ASSIGNED FOR NOT ANSWERING FIRST CALL FOR TROOPS.

Bill Barry: Flat feet—pigeon toed in the heels'

Theo. Joke Wharton: Old head wound received in charge upon McAston castle.

Cyril P. A. Wilson: Unshapely stilts.

R. Elegant Carroll: Wife in Texas.

Ez Coleman: Fire scarred chest due to loud ties.

Pete Richardson: Internal injuries brought about by excessive eating of moth-ball pies.

Pete Wade: Hard head causing enemy's bullets to splatter upon fellow troops with detrimental effects.

J. Mordecai Warren: Brilliancy—easy mark to enable enemy in locating U. S. troops.

Poker Aston: Days of Sampson passed. No good at long distance fighting, poker being only weapon.

Brownlee the Discourteous: Not sufficient target, hence unjust to enemy.

W. Lanky Smith: Too elongated. Will enlist as submarine periscope.

John Stinson: U. S. will not make use of gas to attack enemy.

Cain: Has already killed his man.

Julias Caesar Crow: Protrusion of stomach abnormal, hence target for enemy.

Currie: Too grouchy—would curdle condensed milk in the commissary.

Daniel J. Calvin: Dependent fourth cousin once removed.

Hardy: Suspicious character—might pimp.

Aunt Fannie Thomas: Old wound. Too heavy an eater.

Sanballat Brownell late of Antioch: Flat feet and foot ball toe.

Lap Lindemood: Dependent invalid brother, Samuel.

Doc Marable: Lost two bones in recent engagement.

J. Hickory Smith: Contract to remove all shade trees from S. P. U. campus, not yet completed.

P. Alexander Mickel: Elephants not needed except in event of Indian campaign.

Count Patch: Member of the nobility.

Jonesy: Too cold for comfort of surrounding troops.

Prof. MacQueen: "Several little reasons."

Some students could competently fill a place in the ranks of the army mules.

---

INTIMATIONS.

I tip my hat to Senior Mays  
 Whose grit and humor you cannot faze.  
 I give my hand to J. V. Currie  
 Because I believe to wed to hurry.  
 I'll give a smile to Bob McGehee  
 Because he is so cute, tee, hee.  
 I'll only breathe in Archie's ear  
 The name of one—his Nellie dear.  
 To H. B. Wade let this be all  
 Remember well our old hand-ball.  
 To Brother Powell my old friend Shake  
 I can't say more, my voice doth quake.  
 To J. C. Rhodes, old "Motor Mike"  
 I hope you ne'er forget that "bike."  
 I bid farewell to R. E. Carroll  
 The man who wears such smart apparel.  
 To Prepus Alley A. McNair  
 Good-bye fair singer of sacred air.  
 My old friend Pete my freshman chum  
 I hate to see you leave "by-gum."  
 To Secretary Richard E.  
 My best good will is a check to thee.  
 To New-come Seniors Jones and Grille  
 I'll make a friendly wish and will.  
 For Graham, Alumnus Daniel and Patch  
 Its hard to find good words to match.  
 My last farewell is to John T.  
 Since first at S. P. U. I met was he.  
 I want to add this wish for all.  
 That you may heed sweet Cupid's call.

—W. L. S.

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