

# The SOUTHWESTER

Volume 7

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 23, 1925

Number 3

## Lynx Cats Invade Foreign Territory Today

### GIRLS' LITERARY SOCIETY ORGANIZES

Corresponds to Men's Fraternity of Sigma Upsilon.

The literary sorority Gamma Zeta held its regular meeting at the home of Misses Martha and Elizabeth Carnes Friday, Oct. 16, for a short business session. There were open discussions in regard to the various problems facing the society. Miss Martha Carnes, having been officially invited to organize this group of girls to petition the national literary society of Chi Delta Phi, plans were made for this installation at Southwestern during the month of November, at which time the national officers will be present.

The purposes of Chi Delta Phi are to form bodies of representative women of literary tastes, and through their influences and interest to uphold the high ideals of liberal education, to furnish the highest reward for conscientious efforts in furthering the best interests of literature and the election to membership in the sorority those whose records are based upon such meritorious work.

Chi Delta Phi is the only national women's organization of the kind in existence. It corresponds exactly in aims and methods of work to the men's fraternity of Sigma Upsilon. The former was founded at the University of Tennessee, of Knoxville, in 1919. The total number of chapters established in the various colleges in the United States is 21.

The Patronesses elected are Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Atkinson. The members of the local Gamma Zeta are Misses Frances Fisher, Marion Blalock, Sara Johnson, Elizabeth and Martha Carnes and Ida and Kitura Phillips.

### Students Scale Wall To Safety As Cook Swings Soup Ladle

London, Eng., Oct. 23.—King George was seen late last night riding horseback down Madison avenue. He was being closely pursued by three bold bad bandits. Two bobbies loitering on a street corner succeeded in halting his majesty's flight and held him till the bold bad bandits arrived. He sustained the loss of his pony and diadem.

His royal highness has posted a reward of six pence for the return of his mount, no mention was made of his diadem. He issued the following bulletin:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"I will give to the person who returns my cayuse, right pronto, a reward of six pence and half my kingdom. Don't try to work fake horses on me. I'm dutch to that kind of stuff. I tried it once myself and still have a scar on the back of hand.

How Come You Students Won't Write For The Sou'wester? The Work Is Now Being Done By Only a Very Few. You Are Not Doing Right By Them.

### Spirits Shocked As Freshies Burn Straw Bonnets At Night

It was dark. A lazy moon listed aimlessly in the heavens. Poll cats infested the chicken roosts. Pandemonium reigned forth. An agonizing death-like suspense permeated the air. It was an ominous night. Fateful and fitful for departed souls. No one ventured out onto the streets. The police were plainly nervous. They were vainly hiding behind their war-clubs.

From out of the grotesque shadows one blood curdling yell resounded.

Tongues of a wicked flame darted to the skies. An odor of straw struck the nostrils. The poll cats slunk into the engulfing darkness.

Fear not, dear reader, 'twas only the annual depreations of the Southwestern freshies as they ceremoniously observed the "burning of the straws," on the eve after their first "hard" gridiron conquest.

### GORDON TO ADDRESS Y. M. C. A. SUNDAY

Bolling's Talk Last Sunday Was Well Received.

Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2 p. m., Rev. U. S. Gordon, an alumnus of Southwestern, will speak at the Y. M. C. A.

Rev. Gordon is "a regular fellow" with the A. & M. students, and they have nicknamed him "STOUT." Girls, take notice! He is not married.

Rev. Bolling, one of our Alumni, addressed Y. M. C. A. last Sunday on "Honesty." He was told by a prominent judge in Mississippi, "Men need to have preached to them honesty and truthfulness." "Thou shalt not steal" needs to be emphasized more, and needs to be lived more.

Honesty is embodied in our building, and so is honesty a guiding principle in this institution.

People do not know enough about the ten commandments. Shakespeare said: "He who stealeth my name, stealeth that which enricheth not him, but makes me poor indeed," so things other than those material can be stolen, too.

In the last book of the Old Testament Malachi says: "Will a man rob God?" Then he makes this emphatic saying, "Yet ye have robbed God in tithes and offerings." Many people rob God without being conscious of it. A tenth belongs to him.

Men are not honest with God. They do not intend to slap God in the face, nor do they often intend to take money belonging to God.

You may think I have missed the mark when I talk to college men about money—they have so little. But check up on what you have that belongs to God. You have ability to make money and when you make it, give God a tenth.

"Thou shalt not steal." Do not steal material things. Do not steal that which is more valuable than money. Do not steal what you owe to posterity, but live an honest and upright life.

Few speakers have held the undivided attention of the boys as did Rev. Bolling. His talk was thoroughly enjoyed and we welcome him back any time he sees fit to come.

#### Moves

Sergeant: If anything moves, you shoot. Sentry: Yas, suh, an' if anything shoots ah moves.—Ex.

### DR. DIEHL ATTENDS ALABAMA SYNOD IN NASHVILLE FOR VANDY'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

Last week our president, Dr. Charles E. Diehl, attended the meeting of the Synod of Alabama, which convened at Eufaula.

Southwestern was presented to the Synod, and a good deal of interest was shown in our institution. Congressman W. B. Oliver, of Tuscaloosa, was elected to our Board of Directors, succeeding Mr. J. F. Rushton.

Dr. Diehl also attended Vanderbilt's Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration which, he said, was one of the most elaborate and well-planned college celebrations ever held in the South, comparing favorably with the magnificent celebration of Yale University, in connection with the inauguration of President James R. Angell, which he attended about three years ago.

President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation; Mr. James H. Finley, editor of the New York Times; President Angell, of Yale; Dr. Paul Shorey, of University of Chicago; Dean Clark, of University of Illinois, and the French Ambassador, were among the speakers. There was dedicated on this occasion the Neely Memorial Auditorium and the Alumni Memorial Hall, the latter being given by the Alumni in memory of those who gave their lives in the World War.

Everything possible was done for the comfort and convenience of the delegates.

Dr. Diehl announces our own FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION to be held here November 26-28th.

### LET'S ALL BE ON THE OLE MISS SPECIAL

EVERY STUDENT AND FACULTY MEMBER OUGHT TO BE THERE AND HELP OUR TEAM WIN.

"Watch out 'Ole Miss,'" is the watchword upon the campus. On Nov. 21 the whole student body will embark upon a special Southwestern-Frisco train bound for Oxford, Miss.

The fare for one round-trip ticket will be only \$2.94, instead of \$4.00, as was announced in last issue. That means that every Southwestern student will be able to go, and some more besides, because a number of Memphians are expected to make the trip with us.

But what about a holiday? Yeah, bo! Dr. Diehl said that he would gladly give us a holiday if 200 students have bought their tickets before Nov. 21. Save up your "sheckels," fellows, and come on and let's go. EVERY Southwesterner ought to be there.

The team will probably accompany us both ways. 'Nuff said.

The time of departure from the station is yet in question. But that is not the great question. The great question is "Are you going?"

A freshman recently entered college accompanied by a note to Dean A. E. Cate from an affectionate father. "My son," said the note, "has one bad habit. He will bet with anybody on most anything. I desire greatly that he shall be broken of this habit."

### BATTLE WITH HENDERSON-BROWN

Last night 24 Lynx Cats entrained for Arkadelphia where they join battle with the Henderson-Brown aggregation this afternoon. This is to be their initial encounter on hostile soil,

but we know that the Lynx, having snatched victory from a seeming defeat Saturday, will be hard to "hold at bay" anywhere. We believe they have absorbed some of the "never say die" spirit that will insure a good showing against any opponent.

According to Coach Neely, who saw them lose to Arkansas Teachers College last Friday 10-7, Henderson-Brown has a fast and heavy team. The margin between the two scores is too slim to use in shaping our estimation of their strength. Then, too, over-confidence seems to have caused their defeat. It's just enough to make them yearn for revenge on the Cats.

Shorn of this over-confidence, with an eye toward avenging themselves against Southwestern, reports from the Reddie camp say that a different team will be in evidence in the tilt. Southwestern knows this and Coach Neely knows it. So they're prepared to combat the situation from every angle.

Coach Neely has been gradually ironing out the rough places in his team, and it ought to be a little better organized than the one that "strutted" against the Aggies.

If Southwestern plays the game of which they are capable, Henderson-Brown is in for a tough afternoon. The Lynx team rates as an aggregation capable of performing when miracles are necessary, and probably such phenomenon will be required every minute in the tilt with Henderson-Brown.

The team which starts against Henderson-Brown is dependent on the way the men respond to treatment for injuries, but his outfit will possibly be little hampered in this direction. It is likely that Joe Davis and Al Clements will play ends, Charlie Dutton and Koonce, tackles, Arthur Dulin and Shorty Myrick, guards, Capt. Sid Davis, center, with Wes Adams, Doc Price, Milton Hawk and Dode Farnsworth behind the line. The combination represents about the best Southwestern can muster.

Myrick, Sid Davis and Charlie Dutton have been on the injured list, Myrick and Sid Davis with bad ankles, Dutton with an injured knee. Myrick has been unable to play since the Jonesboro College game, and Dutton was out of the Jonesboro Aggie game. Sid Davis was hurt in the Aggie tilt Saturday.

The varsity squad was put through a short scrimmage on defense against the forward pass, and later indulged in a protracted signal drill.

Henderson-Brown may have a heavy and fast team to offer stiff opposition, but we are optimistic enough to believe we have one a little heavier, a little faster, and one that will leave their foe a little stiffer from the fray. We are with you in spirit, Lynx Cats, and we know you will do your best.



Yea! Team---We Crave Millsaps' Goat!

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A staff meeting is held by the Sou'wester every Monday morning at 8:15 o'clock in the publication room.

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FIRST THINGS FIRST

Hold on! Just keep your seat. Rear back and be comfortable. I am not going to preach you a sermon although I have heard of sermons being preached from this theme. I just want to make a statement of a truth that you may or may not have gathered during your stay be it ever so brief or otherwise at Southwestern.

There is no student that can do his or her best work and attend every college function and take part in every college activity. Men have come into this world and having caught a vision of the many things they could do, they did their best to do all of them; but when their lives were exhausted and their energies spent there was still just as much as ever to do. So it is in college life. Some freshmen enter college with the idea that they must do something every minute of the four years that they expect to spend here. It doesn't, as a rule, matter what they are doing just so they are busy doing it.

It is alright to do things. You're expected to do something; but think a little about the things you are doing. Correlate your actions to the extent that there will be a purpose in your doing. That is where I get my subject, "First Things, First." Place a value on each separate activity and do that thing that will be the most enriching to your life.

THE SEARCH FOR A STUDENT

There has come to my ear the story of a famous scholar who has searched the four corners of the earth for a real student. It is not a finished story and in that fact lies our interest. As the story goes, this scholar has searched in all lands for that man who will come up to his ideal of the real, whole-hearted student. He has not succeeded in his quest; he has found many who call themselves students, but from among all these he has not been able to find the perfect student. To find this perfect student is his great desire in life, for as the story goes, this scholar has great rewards for that one whom he shall judge the perfect student. These rewards are rich, they are beyond comparison with ordinary material things, and it is said that they reach out into that vague unknown, but perfect universe of which those who aspire to be students sometimes get a fleeting glimpse. In the realms of this universe, so the story holds, are to be found all those things which go to make up perfect happiness. Not only to the perfect student does the scholar offer great rewards, but he also offers to those who truly aspire to be students, rewards of great value. But, as the tale goes on to say, there have been very few to respond to this world-wide call for students. Consequently, this old scholar has almost given up hope of ever enlisting the world into the ranks of those who battle for scholarship, or if ever finding the perfect, flawless student. His heart is heavy, he is sad, he is weary from his long and fruitless wanderings, he is disappointed.

But not long ago, so the narrative goes on, hope was again revived in this scholar when the report of a far distant school which turns out students came to his EAR. This school was Southwestern Presbyterian University of Clarksville, Tenn., and it was famous for its scholarship. Upon receiving this report the scholar immediately set out to find this little school.

He hoped that his desire to find the perfect student would at last be gratified. Report now has it that this great scholar has reached Clarksville, only to find that the little school has moved away. We are hoping, however, that the scholar will see fit to continue his search until he reaches us, for be it known to all that this Great Scholar is the Spirit of Learning that seeks to know the truth. It is he who holds forth to us the great things that will come as a reward for scholarship, it is he who holds our future in his hands, and it is he who offers us supreme happiness, provided we will gain that steadfast spirit of seeking the truth, which is the characteristic of the true student.

The Spirit of Learning comes to visit us. Will we be ready? Will we be ready to offer him, proudly, a true student? Will we finish happily the story of the great scholar who has searched so long for the Real Student? If we cannot hope for this great distinction, we may at least offer at the altar of scholarship a few who aspire to be students. But let us remember that the Spirit of Learning comes soon to visit us: we must not head him away disappointed; we must offer him a place in which he may rest from his long journeys. We must give the Spirit of Learning, who is the Scholar, a home among us, a place that he will occupy through all the days that are to come. This is the story that we must finish.

By H. Z. Z.

WE'RE THE GINKS

We're the ginks that edit the Sou'wester. People envy us—instead of pitying us. Why? Because there is so much material gain in addition to glory that



is ours. And then there is so little to do. Students bring their writings to the publication room—all typed, too—and we have only to bundle them up, send them to the printer, and get the papers three days later. It's so easy. Everyone wants to write; to do his bit. People smile and hold out their literary gems when they see us approaching—instead of throwing up their hands and uttering groans of despair. We wonder why they do this. It must be because of their loyalty to the institution which they are privileged to attend, because they are proud it publishes a weekly paper, and because they are offered such wonderful opportunities for literary growth. We know a gink who writes: "I only ask them to accept the responsibility of writing a few articles for THEIR paper, yet they would have me feel that I impose upon them when I say that an article has to be in at a certain time. The printer says that to me; and I don't think he imposes because I can see his position. He can't print a paper on time without material on time." Now would you like that to be said of you and YOUR paper? We're THE GINKS who hope not.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauties or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.—B. A. Stanly.

QUIPS AND SKITS

BY THE COLLEGE HUMORIST



A Dumb Visitor

"Is that clock right?" asked the visitor, who had already overstayed his welcome. His host groaned.

"Oh, no," he said. "That's the clock we call 'The Visitor.'"

The bore sat down again. "The Visitor," he remarked. What a curious name to give a clock.

His host ventured an explanation. "You see," he cooed sweetly, "we call it that because we can never make it go."

And even then he failed to see the point.

A politician, who at one time served his country in a very high legislative place, had died, and a number of newspaper men were collaborating on an obituary notice.

"What shall we say of the former senator?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, just put down that he was always faithful to his trust."

"And," queried a cynical member of the group, "shall we mention the name of the trust?"

Robert has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard:

"How do you like your stepmother, Bob?"

"Like her! Why, fellers, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

During the World War, one of the great steamships that was used as a transport for soldiers was on her way across when a torpedo boat was sighted. In anticipation of the danger they were in, all on board were lined up on deck.

There was a deathly hush for an instant, when suddenly from down the line a negro's voice rang out: "Is dar ennybody heah dat wants to buy a gold watch and chain?"

"Your references are good, I'll try you," said a farmer to a lad who applied for a job in the poultry farm.

"Is there any chance of a rise?" the boy asked.

"Yes," said the farmer, "a grand chance. You'll rise at four every morning."

As We Know Them

An absent-minded person is one who thinks he left his watch at home and then takes it out to see if he has time to go home and get it.

A Start

Teacher: The class will now name some of the lower species of animals starting with Bob Jones.—Ex.

Re-Marking

Tenderfoot: Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?

Senior Patrol Leader: Did you ever hear of marking time with hands?

Tenderfoot: I understand clocks do, sir. Ex.

Help!

Here I stand at the close of day  
 The sky is blue and pink.  
 The sun is sinking in the West,  
 I stood, and let it sink.

—Ex.

50-50

An impecunious tenant had not paid the rent of his room for several months. "Look here," said the landlord, "I'll meet you half way, I am ready to forget half what you owe me!" "Right, I'll meet you, I'll forget the other half," said the tenant. —Ex.

DOINGS OF DULIN

Sheik of sheiks is Arthur Dulin; He's a heart-breaker and that's no fooling. He breaks their hearts and causes tears, Calls them sweetheart, sugar, and dears, Now the other day in the dining hall They had old "A" against the wall. A freshman said "A" was open for dates, He wanted to get several beautiful mates. Dulin blushed as great sheiks will, Gave the girls a glance that would kill. When eats were through and laughter over, "A" started out like a dumb cattle drover. He fell against Sid Davis' arm To ward off the girls who meant him no harm.

He finally reached the dining hall door, Only to spy fifty girls or more. All wanted Dulin for one wee squeeze, To hold him tight and hear him tease. Present in this glorious throng Were girls real short and girls real long. Dulin took them one at a time Passed on their lips a Yankee dime When sitting on sheik Arthur's knee. But at last "A's" strength gave out; And all the girls left with a tango and a shout.

Dulin yelled as they passed the door: "Come back, sweethearts, and kiss me some more."

He: "If I had known we were going through a tunnel, I'd have kissed you." His Girl: "Heavens! Wasn't that you?"

THINGS WE SHOULD BE PROUD OF



Coming Soon

COLUMBIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

1828—1925

Columbia Theological Seminary is an approved Seminary for ministers in the Southern Presbyterian Church. It is the official Seminary for the Synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi.

The Faculty is composed of men who are chosen for pre-eminence:

1. In Christian Character.
2. In Scholarship.
3. In Approved Ability.
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The student body is composed of picked men from choicest Christian homes of the South. Their motives, ability and character have been approved by their home church, Presbytery and college. These young men come to the Seminary to receive special training for leadership in the most important sphere of human experience.

Columbia Seminary offers to its students thorough training, sympathetic fellowship, helpful co-operation, practical experience, a true conception of the meaning of service.

Richard T. Gillespie,  
 President  
 Columbia, S. C.

## Lynx Cats Come Back By Defeating Jonesboro Aggies 14-6

Prince and Koonce Score in Fourth Quarter for Southwestern.

Prince and Koonce score in fourth quarter for Southwestern.

With somewhat of a new lineup the Lynx Cats of Southwestern defeated the Aggies from Jonesboro here last Saturday. The score being 14-6.

The breaks of the game were decidedly with the apes, while the Lynxs did not play up to their standard during the first two periods.

The game started with Hooker taking the ball on the kickoff. Several plays attempted, after which Farnsworth punted. The Aggies gaining the ball in a fumble completed several short passes and line bucks, carrying the pigskin to the Lynx Cats' eight-yard line. Here they found a stone wall and lost the ball as the period ended.

At the beginning of the second period Farnsworth carried the ball for gains, but the Aggies secured the ball on a fumble. Then by work of Ford the visitors succeeded in reaching Southwestern's 10-yard line. Again they found Dulin and Capt. Davis in their places and lost the ball on downs. Here Farnsworth put his sure toe under the oval for a good punt.

With Wes Adams the Lynx went into the game at the start of the third period with renewed pep. Both teams now featured passes, but Southwestern proved more successful in this line of attack. Clements to Farnsworth were the principal gains. Lohman of the Apes scored for his team by picking up a fumble and running 80 yards for a touchdown; no goal. Passes and a good run by Hawk placed the ball on the Aggies' 12-yard line, just as the period ended.

At the start of the eventful fourth period, Farnsworth carried the ball to the 2-yard line, after which Price succeeded in taking it over for a touchdown. Farnsworth kicked goal. After the kickoff Southwestern kept the ball in the enemies' territory. A fumble, followed by another fumble, gave Koonce a chance to pounce on the ball for the second touchdown. Again Farnsworth kicked true for the extra point. The remainder of the game was featured by passes and runs by Hawk. The whole line seemed to be just warming up and was pushing the opposing line back in a body each time. They had a drive like a locomotive. The game ended as Hawk made a good run around left end.

The stars for the visitors were Ford Lohman and Capt. Thompson. For Southwestern Adams and Hawks—Hawk for dgo gains, Adams for putting life in the whole team and running it with supreme ability. Farnsworth kicked well. Clements and Dulin showed the old fight and some fierce tackling during the entire game.

## Harahan Bridge Leads Eloping Couples to Doom

New York, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Peter Stuyvesant, mayor of the city, sighted a British fleet off Point 35 shortly after noon today. Lord Nelson was in command of the invaders. Mayor Peter lost his leg in the melee.

In a copyied-right statement to the Sou'wester News Service, he said: "I would not have lost my leg and would now be wearing the royal mantels of Lord Nelson if I hadn't misplaced my green pair of loaded dice."

## Fascisti Movement Quelched

Rome, Italy, Oct. 23.—Rome was burned last night by Nero J. Julius Caesar, political prisoner, succumbed when the catacombs caught on fire.

## Spirits of Departed Lovers Meet On Ground Where Suitor Shot By Father

By KATHERINE HICKS.

The mind is filled with foreboding. The eyes are dilated in expectation of startling discoveries. The palms of the hands are clammy. The feet move with uncertain steps, impeded in their natural motion by quivering knees—knees that quiver more painfully upon approaching the old house—a bleak, black house, looking like a monstrous black cat blinking glassy eyes as those of a blinded animal. The flicker of shadows from the quivering, shivering poplars. But still the feet are impelled to the heavy door as if drawn by invisible forces.

At last the door is reached; the hand, though every force in the body tries to detain it, reaches for the door-knob. It pauses in its course as the eye is caught and held by the ferocious gleam in the frenzied, crazed eyes of the old, bronze knocker, fashioned after an old Southern gentleman. Wait! They move—the whites show yellowish with red splotches. Still it cannot stay the hand, although the eye is held as if hypnotized by the eyes of the knocker. The door, on heavy pressure, slides ajar a tiny bit, then the hinges, rusted and old, give way to human force and screech out suddenly as a soul in mortal agony, and the yellowed eyes roll. The trembling feet place the weight of the body on the rough board floor, and it cracks and cracks like the grates of the iron gates of a deserted graveyard.

Suddenly from behind the eyes feel the burning glance from two yellowish-red eyes, and a cold numbness comes from the cold skeleton hand and creeps through the brain and down through the body. The feet become cold and—all is blank.

Hark! There are low moaning sounds like those from a troubled sea. It is like the crying of a soul in torment—a soul suffering from wrongs to other people. It is close to the ear, and in spite of the numbness of the body, the hair stands on end. Slowly, a misty skeleton appears before the eyes. The eyes behold the hoary hair, the great hollow eyes—yellowish-red eyes.

Stay! It speaks with a thin hollow sound.

"She is dead, dead, dead! Her spirit haunts me. Even though I am as dead as I shall ever be, my soul lives and writhes in torment, and the soul of him from France—it forces me to suffer eternally for the wrong of staying his love. God! How he fell! The thud snapped my reason. Hark! She comes to torture me. Would that my spirit could rest.

A sobbing, heart-rending sound comes as from a distance and slowly draws nearer. As it gets closer, the ear discerns a tearing sound as of the rending of flesh—it is the breaking of a human heart.

There! What is that mist descending from the stairway? It condenses. See the great staring, black eyes as of two living coals—the curly mass of hair touching the floor, and—horrors; The red blood trickling drop by drop from the bleeding heart. It is the wrath of one whom love, checked by violence, has devoured. It speaks with a low moaning sound, sad with the sadness of all the ages.

"Oh, my soul calls for thee, my spirit wanders aimlessly for thee, my heart is bleeding for thee. Oh, my lover! That someone would break the spell and free our souls to go to the Elysian fields of contentment. Oh, my lover, there is another presence. Another soul besides that of my father's. Come, my lover, come to me—perhaps the spell shall be broken and we shall be free to wander in happiness."

There is a creeping sound, a rasping sound, and the ayspantion of the broken hearted lover enters from the balcony

door. Its heart is torn into shreds and blood trickles in a puddle upon the floor. It speaks.

I come at your bidding. I come, but the gulf of torture separates us. The moaning of the one who robbed me of earthly form keeps us apart. Would that his torture could be ended that our two souls could be happy together in heaven. But it is written that it could not be until another, with a human soul and body, should oenter. And we should cease to torment the soul of one who robbed us of human beings. But I feel an alien presence. I am free. You are free. Come, beloved, come."

The hollow squeeking voice of the spirit of the old man ceases, his bones crumble into dust and his spirit rises as a vapor and passes into thin air. A sweet singing sound fills the air as the spirits of the young girl and her lover pass into the air. As they go, the poplars whisper, "Love, love, love."

At the sound of the word which brings warmth to the heart of every human being, blood starts from the heart and fills the body with a glow. The feet go no further—the story of the house is told. Its walls hold no secrets. The poplars continue to sigh through the ages. The beautiful but tragic legend of the house, abode of maniacs, still lives. The deserted buildings but keep alive the once proud mien before the days of war.

### The Measure of a Man

Not how did he die,  
But how did he live.  
Not what did he gain,  
But what did he give.

Not what was his station,  
But had he a heart,  
And how did he play  
His God-given part?

Was he ever ready  
With a word of good cheer,  
To bring back a smile,  
To banish a tear?

Not what was his church,  
Nor what was his creed  
But had he befriended  
Those in need.

Not what did the sketch  
In the newspaper say,  
But how many were sorry  
When he passed away?

She: "Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"

He (bashfully): "He did. I'm the man."

## FRESHMEN COMPLETE ORGANIZATION

Tuesday morning "Freshman" Warren E. Smith, president of the neophite aggregation, "rounded up" his "yearlings" for the purpose of electing the remaining officers. Those chosen are as follows: Harry Trevathan, Vice-President; Catherine Underwood, Secretary, and Milton Hawk, Treasurer.

## REDHEAD IMPROVES

Jack Redhead, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is rapidly improving. Glad to have him back with us.

Jack went under the knife Wednesday a week ago. He came from the ordeal in fine fiddle. He was taken to his suite in the dormitory last Wednesday.

He is out of football for the season.

## I'm the Gink

I'm the gink who is always willing to accept a responsibility, but never willing to shoulder it. I'll grab up any job that is offered me just so there is a little "honor" in it; but please don't ask me to do anything. I'm so busy trying to keep from being busy, that I just can't take care of this matter for you. I'm so sorry.—Ex.

## Awkward

The teacher, noticing one of her pupils idle, said, "Tommy, come down here and work at your spelling. Don't you know that the devil always finds something for idle hands to do."—Ex.

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**PROMINENT ALUMNUS GUEST OF KAPPA SIGMA**

Phi chapter of Kappa Sigma is enjoying a visit from Brother R. E. Craig, of New York and New Orleans. He is an alumnus of Southwestern and was initiated in 1888.

Brother Craig spends much of his time visiting the leading colleges of America. He says that nowhere has he seen the beautiful grounds and buildings we have here. He is highly optimistic as to Southwestern's future and prophecies for her a brilliant career.

Southwestern can boast of no alumnus who is more loyal or more generous than Mr. Craig. He is always a welcome guest here, and we hope he will visit us again in the near future.

**RECENT K. A. PLEDGES**

Kappa Alpha takes pleasure in announcing the following men pledged during the week: Messrs. James P. Gladney, Earl B. Whitfield, J. Robert York and Warren E. Smith.

**ALPHA PHI EPSILON MEETS**

There was a called meeting of Alpha Phi Epsilon in the chapel last Monday morning, for the purpose of reorganizing. It was decided to hold meetings every other Friday at 2 o'clock. The meeting was informal and lasted only a very short time.

**SORORITY ENTERTAINS VISITORS**

Misses Dorothy Cornelius, Mayme Gold Ellis and Pauline Rudolph have returned to Clarksville, Tenn., after a visit to Memphis as guests of Kappa Delta Sorority.

**ANNOUNCE PLEDGES**

Alpha Delta chapter of Kappa Delta takes pleasure in announcing the following pledges: Mary Cullerson, Billie Burnett, Mary Sue Moody, Deatrice Matthews, Elizabeth Hart, Elise Porter, Ethel Brown, Virginia Rice, Marcelle Yard, Rebecca Dean and Catherine Lockwood.

October 23rd marks the twenty-eighth anniversary of the founding of Kappa Delta at Farmville, Va. On this day appropriate services will be held.

**CHI OMEGAS ENTERTAIN**

The Alumnae chapter of the Chi Omega fraternity was host of a luncheon Oct. 10, at Hotel Peabody, celebrating the Autumn Eleusinia. There were 11 chapters represented.

The table was beautifully decorated with cardinal and straw candles. In the center was a horn of plenty filled with luscious fruits, carrying out the idea of harvest time.

A most interesting program was given between courses. Those taking part were: Miss Mollie Rhea Cobb, Pi; Mrs. Lila Head, Psi; Miss Polly Minor, Kappa Beta; Mrs. Margurite Scates, Delta Alpha; Miss Mary Wood Davis, Gamma, and Miss Iola Smith, Kappa Beta. Dr. Charles E. Diehl gave a most interesting talk on the "Opportunity of the Fraternity Woman in College and Afterward."

Dr. and Mrs. Diehl and Mrs. Townsend were guests from Southwestern.

Ikie Taber has changed his abode from the zoo to 1961 Lindsdale.

**FETE RUSHEES**

The Chi Omegas entertained their rushees with a dinner at Hotel Peabody on Oct. 13.

The table was beautifully decorated with red roses tied with straw colored tulle. The girls' places were marked with dainty corsages and the boy's with witches' brooms.

During the last course attractive favors were distributed which added greatly to the pleasure and merriment.

After dinner the party went to the home of Mrs. Norma Monaghan, for a game of bridge. The game was played at eight tables.

The high score prizes were won by Miss Louise Clark and Francis Hubert.

Those present were: Miss Mary Allen, Mr. Francis Hubert; Miss Elanor Beckham, Mr. R. P. Moss; Miss Louis Clark, Mr. Wm. K. Fort; Miss Rosa May Clark, Mr. E. J. Eason; Miss Maretta Graham, Mr. C. Hudson; Miss Natalie Northcross, Mr. James Pope; Miss Ida Phillips, Mr. Ed Buder; Miss Margaret Cobb, Mr. John Beard; Miss Hilda Scates, Mr. Joe Rennie; Miss Virginia Weathersby, Mr. Solon Miles, Miss Iola Smith, Prof. S. Monk; Miss Francis Beach, Mr. Nolan McLean; Miss Irene Clardy, Mr. Verd Slaughter; Miss Virginia Smith, Mr. H. Reynolds; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Monaghan, Miss Polly Minor, Mr. Francis Howard.

It is with pleasure that Kappa Beta chapter of the Chi Omega announces the following pledges: Mary Allen, Eleanor Beckham, Louise and Rosa May Clark, Margaret Cobb, Connie Ellison, Maretta Graham, Natalie Northcross, Ida and Kitura Phillips, Hilda Scates and Virginia Weathersby.

Misses Iola Smith and Frances Beach have returned to Clarksville after visiting friends at Southwestern.

Miss Connie Ellison spent the week-end with friends in Holly Springs.

Miss Katherine Hall went to Covington for the week-end.

**Kidnappers Hide Baby**

Southwestern, Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 23.—Much commotion was caused in the boys' dormitory on the night of Oct. 22, when some bold bad thief entered the sanctuary of John P. Simmons, editor of the Sou'wester, and made away with his flannels.

"Shorty" Myrick retrieved the property next day while snooping in Eben Bee's suite. It is thought the rival editor was seeking revenge on the Sou'wester editor's stand for seats in the auditorium.

**Rabies Epizootic Takes Many Animals In Wake**

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 21.—The Lynx Cats drug the Ole Miss golden tornado into their lair recently, when they vanquished this enemy of long standing by the score of 102 to 5. Coach Neely stated he was well pleased with the showing of the team.

**Promising Material**

"Is this the first time you have ever been kissed by a man?" he asked. "Yes," she whispered. "What makes you so thoughtful?" "Say, darling, you're going to be simply a wonder when you've had practice."

**Open Faced**

Suitor to Little Girl: I'll give you a pretty pin if you will leave the room and let your sister and me alone. Little Girl: I don't want a pin; I wanna watch.

**From Our Readers**

Dear Editor:

Has our paper a Query Box? We need to find out some things.

While scoring intelligence tests this week we found that there is a lot of disagreement about whether Rio de Janeiro is in Spain or Argentina. The guide we use says it is in Brazil. Could you settle the question definitely?

Then did "Little Nell" appear in Vanity Fair or Romola, or in old Curiosity Shop? Some of us saw Romola at a picture show recently, but we didn't see Little Nell. One of us took a little Nell, but she wasn't that little, and we are sure she is not the right one. And we read Vanity Fair occasionally; but there is no little Nell in it; mostly Rudolph Valentino and some Cubist Artists. The key says she appears in the Old Curiosity Shop. Can you tell us what street it is on?

We know that "arson" is a term used in law, but these freshmen seem to think it is used in medicine. That may be what the college doctor was giving out during the recent epidemic of colds.

We always thought Bartlett was a kind of animal, but many of the freshmen think it is a kind of fish. The key says it is a kind of fruit. Couldn't we have some at the dining hall so we can recognize it? Next time we dine out they might serve bartletts, and some would go for halters and harness, while others would go for fishing canes. Everyone ought to know.

For the sake of those who drive automobiles, the freshmen ought to be informed that the spark plugs don't belong in the carburetor, but in the cylinder. Tell them, too, that Dewey did not defeat the Spanish in Boston harbor, but in Manila bay; that the piccolo isn't used in book-binding; but in music; that Kelvin was famous in science, not in politics or war; that Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island," not Hawthorne; that emeralds are obtained from mines, not from elephants.

We could tell from the fine writing occasionally that it was a freshett's paper.

What worries us most is where and how the silo is used in athletics. We asked Coach Neely and he said that it was used in track events in the big colleges, that he threw the silo 387 yards when he was a freshman at Vanderbilt, but that Coach Litton could throw a silo over 400 yards when he was in training.

One of us wants to meet the freshette who underlined the word DANCE in the following statement:

Cambric is a kind of fabric—food—dance—drink—color.

Yours hoping for the best,  
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