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CONTENTS.

Law or License.....	3
Rev. Jos. Bardwell, D. D	8
Silent Changes.....	9
The Maid of the Mill.....	11
Electricity at the World's Fair.....	11
The Composing Room.....	13
Salutatory	13
Loneliness	14
A Criticism.....	14
The Essay for Prize.....	15
Ideals	15
Our Advertisers.....	16
Dr. Bardwell.....	16
A Sad Mistake.....	16
A Source of Pride.....	17
Co-Operation.....	18
Our Exchanges.....	20
Alumni Dots.....	23
Locals.....	25

S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1893.

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LAW OR LICENSE.

Oration of R. I. Long, Winning Joint Contest Medal at Commencement, June, 1893.

We stand upon a mountain from whose lofty summit we view a beautiful plain spread before us. A river serpentine in course, whose clear and sparkling waters cause the vale to array itself in living green, flows gently through the valley.

On a gentle slope lies the city, whose magnificent temples and massive edifices, rearing their heads toward the sky, suggest eternal endurance:

The inhabitants, intent on their business or absorbed with their pleasures, rest securely within the city, fearing neither foe nor death. The

dense foliage of the forest around and the billowy grass of the open country present a pleasing background to this beautiful scene.

But a change comes over the scene. The air is still and sultry. An oppressive heaviness weighs upon the breast. Stillness reigns supreme. The animals instinctively show signs of uneasiness as if some mighty storm were impending.

Hark! A noise like distant thunder dying away. The dull rumbling sound grows louder and louder, and the whole plain rocks like a tempestuous sea. The people terror stricken rush from their homes into the streets in consternation and confusion. The strong walls of the houses hitherto regarded secure rock and sway like ships on the ocean.

A short stillness as if but to give time to gather strength, then comes a deeper and more ominous sound, and again the earth trembles. The city now strewn with the wrecks of buildings, with its thousands of inhabitants, sinks into a yawning fissure, and, as the earth closes, all disappears.

Where awhile ago were fertile plains and crystal waters, now are hills and deep fissures; where prosperity reigned now is utter desolation.

This was an earthquake that dealt destruction to temporal prosperity. I now wish to portray to your mind an earthquake which threatens the complete dissolution of our civil institutions; an earthquake whose portentous rumblings are giving now no uncertain sound. I speak of the usurpation of mob-law over justice, a thing which can lead to naught but anarchy and chaos-

Let us examine this evil agency, and we will discover that it is composed of two distinct classes: those on the one hand who have no regard for the laws of their country nor reverence for those of God; and on the other those who are law abiding citizens, but who think that under certain circumstances they have the right to administer justice contrary to the law.

We view the actions of the rabble with horror and indignation, and branding them as fiendish, declare that they ought to suffer punishment. But the same deeds committed by the better citizens are regarded with more complacency, and there being an apparent semblance of justice for them, some even have the boldness to assert that they are often justifiable.

When a band of lawless men form themselves into a mob, and take the law into their hands, all are anxious to express their disapprobation; when, however, good citizens, the pillars of the state, mask themselves and commit the same offence, it is almost universally condoned.

No one then has the courage to say it is wrong. Yet considering the deed

in itself, *i. e.*, in the justice of it, there is no more plausibility in the one than the other. Mob law is wrong in itself, and there is no occasion upon which its exercise would be sanctioned by a just God.

According to that law which the Lord God of Heaven gave to the children of Israel, no man should be put to death except at the mouth of two or more witnesses.

According to the law governing civilized nations, no man can be condemned to death except by the equivalent testimony of two or more witnesses.

According to the law of our own land, no man can be executed except by the verdict of twelve jurors.

Righteous law is justice codified; it is that which the reason of man by its innate principles of right and wrong, copying after the Divine mind, has fixed as the rule of guidance for human life. And whether this mob is composed of ex-convicts or of the higher circles of society, it comes under the same condemnation, since in both cases the end is merciless revenge, and use is made of the same means to wreak vengeance.

Man, whether he be king or peasant, has not the slightest right to employ means in themselves wrong in order to rectify an evil for which there is a prescribed remedy.

What right has any one to take the life of a fellow man, unless as prescribed by the laws of his state? By what authority does any one assume the role of an avenger and act as if he

were the master? By none given from Heaven nor from the reason, but from the devil, the father of all crime. The men who compose the mob are no less guilty of murder than if each had killed the man for private revenge. If a single individual kills a man he is tried for murder; but if he is a member of that genteel mob his skirts are clear.

Pieture for a moment a mob. Some prominent citizen has been murdered, and the whole community is stirred to its very center. The people wild with excitement are in search of the murderer. Some one is suspected and immediately falls a victim to mob violence. All idea of justice has been abandoned, reason unheeded, and the mass is swayed only by fearful revenge. The angry mob as it surges through the street is ever increased in its numbers and strength. As a rock loosed from the Alpine peak becomes a mighty avalanche carrying death and destruction with it, this mere suspicion culminates in a resistless mob.

The man is led out to some adjacent grove and given five minutes to prepare for death. Being innocent he pleads for life, for time to vindicate himself before the laws of the land, and in the sight of God, finally for mercy. But no, the hearts of his enemies do not relent and in a moment his form is dangling in the air, while his spirit has gone before the throne of God as a witness against them.

If guilty, the scene is more awful still. The man's conscience tells him that he will be lost, and he begs for

time to prepare to meet his God, but stern are the hearts of his murderers, and in a moment his soul is sent to predition while his blood rests upon their heads.

Shocking are some of the scenes enacted by this company. Riddling the body with bullets, burning it at the stake, slowly torturing it while alive, are not infrequent occurrences. Can it be that such deeds are committed in a nation that professes to stand foremost among the kingdoms of the earth?

Alas, it is so. And what will be the result of such disregard for the law? By the light of the past history of France we can read in clearest type the fate of this nation. The reign of terror was but an utter disregard for justice, and the enthronement of mob-law under the assumed name of the "Goddess of Reason." We see it in its most noxious form when the streets were rivers of blood; when the heads of kings, princes and peasants rolled over the same block, when thosands of innocent lives were violently terminated.

We behold its effects in the utter overthrow of civil institutions and moral distinctions. Its tendency is to anarchy and there it will inevitably end.

As brutal despotism enslaved Europe, this mob-law threatens the liberty of our people.

Liberty is conformity to law, and where then is the boasted freedom of this country, which is rapidly passing under such misrule? The virulent

character of this mob is all the more alarming since it is rapidly usurping judicial functions. What can be done to check this wicked and disorganizing tendency and once again place our beloved country on a sure and honorable foundation?

There must be something radically wrong with us, as we are the only people among the civilized nations who are now cursed with this great evil. At whose feet then lies the fault?

Among the first upon whom this evil can be imputed appear the administrators of justice. This impending ruin can only be averted by a strict adherence to justice and faithfully abiding by the laws of the land. And this happy state will never be attained as long as the officers of the law are negligent of their duty. When the rights and lives of the people lie at the mercy of corrupt and unscrupulous men, what else can be expected than a growing disregard for the sacred majesty of the law? When justice is delayed from year to year, when the trial of a man of wealth has become a solemn mockery, when all the court is venal from the judge on the bench to the jury in the box, when human life has become of such little estimation that a man is sentenced to the penitentiary for a longer term for the stealing of a hog than for murdering a fellow being, then the time has come for the people to become alarmed, and to awake to a sense of their perilous condition. There needs to be a complete revolution in the character of our officers from the

governors of the state to the meanest justices of the peace. We need men in office of unimpeachable character and who will impartially mete out justice.

But when the people deprived of justice in the courts attempt by mob-violence to get revenge it is only "confusion worse confounded." No government can endure unless by a systematic administration of justice and any breach in the law is ruinous for the nation.

A change in the present jury system might be a solution of this difficult problem. For there is nothing to check murder as long as the murderer knows that he will not be punished unless twelve of the most ignorant and possibly most corrupt men in his county unanimously agree that he is guilty.

Necessarily they are among the most ignorant, if they swear truly as they are required to do, that they formed no opinion upon a subject which has been freely discussed in their hearing, and if not ignorant they are perjured.

As the system now stands the decision of the most important cases rests upon one jury-man absolutely ignorant, needy and open to any bribe offered by the murderer or his friends.

On account of which we to-day have the most absurd criminal jurisprudence the sun in his daily circuit of the earth shines upon.

Let not the power rest in one man's hands, but let a majority convict or acquit the criminal. Why give to a

knave or fool the power to neutralize the votes of eleven other men in a country where in every other case a majority rules? The people are demanding some modification of the system and unless there is a more effectual means of punishing murder, mob-law will from necessity become more violent.

Another not inconsiderable abettor of mob violence is the daily newspaper, this in its eager search after material with which to fill its columns, delights to seize upon anything of a sensational character. And nothing pleases one of these news-scavengers better than to write a full account of these lawless scenes. By the use of more euphemistic appellations, by the employment of elegant phrases they make this evil to appear in the garb of justice. And nothing dulls a people's sense of justice more than to see daily accounts of the actions of a mob. And ere an effectual end can be put to mob-law, the newspapers, the representatives of the thought of a people must condemn this breach in the law, must set forth mob-law in its destructive and disorganizing nature. Until this is done it is vain to hope for a removal of this plague.

But is this government really in any danger from this so called law? Are not the principles of our government too firm to be thus overthrown? No. Though this overriding of the law may seem insignificant now, but as the faint rumblings of the earthquake, they foretell the coming destruction more direful in its effects.

These violent scenes are but the precursors of a mighty social and political earthquake, which threatens to disrupt this government, this government of a people blessed above all nations in natural resources. Here where the Creator seems to have lavishly strewn his blessings upon mankind, was indeed a fit place for the planting of the banner of freedom and the laying the foundation for the grandest system of laws by which civilized nations are governed. This country has demonstrated to the world by a period of 100 years of unexampled prosperity that a government for the people and by the people who obey the laws of their country and reverence those for God is built upon a firm foundation.

And now let us take warning lest in our pride we cause its downfall by neglecting this threatening curse. No people can rest under the approving smile of God who thus openly trample upon his law.

Already we see signs of that dissolution which Lord Macaulay has prophesied concerning this country; that the government of the U. S. would be overthrown during the twentieth century, that too much freedom would give rise to license which would ultimately cause its ruin. And if this government does perish rest assured that mob-law will not be least among the destructive forces.

EDITORS OF THE JOURNAL:—At the close of our last session I unintentionally omitted from the list of those

who had passed their examinations in systematic Theology the name of Mr. J. A. Young. Please allow me to rectify the mistake by publishing this statement in your columns.

Respectfully,

R. A. WEBB.

REV. JOS. BARDWELL, D. D.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL the church has lost an able and faithful minister of the gospel, and the University an old and devoted friend in the death of the Rev. Joseph Bardwell, D. D., who departed this life in Starkville, Miss., on the 22d of September.

Dr. Bardwell was closely identified with the University from its very beginning. Soon after the inception of the movement to establish such an institution he was placed on the board of directors by the synod of Mississippi as one of its representatives. He served in this capacity with unabated zeal until he was elected about five years ago to the chair of Philosophy and Biblical Instruction. He never missed a meeting of the board when it was possible for him to attend, and some of the most important measures adopted originated with him. He held large and liberal views on the subject of Christian and ministerial education and he fully appreciated the importance of this institution to the Southwest. The principles upon which it was organized he heartily approved and defended by his pen in some judicious and able articles. It

was a grief to him to sever his connection with the University, but his failing health and the claims of his family seemed to render it imperative. He hoped that a more active life would benefit him but his decline went on steadily until the end came. We believe that he had fought a good fight, finished his course and kept the faith and that he went up to receive his crown.

Dr. Bardwell was about sixty five years of age at the time of his death. He was a native of North Carolina, but was brought up in Mississippi, to which state his father removed while he was yet a child. When the writer of this sketch entered the theological seminary at Princeton, N. J., he found Joseph Bardwell in the senior class in the college. The next year he entered the seminary and spent one year, after which he went to Columbia, S. C., and finished his course in theology. He supplied for a time, before his ordination, the Huguenot church in Charleston. After a pastorate of three years in Aberdeen, Miss., he became associated with the Rev. Dr. Edgar as co-pastor in the First Church of Nashville. The close of the war found him again in Mississippi where he had planting interests of considerable importance. While living on his plantation he preached to a group of churches in the county in which he lived. Afterwards he was in Vicksburg, Meridian, New Orleans and Yazoo City. It was from the last mentioned place that he was called to the chair in the University.

In all these fields he did good and faithful work, and left behind him permanent results in the increased strength and spirituality of the churches. Two handsome church buildings were erected during his pastorates in Meridian and Yazoo City.

Personally, Dr. Bardwell was one of the most amiable of men, kind, genial, sympathetic and generous. His religious nature was tender and ardent and his religious convictions strong. It was said by his pupils that his instructions in the Bible course were sometimes marked by a degree of feeling very unusual in the class room.

As a preacher Dr. Bardwell ranked high. His sermons, naturally and skillfully developed from his text, were admirably construed, expressed in a clear and agreeable style and were profoundly evangelical and spiritual in tone. With a sonorous voice and animated delivery, his discourses never failed to make a serious impression on the minds of his hearers. He was always heard with interest by the rudest and the most cultivated audiences.

As a teacher he was thought to be most successful in the chair of metaphysics, for which subject he had a natural fondness and to which he had paid special attention in his college course, graduating with a very high mark in that department. Of one thing his pupils were all agreed, that there never was a kinder or more sympathetic teacher than Dr. Bardwell. His memory will long be cherished with fond regret by those who sat

under his instructions, and by those who were associated with him in official and private intercourse.

SILENT CHANGES.

Change is written on everything we behold. The truth of this statement is manifest. Experience and observation have taught us this practical lesson, and the effect of the development of this fundamental law can be plainly seen in every step of the progress of the world's history. Evidences of the radical changes that take place in the realm of matter may be drawn from various sources. The leaves decay, the flowers wither and die, ponderous stones crumble, gigantic statues and colossal ornaments are swept away by devastating wars and earthquakes, and, as time moves on their mouldering ruins are scattered among the trackless waste of the past. The blush of the rose, the verdure of the landscape, the foliage of the trees and the fleeting shadow that follows in the wake of the sunbeam all pass away. They are as evanescent as the dew-drop that dances on the petals of the flower, as transient as the moonbeams that pale before the light of the sun.

A striking illustration of the operation of this law may be clearly seen by comparing the condition of nature of the present with that of a few months ago. Only a short while ago it was midwinter. All nature seemed to be dead and the appearance of everything we beheld was in harmony with the

season through which we were passing. The song of the bird was hushed and the hum of the bee was not heard. The only music that reached our ears was the blast of the wintry winds sweeping through the naked branches of the trees. The snowflakes fell noiselessly and lightly around us ever and anon stealing their way silently through the crevices of our dwellings, and the raindrops pattered mournfully against the window panes. Leaf, fern and flower were all gone from the wildwood, and the bleak, desolate prospect of winter had taken the place of the weird, romantic scenery of spring. Everything indicated the absence of life. But suddenly the scene changes and the bright side of the picture is presented to our view. Surrounding objects assume a different aspect. The grass in the meadow and on the mountain side begins to shoot forth, the buds begin to burst into new life, nature reanimated begins to pour into the lap of spring her varieties of vegetable life, and soon we are enraptured with the scene and lost in the ordination of its beauty. And as change silently takes place in the realm of nature as also it takes place in other things as well.

Great governments and powerful kingdoms have not been the result of sudden revolution; they were not born in a day nor yet did they flash into existence like the palace of Aladdin, but they have been the result of the gradual growth and development of unseen forces, the result of silent changes wrought during the various

stages of their existence. Great cities rise and fall, war after war devastates a country and leaves it a trackless waste, age after age and generation after generation sweep by unimpeded by the war of elements and the wreck of matter leaving evidences here and there that change has followed in the wake of the majestic march of time from time immemorial, and in the light of the past the operations of this fundamental law of change are seen more plainly to-day than ever before.

This force acts also upon our physical being. Change is written on the human brow as plainly and as visibly as it is on the face of nature. In youth the world around us appears bright, our mental and physical nature are strong and vigorous, the blush of youth plays upon our cheeks, life is full of romance and poetry, and the past seems like a dream. Our hopes are sanguine, our prospects for future happiness and success are bright and flattering, and our fertile imagination turns everything we touch into gold. But there is a distant background to this beautiful picture which, in course of time, lends enchantment to the view of the observer. The ruthless hand of declining age begins to make a faint impression on the once youthful brow. The frost of many winters and the winds of misfortune cause the head to turn hoary. The vision grows dim, the step which was once quick and firm is now slow and unsteady, the brow is furrowed and the cheek has lost its blush. The changes which

have taken place from time to time have not been sudden but gradual and silent.

And so these changes in nature, in government and in man are the natural consequence of a law which operates in all things material, and, while the operation of the same may be silent and unseen, it is going on nevertheless. We may not be able to discover the changes but they are taking place. F. E. MADDOX.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

I know a spot where forget-me-not
And violets bloom in the Spring;
Where the beautiful rose in profusion grows
And the vines to the tall trees cling.
In that peaceful spot stands a little cot,
How the thought does my bosom thrill;
For a maiden fair waits my coming there,
In her home by the side of the mill.

Near that quiet spot and lovely cot,
Where I love in my heart to be,
Flows a beautiful stream with a silvery gleam
On its way to the distant sea.
And a peaceful glen far from haunts of men,
Does my throbbing and weary heart still,
As I walk in its shade with that beautiful maid,
Our hearts keeping time to the mill.

And we love to walk and sit and talk
In the glen in the shade of the trees,
While the joyful song of the feathered throng
Is borne to our ears on the breeze.
And the lovely glow when the sun is low
Does our hearts with an ecstasy fill,
As we wander along keeping step with the song
Of the busy and tireless mill.

As I look in the eyes of my beautiful prize—
Those eyes with the love-light that shine—
I read in their blue as her whole soul shines
through.
The sweet story the maid's love is mine.
And I feel in my heart the sharp prick of a dart
Which Cupid with consummate skill
Has shot from his bow that he might lay me low
At the feet of the maid of the mill.

Ere we wander again through that beautiful
glen.

Where the stream on its way ever glides.

Where the song of the bird through the long
day is heard

And the wild rose her drooping head hides.

Ere we listen again to the robin and wren

Or the call of the glad whip-poor-will

I will claim as my bride, my joy and my pride.

My beautiful maid of the mill. —R. H.

Rowl Hill

ELECTRICITY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

In view of the wonderful progress of our age in electrical inventions and applications, it has sometimes been proposed to call this latter part of the 19th century, "The Electrical Age," of course then *electricity* occupies a leading position at the Columbian World's Fair. At night the whole grounds and as many of the great buildings as may be open are brilliantly and beautifully illuminated with almost countless arc and incandescent lamps arranged in chains, clusters and constellations. The magnificent dome of the *administration building*, always beautiful, shines afar at night a hemisphere of mellow light from the blending of the rays of thousands of incandescent lamps that cover it. The great "Ferris Wheel" appears a double circle of lights. Inside the electrical building in the centre of that beautiful exhibit, is the "Edison Pillar," probably taller than the pillar Absalom set up. As we watch it, it changes color, flashes up or dies down, streams of light play upon it flowing in rhythmic waves from base to top and down again. All about us, in various directions other beauties and wonders are seen, and we are almost bewildered by the startling play of white and colored lights. Out in the *Grand Quadrangle*, in the

"Court of Honor," as it is also called, just at the west end of the Grand Basin and facing the east front of the Administration Building, the two electrical fountains play at stated times. These fountains are twins and keep time with each other in all their dances. Each consists of perhaps twenty or thirty large jets in a circular space of perhaps twenty feet in diameter. These jets are so controlled that the water shoots high in solid streams, or takes the form of sheaves of wheat with bending heads of grain, or is blown into a fine spray at the will of the operator, while from unseen sources underground streams of electric light shoot up into the jets of water lighting them up most brilliantly with a many colored and varying radiance. The effect is gorgeous and is witnessed nightly by vast crowds who assemble about the west end of the great basin.

From the roof of the Manufactures Building enormous "search lights" of many thousand candle power, send out intense beams of light to any point of the grounds or buildings upon which they may be directed, or away out over the lake.

All these and many other effects are produced on the very simple principle that a current of electricity can be made to pass upon carbon points or filaments and heat them to a dazzling whiteness and so give light. The color effects are produced by sending the beams of white light through colored glass.

Some of the curiosities in the elec-

trical building are founded on the principle that when the current passes through a wire or any conductor it produces heat in such conductor.

So at one place we see a young lady boiling tea and cooking a savory beef-steak by electricity. In another place a powerful current is made to do the work of the blacksmith's forge, and large pieces of metal may thus be heated to whiteness and welded together.

One young fellow had under his protecting care a brood of downy chicks, and as we paused before them remarked sententiously "hatched by electricity!" To the modest suggestion from the writer that they were more properly *hatched by heat*, he responded somewhat scornfully, "No! Hatched by Electricity!" The facts, of course, were that the electric current was made to produce a proper degree of heat in the box, just as a lamp or hot water might do, and the eggs being kept at such temperature for three weeks the chick developed and broke the shell. But the popular idea seemed to be that the electricity was turned upon the egg and Presto, the chick hops out. A discharge of electricity through an egg would be analagous to striking a man with lightning i. e. if the current were strong.

In the Electrical Building is found, near the south entrance, a very complete and instructive exhibit of the evolution of the telephone, from the oldest beginning seventeen years ago to the latest models of to-day.

In another place is exhibited a new and promising invention of Elika Gray, which he calls the "*Telantograph*," which means the *long-distance-hand-writer*, just as "*Telephone*" means *long-distance-maker-of-sounds*. Its principles of action were not exhibited, as foreign patents were still pending, but its working was exhibited. A person writes or draws at one station and a pen is moved over a sheet of paper at a second and distant station making a *fac simile* of the work done at the first station. This bids fair to displace the telegraph and telephone.

Another valuable new thing is an automatic "*Central*" for telephones. It is exhibited by a foreign inventor. A gentlemanly and intelligent attendant explained its working quite satisfactorily and while rather complicated it seemed perfectly feasible. The great advantage of such a thing is that no person is needed at the central office, but each user of the telephone can connect himself with any other subscriber at will.

These are a few of the wonders to be seen at "the greatest fair the world has ever seen." *Prof. J. A. Lyon* J. A. L.

THE COMPOSING ROOM.

The composing-room in a newspaper office is not so called because it is the place where the foreman tells the editor to compose himself when he goes upstairs after the paper is printed to talk vivid language about an exasperating misprint.—Somerville Journal.

EDITORIAL.

Editors in Chief.

J. G. GARTH,	- - -	Tennessee.
J. S. FOSTER,	- - -	Alabama.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue of the JOURNAL we begin another year in college journalism. We place the magazine again in your hands with pleasure.

The news staff welcomes all the students, both new and old, extends to you greetings and assures you that the magazine is yours now as it has been in times past.

Many old faces are once more seen in the class room. We rejoice in that so many of the old students have returned. Their loyalty to the University is commendable and worthy of emulation. But we especially welcome the new students among us. We assure them of our deep interest in their welfare. The JOURNAL in behalf of the old student body wishes for you a happy and prosperous year. You are now one with us, our interests are your interests, your welfare is our welfare. The old students are your friends, ready to assist you in all things conducive to your welfare. We beg of you that you feel at home, that you realize your relations to the University and to the student body. No clouds are visible upon our horizon to mar the success of this session which began so auspiciously. No sickness has thinned our ranks since we began our labors, the bloom of health is seen upon the cheeks of

every one, an eagerness to profit by this year's work prevades our whole student body. With a faculty fully competent to import knowledge and train the intellect with a strong, healthy body of students, eager to receive instruction, the JOURNAL sees nothing awaiting us but a year of profitable work. May our fondest wishes be realized.

It will be the endeavor of the staff to give you a JOURNAL worthy of the University it represents. We beg the co-operation of every one interested in the welfare of the University and the JOURNAL.

We again wish for all a happy, profitable session.

LONELINESS.

Poor Jo, the street sweeper in "Bleak House," who "didn't know nothink," who thought every one was his enemy, as he stands out in the cold, half-rainy, half-snowy day, one of those miserable days which Dickens delights to portray, is a complete picture of loneliness and friendlessness. As he passes by the houses he looks in to see the cheery fires that do not glow for him, and he is strengthened in his opinion that "nobody don't care nothink for him."

Men say the loneliest feeling comes over them when in foreign lands, they walk the streets of a strange city and watch the faces of the hurrying populace, trading with each other, talking in earnest couples here, or in gay crowds yonder, looking at him

with curious eyes but with no recognizing glance, and when day after day they in this foreign land speak to not a single soul the loneliness far exceeds that of being in a remote place where there is nothing but the cry of wild beasts and the sound of the wind in its listless journey through the forest. But there is one other person who is an example of loneliness. It is the college student who has just left his home for the first time, and after a long journey, matriculated with a number of boys whom he doesn't know, and with home on his mind, doesn't care to know. He is free enough with his old associates at home, but here he holds back, makes few acquaintances, allows his mind to dwell sentimentally on home, sweet home, and of course becomes homesick. One of the first things a man should do in college is to show himself friendly and thereby make friends for himself. If you keep yourself aloof from others you may expect and will receive criticism. So come out on the campus and indulge in the sports and wear away your homesickness as well as your lassitude and inaction, and gain manly strength.

A CRITICISM.

A gentleman present at our commencement exercises last June was asked his opinion of the speeches, and he made this criticism. He said our orators lacked one element that always is very essential to a good speech, the variation of the tone of voice. It is

one thing to have a variety of emphasis, placing stress on certain places, and it is quite another to vary the tone. For instance, in pathetic passages to lower the tone, and make the utterance slower in appreciation of the feeling. Also in anger, or in crying justice on certain classes, to raise the voice to passionate earnestness. Then such words as "sorrow," "curse," "hatred" can be more effective by giving the word its own felt intonation.

Some might claim that this is too much for elocutionary effect, but it is necessary for actual influence on an audience. We hope the criticisms passed by the professors on the chapel declaimers will call attention to the intonations of voice in passages. Our orators have made our commencement famous among colleges, but we must aim for higher excellence still.

Even a pleasant voice becomes monotonous if there is no variation. An oration is a spoken song, and a variety of tones is as pleasant in it as it is in vocal music.

THE ESSAY FOR PRIZE.

To encourage excellence in original composition a prize of ten dollars value is offered for the best essay presented to the JOURNAL staff by January 1, 1894, and the following are the conditions laid down in the constitution of each society: The essay shall not be over fifteen hundred (1,500) words long: No staff officer shall compete for the medal: The essay shall be written under an assumed

name, and the real and assumed names shall be handed to the editors at the same time with the essay in a sealed envelope, having the assumed name on the envelope. Five of the best essays, according to the sense of the staff, shall be published each year. The essays shall be in the hands of the editors on or before the first of January each year.

These are the directions and they are placed here so as to give all an opportunity of knowing them in time. The interest in this medal has unjustly been lagging behind other medals, because it represents a feature in the society work that is by no means behind the others in honor or importance. This negligence of interest reached its climax last year, when only two essays were presented to the staff and they both from one society. The presidents of the society might take on themselves, or perhaps it is the critics' duty to mention the honors and prizes and arouse the ambition of the members to activity, and let all the members of the societies vie with each other and give some honors to the man who wins the prize.

IDEALS.

Every person should have his ideal, and college men should take this view of their college life. This is my time of preparation for perfecting my ideal I have set before me, so I must bend every energy and let every day bring me closer to my ideal. In college is the time to form habits of system and

regularity that will make the cog-wheels of life move smoothly because everything is in its proper place and time, and by method we will sooner reach our ideals.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Our advertising pages show the names of those who have so kindly given us their ads and thus enabled us to publish our JOURNAL. They are all estimable persons and we hope that the students will show their appreciation insofar as they can by giving their trade to our advertisers. This is but returning the compliment with due appreciation of a number who always have treated the students with royal favor.

DR. BARDWELL.

In another column of the JOURNAL appears a sketch of the life of Rev. Dr. Bardwell, who died near Starksville, Miss., on the morning of Sept. 22.

Dr. Bardwell for years was an able champion of our University. He carried its interests always near his heart. Elected a director of the S. W. P. University by the synod of Miss., he labored faithfully for the idol of his heart. He and Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, were the first directors of this University elected by the synod to which they belonged.

While attending the meetings of the board of directors his voice was often heard in supplication for the

Divine blessing upon the institution for which he was earnestly laboring.

After the departure of Dr. Shearer to accept the presidency of Davidson College, his fellow members of the board of directors, acting for their respective synods, called him to the chair of Moral Philosophy and Biblical instruction. In this new field of labor he worked assiduously for the University and its interests. After three years of diligent work as professor in the above named departments he accepted the presidency of the Florence Female College of Florence, Ala. His change from this University to the college at Florence was only a change of outward relations. From the moment of his election to the board of directors by the Synod of Mississippi at its first election until he peacefully passed away from earth, he was ever the same loyal champion of the S. W. P. University.

Dr. Bardwell was loved by all who knew him. His pupils will ever remember his social, Christian character, his lively interest in all things pertaining to their welfare, his faithful adherence to his duty in the classroom, and his burning desire to benefit them in every possible way.

In his death the University loses a tireless worker, his former pupils a firm, sympathetic friend.

A SAD MISTAKE.

"I have no time for society work" is again heard from the new students. No time for literary society work

means some time for suicidal efforts. A new student who refuses to join either one of the two societies of the University is virtually killing his prospects for success in life. Verily he is that man who is often represented as sitting on the bottom step of *do-nothingism*, waiting for *something* to assist him. Many students who assert their lack of time for society work are in the University preparing themselves for a calling in life that demands the highest excellence in public speaking. We suppose they then proceed.

Upon the idea that a child will run before it learns to walk. A diligent service in either of the two Literary Societies is more beneficial than any two studies in the University course. We must some day be able to impart to others the information we are daily accumulating. If this is not true our time here is mis-spent and our money is squandered. The Literary Societies are the only features of this University training that prepare a man for attaining the highest success in public speaking. The students declaim in chapel one hour each week. The subject matter of this exercise is borrowed and the student has gained no intellectual strength from it.

In the department of Rhetoric he employs his mind in composing original articles, but in the department of Rhetoric he has no opportunity for speaking that which he has composed. In the Literary Societies he is given the privilege both of declaiming and of original composition. Add to this

the knowledge of parliamentary law he acquires by membership in the Literary Society—parliamentary law daily illustrated in its operation and not as a cold dead science—the skill in debate, the habit of critically subjecting to the rules of logic, the arguments of his opponents. Manifestly it is a man's duty to himself to join a Literary Society.

A SOURCE OF PRIDE.

We are justly proud of the record of our Institution. The recent financial depression has seriously interfered with the universities of the country. News comes to us from Hampden Sidney College that they hope to have their usual number of students this session. The news from Davidson College is similar in character to the above item. Vanderbilt and Center college at Richmond, Ky., are at present basing their calculation upon this small word *hope*. But not so with us. The opening day of the S. W. P. U., Sept. 13th was the grandest in her history. At the present instant the record book of the University contains twenty-five (25) names over and above the enrollment at this time last session. We have more students on the grounds at this writing—two weeks after the opening day—than we had during the full fall and spring terms of last session. Verily we have cause to be proud of our institution. In a time of direful distress crippling and hampering the affairs of the nation fortune has bountifully favored us.

The success of the University in years that have gone by, the prosperity and bright prospects that lie before her ought to rejoice the heart of every son of S. W. P. U. and fill his heart with determination to work harder for his Alma Mater.

The prospects that lie before us are encouraging, they give promise of greater things yet to come.

Two causes have conspired to give us the large attendance we now have. They are of such a nature that they can contribute always to our success, and will do so if the student body will do its duty. A University of no reputation need not expect to enroll a large number of students. The more widely known its facilities for imparting instruction the greater will be the flow of students to it.

The fruits of the earnest labors of our Chancellor, Dr. Stumme, are now being gathered. Far and wide he spread a knowledge of the University and its equipments. The wisdom of this course is manifest to every one. This being so, the two causes which have contributed to our prosperity are:

First. A more extended promulgation of the advantages of the University over that of former years.

Second. Greater zeal in urging parents to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the S. W. P. U. to give a young man a thorough education.

We call upon all Alumni of this institution to make known the many advantages of the S. W. P. U. and to urge men to come in this direction to

obtain a liberal, sound, thorough education.

We call upon the student body to remember the Institution of which they are proud wherever they may go. Earnest efforts will augment our enrollment from year to year.

Again we affirm as we review the past and gaze upon the present that we have a sufficient cause for rejoicing. The success and the prosperity of our University is justly a source of pride to us.

CO-OPERATION.

This JOURNAL to be the college journal must have the support and sympathy of every college student. A journal called a college journal that is lacking in this support is falsely named; it should be called the editor's journal. It would be as futile for the editors to undertake the publication of the college magazine without the co-operation of the student body, as it would be for a general to fight a battle successfully with a band of disorderly soldiers. Co-operation is necessary. Hence the success of the college JOURNAL is largely in the hands of the body of students.

Diligent work on the part of the editors together with a whole-souled interest on the part of the boys will result in the publication of a magazine creditable to the Institution of which we are proud. Diligent work on the part of the editors, and a spirit of absolute indifference characterizing

the student body, will result in a publication that will be sure to find a place among the second class college magazines. In the field of college journalism the S. W. P. U. JOURNAL has hitherto attained an enviable position; it is the determination of the managers to make the JOURNAL this year in every way equal to the editions of former years. If every student will help in this matter the effort can not fail in its realization.

We would briefly call attention to a few ways in which you can co-operate with the JOURNAL staff.

In the first place you can subscribe for the JOURNAL, and thus assist in defraying the expenses of publication. As unnecessary as it may seem to some to call attention to a duty so plain and so incumbent upon every one, 'tis nevertheless a matter of expediency. In former days the student body have been very negligent of this supreme duty. At one time not one-half of the college students paid the business managers for the JOURNAL they received. We trust that this sad state of affairs may no longer continue to worry those whose duty it is to see that the expenses attending each issue of this magazine are promptly settled.

Some of the new students may think they are under no obligations to subscribe for the JOURNAL. If this false idea has entered your mind dismiss it at once by giving your subscription to the business managers. Having cast your lot with this University it is your solemn duty to as-

sist in all things that benefit her. You are a citizen of this University, if you will permit the expression, and no man should shirk the responsibilities of citizenship. The interests of the University are now your interests. The college magazine is one of the interests of this University. Your subscription will be solicited by the business managers and when this is done do not turn a deaf ear to them.

In the second place you can materially assist in making the JOURNAL a success by contributing to its columns. Many students have cheerfully responded to the solicitations of the editors. We trust that all will do likewise if asked to furnish some article for the JOURNAL's readers.

The most interesting department of the magazine is the local news department, this is also the most difficult part of the JOURNAL work. The local editors are human beings and cannot of themselves take cognizance of all matters of interest transpiring in the University. They are dependent to a great extent for their news items upon the student body. Let every one feel duty bound to report to the local editors any interesting information he may possess. Do these things and the JOURNAL will be the University Journal, not the editors Journal.

BROWN—Look at the fringe on these pants; they're no good.

LEVI—Vy, my friendt, dot's de latest style, all de accdors in de country vil pe vearing dem in a few veeks.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Associate Editors.

ROBERT HILL,	- - - -	Louisiana.
C. S. SHOLL,	- - - -	Alabama.

The position of exchange editor on a journal which has any ambition to shine as a good index of the thought of the college it represents is by no means an easy one. Coming in contact as he does with other institutions whose places have been won in the school world by fitness to survive, he feels it incumbent on him to make his reviews with justice to all, perhaps at times with severity but at all times with charity. Always keeping in mind that all men are human, and that there is no such thing as sinless perfection in which doctrine the writer at least as a good calvinist in a Presbyterian University delights. It brings some consolation to us always to know that perhaps others are as faulty as we. We have heard it offered that no man has a right to criticise who could not himself improve upon the thing criticised. Any one with ordinary judgment will at once see how false this view is. It would destroy almost all criticism and to a great extent advancement. Men know what is pleasing to their senses and can at once detect any deficiency in this direction though they could not supply the deficiency, e. g. an ordinary man can look at a painting by a Millais or a Bonheur and tell at a glance whether the landscape or the pose of the animals is true to nature,

although he would not have any idea of how to correct the fault if any existed so far as the mechanical part of the work was concerned, and yet no one would doubt his ability to criticise. The present exchange editor who takes the tripod in this capacity for the first time will endeavor to take from the exchanges all that may be available and reproduce them in these columns, commenting favorably or unfavorably a strict honesty to himself, his journal and the interested exchange may demand, yielding to all others an equal right in dealing with us. If at any time a criticism may not strike the criticised as pertinent or merited, just remember it is only one man's opinion as the matter strikes him and like all others to be taken *cum grano salis*. We shall not endeavor to please everybody, that has ever been a most thankless task, and yet we are not careless about giving satisfaction, but when justice demands we will do our duty as we see it without fear or favor.

The "Reveille," of Austin College, is at hand. It is a neat and excellent magazine. The chief article is "Homer's Iliad," by J. I. Scott, M. D. Its object is to tell of the surgeons in the heroic day of ancient Greece. The piece is not so well written as it might be. The quotations are so numerous and so faultily connected that at times it is well nigh impossible to preserve the thought. Besides, it is "quoted" to death. A judicious use of classical quotations in a classical article is good, but a superfluity becomes fulsome.

The first of our exchanges to reach us this month is the "Dynamo," of Mt. Union College. Alliance, O. The "Dynamo" is attractive and readable, but is short on literary contributions, out of twelve pages of reading matter there is only one such article, covering a page and a quarter. The remainder of the magazine is taken up with editorials, locals, notices, etc.

We notice the editor of the "Dynamo" is a champion of spelling reform. In this matter we are entirely with him, but care is necessary in putting such a thing into practice lest we make a good thing ridiculous by a too precipitate application of principles not fully matured. The object of spelling reform as we understand it is to reform *spelling* not pronunciation, and so when the "Dynamo" gives us "vag" for vague we are compelled to call a halt until some system of diacritical marks is used to determine just what sound of *a* is intended. Standing as it does unmarked in any way it might and certainly would in rapid reading be confounded with the *a* in *bag* or some other word where it has still a different sound, and this will be the case with almost if not all our vowels whose quality and quantity are determined by circumstances. It is not enough to say that one can easily learn the right pronunciation. This is a question of reform and the reform that leaves anything in doubt or destroys entirely something against which there was no complaint fails to sustain itself.

The article from the pen of C. E. Cook, on Columbus, is the most juvenile production we have seen in many a day. A reading proves the truth of the saying, *poeta nascitur non fit*.

The following are taken from the Dynamo:

Said an Englishman while on a visit to the U. S., "In this country everybody say, 'Where am I at.' Now over in Hengland every school boy knows that's wrong. You should say, 'Where *is* my 'at.'"

It is to be regretted that the old Greek use of the pronouns has been lost. What could more nearly express the usual sentiment than their, "I, thou and he."

The college classes made a move in the right direction, last session, by forming class organizations, as they were useful and successful. Now let us have a rousing college yell. These things tend to arouse and intensify college spirit, and without a strong spirit of college loyalty success is impossible.

Reveille. That is right, push the class organization, we tried it here last year and it was a grand success.

One of the brightest of the monthlies which come to our desk is "Our Animal Friends," the organ of The American Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. "The Sailors Pets" and "Saladin" in the June number are well worth reading. From it we take the two following clippings:

The subject of conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters," said Robinson. "Just so," responded Jones. "I've got that kind of a dog myself."—Exchange.

—

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—Morals of Seneca.

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We are glad to welcome on our exchange list the "Converse Concept." Heretofore we have been speaking of our exchanges as "brethren," without the satisfying consolation that in this case "the brethren embrace the sisters," but now all that is changed and we wish the sisters to consider themselves cordially embraced. We are pleased to notice the name of Miss Carrie Summey, daughter of our honored chancellor, on the staff as an assistant editor, and have no hesitation in saying that her part of the work will be well and satisfactorily done, the name she bears is a guarantee of that.

The salutatory, "Intuitional Truth," by Miss Ella King, is well written and deserving of mention. We would recommend as far as applicable, to all graduates of all schools and to young men and women generally the sentiment contained in the last clause which follows:

"The class of '93, stepping to-night across the boundary which separates girlhood from womanhood will, we hope and believe, go forth prepared to

stand face to face with truth, and ready to see it as God would have us see it, determined bravely and reverently to carry the influence of a cultured Christian life into our homes, into society and into whatever sphere of duty we may be called. With high ideals and lofty purposes we will unite the commonest duties of life. Standing to-night, expectant, we place our hand in that of the great Teacher of all, to be led and guided to the issue of a true, strong life."

—

The "Concept" also furnishes the following clipping: "Truly, Job was a patient creature! Doubtless it was in the dry goods store that he murmured to himself "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

—

The "Weatherford Collegian" is one of our neatest and best exchanges. In the September number "The Age of Progress," by Walt Hood, is a well written article, as is also the article "A Tribute to James Bly." It will be remembered that this young man was shot dead off his horse while accompanying a young lady home, by a rejected suitor of the young lady. The murderer after killing young Bly followed up the girl, knocked her off her horse with his gun then shot her dead, after which he disposed of himself in the same manner, leaving to the last the act he should have commenced with.

—

We copy from the "Collegian" the

following article which we commend to all "Women's Rights" advocates:

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly,
Beside the couch of pain;
To smoothe with gentle fingers,
The tangled locks again.
To watch beside the dying
In wee, small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer,
When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
On the battle-fields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From the sore and tired hearts,
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy cares depart.

A right to be a woman,
In truest woman's work—
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk;
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows,
When skies are darkening and lowering,
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly
And be loved back again;
A right to share his fortunes
Through sunlight, and through rain;
A right to be protected,
From life's most cruel light,
By manly love and courage—
Sure, these are women's rights!

We offer to the prep algebra class the following article hoping it may arouse some ambition in them:

FAR ADVANCED.

A Henry county negro was discovered carry a very large armful of books, which brought forth the inquiry:

"Going to school?"

"Yas, sar, boss."

"Do you study all those books?"

"No, sar; dey's my brudder's. Ize a ignorance kinder nigger side him, boss. Yer jest oughter see dat nigger

fingering. He done gone an' clean cyphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, creation, amputation and adaptation."—Atlanta Constitution.

The following clippings are from "Our Dumb Animals:"

"I WONDER HOW ANY OF YOU EVER GOT HERE!"

The most eloquent and statesman-like maiden speech of the Hon. William Everett, of Massachusetts, in our House of Representatives at Washington on August 18th, received with great applause, in which he speaks so modestly of himself and asks the kind forbearance of the older members, reminds us of a little anecdote we heard some years ago of a Senator who, entirely inexperienced in legislation, came from one of the newly created Western States. Standing in a little group of Senators some weeks after the opening of Congress, one of them asked him what his impressions were of the Senate when he first entered it.

He answered, "I wonder how I ever got here."

The Senator then asked him, "Well, what are your impressions now?"

His answer was, "I wonder how any of you ever got here!"

ALUMNI DOTS.

—F. R. Graves, B. D., '93, at present pastor of the Presbyterian church at Aberdeen, Miss., visited Clarksville during the opening days of the session.

—E. M. Hicks, A. B., '86, and wife spent several days here during the past month, visiting relatives.

—On Sunday morning, Sept. 24th, W. A. Nisbet, A. B., B. D., '88, preached an excellent sermon at the Presbyterian church.

—T. M. Sleeper, A. M., '86, and wife paid a short visit to Clarksville relatives some days ago.

—S. M. Tenney, A. M., '91, while en route for Princeton Theological Seminary, remained here for several days among his old college friends.

—W. J. McMillan, A. B., '93, has for the present year assumed the dignified title of "Professor" in one of our Tennessee schools.

—T. U. Sisson, A. B., '90, has given up school teaching and has entered the Law School at Cumberland University. He, also, was among our visitors during the past month.

—A. S. Allen, A. B., '92, pastor of the Edgar Mission church, Nashville, was on hand at the opening of college, having brought a new student with him.

—L. G. Hames, A. M., '91, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian church of Selma, Ala.

—Splendid reports come to us of the magnificent work of Rev. Wm. Thorne, of the Theological class of '92, at Tiptonville, Tenn.

—Last session witnessed the first organization of the Academic Degree men which had ever been perfected under the present elective system. The venture proved to be a successful one in every respect. The results of such an organization commended it alike to the faculty and to the student body, and the "Class Day Exercises" of last commencement were especially gratifying to the Board of Directors. The introduction of this new feature has left a lasting impress upon college circles, and a pass-

ing mention of each member of the class and of his present whereabouts is certainly in place. Of this class, J. W. Abbott, R. Hill, J. F. Naylor and W. R. Potter have returned to college to engage in Theological studies. Abbott spent his summer in "pastoral work" near Louisville. Potter supplied a Virginia pulpit, while R. Hill assumed temporary charge of the Presbyterian church at Meridian, Miss. Naylor passed his summer at home. D. F. Wilkinson is now engaged in pedagogic labors in Mississippi. J. D. Owen is with Owen & Moore of Clarksville. W. P. McLean has matriculated at the University of Texas and is hard at work adding to his store of legal lore. S. P. Ross has been the honored member of the class, having received the appointment of Vice Consul to one of the ports of Germany. R. A. Kirksey is busily at work, introducing farming methods of the most approved, modern type into his district of Alabama. W. S. Lemley, H. S. Hersman and C. M. Morgan, it may be confidently asserted, are "in it" wherever they may be.

—During the past month an unusually large number of our Alumni have visited Clarksville, mingling again with their town friends and lending the pleasure of their presence within the walls of our institution. Whether personally acquainted with many of the present student body or not, we are always glad to have them in our midst and cannot fail to appreciate the loyal interest in the affairs of S. W. P. U. which they still preserve. It may be well to add in this connection, that the Alumni Department though occupying an apparently secondary position in the JOURNAL, is capable of serving a purpose of great importance. Through its columns we can keep apace with the progress of those who have gone out from our midst to engage in the active pursuits of life. The record of their successes will prove

an invaluable inspiration. Then, too, its bits of information, scattered among our Alumni will serve effectually to preserve the old interest in one another and to maintain their loyalty to their Alma Mater. For this reason, the editors of this department will be delighted to receive any information about any of the Alumni, either from themselves or from their college friends.

LOCALS.

Local Editors.

J. ROBERTSON.	- - -	Texas.
J. B. GORDON.	- - -	Tennessee.

—It looks quite ex-consuetudine to see "Gabe" Rieves ambling over the campus as in years gone by. Some say he hasn't lost his propensity for flirting yet.

—The College Y. M. C. A. received a visit from F. S. Brockman, the college secretary for the Southern States on Sept. 21, and his enthusiastic efforts much enlivened our association. The election of officers for this year resulted as follows: C. S. Sholl, president, George Guille, secretary, Mr. Bearden, vice-president, J. M. Williams, treasurer.

—Boys, when a local "hits" you and you feel like venting your ire on the local editor, just take forethought enough to remember he is a spare-made man with the unusual name of Robertson, and the staff has appointed another man as fighting editor, to whom we shall refer all pugnacious characters, tho' we choose not to divulge his name at present.

—Pedus Dodds wants to know if Jack Abbott is that man that opens his head when he sings.

—Clarke also asks for information. Now boys are not supposed to be acquainted with all the "in and outs." He would like to know if Robb Hall and Calvin Hall are brothers. No, Clarke, only by macaroni.

—The class of '94 elected officers Oct. 3. They are John G. Garth, president; Arch T. Carr, vice-president; Fred P. Caldwell, secretary and treasurer; J. B. Gordon, chaplain. They expect to don the cap and gown and expect all the reverence due to "reverend and learned seniors."

—We are glad to welcome the old boys back again.

—"Pat" Wylie passed through Clarksville on his way to the Louisville Seminary Sept. 30.

—The Athletic Association elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, John G. Garth; E. Earle Thornwell, vice-president; J. Adair Lyon, Jr., secretary and treasurer.

—Pastor Maddox maintains that no man can succeed in his business who does not make regular visits.

—Leighton Green says that his ex-girl ought to be captain of a foot-ball team, because she is a good kicker.

—The Theologues are working up a lively interest in the Homoletic Society.

—Cross & Beaumont presented to the foot-ball team a splendid foot-ball. These gentlemen have also kindly

written to secure terms for suits and caps. We admire their generosity.

—The summer work of our energetic chancellor has brought forth fruit abundantly. There are now one hundred and forty-five students enrolled and more expected.

—Jack Abbott has struck a bonanza. He never could write English and Hebrew just fits his hand, and he makes the characters with marvelous accuracy.

Jim Greene has a wonderful story about the storm on the Atlantic coast. It blew a schooner from the ocean over a railroad trestle, two miles into the country and a sand tennis court with all its lines and net and a set of players were gently removed from under a large tree five miles and three-quarters into the country and placed gently down thro' a walnut grove on a beautiful lawn without disturbing the game. Wasn't that a "lovely" set, and the yarn shows some lie-ability!

—The dedication of the Confederate monument will take place at Greenwood cemetery Oct. 25. There will be present a number of Southern leaders who will speak and the college students will take part in the exercises.

—Prof. A—in Greek N. T. exegesis Mr. Hunter. What exegetically do you understand by precious stones in that verse?

Mr. H.—Stained glass, sir.

—Mrs. Naylor has charge of Robb Hall this session.

—There are seventy-two candidates

for the ministry in the University.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stitt are again in charge of Calvin Hall.

—The business managers of the JOURNAL wish to announce that they have made arrangements with editors of the Cosmopolitan by which they can furnish this excellent magazine and the JOURNAL for the sum of \$2.25 per year.

—The students are requested to carefully examine the advertisements that they may know who are encouraging the JOURNAL by their support, and as far as possible to trade with the same.

—Misses Carrie Lupton and Sallie Owen spent a week in Franklin visiting Miss Carrie's brothers. They report a pleasant time.

—Mr. E. P. Loose left for Blackburn, Ill., where he will attend school preparatory for the gospel ministry. Mr. Loose endeared himself to the college boys while here and much more to one of Clarksville's noblest women. The JOURNAL extends congratulations.

—Mr. and Mrs. Abbott are the guests of Dr. Lyon. We are always glad to see the patrons of our University with us.

—Hunter insists that molasses is plural number.

—Archey Carr has found that "ignorance is bliss" in the organic sensations.

—Ask Cumpsten about the chase he gave the train.

—Mr. Frater, the newly elected secretary of the town Y. M. C. A. is

making many friends among the boys. He comes thoroughly alive to the great work he has to do, and is taking hold of it in a business like style. The boys will gladly give him a helping hand in his noble work.

—The class of '94 has flung her colors to the breezes with the inspiring motto *Qui patiteur Vincit*.

—Norman Smith, an enterprising young tobacconist will be united in marriage to Miss Corinne Northington the 10th inst., at the Baptist church. The college friends of Miss Corinne congratulate her on having captivated the heart of so worthy a man. The JOURNAL extends good wishes.

Officers of Washington Irving Literary Society: President T. E. Maddox, Vice-President R. L. Campbell, Secretary C. M. Huber, Treasurer Wm. Thorburn, Supervisor T. J. Hall, Critic W. B. Currie, Librarian W. A. Cleveland, Chaplain R. A. Roane, Agent Geo. Summey, Jr.

—The University has one of the strongest faculties in the South.

—The University was never in a more prosperous condition.

—Obersmidth was introduced to Bearden as his "baby-brother." Both bowed with a borrowed air of bashfulness.

—Dr. P.—Mr. W. what is a drama?

Mr. W.—Ah, its acts.

Dr. P.—You don't mean the Acts of the Apostles, do you Mr. Wilhoit?

Mr. W.—No sir, no sir, Dr.

—Washington Irving Society has passed a resolution to put new furni-

ture and new chairs in their hall.

—Billy C. having read an abstract in N. T. Greek.

Mr. H.—Prof. do you want these abstracts handed in?

Prof. A.—No, sir. I've seen a sample.

—The following notice appeared in Robb Hall lobby the other day: For Sale.—"One teeth bresh, almost as good as new.—Apply to J. N. Ivy." Judging from the above it would seem that the financial crisis has struck Robb Hall.

—Dr. W.—Now we can conceive of a thing being metaphysically possible but morally impossible. For example, take brother H. Metaphysically it is possible for him to steal, but morally it is impossible from his character, *but on this point* I am anticipating.

—Mr. E. in church history having made an explanation said: Dr. that gentleman stated it to me as I stated it to you.

Dr. P.—That man must have been a Swedenborgin.

Mr. E.—No. No, sir. He was a native of this country, Dr.

—Prof. W.—Mr. B. what is Psychology?

Mr. B.—The science of the physical soul.

—Lawn tennis and foot-ball are the popular sports on the campus this season.

—The lawn tennis association has thirty members. Two new courts are now being laid off.

—The athletic association has two lively foot-ball teams. The boys are getting in good trim for an interesting field day.

—There are sixty new students on the roll this session.

—The student who does not join and work in one of the Literary Societies is depriving himself of a great privilege.

—If the prayer meeting is the thermometer of the spiritual condition of the church, then Dr. Lupton's church is warm.

—Every candidate for the ministry is considered a member and is expected to attend the missionary meeting every Tuesday afternoon. All are welcome. Boys, do your duty and come out to these meetings, they are interesting and profitable.

—We are delighted to see such an interest manifested in Bible study among the students. There are three or four classes conducted in different private rooms.

—Dr. P.—Mr. Wilson will you name the different races of the earth?

Mr. W.—Caucation, Maylay, Indian, Ethopian, Hindoo.

Dr. P.—Which one do you belong too?

Mr. W.—Etheopian.

—This being the first issue of the JOURNAL since the marriage of Mr. Benjamin Patch and Miss Mamie Green, the JOURNAL takes this opportunity of extending its congratulations and wishing them a long and

—It is our pleasant duty to chronicle the marriage of Mr. William Petrus, an old S. W. P. U. student, to Miss Collins, of Golead, Texas.

—Mr. Jack A.—Professor, I am not prepared this morning. I was out last night.

Prof.—Mr. A. why do you prefer the girls to books?

Mr. A.—Well, Professor, the books are always unengaged, the girls are not.

—Some folks say if tramps beg for dimes, give them quarters—in the work house.

—A number of the boys are engaged in mission Sunday-school work.

—“Gabe” Rieves wants to know wha’ dem liberties de fo’ fathers fit for on Bunkum monument is at.

—Born, Sept. 24th, on Commerce street, to Calvin Hall, a fine—*calf*. Mother and offspring doing well.

—We notice that some boys at Calvin Hall continue to eat with their knives and pick their teeth at the table. Ditto, Robb Hall.

—Won't some one please tell Me K—the difference between profundity and verbosity.

—The old students will be grieved to learn of the death of Dr. Bardwell, a notice of which may be found in another column.

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
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