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# S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1893.

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## LIFE'S A BATTLE.

First, what is life? More would call it a waste of wearisome hours which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns; Whittier has styled it a gulf of troubled waters, where the soul, like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves of pain and of pleasure by the wavering breath of passion, and yet another has compared it to an Æolian harp, with many a joyous strain.

Now whatever it be, the question is why should so sweet a boon as life be given to creatures of but a day? Was it to dream of sweet scenes of bliss hidden from us by the misty veil of dim futurity? Was it to retrace the steps already trod to the shores of long ago, where all the cherished memories

of the past are thronging, some with pleasures sweet insense and some shaded by sorrows gloom? Nay, this can not be.

We have a grander work than to dream day dreams, or to hang in memory's gallery pictures of the buried past. "Life is earnest, life is real," and we must earnestly, bravely, and faithfully meet its many responsibilities, which, like airy spiles, come trooping around us each day. It is in our power to blend into life's picture the beautiful colors of truth, sincerity and love, bringing them out in bold relief, a magnificent work of art. Then why should we, as the days unroll the scroll of years before us, waste our time in fashioning upon this canvass never-blooming flowers; why should we smear the would-be huts of purity and of love with shadows of horrid kind.

Though we may seem to enjoy a life as calm as a gentle lake 'neath a summer's genial sun, when we view the inner life the history of the heart, we see stains of the conflict, sword wounds of the battle-field; we look into hearts that have felt the sharpest pangs; behold, they are deeply seamed and scarred; we see heads that are saddened by the frost of grief and we gaze

upon brows with which the finger of care has been sporting. Aroused by these scenes, how fain would we collect all our courage, recall all our strength, and would lay bare our cares to our comrades, if by this we might arouse within them that sympathy which, like an armed band, would bear us on to victory, but alas! this battle is single-handed, each man must wield his own weapon and the dreaded enemy he must meet alone.

Sometimes in this life's struggle we are vanquished and our wounded, bleeding hearts would turn from the field and seek some rest, but as we look far out upon the edge of the conflict, we see weary, fainting soldiers still toiling on, and with renewed courage we press forward to whisper into their ears words which, if rightly spoken, would press them on to conquer.

The pale-faced student, whose seedy clothes and slender purse debar him from the ranks of wealth, as he burns the midnight oil and struggles with the mysteries of science, fights in his own heart a dreadful battle. How often does his arm grow weak, the pen fall from his hand and his failing spirit urge him to retreat from the field, but oh! there is something that spurs him on to renewed effort and infuses new strength into his fainting heart. It is ambition which, like a guide-star sent from heaven, shines with unfailing luster upon his perilous pathway, leads him safely up the rocky steep, pursuing every obstacle unto the end, until at last he stands a

victor upon the dizzy heights of fame; and as he looks from the scar scenes of his late struggle to the chaplets on his brow, he feels that each laurel leaf is bathed in his own lifeblood.

So must the fragile woman, with her delicate hand, meet the shaft of the enemy, the sensitive heart must become steeled against the hardships of life and become hardened to endure the privations of life's battlefield. Often do the weak ones fall; often the first cruel stroke drinks in the life-blood of that gentle heart and the fair head falls a victim.

In the heat of battle men are inspired, some by the thought of home, the dear ones for whom they are toiling; others by a picture of the victor's crown; and others still fight on hoping soon to see the last gray volume clear away, they listen to hear the cannon cease its hideous roaring and watch if haply they might feel the last singing bullet, like a weary bee, settle itself, though it seek to rest in their own bosom. Yes, through the mist that overhangs the battle-field of life our spirits are ever groping for that better hope, rest; we are ever looking for a time when peace, like a white-winged dove, may brood over our souls; then and not until then, can we wipe the crimson stain from our sword and place it safely in its scabbard.

If with me you account the past, as the years one by one have dropped to the rear, there may we behold the brilliant lights that have ascended the intellectual firmaments, there may we read the lives of great men who have

lived well, men who have lived to prove the homely, yet true, adage, "life is what we make it." Now if this be true, lets make it a brave endeavor, a grand sweet song, and with our fingers sweep across the harp of hearts, making for ourselves and others a melody that shall never cease; lets be unwilling to toy with the pebbles along the seashore of life, but launch our boats far out upon life's mighty deep, clear of all songs, and where no winds may dash us against the hidden rocks, and with the song-bird of hope cheering us, sail at last into that glad fort of joy and peace and love, where we may rest from earths battlefield and receive for our reward victor's crowns of unfading brightness.

J. B. ADKERSON.

#### **THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.**

Among the many national sins of the present day, the issuing of the secular newspaper on the Sabbath, or Sunday newspaper, as it is commonly called, is one of the greatest and most common evils; one that should be condemned by all Christian people. It indeed seems strange that so prolific a source of evil has apparently escaped the notice of the individual members of the Church. Still more strange does it seem that this evil has so sadly escaped the rebuke of many watchmen, on the walls of Zion, whose imperative duty it is to reprove, rebuke and correct sin in all of its forms. Not only is it their imperative duty to rebuke sin, but if they keep silent, the

blood of those who perish will be required at their hands.

That the issuing of the secular paper on the Sabbath day is a prolific source of evil is easily proved

We will first consider its effects upon those who are directly engaged in publishing and circulating the paper.

The paper is always from four to eight pages, larger on Sunday than it is on any other day of the week. As a result of this fact the printers are compelled to work until a late hour Saturday night, and often their work is continued long after Sunday has been ushered in upon them. In the latter case they are compelled to violate the commandment of Him who said, "Remember the Sabbath day" and "keep it holy." If they are not thus compelled to break this commandment, the extra amount of work and the late hours they are forced to keep afford them, as they claim, a valid reason for absenting themselves from the Sabbath school and preaching of God's word on His holy day. They are, therefore, deprived of God's appointed means of salvation.

Others whom this evil affects are those engaged in the sale and delivery of the Sunday newspaper. These are of necessity compelled to break the fourth commandment. They are also deprived of the blessings and influences of the Sabbath, and as a result of this, they soon drift into the most debasing sins. These sins, as a logical consequence, follow the breaking of the Sabbath and the loss of its influences.

Again, the Sunday newspaper is very largely responsible for the running of mail trains on the Sabbath, which is another crying sin of our country, one that should make the cheeks of a righteous nation burn with shame. The Sunday newspaper, in this particular, is guilty of a double sin. In proof of the above statement, the New York "Tribune" says that "in the distribution of newspaper mails from New York city the government, the express companies and the railroads, between them, provide an excellent service on week days. On Sunday the service is limited, and the New York newspapers are compelled to employ hundreds of miles of special trains on that day of the week." The New York "Times" states that "the growth of the Sunday newspaper constituency has already reached the time when it is impossible for a private system of special trains to satisfy the demands."

Secondly, we will consider the effect of the Sunday newspaper upon its readers.

If the Sunday newspaper were a source of evil only to those mentioned above this would be sufficient grounds upon which to condemn it. But this is only a small part of its evil.

By means of the rapid transportation, at the present day, the papers are scattered throughout the entire country. It is wonderfully strange to see the eagerness with which Christian people wait for the Sunday newspaper, and that, too, in the very face of the God who descended upon Mount

Sinai amid "thunderings and lightnings and thick darkness," whose very presence upon the mountain rendered it so holy that if man or beast had touched the mountain he would have been thrust through with a dart. Yet we find many men who claim that they love this God supremely spending the entire Sabbath reading the Sunday newspaper. In this way they not only countenance the breaking of the Sabbath, but they themselves directly break it.

Further, for the sake of the Sunday newspaper thousands of Christians throughout this broad land stay from Church and the ordinances of God's house on His holy day. Others again, after reading the morning paper until church time, go to the house of God so much absorbed in worldly affairs that their minds are almost impregnable to the claims of the Gospel. Under either of these conditions their souls are deprived of that spiritual nourishment so necessary to their growth in grace. Their moral character is dwarfed and their degeneracy insured. Take the Gospel and moral influences from man and he is as sure to degenerate as water is to seek its level.

Still further: Parents often spend the entire Sabbath reading the Sunday paper, and thus shamefully neglect the spiritual welfare of those committed to their care.

Other parents, again, fill their own minds with such trash as the paper contains, thereby rendering themselves indisposed and unfit to instruct

their children in the ways of truth and righteousness. Hence the Sunday newspaper becomes to a great degree responsible for this neglect.

Once more: Parents, by example, teach their children to read the Sunday newspaper. Thus the children are raised to look upon the Sunday paper as a thing that is right and proper.

Now it will be asked who is responsible for the issuing of the Sunday newspaper? I answer, we, as individuals, are indirectly and almost entirely responsible for its publication, and I wish that we, as a nation, had this fact indelibly impressed upon our minds. \*No company nor class of men is so foolish as to continue an enterprise which does not pay them. The newspaper, therefore, would not be issued on Sunday if we, as individuals, did not demand it. Is it not a sin and a shame that we, as Christians, desecrate, compel, suffer and teach others to desecrate God's holy day? Should we not from this time forth see to it that we are in no way responsible for the issuing of the Sunday paper, and in this particular rid ourselves of the blood of this nation.

C. Z. BERRYHILL.

#### ONE LAW IN FOUR WORLDS.

Methought the streams of time and space  
No more their winding course did trace:  
But lost themselves in that vast sea  
Unknown to us—Infinity.

And when I gazed to earth away,  
I saw her changed, soul, mind and clay,  
At first in chaos all was hid,  
From which rose one vast pyramid.

I cried, "Whose monument is this?  
Whose is the name proclaimed in bliss?"  
In Nature's hand I read reply:  
"All glory be to God on high."

Around the pile four zones were drawn,  
Each zone proclaimed a kingdom's dawn.  
As each more bright when small it grew,  
The smallest wore the brightest hue.

The bottom zone was made of earth,  
Its matter had not known the birth  
Of joyous life, nor felt the thrill  
Of growth, nor exercised a will.

"Wherefore this substance? What's its  
source?

Its cause, its purpose and its course?"  
In answer something said to me,  
"From nothing it was caused to be."

The zone above this earthy mass  
Was that of trees and herbs and grass,  
And when its source I fain would know,  
I learned it came from that below.

"Why was not all that matter dead  
Endowed with beateous life?" I said.  
The answer left me more confused,  
"Much matter is in life ne'er used."

Above this second zone was seen  
Th' an'mal kingdom's brighter sheen.  
"Whence came its substance?" I enquired,  
"From plants," said Echo's lips inspired.

"Why were not all plants changed to men,  
Since man is best?" I queried then.  
Fair Science thus in riddle deep,  
"Where tens advance, ten thousand sleep."

I gazed upon the topmost zone;  
In glorious beauty bright it shone.  
Almost beyond dim mortal sight,  
It bathed in everlasting light.

Sweet words of One I then did hear,  
Whose Spirit brooded over there,  
"This place, by perfect beings trod,  
Is called the kingdom of our God."

"Whence are its inmates? yet again  
I queried. "From the race of men."  
"Why were not all men brought above  
To this celestial land of love?"

An answer came, long known to earth,  
But since Omniscience gave it birth  
It ne'er before had seemed so true—  
"From many called, the chos'n are few."—C.

#### "CYCLE."

In the days that are passed when  
all wheelmen rode the "ordinary" or



old-time cycles, the yelping cur that made such frantic rushes at the flying steed of steel was no friend of the bicyclist, for which, impulse would impel him to remove the attacking "pup" and so prevent further trouble from that particular member of the canine germ. Yet second thought convinced him that the dog would not be the only sufferer in the case. Thus it was that there grew up in the hearts of all wheelmen a natural antipathy for dogs. A strange exception is found, however, in the shape of "Cycle," the pet of the New Orleans wheelmen.

It was the custom for the club to take a "club run" every Sunday morning to some suburban plantation or orange grove, or out the shell road to the Lake shore. On one of these mornings, as the wheelmen gathered at the usual rendezvous, they noticed, with no friendly eye, a small black dog nosing about their wheels in an inquiring manner. The bugle sounded for the start and off they went. Curious enough to remark, the black cur took her position at the head of the line and seemed to think it her business to clear the road for the wheelmen as they came along behind. It was a long run they took that morning, but the dog never once got in the way of any wheel, and when they reached their destination and stacked their bicycles the strange dog lay down by the machines while the boys went in to the "Old Dutch Woman's" to get a draught of milk.

On the return trip she took her

same position at the head of the line. By this time she had become a familiar sight, and remarks about her were no longer heard. When they got to the starting place, however, some one asked, "Where is the pup?" A number answered, "She was here a moment ago," but she had disappeared as suddenly as she came, in a like manner she had gone. Whither? No one knew. During the week the boys spoke of the dog and her sudden disappearance, but not much thought was given to the subject. Next Sunday, however, the dog appeared and was ready for another run—indeed, seemed impatient for the start. She acted very much as she had on the week previous, so the boys determined to adopt her as the club's property, as she seemed to be a waif. After much discussion the name of "Psycho" was given her in honor of a great English wheelman and wheel which bore that name. You say you thought her name was "Cycle." Well, so it is, and it came thus—you try to say "Psycho" two or three times fast as though you were calling a dog and see if it does not approach "Cycle." It did so in this case, and so Psycho became "Cycle," but the small boys want to shorten this to Sikes.

After some weeks of this life the dog took up her abode at the home of one of the members of the club where the boys often met, and in due time presented the club with a fine litter of pups. These were the pets of the wheelmen, who often came by to look after the welfare of the little family,

but the characteristics of the mother was in the pups, and so one morning, when the pups had grown large enough to run about, the boys, upon going out to the kennel to look at them, found Cycle and family "not in," and they have never seen or heard of the little ones since. Cycle, however, was present at the very next club run and cleared the road as vigorously as ever. No chains and locks are needed when Cycle is about, for she has been known to lie by a wheel on the street all night and watch as carefully her charge as a mother at the cradle of her babe.

J. W. A.

#### A FAMINE BANQUET.

The hot noonday sun of a September drouth blazed down upon the waste of burning prairie. The quivering waves of heat danced above the withered grass, and radiated back from an oven of rock and sand to a sky of brass. A low line of sandhills on the far horizon heaved and fell, undulated and wrinkled, in the distorting heat-image, as though rocked on the breast of an earthquake. Not a breath of air shifted the stifling heat blankets that enveloped earth; not a cloud sheltered from the fierce sun-rays, focalized and intensified through the lens of a condensed atmosphere. All nature sweltered, seethed and suffered for a breath.

Close to a bunch of dry milkweed, half hidden by its scanty shade, the form of an aged Indian, shriveled, dusty and convulsive, as though in the throes of death, lay dying. The old warrior had come to the stage of

helplessness; he could not travel; his people had forsaken him. In a weary march to a water course, he was abandoned by his own flesh, and left to torture—to die from famine, thirst and fever, as his faint life ebbed away. With a writhe of agony he drew his face closer in the shadow of the milkweed: Slowly a hand crept over dry eyelids and parched lips, and from the body, weary in its torture, came a stifled moan. It may have been a flitting vision of green fields and living waters, in the "happy hunting ground," that stirred his energy; perhaps, it was but the sense of his thirst and suffering; but he suffered on—the oven of nature grew hotter, hotter—and death came not,

\* \* \*

The dull red ball of dying day hangs over the distant divide. Already his orb is distended to an ellipse by kissing the upland. As though it were the breath of his parting benediction, a faint breeze is astir. The sultry blankets of air take motion. Grasshoppers flit about stiffly, in search of a spot of verdure. The gray, dim, evanescent form of a coyote is seen at intervals, skulking behind rocks, peering for jackrabbits—at hide and seek with the slanting beams and waning shadows. The red bunchgrass takes a gentle undulation. A vulture comes from the south, describes his broad arcs without visible motion, and circles low about a bunch of jagged weeds. With the sinking of that feverish orb will come cool and rest for wearied nature.

The face of the old warrior turns upward from its pillow of buffalo grass; his limbs have grown rigid, his teeth lock—motion ceases. Ah, his children at the river's brink, slaking their thirst all heedless of the old brave's fate—he has no need of them now—he has reached the quiet of the "hunting grounds."

\* \* \*

Figures as ephemeral as shadows frisk in the moonlight. Their lean gray coats take a specter hue from the silvery moonlight. There are two of them, and save for their presence, oppressive loneliness haunts the wild prairie. They occupy the prominence of a bare knoll. Scarcely two jumps from where they stand, a still form lies, guarded by sentinel milkweed. They have turned from their quest of jackrabbits, intent on the meal before them. Around and around the bunch of withered grass flit these vagrants of the plain. Then they take their seat again upon the little knoll. Anon, they start and shrink at their own caution.

Suddenly, a wail rends the midnight until its echoes awake among the rocks and sandhills. It is low, long, hungry, weird and melancholy. Then the silence is terrible. Again it comes—the same challenge to the stillness—the same forsaken wail—a demon wail—its mockery of echoes. As it peals anew, the mate joins her silvery note, in sharp, quick rasping barks, to the threnody of the lone chorister. It is a medley of melody and discord. Again and again, the chorus peals—

clatters—grates—rings—rasps—jars and echoes with its chilly resonance. At midnight the coyote is lord of the prairie.

Then a silence. The gray, lean figures with such volume of sound throw off reserve and approach the milkweed. Their caverns of appetite swallow up the love of music. A hunger, encouraged by famine, thirst and waiting, is whetted by the smell of flesh—they reach the milkweed—they are merged in the shadows—it is the banquet of the vagrants of the plains!

HARRY S. BUNTING, '91.

#### A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

*Confidential.*

Situated as the girls of Clarksville are—in a town where Theological students abound, these students alone in the world, the advice constantly sounded in their ears that all ministers should marry—these same girls very often are forced to answer the question, "Ought I to become a minister's wife?"

There are few girls perhaps in Clarksville who have not, at some time or other, had this question forced upon them. But, alas! too often they have not seen the path of duty clearly, and, although used to dealing with abstruse questions, they shrink and turn away from *this*. Is it because the question is too momentous or because it was not forced by the proper minister?

As the late senior Theologues have but recently gone from our midst, and as the present class are already looking

forward to their departure, there are many who are conscientiously trying to solve the problem, and perhaps a few hints may help to relieve some anxious heart who really wishes to do right.

Now I honestly believe that the ministry is the noblest calling a man can embrace, and I also believe that being a minister's wife is the noblest calling a woman can embrace. And if the minister can find a good, true woman whom he can love with all his ministerial heart, then she is the noblest thing on earth that he can embrace; and, if a woman can find a minister who is true to his profession and who offers his heart at her shrine, then this is the noblest opportunity which she can embrace.

"He who desireth the office of minister, desireth a good thing," and she who desireth the office of "minister's wife," also desireth a good thing. Do not understand me to say that the minister himself is always a good thing—it is his profession of which I speak.

While there is an analogy between the calls of the man and of the woman, the calls are also different. The man may be, and is, very often at a loss to determine whether he is called to the ministry or not. There are many doubts and fears connected with his acceptance of the call. Often he thinks that perhaps he is mistaken, and uncertainty, like a huge billow, sweeps over his soul time and again. This is owing to the fact that he receives no direct call.

Now with the woman the case is not so wrapped in doubt; and she can determine with some degree of certainty whether or not she is called to this supreme excellency of woman. Her call is *immediate and direct*.

In the case of the minister, the call comes from the *Spirit*; while with the woman it comes from the *minister*.

My dear young ladies, do not slightly reject this call. When the young parsonette is soiling the knees of his broadcloth trousers at your feet, when his Prince Albert coat is swayed to and fro by his eloquent gestures, when his white tie is undergoing all manner of contortions on his immaculate shirt front, when his low-cut vest is being beaten threadbare by the mighty convulsions of his loving heart, when his voice, which is steady in the presence of multitudes, is quivering with the fervor which love alone can stimulate, then, oh! then, consider that perhaps he is an instrument in the hands of Providence to direct your future weal or woe.

It has been argued that a minister should be so engrossed with spiritual matters that he should not care for things of the world, and as woman is a thing of earth, he should not care for her. But a minister is a man and has a man's heart (a better heart than most men), and should have one of the best of wives upon whom to lavish the treasures of his love. Love is a divinely appointed feeling, and he is doing violence to his spiritual nature if he utterly disregard it. I believe there is no pleasure in heaven but

God has given us some foretaste of it upon this earth. In that perfect peace there we have a foretaste in that calm peace of conscience "that passeth understanding;" of that eternal rest, we have a taste in the rest and quiet of the Lord's holy day; and of that universal love, we have a taste in that earthly-divine love which is experienced in that sweet and holy communion between man and wife. As by a grape we know Canaan, so by this love we gain a deeper insight into what all love is.

If what has gone before is too general for your guidance, I will further name what I consider constitutes a call to be a minister's wife:

I. *Source of the Call.*—It is a fact beyond dispute that the minister himself must utter the call. If he has never asked you to become the partner of his joys and sorrows, you may safely conclude that you have not been called to be his wife. This is a point which should receive the most earnest attention and one which should *never* be taken for granted. If this first element of the call is not forthcoming you may retire from the consideration of this matter with a clear conscience.

II. *Subjectively Considered.*—In the second place, your own heart must approve the call. It is not required of you that you become a minister's wife for the sake of duty, but on the contrary, you should be able to give him a heart full of love. As a rule this condition is easily complied with, con-

sidering the quality of the present senior Theological class.

III. *Aptness and Adaptability.*—There must be a peculiar fitness in the nature and disposition of a minister's wife that is not required of other women. Some women are continual barriers to a minister's success and usefulness. There must be a natural love for the work in which the minister is engaged and a constant desire to help him in every way possible, to forward his work, to make his burdens easier and his life brighter. There must be a capacity to do church work; to teach the Sunday-school class; to clasp the horny hands of the "sons of toil;" to kiss the dirty-faced babies; to admire the freckled-faced, watery-eyed children; to visit the sick; to wipe away the tears of the widows and orphans. If you do not possess these qualities, then, by all means, begin to cultivate them.

IV *Christian Duty.*—In the fourth place, ask yourself, with all seriousness and prayer, if you cannot better serve your Master in this sphere than in any other. More opportunities for doing good, both temporal and spiritual, present themselves to the minister's wife than to any other woman. You will be a confidant to the wars and perplexities of the entire female community; you will be often at the sick bed, or by the couch of the dying, and you will be able often to apply the soothing balm of the precious gospel to wounded and sin-sick souls, and through you many souls may be led to righteousness who will shine in

your crown as stars forever and ever

If these four elements be satisfied, then, my fair friends, you are qualified to be a ministers' wives, and you should not delay about accepting. Do not look for perfections in the minister; he is weak and imperfect as other men. Do not look for fame; do not look for prominence; do not look for ease. Your lot will be one of many hardships, but there is a glorious reward. Although your husband may rise to prominence, you will scarcely be noticed. But it will be your blessed privilege of going through this life, like a gentle little rill that goes singing along, gladdening and making fruitful the land which the Lord has blessed. It may be given to him to sow the seed and reap the harvest, but you can help him to do it with your sweet song of unselfish devotion and love.

ORTHODOX.

#### **PRINCETON HAZERS IN DANGER.**

The following article copied from the secular press is published that the student body might see the efforts that are now being made to stop hazing in our colleges:

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 10.—Special.—It was reported here to-night that the civil authorities are to take a hand in punishing the offenders in the Leopold hazing affair. The case has been brought to the attention of the Grand Jury, which is now in session at Trenton, and the public prosecutor, Bayard Stockton, will endeavor to have indictments brought against those implicated in the affair. Judge Abbott charged the jury on the subject to-day, and an indictment is looked for to-morrow. The college authorities were asked if they would protect the students. They replied that they would not interfere, but would assist in any civil or criminal investigation which might be brought.

Dean Murray said that while he could not take any action in the criminal courts against the hazers, yet he hoped that such an action would be taken by some boy's father who had the nerve to carry the prosecution to its fullest extent. Mr. Stockton resides in Princeton, and now that he has undertaken an investigation he will carry it through. The investigation will be from a strictly legal standpoint. The limit of punishment for assault and battery is two years in the penitentiary. A force of detectives will be put on the case immediately, and the investigation will be carried on without any connection with the faculty. Neither Leopold nor his father has had anything to do with this move on the part of the public officials.

The above statement is the first intimation of a practical movement for the cure of hazing at colleges, which we have seen published. In every case, men who haze students at college are of the class of criminals of which there is no species of human beings lower and more cowardly in human nature, than these contemptible hazers, who have been a scourge from time immemorial in the colleges.

Hazers in all counties usually manifest the same contemptible cowardice of the men in question, who, when they had reason to believe that their victim had met his death in the canal into which he had been driven, ran away to their hiding places, expecting to be screened by the college faculty, the same as their predecessors, for the disgraceful reason that bringing the criminals to justice might spread abroad the knowledge that Princeton, the pride of the Presbyterian Church, is afflicted with this cowardly, criminal element, which pervades all our colleges to a greater or less extent.

If the faculty, as the above statement implies, would co-operate with the legal authorities, and have every

one of the offenders committed to State's Prison for two years, to suffer the same punishment as similar criminals outside of college protection, a great public and humanitarian service would be rendered by Princeton College, which might not need to be followed by any other college, but in its effect do away entirely with this shameful practice, because sometimes an example and a severe lesson well-learned prevents the necessity of repetition in punishment of others, If there could be co-operation of all college faculties regarding the matter of hazing, that each and every student participating in any degree of hazing would be immediately turned over to the public authorities, college faculties would gain quite as much in restful repose as the parents of students at home.

#### AFTER THE BALL.

Do you love me little sweetheart?

Do you care for your lover at all?

If you do, please sing "Annie Rooney.

But for goodness sake don't bring everlasting disgrace on your poor old father and mother and make all the neighbors sick.

By that horrible "After the Ball."

I'll be true dear little sweetheart,

I'll be true through the summer and fall,

And I'll keep every promise I made you

If you do as I ask you, but between you and me and the gate post I'll leave you to be a college widow before Christmas, and will sure

If you don't stop that "After the Ball."

Do you remember little sweetheart

How that night in the dark in the hall,

You said you would be my own darling,

Or words to that effect? but to save my life I don't quite remember what you did say, for that girl across the street gave me the stomachache

With that confounded "After the Ball."

Bright days ahead dear sweetheart,

When you'll be my darling my all.

And I'll be your devoted lover  
If you behave yourself, but as John Gordon says,  
"I'll be dogged if you don't drop your water-melon" if I ever

Catch you singing "After the Ball."

—HUGH BORE.

## EDITORIAL.

### Editors in Chief.

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

### THE STUDENTS' ALUMNI LECTURE COURSE.

This, as all know, was a feature in our college entertainments of which we had but just a taste last year. To say that it was a failure in itself would be untrue, for the two lectures were both very highly appreciated and enjoyed. But perhaps we had better explain the character of this course for the benefit of the new students. Committees were appointed from the literary societies, which were to secure each month an alumnus of this University to deliver a popular lecture on business, or general life, and admittance fees were to be charged so as to cover expenses of the lecturer. This was not only to prove of worth to the student body, but also to bring our alumni back among us to keep them in full sympathy with our University as well as bestow upon them a great honor, for it certainly should be a coveted honor to be recalled to our alma mater in the capacity of a lecturer. Each student should look forward to it, and try to leave such an impress of his ability as will give him sufficient fame to get an

invitation to return and lecture. The JOURNAL wishes to protest against this feature dying out, and the societies must immediately appoint their committees and have a number of lecturers here this year.

Innumerable benefits of this course can be pointed out. The students will often have before them patterns of oratory which will give us new ideas in speaking. We will see again a practical application of the importance of becoming good speakers when we see men who have attained a great deal by their own efforts.

Every college man should have the opportunity of listening to popular lectures, for they have a broadening effect, unnoticeable at the time, but eventually brought out in succeeding life. Then many of the boys never hear this order of discourse until they come to college, and when the lecturers begin to appear each man should take it as his conscientious duty to help the course by his presence. Perhaps a sufficient sum of money might be made to admit of securing a lecturer like Wendling or Graves, and thereby widen the interest and profit. Let us see this thing carried out and that very soon.

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**HAZING.**

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In this issue of the JOURNAL we publish an article entitled, "Princeton Hazers in Danger." It is an interesting article to all people, and especially to college students. We rejoice that the civil authorities have interested

themselves in these matters. This ought to have been done many years ago. Now that steps have been taken to prosecute the ones engaged in it, we believe that the abominable practice will soon be unknown in American colleges and universities.

The secular press is full of news concerning the organizations known as White Caps. Law courts are thundering against them; public sentiment condemns them; and the heavy hand of the court is laid upon them whenever possible, amid the universal applause of our citizens. Wherein consists their evil acts? Need the answer be given? Who is ignorant of their deeds?

In the same category with those organizations known as the White Caps, I place those organizations in universities whose object is to terrorize the new students, and make them submit to indignities of many kinds, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must." Often the treatment received by new students at the hands of their fellow students results fatally to them. The green sod covers many a grave containing the remains of youths whose lives would have been a benediction to the world about them, had they not been sent prematurely to the land of eternal silence. A band of White Caps enters the home of a peaceful citizen, drags him from it, administers to him a severe flogging, and then leaves him in a precarious condition. The perpetrators of this crime are arranged at the bar of justice, and righteously condemned in



the judgment of all law abiding citizens. The college students enter the room of a new student, compel him to follow them, and make him submit to many pranks, some of which endanger his life. Ought the hazers, if the voice of justice is not to be stifled, be allowed to escape condemnation?

A body of men known as the White Caps enter the home of a peaceable citizen, drag him from it, and by their actions and deeds cause his death. Before the bar of human judgment they stand as murderers; the courts of the land require of them life for life. A body of students enter the room of a new student, forcibly lead him from it, take him to the river bank, cast him into the water, and he loses his life by drowning. Are these men not murderers?

But at this time we believe that the courts of the land are considering the question in the only proper light in which it can be considered. This will have a great tendency to banish hazing from our institutions. May the day speedily come when our fondest wishes will be realized.

In the article we publish in this issue concerning hazing, the question is sufficiently discussed as to its abominable features. Nothing need be said here concerning it. Happy are we to say that no such practices mar our student life in the S. W. P. U. Here the new students are given a hearty Christian welcome. And this fact we wish circulated far and wide over that section of the land from which we draw our young men. Here joy

and peace await you; here you will find every commendable feature of a university.

#### "MONKEY-DUST."

One of the New York weeklies of a recent date contained an editorial entitled "The Unchurchly Ape," in which the startling information was given that Professor Henry Drummond, who is one of the distinguished lecturers in the Chicago University, which is a Baptist institution, preached a sermon in the Emanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, in which he delivered an opinion, without any restriction, in favor of the evolution of man from the lower organism, or, as it is usually styled, from the ape, or "ape-men," as they are called. We clip the following from the editorial: "For example: It is agreed, in Evolution, that when ape-men began to differentiate from common apes, and when the 'men' began to differentiate from the ape-men, one of the processes was an inbred sense of superiority, under the influence of which the ape-men could not think themselves allied to apes, nor the 'men' think themselves allied to ape-men. This sense of superiority was a necessary predisposing cause, in Evolution, of the advance of the newer forms to higher planes of superiority, in which they set themselves up as a new and a ruling species. If we apply this process to real men as we find them now, it seems impossible that men should be able to think of themselves as allied to ape-men. Those early 'men' never thought

so, or they never would have separated from their alleged nearest relatives, the ape-men—in Evolution.” To say that we would enter a protest at such doctrine would weakly express our view. We are surprised and horrified that a church institution of such importance and standing, a university under the supervision of a denomination that deserves the reverence and respect of all, should teach such an insane and, we might say, inane doctrine to young men from whose numbers it expects to draw its future preachers.

The doctrine on its face shows its absurdity, and as it displays its follies in the broad daylight of truth, we need but to know that, like some men who are afflicted with inanity and rejoice in hearing their own minute particles of grey matter rattle in their empty craniums, so this evolution theory delights in making a great noise, not knowing that its skull will finally be broken in because it cannot sustain the outside pressure of truth.

Why some men who claim to believe in the inspiration of the bible will not accept its assertion that man was created a man by divine power, is a mystery. And especially that a church institution would endorse such heretical doctrine to the extent of engaging the services of a man who teaches it seems equally as huge a mystery.

One glory of our Southland is her stability and her devotion to the truth and the old paths, and not seeking continually for *novas res*.

New doctrines will always have hearers, and none are so quick to fall into error as the average college man. For that reason ought universities, the exponents of truth in all its forms, to be careful that all its instructed knowledge is true science.

#### THE PRIZE ESSAY.

We feel constrained to mention the subject of the prize essay once more to quicken the memories of the society men. Every one of the Intermediates and Seniors should try for this medal, so to make the contest for the prize interesting. Remember it must have not over 1,500 words and be handed in before January 1, 1894. Just here we would like to impress the Juniors and Seniors alike with the importance of declaiming or making an oration at the primary contests before Christmas. Every man should try for the declaimer's and orator's medals during his college career. No one can be a speaker until he tries.

#### CONVERSATION.

A thing that requires the least effort in the world to acquire is a good English vocabulary, while the easiest habit in the world is that of using bad English. None in trying to use good English need use stilted language and words that involve the tongue in a labyrinth of syllables, but use plain Anglo-Saxon words that are simple. The main defect that accompanies a very great many students to college is a habit of careless grammar, and as

they go through college each day they should cull out the bad usages and mistakes in grammar, so that when they have acquired an education they should not disgrace their A. B. by bad English. We should cultivate a pleasant address unmarred by any grammatical mistakes. Room-mates can be of incalculable benefit to each other by correcting each other's mistakes, and making a league with each other to point out common errors and suggest good usages.

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#### SOCIETY CONTESTS.

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November is the month in which the preliminary contests are held for declaimers to represent the two societies in a joint celebration in February. The competition to be limited to those members of the societies who have not four intermediate or senior duties. No member is eligible for this position more than once.

The month for these trial contests is now here, and it behooves the new students especially to make special efforts to obtain a position in these contests. It cannot be done without great labor on your part. We would urge this question upon every eligible member in either society. Select your best declaimers; this can only be done if the boys will all compete for places. The contest in February is one of great interest to both societies; not only this, but large numbers from the city attend these exercises. Fortunate the society and happy the man who is victorious in this contest. Let your

society zeal and pride spur you onward.

Not one whit behind this contest in importance is the joint contest in June between representatives of the two societies. The trial contest for positions in June for this part of the program is now not one month hence. Great indifference has so far characterized some members of the societies who are eligible to positions in this contest. This indecision, this hesitancy on the part of the members should give place to definite action and decision. This is no time for debating the matter; the speakers require time for practice. There should be at least seven or eight speakers from each society.

The essay contest is one of the most interesting and improving of all the society contests. We cannot urge you too often nor too strongly to engage in this important feature of society work. After all the solicitations and urging that appeared in the JOURNAL last session but few men gave essays to the editors. This contest is open until January 1st. The conditions governing it can be learned from the constitutions of the societies or from a copy of the last issue of the JOURNAL. Let every one who can engage in these contests; do so with the determination to be victorious. It will benefit you, add interest to college exercises, and spread abroad the college reputation.

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It isn't exactly pleasant to read that there is a real estate boom in Jerusalem brought about by the new rail-

roads of the Holy Land, and that a railroad is shortly to cross the Valley of Hinnom and pass near the Pool of Bethesda. Col. Bob Ingersoll may yet be the owner of various Jerusalem corner lots.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

## OUR EXCHANGES.

### Associate Editors.

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

Nothing comes amiss to the Exchange Editor. He is equally at home in theology, science, philosophy and humor, and can come as near proving this in a single issue of his magazine as any man. To begin with we give our readers first a theological criticism which is well worth the reading:

#### THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

I've been a readin', Hezeki, these higher critic folk,  
An' this decrepid frame o' mine has well-nigh had a stroke.  
They've soared so high, the hull on 'em, they've got clar out o' sight,  
An' what concerns 'em now is whar on earth they'r gwine to light.  
When men begin to criticize where they should be adorin',  
They've struck a dizzy altitude for Christian folk to soar in.  
An' when we cannot read the Word but with a critics eye,  
This little world we call our life is bounded with a sigh.  
It's quite a sing'lar scholarship we've somehow stumbled on,  
That turns its frowning batteries the living truth upon.  
An' pours a flamin' broadside at the edicts of the Crown,  
An' still professes friendship for the truth it's blastin' down.  
Much larin's made 'em mad again, stark mad, it seems to me,  
They'r 'earin' up the narrow road that winds by Calvary.

They'r pressin' all their might ag'in the pillars 'o the Word,  
An', Samson-like, are pushin' down the temple o' the Lord.

They tell us Moses never writ the books he said he writ,  
Some other fellow writ 'em, and there's somehow a misfit;  
An' that 'ere tale o' Joshua's about the sun an' moon  
A standin' still at Gideon is quite inopportune,  
Because the moon it had no legs, an' nurther had the sun.  
An' csekentently, so, you see, the thing it wasn't done.  
I tell thee, Hezekiar, it's allotted unto few  
To sound the inner soul o' things as these 'ere critics do!

An' there is Inspiration, why I've clutched it from a youth,  
An' held it with a mighty grip—this livin' God-sent truth,  
I've held it firm as Jacob did the angel in the night,  
And now my angel, too, must fly before their morning light!  
What trancedental cheek they have, these critics, one and all!  
Next thing I 'spose they'll tell us is that Adam didn't fall—  
Jest sort o' slipped an' cotched himself, an' ambled on ag'in.  
An' never had a thing to do with our orig'nal sin!

King David's Psalms, we've sung 'em straight nigh onto sixty years,  
We've sung 'em thro' our sunshine, an' we've sung 'em thro' our tears.  
He never saw the half on 'em, if we believe 'their say.  
An' David wasn't no great shakes on music anyway.  
An' Solomon was well enough, considerin' his time,  
But h-a-r-d-l-y wise enough to suit this "iner-rant" clime:  
Of course, he knew some things, and said 'em fairly well, for him,  
But as a Higher Critic—well he wasn't in the swim.

Isaiah, too, I grieve to say, was hardly up to date,  
An' as a major prophet he was barely second-rate;  
Because, they say, he never writ the half his prophecy.  
Then up an' claimed the hull of it, as if he had, you see.

An' half he writ was history when all was said  
an' done,

An', may be, some old Hebrew went an' pub-  
lished it for fun!

But then, 'Zeki, it will not do to let these folks  
decide,

Because its more than evident the Higher Critics  
lied!

I tell you what, this grand old Word that God  
bequeathed to man,

Has stood the test of fire and sword since ever  
time began,

An' no assault of critics now its vital truths  
shall harm;

It still will stand omnipotent, Gibraltar in the  
storm!

An' thousands yet unborn shall read the way to  
life divine;

An' reading, light their torches where eternal  
sunbeams shine;

An' having lit them, still will tread the paths  
our fathers trod

Through faith and hope the upward way to fel-  
lowship with God.

- Rev. D. R. Miller in Chicago Truth.

The following article on economics  
will be appreciated at this time. It is  
copied from "Our Dumb Animals:"

#### HOW O'CONNELL SAVED THE BANK.

In the present financial panic it may  
be useful to some of our smaller coun-  
try banks to read the following anec-  
dote, which was told to me some years  
ago in regard to the famous Irish  
orator, Daniel O'Connell. A report  
had gone out through Dublin that the  
Bank of Ireland was about to fail, and  
all the streets about the bank were  
filled with a crowd of small depositors,  
anxious to draw their money. The  
bank was perfectly solvent, but unless  
it could have time to obtain more gold  
would be compelled to fail. Under  
these circumstances the directors sent  
for O'Connell. He first addressed the  
crowds in the streets, telling them that  
he would carefully examine the condi-  
tion of the bank and report to them

very soon. He then said to the direc-  
tor, there is nothing in the law to  
prevent your paying the coin over your  
counters hot instead of cold—so order  
in a large number of frying pans, heat  
the coin, and pay it hot. He then  
went out, and again addressed the  
crowd, assuring them that the bank  
was perfectly solvent, and that every  
depositor would be paid in full, but  
they must not find fault if it was paid  
to them hot instead of cold. Presently  
frying pans full of heated gold coin  
were brought in and laid on the coun-  
ters, and each depositor was paid as  
fast as he could take up and carry off  
the coin. The report soon went out  
that the bank had plenty of gold, and  
was coining it as fast as it could. The  
result was that the bank had plenty  
of time to get all the gold it needed,  
and did not fail.—Geo. T. Angel.

The same magazine gives us the two  
following articles:

#### MISPLACEMENT OF A COMMA.

A popular captain's wife was more  
than usually anxious over the safety  
of her husband, and accordingly handed  
a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morn-  
ing, bearing the words "Captain Wil-  
son, having gone to sea, his wife desires  
the prayers of this congregation on his  
behalf." Unfortunately, by the mis-  
placement of the comma after the "sea,"  
the congregation were told that "Cap-  
tain Wilson *having gone to see his wife*,  
desires the prayers of this congregation  
on his behalf."—Cornhill Magazine.

Mrs. B.—"Dear me! What lovely

closets this flat has!" Agent—"Madam, those are not the closets. They are the bedrooms."

IT SOMETIMES LOOKS LIKE IT.

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher whom nobody wanted to hear, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "Because I was called," he answered. "James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—The Argonaut.

HE REASONED FROM ANOLOGY.

Little Johnnie, calling his play-mate's attention to a cow grazing: "See the bell around her neck," he said; "do you know what that is for? That is what she rings when she wants to tell the calf that dinner is ready."—Western Plowman.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.

Mrs. Newed—Dick, dear, I'm glad you don't forget to execute any order I give you. The other day I told you to order some kindling wood, and you must have thought of it constantly, poor boy; for that night you kept saying in your sleep, "Give me a dollar's worth of chips!"—Music and Drama.

We are indebted to the "Southwestern Presbyterian" for the following case of

HEROIC TREATMENT.

We are often reminded in these days of faith-healing of the first recorded case of it in this country. A young well-educated New York doctor sought

his fortunes in Texas, immediately after the annexation, and when it was a retreat for American criminals and desperadoes. He hung out his shingle and waited for calls. The town regulators suspected him of being a fraud, like themselves. A fellow in the town had been bedridden for some months with paralysis of the legs. The doctor was notified that he must put the fellow on his feet within two days or they would lynch him. Expostulations were of no avail. He must tackle the case right now. The doctor slipped his bowie down the back of his neck, went to see his patient, ordered the room cleared, drew his ugly knife, and said, "Now you get," and went for him, chased him out of the house and down the street.

And for this excellent argument against the Rabbi:

A Jewish Rabbi, at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions, said that the sermon on the Mount was not new, that it could all be found in the Rabbinical writings. A speaker in the State Sabbath-school Convention in the East Liberty Presbyterian Church answered this by saying, "The poems of Tennyson and Shakespeare are not new, they are all found in the dictionary."

TO SEE HIM WITH A NEW PAIR.

What is a better sign than to see a preacher with the knees of his everyday pants worn out?—Weatherford Collegian.

The "Weatherford Collegian" for

October is a very good number, but we would respectfully suggest that the editors be more careful in their grammar; there are several unpardonable errors in it. Another thing we notice, not only in the "Collegian," but several of our exchanges are marking their clippings simply "ex." When it is not possible to give the name of the ex. from which the article is copied this may do. But in our opinion every man should be credited with his achievements and "ex." does not do this. Four articles on a single page of the "Collegian" are thus marked. Brother, don't hesitate to give even the devil his due.

HIS NAME MIGHT SUGGEST IT.

Teacher (to last year's Senior)—  
"Who was John the Baptist?"

Senior—"I think he was the baby Pharaoh's daughter took out of the river."—The Furman Echo..

WISH THEY WOULD ALL DO SO.

One of the professors has decided to give up his old jokes and get up new ones in place of them. Peace to their ashes. May they forever rest.—Ibid.

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

"My boy you look weary and wan;  
You are working too hard with your Greek,  
To try, from constructions obscure,  
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no," he wearily said,  
"The meaning I plainly can see.  
But I'm worn out trying to make  
The text and the pony agree."

—College Index.

Our public school system is one of those hackneyed subjects which ever

furnish a fruitful theme for the pen of the college magazine writer. Every time we see the heading we are tempted to throw the paper down with pretty much the same feeling a man has who after reading three-quarters of a page of an interesting newspaper article, finds himself brought suddenly face to face with Guinness' Liver Medicine, or That Tired Feeling. But George Kirkly, in "The Vanderbilt Observer" for October, treats this subject in really an able manner, which well repays for the time and trouble of reading.

We are indebted to "The Colorado Collegian" for the three following:

SHE KNEW.

The little daughter of a Western preacher circulated it all around the neighborhood that her papa had been made "a doctor of vanity."

EIGHT COLLEGE YELLS.

Yale: Rah! rah! rah, Rah! rah! rah, Rah! rah! rah! Yale!

Harvard: Rah! rah! rah, Rah! rah! rah, Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!

Princeton: Hooray! hooray! hooray! Tiger-sis-boom-ah! Princeton!

Williams: Rah! rah! rah! yums, yams, yums, Williams!

Cornell: Cornell! I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!

Dartmouth: Wah, who, wah! wah, who, wah! da-didi, Dartmouth.

Brown: Rah! rah! rah, Rah! rah! Brown!

Columbia: H'ray! h'ray! h'ray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!

One of our boys went out to walk one day,  
Sporting a brand new prince;  
He placed his foot on a banana peel  
And he hasn't "banana" where since.

Every once in a while we find something that suggests a new and entirely different line of thought to that we were used to follow. We have been taught from our earliest boyhood that contentment was one of the chief virtues and to be sought at all times. But C. H. Hampton, in the "Dynamo" for October, tries to show that discontent has been the means of giving to the world many inventions and discoveries which possibly it never would otherwise have had, and he makes a first-class case of it. Hereafter let no one discourage discontent. The "Dynamo" ought to take ads. out of its news columns.

#### IT SHOULD BE SO WITH US.

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or team work exempts a student from examination.—Occident.

We notice that our friend J. E. Travis is Editor-in-Chief of the "Westminster Student" from the Philologic Society. In our estimation Philologic has a good man. We take the following from the Student:

He was singing "After the Ball,"  
In the scented garden dim;  
A window sash—then a sudden flash—  
And the ball went after him!

The "Reveille" for October has the first chapter of a serial, "Robert Eldor," written expressly for it. Let some of our active minds get to work and give

us one. We copy the three following from the "Reveille:":

#### THE WEDGE.

The football half back pays his bills  
And laughs with infinite glee  
For he sees how much easier now than before  
It is to break a "V."

#### THE FIN DU SIECLE GIRL.

"What is the formula, professor,  
For maidens up to date?"  
The wise man smiled and quickly wrote:  
"S S 98!"

"Pray, what may mean this mystic scroll?"  
Said she, the Vassar pert.  
"Why, one part saint and one part sage  
And ninety-eight, a flirt."

#### AND OURS.

We had a dream the other night  
When everything was still:  
We dreamed that each subscriber came  
Right up and paid his bill.—Ex.

Indorsed by our Business Manager.  
—The Earthamite.

#### ALUMNI DOTS.

—Wanted!!! Interesting bits of information about our Alumni! Informers liberally rewarded!

—E. D. McDougall, A. B., '91, B. D., '93, is engaged in successful ministerial work at Cartersville, Ga. We understand that "Mac" and Sam Jones are about the "most principalist men" in that locality.

—J. A. Young, of last year's Senior Theological Class, preached during the past Summer at Adairsville, Ga. In a series of religious meetings held there, he was the instrument in the accomplishment of much good, and the community was preciously revived.



—In another column will be found a notice of the marriage of R. A. Haden, B. D., '91, to Miss Julia McGinniss, formerly of Clarksville, in China.

—In the matrimonial line at least, the Alumni of S. W. P.\*U. seem always to bestir themselves. During the past few months not a few of our former boys, not long since with us, have made the venture, and still there are rumors! Ex-theologues seem especially successful in marrying easily. Some of the rest of us boys are wondering if they don't receive special training of that kind in the Theological Seminary.

—The good people of Tiptonville, Tenn., and vicinity, are united in singing the praises of J. G. ("Major") Conolly, A. B., '92, as both a model pastor and preacher.

—The following complimentary notice of one of old S. W. P. U.'s most gifted graduates, we clip from the St. Louis Presbyterian: "The Second Church, Alexandria, Va., has just completed a most successful year. About one year ago Rev. Theron H. Rice, Jr., just from the Seminary, was ordained and installed pastor of this church, and in this short time has, by his earnest, eloquent and faithful preaching of the Word, greatly strengthened God's people and aroused the impenitent. Truly he is a young man of rare intellectual and spiritual gifts."

#### TROT HER OUT.

One evening Patti, having taken a slight cold, found herself hoarse, and

requested Brignoli to apologize. The curtain rose, and Brignoli said that Madame Patti requested him to say that she very much regretted it, but that she was a *little horse*. The audience began to laugh, and when the astonished Brignoli repeated the statement that Madame Patti was a *little horse* the theatre rang with the hand-clapping and laughter. Poor Brignoli stood speechless, until some one in the audience called out: "Well, if she's a *little horse*, trot her out."

### LOCALS.

#### Local Editors.

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

—Harper says that down in Mississippi the watermelons grow so large that the negroes use them for cabins; and also, they make chairs and tables by hewing out sweet potatoes. Watermelon vines grow so fast that a man has invented a patent anchor for holding them down, because if they are not bound they will drag the rhine off the melons.

—Dr. P.—Mr. Batte, of what class of people does the author speak?

Mr. B.—Pestiferous, Doctor.

Dr. P.—What form of suicide would they not resort to?

Mr. B.—Killing themselves.

—Prof. A. (in Hebrew), Mr. A.—What is the name of the short *a* under a guttural?

Mr. A.—I don't know, Professor.

Prof. A.—You are right, Mr. A.

—Dr. S.—Mr. Collins, who was Jabbob's wife?

Mr. C.—Habakkuk.

Dr. S.—Who were his sons?

Mr. C.—Job and Esau.

—We are sorry to announce that Mr. Holt has left school. He goes to Russellville, Ark., to take charge of a church. The JOURNAL wishes him great success in his new field of labor.

—Prof. McC.—“What is the chief end of man?”

Mr. C.—Chief end? His feet I guess.

Drs. Summey and Lyon attended Synod at Cleveland last week.

—The latest new science: Answer—Ology, the science of answering. It has four departments:

Pneumatology, otherwise called windology, simply winding on the subject.

Oligology, answering from a paucity, or fewness, of the knowledge of facts, and necessarily with some wind.

Alethology, giving the true facts, sometimes called curlistic answers.

Amartiology, or the science and art of platting gracefully.

—Cardwell on debate: “Gentlemen, my deponent said”—evident amusement in the audience—“Well, my exponent, then”—the society convulsed until each gentleman sank, overcome, limple, to the floor. “Mr. President, may I ask you a question?” President: “I suppose you wish to know that it is opponent?” Cardwell: “Yes, sir; yessir, that's it; I knew it had a ponent.”

—Cobb went around to hear Jumbo at the Ethiopian Church of St. John, on Main street, and one of the colored sisters got happy. Wildly flinging her hands around amidst the “shadows,” she planted herself in the aisle and exclaimed: “One can't hold me; two can't hold me; you all can't hold me!” and nabbed Cobb and embraced him in the presence of all the people.

—A certain young man was heard to say about one of the pretty academy girls; that “She is no more like her father than a star is like a mule colt.”

—According to Potter, there are more entangling Webbs than those spun by spiders.

—McK. (helping himself to oatmeal)—“I wish we had this every night.”

X.—“You would soon become tired of it.”

McK.—“It is excellent brain food. I could eat it every night.”

—Dr. S.—“Mr. Borders, what did Esau sell his birthright for?”

Mr. B.—“For—for—for a plate of soup.”

—McKee says when he gets through here he will go to Princeton and take a D. D.

—Mr. Batte is astonished that Origen thought the stars inhabited. He (Mr. B.) thought that was just a recent discovery.

—We still have some wits among us, as the following dialogue on the football ground will show:

Mr. Curry to Mr. Strayer—“You

seem to be straying all around these grounds."

Mr. S. to Mr. C.: "I'll curry your back for you if you don't get away from here."

—Scene in class Calderwood's moral Philosophy. (McCallie on front seat, fast asleep, mouth wide open).

Dr. W.: "Can your intelligence reach any adequate knowledge of absolute existence? McCallie."

McC. (rubbing his eyes): "Ugh! ah-migh, I didn't catch the question, Professor."

Prof. W.: "Let me congratulate you, sir, on your trip and safe return. I hope you enjoyed the voyage."

McC.: "Not very much, Professor. I was dreaming about Calderwood."

—Dr. P.: "Mr. Wilson, what river is Rome on?"

Mr. W.: "On the Nile, sir."

—Our mutual friend, Bob Hill, is not only popular on the campus, but he is especially so in South Clarksville. He met one of his old Sunday-school scholars last week who was a little "tipsey," "having fallen from grace." He said: "I am so glad to see you, Mr. Hill. Say, Mr. Hill, I've got three pretty sisters out home. I want you to come out."

Mr. H.: "Well, friend, I'm very busy just now, and"——

He: "Where do you board, Mr. Hill?"

Mr. H.: "At Robb Hall."

He: "Oh, yes, I know Mr. Robb Hall. He knows my sisters, too, Mr. Robb Hall does."

—Each student should send a copy of the JOURNAL home.

—The students will do well to notice our advertising columns before buying goods.

—Dr. S.: "What was Pharaoh's dream?"

Mr. Mitchel: "He dreamed that he saw seven fat fish come up out of the waters and"——

—Scene in Stewart Society. Mr. Cardwell (on debate): "I don't believe what my *deponent* said on that point. As I was going to say, my *deponent* (laughter). Mr. President, I guess they are laughing at that word. I mean, *mean exponent*."

—Prof. W. (at the close of a eulogy on human ignorance): "It does me good to say 'I don't know,' and I love to see people who can open wide their mouths and say, 'I don't know.' But let us pass on. Mr. Q., what is our lesson about this morning?"

Mr. Q.: "I don't know."

Prof. W.: "However, I don't like universal agnostics."

—Rieves (at the conclusion of a pathetic discourse on the problem, "Has the negro a soul?"): "Well, I would hate mighty bad for the fools to think they didn't have any soul."

—Dr. S.: "What remarkable miracle occurred on the bosom of Lake Genesareth?"

Mr. Sholl: "The feeding of the five thousand."

—Mr. Collins (at Robb Hall): "I will read a portion of scripture especially provided for the wicked."

—There has been a great addition made to the nomenclature of science by Maddox. He calls the atmosphere the "extra-corporeal body."

—A problem for the evolutionist: "How long will it be necessary for people to wear glasses before babies will be born with them on?"

—Mr. Clarke, of Mississippi, had his leg broken at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium rooms last week. He is improving, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

—Cleveland (charged with addressing the President without recognition): "Mr. President, I had your resignation."

—Prof. W. (Moral Philosophy): "Mr. Ratchford, what are the motives which induce betting?"

Mr. R.: "Desire."

Prof. W.: "Desire of what? Desire to be an angel?"

—Prayer meeting is held each afternoon at 3 o'clock, by the students, for a great revival in the University.

—Mr. Hall was called home a few days ago to attend the bedside of his dying father. Mr. Hall has the JOURNAL's warmest sympathy.

—The dedication of the Confederate Monument was celebrated as announced. The college boys joined the procession, led by the professors. The boys returned footsore and weary.

—Mr. Hudson, one of the University students from Alabama, has been quite sick for some days, but we are glad to announce that he is now much

better. The JOURNAL wishes to see him soon at his post of duty. His aunt, Mrs. Yarbrough, is at his bedside, and ministers to his wants in a tender and skillful manner.

—A series of meetings will begin at the Presbyterian Church next week. The students have been praying for a great revival, and they are earnestly expecting a great out-pouring of God's spirit, and a great ingathering of such as shall be saved.

—The Missionary meetings have been a source of great blessing to the boys this session, and they are growing in interest each week. Boys come out.

—Mr. Roberts went home last week to have his throat treated.

—The members of the Homiletic Society have great times at their meeting each Monday night. The young ladies who attend add much to the interest and inspire the boys to greater effort. They are always welcome.

—Both literary societies are in a prosperous condition, and the members are doing good work.

—The spiritual condition of the school is better than it has been for years.

—The Senior Class made their appearance last week in the Chapel wearing their caps and gowns.

—The staff has now elected their fighting editor, and if any one in a pugilistic humor can't get satisfaction from Rieves or Oberschmidt, they will be referred to the proper person.

—Mr. Henry Crain left last week for Kentucky for the benefit of his wife's health. We regret to lose Mr. Crain from school. The JOURNAL wishes him success.

CITY DOTS.

Miss Edith Ely is visiting friends and relatives in Kirkwood, Mo. The JOURNAL wishes her much pleasure.

\* \* \*

Dr. W. M. Price, our enterprising young specialist, will be united in marriage to the accomplished and fascinating Miss Tula Warfield, at the Baptist Church, Nov. 8th. We extend our hearty congratulations.

\* \* \*

Dr. Webb and wife celebrated their wooden wedding on the 24th inst. They entertained very handsomely the faculty and their wives and a few other of their friends. We trust they may not only celebrate their wooden but their golden wedding.

\* \* \*

Washington Irving Society is prepared to give their visiting friends a comfortable seat now. The hall has been handsomely fitted up.

\* \* \*

Miss Webb, of Franklin, and Miss Sawrie, of Nashville, spent several days in the city visiting Prof. Webb and family. They made many friends while here. There were heart aches from some when they left.

\* \* \*

We are sorry to chronicle the sickness of Mr. D. N. Kennedy. We feel

deeply interested in one who is such a friend to the University.

HE WAS FIXED.

The boy stood on the burning deck  
And counted up his gains;  
He said, when this old deck plays out  
I've another in my jeans.

IT HAPPENS THUS.

Toll for the brave,  
The gallant student's gone.  
He got too frisky here,  
And the faculty sent him home.

THEY'RE IN IT.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Kee and Roane are happy now.  
Tommy Hall has got the jim-jams,  
For Calvin Hall now owns a cow.

DEDICATED TO W. HUGH.

FROM HIS SUFFERING CLASSMATES.

Egotism we can stand, and likewise some pom-  
posity.  
And if we have to, you may count a little on  
verbosity.  
But there's a limit none can pass. Its attribute  
is fixity.  
Good angels save us from the man who's given  
to prolixity.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

They told me when I married her  
My ardent love would fade away,  
But as I buy her gowns, I find  
My wife grows dearer every day.—Ex.

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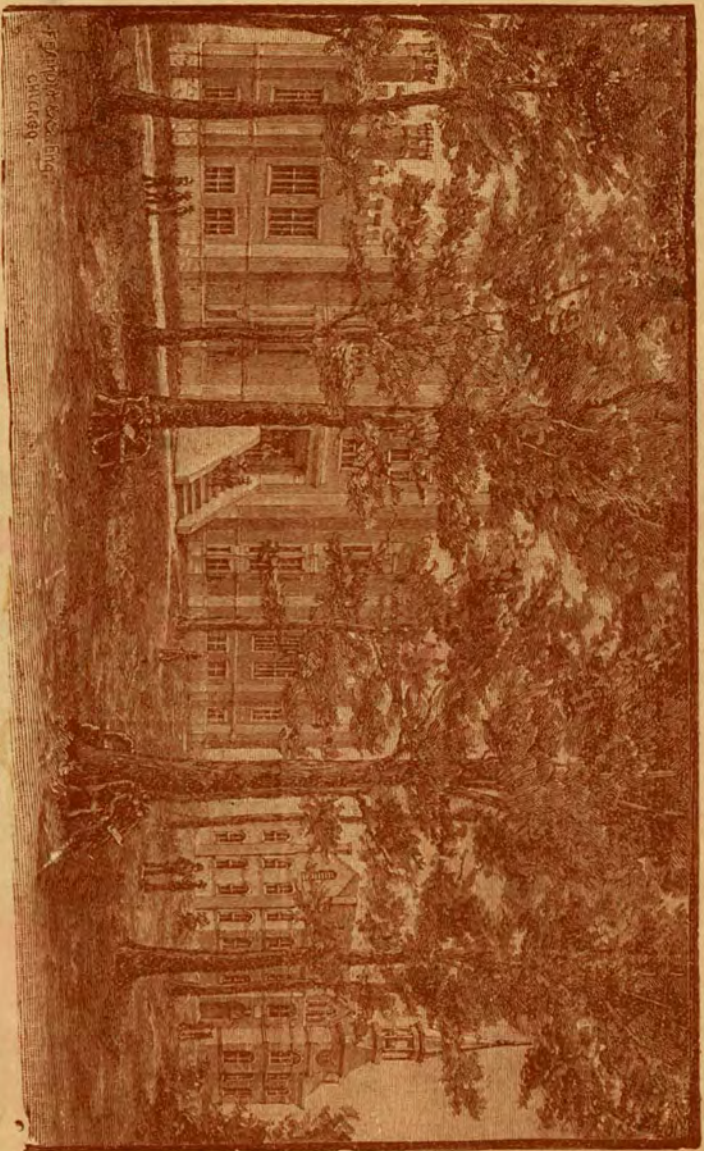
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