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# S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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## PRIZE ESSAY NO. 4.

### *Light.*

Light is the glory of the visible universe. No other part of the material creation is half so beautiful; no other meets so many necessities. Its birth was a response to the first of a series of creative fiats by which the world of matter and spirit came into existence; and well it was, for the rest of nature without it would be but a lifeless and meaningless void.

The imagination has power to conceive of no place of desolation and death more horrible than that where there is no light. When the law would punish man for crime by making him the companion of sorest mis-

ery, it has only to lock him within the pitiless doors of prison walls through which the cheering sunlight can never pass.

When the scripture would describe that place where despair reigns supreme, they speak of a bottomless pit wherein the benighted soul is barred forever from visions of light. Hence, the great arch-fiend of sin and destruction is fitly called the prince of darkness.

Holy writ has given us ample authority for making light the symbol of all that is sacred, good and pure.

The mighty one who wrested our earth from the snares of death is himself the prince of light. His work among men was to bring light into the sin-blackened soul, even as on the creation morn he gave light to the chaos by the quickening words, "Let there be light." When he would make the final conquest of Satan's dominion he leads his hosts beneath a banner of light, and gives light to every warrior for armor, shield and sword.

All our ideas of form and color and material beauty come to us through the agency of light. No other sense is so affluent and gorgeous in its ministrations as that which responds to

the touch of light. The pupil of the eye is the portal through which light brings in all the riches and glory of the earth and heavens to adorn the inner chambers of the soul. The mind sits as a sovereign enthroned in its secret place, while this swift-winged messenger brings intelligence from every object of the landscape, and even from the far distant orbs of Heaven. Only lift the curtain of the eye and "millions of bright heralds will rush in to decrease the form and hue and order of everything in the world of vision."

We ascend to the top of some Alpine peak, and before us rises an almost endless succession of stately elevations, blue with the glimmering haze of dreamy air and white with shining snows. We trace the silvery streams that glide away with murmuring voice toward the sea. We gaze on the evening clouds swimming in an ocean of fire around the setting sun.

Soon the stars hang out their golden lamps in the infinite dome of heaven. Some of the rays that constitute our field of vision have come to us in an instant, but others have been flying through the infinitudes of space for more than a thousand years; and now breaking upon the vision, reveal to us the place where of old the creation breathed a million suns into existence and sent them forth to illumine the rolling spheres of Heaven. And as we stand and gaze from the giddy height, we should not forget that all this rapturous vision is pos-

sible only through the wonderous medium—Light.

We are all so familiar with this "shining robe of day" that we seldom think how sweet and pleasant a thing it is to behold its glory. Still if we had seen but once the transition from night to morning, we should hail it as a new creation. If we should suddenly wake from a life-long blindness into the full light of a summer's morn, we might easily be persuaded to fall down with the heathen and worship the King of Day.

In every language and in every clime light is the symbol of beauty. It falls upon the waters and the rugged surf is arched with bows of seven-fold colors, more beautiful than any the skill of painters could make. In the quiet hour of closing day it wraps the distant mountains in robes of golden hue. It falls on the clouds and they sweep across the plains of Heaven "like battalions of flying cherubum." It falls on the landscape and reflects from hills and valleys and harvest fields an endless vision of beauty.

The original source of this mysterious substance has been to philosophers an inscrutable mystery since the days of Job. Astronomers have turned their powerful telescopes upon the infinite depths of space, but have found no bounds beyond which light has never passed. They have leveled their space-piercing tubes at the filing haze that seems to hang like a mist in the azure dome, and lo! it flashed into the mingled blaze of innumera-

ble suns, And far on beyond these every star seems to bathe in the same great luminous ocean. We cannot know the bounds of light nor can we find its source.

But whatever the source from which it comes may be and whatever theories science may advance respecting its subtle nature, its effects remain the same. It flows on from its secret foundation through every age, giving life and loveliness to all the universe.

No wonder it is, then, then that the heathen should worship light, or that He, who is the son of righteousness should appeal to us most strongly when He says: "I am the light of the world." —ANTIPODE.

#### THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY.

This is an age of transition. Not only in forms of government and politics and social circles, but also in religious circles. Many people are, apparently, endeavoring to forsake the true and tried theology for the superficial and vagarious. Just as the weather-cock upon some neighboring barn is easily turned, so many avowed defenders of the faith are turned by petty and unstable constructions laid upon theological truth. Almost every day the tranquility of some neighbor is disturbed by an introduction of some fanciful doctrine having only a surmised biblical sanction, and wholly inadequate to a just test of the scriptures.

In regard to such doctrines, let it

be said that they were refuted by the Apostle Paul as side issues; that they are doctrines which were advocated more than two thousand years ago; that they are perversions of biblical truth, wholly without warrant, and oftentimes severe impeachments upon the credibility and immutability and harmony of God's word; that they reflect discredit upon the characters of the able and eminent christian scholars and interpreters of the bible. And according to a pious scholar and thinker, such doctrines are a vicious species of error which is calculated to work devilment.

The influence: The influence of a misinformed, or *not informed*, teacher is no exception to the general law governing society. There are principles that make right, and there are principles that make wrong, hence an issue. Again, it is impossible for *right* and *wrong* to blend without a sacrifice of principle, either in favor of *right* or in favor of *wrong*, hence an influence. Now, of two contradictories one must be true and the other must be false. Past experience has proved these spurious doctrines to be false from their effects. It has been sad indeed, for congregations have been divided and godly members have been influenced against godly and pious pastors. Happy homes have been divided and squabbles among peaceful neighbors have been effected. The teachers of doctrines that are opposed *communi consensu* ought to be exceedingly careful, lest in the final day their claim to having cast out

devils should meet with the disapprobation of the Eternal Judge.

The various phases of these perversions are numerous, but space will not allow a just discussion of them, therefore it is my design specially for the benefit of those who look forward to the gospel ministry to call attention to the *study of theology* which seems to be so zealously opposed by a certain class of religious teachers.

I. Those who decry the study of theology to biblical teachers are *professedly ignorant* of the truth therein disclosed. Every argument they bring against it reveals their absurd position and shows their inconsistency. A teacher of the bible without some sort of theology cannot be found. The same may be said with reference to doctrine, for the clamorous censurers of the former, i. e., for no theology, invariably resort to the latter, i. e., for no doctrine, as a supposed safeguard. But should such an one insist that he has no doctrine, then, he has a doctrine from the fact that he has no doctrine. He is professedly an agnostic. This is the absurd conclusion of his own logic which entrenches him in the predicament of negations which appeal to the humorous natures of all the better informed.

Does such an one still insist that the study of theology is impracticable because it involves doctrine, then, he does not believe what *he* teachers, for let it be granted with Mr. Gladstone, on this point, that "theology is ordered knowledge, representing in

the region of the intellect what religion represents in the heart and life of man." Then, an adequate belief is essential to religion, and an adequate knowledge of truth is essential to an adequate belief, which alone secures that lasting assurance in the heart, so dear to all believers.

Again, grant it that Socrates, as a successful teacher of truth, understood his subject more fully than his pupils, or that the apostles knew more about the Redeemer than the hundreds who flocked to the synagogues and you grant this fact—that a *well* and *correctly* informed teacher occupies a plausible advantage over his pupils; and having the advantage and being apt to teach, he will undoubtedly reap rich rewards; whereas, if only on a level, and in a multitude of cases subordinate to the vast majority of hearers his labors *might* be completely in vain.

Here is a fact: the truth will always survive, especially will biblical truth, and those who teach the opposite do labor in vain. Biblical truth is like a seed, but differs from its analogue in that it contains a germ that can never be suppressed. It grows after no praise save the praise of God, and according to no rule save the spiritual rule of God, and stops short of no end save the holiness of God.

II. The study of theology is not without support. There are reasons why the religious teacher should study it. Theology is not gained by intuition and neither is a knowledge of

the bible. (1) Theology is to the bible what philosophy is to science. The student knows this, and if the opponents of theological investigation know anything of the importance and necessity of philosophy to the sciences, then, he must know the beautiful function of theology in biblical interpretation. (2) It should be studied because it is a great safeguard against errors which are so common to mankind. Men are not inspired by the holy spirit as in former days. Even the *inspired* teachers of our Lord received a three years' course in theology, Jesus himself being the chief and only instructor. (3) It ought to be studied because of the great responsibility resting upon a teacher. Human souls are at stake, more precious than all the wealth and fame of the universe. Jesus, the model teacher, in his sermon on the mount, made the teacher's responsibility conspicuously important, and every religious teacher ought to be guided by the most solemn consideration of this scripture. (4) It ought to be studied from the character of the times. All the old doctrines of materialism, and pantheism, and sensualism are being revived and are being presented in philosophical form. In order to meet these vicious opponents of biblical truth a knowledge of theology is indispensable. And this study involves another, namely: Metaphysics, because metaphysics is requisite to theology, and these erroneous doctrines are highly philosophical and scientific. Therefore, the re-

morse that must attend that ambassador of Christ who must cower under the encroachment of these hostile foes of the truth because of ignorance.

III. With a view to creating an interest *in* and a desire *for* the study of theology, it is practicable to call the students attention to the vast field which is covered by this noble study. Space does not permit a complete enumeration, hence the most important and interesting will be included.

(1) Systematic theology deals with the being of God, providence and angels, the divinity of Christ and of the holy spirit, miracles, man and sin, the covenants, salvation, etc. (2) In Exegetical theology the laws of grammar are applied in interpretation. (3) In Biblical theology the doctrines of the bible are sought by a systematic search. (4) In Apologetical theology the doctrines are defended against infidels. (5) In Polemic theology various views are considered, such as predestination, falling from grace, etc. (6) In Ecclesiastical theology the foundation of the church and its government are traced. (7) Institutional theology treats of the institutes and sacraments. (8) In Comparative theology various creeds are examined. (9) Practical theology treats of the christian experience, preparation and delivery of sermons, visitation of the sick, etc.

IV. Observe some qualification of a theological student and the grounds upon which this reverend study is commended. (1) As regards the student: (a) Must be spiritually



minded; (b) be called of God; (c) have reverential humility; (d) a love of the truth; (e) submission to God's word. He may be a student in theology and yet not possess these qualifications, but should he, then his progress is the more. 2. The study commends itself: (a) As the highest branch of learning; (b) as the greatest field of usefulness. These qualifications and commendatory grounds were specified by one of the most humble, most able and most successful teachers of theology. May all the students of theology defend it, and may God promote its progress, that ingenious young men, candidates for public teachers, may be prevented from being caught in the wiles of their sophistry, "and led so far into the labyrinth of their errors as to obscure their prospects of virtue and usefulness forever."

—R. L. BENN.

**A BEAUTIFUL POEM.**

The following touching little poem was sent to us from Mississippi by a staunch friend of the S. W. P. U.:

"Along the river of Time we glide,"  
 The strain floats out and breaks my spell  
 Of reverie sweet. The echoes swell  
 "Along the river, along the river."  
 'Twas a favorite hymn of one we knew  
 In other days. The waters dark  
 Of Time's swift river had brought his bark  
 Close by the side of ours.  
 We drifted along on the sunny side,  
 Where the birds still sang, and roses grew  
 In rich profusion, and the morning dew  
 Lent freshness and sparkle to life.

How many times our little band  
 Of loved ones met, as evening fell,  
 To talk of the day's events, or tell  
 Of memories past, or rising hopes.

'Twas then he told of his boyhood days.  
 When the river seemed long and bright  
 'Till father and mother were borne from sight,  
 Far out on Eternity's sea.

But the darkness of sorrow was ever pierced  
 By a light from the far away shore,  
 And an unseen Pilot with muffled oar  
 Was guiding his little boat.

Close by his side a dusky throng  
 Struggled blindly without a guide,  
 And many were lost in the storm's fierce tide.  
 Or dashed on the cruel rocks.

'Twas the remnant small of the Choctaw race,  
 "My people," he softly said, "and my task  
 to show  
 This fallen nation the heavenly glow  
 Of a Savior's loving face."

The white sail fluttered, the boat was gone,  
 And the current bore us far apart,  
 But we heard for a time with glowing heart  
 How he battled for God and right.

And then—ah, well,—to-night the moon looks  
 down  
 On a lonely grave in the west;  
 Our brother has entered that haven of rest,  
 His journey has ceased forever!

**THE BAMBOO.**

If trees rank according to usefulness the bamboo might fairly claim the crown of the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. The Chinese say, and truly too, that the bamboo is all profit. Seasoned with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite sambal of the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are

served at the table of the wealthiest Japanese, and when salted, dried and prepared in vinegar, they make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints, which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine, tabisch—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is allpowerful against fever, and other useful medicines are obtained from the buds and the roots.

Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the stouter parts of the tree supplying ready turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths and beaten out it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row with convex side outwards, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly water-tight. Should the house-holder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruder, whether quadruped or biped. If he wants to bring waters of a neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes, he has the pipes ready at hand in the hollow stems of the bamboo; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts, to get rid of the water he does

not want. Then, inside the bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to sleep on, pillows to rest the head upon, all and each of the same material as the tube through which their owner inhales the fragrant weed, and opium as well at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walk abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at the ends of his fingers to protect his long uncut nails, which indicate his aristocracy.

The tea crops of the inland districts of China find their way to the seaports upon the shoulders of the coolies. Two strong bamboo poles are fastened with bamboo ropes to the saddles of their horses. The cooly propels his light canoe by means of the bamboo; the river rafts of the Chinese are made of nothing else, and some one has said, "give a Hindoo boat-builder three pennyworth of bamboo, and he will turn out a four-ton vessel, with mast and sails complete."

When about to erect a house the first proceeding on the part of a Chinese builder is the raising of a strong but light scaffolding of bamboo, and inside of this the house is built. When a building is to be pulled down the bamboo is again called into service; the roof having been taken off, each of the end walls is attacked by a party of coolies, who fix their bamboo as high up the wall as possible, and push steadily together till it topples

over on the ground. This process is often performed at a fire, in order to stay its progress. Our beloved Dr. J. W. Davis, who has been a missionary in Soochow, China for twenty-one years, and who recently spent a week among us, the guest of Dr. Summey, bears testimony to the ingenuity of the Chinese bamboo-workers, and to the strength of their work when done.

The Chinese man of letters writes with a bamboo pen upon paper of the same material, the musician extracts sounds sweet to the Chinese ears from bamboo instruments, and the artist is indebted to the same source for his brushes.

Besides serving so many uses in commerce, industry and art, the bamboo performs its part in warlike operations, supplying lances, bows and those wonderful grotesque shields with which the braves of the Celestial Empire seek to frighten their foes.

The Chinaman would be an ungrateful fellow if he did not love and admire the bamboo tree; but he has good reason to look upon it also with awe and trembling. The bamboo is the beginning and the end of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to rule the most populous country in the world.

In China, as elsewhere, law is supposed to be no respecter of persons, and in theory all ranks are subject to the bamboo; but the punishment awarded by the judge is commutable into a proportionably money-fine, makes all possible difference in practice. The criminal's experience of

the bamboo's adaptability does not stop here; if he is obstinate in asserting his innocence, bamboo stakes supply the officials with the means of inflicting no end of ingenious tortures; and when his death is deemed necessary, a bamboo rope vindicates the majesty of the law.

—J. S. CROWLEY.

#### ARAMIS THE JESUIT.

The elder Dumas in his "Three Musketeers" and its sequels, has admirably succeeded in his work as an historical-novelist. Whatever we may think of the *morale* of these books, we cannot deny that as far as we can judge from history, he has splendidly portrayed the times of Louis XIII., and of the "Grand Monarque." What magnificent historical pictures we see in his pages! How real seem to the reader's eyes the Great Cardinal Richelieu, Mazarin, the penurious saver of funds, Louis, the domineering autocrat, Colbert, statesman and financier. Yet, splendid as these are, I think we find our most interesting study among his fictitious characters. Because, although fictitious, each one of these is a representative of a real class. I have thought Aramis to be the character of most importance, as representing that secret, terrible power strong enough to undermine the safety of thrones and known as The Society of Jesus.

We may love the good heart of Porthos, venerate the nobleness of Athos, admire the audacity, the brilliant courage of D'Artagnan, but when we

turn to Aramis, soldier, Jesuit, and political intriguer, we are forced to think, to study. In spite of the comparatively small part played by him in the "Musketeers," we see enough of him to give a foreshadowing of the plotter of vast political schemes appearing in "The Iron Mask." The elegant young musketeer, handsome, a favorite of the ladies, hero of many a Seventeenth century love affair is yet "a young man full of mystery." In "Twenty Years After" he begins to develop further, but it is not until he appears in "Viscourte de Bragelonne," and in "The Iron Mask," that he fully shows what he is. Here first we see clearly the representative, the ideal Jesuit contriving and executing all things according to the motto of his order, "A. M. D. G., ad majorem Dei gloriam." To this end, all means were considered legitimate. A splendid ground-work for personal ambition, and splendidly did he build upon it! With what amazing boldness, self-confidence, "nerve," with what astonishing lack of conscience this man works his way up from poor Abbe to General of the Jesuits. There has always seemed to me to be something grewsome about that scene of the death of the old general of the Order and of the bequeathing of the signet ring to Aramis. The bringing of the sick Franciscan monk to the little inn, the dying man's interview with Aramis, the last agonies of the old general, and throughout it all the imperturbable calmness of the new general while managing the whole diabolical scheme,

all this has in it something frightful. Yet Aramis never wavers for Jesuitical teaching whispers to conscience, "Peace, be still, 'tis for the greater glory of God! The end justifies the means."

Quite differently are we affected when we observe the magnificence of the plans which the man afterwards had in mind for the gratification of his ambition. If we are shocked at his cold-blooded crime, our admiration is yet unbounded at the supreme nerve with which every detail of his vast scheme is carried out. His visits to and interviews with the Governor of the Bastile, his conversation with the imprisoned brother of the king, are splendid examples of his self-control, the subjection of every individual part of his plan to the working of the great whole—a subjection like that of every part of the Jesuitical body, to him, the thinking head. Then at last when the cool, calculating, Jesuitical Aramis, having apparently foreseen and prepared against every emergency, is crushed by the idiotic nicety of honor of his colleague, then it is that we see Aramis the disappointed man with all his mighty schemes lying like the torn-apart timbers of some immense structure, in ruins at his feet. We see him wild-eyed, haggard, the cold sweat on his brow, tearing his flesh with his nails in the deep anguish of knowing that he has utterly failed.

Yet, though he could exhibit emotion at times, it needed a fearful strain. Indeed, we might call him a natural Jesuit, for in nature as well as in prac-

tice he was ever the cool, shrewd, far-seeing diplomatist. Daring everything, never so happy as when carrying out his bold designs; conscienceless enough for the meanest deeds, without troubling himself about results; sufficiently ambitious to make every act "for the greater glory of God" all the more effective, since he thereby advanced himself, he stands before us a startling example of what may be effected by one strong man in supreme authority.

When, in "The Son of Porthos," in the last act of a great life-drama, we look upon the old Duke of Almeda, the life-result of the young priest-musketeer Aramis, his old form tottering, his trembling hand grasping his bladeless swordhilt, as we behold him with paling features and glazed eye, staggering backward into the arms of death, we seem to see the personification of ruined hopes and blasted ambition, the incarnation of a false religion.

The picture causes in us a strange mingling of feelings. Contempt, pity and admiration follow each other in swift succession as we gaze upon this enigma, this Jesuit of the Jesuits. In planning, what brilliancy and daring of conception! In executing, what cool unity of purpose! Yet, what dwarf assistants, guile and trickery, to such a giant intellect! And all because in the Society of Jesus, "The end justifies the means." A hero-life ruined by a false maxim! A magnificent wreck!

—V. MOLDENHAWER.

#### SUN SPOTS.

When the sun shines forth in noon-day splendor from his throne in the heavens, flooding the solar system with light, he is incomparably the brightest object known to the physical world. Viewing him at that time with the naked eye, no one would suspect that there was the least variation in the brightness of different parts of his surface. But when shorn of his beams so that the eye can gaze intently on him, dark spots are seen scattered over his disc. The cause and nature of these spots are as yet unexplained by science; they still belong to the realm of the mysterious and the unknown. But far more wonderful that this is the fact of which I propose to speak to-night.

As mankind wends its way along the courses of the ages, ever and anon its path is lighted by the rising of one of those luminaries of the intellectual world to whom earth gives the name and heaven gives the essence of genius. These are suns of greatness whose brightness obscures the lights of ordinary men. They are special gifts of a brighter world, sent to remind mankind of an Infinite Light. Far more wonderful than the spots on the natural sun are the blemishes in the characters of these great men. Of all the innumerable mysteries of life, few are more anomalous in their nature than the littlenesses which we so often see accompanying greatness. The necessity for the existence in human speech of such an expression as

"besetting sin" is one of the profoundest mysteries in all the universe. That such a necessity exists, however, cannot be denied. By whatever name the littleness may be called, whether "besetting sin," "characteristic fault," "hobby," if you will, it nevertheless has a veritable existence in the characters of vast numbers of our race. It would seem that men, not satisfied with a general imperfection of character, select some special fault, which they make peculiarly their own. They are not content simply to be uniformly sinful, but select some particular sin, the commission of which they make a specialty. This fact is strange, even in the case of an ordinary man; in the case of a hero, it is astounding wonderful, indeed it is, that he who is so great in some respects should be unable to perceive and correct his littleness in other respects. Yet the fact seems to be more generally true of the great than of the small—the "besetting sin" becomes more besetting, the "characteristic fault" becomes more marked, as the superiority of the individual becomes more transcendent. It is not among heroes, but among the mediocrity, that we find the greatest proportion of well-rounded characters.

There is one bitterness, however, and it is perhaps the most common, of which an explanation may be offered. Inordinate ambition is perhaps, the most common fault of great men. A partial reason for this may be found in the fact that, in a certain

sense, and to a certain extent, greatness is the result of ambition. Whatever powers nature imparts to a man are developed to the fullest extent, and every opportunity of displaying them to the world is readily seized through ambitious impulses. In the development and display of these powers, ambition itself is stimulated and permitted to reach an abnormal growth, so that it over-rides the better qualities of the man, and becomes in him an element of littleness. Thus it happens that those who possess some natural abilities, united with a strong desire for fame, become known to the world; while those equally great by nature, and greater in that they have not this inordinate ambition, remain in obscurity. It therefore appears that in a vast proportion of the great men of the world, ambition is a besetting fault; while the truth is we know not how many great men live and die unknown to the world, simply because they have not this fault. Such men are suns which are never seen because they have no dark spots to attract attention to them. Yet it cannot be doubted that in every clime where the sons of men have dwelt, rest the bones of "souls once pregnant with celestial fire"; that in numerous church yards scattered over the earth sleeps some Alexander, all but Alexander's littleness; some Cæsar, too great to have a Brutus; some Napoleon, without a St. Helena; or some Cromwell, "guiltless of his country's blood."

But ambition is not the only fault

of great men. Others besides warriors and statesmen have displayed elements of littleness, and elements other than that one which seems to be peculiarly characteristic of leaders and rulers of men.

Even those whose pursuits are such as to lead to habits of self-contemplation and to a knowledge of their own powers have not been free from besetting faults. Those whose perception powers are so acute as to astonish the world are still unable to perceive their own dark spots. There are comparatively few books composed by the world's greatest minds in connection with which no marked imperfection is displayed. We see this truth exemplified when we go back to the fountain head of Grecian literature and there find that Homer, the venerable father of song, selected such an impotent, such a foolish, such an altogether ridiculous and contemptible thing as the *wrath of a mortal man* for the subject of the world's greatest poem. Another exemplification is found in the fact that Vergil, the second great epic poet of the world, wrote "*arma virumque cano*," thus making *arms*, that saddest proof our fallen estate; making *arms*, that prolific source of human suffering; making *arms* I say, the first word of his immortal song. But perhaps these singers of the early world are more pardonable for their faults than those who have lived at a later day. Homer and Vergil lived at periods when the world had not yet received the teachings of him who "spake as never

man spake," and whose divine injunction was, "Be ye therefore perfect." But when we come to the other two great epic poets of the world, this excuse cannot be offered in their behalf. Dante and Milton lived at periods when the men had long been in possession of the words of the Great Teacher, and their condemnation is the greater if they have failed to learn of him. Milton and Dante—these are names which have gone wherever civilization has gone—which stand among the front ranks of names of all great poets—indeed, of all great men of any class, whom the world has ever known. They have won for themselves a degree of admiration and reverence almost worthy of visitors from another world. Finding fault with them is regarded by some as a near approach to blasphemy. These men have undertaken to teach us in regard to the most tremendous subject. The future world is a region that can present itself for the contemplation of the human mind, which the mind has ever longed to explore, and any knowledge concerning which it has ever readily and eagerly grasped. If there be another world, manifestly, that world should find the chiefest place in our thoughts, and knowledge of that world should be more eagerly sought and more highly prized than all other knowledge. What we know on this subject we obtain from revelation; yet revelation tells us little in regard to it, revealing nothing more than what is necessary for the well being of man; and thus

seeming to indicate that any further knowledge of the subject belongs to the secret mysteries of the Most High, and is too ineffably sacred for the mind of mortal man. But Milton and Dante presume that they are competent to enlighten mankind in this matter, and to satisfy the longings of the soul for this wonderful knowledge. They undertake to lift the veil that shuts off mortal vision. And from the brilliancy of their imagination, to shed forth beams of radiance upon the mysteries of the spirit world. And how do they succeed in this tremendous undertaking? With what do they fill those empty souls who reverently bow at their feet, and eagerly accept the revelation they give? They seem to have little appreciation of the responsibilities incurred. To countless multitudes of beings, of their own and of all succeeding ages, they give their idle fancies to believe, as though they gave eternal truth. Milton makes a hero of the devil, and human giants of the angelic hosts. His account of actions is a conglomeration of improbabilities unbelievable to the author of them himself. Dante finds the chief reason for the existence of a heaven and a hell in the fact that they furnish a place where he may see and find his dear Italian sweetheart. As Ruskin says: "It seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these should dare to play with the most precious truths, (or the most deadly untruths), by which the whole human race listening to them can be informed or deceived; all the world their audience forever, with pleased ear and passionate heart; and yet to this submission infinitude of souls, and ever more succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for the bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes, with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar of the courses of the sun, and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels have desired to look into with the idle puppets of their scholastic imagination and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love." Are not these dark spots on two brilliant suns?

Doubt was characteristic littleness in a number of minds of the 18th century. Poets, historians and philosophers of that age allowed their brightness to be dimmed by the presence of this dark spot. Scepticism, both in religion and philosophy was carried to the most extravagant limits. Men of no mean order of genius professed to doubt not only the truth of the christian religion, not only the existence of Allwise God, but of all spirit and of the whole material universe as well. Perhaps the saddest and, at the same time, most striking example of a great mind afflicted with this deforming littleness is to be found in the case of that sweet poet, who, while wandering among the Alpine mountains, holding communion with his mother nature, dared to carve upon the solemn rock for future ages to be-



hold his name and creed: P. Shelly, Atheist. "Atheist! and the breathless solitude of every snow-capped summit acknowledging a Creator!"

*Atheist!* and the sweeping avalanches rushing down the mountain sides, bearing unmistakably testimony to the existence of an Infinite Power! Atheist, and his own bosom well filled with divine afflatus. Can science find among the stars of space a brighter sun with a darker spot?

But what has the 19th century, with her boasted progress in other respects, done towards giving us perfect heroes? Among the bad she has taken from us, and among the good she has brought, has she taken littleness from greatness, and has she brought us well-rounded characters in its stead?

There is ground for believing that the 19th century gives intimations of the dawning of a more perfect day. Much promise is contained in an age that can produce such a poet as Tennyson, such a statesman as Gladstone, and such a warrior as Stonewall Jackson. Tennyson was one of the truest of poets. Gladstone is a stalwart statesman and a hero without besetting fault, while Stonewall Jackson is the unspotted luminary of secession. There are those who believe that had Jackson's life been spared the Confederacy would have been a living nation to-day; that, far back in the councils of Eternity, when it was decreed that the South should be the losing side in the war of secession, at the same moment, and as a means

thereto, was decreed the molding of the bullet which should strike Stonewall Jackson from the field of conflict.

Can we not find in men such as these a reason for our hope that littleness is being separated from greatness, and that darkness is being dispelled from the midst of light? When great men cease to have besetting faults, then may we believe that mankind is moving onward to a glorious destiny; then may we trust that the world is becoming fitter to behold the millennial dawn, and then can we echo more earnestly the poets' hope.

"Ring in the valiant man, and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—A. F. CARR.

#### LOVE MAKING.

The wise man decides that love-making is an art, and may be cultivated. More women are won by judicious flattery than by any other means, for every woman is more or less vain, and she is naturally fond of the man who finds her weakness and handles it with skill.

Let a woman once imagine she has pretty eyes, and if a man will tell her so constantly and artfully, she is certain to have a weakness for him which may be easily fanned into a flame of love, and ardent at that. This is merely an example.

All women profess to hate men that are jealous, but in this they belie themselves extravagantly.

No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to infect with a sting of the green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going, impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate and impulsive man that can drive a woman to distraction.

A man must be more or less hot-headed; he must be more or less jealous, and more or less passionate, to inspire the woman with the love that burns.

The man who wouldn't kiss a woman, under favorable conditions, is an idiot. It is not meant by this that kissing is at all necessary, or even proper, but it is certainly a part and parcel of love-making.

A pretty girl was heard to say once that she had been devotedly sought after by young Mr. L.— for four years. She was fond of him and admired him for his many excellent qualities, but she finally let him go, because, as she put it, he never had the necessary courage to once squeeze her hand.

There never was perhaps a purer nor better girl than that one, but she was too full of mercury to ever wed a man who lacked the spirit to at least squeeze her hand in a lovable way.

Real women, in fact, care nothing for milk-and-water men, nor do they always worship heroes; but, as I have said, if an intelligent man will make a judicious combination of flattery and ardent devotion, he can win any wo-

man in the world who doesn't hate him for a cause in the beginning.—  
*Exchange.*

WE found the following curiosity in a lot of rubbish not long since: "Take the Latin words, sator, arepo, tenet, opera and rotas. This spells backward and forward all the same. Then taking all the first letters of each word spells the first word. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word. Then all the third and so on throughout. Then commencing with the last letter of each word and they spell the first word. Then the next to the last of each word gives the second, and so on.

## EDITORIAL.

### *Editors in Chief.*

C. S. SHOLL.	- - -	Alabama.
D. F. WILKINSON.	- - -	Mississippi.

### THE UNKNOWABLE IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

All concede that there are many things in the spiritual world that are past finding out. But there are those who, boasting of the civilization of this age, love to say that her science has pierced the gloom which shrouds the mysteries of nature.

This age delights in magnifying man's powers, and many indeed would make him a god. Such is the tendency of Eastern occultism which is becoming so popular.

It proposes to explain to the ordinary mind all physical phenomena,

all dreams, all visions, and magical performances from the common juggler to the prophet. Many people firmly believe that finite man can climb these Alpine heights, and if we should say he meets with natural phenomena every day that is beyond his ken, our skeptical pates would be in danger of the merciless club of the occult disciples. Yet it is true. What man can tell us why coal is consumed by fire in the grate? The chemist will tell us it is because of the chemical union of oxygen and carbon. But why do these elements unite and produce heat? He can not tell us. Science usually tells us the "how" but seldom the "why" or "what" in natural phenomena. Ask the chemist why in forming water, two atoms of hydrogen unite with one atom of oxygen, and he can not tell us. Ask the physiologist why or how the same piece of steak when digested by man goes to make bone, hair, flesh, and blood. He can not tell.

Who can tell us what light is? Physics tells us it is the undulatory motion of ether, but this is not satisfactory. It tells "how" but not "what." Its explanation of heat is equally as unsatisfactory. It says heat is produced by rapid motion of molecules, but again, this is the "how," not the "what."

What mental giant of occultism can tell us all about electricity and magnetism? He knows "how" to produce them, and "how" to use them, but can not trace them back to their hiding place—their "why" and their "what."

What sage with locks hoary from hearing the burden of Nineteenth century lore can tell us what life is? Probably no better definition has ever been given than this: "That state of an animal or plant in which all or any of its organs are capable of performing all or any of their functions." How utterly this fails to answer the question! Why do the organs perform their functions at all? Why do they cease? What is it that puts them in operation at first? Is this unknowable? If not will some one break silence and tell us?

Again, who will explain to us the phenomena presented in witnessing a vibrating pendulum in a very dark room. Suppose you were in a room as dark and silent as the grave. A pendulum is set to vibrating, which continually increases in rapidity. At first you can not see nor hear anything. When it gets to thirty vibrations per second, you will hear a very low, deep tone. As it increases in rapidity the tone will gradually rise, passing through all the tones of the musical scale, until the pendulum reaches forty thousand vibrations per second, when the pitch will be so high it can not be grasped by the ear, and perfect silence ensues again. Why is it? Can all the scientists together tell? That you are flooded with an ocean of air waves when the pendulum passes forty thousand, no one will doubt. Why are you not influenced by them? Do you need other senses than the five with which we are so familiar?

Let the pendulum continue to vibrate. When it reaches six billions, a dull red light, that at the lower end of the spectrum, will be seen; later the orange, then the yellow, then the green, and so on through the spectrum, until the pendulum reaches fifteen billion vibrations per second, then the violet colored light will appear. Above this perfect silence and perfect darkness reigns again. At this point, can it be that the vibrating air ceases to reach you? No. Why does it make no impression? This is another one of the many natural phenomena to which the philosopher must reverently take off his hat and say, "I don't know."

#### COLLEGE PROVERBS.

Two alternatives confront one this spring weather, either to fall in love or to sleep long, late and often. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

A warm heart and a genial way will often win more followers to your cause than dyspeptic logic or unkind reasoning.

That professor is the most competent and impartial marker, who gives you, your best grades.

Conceit will not forever serve as a cover to hide lack of common sense; nor will brass continually pass for brains.

Rightness of heart is not one whit

less essential than orthodoxy of thought.

"Disagreement by *mutual agreement*" is an easy and consoling way of saying that your best girl has dropped you and that her heart "in separation has grown fonder"—of the other fellow.

Capacity to criticise adversely is not a necessary measure of mental ability; indeed the two are elements sometimes found in reverse ratio.

True conservatism is invaluable; but "moss-backism" and narrow prejudice are prone to parade themselves under its name and merit.

It is often easier to laugh at an opponent's arguments than it is to disprove them.

A man's coat may not reveal his character; but slovenliness is not a necessary index of genius nor untidiness the invariable sign of a noble character.

Self-control is often a harder feat than the control of others.

Bell clappers may come and bell clappers may go, but recitations go on the same as ever.

Thoughtfulness of others is a sure mark of unselfishness, and unselfishness is born of Heaven.

Those who are in need of assistance may be able to give it.

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## OUR EXCHANGES.

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### Associate Editors.

R. L. CAMPBELL,	- - -	Mississippi.
R. I. LONG,	- - -	Mississippi.

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In the last issue of our JOURNAL, two clippings from our exchanges appeared in the local department, and the observer gave us the credit of writing them. Now nothing is more foreign to our minds than to sail under false colors, and we sincerely regret that the mistake was made. We gave the clippings to the publisher, and by a mistake he placed them in the wrong department. As we were unaware of the fact, we were not able to correct the mistake. So we take this occasion to free ourselves from the charge of theft.

The *Converse Concept* has more than once referred to the S. W. P. U. JOURNAL in its exchanges. We do not wish to be egotistic, yet from the comments upon the above named journal we are led to believe that the "concept" has reference to our JOURNAL. If so, allow us to suggest to the editor that the letter S be inserted in the place of the letter I.

The *Wofford Journal* has recently been added to our exchange list, and as it has received so many commendatory criticisms, we take great pleasure in exchanging with it, and hope that our relations will be of such a nature as will be of mutual benefit.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* very appropriately devoted its March number to the memory of Dr. Garland, who for twenty years was the chancellor of the University, and who spent sixty-four years of his life in the course of education. Such men deserve our highest tribute of praise. His death calls to remembrance that of our own chancellor, Dr. Waddell, both of whose lives have left an indelible impression on the present generation.

The *Tulane Collejion* comes to us from the South, testifying to the fact that the muse of literature has not been lulled to sleep by the drowsy, dreaming southern breezes. A short review of the tariff in the United States is a brief but concise article, full of valuable information upon this much discussed subject. The writer advocates free trade and he was right in saying that this alone can maintain "the balance of wealth," and secure prosperity for our country. Another interesting piece was a history of the origin of chautauquas. Italics too common. An appeal in behalf of a neglected science traces many evils of our land to an ignorance of the "science of cooking and eating, the sublime science of gastronomy."

The *Emory Phoenix* devotes its March number to the class day exercises, and this will be appreciated by those who are friends of the seniors.

There is an article in the last num-

ber of the *Tennessee University Magazine*, which has a tendency to leave a false impression upon the mind of the reader. The writer, however, might have been writing from a popular standpoint, and did not really mean what his words conveyed. The article was entitled, "Accident—an Element of Power," in which the author goes on to show that many of the most important events in the world were caused by chance. So far as man can see this is true, yet the real truth is that nothing ever occurs by chance. The discovery of the copy of the bible, which was cited by the author, is a true example of God's providential government. So, also, were the other instances as Napoleon's Defeat, Washington's Success and Jackson's Death. This word, "accident," in the sense of choice, is very common in the writings and speeches of our day, but it certainly conveys a very erroneous idea to the mind. "Women Preachers" is the title of an article in the *Mnemosynean*, in which the writer shows that women are by nature unfitted for this work, having a soft, high voice, and incapable of producing the pure rich tones so effective in impressing Divine truth. Women are urged to let preaching alone, or the men will feel that they have nothing to do, and will leave religion to them. These are reasons outside of the plain statement of Paul: "Woman's preaching should be the influence of a good life, and her most eloquent sermons should be good deeds." -

By an examination of Bacon's works and Tennyson's poems, another writer shows how much the bible is used in literature, and that in such different fields as dry philosophy and soul-stirring poetry.

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*Clippings.*

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HOW IT IS IN LIFE.

A rooster flies upon the fence,  
Just hear him crow!  
His satisfaction is immense,  
His self-possession is intense;  
His lusty lungs give evidence  
That this is so.

Another rooster sees him there  
And hears him crow,  
With flapping wings he cleaves the  
air;  
The fence top is too small to share,  
And so they fight and scratch and  
tear,  
Till down they go.

So 'tis in life, when any man  
Gets eminent,  
Some jealous rival tries to plan  
Some way to down him if he can;  
And if he just upsets the pan,  
He feels content.

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The University of Chicago offers courses in the Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Egyptian and Phœnician languages.

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Princeton awards a scholarship of fifteen hundred dollars for excellence in Latin and Greek.

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THE BIRTH OF THE WHITE VIOLET.

I know a place where the violet blows,  
A shadowy, silent dell,  
And only the stream beside me knows  
This spot where the violets dwell.

'Tis a nook where twilight fancies hide,  
 And sleepy shadows dream;  
 Where only the pale-eyed violets guide  
 The footsteps of the stream.

—Brown Magazine.

Noah was the first pitcher. He pitched the ark within and without, and the game was called on account of rain.

SATISFIED.

There was a sign upon a fence—  
 That sign was "Paint."  
 And every mortal that went by,  
 Sinner and saint,  
 Put out a finger, touched the fence—  
 And onward sped,  
 And as they wiped their finger tips—  
 "It is," they said. —Buchtelite.

*The Owl*, of the University of Ottawa, has abolished the Exchange Department owing to the great amount of work it entails upon the editor.

SUITED.

She sat on the steps at the evening-tide,  
 Enjoying the balmy air;  
 He came and asked: "May I sit by  
 your side?"  
 And she gave him a vacant stair.

A record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are twenty per cent. taller, twenty-five per cent. heavier, and have sixty per cent. more lung capacity than smokers. An Amherst graduating class recently showed a still greater difference, the non-smokers having gained twenty-five per cent. in weight, and thirty-seven

per cent. in height over the smokers, and also exceeding them in lung capacity.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The man who will not subscribe for his college paper "is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils. The motions of his spirit are dull as night and his affections dark as Erebus;" such a man should "have shuffled off this mortal coil" before he knew the worth of "the almighty dollar." Boys, we know that this "come up and subscribe" is "tedious as a twice told tale vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man," but we wish that we could make it even more tedious for you—yea, would that we had the power to conjure up ghosts, who would stand over your beds in the "very witching time of night" and chant to you this single monotonous line: "Have you subscribed for your college paper?" We can not conceive how a student can stand and be begged to believe that he has enough college spirit to contribute one dollar toward supporting a college paper! Many students seem to look upon the matter as a business investment and if there is no semblance of a dollar with interest being received in return they decline to speculate to that *excessive* amount. In our honest opinion the boy who will not subscribe towards supporting a college organization of this kind, even though there be no probability of his receiving anything in return, doesn't deserve to be called a "college boy." If there is a spark of college patriotism or a drop of the "milk of human kindness" in you

help us to maintain this important part of the college work.—*Cento.* between the destruction of property and practical jokes.

#### ALUMNI DOTS.

The Presbyterian Church at Brownsville, Tenn., has extended a unanimous call to Rev. E. W. Ford, of Winona, Miss. We do not know whether or not he has accepted the call. Mr. Ford is a Christian gentleman of deep spirituality and will doubtless please the people of Brownsville should he come to labor among them.

The church at Jainsville, Ga., has extended a call to J. A. Young, and we understand that he has accepted and will be installed as pastor of that church after Presbytery meets.

William C. Fitts, Attorney-General of Alabama, will, according to appointment, deliver the Alumni oration before the Alumni of S. W. P. U. at Commencement.

#### LOCALS.

##### Local Editors.

U. B. CURRIE.	- - -	Mississippi.
GINDER ABBOTT.	- - -	Louisiana.

The boys were informed by Dr. Price that prompt attention at recitation would be required though there be no ringing of the bell, because of a stolen clapper.

There are some boys in the College who need to be taught the difference

Miss Henry, of Hopkinsville, was a welcome visitor of Mrs. Tate last week.

William says: "It makes no difference as to the bell clapper, kase ob de absence of de Dr., fur I runs de bizness jes as if de Dr. wer here."

The Homiletic Society has been re-inforced by several Junior Theologues which adds greatly to the merriment and "wind" of said organization.

McInnis says he believes he will not have his hair pompadoured this season.

Powell: What about this Simmons' Liver Regulator?

C.: Well, I don't suppose it will hurt you. How much did you take?

P.: Only a small hand full.

Miss Susie Tate has been visiting recently at Hopkinsville.

Mr. B. C. Hood, of Mississippi, father of J. F. Hood, spent several days in Clarksville not long since.

Snipes walking into a hardware store was thus addressed: "Mr. would you like to buy something?"

S.: "No Sir, I believe not."

Mr.: "I have some very fine wagons back here. I would like to sell you one for your farm."



Reid says he has very high regard for all the Faculty, but he thinks some of them are a little warped on the subject of study.

Ask Cleveland if there is any difference between alto and baritone.

Some time ago Messrs. Woods and Mooney went calling. When they entered the house they left their overshoes on the porch. Between ten o'clock and mid-night they heard a tremendous noise, and Mr. Woods seizing Mooney's stick, (?) made for the porch. When he reached the scene of action he found a cow calmly making off with his overshoes. He gave her a gentle (?) tap. Her funeral took place the next day and the case will be up at the next term of the court.

It is said that some of the Calvin Hall boys have lace curtains in their windows. Rastus T. for instance.

A certain lady was heard to remark that Dr. S. thought the sun rose in the S. W. P. U. and set in the Female Academy. Doubtless many of the college boys would like to *set* in the Academy.

Another college boy is doctored they say. S—— is engaged.

Carter says that he knows an old man who thought himself a singer, and who actually held one note for years.

Geo. Wilson says that Northumberland invited Mary to the death of her brother.

Michener in heated discussion said that while Hannibal was crossing the Alps the *Barbabyians* attacked and annoyed him.

Dr. Davis, who has been a missionary to China, paid us a visit not long since which we all enjoyed very much.

On the third day of May our field day will come off and we hope to make it a grand success, but fellows we can't do it unless each and every one of you will help. A number of the boys have been training now for some days. The rest had better come out and do some also. Thus far all the boys have shown that they are in earnest, and if the day is a good one, fast time and good records in the other sports will be the result.

Remember! every body!! The third of May. Be sure to come. And say boys, don't forget your girls. And remember, too, that if you equal or excel the Vanderbilt record you will go to Nashville with our team to take part in their field day exercises. Is this not worth working for?

Our programme will be as follows:  
 100 yard dash.  
 Running broad jump.  
 200 yard dash.  
 Throwing the 16-pound hammer.  
 Five-mile bicycle race.  
 400 yard dash.

Putting 16-pound shot.

One-half mile run.

Running high jump.

One mile run.

Of course this programme is subject to change.

Dr. P. in Ch. Hist: Mr. W., What are the names of the two contending parties?

Mr. W.: I know Dr., but I can't pronounce their names.

Dr. P.: Well it was the French and Italians.

Prof. Merrill: Mr. Tenny, what are the lungs?

T.: They are on the inside \* \* \* and made out'n skin.

Dr. P.: Mr. Flemming, what did the Pope do?

Mr. F.: He issued a protest in the form of a bull.

Mr. S. on Textual Criticism: I don't think this is much of a novel.

Prof. A. in Heb.: Gentlemen, what are the three positions of the numerals.

Wadley, about half asleep: You say read the sixth, Dr?

Mr. Jureidini, of Syria, says the ladies of his country may ride bicycles, but if they do it, it will be in the twenty-fifth century.

Dr. Davis, a missionary from China, gave the students one of the most in-

teresting lectures to which we ever listened.

Says Dr. Davis, no wonder the Chinese are superstitious when some of you here on this mount of intelligence believe in the mind-reader.

Dr. Summey, Prof Deadrick, George Summey, Jr., and W. Deadrick were absent from the University Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday on legal business.

Rev. Robison, a Cumberland evangelist, conducted a very excellent meeting at the Cumberland church last week.

Spotting some of our professors on the monthly reports is like putting your finger on a lean flea.

The new catalogue of 1894-95 is now complete, with many improvements on the old.

Miss Anspach, of Virginia, is visiting Mrs. Nicollassen on College street.

Mr. Carter (who sings like Bob Hill) to Mr. Goddard: Suppose we sing together this year for our mutual improvement.

Uncle William's severity was measurably upset by the removal of the bell clapper on all-fool's day. Said he: "I don't hope the fellow that did it any harm, but I wish the devil would get him immediately."

The College Y. M. C. A. is doing some deep-spirited work now. Let

every student come and help us and the Lord help him.

Mr. Carr: "I have no girl."

Mr. M.: That may be true, but I bet you are "gored" until you are "killed" when Commencement comes.

Miss. McBride, of Canton, Miss., is visiting Mrs. Alexander on College street.

The class pins of the graduating class of '95, both of the Academy and University are quite cute.

Rev. Mr. Robinson says: The fish that swallowed Jonah was the sickest fish that was ever in that part of the country.

On March 28th a most pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss Carry Lupton. The occasion was that of a *book* reception.

Any who are specially fond of music will please call at McMillan's and Currie's room and hear the embryonic master from the next room.

Bob Hill says that Kirk has a brilliant future behind him.

Alexander recently undertook to teach a class of young ladies in the South Clarksville Sunday school. The first question he asked was, "where is Bethphage?" The young lady didn't know, and Alexander didn't know either, and they had at

last refer to the superintendent to find where it really was.

The following is a copy of a letter sent by our professor and classes in German to Prince Bismark, at his schloss at Friederichmbe, Germany, congratulating him on the attainment of his Eightieth birthday, which happy event was on the 1st of April, 1895:

"In Deutschlands Jubelgruss und Gluckwunsch zu Ew. Durchlancht achtzigstem Geburtstag stimmen frendig und ehrerbietig der Professor und die Studenten der dentschen Sprache in der Southwestern Presbyterian Universtat zu Clarksville, Tennessee (U. S. A.) ein."

HOCHACHTUNGSVOLL.

G. F. NICOLASSEN.

In the Prince's address to the more than 4,000 students who called to see him on his birthday, he made suitable recognition of the interest manifested in him by his student admirers in America.

Tenny wants to know whether cocaine is extracted out of the cocoanut.

What's the matter with our new catalogues?

They're all right!

Who said so?

Why, those fellows who got their figures into the pictures of the University buildings!

One of our Robb Hall students recently got a new pair of shoes, and

was so proud of them that he couldn't rest till he went around on Main street to show them to his girl. It is said that she had to look through a large telescope to see all of the shoes at once.

*born 1892*  
The stately seniors of the Greek class must begin to look to their laurels, for a new Greek scholar has appeared upon the campus in the figure of little 3-year-old Miss Agnes Nicolassen who can spout forth "enteuthen exelaunei's" and other phrases with the best of the Greeks themselves.

Reid on debate: "Gentlemen, we cannot allow such a blot to stain the bright scullion of the state of Mississippi!"

We suppose he meant "escutcheon."

Michenor was recently introduced to some young ladies as "Mr. Sandow." It is said that the girls really believed he was the original Sandow.

Prof. Whaling was absent from college recently, much to the grief of his Logic and Metaphysics classes. He attended the meeting of his Presbytery.

Mrs. Nicolassen entertained on the evening of the eleventh, complimentary to her fair guest, Miss. Anspach, of Virginia.

"Let patience have her perfect work." The University is waiting

patiently for the long expected joint debate between S. L. S. and W. I. L. S. But perhaps the debate is billed for '96.

If we could Read McMillan's heart, doubtless, we would find "love" written all over it.

Spring's come!

Look out for straw hats, seer-sucker coats, negligee shirts and tennis shoes on our boys; and sailor hats, shirt waists, opera slippers and bloomers on the girls.

Snipes intends entering the high contest on field-day. He says he can jump 2 feet, 8 inches high.

One of our students was up in the museum lately, and came across the gigantic mastodon's tooth lying in one of the glass cases. He regarded it long and intensely through his near-sighted spectacles, and then remarked: "Well, I'm gormed if that aint about the biggest cow's tooth I ever saw in all my life!"

A sample of one of our Logic students' syllogisms:

Cogito, ergo sum.

Non cogito;

Ergo subtract (!).

"April fool's day" has come and gone, and the only indication of fools that we could see, was that on the night before the 1st, some fool stole the clapper out of the college

bell, which was truly a magnificent joke.

Two boys awheel to Guthrie went,  
Not many days ago,  
But coming home they long foresaw  
The progress must be slow.

At eight o'clock on that same night,  
These boys got home alright,  
But as the story goes you know,  
These two boys they were tight.

Then those two boys this vow did  
make,  
That never more  
A trip awheel,  
Would they together make.

A large audience enjoyed the famous Keady & Patton minstrels, in the dining hall of the Tate House.

We would like to know who stole the bell clapper, says the faculty.

William (vice-chancellor) says that he didn't wish those rascals who stole the bell clapper any harm, but he wished that when they were up in the tower they had fallen and broken their necks.

Albert Summey says that he would go in the bicycle race on field-day, but he don't care to beat George. He says he knows he can do it as he beats him in every thing else.

Senior history class.

Dr. P.: Mr. Hood, what is the name given to Cromwell's Parliament.

Mr. H.: Li—li— Little Parliament or—er—or—Praise—Bareback—er—Parliament.

Dr. P.: There used to be a man whose name was *Fish* and his parents, when he was a child, called him *Preserved*, so making him Preserved Fish. When he grew up he took to the sea and became a captain of a vessel. One day while out at sea he was hailed by another ship and the captain of it shouted through the trumpet. "What ship goes there," and when he received the answer, he asked who was the captain, and upon receiving the answer, "*Preserved Fish*" he said that he did not ask what cargo he had, but who was the captain.

Class—Laugh.

Albert Summey says that the jokes in that JOURNAL are most as poor as some of these old preachers in college.

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