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## Patronize Those Who Support Us.

THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY JOURNAL is published each month during the session by the Washington Irving and Stewart Literary Societies of the University. Its aim is to encourage literary work in the University, and to this end contributions from all students are earnestly solicited. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the author; but, should he so desire, his name will not be known except to the Editors-in-charge.

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## Innocent Tantalization.

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You did not mean to start this fire  
That burns so fierce within my soul;  
You did not mean to strike the lyre  
Of my fond heart. But now your goal  
Must be to warm you by that fire,  
And dance to music of that lyre;

Or quench the flame no warmth imparts  
To you, but which, not quenched, can burn  
To cinders stoutest human hearts;  
And break that lyre, nor seem to yearn  
For strains that tantalize my ear  
With tones of nervous gnawing, dear!

—ICHABOD.

## PRIZE ESSAY NO. III.

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Expansion.

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Temerity goes hand in hand with prosperity. We are never satisfied with what we have, but accept our circumstances as a matter of course, and, in our base ingratitude, we crave and long for more. Only too often does this lack of conservatism, this insatiable desire for "some new thing," or to outstrip our neighbors, bring chaos out of order and turn quiet and peace into confusion and revolution. One day we make a law with reference to foreign powers, and defy them to break it; the next day we transgress this same principle with reference to them with as much presumption as if no such law existed. Yet, we are never at a loss for polite arguments to justify our selfish acts, or to ease the abnormal conscience of Public Opinion.

Just three years ago Mr. Cleveland declared that no European power should acquire new territory in the Western Hemisphere. This act was justified by the Monroe Doctrine, and Public Opinion sounded the praises of the President for a bold stand against British aggression. Now, it is the tenet of Mr. McKinley and his followers that the United States holds the prerogative of acquiring new territory in the Eastern Hemisphere, or anywhere else she may see fit. We forget that it is a poor rule that does not work both ways. If the Monroe Doctrine is sound, I know not how we can defend the "McKinley Doctrine." Either we must accept the idea, common to so many Americans, and enhanced the more by great material prosperity, that "We are the people," or, else, we must decide that what was true three years past is false now.

The arguments on Imperialism may be classed as commercial, political and religious, and in this order I propose to discuss them.

1. Mr. Watterson says: "Our greatest danger lies in over-production; and, to guard against this, we must provide markets for our surplus produce." Any territory which we might acquire would have an excess of exports, and these, probably, identical with ours. Exports, in the United States, far exceed imports, and this excess is continually increasing. We would be compelled to grant any annexed territory the privileges of free trade. This could not help us, but would prove beneficial to them by injuring us. With little possibility, then, of profit to ourselves, we would give many chances to do serious damage to our commerce. Why be hasty? Our anxiety for larger commercial fields may prove another case of the goose and the golden egg. Again, if the United States has got so low as to tyrannize over eight million people for the sake of wider commercial fields, then she is no longer worthy of the name of Christian nation; she has sullied her escutcheon of liberty with a crime worthy only of heathen Rome; she has forfeited her right to proclaim herself the Land of Freedom.

2. The question naturally arises: Are we to annex new acquisitions as territories, or as colonies? If as territories, we have in the Philliphines Islands eight million inhabitants, semi-civilized and totally incapable of self-government, who are, sooner or later, to be classed as American citizens.

Heretofore all acquired territory has been considered as raw material for building States, and most assuredly this is the true Democratic idea. When Louisiana was purchased from France, Florida from Spain, and Alaska from Russia, it was stated that the inhabitants, as soon as possible, should be made citizens of the United States. Unless we amend our Constitution, or do violence to its spirit, we can annex new territory in no other way.

If we annex new territory, as colonies, we exchange Democracy for Imperialism, and thus retrograde to bygone centuries. Imperialism means, for the colonies, taxation without representation, and that forced upon them by a people who, themselves, resisted such tyranny with the lifeblood of thousands of her citizens. It means for them what the South had to submit to during reconstruction days, the unlawful imposition of carpet-bag rule. Imperialism means for us the giving up of those principles for which our forefathers fought; it means destruction to those institutions so long cherished by Americans; it means the burying of those ideals that have made us what we are.

Commercial visionaries see in China the Eldorado of modern times. They claim that, unless we have possessions in the East, our chances for reaching this goal will be small. They are willing that we become entangled in Eastern affairs, at the expense of thousands of human lives, for the possibility of a few dollars gain. England and Russia stand armed and ready for war at a day's warning, but each hates to strike the initial blow. When this clash comes, as sooner or later it will, our safest place is between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. We have no need and should have no desire to be drawn into a war of conquest, especially when the highest motive is gain.

Expansion would necessitate an increase of army and navy, which, besides being a menace to our peace, would burden the mass of American citizens with useless taxation, simply to give gain to the few. Just here let me say that the political jingoes and yellow-back journals that are agitating this question are directly responsible for the hundreds of noble youth who have recently fallen on fields of battle; for the thousands who have returned physical wrecks; for the thousands who have come back morally degraded. No soldier will deny that camp-life is, of all things, the most degrading to morality. Give them all the honor due for their bravery. Let us sing their praises, and declare that they volunteered, at the call of their country, to

fight for an oppressed people, but still, facts are facts; their army-life has not fitted them for better citizenship, but rather the opposite.

3. A third class who advocate expansion are the missionary enthusiasts. They preach the brotherhood of humanity, and desire to spread American ideas and institutions to all heathen lands.

Be it far from me to mock their noble purpose, but with all my heart would I commend their efforts. We should further missionary interests in every laudable way until the reign of peace shall have been established on earth. The danger is, however, that we may lose more for Christianity in attempting its futherance by expansion than we would gain. The strongest law of nature is self-preservation, and this is divinely implanted. "If any provide not for his own \* \* \* \* he is worse than an infidel." This is as applicable to a nation as to an individual. Surely our first duty is to America, and we should remember that "it is disease and not health that is contagious."

As a nation we have made signal failure in trying to impress a dissimilar people with our Christian civilization. The North American Indian is a living monument to our inability to cope with such a problem. We have injured rather than benefitted him. The darkest page of our history is that of our dealings with the Indian. Why add another? Spread the glorious tidings of peace to the darkest places of earth, but let this be completed, as begun, by the Church and not by the Nation.

Mr. Gladstone says we have "a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man," and adds, "the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dispersed over sea is *vital*." With the exception of Alaska we are compact. Let us remain so. We possess agricultural resources capable of sustaining a population of one billion; we have mineral products greater than and superior to those of any other land; we own manufactures which surpass those of Great

Britain in both quantity and quality. There is absolutely no need for expansion, but a serious demand that we turn our energies against internal evils. Immigration, Romanism, Mormonism, Socialism and the negro question stare us in the face as unsolved problems.

We have a preconceived notion that the United States government is bound to stand regardless of the principles or policies adopted. Greece and Rome, at the zenith of their power, thought this too, and as strongly as we. Where are they to-day? Unless we abandon this delusive phantom of "world power," and apply our energies to exterminate those evils that threaten the very vitals of our government, our epitaph will be as theirs: "Destroyed by her own vices!"

—LUNDI.

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PRIZE POEM NO. II.

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Light Out of Darkness.

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Black clouds engulf the sinking sun;  
 Darkness falls, the day is done.  
 Night and horror possess the world,  
 And the storm-wind's banner is now unfurled.

The stars are drowned in the whelming sea  
 Of cloud-waves, rolling in fiendish glee  
 O'er the boundless deep of the fathomless sky,  
 Where the storm-birds flutter about and cry.

So is my life all dark and drear,  
 And the only sound that my soul can hear  
 Is the plaintive cry of some perishing joy,  
 Which the storm and the darkness must soon destroy.

Bright hopes and sweet mem'ries alike, are all fled  
 Away to the land of the homeless dead.



Life's beauty and sweetness have faded away,  
And gloom takes the place of the brightness of day.

O, soul, look up ere you finally die!  
Cast one appealing last look to the sky;  
For out of the darkness, and out of the night,  
A star will shine with celestial light.

And Hope will return and Faith grow bold;  
The night no longer be dreary and cold;  
The East grow bright, and Heaven's day  
Will chase the gloom and the night away.

—BEAUSEANT.

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### The Folly of Atheism.

---

The accusation of folly brought against the Atheist is grave, but not without foundation. A charge so serious can not fail to provoke the darts of bitter invective. Therefore, unless we would be confounded, there must be ground sufficient, beyond the privilege of a doubt, to fasten upon him such an odious appellation. This denier of the existing Deity we would bring before the bar of common sense and call him to account for his unphilosophical speculations inconsistent even with his own theory. We would assign to him a place in the paradise of fools. The harp of the Psalmist never tuned itself to words pregnant with more truth than when the lay of the inspired minstrel broke into that immortal sentence: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

When we call the Atheist a fool, we do not mean that he is devoid of reason; we do not mean that his principles and creed were formed without deep thought, nor do we charge him with being frivolous and simple. Far from it; for, involved in his tenets, are some of the subtlest reasoning ever evolved from the human mind. Some thoughts are as profound as they are hor-

rible. What we do mean is, that the attempt which he makes, the end he has in view, are senseless and absurd; that he is wedded to opinions full of contradictions and impossibilities. "Lo, thou who so boldly denied the existence of the Deity, by thy very inconsistency of things thou art a fool." In one of the theatres of New York City the arch-angel of infidelity and atheism stands entrancing the multitude with his eloquence. He paints a picture of God, of humanity, and of love. Peace and happiness are imprinted on every soul, and the whole scene glows with eternal saushine. Then I see him dip his pen in the ink, and with one sweep of his hand blot it all out. He stabs love dead at his feet; he hurls God from His throne; he blots out the sun, moon and stars; he leaves the world and man in eternal darkness, eternal death. Then I exclaimed, how true it is: "The fool hath said, there is no God."

Atheism, as a system of philosophy, is monstrous and absurd. Let a gleam of light from the philosophical world fall upon it and it reveals itself untrue. Philosophy probes deep into the bosom of things and seeks to find out their hidden meaning. It goes back through the dark chamber halls of the mysterious and searches for the great fundamental cause of things. Underneath every effect must be imbedded a cause as a ground rock immovable. Does Athsism do this? Is it consistent with that great truth which has circling about it the wisdom of ages? Nay, on the contrary, it has in its creed no first cause; it is an infinite series of regression. Whence came those stately primevals on yonder grassy plain, the very embodiment of loveliness and grandeur? What force brought them into existence? The Atheist replies, the natural laws of a natural world. But what behind these? Another cause which is the effect of another, and so on through an interminable vista of causation and time. This is absurd. It is philosophy run mad. The mind of man is so constituted that it can not be satisfied with a series of successive dependent causes and effects without

something from which they may depend. A great Independent. In our eager search after truth, we pass from effects to causes and from those to higher, until we reach the last link in the phenomena of Nature, and our minds seek for something upon which to rest. They instinctively rest their weary pinions upon the idea of a great first cause.

This creed of no God is a base assumption. Man can not declare its precepts without being guilty of the most tremendous presumption. To adhere to such a doctrine, our Atheist would have to be no less than very God. Yea, how dare he open his mouth in support of such an assertion without claiming the divine prerogatives of omniscience and omnipotence. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, that agent which he does not know may be God. If he can not assign a cause to everything he sees around him, that one unseen and *unknown* may be ascribed to the mysterious force of the All Powerful one. Unless his eye has gazed upon every spot in infinite space itself, that place he has not seen may be the habitation of God. To say that the Universe is without a guide and that this world is the creature of chance, he must needs have traversed not only every part "of this dim spot which men call earth," but his footsteps must have been heard in the silent halls of immensity. Without this man can not say, "There is no God."

It has been said, "the natural attitude of man is one of wonder and worship." At this the Atheist would lift the finger of scorn and say that such an idea is fit only for the age of darkness and superstition; that in this day of superior civilization men have ceased to wonder at Nature's phenomena. But think ye, Oh! ye scoffers, that ye have chained the mighty force of the lightning and in the secret bosom of Mother Earth have sought out her hidden treasures? Know ye, there is mystery wrapped up in the growth of the slightest blade of grass? What can he be but a fool who dares to oppose the overpowering evi-

dence of a Nature's God? Fool he is and must be so long as "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The tiny flower in the dell breathes forth its fragrance as a token of gratitude to its Creator. The perpetual hills stand as monuments to His power. Poetry does not carry this principle too far when it pictures "God as shining in the sun, whispering in the winds, and clothing himself with clouds and storms." The Atheist is inconsistent with his own innermost consciousness when he says that he himself has not heard the "still small voice of Nature" calling to him. Who has not gone out in the still night and gazed in rapture upon the star-bedecked heavens, and, overcome with its magnitude and grandeur, bowed in reverence before the All-Present and All-Powerful one? From early morn to dewy eve, the happy pair in Eden, beholding Nature's gorgeous beauties, adored the God that made both "sky, air, earth and heaven, the moon's resplendent globe and starry pole." In the stilly night, and gazing upon the "gems of heaven, they sang:

"Shine not in vain,  
Nor think, though men were none,  
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise."

The Atheist not only contradicts the evidence of Nature, but that far higher, the evidence of man himself. The human structure is the most stupendous fabric of mechanism conceivable. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made." No man can explain himself; can get himself explained. How beautiful is the expression of Carlyle: "Man, symbol of eternity, imprisoned into time." There is that within us which begets wonder and reverence. Ye deniers of a Supreme Being, look within and examine that inner man which we call self; that natal principle which propels us onward and upward; that voice which bids the sceptic soul be still. In thy blind, mad folly, look upon that being "who was made a little lower than the angels and crowned

with glory and honor." Every heart beats in harmony with those soul-stirring words, "What a piece of work is man!" How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a God."

The pernicious influence of Atheism, as a theory of life, can not be disregarded. Individually, and in man's relation to man, the practice of it is fraught with the most disastrous consequences. It saps and undermines the very foundation of ethics. If this creed be true, what reason is there for moral virtue? If there be no God, no Judge, what power is sufficient to prevent the flood-gates of evil from swinging wide on their hinges? Substitute this for God, and the eternal standard of truth and virtue being superceded, every moral sentiment will be blighted and obscured. Thrust aside the ever-awing sense of an Unseen, Omnipotent power, and vice will appear with devastating fury, snapping asunder the feeble bonds of human law, overleaping the barriers of prudence itself, selfishness and ambition, hatred and ferocious cruelty, baseness and sensuality will rear their dark thrones on the ruins of religion. With all the evil in which this world is engrossed to-day, it is nothing in comparison to that which would arise while the reign of Atheism lasted. Lawlessness and disorders will run rampant, social and domestic ties, divine institutions will be trodden down, and the world will lie stricken in a seething cauldron of ruin and corruption, over which "chaos umpire will sit, and by decision will more embroil the fray."

With this creed in force, men will sink to the level of the brute. There can be no safety under the dominancy of such a doctrine; that doctrine which puts your life, my life, and the life of all mankind at the mercy of men who sneer at the sacredness of life and its destiny; that doctrine which will involve the world in one vast field of carnage, rapine and woe. Let the Eternal Throne be declared vacant, and proclamation be made

throughout the land that "there is no God," and society is reft of all its safeguards, crime is committed without fear of punishment, and the vilest passions of the vilest men rush onward without restraint. The reign of Atheism in France was "the reign of terror." In that day, the name of God was blotted out and the goddess of reason was enthoned. The people of the revolution inscribed on their tombstones and upon the entrance to their cemeteries, "Death an eternal sleep." That was the time when light was turned into darkness, order thrust into chaos, and the blood of France flowed like a river. In the language of the eloquent Robert Hall: "The true light in which the French Revolution ought to be contemplated is that of a grand experiment on human nature. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while Atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first element of society, blended every age, rank and sex in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre."

And yet, in spite of all this, the Atheist would have us believe "There is no God." In the history of nations, or of individuals, his folly is unsurpassed, yea unequalled, in its imperiousness and audacity. We must call him what he has branded himself. Yes, God himself has called him a fool, and the experience of an eternity will show him how well he deserved the name. Atheism, the soul of that world-prodigy, the seat of darkness and death, whereat the world gazes and and shudders. Atheism, that raging tornado, blind as the winds, wilder than the ambient element of material fire; the huge smoke-cloud of despair, girt on the one side as with hell-fire, on the other as with pandemonium. O! Atheist, as thou standest on the brink of thine own destruction, and the power of the Eternal crushes upon thy maddened soul, we seem to hear thee uttering curses upon thine own dark dogma, "There is no God."

—E. D. PATTON.

Optimism.

---

Did ever the sun so brightly shine?  
Was ever a heart so light as mine?  
My spirit soars with the birds on high,  
With tireless wing and a joyful cry.  
The world is bright and glad; then why  
Should man be full of sadness?

The flowers gleam in colors rare,  
And fling their fragrance abroad on the air.  
Never yet were the trees so green;  
Never yet did the clouds between  
So gracefully float o'er the deep blue sheen  
Of the distant regions of gladness.

Beauty and joy are everywhere;  
In the earth beneath, in the fragrant air,  
In the ocean's gentle ebb and flow,  
In the massive cliffs where the mosses grow,  
In the breezes that softly come and go.  
Surely to sigh would be madness.

—ROMEO

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PRIZE STORY NO. I.

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Healing the Breach.

---

Old Colonel Manton was the patriarch of the little village in which he lived, as well as the wealthiest man in all that country, and Lakeland Hall, which had sheltered the Manton's for a century, was as open to the neighbors as its owner's heart and purse to their troubles and wants; but the old Colonel had one peculiarity, and that was an intense hatred for the people

and the interests of the South. So intense was his prejudice that none dared to stir the slumbering volcano in his breast; even newspapers, that savored of the objects of his aversion, he carefully eschewed. His hatred began in youth while in a Southern university. Being of a warm, impetuous nature, the hospitality of his southern friends won his heart, and soon he was madly in love with Helen Gordon. Among other suitors for the girl's hand was a shy young Southerner, Nelson Balfour. These two were rivals for class honors, and the steady ability, with which Balfour equaled his efforts to win, stung Manton's sensitive nature to the quick; but still more so, the evident success of Balfour in the suit for Helen's hand. Maddened by jealousy, he rashly asked Helen to marry him; and, on being refused, he left her presence in a frenzy of rage, vowing vengeance on Balfour; but, failing to get him to accept a challenge, he left the university. As the civil war was coming on he entered the army, hoping to be revenged in some way for his supposed injuries. Balfour graduated at the head of his class, won the promise of Helen's hand, and enlisted from his native State.

By his daring Manton rose to the head of his regiment, and in the furious battle around Fredericksburg his command was surrounded and captured by the Confederates. Colonel Manton's fury knew no bounds when he learned that Balfour commanded the victors, and his subsequent confinement in prison made him relentlessly hostile to the South.

After the war he married and became a prominent politician during the reconstruction period; but later on, his sectional prejudices compelled him to quit politics. Balfour claimed his bride when the war ended, and began life on the wreck of a once princely estate; but soon died, leaving his wife with an infant son to inherit his name.

The long years of peace which followed the war brought forth a new South from the ashes of the past, and whose glory was but the reflex of the hope and spirit that warmed the bosom



of her young manhood, who only saw the seal of National union in their fathers' battle scars and heard the whispers of a mighty age bidding them to be men. No one represented this chivalric type better than the younger Nelson Balfour when he reached his twenty-fifth year and buckled on his father's sword to answer his country's call for volunteers.

When the battle-cry "Remember the Maine" rang through the nation no heart was more in his country's battles than old Colonel Manton's, and he could hardly be restrained from going along when his son marched away with his company to take part in the Santiago campaign. In the eventful days when volunteer, Springfield rifle, and freedom hung in an even balance against Spanish regular, Mauser rifle, and despotism, Lieutenant Manton distinguished himself for bravery; and once, while reconnoitering, he was surprised by a detachment of the enemy, who fired and rushed at him with fixed bayonets. In turning to escape the Lieutenant fell, and when the gleaming bayonets of the Spaniards were upon him, a lithe figure, clad as a Rough Rider, dashed into their midst, pistol in hand, put them to flight, and departed as suddenly as he came.

In the fight for San Juan hill, when Balfour and his troop of Rough Riders were daring death to dislodge an entrenched enemy, he suddenly felt the air grow hot and choking, the battle-field swam before his eyes, and then all was blank. When he became conscious again he was in a hospital, where he lay for a month between life and death, and was then sent North.

When the transport landed its wounded at Camp Wikoff the wasted, drawn face of Balfour touched the warm, tender heart of old Colonel Manton's daughter, Ruth, who was helping to nurse her stricken countrymen. He was unconscious for several days after arriving, and at last, when he awoke one morning and was wondering at his new surroundings, the pleasant voice of his self-appointed nurse broke into his musings as she came to administer his breakfast, but at the same time forbid-

ding him to talk. The days of his enforced silence were pleasant whenever Ruth would sit beside his cot and sing or talk to him, which she did when not busy. After the first week of his convalescence he was allowed to talk, and in another fortnight he was able to get up from his cot and amuse himself in various ways when he could not be with Ruth, whose sweet disposition and beautiful character had already won his heart; nor was she ignorant of the young Southerner's growing attachment. But knowing her father's feelings toward the young man's family and the South, she could not think of encouraging his attentions; but whether she should repulse him or leave the camp perplexed her, for either might result seriously to his delicate condition. Not long after this she was assisting her lover patient to take his morning stroll when he told her that his mother was coming, and this solved her difficulty, for she could leave when his mother arrived. One balmy August afternoon Balfour insisted on taking a row as the sea was calm, to which Ruth assented; and, as Balfour was in high spirits, his companion was surprised to learn how charming a companion he could be.

The afternoon passed quickly, and knowing that it was their last meeting, Ruth's heart smote her for not bidding her companion good-by when they parted, and all night the handsome face of Nelson Balfour, made beautiful by suffering, came to her eyes instead of sleep. She now realized that her heart had been more susceptible than she thought. A few hours' ride the next morning brought her to Lakeland looking pale and careworn, and for many weeks afterwards she was only the shadow of her former self. Once the sunshine of her father's home, her pale face was now a heavy burden upon the old Colonel's heart. One evening, at her father's earnest solicitation, she placed her arms around his neck and told him about her waiting on Balfour, and confessed that he had won her heart. Pale with wrath, her father unclasped her arms and strode up and down the chamber for some moments, and at last exclaimed:

"Ah! he would rob me of all I have to love. Never!"

"Papa," cried the weeping girl, coming up to him, "I am your daughter, keep me; I'll not offend you again."

In his rage the old Colonel retired to his room, where he walked the floor far into the night, living over again the injuries of his youth.

After meeting his mother the morning Ruth left, Balfour was surprised to receive a card, on which was written:

"Good-by. Forget your nurse. RUTH MANTON."

Astonished, he told his mother all about Ruth. Then heard from her the story of Colonel Manton's enmity toward the Balfour's; but feeling assured that Ruth was too noble to cherish her father's animosity, he determined to find her and avow his love. Late that Fall, leaving his mother in Virginia, he set out for Lakeland. Before getting there he learned that father and daughter were in the mountains, and the following day he reached the hotel where the Manton's were stopping. Finding Ruth in the parlor, he entered unannounced.

"Will you pardon my intrusion, Miss Manton," he said, going up to her.

"Certainly, Mr. Balfour," was her reply.

And taking her hands in his, he said:

"Ruth, I have learned to love you; will you not give me permission to try to win your esteem some day?"

"You have my esteem already, Mr. Balfour," she answered, "but my father would never consent to your wish, and I cannot disobey him."

"Give me your promise, Ruth, and I will wait," pleaded the youth.

"No; you will find another to love before my father dies," she said, and rising, she continued, "Pardon me, Mr. Balfour, for leaving, but I have spoken plainly, and more could only cause pain; and, for my sake, won't you leave before my father learns of your presence?" and she was gone.

With a heavy heart the young man returned to Virginia, but while en route, as he was boarding a south-bound train in New York City, he met the officer whom he had rescued on the battle-field. Their recognition was mutual, and Balfour was surprised to learn that he was none other than Ruth's brother; and when Manton reached home it was a glad discovery to Ruth to find out that it was her lover who had saved her brother's life, even the old Colonel forgot his hostility as he listened to his son relate the story of young Balfour's daring.

Just before taking their final departure for the South, Nelson and his mother were greatly surprised to receive a pressing invitation from Colonel Manton and Ruth to spend the Christmas holidays at Lakeland. They decided to go, and quickly the time came.

The snow was falling fast on the December evening when mother and son found themselves at the little New York village of H——, where the old Manton coach was waiting to take them out to the Hall among the pines, which they found brilliant with evergreens and lights throughout its massive structure in honor of their coming.

The old Colonel received his guests alone; with outstretched hands he took both of Mrs. Balfour's, and, trembling with emotion, said, "Helen, can you ever forgive the wrong that I have done you? The hate that I have cherished against you and your people?"

"Gladly, Colonel Manton," replied Nelson's mother, with tears in her eyes.

Then turning to her companion the old gentleman seized his hand, saying: "The knightly-hearted son of the elder Nelson Balfour shall never again be wronged by a Manton. I welcome you both into the home and into the hearts of the Mantons."

Lakeland Hall never witnessed a happier Christmas than the one of 1898, for the breach of forty years of discord in the

old Colonel's bosom was healed, and when the village bells rang out Peace and Good Will on Christmas morn, from no hearts did their echoes beat back more gladly than from those at Lakeland. And again that day the bells ran out another message, happier to none than to Ruth Manton, for the old warrior gave his daughter away at the altar to the young Southerner, Nelson Balfour.

—VANDAL.

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Life grows weary, sometimes,  
With its weight of care,  
With its weary burdens,  
Some so hard to bear,  
Life grows weary, sometimes.

Life grows lonely, sometimes,  
With its aches and voids,  
With its separations,  
Far too keen for words,  
Life grows lonely, sometimes.

Life grows darkened, sometimes,  
With its sombre clouds,  
With its gloom and shadows,  
With its graves and shrouds,  
Life grows darkened, sometimes.

Life grows brighter, of'times,  
With its chastened joys,  
In its sweeter moments,  
No sad thought annoys.  
Life grows brighter, of'times.

—PALIM.

## Editorials.

M. E. MELVIN, - - Miss. U. D. MOONEY, - - Miss.

WE feel that perhaps a word of encouragement ought to be said for those who, without apparent success, are ever and again fighting for what they conscientiously believe—for *principle*. Many fight earnestly; many throw the whole force of the soul into the fight which they are compelled to make and into the principle which they wish to vindicate, and yet the vote, or settlement, or popular consensus in regard to the disputed issue is decided against them. Of course this, to say the least, is discouraging, and some weaker minds will of necessity succumb. But, for the encouragement of those of stronger minds, for those of substantial mental stamina, we would say that principle is principle, and that truth is truth, no matter what the decision of the popular mind, of the prejudiced, or of the rabble may be. Such defeats, if defeats they may be termed, serve only to cause such men to rise higher and higher with each successive effort above the variant current of adverse decision. They realize that their principle is logical; they realize that their position is self-consistent. There is therefore only the need that they wait until men are willing to think calmly and dispassionately; without prejudice and without bias. Discouragement may be natural; but perseverance is grander.

IN the delineation of his stories, Hawthorne certainly shows a remarkable talent for enclosing within them powerful and forceful moral lessons. Perhaps the one that is most true to our

weak, human nature, is his description of a traveller, who, after toiling painfully up a very dizzy height, finally reaches the crown of a lofty church steeple. Although there is present a realization of his great distance above the world, with its busy scenes, yet at the same time he exclaims, with a sigh: "How very far from heaven." This description gives us a characteristic of human weakness, which, on account of its numerous discussions and didactic moralizing, has almost become trite. Still, whether trite or not, it is nevertheless certainly true, and more true, perhaps, because trite. The human mind is never satisfied. Its longings are infinite, and necessarily can not be satiated by any finite means. And yet, in the face of all this, men ignore this fact, and refuse to be content. Some chimera on beyond allures their delighted vision; some shining prospect beguiles their unstable souls. Oh, that we could, with the sainted Augustine, touch and probe the secret of it all, and that we might say with him: "O, God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we rest in Thee." In this sublime statement, alone, can we realize the true solution of life's philosophy.

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THE subject of expansion is being discussed *pro* and *con* in every magazine, newspaper, periodical and stump speech in the land. The cry of Imperialism is heard in every quarter, while the foreign policy of McKinley is held out in bold contrast to the conservative policy of Cleveland. But it seems that the anti-expansionists are deaf to the reports that have recently reached us from Manila of the action of the insurgents. It must be conceded that, through the changes of warfare, the Philippine Islands came rightfully into our possession. Whether or not the war was just is out of the question. It becomes the duty of the United States to dispose in some way of her spoils of war; and so the question, as to the right course to pursue, has been plainly demonstrated recently by the foolish and narrow-

minded acts of the insurgents. No one, who has inherited the American love of freedom, would suggest that Spain ought to have been left in possession of them; and who can claim that the insurgents are capable of establishing a stable government for themselves, since they have revealed their inability for such to us and the world by their recent attempts to repulse their friends and ignore every principle of self-control? So it is not a question of Imperialism, but a question of duty.

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ONE of the most important fields of scientific investigation seems to be attracting little notice save among the few who are conducting such. We speak of the archæological researches that are being made, especially during the last quarter of this century. The spade has unearthed treasures to the Bible student and made revelations often surpassing our expectations. Continually new data, in the way of old manuscripts, stone tablets, etc., are found as living testimonials to the truths of the one book that has had to stand the most severe attacks of higher criticism. One by one the arrogant objections are falling away to leave the Bible in its purity and simplicity. Its historical statements have been time and again confirmed, and the day will come when its critic will stand alone, a monstrosity of folly, an object of scorn.

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It will certainly be a pleasure and source of gratification to our friends to learn that the University was recently made the recipient of a large sum of money for the endowment of a new chair and for placing on a surer basis one of the present chairs. For reasons of personal interest the particulars are withheld for a time at least, but we can rejoice knowing this much, and express gratitude to the benefactors of our University, who are assisting it in its steady progress toward the front rank of our universities.



THOSE who attended the game of basket-ball in the gymnasium last week were impressed with the fact of the improvement in college life the gymnasium has made under the management of Mr. Mooney. The Faculty and students are to be congratulated upon this new feature of our work. In athletic sports we will come to the front. We ought to make a better record this year on Field Day than ever before, and no doubt our boys will acquit themselves well when the times comes.

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THE editors would like to call the attention of some writers in college, who "slip" their articles into the editors' room under an assumed name expecting them to be published, that we do not like to put anything in the JOURNAL unless we know something of its origin. We have had several articles come to us thus, and it may seem a small matter, but it is a requirement we must meet, and we request the authors to let us know them.

## Pen and Scissors.

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P. C. IRWIN, - - - Tenn.

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We are highly gratified with the manifest improvement that our college publications are showing. The change in the literary merit of several has been so radical that the name and cover were the only marks of identity left of their former self. More and more, journalism is becoming a necessary feature of college work, and the day seems to be approaching when every college that pretends to offer a course in literature will have a publication as an indispensable adjunct. Many of our smaller colleges are already taking up this work, and the magazines of the larger colleges and universities should encourage them by exchanging with them.

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*Wake Forest Student* for February was one of our most interesting exchanges; yet this was not entirely to the credit of Wake Forest students, for more than one-half of the literary matter was from sources other than the student body. We fear that this policy has done much to earn for the *Student* its high position among our Southern college publications. A college publication should be the index of the literary ability of students of that institution and a medium for encouraging literary efforts among amateur writers. "A Unique Proposal" was the most striking short story in the issue. "\$10,000" merits praise also. "A Run on the Bank," a rather commonplace story, wrapped up in abundant surplus of sophmoric verbiage. We clip the *Student's* best poem, "Sometime." Why does the *Student* have no Exchange Department?

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With pleasure we compliment the Whitworth girls for the neat, readable publication which they issue under the caption of *Olionian*. "The Valentine Party," a story, and "The Heart Fad," a poem, are commendable. The numberless odds and

ends in the *Olionian* reminds us of a girl's work-basket; but girls will be girls, and the masculine sex wouldn't have them otherwise. Success to you.

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*Columbia Literary* gives, in its February issue, two fine stories to its readers "In the Name of the Republic" and "Toot." The last-named is a fine story of negro life, and shows that its author is conversant with the characteristics of the race. The "Book Reviews" is the best department of the magazine.

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*Hendrix College Mirror*, for February, was not up to the standard of some of its previous issues. The first article and the editorials alone show much thought. Can't the *Mirror* find some poets and story-writers to relieve the somewhat monotonous *menu* offered by its pages.

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*Hampden Sidney Magazine* for February opens with a splendid sketch of that great and good man, Moses D. Hoge, who was so intimately connected with that institution. All the departments of this magazine are well edited, and display more than usual talent in their contents. "The Sacrifice to the Gods" is a well written story, having an original flavor about it, quite out of the hackneyed lines of the majority of magazine stories. The editorial, "The Whole Body the Temple of the Mind," strikes a keynote for most students' consideration. The poetry of the issue also has a vigorous virile ring.

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We would like to see the Staff of the *N. M. P. College Journal* get some life into itself and get more literary work into the *Journal*. The Editorial Notes are good; Notes on Science ditto, but the paucity of purely literary articles is inexcusable. The fact that the *Journal* is published quarterly has a tendency to kill the Literary Department; whereas, the other departments can be filled without effort, if time is given. We fear that the Staff has too much time, and its members neglect their work, thinking that enough material will turn up to fill the columns of next issue. We do not expect the *Journal* to equal the work of the larger college and universities; but, being a quarterly, it

should make a far better showing in original literary work than it does. Wake up and don't let your publication savor so much of class-room routine. Discharge about half of your staff; for we believe the old saying, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," to be true. Again, it is indicative of a poor college spirit for the Staff of a publication to produce its entire contents. Wake up! don't vegetate. We know you have the ability to do, or we would feel a delicacy in speaking as we have. If the *Journal* has an exchange list, why not add an Exchange Department or Clippings, at least.

The last issue of the *Tulane Collegian* was a classic for neatness, and we almost say for literary merit; but, not wishing to be too effusive in our praise, we will only admit, that nothing on our Exchange table gave us an hour of more pleasure than reading it. The poetry, taken as a whole, was the best of any of our exchanges. Gertrude Kerr and S. K. Simon deserve honorable mention for their articles. We wish that quite a number of our magazines, ourselves included, would learn a lesson from the *Collegian* as to what should be included in the contents of a magazine and what not.

The *Converse Concept* for February maintains its excellent grade for literary work. It is a model of neatness and good taste from cover to cover. The articles are short and to the point; the style graceful and free from the sophomore's bombast, which injures so much of the writing we find in college publications. "The Prediction of Isis," a short story told in verse, we rarely find equaled in our exchanges. Mary Huffman and Elizabeth C. Teague both deserve commendation for literary work.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following publications: *The University Record, Pine and Thistle, Cento, The Erskinian, The Mercerian, Southern University Monthly, Wofford College Journal, The Crimson-White, The Reveille, University of Virginia Magazine, Hedding Graphic, Maryville College Monthly, Baylor Literary, Southern Collegian, University Unit, College Reflector, The Orange and Blue, The Index, University of Tennessee Magazine, McMicken, Blue and Gold.*

Clippings.

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SEAWARD.

Inland my life is set,  
In the tranquil hollows of valleys  
And the calmness of river-reaches  
And the quiet of daily labors.  
But sometimes into the stillness  
Comes a resonant murmur,  
A voice of many waters  
Thunderous, vibrant—  
And my soul leaps out in its answer  
To the summons of the sea.

Sometimes in darkness  
And distance of sleep I hear it  
And I wake exultant,  
Thrilled with the roar of breakers.

So I think it shall be once;  
I shall wake in the darkness,  
Hearing the summons far inland,  
And shall rise and shall follow  
Far down the line of the river,  
Far through the darkness,  
Hearing the roar of the breakers  
Nearer and nearer—  
Feeling the wind on my forehead  
Freshen and dampen—  
Breathing the salt of the ocean—  
Till at length, through the darkness,  
Glams the white line of the breakers  
Rushing and glooming to meet me.

So shall they wrap me,  
So shall they carry me seaward,  
Into the night and the darkness  
And the tumult that dies into silence.

—Jeannette Bliss Gillespy, in *Columbia Lit.*

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THE HEART OF A MAID.

“Petals of the marguerite,  
Tell me, pray,  
Doth he love me?—Answer  
‘Yea’ or nay.’”

“Loveth?” laughs she gaily,  
“Let him sigh!  
For all the love he offers,  
What care I?”

“Petals of the marguerite,  
Tell me, pray,  
Doth he love me?—Answer  
‘Yea’ or ‘nay.’”

“Loves not?” weeps she sorely,  
“Let me die!  
For life without his love,  
What care I?”

—Vassar Miscellany, A. C., 1901.

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WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

When twilight comes at close of day  
With tender rose and sombre gray,  
The wind sighs soft of peace and rest,  
The song-bird seeks his mate and nest,  
And all things feel its subtle sway.

Ah! then dear heart 'tis sweet to stray  
Tro' lonely field and dark'ning way;  
For ever love is tenderest  
When twilight comes.

And when in my brown palm you lay  
Your soft, trusting hand, I pray  
That after we have worked our best,  
And life's dim sun sinks in the west,  
Still your dear hand in mine may stay  
When twilight comes.

—P. H., '93, Normal in Bluff and Blue.

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TWILIGHT.

The sun is sinking in the west  
The birds seek shelter for the night,  
As twilight comes with calm, sweet rest,  
And tolls the knell of parting light.

The skies are filled with glorious light,  
The clouds seem floating on the breeze,  
The fading rays in splendor bright  
Are kissing heaven above the trees.

The hour is full of sweet repose,  
 Joy, peace and rest reign o'er the earth,  
 The fragrance of the lilly and the rose  
 Sheds sweet perfume—hour too calm for mirth.

Sweet twilight hour, so full of rest,  
 All nature moans to see thee go,  
 But go, dear hour, I love the best—  
 Good-bye! Frewell! My dream is o'er.  
 —Memory Near.

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SOMETIME.

Out of to-day's mad struggle and distress  
 Out of ashes and weariness,  
 Hope rises ever with a patient grace  
 Strange to the madness of life's moiling-place,  
 And, pointing o'er the hills where Sometime dwells,  
 A whispered promise of her pleasure tells.

And we, who bear the crushing yoke of fate,  
 And on some stern task-master's bidding wait,  
 Pause when the lash is still, and lift our eyes  
 To visions hung against the distant skies,  
 And half forget the sorrows of this clime  
 In the glad gardens of that fair Sometime.  
 —R. C. Mallonee, in Wake Forest Student.

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LOGIC IN LOVE.

A little maid, sun-browned and fair,  
 With chestnut hair,  
 I met one day upon the shore;  
 And what is more,  
 While we were sitting on the sand,  
 I took her hand,  
 And, rascal that I was, I kissed her!—  
 My little sister.

Next day I saw another maid  
 Beneath the shade  
 Of a blue parasol alone.  
 So to atone  
 For yesterday, I just breathed low  
 A word or so.  
 She, blushing, said, "I'll be your sister!"  
 So I kissed her.

—Wesleyan Lit., J. H. T.

## Mensae.

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D. H. OGDEN, - Louisiana.

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"THE LARGEST LIFE," by Archibald Lampman, in Atlantic Monthly, March, 1899. Among the poems of the month this one holds its place as probably the most earnest message from the hearts of the poets. Its meaning is deep but clear, and it will live for its truth is strong. It begins by bringing to the heart the suggestion of the dreamy night season when the sleeping world, wrapped in its bewildering garment of moonlight, brings only feelings of solitude and thoughts of sadness.

"I lie upon my bed and hear and see."

The moon is rising through the shadowy trees and "momently a great and sombre breeze" "returning fitfully" fills the heart with its sadness as it passes ever in its flight. The eyes wander out over the lovely scene, and a questioning comes of

"What am I, then, and what are they that pass

Yonder and love and laugh and mourn and weep?"

These thoughts come with a peculiar force and a strange longing that becomes a passion, fills the soul. The questioning thought of what are these is merged into the thought that, whatever they may be, I am one of them. This brings the feeling of fellowship, and fellowship means love, and so the heart is filled with the law that is the strength of life. All loneliness vanishes now, for love comes in and life is seen in the clear light of love and no longer through the mists of doubt. The heart clings to this thought, and even though love can not always be won, still the heart finds comfort in life, in giving love,

"To say I love you, only, and not care  
Whether the love come back to us again."

This is to learn

"That most perfect love that knows no pain."

At first this is a "task," but soon it becomes a "tonic," then a



need, and, as this need is felt, the heart learns the "beauty that God meant" to have men know. At last the heart, made strong, seeks after truth, and finds that "sovereign truth that guides it all." The first part of the poem is beautiful in its suggestiveness; perhaps this is the most perfect part. The message is full of comfort to the human heart, and meets a need, for to every heart there comes at times the feeling of loneliness and doubt.

—C. E. R.

"THE REAL TOMB OF COLUMBUS," by Felix Aucaigne, in *Munsey*, March, 1899. The statement that the body of Columbus, our great Christopher, lies in American soil is astounding to many of us. But when we take into consideration the number of times his body has been exhumed, we can easily see where controversies may arise. Let us briefly review the history of the disinterring of his body. At his death he was buried in Valladolid; then his remains were removed to Seville, a town in Spain; then, accompanied by the remains of his son Diego, his body was removed to Santo Domingo, a town on American soil. Not many years later Luis, Columbus' grandson, was laid to rest by their side.

A strong argument brought out in this writing is that the Spaniards were deceived when they carried the supposed body of Columbus from Hayti to Havana. There were three bodies side by side—Columbus, Diego and Luis—in similar or rather not dissimilar coffins. Again, the remains of the "Old Discoverer" were regarded as a "venerated relic" by the Dominicans, who did not wish to lose them. To further corroborate this deception, new discoveries were introduced, which show that without a doubt the Spaniards removed the body of Diego instead of Columbus.

The beautiful mausoleum, so well described, is also a confirmation of the deception. It reveals the fact that the Dominicans are assured that they have the cherished body.

More authenticity lies with the Dominicans than with the Spaniards. The premises laid down by the writer are fair, and the conclusion therefrom is valid.

—E. H. P.

"ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS," by Julian Ralph, in *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1899. "To Americans who have lived

in England the most striking and peculiar characteristics of the English people are their affection for their sovereign, their unwavering respect for caste and all monarchical institutions, their love of nature, animals and flowers; their regard for individual liberty, the precision with which they choose their words in speaking, and their rock-ribbed conservatism and confidence in whatever is English, which is surely dropping them behind in the commercial competition which has sprung up between them and the Germans, the Americans and the Japanese. If I add to these the pride and comfort they take in their homes, and their excessive fondness for out-door sports and for water, except as a beverage, it seems to me I have summed up their main traits, as they appear to a stranger, who studies them long enough to understand them."

This opening paragraph gives an outline of the article. The everyday life of this great nation is pictured for us in a clear and charming style, with sufficient detail to add interest, but not enough to become monotonous. Mr. Ralph writes of what he has seen, and the personal element gives vividness; there is always a peculiar flavor to that which comes first hand. An idea current in America is that the English "lack a sense of humor or a love of fun." This is not true, for nowhere do you hear as good jokes as there; but it is true that as a nation they are not so much given to joking. The quality is excellent; the quantity not so great. Among the interesting features noted are the extremely formal dinners and the peculiarly informal breakfasts, especially the latter. "Breakfast customs always surprise a new-comer, for the servants do not wait on the table, but only bring the dishes to the sideboard, to which each guest repairs to help himself. He carries his plate thither, stocks it with the viands he prefers, and then takes it back to his place at the table." This is an illustration of their peculiar and rigid customs.

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LIQUID AIR," by Stannard Baker, in McClure's Magazine, March, 1899. This remarkable paper is a record of a visit to the laboratory of Charles E. Tripler, of New York City, who has invented a method by which air can be liquified in large quantities and at small cost. The scientific facts are stated as fully as could be expected in a popular treatment, save in regard

to the process by which the air is reduced to a liquid form, and this is the centre of interest. The writer tells more of the applications, both actual and possible, which arise from this new factor in civilization, and it is easily seen that it will revolutionize the civilized world, provided there is no mistake in the statement regarding the ease and simplicity with which it is produced. It is, indeed, well worth our while to carefully read this article.

Among the other articles of the month, we might mention the following as of especial interest:

*Edmund Clarence Stedman at Home*, in *Munsey*, is, as the name designates, a sketch of the home life of one of America's poets and critics. *McClure's Magazine* contains two papers bearing upon the noted artists, Tissot and Gibson, the latter being written by Gibson himself, and telling in a few words his impressions of Egypt. In the *Century Magazine*, Professor Wheeler continues his life of "Alexander The Great," than which no more profitable series of articles has appeared in the Magazines.

## Locals.

J. W. ORR, - - - Tenn. W. B. GRAY, - - - Ky.

The following men were chosen to compete for the Faculty Medal at Commencement: R. B. Eleazer, W. M. Cox, J. F. Frierson, G. D. Wilson, J. P. Montgomery and F. P. Gracey.

Messrs. Childress and Hollins spent a few days at their homes in Nashville during the cold weather.

The University suffered terribly during the two weeks that the water pipes leading to the bath rooms were frozen.

The Declaimers' Contest, composed of four representatives from each of the two literary societies, was held on February 22d. The declamations were well executed and fully up to the high standard of university declaimers. Messrs. Grafton, Curry, Cobb and Fulton upheld the laurels of Stewart Society, and

Washington Irving was represented by Messrs. Brainard, Johnson, Parker and Phillips. The medal was awarded to Grafton, of Mississippi.

Mr. Thuss, of Nashville, who was employed to do the photographing for the 'Varsity Annual, made about thirty group pictures of the various college organizations on February 23d, and we predict that the cuts made from them will be as fine work as was ever bound in an annual. It is not often that Mr. Thuss' camera is exposed to so many clean faces and carefully arranged cravats, but the legs of his tripod gave way before the Class of '01!

Miss Jarvey, who has been visiting Miss Grace Stacker, has returned to her home in Virginia.

Warren Cox was indignant because when he asked Thuss if he thought his mustache would show in the class picture, the latter told him that his camera was not fitted with X rays!

Frank Deaderick, who has been several months in Europe pursuing his studies in French and German, has returned home.

Archie McDonald says that a woman swam from the sinking steamer the other night with nine children on her back, and she claimed to be a poor swimmer too!

Mr. W. W. Whitehead, of Greenwood, Miss., who is now in school at Vanderbilt, recently visited friends in Clarksville.

Some college men are fleet of foot,  
Others are strong of hand;  
Clarksville girls tell us the most popular one  
Is really the sofa man.

Visitors to Chas. Morton's room say that he keeps a little pink pitcher with a stick in it near his study table. We don't know what this pitcher contains, but Nelson county, Ky.,—Charlie's home—is not noted for lemonade.

Miss Mary Radford, who has been the guest of Mrs. D. A. Harrison, has returned to her home in Owensboro, Ky.

Shakpenny: "Why don't you keep your door locked, old boy? What would you do anyway if you were to wake and find a man going through your trowsers?" Deadbroke: "Why, I'd give him the 'horse laugh.'"

Miss Dorsey Duncan, of Bloomfield, Ky., will visit Miss Studie B. Tate, this month.

Examinations will begin on the 13th of this month, and a casual observer would see more studious boys just at present than at any time during the session.

Billy Barton says that Frank has been in France so long that he looks like a *parasite*.

Jack Montgomery, while walking down the street a few evenings ago, approached some friends, one of whom remarked, "Why don't Montgomery roll down his trowsers?" When Jack drew near it was found that he had just donned his new golf suit.

Stewart Literary Society postponed its regular Friday evening exercises till after examinations.

Mrs. Harrison entertained a few of her friends on the evening of February 24th in honor of Miss Radford, of Owensboro.

Rev. W. Moore Scott, of Smyrna, Tenn., was in town several days on business recently.

K. L. Jones, M. D., is doing a very thriving practice in Cornersville, Tenn. We are glad to hear of his success.

Gov. Sayers, of Texas, has appointed Mr. T. W. Gregory on the Board of Regents of the University of Texas. Mr. Gregory was once a student in the S. W. P. U., leaving, however, before graduating. Afterward he took a degree at University of Texas. We enter heartily in with the resolutions by the students of the University commending the Governor for his appointment of Mr. Gregory.

Mr. Philips (in Jun. Natural): "Dr. Lyon, are there any gas pipes under Robb Hall?" Dr. Lyon: "No; they are all in Robb Hall."

Mr. L. B. Hensley says that he has returned to his first love.

Mr. John Nelson Blackburn, of the Senior Class, went to Guthrie one night not long ago to swap pocket knives with some of the boys. Mr. Blackburn is a hustler and knows how to work the boys.

There are in the Class of '99 twelve men, names as follows: J. N. Blackburn, of Alabama; R. E. Blackburn, of Tennessee;

J. E. Berryhill, of Tennessee; W. M. Cox, of Mississippi; J. M. Fullenwider, of Texas; R. B. Eleazer, of Tennessee; J. F. Frier-son, of Mississippi; F. P. Gracey, of Tennessee; P. C. Irwin, of Tennessee; E. D. Patton, of Georgia; J. P. Montgomery, of Alabama; and Geo. Wilson, of Tennessee. The Senior Theologues are: B. I. Dickey, of Texas; J. D. Wilson, of Tennessee; L. E. Selfridge, of Texas; U. D. Mooney, of Mississippi; R. L. Nicholson, of Mississippi; L. H. McInnis, of Mississippi; E. D. Patton, of Georgia; and F. E. Bagby, of Missouri.

On the 26th of February, 1899, the sad intelligence came to Mr. D. H. Ogden of his father's death. We extend the sympathy of the JOURNAL to Mr. Ogden in this his sore bereavement.

The latest and most astonishing thing that has reached the local editors is that Jim Moss is in love. Who would have thought it?

Miss Mary Meriwether, of Peacher's Mills, Tenn., has been visiting at Mrs. Barker's on Madison Extension.

The Homiletic Society resolved itself into a presbytery for the last two meetings. Mr. U. D. Mooney was elected Moderator; Mr. Alva Hardie, Clerk. The body then went into the regular work of a presbytery, which was very interesting and instructive to the members and visitors.

If the local department is not what it should be, you can impute it to the fact that the editors are standing facing busy times. Exams are on us and we have not had the time to evolve out of our minds anything but the truth.

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### Athletics.

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Summer out-door athletics are being agitated. The track team was organized some days ago, and McFadden was elected President.

At a meeting of the base ball teams Barton was made Captain of the first team; Selfridge, Manager. Albright will likely pitch, but the positions of the various members on the diamond have not been fully determined yet. A great deal of interest is being shown among base ball enthusiasts and a prosperous

career is predicted for the team. A challenge from University of Nashville has been accepted, and the game will be played on the 14th of April at this place. A challenge has also been accepted from University of Mississippi.

The first public game of basket ball was played in the University gymnasium on the evening of February 23d, between the Robb and Calvin Hall teams. The game resulted in a score of 20 to 26 in favor of Robb Hall. Nicholson and Hardy put up good work for Robb all the way through. Tommy Norwood was a favorite of the Calvin team. Other pleasant features of the entertainment were the music by the Mandolin and Guitar Club and the acrobatic work of Prof. Mooney and his classes. A team made up of other students, called the Outsiders, immediately challenged the winners.

Currie is still persistantly carrying on his gym. practice.

Prof. Mooney received a sprain in his wrist a few days ago.

We havn't heard much about the Tennis Association this spring. Most of the team's men are now bowling alley devotees. Dr. Lyon can knock almost as many men with his tenpin ball as he can with his organic chemistry examinations.

The second entertainment in the gymnasium was held March 4th. The program consisted of a match game of basket ball between Robb Hall and the Outsiders, tumbling by one of the classes, club swinging and boxing. A fairly good audience was present, despite the rainy evening, and everyone enjoyed the game, which was an exciting one from start to finish. At the end of first half the score card showed the teams to be almost even, but during the last half of the game the Robb Hall champions threw goal after goal and won by a large score. Prof. Mooney deserves credit for these entertainments, the entire management of which is due to his zeal.

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#### Y. M. C. A. and Missionary.

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Messrs. P. H. Hensley and R. H. Orr went to Nashville on the 10th of February to attend the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. which was held in that city. They report an interesting and profitable time.

The entire floor of our parlor is now carpeted. The rooms present quite a neat appearance. When we secure some more needed furniture we will have rooms that we can feel proud of.

The officers of the Y. M. C. A. have purchased some games which they will put into the parlors. These are for the amusement of the members. It is the wish of the association soon to have a reading-room in connection, where they will have some of the leading magazines and a number of religious papers.

Why could we not have a "Lecture course" in connection with the Y. M. C. A.? Other institutions of less note than ours have it. We believe that it would be a great addition to our University. We will soon have one of the largest halls in the city. This will be an admirable place for lectures. As intelligent people as Clarksville people would be proud of the opportunity to support this worthy cause. It would be a benefit both to the city and students. Then let us get this up by all means. We can do it, if some one will only take the lead and push it.

Dr. Chester, of Nashville, Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church, lectured on the 18th of February in the assembly room of the Y. M. C. A. on his travels in China to an appreciative audience of students. His special topic was "Manners and Customs of China." In some respects his lecture was the most satisfactory that we have heard. It seemed that he was giving the things as they actually exist without the coloring. Dr. Chester gave three lectures at the Presbyterian Church, which were attended by the students. Every lecture was an intellectual treat, and was interesting from first to last. We trust the cause of Missions has been accelerated by Dr. Chester having come into our midst.

Mr. Venton, Travelling Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, was with us on February 11, 1899, and conducted the devotional meeting of the Missionary Society. He made a very instructive talk upon the mission work in the foreign field. His talks were especially entertaining from the fact that he was born and reared in India. He urged upon the young men the duty that was resting upon each individual to find out whether it was the will of God to send him to the foreign field, and if it was, to consecrate his life to the work. Mr.



Venton conducted the devotional meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on the 12th, making a very interesting talk.

The Missionary Society elected new officers for the incoming year. They are as follows: E. L. Story, president, J. W. Orr, vice-president; Alva Hardie, secretary and treasurer, J. O. Shelby, corresponding secretary. Let every one work and pray to make this one of the most prosperous years that we have as yet had in the history of the Society. Let every member resolve that he will bring in some new member. By thus doing, we can soon double our membership, and thereby extend the boundaries of the Society's usefulness. We must do something to increase the interest in the study of missions; we feel that there is a lethargy in this work that there is in no other. In the Missionary Society is a splendid place to increase one's knowledge of missions. Our zeal will be in proportion to our knowledge. We conclude that the reason there is that lack of interest is from the fact that the men do not know of the great needs.

It has been the theme of conversation among some of our members for some time past to formulate a plan by which we, in conjunction with some other seminary, may put a Missionary into the foreign field to represent us there. Union Seminary has taken the lead in this work for the evangelization of the world, and has sent a Missionary to be supported by the Seminary. Why can not we, in union with some other seminary, send one? There is this advantage in this, our gifts to missions will be more specific. It will also increase our feeling of responsibility to know that there is one who is looking to us for his support. It will increase our interest from the fact that we will be directly represented there. Should we do this it will mean some self-denial. It will mean that some luxury must be given up. We are told, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Why not agitate this? It would be a source, we believe, from which countless blessings would flow to the student-body.

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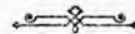
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