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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.

Each year a medal is awarded for the best essay, and prizes for the best story and poem, contributed by a member of either literary society. Competitors must belong to one of the two societies.

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Evening Prayer.

The vesper bell is ringing sweet and clear;

The village at this hour bows down to pray,

And evening shadows fall about each home,

As hearts look up to God at close of day.

And what has been the record of the race,

Whose course of one more day has now been run?

Has any life been lifted to its God

Between the rising and the setting sun?

Knowest thou not, oh soul, that thus we live

From day to day? Then, let the evening be,

As deep'ning shadows of the night-time fall,

The trysting time, oh God, twixt thee and me.

—Anon.

True Democratism.

(COMMENCEMENT SPEECH)

Poets sang the praises of the victor in the great Olympic games; statues and temples were dedicated to his honor. The Roman general who had gained a decisive victory marched with pomp and show at the head of his army, through the city, and erected a triumphal arch, as a memento, to preserve his name for future generations. Thus, the Greeks were a people of most beautiful physique, the most highly developed athletes that the world has ever known; while Rome has become a synonym for all that is stalwart and warlike.

Put a premium on athletics and you will reap a harvest of athletes; honor a soldier above other men and you must needs create wars to satisfy his thirst for blood. This principle is true for all phases of life, for enterprises of every class and character whatsoever. Men will work for a premium. In every kind of production, from that of the peasant exhibited at the county fair to the wonderful products of manufacture and inventive genius displayed at world expositions, men vie with each other for supremacy. To the boy in the log school house who strives for head marks in his spelling class, and to the soldier or statesman who seeks to engrave his name on the pages of history, the prospect of success and victory is the impulsive influence that surpasses all others.

When the framers of the American Constitution embodied therein the principles of equality of rights, they placed all citizens on a fair and equal footing, and crowned sterling manhood with that premium which it justly deserved. Any man in any state of society has had the assurance of governmental protection in every worthy effort. In this land of liberty we have enjoyed a noble and just competition that has been the inspiration of men

in every walk of life. In manufactures and commerce, in science and invention, in education and intelligence, honorable competition has placed us foremost among the nations of earth, and this alone can keep us there.

The greatest menace to democratic principles with us is just now at the zenith of its glory; a system of commerce that threatens to reduce the masses to slavery by creating lords of the rich. The obvious purpose of the formation of monopolies and trusts is to multiply the already tremendous power of capital, to extort the hard earnings from the laboring classes, to snatch from the mouths of the hungry men, women and children every morsel, save what is necessary to keep body and soul united. Their power in America to-day is more alarming than any evil that has ever confronted us. The armies of the world we may defy with American manhood and American patriotism, but when an evil becomes part of our social life, we must meet it by subtler means.

One corporation whose power and practices we know is the Standard Oil Company. It has driven from the field every competitor, so that no one will dare establish an enterprise to divide its profit. The wealth of this company has increased in a few years from \$160,000,000 to more than \$500,000,000. In the past three years more than 94 per cent. dividend has been paid to its stockholders. This enormous increase represents the life blood of 75,000,000 of people. The oil industry we have freely abandoned to this giant monopoly, because other fields of enterprise were open to us. But under a high protective tariff trusts in every line have sprung up with mushroom rapidity. In the past five months more than \$4,000,000,000 have been combined in trusts, yet they continue forming.

The larger manufacturer enters the combination for self-protection, while those of less importance will be crushed by the ruthless hand of a superior power. Capitalists will become fewer but mightier, laborers more numerous but feebler. This system

causes the lines between capital and labor to diverge only the more rapidly. We are fast becoming two separate and distinct peoples, though under one government.

A man in the employ of a corporation will submit to be made the instrument of practices from which he would naturally shrink with horror, but will ease his conscience by referring the guilt to his employers. His only alternatives are to act according to authoritative dictation, or lose his position and become a tramp. An individual stockholder will assent to regulations before which he would pale with shame in the transactions of private life. Because the stock is divided into minute shares, he fancies himself responsible for only his minute fraction of the crime.

"Moral responsibility," says Dr. Dabney, "can exist only as an individual thing, binding the single, separate soul in immediate obligation to its Divine Ruler." The probability of immoral practices, both for capitalist and laborer, is multiplied a thousand fold by the corporation system.

These vast machines are created to destroy competition, and destroy it they will by fair means or foul. Their purpose is to gain sole control of the products of agriculture, of manufacture, and of mining. The industries of commerce, of transportation, and of distribution are to be directed by these giant powers. The price of your fuel, of your clothing, and of your breadstuffs are to be determined by the heads of heartless corporations.

When our fathers began life with free and unrestricted competition, they held their destinies in their own hands. Economy, industry and good morals were the only prerequisites for assured success. These requirements in the log hut guaranteed success to Abraham Lincoln as surely as if he had been born in a palace. John M. Wanamaker rose from a newsboy on the streets of Philadelphia to become the merchant prince of America; and that not by gambling in Wall street futures, but by persistent industry and economy. The older men of this audience enjoyed equality of rights and fair competition. They were the architects

of their own fates; but sirs, have your sons the same opportunities? Has the young farmer, who to-day begins life with forty acres and a mule, a fair prospect of one day seeing his flocks on his own meadows? What hope has the young mechanic, who opens his shop, expecting to work up as his father did?

A perfected system of trusts is the forerunner of dire calamities for us. It means destruction to the freedom of every American citizen. It means the control of American politics by the money power. It means annihilation of all the principles that have made us a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. It means transferring every honest business man of small capital to the position of employe, every sturdy farmer to the place of servant. It means the reduction of American manhood to a slavery more appalling than Egyptian bondage. Few there are who fail to see the grave consequences of this evil, but how can we meet the issue? There is no violation of statute law in the present system of trusts. It is simply a corporation purchasing all the plants in certain lines of industry. The exchanges are free and legitimate. The capitalist has a right to purchase copper mines as long as his capital holds out, or a corporation may, with impunity, buy up all the iron industries in America. It is an inherent right of ownership that property is transferrable. But however true this may be, it is truer still that consolidation of capital and concentration of power will annihilate fair and unrestricted competition.

Free trade and just legislation will restore to us competition and equality of rights. England is the greatest commercial nation of the globe, yet she has fewer trusts than any other country. Her ports are open, her trade is free, she invites competition from the world. Imported goods with us pay a tariff of five to thirty per cent. and our greatest trusts have been formed when tariff was highest.

The purpose of legislation is not to enhance the power of the strong, but to afford a just protection for the weak. Yet Attorney

General Griggs declares that the Supreme Court of the United States is powerless to resist the advances of trusts, unable to defend the masses from the clutches of this monster created by the capitalist. This is only an admission of the fact that so far we are not a government but an anarchy. The Republican administration pretends to offer no solution of the problem, which is only a paltry concession that the capitalist dominates the policy of the party.

Nothing happens by chance. Every event is the result of laws that produce it. Our infant industries we have so fostered by high tariff and class legislation that to-day they threaten the very foundations of our government. The recent lynchings that have defamed our fair Southland, were effects produced by their adequate causes. They were not from instincts of barbarism and lack of civilization, but from an enraged public sentiment.

Assure the people that every man who is guilty of murder will be hanged, then mob law will cease. Guarantee to Southern citizens that every diabolical negro of the negro race who deserves death will receive it at the hands of the government, and lynchings will be no more. The French Revolution was the result of laws as immutable and as certain as those that determine the budding of flowers in Spring. Crush humanity in the same way again and the same results will inevitably follow.

This system of trusts is simply another example of the strong oppressing the weak, of the rich demanding life from the poor. This evil and none other caused the downfall of Egypt and Babylon, of Greece and Rome. The glory and wisdom of these peoples come to us from their heaps of ashes, from their desolate ruins. We have aspired to glory and have eclipsed that of these nations; but shall the ruins of American cities be one day unearthed to search for the glories of a fallen republic? Never can this government fail and we be innocent. Her sovereign citizens control her destiny. If this government stands she will do so

because we maintain her integrity; if she fails, because we have forfeited our trust.

No national calamity is irretrievable, no political situation hopelessly desperate when virtue yet remains. Neither is any state so dangerous, in religion, in society, for men, or for nations, as the feeling of self-satisfied security. Never are we so weak as when we are strong; never so strong as when we recognize our own weakness. Away with the idea that this government must necessarily prove perpetual. Away with the false notion that we are God's chosen people to civilize and Christianize the world and therefore to continue for all time. If our advantages and opportunities are great, our responsibilities are greater.

There is a story in connection with the signing of the Declaration of Independence, how a small boy was to tell his grandfather in the bell tower when the last name was signed; and as the last name went down the little fellow leaped out the door and shouted up to the old man, "Ring the bell, grandpa! ring! ring for liberty!" and notes of freedom from that iron throat burst forth on New England air and New England hearts vibrated in unison with those notes. This is our heritage blood-bought on battle fields of the Revolution. By the people of this generation, yea by ourselves, is to be decided whether this inheritance of our forefathers shall be preserved or lost.

Then, sirs, in the name of your hearth-stones where loved ones depend on your strength, in the name of your country whose destiny you hold, in the name of your God who has given you these blessings, I challenge you as honest voters, to preserve this heritage inviolable, extirpate wickedness in high places. Awake from your lethargy and crush this hydra-headed monster, Monopoly, before it devours you. Restore to us the government for which our forefathers died; the government of liberty, equality and right.

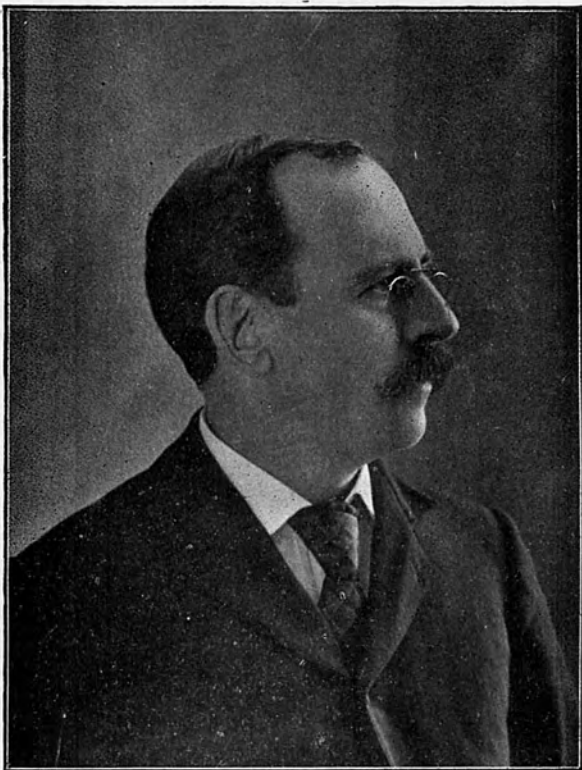
—JNO. F. FRIERSON.

Henry Wysor Naff.

Remarks of Rev. Geo. Summey, D. D., Chancellor, at Memorial Service,
Monteagle, Tenn., August 21st, 1899.

As nearly as we can judge, at this very hour, while we are met here, there is enacting, in a distant Virginia valley, a sad scene in which our hearts have a share. A little group stands weeping about a new made grave. Foremost in that group are a white haired old man, and a beautiful, frail-bodied little woman. They have just laid away in that new grave all that is mortal of son and husband, and now with quivering hands are placing flowers upon its mound. We would join them in spirit, for we too loved him whose form is laid to rest there. With tenderest hands we would place a wreath beside theirs upon his grave. Were it wrought of leaves of beaten gold, with flowers made of precious gems, it would be none too rich to give to the memory of our beloved dead. For his was a rich, full, precious life!

Henry Wysor Naff was born at Tazewell Court House, Virginia, November 11th, 1856. He graduated from Hampden-Sidney College, as Bachelor of Arts, in 1876, and a short time after received from that institution the degree of Master of Arts. He soon entered upon his career as a teacher, being first Professor of Latin and Greek, and later of Latin and English, in King College, at one time, for a year or two, being also the Acting President of that institution. From this institution he received the degree of Doctor of Literature. In 1891 he turned aside for awhile to business pursuits. The literary instinct, however, was too strong, and so after a period of three years he returned to his beloved work, accepting the Professorship of English and Latin in the Southwest Virginia Institute. For five Summers, including this season, he had charge of the English work in the Mont-



HENRY WYSOR NAFF.

eagle Assembly, and has lectured regularly on English Literature, attracting attention and arousing interest as few men have been able to do, and gathering about him great throngs of admirers and friends. Here, four years ago, he first attracted the attention of the University which now so deeply mourns his loss, and at the first opportunity that offered itself he was called to its work. For two years, ending yesterday when he was called higher, he was the honored and successful Professor of English in the Southwestern Presbyterian University, at Clarksville, performing a work which Directors, Faculty, and students alike appreciated for its beauty and thoroughness. In 1888, he was happily married to Kate Montague, the beloved wife who with all who loved him now mourns over this sore and unexpected loss.

Dr. Naff was by nature and culture of the most refined tastes. His very instinct drew him to all that was true and beautiful and good. In accomplishments he was gifted beyond most men, and in the special lines which had become his life work and which were proving his glory among men, winning to him a rapidly extending and deserved reputation, he was self-taught, showing the power of his intellect and the grasp of his genius. In disposition he was gentle and unassuming, never pushing himself, always courteous and kind, in his modesty sometimes failing to take that place or position which his merits warranted. Some have thought that there was in him an element not so much of weakness as of strength or vigorous forcefulness. This is a serious mistake, as those who knew him best can testify. While he was as brave as a lion and as true as steel, he was a diffident man, as shy as a timid girl, his face mantling, as you will remember, when men or women approached or praised him, manifesting conscious distrust of himself or modesty as to his abilities at the same time that he fervently appreciated the kind thoughts which others uttered of him. It was this diffidence, this shyness, combined with his indisposition to push himself that caused the mistaken estimate of his character by those who

did not know him well. Arouse him, try to turn him towards anything that he regarded as untrue or false or impure, and you would have seen the depth and power of his convictions and the rigid determination of his will. In his work, especially in interpretation, Dr. Naff was a genius. He was richly sympathetic. He lived with his favorite authors and revelled in all in them that was worthy and true. He drank at the same fountain with them. His and their spirit was the same. He was conscientious in all his acts and words, and never was a false ring to be heard from him in word or thought or deed.

We lay away his form, grateful that we knew him, thankful that he came into our lives with his wondrously attractive personality and great soul, treasuring his memory as that of a profound student, an able teacher, a devoted friend, an earnest Christian, a beautiful man. This last phrase I use advisedly. There was in him such a blending of nobility of character and purity of life, of splendor of gifts and work and delicacy of interpretation, of perfection of physical attractiveness in his handsome form, stalwart frame, striking face and beaming eye; that, with a soul kindled as was his with love for Christ, the typical Man, he was nothing short of a beautiful man!

With all our sorrow, weeping with the loved ones nearer him, we rejoice that it was our privilege to have known and loved such a man, and we trust him lovingly and confidently to that other and better world where he knows all now, even as he is known.

Tribute by Hon. John Bell Keble, of Nashville, Tenn.

Sorrow is the most many sided of all the emotions that affect humanity. In the death of Henry W. Naff it afflicts many circles. There is sorrow to-day at the narrow grave in Virginia. It has laid its hand upon the father, and bears down into desolation and anguish the bereaved wife.

The Institution of learning to which he owed allegiance, has doubtless suffered an irreparable loss; the school work of the Monteagle Assembly is crippled beyond a perfect cure, but there is yet another class of people that this death deprives of an influence in their lives that is past calculation. I speak of us, whose life labors bear away from the pursuit of letters, and in whom the grind of practical life dulls the artistic edge. We are those who must live upon the crumbs from the literary feast, and deem ourselves fortunate but to touch the hem of the garment of poetry. To us, Henry W. Naff was a prophet of beautiful truth. His precept and example inspired us to make a better effort to divine that which made his life effulgent.

In this period of rationalism and materialism, he aroused by his work and his character a devotion to truth, a reverence for the beautiful and a striving for the ideal; and with it all his manhood lacked nothing of virility. He was a teacher of the multitude as well as of the student; for he possessed to an extraordinary degree the faculty of popularizing the most mystic and abstruse portions of literature.

So far as my knowledge and information extend, he was the best interpreter of poetry in the South, and in his death the development of this branch of literature has received a severe blow. Not the least pang that I feel at this time, is that which comes with the knowledge that the young men and young women of the South will never again have the aid of his mind, heart and soul in the pursuit of all that is good in poetic literature. His death in view of this is nothing short of a calamity.

His power lay not in scholarship alone. He possessed a genius of soul that enabled him to find and present the teachings of the poets to every day minds. Endowed with a nature so stainless, so refined, he could see and feel much that the coarser natures never saw and never felt.

In the Round Table of letters, he was the Sir Galahad to whom the Holy Grail containing the most sacred emblems of the

body and blood of beauty and truth was visible, and looking upon them unabashed could translate his to vision, elevating his fellow men and awakening a purpose in them to pursue truth and beauty for themselves.

It is well that his last labor was expended here, for he was in harmony with all that is beautiful and good in the world. He was a fit companion for this place that God has crowned with a bounteous supply of peaceful glory. I have often heard him teach that poem of Rabbi Ben Ezra, exhorting as one inspired, those sitting at his feet to know all, nor be afraid; I can hear his voice now, ring as it did then, over the climax of that poem:

"Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, the lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow.
Thou, heaven's consummate cup
What need'st thou with earth's wheel?"

He is indeed now the "consummate cup;" his life full to the brim of all that is good in humanity, is carried to the Master's board, and it seems to me as though I see the Great God's lips aglow as He lifts to His lips the new cup, the consummate cup, the finished life of Henry W. Naff.

Resolutions Adopted by the Faculty Upon the Death of Dr. Naff.

WHEREAS, Our beloved colleague, Henry Wysor Naff, Professor of English in this University, was, on the 20th day of August last, called from his earthly labors to his heavenly reward, it is proper that we, his associates, should, at this our first meeting on assembling after vacation, give expression to our sense of loss at his departure and our testimony to his personal worth; therefore

RESOLVED, I. That in the death of Dr. Naff this University has lost an instructor eminent in scholarship, conspicuous for

his fidelity in the discharge of the duties of his chair, and esteemed of all men for his ability and his virtues.

2. That we recognize the inestimable service which he rendered to this Institution in the impetus he gave to the work and in the enlargement which he wrought in the scope of his department. He was a writer of great purity, a speaker of unusual power, and by his literary labors he not only shed lustre on this University, but won for himself a name that will live in the annals of Southern education. It is a pleasure to us to have been associated with one who, in his short life, made such a splendid contribution to the interpretation of the literature of our language.

3. That we record our testimony to the geniality and unselfishness of his disposition; the beautiful simplicity of his faith in the gospel of Our Redeemer; and his blameless and honorable life as a man and citizen. His relations with his associates in the Faculty were characterized by the highest courtesy and most unaffected confidence. We will cherish the memory of his unblemished life; and will find in his honored career a stimulus to faithful service, and an incentive to lofty aspirations and a holy purpose.

W. A. ALEXANDER.

J. E. FOGARTIE,

Committee.

Class Poem.

(Class of '99, S. W. P. U.)

Though knowing nothing of the poet's art,
 And having in the Muse's legacy no part,
 Yet unto me hath been assigned the task
 Of seeking to divert you with a lay,
 By putting all prosaic thoughts away.
 Hence would I first thy kind forbearance ask,
 And voice the hope that gentle charity
 May all my many glaring faults pass by.

The world is sleeping, while the moon so bright,
 Rich 'broidery on the dusky robe of Night,
 Now hides behind a fleecy veil of clouds
 And sheds upon the earth a softened gleam,
 Transforming sordid things into the poet's dream;
 Now, coming forth again, the world enshrouds
 In shimmering robes of dim, uncertain light.
 Peace and beauty reign supreme to-night.

Look where the moonlight, through the warp and woof
 Of interlacing boughs, falls on the dormered roof
 And ivied walls of yonder ancient pile,—
 A residence that many years hath stood
 And smiling caught the Summer's winning smile,
 Or frowned in Winter's face. When stream and wood
 Woke to the Spring's rejoicing, 't awoke
 And sang too, in its heart of stone and oak.

Into a western window falls a beam
 Of broken, golden light. The softened gleam
 But dim illumines the room and just reveals
 Its lonely occupant, engrossed in thought.
 His frame is bent, as that of him who feels
 The weight of many years, and long hath sought
 To bear life's burdens with unflinching heart:
 Almost completed is his earthly part.

His eye is bent in musing on the floor,
 While he again the past is living o'er.
 Fond memory brings a thousand cherished scenes
 From out its treasure house, and one by one
 Presents to view a thousand faces, gleams
 The past of every action he has done,
 Of each ambition, each desire and thought,
 Of all the good and evil he hath wrought.

Well he remembers still the glow of youth,
 Its towering hopes, ere yet the dismal truth
 That hope is infant disappointment, lay
 Like a blight upon his saddened heart.
 Remembers how he stood, as we to-day,
 Upon life's threshold, eager to depart
 Into its mazes. His heart was rife
 With joy, as thus he sang of love and life:—

“Life? What is life but a grand, sweet song,
 Such as angel lips might sing?
 'Tis a current of music that bears us along,
 While our hearts respond to the joyous throng
 Of voices of love and Spring.
 Love? Ah, love is a beautiful dream,
 Under skies all rosy and gold
 With a light that shines with mystic gleam,
 Over hill and valley and rippling stream,
 In a land like Eden of old.”

Thus did he sing, his youthful heart aglow
 With kindling hopes; nor heard the sullen, low,
 Sad moaning of life's heaving sea,
 Nor saw the bleaching wrecks upon its shore,
 Nor dreamed at all that there was need that he
 Should stand down there, amid the deafening roar
 Of angry breakers, and should seek to save
 Some hapless victim of the wind and wave.

With care he planned to crown with rich success
 His life, and heap the things that bless
 A life upon his own—fair fame, and wealth
 With all its comforts, worldly wisdom, power,
 Love's sweet solace, happiness and health.
 And like his plans, so from that very hour

His life became—a restless striving, bent
On new achievement, still without content.

And if perchance he sometimes dimly saw
The shadow of the storm, it did not draw
Him from his tense pursuit; or if a cry
For help came, pleading, to besiege his ear,
He heard, half pitying perhaps, but made reply:—
“’Tis another’s place to help you; mine is here.”

So many a year he labored and was crowned
At last with power and wealth, a name renowned.

A thousand glowing eulogies have been
Pronounced upon him, and he so oft’ hath seen
His hopes perfected, that to-night he stands
On that exalted pinnacle that men,
In adoration, call success, his hands
Filled with its treasures. Is he then
Content? List to his voice as in the gloom,
Alone, he breaks the silence of the room.

“My life, what hath it ever brought that I
Should cling to it, or leave it with a sigh?
The years have flown but swiftly since the day
I stood upon life’s threshold, full of hope;
A half a century has slipped away
Since then. Soon in the darkness I must grope
Down to the river’s brink. Have I spent
Indeed successfully the life God lent?

“Yes, I have been successful, as such things
Are oft’nest counted, for the life that brings
The most prosperity and fame is called
The most successful. But the inner life—
The life that may be naught but death enthralled
In living bonds, or may with joy be rife
E’en with its outward prison in the gloom

Of midnight, or the darkness of the tomb,

"The life of soul—what measure hath it known
Of that serene contentment which alone
Makes life worth living? Wealth I have, in store,
But each addition added yet a care
To canker in the soul, and more and more
To rob it of content. Fame is mine, but where
I thought to find a priceless jewel, lo!
A bauble glitters with pretentious show.

"Love? I have not known it since in youth
I tasted for a day its sweetness, for in truth
I did not wish to weight Ambition's wing
With e'er so sweet a burden. Now my heart
Is parched and shriveled, like a lifeless thing.
Hath then no gladness fallen to my part?
Ah, yes. But only when, myself forgot,
I sought to help and bless another's lot.

"Life was not given that, selfish and alone,
Each soul should struggle, seeking but its own;
But each its brother's keeper, seeking first
To lift the shadow from another's life,
To feed some hungry soul and quench its thirst,
To be a gallant soldier in the strife,
Combatting sin and evil. Thus alone
Doth sweet contentment come when life is done."

And as we go to seek a happy lot,
Let us remember well that such is not
The one true end of life, and doth not come
From being sought. To live so that the world
Shall be the brighter that it was our home—
This is the end of life. Round such a life is furled
The sweetest joys a human life can know,
The richest blessings heaven can bestow.

—ROBERT B. ELEAZER.

Tales of the Gulf Coast:

I. That Cask of Wine.

It was sunset of a July day in the early part of the century when a boat came to land on one of the many bayous which wind in every direction through the prairies of the Gulf States. Dark and swarthy men were the boat's crew, tanned by exposure on land and sea in every clime. Here a Turk, there an Indian; in the bow, one whose rich brogue as well as flaming hair and broad features bespoke his Hibernian origin; in the stern one hailing from those frozen regions where the midnight sun is seen. A motley company it was, speaking a strange jargon, with clothing so rich and incongruous that it almost seemed a masquerade; armed with pistols and dirks, many of which were richly mounted and jeweled, while in the end of the boat lay a heap of muskets ready for instant use. People fled frightened by their wild look and actions and well they might, for Lafitte and his men respected no earthly authority but their own free wills. Yet it was said that these wild men kept a priest at their home at Baratavia in order that the dying free-booter might have his path to the other world made straight. Moreover at the doors of churches many leagues away rich offerings were sometimes left and no man could say whence they came, yet many times reports came after of some great ship captured and sunk off Baratavia bay, and people whispered that these were sent by the pirates in order that masses might be said for their victims. Such were the men who traveled up the Bayou Vermilian on this peaceful summer evening. When the boat had been brought to land the leader stood and looked long and earnestly, as if expecting to see some one coming. He was a tall man and his bold, free air and half military dress, which lent a certain distinction to his figure, marked him a man with whom it would

be dangerous to trifle. Nothing seemed to reward his gaze, for he turned to his companions and said in an impatient way:

"Something must have happened to Antoine, he has never failed us before. We can carry the rest of the stuff but," pointing to a cask of wine in the boat, "that must go overboard."

"Phat," said the Irishman, lapsing into his native tongue in his excitement over such a waste, "is it to throw away that foine sthuf. Shure an oil dhrink it meself furst."

"Yes," replied the leader contemptuously, "and have you howling drunk here within five miles of the soldiers. No sir, over with it."

At this point, however, a huge two-wheel cart was seen rolling through the woods as fast as a pair of very lean oxen could haul it, and beside it walked the much longed for Antoine.

"Well," said that worthy, "I have a fine place for the loot. Thought I had got slipped up on at last did you? O, no, trust old Antoine for that. The soldiers are twenty miles away looking for you on the other bayou. Pretty warm for them marching this kind of day ain't it? But load up and lets be moving, for it won't be healthy for you fellows if they should come back and find you here."

Leaving a few men to guard the boat, the rest of the crew followed the groaning, wheezing cart through the swamp. After awhile they left the timber land and struck out across the prairie towards a dark spot which gradually took on the form of a live oak grove, in the centre of which stood an old tumbled down cotton shed. It was a picturesque place. Around it stood the old oak trees with their wide spreading limbs draped in clinging moss. Beyond the grove the level savannas stretched away to the dark shadows of the bayou woods. The rising moon shed its pale light over the scene, giving it a ghostly look, while above in the branches the swamp owl whooped wildly to its mate. Here the crew stored the wine and towards daybreak betook

themselves off, telling one another of the great feast they would have at Christmas off the cask of wine.

Now it happened that on this very night three young men, Alcide and Henre Patin and Jules Seger, were returning from a dance and chancing to reach one side of the grove just as our daughty buccaneers reached the other, and perceiving the nature of the party with the cart, thought best to conceal themselves and await developments. Of what they saw let no man speak. Suffice it to say they returned the next night with a bucket and an auger and fearing to enter the shed crawled under, and boring a hole through the floor into the cask, did fit a spiggot therein and draw out enough of the contents to make them devotees of Bachus.

So did they nightly until there came a time when the wine ceased to flow, for the cask was empty. Then these three young men, having gained courage, entered the shed, and having filled up the cask with water and plugged up the hole, went on their way rejoicing.

The months passed on; summer ripened into fall, and then winter with icy hand clasped all things in her cold embrace. Again a band of Lafitte's men visited the grove, and taking the cask bore it over the prairies and journeyed with it down the bayous to the bay of far Barataria. And all the glad Christmas day they feasted and when the shadows of evening lengthened and in the west the sun sank gloriously as in a sea of gold, they brought out the cask and amid the trembling praises of the old, the prattle of children, and the acclamations of strong men, they broached it. Then the fairest maid in Barataria approached and drew the first glass, but instead of the sparkling, dancing wine there flowed a thin colorless liquid very evil to both eye and tongue. And when the man of Ireland saw this and realized the full extent of this calamity, he did not give way to any wild burst of grief, but in a heart felt way spoke these words, "Well oil be dommed."

—H.

A Castaway.

There it lies, poor crushed thing,
 A violet once fresh and bright;
 But now its life has taken wing,
 And left it there in that sad plight.

This morn 'twas plucked with all my love,
 A gift for her who was my all;
 But now it lies there just to prove
 A woman's guile, a lover's pall.

—O. S. ALBRIGHT.

Prof. S. R. McKee, Ph. D.

Solomon Reid McKee, Professor of Chemistry and Geology, was born in Mecklenburg county, N. C., in 1664. He attended Davidson College in the same State from 1884 to 1888, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. For the next four years he taught in the Bingham School at Asheville, N. C. From 1892 to 1895 he attended the Johns Hopkins University, where he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, making Chemistry his major study and Physics and Mineralogy his minors. For the last four years he has been Professor of Sciences in Ogden College, Bowling Green, Ky. In 1896 he married Miss Mary Carr Bingham. They have one son.

The division of the chair of Natural Sciences in our University gives an opportunity for the development of that department. Dr. McKee is fitting up a room for laboratory work as rapidly as the means at his command will permit.

Prof. J. B. Wharey, A. M.

James Blanton Wharey, Professor of English, was born in Cumberland county, Va., in 1872. His family soon moved to North Carolina and settled in Mooresville. From 1888 to 1892

he was a student at Davidson College, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from that institution. He taught one year at Cape Fear Academy, Wilmington, N. C., and then returned to Davidson as Instructor, filling this position for three years. During this period he received the degree of Master of Arts from that institution, having pursued his English studies under Dr. W. S. Currell, now of Washington and Lee University. He then entered the Johns Hopkins University and devoted himself chiefly to the study of English, with German and French as his minors. He has nearly completed the work required for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and expects to finish this in the near future. The University is fortunate in securing a successor to Dr. Naff so promptly, and one who is so well equipped for the work.

The Lesson of Sparta and Athens.

[It is the purpose of the Staff to publish an Alumni article each month. This is the first of the series.—ED.]

The glory of Sparta has departed. Her cities are silent and deserted. Her warlike sons have written her whole history in a few bloody lines that possess little value beyond the warning which they convey. She has left no monument of her ancient supremacy, and, true to her antipathy to all mental culture, has added nothing of value to the world's intellectual wealth. Athens, though dead, is living still. Her dismantled Acropolis and ruined temples, haughty even in their desolation, speak of an Athens that is dead. But her true life, the intellectual life, is beyond the power of centuries to destroy.

Sparta's supremacy was based solely on physical prowess; her victorious armies marked their paths only by ashes and bleaching bones. Athens, on the other hand, though eager too for conquest, bases her claim to greatness rather upon her intellectual than her military achievements. Her conquering armies and interloping colonies amply repaid the loss of political liberty

which they occasioned, by the greater boon of intellectual liberty which Athens was able and willing to confer.

Sparta furnishes an example of the elevation of matter over mind. The chief end of her civilization was the development of a race of warriors; no mental culture was esteemed of any consequence except it contributed directly to this end. Even in her palmiest days, Sparta was no more than a despotic power, ruling by force of arms and wholly lacking in those civilizing agencies which constitute the only justification of conquest. When her political existence ended, nothing was left to influence succeeding history, so that to-day she is a power that was, but is not. Athens, on the other hand, was an enthusiastic devotee at the shrine of her tutelary goddess, and esteemed the pursuit of knowledge to be the highest work to which a man could devote his energies. In the days of her political influence, Athens was an active agency in the spread of learning, and even now, when her political power has long since decayed, her influence is still felt on the world's intellectual life.

In these two rival states we see contrasted the forces of mental and physical culture. In observing their respective histories one is brought face to face with the great truth that thought alone, of all things earthly, is enduring. Indeed, one may almost go further and say that thought is the only force. Assuredly it is true that thought is the only original force. Psychologists tell us that in some inscrutable manner, the energy of mind, which we call thought, is transformed in the brain into molecular energy and, being transmitted thence along the telegraph system of nerves, at last has its outward manifestation in motion. The forces of nature, that seem on first thought to be independent of mind, derived their very existence, in the beginning of things, from the mind of the great Creator.

Whatever great thing has ever been accomplished has been the result of thought. Even Sparta, who so much scorned intellectual achievements, owed her system of government, so wonderfully adapted to the end which Sparta held sacred, to the mind of Lycurgus. The destiny of a nation is in the hands of its few great thinkers, rather than in those of its teeming millions. The world's battles, even, have been decided not so much by conflicting armies as by intellectual duels between opposing generals. The man whom we call the "genius" generally has

no other claim to this title than that he has thought more, and more earnestly, than other men. Further illustrations of this truth are unnecessary.

Year by year, new conquests have steadily widened the domain of reason; to-day its boundaries are broader than ever before. The marvelous achievements of this thaumaturgic force have succeeded each other with lightning rapidity; even the nimble foot of fancy seems scarcely able to keep pace with the sturdy stride of reason. How wonderful is this power of mind! What infinitude of grasp and versatility! How great and impassable a gulf is fixed between the lowest phenomenon of mind and the highest manifestation of matter!

But even in the midst of our reflections comes the sad realization that so many fail utterly to appreciate this marvelous gift. The man who really thinks is one among a thousand, most men spending their lives in a manner determined almost wholly by environments; keeping himself alive by a mere unthinking exercise of his physical energies, the average man never realizes the higher life of knowing and thinking for which the possession of a mind has fitted him. It is this sad condition of affairs which gives the demagogue such regal power in politics. It is this which makes men the slaves of prejudice and throws so great difficulties in the path of reform. It is this which dooms so many to a life without hope and without ambition, with no higher standard of life than mere existence. That such a condition of affairs should exist in this enlightened age is almost incredible, yet one has but to look around to see undeniable evidence that such is really the case.

The time has come when all this should be changed. The world has too long been dominated by a few men of thought. It is time that every man should recognize his own intellectual sovereignty and act accordingly. Only thus can he realize the destiny for which the Creator intended him. Only thus, indeed, can he vindicate his claim to humanity.

—ROBERT B. ELEAZER, '98.

Editorials.

V WITH this issue the JOURNAL begins its fifteenth volume. With the new year comes a new corps of editors. To one and all they extend greeting. They would express their appreciation of the trust committed to them; their heartfelt interest in the work given them to do; their determination to use every energy in endeavoring to make that work a success in its every department. In accord with this they present their ideal, with a request to the student body.

College journalism is not a mere pretense. It does not exist simply for show. It serves a useful purpose, and is quite a necessity. To put in print the wit, or as ordinarily termed, the "jokes" of college life is not its object; nor is it intended primarily to be a medium for giving news, as college circles can scarcely be said to need a special organ for either of these purposes. The JOURNAL is a literary periodical. Its chief design is to encourage the student in his endeavors at original composition. It thus stimulates interest, and assists in developing talent in the art of writing, by furnishing the amateur a convenient outlet for his endeavors. Such being the object of the publication, its success is conditioned upon the work done in its behalf by the individual student. Hence, the Staff makes an earnest request for coöperation. It does this especially in view of the fact that more space will be devoted to contributed articles than has been the case heretofore. The department work is in good hands and will be duly considered; but let the fact be emphasized that the number, variety, and excellency of the articles contributed by the students determine the character of the magazine. Many have taken a advantage of the opportunity, and have been frequent contributors to these columns, thus assisting in a good work. It is hoped they will continue to lend a helping hand, and that others may see it to their interest and be induced to do likewise. Thus may volume fifteen be nothing inferior to its predecessors, and maintain the reputation already gained by the JOURNAL among the college papers of the land.

AMONG the contributions this month appear tributes to the memory of Dr. Henry Wysor Naff, late Professor of English in this University. One is from the pen of the Chancellor, the other from Hon. John Bell Keeble, of Nashville, thus uniting the testimony of the Faculty and outside world to the worth of this able scholar. But those, whose loss is greater, would here offer a tribute to the man under whose instruction they have been guided—we speak for the student body. True that the Faculty will miss this colleague, that the world will miss this lecturer, but the loss is heavier to us, who claimed him as our teacher. His silent influence has entered the life of the University, and the impress of his character is found. At least so long as this generation of students remain within the University walls, he will in a real sense still be teaching the thought of the school.

When the news of his death came to us at our homes there was not an unsympathetic heart, and a shadow darkened the vacation. As we gather again to take up the work of another session, it is with an over-powering sense of the great loss. If he was so much to us, how much heavier must be the sorrow of her whom he has left? Our hearts go out in tender sympathy to his widow.

Now to sum up the life work of Dr. Naff from the students' view point, he was a master in the highest sense. With a soul fired by poetic inspiration, he aroused the ambition of his students, and being master of his subject, he was able to lead them into the treasure house of literature. He always had the confidence of the student, and his verdict in a disputed question was final. He combined the two great qualifications of a teacher, complete mastery of his department and skill in imparting his knowledge. But this is not all; there went forth from his life a spiritual and intellectual influence, refining and uplifting, which touched even those who were not in his classes. It was the man whom we loved, as well as the teacher whom we esteemed. There was a purity in his life and thought which enabled him to catch a vision of the spiritual, idealizing life and realizing the sweetest strains in the poet's song. The thought comes of his unspeakable joy when he entered the spirit world, and beheld the transcendent glories of which he had caught the shadow in this life.

✓ THERE comes a tide in the affairs of every man's life, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune. This statement, which is almost proverbial, should interest the student. Surely, with many, college life is such a flood time of the tide. It is a pleasant thought, it is an awful thought—the opportunity of the college student; pleasant in the case of him that improves the opportunity, but what is its meaning when neglected? We have at hand the record of a number of men, who late in life bewailed the time which they had misspent while at college. It is sadly interesting to note their follies as they themselves confess them; how here they mistook, and there pursued a wrong course; how here a golden opportunity was let pass, and there a mischievous habit began; at one time and another, guided by false principles; as often, under the control of no governing principles worthy the name. The counsel of such men (and who is not acquainted with some such?) should influence the student. He should endeavor so to shape his conduct that in after years he shall not regret his course. He should seek to realize the high privilege of his position, the importance of this period of his life. Thus let him have lofty ideals, a noble purpose, fully appreciating the gravity of the moment. The little five year old could not understand how the child could be the father of the man; but at this stage of our existence we may know how we are the architects of our own fortunes, and that here at college we are laying the foundation stones.

COMPARATIVELY few of the new students have joined the Literary Societies, and very many of the former members have given up this important branch of the University work. The question becomes a serious one, and we ask the careful thought of all in regard to it. Is it not an important part of your education to learn to use with force what you may gain by study? The devotion of Friday evening to amusement is treachery to your best interests; and further the man who enters the society work in earnest finds it pleasant, so that he may combine profit and pleasure. Those who look to the ministry or law as a life-work are either thoughtless or over-confident, when they fail to enter this department of work; it is necessary for them. Those looking to other callings, are losing an opportunity to gain a cherished advantage in after life; it is not, perhaps, necessary for them to have ease in speaking, but a great advantage. What are you going to do about it?

The Monthly Mail.

The college magazine occupies a peculiar position in the sphere of journalism. It has many serious difficulties to contend with both in regard to its aims and methods. Having to depend largely for its contributions on those who are inexperienced in writing, and being published with the view of developing the latent talent of the student body, it has perforce to accept many productions that are lacking both in finished style and elegance of diction. Moreover, its editors, being in most cases elected annually, no sooner become somewhat experienced in their work, than their term of office expires and a new management assumes control and the lessons have all to be learned anew. From these and many other causes the literary character of the magazine suffers. Perhaps one of the hardest places on the staff to fill is that of Exchange Editor; for to him falls the duty of examining and commenting on the numerous publications that emanate from our colleges and universities.

He must reprove the faults, yet with care lest he discourage those beginning; and in doing so he must likewise bear in mind those difficulties which beset the way of every college paper and make due allowance for them. He must also award praise where it is deserved, but he must do this judiciously; for extravagant praise is even more injurious to the well being of a publication of this nature than too severe criticism. With all these things in mind the present Exchange Editor enters upon his labors; and even though he failed in many things, at least give him the credit of having done the best that he, an amateur, and one not experienced in journal work, could do.

As most of the colleges have not yet issued the first numbers of their magazines we are compelled to turn backward and look over some of the commencement issues.

The University of Virginia Magazine contains one or two solid articles and two very readable stories. The first "Billy the Branch" is a story of the Manatoba lumber camps and at one

point savors strongly of the tragic but turns into comedy at the end; the other which bears the rather commonplace title "A Piece of Fiction" is comic and entertaining from beginning to end. This number however, especially in the department work, is not up to its usual degree of excellence.

Both the *Sewanee Literary* and the *Red and Blue* are up to their high standard in every respect. The first is replete in literary articles of high grade while the later is mostly devoted to fiction.

The cover to the *Freeman Echo* is pleasing to the eye but the contents prove disappointing. It is almost wholly taken up with articles on "The Economic Position of Women," "Cause of the Spanish-American War" and others of like nature. We must beg leave to differ with the author of the article on Cyrano De Bergerac, when he says that such characters as Porthos Athos Aramis D'Artagnon and Cyrano will live in the minds of the reading public long after Don Quixote, Faust, Jean Valjean, Cruso and Hamlet have passed away. While we acknowledge that the portraitures of the author's favorites have been well drawn, yet we would grieve to think that a set of "swash bucklers" would make a more lasting impression than such characters as Hamlet and Jean Valjean. This number is entirely lacking in both fiction and poetry, two very serious omissions that we hope will not occur in subsequent issues.

There is one production in the *Cento* which makes up for some of the many defects, with which that publication is always replete. "Berenice Lature," a dramatic sketch, is well written, and shows that the author possesses considerable talent in that direction. The *Cento* is to be congratulated for having gotten hold of an article of this kind, as they are seldom seen in the pages of a college paper. It also contains more poetry than usual, and must certainly be commended for this.

Clippings.

His pipe aglow, with no regret
For past or present, loss or debt,

A man can smoke and dream of fame,
 Of wealth and joy, an honored name.
 He has all happiness, and yet—
 I wonder if he does not fret?
 If I were his, would he forget
 What puts his mind in happy frame—
 His pipe aglow?

Of Fortune he has seemed the pet.
 The proper girl he's never met.
 Or else that pipe would seem more tame;
 The glow diminished, she his flame,
 He'd long for days when she could set
 His pipe aglow. —Red and Blue.

HOPE.

Twelve hours ago I sat beside
 A silver river's rippling tide,
 A silver river rippling o'er
 A yellow, golden-sanded floor,
 Ah, it was fair to look upon.
 All o'er the world the sun light beamed,
 And in my soul a radiance streamed,
 The light of Hope that unwierd gleamed
 As brightly as the sun.
 I left the stream and onward hied
 And, brightening all the country-side,
 A bank of violets I found
 Whose fragrance permeated round
 And perfumed all the slope;
 Awhile I drank the perfumed breeze,
 Then down I went upon my knees
 And gathered some, my Love to please,
 As fragrant they as Hope,
 Now in the dark, all in the dark;
 For I have quenched my passion's spark
 In the cold current of Her dreams,
 Beneath whose silver ripple gleams
 Naught but the sands of Gold.
 In bitterness of anguished hours
 Hope still is like the gathered flowers,
 A memory of fragrant bowers,
 But withered, dead, and cold. —U. of V.

I love thee for thy sparkling ways;
 With the I'd ever tarry.

I love thy sweet, enchanting lays,
 So musical and merry.
 I love the very atmosphere
 Of purity about thee,
 'Twould be extremely hard, I fear,
 To get along without thee;
 And yet thou hast a fearful way
 That fills my soul with wrath,
 Of changing unexpectedly,
 O fickle shower-bath!

—Harvard Lampoon.

THE CUIRASSIER.

With a hearty dash and a sabre's clash,
 With a thousand gleams and a double flash
 Of the brightened steel that knows no fear,
 What say ye lads as our horses rear?
 Who is there equals a cuirassier?

With a bold brave air and a winning smile,
 With a stolen kiss that's won by guile
 And a swagger known full many a mile,
 What say ye lassies as we appear?
 Was ever the like of a cuirassier?

A flagon then of the rich red wine
 And a toast for the foot, the men of the line,
 To the sapper, the lancer, the canoneer,
 But first to the man who owns no peer,
 Come drink ye men, "To the cuirassier!"

—Williams' Literary Monthly.

The Clarksville girl is good—and clever,
 A thing of beauty, a joy forever;
 O men may come and men may go
 But she goes on forever.

—Apologies to Cento.

Sing a song of touch downs,
 A pigskin full of air;
 Two and twenty sluggers,
 With long and matted hair;
 When the game was open,
 Sluggers 'gan to fight;
 Wasn't that for tender maids
 An edifying sight?

Alumni Notes.

The Alumni Association met in Waddell Hall on the afternoon of June the 13th, 1899. The meeting was well attended and considerable enthusiasm was manifested. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, addressed the association in a few earnest and well chosen words. Several matters of importance were discussed, among them the special rally next Commencement. This being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution under its present title, it was decided to have a special alumni rally, and to this end a committee was appointed to notify the alumni and make preparation for an anniversary dinner.

The following members of the Class of '99 have returned to take the Theological Course: Messrs. J. E. Berryhill, A. B., J. N. Blackburn, A. B., Edward Pope, A. B., and P. C. Irwin, A. B.

Members of the Class of '99 in business at their homes are Messrs. R. E. Blackburn, B. Ph., W. M. Cox, A. B., J. McN. Fullenwider, A. B., and F. P. Gracey, A. B.

Mr. J. F. Frierson, A. B., '99, has been elected President of French Camp Academy.

Mr. J. P. Montgomery, A. B., '99, is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Virginia.

Mr. G. D. Wilson, A. B., '99, is studying Engineering at the Boston School of Technology, Boston, Mass.

Rev. E. D. Patton, A. B., B. D., '99, is serving the Presbyterian Church at Marion, Alabama.

Rev. J. D. Wilson, A. B., '97, is pastor of the church at Union City, Tenn.

Rev. Brooks I. Dickey, B. D., '99, has charge of the Presbyterian church at Edna, Texas.

Mr. R. B. Eleazer, '99, is studying journalism in the city.

Rev. L. E. Selfridge, B. D., '99, is serving the church at Port Lavaca, Texas.

Rev. J. W. Moseley, Jr., '99, is in charge of the church at Scooba, Miss.

Rev. U. D. Mooney, '99, has accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian Church at Birmingham, Ala.

Rev. F. E. Bagby, '99, is filling the pulpit at Lower Peachtree, Ala.

Rev. R. L. Nicholson, '99, is supplying the church at Eliasville, Texas.

Rev. L. H. McInnis, '99, is pastor of the group of Presbyterian churches in and near Denmark, Tenn.

Rev. T. A. Claggett, '97, now of Tallahassee, Fla., will pursue a course of study at Princeton this winter.

Rev. S. L. McCarty, '97, has accepted a call to the First Church at Tallahassee, Fla.

Mr. S. G. Tate has accepted a position as instructor in French Camp Academy at French Camp, Miss.

Mr. W. B. Gray is attending the Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. T. L. Green is playing the role of a commercial traveler (Arkansaw traveler) in the Western States.

Mr. John W. Childress, Jr., has entered Princeton University.

Campus Catchings.

Patronize those who support us.

Get a season ticket to the Lyceum Course.

Mrs. Dr. Dinwiddie is visiting in Virginia.

Mr. Sam Tate is teaching at French Camp Academy.

Miss Mary Bardwell, of Robb Hall, is on a visit to Mississippi.

Dr. Webb was unable to be present at the opening on account of illness.

Miss Susie Reid spent a few days with Mrs. Lyon just after the opening.

Dr. Summey left last Thursday on a business trip to Louisville and Chicago.

Hardie was chosen Manager of the Foot Ball Team at the end of the last session.

The room back of the Chemistry room has been neatly fitted up for a Chemical laboratory.

Dr. Fogartie has moved into his new house next to Dr. Alexander's on College street.

McFadden was elected President of the Athletic Association in place of Gray, who did not return.

Frierson, our representative in the Southern Oratorical Contest at Mont Eagle, came out second.

Frank Deaderick has gone to Marianna, Ark., where he will enter business. We are sorry to lose Frank.

Miss Eliza Emery entertained a few friends and some college boys with a delightful picnic at the Bluff last week.

Buy a season ticket for the Lyceum Course.

The attention of the students is called to the Directory in the back of the JOURNAL, containing a list of the officers of all college organizations.

Dr. Lyon was re-elected President of the Tennis Association; George Summey, Jr., was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Turner, Manager.

It is time to begin work on the Annual. Some of the organizations have already chosen representatives, and it is hoped the others will do so at once.

Drs. Nicolassen and Lyon and a large number of students went over to Hoptown to see the foot ball game and take in the Street fair. They report a fine time.

Gaines Hall, the Y. M. C. A. delegate to the Summer School at Asheville, N. C., made his report Sunday before last. He reported a most helpful and interesting trip.

Miss Grace Stacker gave a trolley party, a week or so ago, in honor of her visitor, Miss Williams, of Guthrie. After the ride, delightful refreshments were served at her home.

Mr. T. W. Elsom, Jr., of Washington, is coaching the '99 Foot Ball Team. He played on the University of Virginia team for four seasons. He has gotten the team into good shape.

Among the Alumni visitors at the opening of the University were Revs. J. W. Cobb, C. S. Sholl, and H. L. Patterson. During his stay Mr. Sholl preached at the Presbyterian Church.

It is said that a well known Theologue heard some boys talking about poker, and when they spoke of a "pot" and "chips," he said the game must be something like tiddle-de-winks."

The following occurred in Junior English, while the class were reading Macbeth:

Prof. Wharey: "Mr. L. B. Hensley, where did the murder of Duncan take place?"

Hensley (thinking of his girl): "Ur—ur—on the stage."

Patronize those who support us.

The Fraternities have so far been augmented as follows: K. S.: Rea, R., Parrish, Bailey, Jas., Ritter, Daniels. K. A.: McGehee, Ligon, Breard. A. T. O.: Caldwell, Hall, W. L. S. A. E.: Gill, McDonald. P. K. A.: Sholl.

We are glad to see Prof. Mooney back with us. Gym. work is in good shape. The following apparatus has been added to the gymnasium: a trapeze, a twenty-six foot hair mat, a pair of scales, one-half dozen chest machines, and a horizontal bar.

The opening of the University this year was most auspicious. While a large number of the old men did not return, quite a number of new men entered, and the enrollment is about the same as last year. Dr. Lyon was chosen to succeed Dr. Naff as Librarian. The following were appointed a Committee on Athletics and Gymnasium: Professors Deaderick, Dinwiddie and Lyon.

They say—

That Berryhill is taking vinegar for anti-fat.

That Burgett Mooney said Dr. Lyon was a physician, because he teaches physics.

That Dr. Nicolassen is taking a course in "Puck."

That Dr. Fogartie got Julius Cæsar and Satan mixed up the other day in Ethics.

That Dr. Alexander wants to go off with the foot ball team.

Several days ago a very interesting and touching incident occurred at Chapel. It was the presentation by the students to the Faculty and the University of a life size portrait of our beloved and honored former Professor of English. The presentation was made by Mr. Melvin, who had been chosen for this duty at a mass meeting of the students. Dr. Price received the picture for the University. The portrait is an excellent likeness and will be hung in the Chancellor's office.

The first foot ball game of the season was played at Hopkinsville last Saturday with the South Kentucky College. Our line up was as follows: Hill and Byars, ends; McLain and Norwood, tackles; Irwin and Hensley, guards; Townsend, center;

Albright, quarter-back; Hardie and Elsom, halves, and Wilson, full-back. Neither side succeeded in scoring, but S. W. P. U. kept the ball in S. K. C. territory throughout the entire game. The game while well played was a featureless one.

The Y. M. C. A. reception was held on September 29th. The rooms were tastefully decorated with golden rod and pot plants. A large crowd was present and the evening was a most enjoyable one. Prof. Mooney gave a short exhibition in the "Gym." and Scott Lyon entertained with his gramophone. Frappe and cakes were served, the tables being gracefully presided over by Mesdames H. H. Bryant and J. H. Lacy. The Association is much indebted also to Mesdames Summey, Owen and Lyon for so beautifully arranging the rooms.

The Y. M. C. A. has arranged for an excellent course of entertainments to be given this winter. The dates are as follows:

October 16th—A. W. Hawks, The Laughing Philosopher.

November 21st—The Meigs Lesler's Vocal Quartette.

January 26th—Miss Ida Beufey, Storyteller.

February 17th—Mr. Chas. F. Underhill, Impersonator.

March 5th—Prof. Louis Favour, Lecturer.

April 7th—Katherine Ridgway Concert Company.

Mr. Hawks will tell about "People I Have Met;" Miss Beufey will give "Les Miserables;" Mr. Underhill will present "The Rivals," and Prof. Favour's subject is "Electricity." Students should avail themselves of this opportunity and obtain season tickets at once.

DIRECTORY

—OF—

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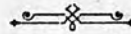
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