

Volume XV.

#100 Tenn
NNN

Number 2.



SOUTHWESTERN
Presbyterian University
Journal.



November, 1899.

CONTENTS:

Hope	1
An Unpaid Debt—Commencement Speech	2
A Trade.....	8
A Nation's Strength.....	8
Life and Song	10
Business Principle in Study	12
Tales of the Gulf Coast—" II. The Gold Seeker ".....	19
An Old Love Song..	22
Our Galaxy	23
Boer and Britisher	25
Editorials	29
The Monthly Mail.....	31
Clippings	33
Alumni Notes	35
Campus Catchings.....	36
Foot Ball2.....	38
Directory	40

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.

The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum. Single copies, 15 cents. On sale at Owen & Moore's.

Address all communications to Editors of College Journal, Clarksville, Tenn.

(Entered at Clarksville, Tenn., Postoffice as second-class mail matter.)

Southwestern
Presbyterian University
Journal

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1899.

Editorial Staff.

Stewart Literary Society.

D. H. OGDEN, Louisiana, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
GEO. W. FRASER, Louisiana, EXCHANGE EDITOR.
GEO. D. BOOTH, Alabama, LOCAL EDITOR.
W. W. WOLFE, Alabama, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Washington Irving Literary Society.

J. F. EDDINS, Mississippi, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
C. E. RAYNAL, Alabama, ALUMNI EDITOR.
R. B. PRICE, Mississippi, LOCAL EDITOR.
W. R. MCCALLA, Tennessee, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Hope.

Erect, he stood by the boundless sea
In the early morn; and, watching the waves,
Dreamed of the course that before him lay.
Far from the shore on the ocean wide,
Past the rocks and the reefs of the coast,
Was the prize; and hope ran high,
As the billows rolled
With their crests of gold
Touched by the rising sun.

—X.

An Unpaid Debt.

(A Commencement Speech.)

Death cancels debt; but some creditors never die. The race that appeared in the earliest dawn of history still lives to claim its reward; and the time will come when the nations of Christendom must mete it justice. From the day on which Abram was called forth from the land of his nativity, even until now, his people have at once been the heroes and the actors in the greatest and most awful tragedy the world has ever known. Their scenes have been shifting and changing till their acts have been played beneath the gaze of every nation. They have been the subjects of every dynasty. They are acquainted with every tongue and every latitude. "The sun of Africa has scorched and the snows of Lapland chilled them." But in all their wandering no shelter have they found. They have faithfully obeyed the laws of every realm, but have been protected by none. They have yielded to the unjust exactions of tyrants but have received no reward in return. For nearly twenty centuries they have been without a king or a country, driven from nation to nation—the most miserable spectacle of the world's history. Seeking a home where none bade them welcome, they left the ruins of their ancestral city to be mocked, derided, and denounced. The nations have combined every power of pen and sword to accomplish their extermination. Every age of their history could record a "Bartholemew's Day." Almost every hill and valley of Europe, if they could speak, would cry aloud with horror, re-echoing the despairing shouts of the unfortunate Israelite.

These are not mere fancied pictures of the past. The penumbra of those shadows is still visible in Europe and America, and the lessons of history must be learned again before it shall fade away into historic space. It was not till 1849 that civil

rights in England were conceded the Jew through the instrumentality of Mr. Gladstone. Germany waited until 1871 to follow in the path of duty. Less than twenty years since the Christian world was horrified at the outrages perpetrated by Russia upon her subjects of Jewish faith. To-day France is showing her deep-seated hatred in the Dreyfus affair. And while America, with her civil liberty and her broad spirit of toleration is generous enough, theoretically, to include those of any race under her protection, yet their lies beneath her written an unwritten law, that prescribes limitations for the son of Israel. He is practically ostracized from Christian homes; and the faith that ought to protect this erring wanderer is barred against his entrance, largely by the folly of those who profess it.

To lay no censure upon the Jews would be unfair in the extreme. His faults have been many. Not altogether unjustly has he met with this opposition throughout his history. But whatever may be unattractive in his life and habits is brought into prominence; whatever may be irritating in his business rivalry and success is unduly magnified; whatever may be ungenerous and unholy in his attitude toward Christianity is exaggerated by those who are determined to close their eyes to the light of truth. Blinded by prejudice against the habits of the Jew to-day, they fail to see their unpaid debt of the past.

For while the most illustrious empires of earth have long since fallen and buried with them their greatest institutions, that institution founded in the wilderness of Southern Arabia more than 3,500 years ago is still a living factor in the government of the nations. It gave to them the civic principle that "all men are born free and equal;" and this is to-day the most cherished tenet of the American commonwealth—the political creed of the future. Every democracy owes its origin to the code that first recognized no superiority in one citizen above another, but gave to all an equal voice in the administration of its government. But this Mosaic principle did not stop with equality. It incul-

cated fraternity. Its spirit was broader than kindred or country or race.

Nor is this the only service the Hebrew has rendered mankind. To him we are indebted for all the great impulses that have given the nations the stainless glories of their past. When driven beyond the borders of his native land, he carried with him the latent energy whose force has been the most potent factor in the overthrow of barbarism. Though deprived of country, capital, and home, he never suffered his offspring to be deprived of culture. Though cast amid the Northern forests, or on the desert plains, there he collected his kindred about him, and taught them the learning of his fathers.

During the middle ages the translations, commentaries and philosophical writings of Abben Ezra and Maimonides caught up and reflected the fading light of truth through those centuries of darkness into the more brilliant period of the Reformation. At the time when the Greek learning lay buried amid the ruins of the Western nations, the Hebrews were reading and disseminating the ancient classics among the colleges of Christendom. History is loud in her praise of the Baconian philosophy, while the people from whom it came have no epitaph to attest their tribute.

In the infancy of civilization, when the Western world could hardly claim a thatched hut, this people had their fenced cities, their splendid palaces, their institutions of learning, their poets and their statesmen. They have been among the sincerest admirers of music, since Miriam sang her brother's triumph, since the daughters of Judah hung their harps upon the willows and wept by the waters of Babylon.

From the days of Moses they have given the world some of its greatest leaders in the science of jurisprudence. At the time when Disraeli was governing England, the leader of the Liberal party in Germany, and the leader of the Republican party in France were Hebrews. We can point with pride to our own

Judah P. Benjamin, who, after performing faithfully his duty to the Confederacy, became the most brilliant light of the English bar. A host of others might be mentioned, whose services in the realms of science, literature, art, and philosophy attest their right to be ranked in intellect among the first of earth's races. They deserve anthems of international praise, but not a harp is strung, not a trumpet blown in their honor.

In social not less than in national virtues, have they contributed to the development of mankind. Their work of charity stand absolutely without parallel among the noble deeds of men. The bequests of Seligman, Touro, Rothschild and Hirsch, regardless of race or nationality, will continue a boon and blessing as long as there is suffering humanity. The name of Hyam Solomon is inseparable from the early history of our country. When success seemed doubtful, it was he who sacrificed his fortune to maintain our army in the struggle for independence. The great fabric of Jewish charity, whose broad expanse extends throughout the land, has compassed every element of society. This philanthropic spirit has responded to every call of humanity, expressed every trait of civilization, and contributed to every movement of culture.

Patriotism and bravery belong not to the Anglo-Saxon alone. The spirit that fired the Maccabees was not quenched by the oppressor's hand, but has lived on, asserting itself in every call to arms, and every demand for duty. And it must be remembered that the Hebrew in Europe has been a patriot under the most serious disadvantages. What unparalleled instances of patriotic devotion, when he returned from war to find his home confiscated, his family imprisoned, and himself a stranger to the rights and privileges for which he had fought in response to his country's call! Such examples are unequaled in all the annals of history.

During the dark days of the Confederacy, the Hebrews of the South left their homes, resigned cheerfully their pursuits,

and entered the ranks to fight and die if need be for the cause dear to their hearts. Every battlefield from Manassas to Appomattox can testify to the bravery of the Jewish soldier. But when he returned, and the war drum had ceased to beat, the world forgot its debt and said "the Jew is no patriot."

To this people belongs the unquestioned leadership in the organization of commerce. Before the world could read, the child of Abraham was carrying on a system of banking, and extending his trade beyond the limits of civilization. Time and again he has held the destiny of Europe in the vaults of his treasury, and more than once, by wisely refusing a loan, has he pulled back a nation from the verge of war. But the world has forgotten her debt, and brands him with the undeserved title of a "Shylock." They are called a mean and money-getting race. We have treated them as slaves, and wonder because they are not social. We have deprived them of every honorable profession and abuse them for seeking the next best. We have shut them out from all paths of ambition, and despise them for taking refuge in avarice. Look into our congress halls and see if all there who obey the voice of greed are Jews. Look into the notorious trust, and see if all there who have cornered railroads, lands and homes are Jews.

But these are tributes of material interest alone. It is not my purpose to contrast the relative values of Judaism and Christianity. But the one was forerunner and founder of the other. When God proclaims His law, we behold a Jew; when idolatry is crushed, we behold a Jew; when hypocrisy is exposed and oppression denounced, we behold a Jew; and when the sublimest figure of the ages appears before us, to live and suffer and die for man, we still behold a Jew! From Judaism sprang that system which has illuminated the darkness of the succeeding centuries, driven to defeat the gross superstitions of Paganism, taught the world a broad and liberal humanity, and adorned it with the splendor of a true-hearted civilization.

The Jew has surely a mission to perform. God does not permit the withered foliage to hang forever upon the bough. And if Israel, like a withered and sapless vine has been spread for these centuries over the trellis-work of nations, it must be that the day will come when He shall remove its deadened form and give it life again. The destiny of the world is inevitably wrapped up in the destiny of the Jew. No nation has persecuted and lived to survive him. Egypt and Assyria, from whose malignant hands he suffered, have long since been numbered with the dead. Rome has perished, and now Spain, whose hands are red with Jewish blood, stands before the bar of nations and the throne of justice—a nation doomed to death. Though the liberality of this enlightened nineteenth century civilization protects him in name, the nations must learn that in dealing with the child of Abraham, they are dealing with the most terrible figure of history—whose persecution will be met by divine retribution.

But this is not the extent of our duty. Though we fear to fear to oppose, may we be prompted by a purer motive to help him. Let the theory of his restoration be what it may, the fact remains that our wandering brother is still without the fold. In the name of justice remember this people for their past. Reclaim them from the dark and frigid regions of humanity on which the genial rays of human kindness have never shone. Win back this long exiled race into the freedom purchased by one of their own. Then may we expect the celestial choir, that awoke the shepherds on the hills of Palestine, to repeat their same song, when the hosts of heaven and the inhabitants of earth will join in the chorus with one harmonious strain—"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

—MARION E. MELVIN.

A Trade.

[Published at the request of a friend of the X, Y, Z Club.—Ed.]

In my first year at S. P. U.

 I took a Beta Sig. degree,
And proud was I of membership
 In such fraternity.

In two more years of steady work
 'Mongst Greek and Latin parts,
I got an inscribed parchment,
 A Bachelor of Arts.

Another year of lighter work,
 The weeks fly swiftly by,
And when Commencement comes again
 A wise A. M. am I.

Two more swift years have stolen by,
 And soon the world may see,
My humble name inscribed B. A.,
 A. M., and Ph. D.

And now I ought to be content,
 If any man should be,
The chase may have been hard at times,
 But I've secured all three.

But what do these things signify?
 What joy can they bring me?
I'd give them all and myself too
 For just one X, Y, Z.

—W. H. P.

A Nation's Strength.

Once the sword received no opposition from the pen; a king ruled because he was strong, and a lord was master of his vassals

because they could not match his power. But the darkness of medieval times has vanished before the light of the centuries until to-day mind rules the world. Among the most important problems with which the new sovereign, Mind, has to deal, are these: Where does a nation's strength lie? and how can it best be developed?

Many have sought in vain to answer the first question. Louis XIV. thought that he had solved the problem when he uttered his political formula, the application of which left France an ocean of blood. King John, to his sorrow, found the answer at Runnymede, and since his time those English sovereigns who have profitted by his experience, have been the most successful and happy.

A nation's strength is its common people; this is the day of Democracy. No race has ever been so devoted to liberty as the English, and none has ever been so vigilant in protecting it as they. Demagogues may raise political storms over them, but after the clouds have rolled away there is one thing sure to remain, and that is the right of an intelligent voter to cast his ballot. The ballot box is the crucible in which these precious nuggets are melted into the sceptre of state. Thus political franchise is the expression of national power. Recognizing this fact, America has produced one of the grandest systems of government that exist.

Left alone, the strength of a man will either remain undeveloped or grow to no advantage. So a nation left without a guide will too often grow weak rather than strong. When the unity of the Roman Empire was broken, when the rudder of state fell to the hands of unskilled pilots, the national craft was tossed wildly in the mad race which led but to the goal of destruction. This great disorder was brought about by the fact that the private citizen had permitted the value of his civil rights to depreciate in his own estimation. Eastern luxury had made a subtle invasion to the very hearth stones of the people. Virtue

and honesty were destroyed in the individual before the prestige of the empire was weakened abroad. The superstructure could not but fall after the foundation had decayed.

The energy of any people may be best manifested under the leadership of able public men. They bear the same relation to the welfare of a country as officers do to the success of an army. Did Washington, the soldier, do more for his country than Washington, the statesman? General Taylor's army could easily put to flight a Mexican army which vastly outnumbered it, because the American leader was strong. The famous Tenth Legion knew no defeat when Cæsar was at its head. So it is when a nation has a great man at its head. He beckons; they follow. The dynamic center of national power is found securely lodged in the will of the intelligent masses, and, though it may for a time be unexpressed or unheeded, it is the supreme dictator in all our public affairs. —J. N. BLACKBURN.

"Life and Song."

An high ideal is the need of every life. It is inspiring to listen to this song of Sidney Lanier, which, giving his ideal, mirrors his soul and enables us to catch, in part, a vision of the glory of his inner life :

"If life were caught by a clarionet,
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;"

Life and song must be one. The wild heart with its joy and fret, its sunshine and shadow, its hopes, its ambitions, its all must live in the song. Poetry is spiritual : it has to do with the

soul's experience ; it is a confession. Life is the unsung song. There is wealth of pathos, fullness of joy, depth of tragedy, which need only to be caught by the clarionet and breathed forth in music to the world. The true poet is thus the prophet of life, the revealer of the soul.

This is the ideal, but is never completely realized :

“For none o’ the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,
Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife ;”

The aim of the poet is to live his song and sing his life. Lanier's idea is in striking contrast with the examples furnished by the poets, for so many have been base in their lives, while noble in their song. This is the utterance of a spiritual ideal. Live the song ; sing the life. The figure used, marriage as the perfect union, expresses the sacredness of the relation 'twixt song and life. “The perfect one”—the completed life, the finished song. Thus to stand together without violation of the sacred union is the ideal relation.

The poem continues :

“Or lived and sung, that life and song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long
Since both were one, to stand or fall ;
So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land ;
His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand !”

The poem is a plea for an higher life, for a nobler song. Its lesson is for poets ; but are we not all such in a sense ? The vision

of the life of Lanier comes to us as we read these lines. This is the out-breathing of his soul ; his is the "wild heart throbbing in the reed." This is his ideal ; his life shows how true he was to it.

—A. B.

Business Principles in Study.

The dictionary definition, or, rather, description, of Business indicates the propriety of our theme. It is a "pursuit or occupation that employs or requires energy, time, and thought." This statement runs counter to the opinion of an essayist who represents the man engaged in the routine of business as having nothing to do but remain in the beaten track and let his affairs pursue their own course. "The great requisite," says Hazlitt, "for the successful management of ordinary business is the want of any imagination, or of any ideas but those of custom and interest on the narrowest scale." How different is the truth as expressed by Smiles: "Attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and dispatch are the principle qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort." Such being the qualities required, perhaps the same writer is not far from the truth when he says that perhaps of no other pursuit can it so emphatically be said as of this, that "business makes men."

Now, in presenting the notion that study may be regarded as a business, let it be understood at the outset that we mean *study*; not the mere passing through a college course, going the routine of life at a university, in any outward sense. A student may have any amount of "college spirit," but unless he has the spirit of study, the latter cannot be regarded as his business. The true aim of the student is to acquire knowledge, and, more than that, to train the mind to think. Regarding his attendance at college, then, as his occupation, would be misleading. This is the method which he adopts for performing his business, and,

indeed, its essential helpfulness will not be questioned. Study, then, obviously, being the occupation of the student, let us see how certain simple, yet important principles that apply in any business must be heeded by him.

The student must acquire habits of self denial, perseverance, and thoroughness; he must be industrious, methodical, prompt. Prof. John B. DeMott, in giving the summary of his extensive inquiries as to the causes of success in individual cases, states as a first cause the application of the great law of self-sacrifice. As a wise educator once remarked, "A young man will never succeed until he learns to forego his wants." The student is no exception. He, too, must have a principle that will enable him to turn aside the interruptions which naturally come in to a course of study. There are many things which he must not acquire a relish for, or which he must be able to control. There are physical pleasures which he will not find compatible with his line of work. The habit of using tobacco can be of no help to him, and we are quite sure many would accomplish more if their diet were better regulated. Not to speak of the inclination to spend much time in society, mention might be made of the seasons when the spirits droop, or when there is a total disrelish for study, when courage does not move the mind to action; there is the inclination not to discourage the interruptions of companions, when they have yawned over their own books, getting nothing out of them and come to others for sympathy, or, as it is characteristically expressed of a certain class, to "bum." There may be a habit of reading novels and worthless books; finally, there is that tendency, found in a greater or less degree in every son of Adam, not to work, the remark still being applicable, perhaps, that "impatience of study is the mental disease of this generation." These things must be overcome by the law of self-denial, that a present and pleasing experience should not turn us aside from striving after more permanent results.

Note some of the proverbs of the nations, which have espe-

cial bearing on financial success. "A penny saved is a penny gained." "No sweat no sweet." "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." "He who will not work, neither shall he eat." "He that is slothful in work is brother to him that is a great waster." "Work and thou shalt have." "No pains no gains." These statements have stood the test of time. They are true, and in their essence apply to every occupation. The student, too, must learn the principle of self-denial. Immediate results demand it; the habit thus acquired will prove of inestimable value to him after his college life ceases.

By perseverance, we mean the steadfast prosecution of some particular line of work. In the case of the student this means that he have a definite notion of those branches of learning which he wishes to master, and that he apply himself assiduously to his task. "I once knew a man," says Todd in his excellent book, *The Students' Manual*, "a student, who somewhere read of a great man who wrote over his door, '*Dum loquimur tempus fugit*;' and immediately he had it in staring capitals over his door. Again, he read that a very learned man used to admire Blackstone; at once he drops all and purchases Blackstone's Commentaries. These he began to read with great eagerness; but, happening to hear that Oliver Ellsworth was in the habit of getting most of his information from conversation, (a fact which I doubt,) he was for dropping Blackstone, and going from room to room to gather information by conversation!" So one must fix definitely in his mind a course of study, and apply himself thereto faithfully if he would accomplish anything. He may begin this or that course of study, and be persuaded of its inutility and abandon it for another, and then give this up for another, and so on until his course of college life has been spent in the very profitable business of giving up one line of work for another. He may return home, but only to show the force of the habit which he has acquired, and be useful to the world as

an object lesson on the folly of a lack of perseverance. On the other hand, when this remarkable quality, perseverance, which bids defiance to every obstacle, is possessed to any considerable degree, its results are grand. He who possesses it has more than genius; for "I will," followed by an indefatigable perseverance, has done far more in history than any amount of so-called genius. Indeed, what is the latter? Buffon says of genius, "It is patience." Foster calls it the power of lighting one's own fire. It is further described as "common sense intensified," and "the power of making efforts." Ask the greatest of the race their estimate of genius. "By always thinking unto them," was the answer which Newton made, when asked how he worked out his great discoveries. The same philosopher says in another place, "If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought." "Any man can do whatever any other man has done," was the maxim of another eminent man. Luther accomplished great things because he had a persevering spirit. "I will go to Worms," he says, "though devils were combined against me as thick as the tiles upon the house tops." And Napoleon declared the truest wisdom to be that of resolute determination. "There shall be no Alps," was his reply to those who told him that the Alps stood in his way, and the road across the Simplon was built. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." But, not to multiply instances, it is the record of the great that indecision and inaction accomplish nothing, the condition of success being persistent work. "He," says Wirt, "who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter suggestion of a friend—who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather cock to every point of the compass with every breath of caprice that blows,—can never accomplish anything great or useful." On the other hand, he who "first consults wisely, then resolves

firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit"—that person will go on from victory to victory. The student, who thus moves forward, will find mountains falling before him, and the empire of learning at his feet.

Again, thoroughness is an essential in business. The man who is not habitually accurate need not hope to keep a position of trust. It is a very *sine qua non* of progress. Pre-eminently, should this quality characterize the student. The demand of the age for a "liberal education," it must be confessed, militates against the development of this trait. There is too much ground covered if this demand is fully heeded, for the student thoroughly to master the different courses. This is indeed a day of books, the "spread of knowledge" is immense; but if we lay stress on the first word of the last clause, we get the truth that knowledge may be very extensive, and yet a mass of ignorance beneath; the "spread" may be in very thin layers. Books are everywhere read, but are they really studied? The number of those who know a little of everything is rapidly increasing, but has this class an exact knowledge of anything? Such readers have happily been compared to a certain kind of pocket knife, which contains not only a common knife, but, also, a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screw-driver, and a pair of scissors, but the whole and all its parts are worthless because of the small size of the latter. The value of carefulness and exactness cannot be over-estimated. An English author, Dr. Johnson, is said to have been in the habit of sending his manuscript to the printer without looking at it for revision after writing it, so painstaking was he. "Master each lesson each day and you will succeed," is a motto we have seen in a student's room. Passing over a field of study has been likened to conquering a country. If *everything* is conquered as one proceeds, victory will be won; but if here and there a fort or a garrison is left not subdued, trouble will ensue. Here is some excellent advice from an author already quoted: "He

who accustoms himself to pass over a word or sentence, or a single point of mathematical inquiry without thoroughly understanding everything that can be known about it, will soon be known as an inaccurate scholar; will feel but half confident on any subject, and, what is worse, will have acquired a habit which will forever make his knowledge vague and uncertain both to himself and to others. There is such a constant mortification and loss of self-respect attending the habit of going upon the surface, that, were it only for personal comfort, you should be thorough." Michael Angelo was asked by a person on his second visit to the great artist what he had been doing since the former visit. "I have retouched this part," he replied: "polished that; softened this feature, brought out that muscle; given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," his visitor exclaimed. "It may be so, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Horace Mann uses this striking expression: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever." "Dost thou love life?" asked Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff it is made of." "Time is money," says the man of business. Indeed, it is more. Dollars and cents would be a poor way of estimating its real value. The proper employment of it means the acquisition of knowledge and the development of all that is good and noble in mind and heart. The constant and proper use of time is industry; its organization, method, both of which qualities are essential in business. The best men of business have their minds so trained that idleness is irksome to them; if circumstances drive them from one occupation, they immediately find refuge in other pursuits. To such men employment is always at hand; indeed they make leisure, where the idle man finds none; for, as George Herbert somewhere wisely remarks, "He hath no leisure who

uses it not." Hence, the saying is true that length of years is not the test of life.

Method, too, is essential. "One thing at a time," "Never put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day," are helpful precepts, if strictly heeded. Routine, to some minds, is despicable; but routine is the life of business. Phillips Brooks describes it as a terrible master, yet a servant whom we could not well do without. But, after all, it is not such a terrible master. A wise and judicious, not a blind and stupid, routine add interest and pleasure to work. This is shown by our dislike of being interrupted when performing a task at an accustomed time.

Finally, it is not sufficient that we have appointed times for our several duties; the habit of promptness in the execution of such plans must be acquired. "Punctuality," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings." It is more than that; it is their duty, as it is likewise incumbent on every man. Success in business demands promptness in filling engagements. The confidence of others is thus secured. Punctuality requires that, having made a schedule of work, we be prompt in executing it. It is one thing to lay out a plan for the employment of our time, and another thing to execute that plan. Energy, here, is the essential thing. Promptly and energetically to execute imposed tasks is more difficult perhaps in the sphere of the student's duties than in any other business. To do this often requires the closest attention, but there are times when the mind can hardly be made to attend; it requires application, when application may be next to impossible; it means active, vigorous, thinking, when the mind may be neither active nor vigorous. Hence, some very plausible pretexts, and others frivolous withal, may be found for shirking work. These need not cause one to turn aside from his purpose. Determination and applied energy will overcome them.

—J. F. E.

Tales of the Gulf Coast.

II. The Gold Seeker.

On the banks of the bayou Plaquemine stands a gnarled old magnolia tree, whose rich green dome, towering above the surrounding swamp oak and cypress, is a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. At its foot flows the sluggish stream which, with many a twist and turn through vine-clad woodland and grassy prairie, at last joins the Mermentau, and seeks its rest in the great salt water. But, defying alike the attempts of the stream to undermine it, and the stormy blasts of winter, which rush groaning and shrieking amongst its branches, as though bent on tearing the monarch's crown, the forest king still stands, and seems to whisper softly of the times of long ago, when vast herds of buffalo wandered over the fertile savannas and the Indians camped beneath its shapely boughs. Beneath it one may yet see the marks of digging and the great roots hacked and cut by vandal ax; and one day as I stood looking at these old marks of human hands, Etienne told me the story of the gold seeker and his wild quest.

Long before the Americans settled the country, Pierre Angel lived in his cabin, far up on the bayou. A strange retiring sort of man he was, having little to do with his neighbors, and occasionally going off on long trips, whither no man knew. Sometimes he would be away so long that he was thought to have gone back to the city, whence rumor had it he had originally come; then he would appear in his old haunts, and resume the hunting and fishing by which he made his living. When people came to see him he would come to the door of his hut and talk to them courteously enough, but there it ended; no one had ever succeeded in entering that cabin door.

Years passed and a village grew up on the bayou bank. Pierre's black hair became sprinkled with gray, but he lived

solitary and alone as of old, until at last his neighbors ceased trying to become acquainted with him, and learned to look on him with a sort of pity, and called him "Crazy Old Pierre." He did not seem to notice their pitying looks, however; but came and went silent and reserved as ever.

About this time reports of strange doings began to be rumored abroad. Great holes were found dug at various places in the woods; and rumors of buried treasure drifted around among the simple dwellers on the bayou. No one could say when, or by whom the work was done. One day a boy, passing a place that had been freshly dug, caught sight of something yellow fluttering among the leaves. Curiosity prompted him to see what it was, and on picking it up, he found that it was an old chart, dirty and worn by much handling, but still entire. On it, in several places, red crosses were marked; while below were written strange looking signs, and words in a language he did not know. He brought it to the village, and soon a little knot of men had gathered around him, looking curiously at the faded parchment. It was handed from hand to hand, but no one was able to say for what it was intended, or could decipher the writing at the bottom.

Just at this moment Pierre, who had come in that day to trade his game and skins for provisions and ammunition, happened to pass the group. Catching sight of the chart, he gave a great cry; and, darting into the center of the crowd, snatched it from the hand of one of the men; then ran with it toward his boat. The men, thinking that the chart might be of value, and resenting the way in which Pierre had gained possession of it, started in pursuit. Pierre outran them and, leaping into his boat, paddled swiftly away up the bayou.

From this time he ceased coming to the village, but went miles away to secure needed provisions. Whenever a place was found dug in the woods, the people at once laid it to his door, and even sought to catch him at his work, but no one ever suc-

ceeded in this, though fresh marks of his labor appeared from time to time.

The mystery of his life deepened. That he was searching for the gold which, it was said, the Spaniards had buried when they were forced to leave the country no one doubted. Where, or how he had gotten hold of the chart no one knew, but all, who had seen it, supposed that the crosses marked the places where the gold had been hidden, and some began to dig where they thought the treasure might have been buried, but only hours of hard labor rewarded their efforts, for none of the fabled treasure did they find.

Months after the incident of the chart, a party from the village went down the bayou, fishing. All morning they fished without success and were about to return home, when one of the party proposed that they go a short distance farther down to a magnolia grove and get some blossoms. All hailed this proposal with delight and soon were in the grove gathering the fragrant blossoms, and laughing and shouting to one another, as some particularly fine flower was found and carried off, a trophy of the owner's sharp eyes and skill in climbing. Suddenly a young fellow, who had wandered a short distance from the rest of the party, uttered an exclamation which attracted the attention of all, and they rushed to where he was standing.

Under a great magnolia tree was a hole freshly dug, and in it lay the body of old Pierre. His spade was stuck up in the earth just as he had left it when he finished his task. The stumps of several candles lay about the hole, showing that the work had been done the previous night. On a neighboring root lay the Spanish chart. He still clutched in his hands some old papers, and when they lifted the body up, a rusted iron chest was disclosed to view. It was open, and a few faded yellow papers were all that it contained. Old Spanish land grants, deeds and things of a like nature, valuable to no one save some collector of curios, comprised the treasure for which Pierre had

searched and labored so long. A look of bitter disappointment still lingered on the old man's face, the same look that flitted across it when he realized that his treasure was but apples of Sodom, that crush to ashes in the hand. "Yes," concluded Etienne, "they buried him in the village churchyard, and no one knew certainly who he was or whence he came; until one day a man came from the great city and asked if any one knew of one Pierre Angel. When they took him and showed him Pierre's grave, he wept and said that he was Pierre's brother, but had not seen him for many years. That night he told Father Gerard that Pierre was of an old and wealthy family, but when he was a young man, a seaman had given him a chart, and told him that immense treasure was buried in places marked on it. Pierre was stricken with a great desire to go and search for the hidden gold; so leaving every thing, he had secretly gone forth, and only a few months before his friends had found out whither he had wandered."

Now, on the prairie, when any one goes on some foolish errand, the people say that he searches for "Pierre's gold."

—H.

An Old Love Song.

Out of the half-forgotten past,
 Back from the years that fled fast,
 Comes stealing an old love song.
 Low and plaintive and wondrous sweet,
 Slowly it comes on ghostly feet
 The halls of mem'ry along.

Its passing is soft as a summer's breeze,
 Its music is low as the hum of bees,
 But the echoes wake around.
 One by one they rouse and move

With rhythmic step to the song of love,
With ghostly, silent sound.

And ere the song has died away,
While still it whispers and seems to say
A lingering farewell,
The hall is filled with a stately throng,
Returned at the call of the old, sweet song,
From the past we loved so well.

There are some who long have passed away,
Some who live, but from whom to-day
We have drifted far apart,
But we loved them all in the long ago,
And oft' they return with the music low,
To sadden and gladden the heart.

—ROBERT B. ELEAZER.

Our Galaxy.

Through all nature runs the thread of purpose. Each nation has its mission to perform, every individual his own life long task. Greece stands for finished art. Rome is the law giver of the world. Israel stands for the preservation of the knowledge of the true God. America stands for—we know not what yet. One man's ambition for his nation is in one direction, another in another. If the name of America is to be to future generations the symbol of freedom, her mission is glorious. But why should it not be that and more? Why should she not take her place in the literary sphere along side of England and Greece, and produce her Shakespeares and her Homers?

Literary critics find their explanation of Shakespeare's genius in the racial constituents of his blood. There rushed the Celtic torrent of humor. There flowed the calm stream of Teu-

tonic steadiness. There sparkled the spray of the Norman cataract. But American has more. For into the stream of her Celtic, Teutonic, and Norman traits have flowed here and there the French romance, the plowman's song, the Irish humor, the German philosophy. The best races have contributed to make her an heir to all the world's genius has ever produced. What lack we yet?

Not only in America's veins is there the "proper stuff" for an eminent literary career, but also in her scenery and climate. Stretching from sea to sea, and from the realm of long bleak winter to that of perpetual verdure, America has scene and clime to quicken and foster every birth and growth of genius. No nature lover need seek inspiration abroad. The profusion of wild flowers on a western prairie were a boon to Wordsworth's superior. Our mountain scenery can not be much less inspiring than that of the Orient. Here as there the limpid spring leaps from the mountain side to cheer the weary traveller on his way, and to sing its soothing song to any whose ear is attuned to Nature's music. Our rivers flow as grandly as the Tiber or the Rhine. All nature is vocal with the voice of God. Is her face brighter or her touch gentler in England than here?

We have a history that would be a green pasture for a Shakespeare. We have characters fit for the heroes of Homeric epics, and Shakespearian plays. You have only to review the past and current history of our nation to verify the statement. Would not Columbus on his perilous and uncertain voyage, with his men threatening to throw him overboard, make a fit hero for an Odyssey? I will not mention the heroes of current history. They are before you. No doubt we have many men, a true history of whose lives would be almost as good as one of Shakespeare's plays. Again it may be asked, "What lack we yet?"

But let no one decry the work of American writers. It is wholesome and helpful. Our galaxy of writers is broad and bright; yet we long for the day when we shall have placed our

Miltons and our Shakespeares among other first magnitude stars
in the literary firmament. —JAS. A. PANKEY.

Boer and Britisher.

The Boers are the Dutch farmers of South Africa. (*Boer* means *farmer*.) Some account of this unique people cannot but be interesting, particularly at this time when great England has gone against them with all her engines of war. The most brilliant chapter of universal history, the chapter which has been worth most to the world of our own day, is the story of the rise of the Dutch Republic; as told by Motley, it has more than a romantic charm. That struggle involved the preservation of Protestantism, and those principles of religious and civil freedom which are the cardinal doctrines of Protestantism.

In the middle of the 16th century, Philip II. of Spain, then the overtopping power of all the nations on the earth, laid it on his conscience to exterminate Protestantism by exterminating Protestants. He began with the Netherlands, expecting to radiate from that point throughout the entire earth. The handful of Dutch fought the great Spanish kingdom for nearly eighty years, eventually winning their cause, putting an end to Mediaevalism and firmly establishing Modernism, making the Republic the ruling idea for States, and Toleration the doctrine of the Church.

During this long and awful and vital struggle for the very life of Modernism, the Dutch were often brought to the verge of destruction, and their cause seemed many times to be surely lost. In their despair, they turned to Great Britain, which was claiming equality with Spain on the field of battle and equality with the Dutch in devotion to Protestantism, and offered the sovereignty of all the Netherlands to the British if they would only join forces with them and help them to win the cause.

Protestantism; but Elizabeth declined the offered throne, and the Dutch were left to fight the battle of modern civilization in their own strength. Protestantism owes more to the Dutch than to any other modern people on the earth; and modern happiness owes more to Protestantism than to any other cause at work in society.

Shortly after the triumph of the Dutch over Spanish fanaticism and tyranny, the British declared war upon Holland, in order to rescue from the defender of Protestantism her commercial paramountcy upon the seas. During that war the Dutch lost, but their fleet sailed up the Thames, and the cannons of Van Tromp were heard at the very gates of the British capital.

A few years later, 1668, when the House of Stuart had been expelled from the British throne, we find a Dutchman, William Prince of Orange, called to the government of England which, at that time, came so near being destroyed by the controversy between Catholics and Protestants. To-day the *Dutch* House of Hanover holds the British throne, and no sovereign on the earth is more queenly than that Dutchwoman, Victoria.

In 1780, when the American colonies were struggling to deliver themselves from British thralldom, the Dutch made a treaty with the Americans, and gave them sympathy and help, and for this act Great Britain declared war against Holland. As a result of this war, as a penalty for helping the American colonies in the Revolutionary war, in 1814 Holland was compelled to cede the Cape of Good Hope to Great Britain. This is the foundation and reason for Great Britain's primary claims in South Africa—the Dutch have been dispossessed as a punishment for helping the American colonies form the United States Republic!

In the 17th century there was a general migration of Protestants from Catholic Europe to any spot on the globe which promised exemption from persecution, which looked hopeful for the growth of the ideas of religious and civil freedom. Holland,

which had for almost a century been the bloody battle-field of Protestantism, was no exception. Some of these Dutch emigrants settled on the banks of the Hudson, and founded the State of New York and the metropolis of the western world. Other Dutch emigrants left their native land for the same causes, and at the same time, and settled on the Southern Cape of Africa. Both settlements were effected under the auspices of the Dutch West India Company. The New Netherlands on the Hudson thrived more rapidly than did the settlement in South Africa, and were the more promptly annexed by Great Britain, but again liberated themselves in the Revolutionary war.

England's first attack was made on Cape Colony in 1795, and from that day to this there has been war between the Britisher and the Boer. The Cape territory was ceded by Holland to the English in 1814. The Boers lived peaceably under English rule for awhile, but when England forcibly emancipated their slaves and then enacted the civil and social equality of the Dutch, Hottentots, and Negroes, large numbers of Boers gave up the Cape settlement, moved northward, and settled Natal. The British claimed that the Boers were their subjects, and whatever the Boers settled belonged to them, and upon this pretext the British took Natal.

Again the Boers "trekked" or emigrated; this time they turned westward, and settled the Orange country, and then on across the Vaal river and settled the Transvaal country. England still pursued them, and denied that they had the right to set up a government for themselves even beyond English territory.

With varying issues, it has been war between the Britisher and Boer since 1795. The Britisher has not yet triumphed to his satisfaction. The independence of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic was at length acknowledged by England in 1852 and 1854. And still the Britisher pursued the Boer.

In 1878 the Transvaal became involved with the Zulus; certain Transvaal leaders appealed to England; upon that appeal England promptly and forcibly annexed the Transvaal, and then disposed of the Zulus. The Boers never acquiesced in this annexation. Mr. Gladstone took their side.

In 1884 the Transvaal Republic obtained, at Majuba Hill, a qualified independence under Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius. Then came the Jameson raid; then the present war.

The Boers are farmers, and the ruling principle of their farming is to raise all their supplies on their farms, and keep themselves independent of merchants and traders. They raise the revenue of their simple and unexpensive government by a license tax imposed upon traders who come into their territory. The British are a nation of traders, and they are determined that the Boers shall buy their wares and manufactures, and they complain bitterly at the license fee which is required. This is the main reason for which England now goes to war against them. A writer says the story might have ended years ago, but gold was discovered in large quantities in the Transvaal.

The Boers are as civilized as the Dutch of New York or of Holland. The Presbyterian church is the established church of both the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal. The people are devoted to their church, and their lives are more consistently Christian than are many Presbyterians in the United States. Those newspapers are very ignorant which represent the Boers as savages and heathen. They are well educated. Theirs is the best civilization on the continent of Africa, and the equal of any in Europe.

Will England succeed in mastering these people? That remains to be seen. The little country of Holland destroyed the great kingdom of Spain, though it took eighty years to do it. England has been fighting the Boers for more than a hundred years, and they are less English to-day than they have ever been. Bancroft says concerning the American Colonies, "Holland

originated for them the principle of federal union." Might not this struggle yet issue in the *United States of Africa?*

—R. A. WEBB, D. D., '77.

Editorials.

WE deeply regret the presence of numerous typographical errors in the October number of the JOURNAL; we more deeply regret the uncharitableness which was evidenced by the severe criticism of this first issue; we most deeply regret the lack of intellectual acumen in the case of the many, who, unable to criticize the contributions, used their puny strength in fighting the "wind-mills" of typographical errors found in the Directory on the last page. However, we were successful in interesting both classes, the intelligent with the literary work, the unintelligent with the type.

And now, more seriously, let us confide a few of the editorial secrets. The chief grievance is a lack of interest, save that which finds expression in abuse. Few of the students offer contributions; none, except when urged to do so. With this state of affairs, can we hope to maintain a high standard of excellence, or accomplish the object of the JOURNAL, namely, the encouragement of literary effort? We ask the student body to look upon the JOURNAL as the product of the school, and not of the Editorial Staff, with the school as critic.

WE notice that some students take no interest in those adjuncts of the University which are intended for their physical well-being. They do not engage in foot ball, or tennis, or ten pins, and are never seen in the gymnasium. Now, the same person cannot enthusiastically and continuously take part in all these lines of work and pleasure, for that would take too much of his time; and, besides, as a rule, these things are engaged in at the same hour; but he can take advantage of some of them, and he will find it greatly to his benefit so to do. Indeed, there

are several reasons why he should attend to these things. Health demands it, and health is no small matter. Future usefulness demands it; the strength of body thus developed will enable a man to stand up under the great pressure which the years to come may bring to him. The best educators insist on the necessity of physical development in order to the best exercise of the mental powers. To speak of the result of "all work and no play" might seem common place; yet there are some who do not seem to have learned the lesson, and are trying to become *sharp* while going through a *dulling* process, so to speak. Then, to engage in these things is, in a direct sense, a part of mental advancement. It is said, "that the habit of mechanical work,—a precise, earnest, industrious, good, mechanical work,—would best lead men on to good mental and intellectual work." That is, such work develops the same faculties as do exercises known more distinctly as mental. A similar remark holds as to engaging in the games of which we have been speaking and in the work of the gymnasium. These have a real, direct, educational value.

THE preliminary contests in declamation and in oratory are near at hand. The first is intended for the newer members of the societies; and, indeed, furnishes them an excellent opportunity for initiatory efforts. We see no reason why all who are eligible should not enter this contest. If one thinks his chances small for winning the medal, that is the very reason he should enter; for it is not getting a medal that is the only reward for such efforts: these endeavors are necessary for the development of the powers used in public speaking. As to the orator's contest, we believe this will be interesting this year, though there are some men not entering it who would find it to their advantage to go into it, and by so doing would add enthusiasm.

OUR representative for the State oratorical contest will soon be chosen also. We hope that all the colleges interested in this matter will be active and diligent to make our State association inferior to none in the South. The representative from our University came out second in the contest between the representatives of the State associations at Mont Eagle last summer.

Let Tennessee carry first honor next time, and if S. W. P. U. be the winner, so much the better.

WE desire to call attention to the medal and prizes given by the Literary Societies in connection with the work of the JOURNAL. The Essay Medal is awarded at Commencement to the man who has written the best essay for publication in the JOURNAL. Only members of one of the Literary Societies are eligible to enter the contest. The essay is to be handed to one of the Editors-in-Chief before January 1st, and is not to exceed fifteen hundred words in length. It must be anonymously signed, accompanied by a sealed envelope giving both non-deplume and name of the writer. A prize of ten dollars is offered for the best story, the conditions being the same as above with the exception of length and time limit. The story must not exceed eighteen hundred words, and must be submitted before February 1st. A prize of five dollars is awarded the writer of best poem, which must not exceed five hundred words, and is to be submitted by February 1st. Let the Society men take advantage of these opportunities and enter the contests.

The Monthly Mail.

Some college weeklies that have been received during the past month have called our attention to this branch of college journalism. Being of comparatively recent origin the college weekly has not yet attained to that degree of importance that it is bound to reach, dealing as it does with local matters and devoting most of its attention to the support and encouragement of athletics. The only danger connected with it is that of its being substituted for the regular literary journal which every college should publish. This indeed is the case in a neighboring institution and as a natural consequence that university suffers in literary prestige. However, if the weekly college newspaper will be confined to its proper sphere and no attempt be made to sub-

stitute it for the literary publication, it must be accounted a good thing and encouraged in every way possible.

The Hampden-Sidney magazine contains one very instructive article on "The Religion of the Northmen." The study of mythology is always interesting but especially that of those people akin to our own ancestors. The writer handles his subject in such a manner as to show his thorough knowledge of it and also his ability in setting forth his ideas in a pleasing way. This issue also has in it one or two stories that will bear reading, and that rare article of college journalism, several poems. If the editors of our college magazines could only be made to realize how much a few short poems would add to the attractiveness of their papers, they would surely follow in the track of the Hampden-Sidney magazine and include at least one or two in their columns. However, this state of affairs is not likely to come to pass, and the exchange editor, looking in vain for some verse to vary the monotony of long and dry articles on political subjects about which the writers evidently knew very little indeed, must wearily bear his burden and wish for better things.

What we have of "Montmoren, the Express Clerk," in the *Emory Phoenix*, is fairly well written, but the story is continued and leaves the reader in a painful suspense as to the fate of the hero. The article on Sidney Lanier contains some very apt quotations from that poet. Most of the productions in this issue are of the kind that we might expect to find in "Pearls for the Little Ones" or some other Sunday school production.

We received this month the historical number of the Davidson College magazine. In addition to the purely historical features, it contains several biographical sketches; of which the best is in the form of a lecture on Stonewall Jackson, delivered by the Rev. R. L. Dabney, who served that famous general as his chief of staff. Dr. Dabney discusses Gen. Jackson the man, rather than the soldier, and, of course, the lecture is one of absorbing interest to all. Another good article is "The Alamance Regulators," in which the author traces the movement, which resulted in what may well be called, the first battle of the Revolu-

lution. The department work, however, is hardly what it should be, but this may be due to the fact that this is a special issue.

From the far west comes the *Baylor Literary*, redolent with the breath of the plains—and very little else. The first thing that meets the eye is a very solid article on Dante purporting to be by Jonah. Poor old Jonah, already burdened with the whale story, must now be weighed down still further by having to bear the encyclopædic effusion of a Texan. The only thing of merit in this number is its one attempt at fiction, "The Turn of a Joke," and even this is only relatively good.

From the University of Nashville comes the *Peabody Record*. The paper itself is not gotten out in a style worthy of the school from which it hails. We are compelled to hunt through pages of advertising matter ere we can come to the object of our search, the literary department of the *Record*. There seems to be a preponderance of department work in this number, as more than half of the whole magazine is devoted to them. With the exception of "Old Black Joe," a dialect story, the rest of the paper is mostly taken up with topics of local interest.

Clippings.

WHEN SHE IS GONE.

When she is gone, dies out the light
 On fretted nave and panelled wall,
 With sable skirts the voiceless night
 Sweeps sombre-eyed adown the hall—
 If life be sweet with love alone
 Then life is death when she is gone.

When she is gone, the dark old pines
 By whom her foot hath found a place
 Grow tremulous o'er her loveliness,
 And whisper of my lady's grace,
 And nod to me across the lawn,
 For they too know when she is gone.

When she is gone we wait for her,
 And sigh for her, the pines and I,

And dream old dreams of laughing lips
 And wonder-glances by and by.
 O, does she know our hearts are drawn
 Beneath her feet when she is gone.

The first soft shaft of rosy fingered dawn,
 As in the east the gates of day she opes,
 Fast speeds o'er land and sea in joyous flight;
 Seeking in shady dells among the faun,
 Nor wearies of the search until it stops
 And rests upon the rose it left at night.
 The timid primrose, cowering in the dark,
 The sunbeam gone, its only life, bows low
 Its head and folds its leaves in grievous woe,
 Until it hears bright dawn's gay herald, the lark;
 Then opens wide its arms and welcomes then
 The sunbeam that to it is life and light.
 And so when thou art gone, 'tis dark and night.
 When thou art near, my soul doth live again. —J. D. M.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

On her wild, gray steed of dawn the Night
 Has leaped, and fast away
 O'er hill and dale
 O'er wood and vale
 Those galloping hoof-beats play.

And when that rollicking sound is born—
 Be it East or South or North—
 The forests wake,
 And brae and brake,
 Pour all their songsters forth.

And white-lipped streams that through the dark
 Have sobbingly crept along
 By swamp and dell
 Now join to swell
 The world's awakening song.

And in one chorus, echoing back,
 Rings out the old refrain:
 "Awake, O Earth
 "To woe or mirth—
 For the Day has come again!"

—The Nassau Literary Magazine.

CARLYLE.

He traveled as a pilgrim, toward the Light,
 But still, with each new height attained, he bent
 More sorrowful to catch the cry of fear
 That pity and the ever-darkening space
 Made tremble more acutely on the ear.

He pointed, as a prophet, toward the Light,
 But with his eyes so fixed upon the Earth
 That in his heart he carried half its gloom,
 And, in his trumpet call, his fellow-men
 Heard both their soul's salvation and their doom.
 —Smith Monthly.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A dainty kiss, a little hug—
 To the parson then skeedaddle;
 For food and raiment then to tug,
 Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. G. C. Martin, '77, of Brooksville, Fla., has recently come to Clarksville to engage in the practice of law. Mr. Martin has made a reputation for himself, which he will no doubt sustain in this his new home. Mrs. Martin is a sister to Mrs. Dr. Ellis of this city.

The Rev. Harris E. Kirk, '97, who for two years was pastor of the Cottage Presbyterian Church in Nashville, is now in charge of the church at Florence, Ala., of which the Rev. J. H. Lacy was former pastor.

Mr. Stewart K. Lupton, '96, went to St. Louis recently to study dentistry. Mr. Lupton's sister is the wife of the Rev. J. F. Cannon, D. D., pastor of the Grand Avenue Church, of St. Louis.

The Rev. W. M. Scott, B. D., '98, has been called to the pastorate of the Cottage Presbyterian Church at Nashville. Mr. Scott was here for a short time recently.

The Rev. H. V. Tull, '97, is here on a vacation of several months and is combining profit with pleasure by taking several seminary classes.

It will no doubt be of interest to a number of Clarksville people to hear of the marriage of Mr. V. Moldenhawer, A. B., '97.

On the 15th of this month Mr. T. B. Wade, Jr., '96, is to be married to Miss Annie White, at Pulaski, Tenn.

The Rev. J. H. D. Wallace, A. B., B. D., '95, has been called to the pastorate of the church at Tuscumbia, Ala.

The Rev. W. A. Cleveland, A. B., '97, was in the city for a short time recently.

Campus Catchings.

Patronize those who support us.

Don't miss the concert on November 21st.

Mrs. Summey is away on a visit to relatives.

Dr. Webb preached for Mr. Lacy last Sunday night.

The Stewart House boys entertained with a bowling party recently.

The Misses Runyon entertained a few friends on Hallowe'en.

The interest in tennis keeps up, notwithstanding the presence of foot ball.

Dr. Alexander conducted the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Sunday, October 29th.

Mrs. T. O. Deaderick is spending awhile with Miss Louise, at Rogersville, Tenn.

The Chemistry Class is now engaged in regular laboratory work, and is finding it exceedingly interesting.

Prof. Deaderick (in Sr. Latin): "Mr. Boyles, describe the god Typhoon." Boyles: "He is undescribable."

The next entertainment in the Lyceum Course will be The Meigs' Sisters Vocal Quartette, on November 21.

Miss Ellen Armistead entertained the Kappa Alpha Fraternity with a delightful Hallowe'en Party last week.

At recent meetings, Shaw was elected President of Washington Irving, and Wolfe of Stewart Literary Societies.

Mrs. Dinwiddie has returned home since our last issue; she and the Doctor are keeping house on Commerce street.

Miss Eliza Emery entertained a few friends week before last. A number of students were honored with invitations.

Dr. McKee is wearing a smiling countenance these days, doubtless due to the presence of a fine baby girl at his home.

Rev. W. M. Scott was in the city recently on business (?). He has been called to the Cottage Church in Nashville, Tenn.

The Westminster League was among those who gave Hallowe'en Parties. It was held at the residence of Mrs. G. B. Wilson.

Dr. Summey accompanied the football team to Sewanee, and from there went on a business trip East. He will be gone about ten days.

The Y. M. C. A. parlor is open every evening, except Sunday, from four to six, and is a pleasant resort for those desiring to play games, etc.

The contestants for the place of representative on the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest have fixed January 2d as the date for the preliminary contest.

The attention of students, who intend trying for the Declamation Medal, is called to the fact that the preliminary contests will take place early in December.

Messrs. E. L. Hill and Melvin preached in Nashville recently, and while there visited Ward's Seminary. Hill says he was never so frightened in his life.

A number of the students attended the reception given by the church to Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Lacy. Mr. Lacy has won his way into the hearts of the University boys.

It is reported that Dr. Fogartie said in Ethics one day, that if a dog fight was going on outside, everybody would go except

himself and Thompson. The Doctor must have a high opinion of Thompson.

Before these lines are in print, the students, it is hoped, will have had the pleasure of an address from the venerable Dr. Jno. G. Paton, "The Apostle to the New Hebrides," who is expected here this week.

The Y. M. C. A. is indebted to Mr. H. C. Merritt of the city for a hundred fine opera chairs for their assembly room. When in place they will add exceedingly to the appearance and comfort of the room.

Mr. Gaines B. Hall was called away recently by the death of his brother-in-law and the serious illness of his brother. We are glad to state that his brother has about recovered, and Gaines has returned to school.

The Y. M. C. A. will observe the week of prayer beginning November 12th. Rev. J. S. Foster, of Franklin, Tenn., has been invited to do the preaching, and it is hoped that he can be present. The students are urged to attend these services.

Prof. Lust is working on the voices of a number of Theologues. There are others to whom this course might be beneficial, judging from their singing; and probably some of them, who think they can, would find out that they cannot sing. This knowledge would be beneficial to a long suffering public.

The following clipping from a Pontotoc (Miss.) paper was received too late for the last issue, and we take pleasure in publishing it now: "John Frierson left last week for French Camp, where he goes to accept a position in the school. He was accompanied by his son, who enters the school as a student. We wish for these young gentlemen a pleasant and profitable session." A part of the above will be somewhat of a surprise to the many friends of Mr. Frierson in this city.

Foot Ball.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL, four foot ball games have been played, in three of which S. W. P. U. was vic-

torious, its opponents not being able to score. The other was lost to Sewanee.

The line up has been very nearly the same in all the games, and is as follows: Ends, Hill and McLain; Tackles, Norwood and Hardie; Guards, Irwin and Hensley; Center, Townsend; Quarter-back, Albright; Halves, Elsom, McFadden, Fulton, Daniel; Full-back, Wilson.

The first game at home was played with the Mooney School of Franklin, at the Ball Park, on October 14th, and resulted in a score of 45 to 0 in our favor. Touch downs were made by Elsom, six; McFadden, one, and Wilson, one. The game was too one-sided to be interesting to the spectators.

The second game was on October 23, with the Kentucky University, and was played on the back campus, which had been put in fine shape. The score was: S. W. P. U., 15; K. U., 0. The first score was made on a beautiful goal kick from the field by Elsom early in the first half; the second score resulted from a touch down by Elsom near the close of the same half; and the last score was made in the second half by Irwin, who took advantage of a Kentucky fumble and carried the ball over. The K. U. boys were about fifteen pounds heavier than ours. The victory was celebrated in the usual manner.

The next game was with Ogden College on October 27, and was a victory for S. W. P. U. by a score of 11 to 0. The first touch down was made by Elsom near the close of the first half; and the other by McFadden, who made a magnificent run of sixty-five yards after bucking the line. This game was a closely contested one.

The last game was with the University of the South at Sewanee, November 3, and resulted, Sewanee, 54, S. W. P. U., 0. McFadden, Albright, and Hill were hurt and had to leave the game, materially weakening the game. The daily press said that "The score was no indication of the strength of the S. W. P. U. team."

So far S. W. P. U. has scored 71 points to the opponents 54. Games are yet to be played with South Kentucky College and University of Nashville.

DIRECTORY

—OF—

Southwestern Presbyterian University.

UNIVERSITY.

Chancellor—George Summey, D. D.
Clerk of Faculty—A. B. Dinwiddie, Ph. D.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

J. H. Patton, President.
J. A. Lyon, Ph. D., Secretary.

Y. M. C. A.

P. H. Hensley, President.
A. S. Shaw, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

F. L. McFadden, President.
O. S. Albright, Secretary and Treasurer.
Alva Hardie, Captain Foot Ball Team.

TENNIS CLUB.

J. A. Lyon, Ph. D., President.
George Summey, Jr., Secretary.
Frank Turner, Manager.

PALMER HOMILETIC SOCIETY.

W. R. McCalla, President.
W. W. Jones, Secretary.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Stewart—W. W. Wolfe, President.
W. M. Clark, Secretary.
Washington Irving—A. S. Shaw, President.
J. E. Berryhill, Secretary.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

E. L. Story, President.
J. O. Shelby, Secretary.

FRATERNITIES.

Kappa Sigma—Geo. Rea, Correspondent.
Kappa Alpha—E. H. Planck, Correspondent.
Alpha Tau Omega—Gaines B. Hall, Correspondent.
Pi Kappa Alpha—B. H. Mooney, Correspondent.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon—George D. Booth, Correspondent.

Watch R. E. Taylor & Co.' Windows and
SAVE MONEY

M. L. Cross, { Headquarters for
---College Boys.---

—The Only Exclusive—

=Gents' Furnisher and Hatter=

in the city. My Stock is all New. The Latest and Nobbiest Styles to be found in the city. When looking for something that is "strictly in the push," in the Furnishing Goods and Hat line, call on me for it.

I am Agent for Globe Tailors,

Cincinnati, O., the Best and Cheapest made-to-order Clothes in the U. S. Style and fit guaranteed. Come and look over my Large Line of Fall and Winter Samples.

M. L. Cross.

JNO. T. BERRY,

Artist Tailor.

Superior Workmanship,

Artistic Garments.

Arlington Building.

J. M. BOWLING,

HEADQUARTERS
for the best and cheapest

Stoves and Ranges,

House Furnishings of all Kinds,
Pocket and Table Cutlery,
Ammunition, Etc.

COME AND SEE ME.

FOR AN

UP-TO-DATE BOX OF CANDY

Neatness of Package and Quality of
Goods Considered, call at

Klarksville Kandy Kitchen.

Our Prices are Right. We Guarantee
to Please You.

W. J. MacCormac,

Practical and Artistic

Photographer,

122½ FRANKLIN ST.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

When in Need of Shoes go to R. E. TAYLOR & CO.

Southwestern Presbyterian * University, Clarksville, Tenn.

Organized on the Elective System.

Thirteen Co-Ordinate Schools.

Six Degree Courses.

FACULTY:

GEORGE SUMMEY, D. D., Chancellor, and Professor of Biblical History and English Bible.
GEORGE FREDERICK NICOLASSEN, A. M., Ph. D., Vice-Chancellor, and Professor of Greek and German.

ROBERT PRICE, D. D., McComb Professor of History.

JAMES ADAIR LYON, A. M., Ph. D., Stewart Professor of the Natural Sciences,

THOMAS OAKLEY DEADERICK, A. M., Professor of Latin and French.

WILLIAM ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D., Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature.

ROBERT ALEXANDER WEBB, D. D., Palmer Professor of Systematic Theology.

JAMES E. FOGARTIE, Ph. D., D. D., Professor of Philosophy, and of Practical Theology.

ALBERT BLEDSOE DINWIDDIE, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics.

SOLOMON REID McKEE, A. M., Ph. D., Kennedy Professor of the Natural Sciences.

JAMES BLANTON WHAREY, A. M., Professor of English.

ERNEST MARVIN MOONEY, Physical Director and Superintendent of the Gymnasium.

Careful Training given in all the branches of a liberal education. Students may, with the advice of their parents and the Faculty, choose special lines of study, or take courses looking to the Degrees of (1) Master of Arts; (2) Bachelor of Arts; (3) Bachelor of Philosophy; (4) Bachelor of Science; (5) Bachelor of Divinity; (6) Doctor of Philosophy.

Expenses as reasonable as any other first-class institution in the land.

Location, social advantages, religious privileges, healthfulness, etc. unsurpassed.

Good buildings, well adapted. A splendid Gymnasium and beautiful Y. M. C. A. rooms just completed.

For information or Catalogue, address

CHANCELLOR S. W. P. U.,

Clarksville, Tenn.

R. E. Taylor & Co. Have all the
LATEST SHADES IN Tan Shoes.

For Health, Comfort and Peace of Mind
—BUY YOUR—

⇒ **SHOES** ⇒

OF

...**STRATTON**...

A FULL LINE OF UMBRELLAS.

TO SAVE MONEY ON

= HIGH ART CLOTHING, =

Shoes, Hats, Gents' Furnishings and Fine
Tailoring at Moderate Prices, visit...

McGEHEE = BROTHERS,

112 and 114 Franklin St.

New York Office,
78 and 80 Walker Street.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

J. W. KEESEE.
M. C. NORTHINGTON.

KEESEE & NORTHINGTON,

—Wholesale and Retail—

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Fine Candies and Fruits a Specialty.

Your Trade is Respectfully Solicited.

Try a Pair of R. E. Taylor & Co.'s
WINTER TAN SHOES AT \$3.00.

We cater to the trade
of S. W. P. U.

R. E. Taylor & Co.

Buy your Shoes of us
and Save Money.

FINE GROCERIES.

YOUNG & BECAH

— Make a Specialty of —

Blanke's - Candies, - Fine - Groceries, - Fruits,
Confectioneries, Etc.

122 Franklin Street.

Your Patronage Solicited.

Dr. St. George Craig,

Dentist,

303 Franklin St.

Telephone 155.

Dr. J. F. Runyon,

OFFICE: 334 FRANKLIN ST.

Office Hours, 8 to 9 a. m., 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Telephone 50.

D. Y. WINSTON, M. D.,
Surgery,

INCLUDING

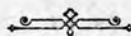
EYE,
EAR,
NOSE
and THROAT.

} Glass Fitting.

OFFICE HOURS:

8 to 10 a. m; 2 to 4, 7 30 to 8. 30 p.m.

Drs. H. E. & J. R. Beach,



Dentists,

422 Franklin Street.

TELEPHONE 159.

BUTLER & BOYD

Keeps Constantly on hand a Large
and Complete Stock of PURE

Drugs, Perfumery, Stationery,
Toilet Articles, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.

Special - Attention - Paid
to - PRESCRIPTIONS.

STUDENTS' TRADE SOLICITED
Give us a Call

Remember the Maine place for stylish Shoes. **R. E. Taylor & Co.** We strive to please, but if WE fail our SHOES succeed.

S. W. P. U.! R. E. Taylor & Co. Want Your Trade.

When in Need of a Pair of Pants
Or Suit of Clothes,

CALL ON

T. E. Rossington,

The Up-to-Date Tailor. Suits to Order, \$13.50 to \$40.00; Pants to Order, \$4.00 to \$10.00. A reduction of 10 per cent. to College Students. Old Post Office Building.

Dr. J. A. Gholson,
DENTIST.

Crown and Bridge Work a Speciality.

Prices Reasonable.

Tel. 192.

North Third Street.

EMPIRE COAL

Is the only **BLOCK COAL** mined in Kentucky. Is free from sulphur, burns up clean to an ash. Equals Pittsburg in many respects, and is only **13 Cents a Bushel.**

ICE & COAL CO., Agts.

Corner Fifth and Franklin Streets.

GEO. S. BOWLING, Supt.

Only White Barber Shop
IN THE CITY,
Arlington Hotel.

Shaving, 10 Cents.

Hair Cutting, 25 Cents.

Everything neat and clean. Please give me a call.

V. F. WARD.

L. N. Moore & Son,
DEALERS IN

Fresh Beef, Mutton,
Pork, Sausage, Etc.

104 S. First St.

Tel. No. 123.

M. ADLER,
Merchant Tailor,

Guarantees Fit and Workmanship.

Keeps Posted on Styles.

Boys Who Take Pride in Nice Clothes Give Me a Call.

206 Franklin Street.

⇒ **A. FIX,** ⇐
Merchant Tailor.

FIT and WORKMANSHIP Guaranteed.

Cleaning and Repairing

DONE PROMPTLY.

POPULAR PRICES.

GIVE ME A CALL.

No. 101 Franklin Street.

R. E. TAYLOR & CO.'s Shoes are Good Shoes.

R. E. Taylor & Co. Have all the LATEST SHADES IN TAN SHOES

J. E. ELDER,

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Queensware, Glassware,
Stoves, Tinware.

130 Franklin Street, and 110 South Second Street.

WM. KLEEMAN. A. O. KLEEMAN. IKE KLEEMAN.

Kleeman & Co.,

--Franklin Meat Market,--

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SMOKED SAUSAGES, HAMS, BACON AND

Pure Leaf Lard,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.



**BLACK HAWK
CORN SHELLER**

13th Year of Success.

AGENTS WANTED.

A. H. PATCH,
PATENTEE AND SOLE MAKER,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

*E. A. Wright's
Engraving
House*

Mail Orders receive prompt
and careful attention

**FASHIONABLE ENGRAVING
and STATIONERY.**

100 Wedding Invitations, Engraved and Printed on Finest Quality White Paper, with Envelope complete,	\$7.50
Additional 100s,	2.25
50 Visiting Cards from new Plate,	1.00
20 additional Cards,	.40

LEADING HOUSE FOR
MENUS, DANCE PROGRAMS AND
INVITATIONS OF ALL KINDS

1108 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

COMPARE SAMPLES AND PRICES

Dead Finish

Collars and Cuffs do not crack. We give students a rate of

\$2.00 Per Month

and guarantee to please them. This rate includes Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Underwear, Sox and Handkerchiefs. We do no negro work. Try us and you will be pleased.

Mercantile Steam Laundry.

Telephone 333.

Do Your Trading with

THE MAMMOTH,
M. NEWBURGER & CO.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE CITY FOR

Dry Goods, Shoes and Clothing,

Cor. Franklin and First Sts.

Try a Pair of R. E. Taylor & Co's "WALKOVERS," \$3.50.

R. E. Taylor & Co.'s \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoe
CANNOT BE BEATEN

Chrysanthemums
ARE NOW IN BLOOM.
Students Invited to Call.

Chinese Sacred Lilies,
The Most Popular House Plant Grown.
Plant Now for Christmas Blooming.

Asparagus Roots,
Strawberry Plants,
Flower Pots,
Palms, Ferns.
EVERGREEN LODGE FLOWER GARDEN
JAS. MORTON, Prop.

DAVID S. BLOCH,
CARPETS,

Curtains,

Mattings,

Shades,

Linens,

118 Franklin St.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

University * School,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

—FOR—

Boys and Young Men.

E. E. DINWIDDIE,
(University of Virginia) Principal.

G. F. NICOLASSEN, M. A., PH. D.,
Associate Principal.

A. B. DINWIDDIE, M. A., PH. D.,
Associate Principal.

Annual Scholarship in S. W. P. U.

For terms and other information, ad-
dress any of the Principals.

Completely Parsed Caesar
Galic War, Book I.

BY REV. JAMES B. FINCH, M. A., D. D.

CLOTH—\$1.50 **Postpaid**—400 PAGES

The Latin words in the Latin order just as
Caesar wrote them; with the exact *literal*
English equivalent of each Latin word directly
under it *interlined*; and with a *second*, elegant
translation in the margin; also with *Footnotes*
in which every word is *completely parsed*, and
all constructions explained, with *References* to
the leading Latin grammars. Each page com-
plete—the Latin text, the *interlinear* literal
translation, the *marginal* flowing translation,
the parsing—all at a glance *without turning a*
leaf!

HINDS & FOGLE, Publishers,
4-5-6-12-13-14 Cooper Institute, N. Y. City
Schoolbooks of all publishers at one store

For the Most Stylish Young Men's Shoe go to R. E. Taylor & Co.'s.

If you want the best
Shoes go to

R. E. Taylor & Co.

They will treat you
right AND SAVE YOU MONEY.

OWEN & MOORE,

Wholesale and Retail

Drugs, Books, Musical Instruments,

Brushes, Toilet Articles of All Kinds,

Fine Society Stationery,

Engraved Cards and Invitations.

The only Book Store in our city that carries a complete line of both Text
and Theological Books.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

JOS. ROSENFELD & CO.,

Clarksville's

Greatest One Price

Dry Goods and Clothing House.



STUDENTS as well as others, find WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS a necessary convenience. They are used and endorsed by people of education as the best writing instrument of to-day. It is the popular pen at all the Universities, Schools and Colleges. Always all Write. Handier than a pencil, because you don't have to sharpen it. Quicker than a regular pen, because you don't have to dip it. Cleaner than either, because it neither corks nor spills. Better than all others, because it is ready when you are. The best present, because the receiver remembers you all day long for many years. Ask your dealer or write for catalogue. L. E. WATERMAN CO., largest fountain pen manufacturers in the world, 157 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Shoes that R. E. Taylor & Co. sell are best.

R. E. Taylor & Co.'s Shoes are Good Shoes.

Every Student Should Own

The International.

Webster's International Dictionary

of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.



STANDARD AUTHORITY

of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Government Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks.

WARMLY COMMENDED by Presidents of Universities and Colleges, State Superintendents of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

Chas. W. Elliot, LL.D., President of Harvard University, says: The International is a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information.

The Collegiate.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

is a new book, the largest of the abridgments of the International. It has a sizable vocabulary, complete definitions, and adequate etymologies. Has over 1100 pages and is richly illustrated. Its appendix is a storehouse of useful information and contains a **Valuable Glossary of Scotch Words and Phrases.**



Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D., Columbia University, New York, says: The Collegiate Dictionary is first-class in quality and admirably adapted for every-day use.

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

The Literary Digest

Issued Weekly
32 Pages Illustr'd.

"All the Periodicals in One."

Discussion on all sides of all questions selected from domestic and translated from foreign periodical literature. "The Literary Digest" is in the world of thought, feeling, and research what the newspapers are in the world of events. You find in the dailies the facts; you find in "The Literary Digest," the reasons for the facts.

Entire Real of Thought and Action.

All that is of prime interest in the realm of thought and action, whether it be politics, science, art, belles-lettres, religion, sociology, travel, discovery, finance, or commerce, is, by long-trained editorial skill, presented in condensed form, partly in summary, partly in direct quotation, for the benefit of readers of "The Literary Digest."

The Busy Man's Best Friend.

"No other publication of its class is of equal value. No one who desires to keep abreast with information on all lines of current interest can afford to be without The Literary Digest."—Kansas City Times.

It presents all sides of important questions with the greatest impartiality. Condenses, digests, translates, illustrates from nearly 1,000 periodicals.

Single Copies, 10c. \$3.00 Per Year.

FUNK & WAGNALS CO., PUBLS.,
NEW YORK.

WHEN NEEDING SHOES MENDED

—CALL ON—

JOHN WIDMAR

For First-Class Work. Only Shop that Makes
New Work.

204 Franklin Street.

STUDENTS WELCOME

—AT—

QUARLES BROS.,

UP-TO-DATE

↔Jewelers and Opticians.↔

The largest and most complete selection of Fine Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and Bric-a-Brac in the city. Special attention given to manufacturing

Badges, Medals, Class Pins ^{AND} Emblems

IN GOLD AND SILVER.

Our Optical Department

is in the hands of a Graduate Optician, and we fit Spectacles and Eye-Glasses on scientific principles.

Careful and prompt attention given to REPAIRING fine Watches and Jewelry. Call to see us.

QUARLES BROS.,

128 Franklin Street.