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THE JOURNAL

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TO ONE ABSENT

I shall never again feel the touch of thy hand,
In the gardens where oft we have roved;
And the one blissful dream, that still floats on the stream
Of rememberance, is how we have loved,
Is how ardently true we have loved.

And I feel like a ship, all deserted and lone,
That is left on a desolate shore;
All my joys long have fled, and my hopes now are dead
But the yearning will live evermore,
Growing always more fierce than before.

There's a sorrow, alas! that is burning my heart
And I'm longing for peace and for thee,
But the dark shadows roll, o'er my soul, o'er my soul,
Like the waves o'er the deep silent sea,
Like the waves o'er eternity's sea.

—"WUZ."

INTENSITY

WE are living in a fast age, they say. Things must move, and the movement must be rapid. The time is one of intense activity. He who can accomplish most in the shortest possible time, is the man of the hour. The world plainly says, "O if you cannot DO something, we do not need you." Government officers are on duty in the union stations of our great trunk lines to observe the schedules of the fast mail trains. A failure to make the required time may deprive the carrier of the privilege of handling the mail no." "We want what we want when we want it," is the slogan of the day.

The European and Oriental know very little of the strenuous life as comprehended by us of America. The nervous condition, resulting from our mad and intemperate rush to obtain our ends, has been appropriately called "Americanitis."

It is not our purpose to defend the intemperance of the American people, no matter in what form it may appear, for intemperance is always dangerous. The Greek motto: "Nothing in excess," is not out of date. However, we do desire to speak briefly of the value of intensity. It is valuable in all phases of our life, physical, mental, spiritual, and the rest. Intensity involves earnestness, wholeheartedness, concentration.

Intensity is a measure of life. The lowest forms of animal life exhibit very little activity. The amoeba is content with remaining almost stationary, absorbing a little food, propagating its kind, and dying. But ascend the scale. Note the wild deer of the forest as his keen and flashing eyes catch sight of the hunter. Immediately he dashes off with a speed like the wind. See in the intensity of his movements the manifestation of a higher life.

Nature works upon a basis of supply and demand. Take the muscular energy of man, for instance. If he exercise his muscles moderately, then there will be developed only a moderate amount of muscular force. If, on the other hand, he put his muscles to severe tests, there will result a corresponding development to meet that intense strain. The same s true of the mental life. The harder the problems grappled,

with by the mind, the greater becomes the capacity for handling such problems.

The demands of the age have compelled us to specialize. Specialization may be viewed as a form of intensity. One man finds it impossible to cover all the various phases of even a single profession, medicine, for example. He, therefore, INTENSIFIES some special branch, the brain, the digestive system, the eye, etc.

It is not proper to define by telling what a thing is not, or what it lacks. A true definition must be positive. However, to say what a notion is not, serves to make the definition clear.

In the realm of the mental, intensity is not franticness. To rave, as it were, in the endeavor to convince is very apt to result in failure. We cannot attain by vigorous study for a day or a week, and then relax for a month or two. The steady ,calm, intense application of the mind to a subject brings mastery.

Intensity is not worry.

Worry is the curse of the age. It is like sand thrown into the bearings of a machine of high quality. Some one has said, "It is not work that kills, but worry." When the energies of mind are divided between that which it is striving to accomplish, and something that is resting upon it as a dead weight, how can it acquire efficiency?

We may all agree that intensity is the proper thing in the work of life; but how about the times of rest, relaxation, and play? We must be intense in play. What value is the gymnasium or the foot ball field to us, if, while we are engaged in these exercises, our minds are burdened by the thought of the lessons that must be prepared for the morrow? Neither mind nor body will reap a full benefit in such a condition. Let us be intense loafers—at the proper time, of course. Work while we work, play while we play is applicable to college students as well as to first grade pupils, and more so perhaps.

The value of intensity is not lost even if we fail in our attempts. With apoligies to Tennyson, we would say that it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.

If intensity be the measure of life, then the life of greatest intensity is the longest life. Which would we prefer, the

existence of the Oriental who lazily accomplishes only what is absolutely necessary to life, and reclines for a large part of the day on his divan, or the life of the twentieth century American, who concentrates his energies upon some object set before him as a goal, and labors eight hours and more per day? Would we choose quietude and plenty in the jungle, or the hurry and rush of a great metropolis with the plenty diminished considerably, and the quietude reduced to almost zero? "Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay."

—ENERION.

AN INVITATION TO — — — — — — — — — — —

Come sit with me, Love, in the grape-vine swing,
That hangs from the old oak tree;
Come sit with me, Love,—hear the song-birds sing,
A love-song for you and me.

Come drink with me, Love, from the crystal springs,
That flow from the rocks near-by;
Come sit with me, Love, where the ivy clings,
And the tall pines droop and sigh.

Come walk with me, Love, through the meadows fair,
Where floats the sweet note of the dove;
Come walk where the rosebuds perfume the air,
And the bees and the flowers make love.

Come walk with me, Love, 'neath the mistletoe,
That clings to the huge oak's boughs;
Come kneel with me, Love, at the place, you know,
Where lovers of old paid their vows.

—JOHN JOSEPH KEMMLER.

A SCOTTISH TALE-TELLER

THERE is no land in all the world linked with so much romance as Scotland. "Old Scotia's" hills and dales, her tangled heaths and woodland glades, her mountains and lakes, over which have echoed the mellow note of the hunter's horn and the pibroch of the Highlander's pipe, charm the heart as do the physical features of no other country. The glories of Scotland's wars have cast a spell over the land of which it will never be divested. Here for eight years William Wallace and his valiant chieftains carried on the border warfare with those cruel "Epicureans," the English; and when Wallace was no more, Robert the Bruce, rallying his dauntless clansmen around him and capturing, one after another, the Scottish strongholds of Perth, Edinburough, and Roxburgh, marched on to the siege of Stirling, defeating the English on the field of Bannockburn within sight of the castle walls.

Scotland is a land of song; Robert Burns has immortalized it with his lyrics. There is an inseparable charm about every mountain, stream, and hamlet of which he has sung. W3 love the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," the delightful scenes surrounding the quiet town Ayer, and even the daisies that grow in the field where he crushed the "wee, modest flower" beneath the sod. Indeed we would feign believe that this Orpheus with his sweet lyrics has charmed Caledonia's very mountains, lakes, and streams.

Scotland is also a land of legend and story which make it as enchanting as its songs and lyrics. The border tales, rich with heroic deeds of dwellers in Highland and Lowland, seem to be as much a part of the country as the very rocks and soil of which it is formed. The daring adventures of the MacGregors, the Douglas and the MacPhersons have contributed largely to the great mass of legend with which Scottish history is connected. How often these old stories must have been rehearsed, each time something novel being added, by the frequenters of the Scottish inns and taverns of the day! Then the host, after refilling the glasses, would tell some strange tale, how on a morning a certain nobleman's steed was found in his stable, all white with foam, and the

hostler swore by St. John's rood that some goblin had ridden him the live-long night.

Many of these stories and legends were interwoven with the stripe out romances of that most delightful of tale-tellers, Walter Scott; and to Scott's imaginative genius is due, to a very great degree, that fancy which belongs to Scotland and everything Scottish. What charming tales of war and adventure, interspersed with descriptions of ivy-covered castles with bastion and turret and donjon keep, and stories of witcheries and enchantments, all enriched by his broad knowledge of Scottish manners, has this great author recounted! His greatest poems are but tales, written in verse, adorned with vivid pictures of battlefield, mountain and moorland. His fascinating descriptions which cause the reader to loose himself in the contemplation of a forest glade, an untroubled lake or a time-worn castle, only to be awakened from his reverie by the loud clash of a battle fray and the quick movement of soldiers, have never been equalled. It has been said that Cooper is his only rival as a writer of description; but surely no one approaches very near him as a recounter of striking narratives. There are no tales which have the spirit, the weird charm, and the variety of scenes and characters which distinguish his novels.

This lover of romance was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. His father was a "respectable writer to the signet," who lost practice by his honesty, which was thought then, as it is now, a very bad quality for a lawyer to possess. His mother was Anne Rutherford, a highly-cultured woman, the daughter of a prominent Edinburgh physician; she was indeed worthy of such a distinguished son.

The earliest recollections of Scott were not of the streets of Edinburgh, but of the picturesque scenes surrounding his grandmother's farm in Roxburghshire. When a child of eighteen months he became lame as the result of a severe fever; so he was carried away to the country to regain his health. Here on summer days, lying among his friends, the sheep, on the grassy crags of Sandy-Knowls he could see below him the silver Tweed, which he ever so fondly loved, and the ruins of Dryburgh in the distance. We cannot but believe that these surroundings, the first he was ever conscious of gazing upon, helped to form his intense love for romantic

scenes and contributed their part in preparing him to write such beautiful descriptions as are found in the opening chapters of Ivanhoe. The scenes and associations of earliest childhood are very often the index of the qualities which later distinguish the man.

After six years of country life his health was restored, and he returned to Edinburgh, where he entered the High School in 1779. He was not very remarkable as a student, though he did win the attention of his instructor by some rather fine poetical translatioms fron Vergil and Horace. He was more distingiushed among his fellow students on the school yard for his ability to tell a good story than he was in the class room, and he never failed to have attentive hearers. It was his custom on holidays to take long walks with his chosen friend, John Irving, to the romantic scenes of Arthur's seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and other similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh, on which occasions they would recount wierd tales of battles and Knight-Errantry and enchantments, which they would continue from time to time without ever thinking of bringing them to a close. Even at this early age Scott was also a remarkable reader, and he read everything that even bordered on romance. He himself tells us how he found some odd volumes of Shakespeare in his mother's dressing-room, where he frequently slept, and how he would steal out of bed after the family had retired and sit by the fire reading the works of this great dramatist. And indeed by the time he was fifteen he was well-read in Shakespeare and Milton.

After attending for a short time, subsequent to his graduation from the High School, the Greek and Logic classes of Edinburgh University, he was apprenticed to his father as a student of law. He declares that the only thing that saved his mind from utter dissipation at this period of his life was his intense love for literature. The study of Spencer, Boccaccis, and Froissart was his chief delight. He was also very fond of History.

In the second year of his apprenticeship a severe malady, which arose from the bursting of a blood vessel, prevented him from attending to his daily duties. Indeed for several weeks he was confined to his bed and not allowed to speak above a whisper. For the space of two years, during which

time he experienced repeated attacks of his disorder, he was left practically to his own discretion as to the employment of his mind, and as far as reading was concerned he was left entirely to the freedom of his own will, an indulgence which, he tells us, was greatly abused. At this time there was in Edinburgh a circulating library, established by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which contained specimens of almost every kind of fiction from ancient to modern times. Into this great sea of indiscriminate reading this lover of romance plunged "without pilot or compass." Except for the time when someone would play chess with him he read literally from morning till night. Not being able to employ his time in any other way he was naturally humored by the members of the household in his great passion for reading. During his illness he says that he read almost all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry in the collection, And. when his appetite for fiction was satisfied, he began to read history, memoirs, voyages, and travels. When sufficiently able he spent a short while in the country where he had access to "a good, though old-fashioned, library," of which he did not disdain to make great use. Perhaps to these two years of promiscuous reading we owe those charming tales of romance which he has left us.

Scott was admitted to the bar in 1792 and began the practice of law. He was not very successful however and afterwards abandoned it entirely for the pursuit of literature, which was more adapted to his nature.

He began his literary career by the translations from the German of Burger's "Lenore" and "Wild Huntsman." It is said that he translated the former thrilling tale one night after supper.

Soon after this successful attempt to gain a footing in the world of literature, he and his young bride, Charlotte Carpenter, moved to a cottage at Lasswade on the Esk where the lawyer-poet wrote three volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy" and several noble ballads. It was while at Lasswade that he became Quarter-master of the Edinburgh Lighthorse, and we can imagine what influence the cavalry drills in which he took part had on the author of "Marmion."

In 1804, having been appointed Deputy Sheriff of Selkirkshire by the Duke of Buccleuch, with the income of £300 a year, he removed to Ashestiel on the Tweed and became a

literary man by profession. He has left us an account of his daily routine during his stay here; he arose at five and, after carefully dressing himself, went out to see his favorite horse. At six he was seated at his desk in a green shooting jacket, writing with one hand while the other was free to pat his stag hound, Maida. His dogs were his constant companions and they were generally couched at his feet when he was at his desk. He usually wrote until breakfast at nine or ten o'clock; two hours after breakfast spent in writing completed the day's work, after which he was his "own man." His afternoons were often spent in hunting or boat riding on the Tweed or in journeying on horseback through the country to gather material for his poems. While at Ashestiel he wrote "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was published in 1805. Then followed "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." He also wrote the "Life and Works of Dryden," in eighteen volumes, published in 1808.

In 1812, having been appointed one of the Clerks of Session with a prospective salary of £800 a year, he bought a hundred acres of land on the banks of the Tweed and built the mansion of Abbotsford, which has been called "a Gothic romance embodied in stone and mortar." Soon after his removal here in 1812, he was offered the laureateship in the name of the Prince Regent, which he declined with respectful thanks.

Soon after his removal to Abbotsford he found, in an old cabinet, the forgotten sheets of a romance which he had begun some years before, intended to give a portrayal of Scottish manners. Though he was engaged at the time in writing the "Life and Works of Dean Swift" he finished the tale and gave it to the public under the title of "Waverly, or, Tis Sixty Years Since" without his name. The book met with popular favor, and Scott was elated. Soon other novels followed, "Rob Roy," "Heart of Mid-Lothian," "Ivanhoe," and "Kenilworth," all without the name of the author. The manuscripts were always copied by John Ballantyne, in whose printing concern Scott was a partner, before they were sent to press, in order to avoid suspicion. It was not long before he entered upon the dangerous practice of receiving payments for unwritten work, and he began to buy more land about Abbotsford and to furnish his mansion with many luxuries. Then came

the money panic of 1825; Constable and Ballantyne went down, and Scott stood as a partner to the firm, with a debt of £117,000 on his shoulders. And in the same sad year his wife died.

It was like a lightning flash from a clear sky, but this noble man, with a heart true as steel, refused to allow the creditors of the firm to suffer. He again took up the pen not to write for pleasure and fame, but for money. He wrote the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, which was but drugery to one who was accustomed to pour forth the riches of his own mind without searching through histories and documents for data. But he toiled on with hopes of being, in a few years, free from his enormous debt. Then on February 15th, 1830, he fell speechless in his drawing room under a stroke of paralysis. His health became gradually worse and as a last resort he sailed for Italy where he spent the winter. Even here he refused to discontinue his writing, and wrote the fragments of two novels, "The Siege of Malta" and "Bizarro," which his friends did not publish on account of "a cloudiness" in his arrangement.

He continued to grow worse, however, and, in accordance with his wish, he was carried back to Abbotsford to die. Here on a bright September day, with all his children around him, his spirit took its flight, the faint murmur of the Tweed running over its pebbles being the last earthly sound that fell upon his dying ear. His body was laid beside that of his wife in Dryburgy Abbey, whose gray walls rise within sight of the grassy crags of Sandy-Knowe. —MAHERION.

SYLVIA

CLARENCE STOWE, D. D., had formed the habit of visiting every Sabbath afternoon the Mount Zion Orphanage, which stood adjacent to the Mount Zion Church of which he was the pastor. Today, as usual, the little victims of a cruel and unkind fortune came running from every nook and corner to greet him as he entered the spacious playground.

He was, indeed, a father to them all, and his "little children," as he called them, always looked forward with delight

to the time when "Dr. Stowe" would come, carrying on his arm a large basket of choice fruit which he would distribute to the ill-fated waifs.

Today, however, notwithstanding the many dancing feet and smiling faces that welcomed his coming, there was something strangely amiss, for he felt the absence of the sweet-faced, brown-eyed, brown-haired little girl, who always met him at the gate. As he passed the fruit to the little waifs, who stood with out-stretched hands, he wondered where his "little Sylvia" could be. Sylvia was the only name by which the little girl was known, for her past was a blank to her new associates.

Stowe had not gone very far, when he encountered the elderly matron, of whom he inquired concerning his "little Sylvia." Much to his sorrow and disappointment, she explained that the child was sick—"very sick." Thus informed, he lost no time in getting to the orphan's room; and the painful expression on his face betrayed the agony of his aching heart.

He stepped lightly, but quickly to the snow-white cot where the sick child lay. She was delirious; her big, brown eyes were gazing wildly on the white ceiling while, from her pale and slightly-parted lips came the word, "mother."

"Mother," she would cry, and then she would reach out her dimpled arms, as if to grasp the being whom she called, "why don't you come and take your darling from this cruel world? It is so dark and lonely without you!"

For a few moments Stowe stood with bowed head watching the helpless form that lay before him. Big drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead, while he was experiencing strange emotions. He bent forward, placing one hand on her burning forehead, while he passed the other caressingly through her dark brown curls. As he did so, there flashed through his confused brain a life-like picture of the mother of such a beautiful child. "Where can this mother be?" thought Stowe, but he could reason no further, for Sylvia's past was a blank.

With a heavy heart he knelt down to thank God for this little sunbeam and to implore His love and mercy for her.

As he arose the door opened, and the matron entered accompanied by the doctor, who, after attending the child,

advised that she should be removed to a place where she could rest quietly and receive more attention.

"I might care for her at my home until she is better," thought Stowe. And, after a slight pause, this thought found expression in a suggestion that the child should be brought to his home. This kind offer met with the physician's hearty approval. Whereupon Stowe summoned a taxicab, and telephoned to his housekeeper to make arrangements for the little stranger. "Prepare the room next to mine," he suggested.

In less than thirty minutes, sweet-faced Sylvia lay in a soft, white bed at the Mount Zion parsonage. At his own expense Stowe employed two expert nurses who remained constantly at the child's bedside. The delirium continued for three nights and three days, during which time Stowe was patiently awaiting the child's recovery. During these days of anxious waiting he became strangely attached to the little creature, and, the afternoon of the third day, he found himself unconsciously calling her "Sylvia, my pretty Sylvia." How, at the sound of this name, visions of the past haunted his memory, and thrilled his heart with strange emotions. His face sank deep into the coverlet, as he thought how like the Sylvia of his boyhood love was the Sylvia whose delicate hand rested in his, and yet, how unlike.

Eight years ago his Sylvia was as pure and innocent as this little brown-haired waif; they were engaged; she was eighteen and he twenty-one, but then their youthful hopes were shattered. Yes, she went away, leaving nothing but a farewell-note, and, a few days later, he received a letter that almost broke his heart, for it contained the story of how she had entered the door that so many of our innocent girls enter.

At first he had been disheartened, but later he had sought a balm for his depressed spirits in marriage. The following seven years were full of joy and happiness. Then the angel of death visited his home, depriving it of a wife and mother; and a few days later, he received a letter from Mrs. Murry, Sylvia's aunt. In it she told of the sad death of her niece. "Thank God," he groaned, and then, as he recalled her life of shame, he gasped, "Father, forgive her."

He was aroused from his reverie by the gentle touch of Sylvia's slender fingers, passing caressingly through his pre-

maturely gray-streaked hair. He raised his head from where it had sunk deep into the coverlet, and Sylvia's soft, wavy hair, brushing across his pale face, sent the blood, chilling through his veins.

The delirious spell was broken, and, with almost superhuman strength, the little waif sprang into his arms, and kissed his parched lips. Nothing could have pleased Stowe more, or bound the little stranger closer to him, than this simple act of gratitude. And from that hour the child began to convalesce.

* * * * * * * * *

Two weeks had intervened since Sylvia's arrival at the parsonage. She was as strong and healthy as ever, and arrangements had been made for her to return to the orphanage. During her stay at the Mount Zion parsonage she had formed two new friendships—one with the doctor, and the other with his little son Walter.

The night before the day of Sylvia's departure, little Walter went to his father's study to bid him good-night. It was then that his father informed him of Sylvia's expected departure; whereupon, the little fellow, who already had learned to call the little stranger "sister," wept bitterly, and begged his father not to send his "little sister" away. The appeal of his young son wrung from him the promise that he should be allowed to visit her every day.

That night was a wakeful night for Stowe, for, during her two-week's stay, the little waif had won a place in his fatherly heart, and the suggestion of his baby boy filled him with a desire to adopt her as his own. "She would not only be a playmate for Walter," thought he, "but she would also be a comfort to me." The little waif had been such a blessing to his home, and now, as he sat with his head in his hands, the sound of her sweet voice, the patter of her tiny feet, and the light of her soft, brown eyes, were begging him to call her his own "little Sylvia." At three-thirty the next morning, he arrived at a conclusion. "Yea," said he, "hereafter she shall live in my house as my own child."

In the morning he went to the orphanage and revealed his intentions to the matron, who heartily sanctioned his plan, for, although she regretted the loss of Sylvia, she was delighted to see her made so happy. "I am sorry to see her

go," she said, "but I know that she will have a good home." In this she was not mistaken, for it was not long before Sylvia became the mistress of Stowe's home.

Stowe himself tutored Walter and Sylvia until they had qualified for college. While at college they were widely separated, and out of this separation grew a warm love. At first they loved as sister and brother, but this love grew until each one's happiness depended on the other.

During Sylvia's growth from childhood to womanhood, the question of her parentage frequently entered the elder Stowe's mind, and often, though unconsciously, he had likened her to one whose image had haunted his memory. But all these questions and doubts were lost in Sylvia's exquisite beauty.

And now, both would graduate that spring—Walter from Harvard and Sylvia from a seminary in Boston. When they would arrive home, their engagement would be announced, and then they would leave the shelter of Stowe's home, to face the problems of the world together.

The elder Stowe had not seen Sylvia for four years, for she had spent her vacations at the home of Stowe's sister, and the sight of her, on her arrival, filled his confused brain with curious thoughts. She was no longer the playful girl of fourteen, but the graceful and charming woman of eighteen. Her beauty held him spellbound. "Is it possible?" thought he. "No, it is not true," he continued, trying to shake off the thought. "But, if it is, then their engagement must be broken. Oh," he sighed, his brain all in a whirl, "how can I tell her of her mother's sin? Would it be right to burden these two young lives with such a calamity? It seems cruel, but I cannot let my son be the victim of ignorance. Oh, God," he pleaded, "grant that it is not true!"

Their engagement had been announced, and the day of the wedding had been set. Until this time Sylvia had seldom mentioned her mother, but, on the day before the wedding, she sauntered into Stowe's study, for the purpose of arranging the final details of the wedding. "Isn't it going to be grand?" she exclaimed. "Oh, how I wish mother could see her 'little Sylvia' now! Would't it be lovely?" And stepping lightly to the place where he was sitting, she asked, "You have never

seen mother's picture, have you?" And with that, she held out a small gold locket for his inspection.

In his surprise Stowe failed to recognize the locket, but a glance at its contents almost took his berath.

"Why, what's the matter?" questioned Sylvia, alarmed at his unwonted manner.

"Nothing," he replied with a feigned smile, "I was just thinking what a beautiful woman your mother must have been, and how much like her you are."

What he said was true, but it was only part of the truth, for the locket and picture only affirmed what his mind had refused to believe.

Sylvia returned to her room, and Stowe was left alone to battle with his thoughts. The name on the locket betrayed its identity—"Sylvia Lyle." It was the one he had given to her on her birthday, just before she went out of his life, and the picture—there could be no mistake now. "True," thought he, "she is not to be blamed for her mother's sin, but only one thing remains for me to do. The engagement must be broken, for—"

He was interrupted by a sharp ring of the door-bell. Suspecting that it was some poor unfortunate, seeking aid, he requested his housekeeper to show him into the study. Beckoning the stranger to a chair, he enquired, "What can I do for you?"

Stowe waited patiently, while the strange little man related his sad story. When he concluded, Stowe, with tears in his eyes, sighed, "Oh, how you have wronged her!" Then, taking the man by the hand, he whispered, "I forgive you."

When he was alone in his study he groaned, "Thank God, she still lives, and it was all a lie."

At supper, without stating his reason, he informed Sylvia and Walter that the wedding would have to be postponed indefinitely, and his peculiar manner restrained any further objection.

For the next two weeks, Stowe was in New York. And, for the second time in his life, he waited patiently at the bedside of a loved one; but how different was the scene this time. It was a "Sylvia," too, but one whose brow was wrinkled, and whose hair was streaked with gray. It was the

"Sylvia" of his boyhood love. What a change time had wrought in the life of Sylvia Lyle!

Yes, "little Sylvia's" wish was granted, and there was a double wedding at the Mount Zion parsonage—father and mother, son and daughter. —J. J. KEMMLER.

DOG'S SERENADE

Oh the moon! Oh the moon!
How its glories faintly gleam
Oh the melancholy moon!
In the silv'ry silken stream
Flowing downward through the night
Like a rill of melody,
With a drear and dreamy light
All replete with mystery.
'Tis to thee, O mirthless moon
That we raise our mournful cry,
Queen of all the sparkling star-gems
That illume the mighty sky.
There is naught that should oppress thee
Thine is undisputed sway;
Stars, the camp-fires of the angels
Only serve to light thy way.
Yet we know thy heart is heavy
For thy face is sad and pale.
Why does sorrow overwhelm thee?
Why does pallidness prevail?
Thou art pale with jealous envy
For on earth a maiden fair
Lives, with eyes whose limpid beauty
Shames thy rival rediance rare.
They are clear as scarlet rosebuds
On a stainless bank of snow;
Purer than the purest day-breath,
That the dawn shall ever know.
Thine is far inferior brilliance
Till their tender lids droop low,
Wooed into the realms of dream-land
By the breezes soft that blow.

Thou art sad because these rivals
Shine with lustre far more bright
Than the host of heav'nly spark-worlds
Though their radiance they unite.
Thus it is that thou art cheerless
That we seldom sound our wail
Till those eyes are sweetly sleeping
And thy sheen o'erspreads each vale.
When their lustrous light is hidden
Only then we worship thee,
And extol thy name with voices
Raised in gloomy minstrelsy.

Then we howl with mournful cry
At the moon, at the moon!
At the sad and solemn moon!
Marching upward through the sky
With a mild but mystic light
In the night. —AMORPHOUS BIZARRE.

THE EFFECT OF THE CRUSADES ON EUROPE

OST of us in the study of history are somewhat inclined to regard this great movement which shook Christendom so mightly in the eleventh and twelfth centuries as merely the carrying into Christianity of that warlike spirit which had characterized the knights in their dealings with one another. We are moreover made to feel that the crusades were a tremendous failure when viewed from the standpoint of the immense amount of money and number of men which were sacrificed in a vain effort to regain control of the holy places and tomb of our Lord, and that about the only benefit derived today are the legends and accounts of the brave deeds and great difficulties overcome. Sir Walter Scott in "The Talisman" has most charmingly pictured the warlike spirit of the "Lion hearted Richard" and the motive which prompted some of his knights in undertaking this campaign as well as the better side of the Saracen enemy whom we know to have been misrepresented in many instances. But the weary marches across the desert stages, the

battlefields drenched with the blood of thousands and the slaughter of defenceless citizens until their blood ran in such streams as to cause one knight's horse to splash in the crimson near to his knees,—shall we say that all these things as well as the fiery eloquence of Peter the Hermit, St. Bernard and others were followed only by the return of a broken, weary remnant of the splendid equipage which set forth and that their deeds died with them insofar as they related to Posterity? Yes, we may admit that the lives of untold thousands were spent as crusaders, that treasures were expended and that oratory was freely used in stirring men to action, but our eye turns to other things which were placed on firm foundation either directly or indirectly by these great movements and we can be assured that the efforts of our forefathers on their immediate posterity and upon us today were such that the ends have fully justified the means.

At the time of the crusades the Western nations of Europe though Christianized were by no means civilized. The great land-owners lived in their gloomy castles surrounded by forests teeming with wild beasts with little more company than the thick headed serf and a smoky fire could give. Their times were spent in hunting, hawking or in the still more enjoyable pastime of killing or harassing one another. There was little education outside the monasteries, trade had almost ceased, if it had ever begun, and the safest profession so far as human life was concerned was that of monk, and that not always. Although the main end for which the crusades were conducted was religions, we must not suppose that it was altogether so. In the wake of the armies there followed oftimes a motley throng made up of traders from the seaport towns of Italy, monks, priests, robbers and thieves. The seaport towns of Italy were especially strong in their support of the crusades and we find that the safest and most often used means of transportation were the galleys of Genoa and Venice. Under the patronage or protection of the armies these had ample opportunity to engage in trading with the Eastern nations who represented by the far civilization of the age. A regular commerce was developed between the east and the west and the exchange of silks, grain and cruder materials of the west for the silks, perfumes, tapestries and luxuries of the east in general became common and so firmly

established that neither the withdrawal of the crusaders nor the subsequent war between Venice and Genoa, or the capture of Byzanturm by the Turks some two hundred years later were sufficient causes to destroy it. This widening of trade into a commercial relationship not only brought returns in actual profit at that time, but it was the means of causing a still wider expansion which found expression in the discoveries of Columbus, a young Genoese, some centuries later. Not only were the seaport towns of Italy the only ones to derive a benefit from the commerce thus established. The western nations in turn became interested and attention was directed toward their undeveloped resources and they too began to devise means whereby trade might become easier and their conditions bettered. What a small beginning indeed was the great commercial activities carried on now by England, France, Germany and Holland, all of which were the results of the crusades!

Our efforts to show the good effects following these great movements would indeed be a failure if we should not mention the subject of mental enlightenment. Under this head also might be included the unifying influence of the crusades, not in the sense of welding the people into one, but in causing them to know more of onr another and to have more in common. This was bound to have an influence on education, for it would have been next to impossible for an intellectual revival to have arisen while the Western nations were so widely separated. As it was the soldiers of Phillip and Frederick fought by the side of those of England, and though not a very good feeling existed between them still theirs was a common enemy, theirs a common church and they brothers under arms for Christ. We have said that the monasteries held practically all that was known in regard to education, and access to these were limited mainly to the church as represented in the priests and monks of that day. When the crusaders reached the East they found not only a people well advanced in regards to commercial civilization but a people cultured, intelligent and far surpassing the barbarous knights in many of the sciences. The most noted astronomers were Saracens, and the cloudless skies of Arabia, studded with shining stars, were the inspirations to a great and last development along that line and one which finds expression in the

still greater widening of this knowledge in later years. The first principles of geometry and mathematics in general as well as the Arabic numbers were found to be in the hands of a so called infidel people. It is any wonder that we find Richard and his followers coming to a more respectful estimate of their opponents? Mention might be made also of the poetry developed by these dark skinned sons of the desert which was so full in the expression of beautiful ideas and so wide in variety of subject that the Western princes were made to feel ashamed for their so called civilization. We might mention also the culture of Byzantunie where huge libraries were stored under care of the Greek church. Here again the crusaders met with a superior civilization and we do not wonder that the returning days and the years succeeding were marked not only by a desire for soul enlightenment, but by actual efforts along that line, and the great universities of Paris, Milan and Bologna were the beginning of the great educational systems with which Europe is filled today.

The results of the crusades would be incomplete indeed should we fail to mention their religious effect on Europe which comes with and is very closely allied to the educational. It was through Christianity that true civilization was to come in its highest sense to Western Europe and the Christianity which contained to the greatest degree the simplicity and actual practices of the lowly Nazarene. The aggressive spirit of Mohammedanism was rather forged on by the crusades and about the middle of the fifteenth century Byzantium, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, fell. In this might be seen the hand of an all directing Providence, for, had Byzantium remained intact, the whole story of the race might have been changed. As it was, the seat of learning was necessarily carried westward and a great Renaissance or revival of learning began in a fuller sence. And then followed that awakening, the like of which has never been known brfore or since. Just as the Maji of the far east looked to the ascendant star for the blessed hope which was to come, even so the eyes of the west viewed the coming enlightenment, and just so was their expectant gaze realized in the coming of a movement which shattered the chains which bound their souls in darkness and superstition, and which found a channel in a crusade carried on, not by mail clad knights on prancing

steeds, but by the morning stars of the Reformation in the capacity of martyrs and educators who freely expended their lives, not in behalf of useless relics, but for the mighty and all prevailing truth and the freedom of man's conscience.

—U. S. GORDON.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER (from the Greek word meaning to engrave) meant originally the tool employed for drawing and stamping, as well as the impression made therewith—the distinctive mark, especially as used in the minting of coin. As early as the fifth Century, B. C., the word acquiring a metaphysical sense, as is shown by the writings of Herodotus, Aeschylus, and others, who applied it both in the sphere of ethics and psychology and in that of later criticism." Later it is found that the word is used with manifold shades of meaning. The Latin writers were unalbe to find a word equivalent to it in their language. In the mediaeval church the word came into frequent use, acquiring in particular a peculiar religious conotation, and was thus by the time of Augustine applied as a technical expression to the spiritual signs, which according to the privileges of the church, were indelibly impressed on the soul as baptism, confirmation, and ordination. But today as Kant says, "A much stronger and wider influence, however, was exercised by the further distinction, between physical and moral character." He also holds that moral character alone is not divisible into particular kinds; it is not this or that, but must always remain a single entity. On the other hand the physical character, embracing his natural disposition and temperament, represents merely what nature has made of him.

Then the moral character is founded upon one's own actions. To build this character one must be careful as to his habits, for "moral character implies that property of the will by which the subject binds himself to certain principles unchangeably laid down for himself by his own reason." Also the soul of man usually speaks or informs him that he is doing

wrong while he is doing it or even before he stars. Again he must stamd on his own feet, so to speak, and be frank to speak what he thinks is right. Character can only be formed by virtue of decision and acquisition. It can be coerced by external provisions and precautions; mere drill will not make it. Nevertheless, the vital impulse must always proceed from the individual himself, much must be done by the community in the way of stimulus and support. First of all, there must be a social environment and realization of the idea of an inner world—in the primary world—in the real sense. The things of the spirit should be assessed at their true value in a community, and should not be overwhelmed by the external things so highly prized in social life. No one can make character by more means of mechanical rules and methods. He must have faith in freedom, yet not let the dangers of this freedom come in the way of the character he has made, and to further make a character he must keep watch so as to not be drawn into temptation.

If he has made a character it is certain to show. He cannot hide it. If his character is bad it will be visible, and if good he cannot keep people from seeing it. "A person who has no character is one who has no stamp on him." But this is not often seen in this land. Nearly every one has some stamp on him that shows what kind of character he has, yet there are some that cannot be distinguished very readily. It is inwardly directed, but can't help from being visible on the outside. What a man thinks, that will he do, and in this he must learn to realize that

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Now look at the lives of the world's greatest men. There is always something visible about their record and life that shows what their character has been. Socrates showed what he was, and proved his character by drinking the hemlock as he did; Washington's character made him after he had made the character, and it went with him throughout his life, and by his steadfastness both in word and deed became the great leader that he was. In like manner there are many others

that could be mentioned, such as Lee, Jackson, Cromwell, and others in military affairs; Moody, Spurgeon, and others in religious afiairs; but the greatest of these and the greatest character that has ever been in this world was that of Christ, whose example should be a guide to all moral actions and deeds. —ROBT. M. MCGEHEE.

IN MEMORY OF

MARY AGNES MILLER,

STUDENT S. P. UNIVERSITY

FROM SEPTEMBER, '09, TO JUNE, '10.

"Know'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in His garden
While the sun shines high;
In that garden there are roses,
Beautiful and bright,
And He gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight.
If He marks our prefect blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and gaze upon it,
Full of tender care;
And the beauteous rose He gathers,
In His bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow
For a dear one dies."

BORN

SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

DIED

NOVEMBER 11, 1912.

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EDITORIAL

Another One of Carlyle's Kings

"During the entire proceedings of the late Baltimore Convention, there was one man seated in that great hall, who, while all around him was confusion and excitement, maintained a calm but fixed determination to see the triumph of his principles, until one by one the delegates, who had assembled to nominate the Democratic candidate for President, had come over to his side and cast their ballots for that man who on November 5th, by the greatest majority of any presidential election, was chosen to fill the highest office of the land. It was W. J. Bryan, one of the most kingly men that America has ever produced. For more than twenty years Mr. Bryan has labored for the promulgation and adoption of the great principles of democracy which he knew to be right. Time after time has he seen the banner under which they were set forth go down in defeat; yet with an unwavering faith in the American people and a never wavering hope in their final triumph he has fought their battles against great odds. What a splendid addition to Carlyle's collection of kings! On November 5th as a reward of his labor he had the gratification of seeing the standard of those great principles placed in the

hands of one of the ablest statesmen and one of the grandest men of the modern world, Woodrow Wilson."

WE cannot but express our gratification occasioned by the election to the presidency of these United States of a man, who, to our mind, is the most suitable for the place not only because he is a Democrat, but because he is a man of sound moral convictions, keen insight into questions of national importance, and because he is a man of broad culture—Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. We believe that the people of this nation have evinced sound judgment in selecting one of America's greatest educators for this most important office. They have stepped aside from the usual custom of choosing a politician, and have chosen a man from among those who have the interests of the people at heart. We feel sure that this election betokens a prosperous and peaceful administration, and the betterment of our country not only financially but morally. Before the election the nation was divided into five factions, but today 90,000,000 people are behind one man, and as the head of the government "he will have the support of the citizens of the greatest republic that man, under the goodness of God, ever contrived to set up."

WE wish to call attention to the recent publication of a General Catalogue of the Southerwest Presbyterian University, compiled and edited with much labor and painstaking care by Prof. G. F. Nicolassen, Ph. D.

This catalogue contains a list of those who have been students of this Institution under its various organizations, as "The Masonic College," "Stewart College," and "The Southwestern Presbyterian University." It is desired to make this list as complete as possible, and to this end information is requested:

1. As to former students, whose names are not on the list.
2. As to all, their residence when students.
3. Their present residence and occupation.
4. What year or sessions they attended.
5. Whether soldiers in the war of 1861–65, and their rank in the army.
6. The names of those not living and when they died.

Please send this information to Prof. G. F. Nicolassen.

ARTICLES, appearing in several newspapers of the State, charging S. P. U. with crooked and underhand work as regards her present football team, call for a word of defence. She has been charged with harboring "outlaws," and sanctioning "dirty athletics," etc.

The situation amounts to this: "The Presbyterian school has the best football team in the South, with the possible exception of Vanderbilt."—[Chattanooga Daily Times.] And several S. I. A. A. teams, realizing this fact, and not wishing to be defeated, have called off their dates on the ground of ineligibility of several of S. P. U.'s best men. Be it understood in the beginning, that S. P. U.'s management has not been concealing the fact that its team has several men on it which under strict S. I. A. A. rules would not be allowed to play. But does the standard of S. I. A. A. have to be followed in every particular by schools which are not members of this oligarchy? We cannot see how the S. I. A. A. can enforce her rules upon other teams when her teams are so few that they have to go outside of it for games to complete their schedules. It has been shown time and again that S. I. A. A. does not question a man's eligibility unless she sees that the team on which he plays is a strong one.

But there are no men on the S. P. U. team who are not bona fide students, there are none who have been forbidden entrance to any other University. Messrs. Shields, Cahall and Walton, the men who came to us from Mississippi, are strictly bona fide students. They were forbidden by the faculty of the University of Mississippi from playing football pending an investigation of their cases by the Association, which investigation has not been made. They have not been debarred by the S. I. A. A. The only way apparently, after searching the Constitution and By-Laws of the S. I. A. A. in which these men are ineligible is by the operation of the first year rule. We will very likely have these accused men with us again next year, and we are wondering what excuse the S. I. A. A. teams will have then for not playing us.

The University Club

This club was organized last year so is not an entirely new thing. Be it known that it is one of the best organizations

in school. The work this club does is most valuable and instructive. It is not so much the purpose of this club to entertain as it is to instruct, which instruction is most valuable. Such subjects as astronomy, atomic theory, etc., have been discussed. We cannot urge too much the importance of attending these meetings, because the instruction gotten is different from any received in class room.

October 6th. Rev. Roger H. Peters addressed the Association on College Ideals. The greatest of these, and the one to which a young man most aspires, is strength. In the first place, we should not despise physical strength, because a strong body makes a strong mind. It is for this reason that athletics is so forcefully emphasized in college life. Then we should not look with contempt upon mental strength because it is the power that moves the world, and it is our duty to acquire it. A strong mind, that has been trained to think is even better than memory. But greater than either of these is spiritual strength, for it is everlasting, while that of the body and also that of the mind will pass away. Miss Mary Warfield sang a solo on this occasion, which was greatly enjoyed.

October 13th. Messrs. Brandau and Alexander spoke on the Montreat Convention which met last June. Mr. Brandau presented some very interesting facts about the daily program of the Conference. Mission and Bible Study classes were conducted early every morning. Addresses were delivered by some of the best speakers of the country, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. James I. Vance and many others. The afternoons were spent in sports and mountain climbing. An open air address was delivered every evening about sunset.

Mr. Alexander presented some thoughts from the addresses delivered by Dr. Vance and other speakers. The subject of Dr. Vance's talk was, "The World Call of the Gospel." Christ's

plan of Christianizing the great professions of the day, is to Christianize the man, and thereby his business. Man cannot be changed by changing his surroundings, he must have a change of heart. We must all be soldiers of the cross, in this great fight, but Christ is in the van.

October 20th. Dr. Rosebro presented some very valuable thoughts on prayer. First, we should have the right attitude of prayer; whether standing or kneeling, our eyes should be closed to the objects around us, so that the thoughts may be centered upon things spiritual. Second, we should have reverence of language and avoid vain repetitions. Third, our prayers should be fervent; they should be the offering up of our earnest desires unto the Lord. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Miss Emery and Mr. Stratton furnished the music of the afternoon.

October 27th. Mr. P. C. Martin spoke on the subject of Missions, basing his remarks on Math. 28: 19. This question is an old one, Paul and Barnabas being the first missionaries to the gentiles. It is also a new question, because, for a long time, the church had not considered it; and it is only within recent years that it has awakened to the fact that Missions are necessary. We should send missionaries to the heathen, because it is a command of Christ and also because it is the means of saving many souls for the kingdom of God. It is our duty to pray for them and for the cause, to supoprt them and to study their work.

EXCHANGES

Here they are lying before us in covers of blue, green, yellow, etc. What? Why, the products of the literary

"genius" of Southern college men and women. We must leave Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning and the rest, and read that which is pulsating with the life of the Twentieth Century. Does anyone envy us?

The A. P. C. beat some Presbyterian school to a good name for a magazine. With the aid of the "Noble" girls of Anniston, can't "The Predestinarian" put in a few more pages to support that excellent name? We like the unique poem, "The Dynamos." You have "The Padded Sell" next to the "Institute" department. It's humane, of course. "Hazeby's Hydraulic Hippopotami" is imaginatively "Websterian."

"The Owl" comes from V. T. S., Elkton, Ky. "The Bachelor's Paradise" is well written. Why was it not put nearer the front, on the first page even?

"The Reflector" has an attractive cover. "Heroes of Today" has a clear note of optimism in it. "The Lone Prep's Game," promises to be much like other stories we have read.

TO OUR LAUNDRYMAN.

"Laundryman, spare this shirt,
Make not a single tear,
Just remove the dirt,
And leave the buttons there.
This covered me last week,
I have one more to wear;
For this shirt's life I speak—
Please handle it with care."—Ex.

Just see who's holding down the exchanges for "The Reflector!" Greetings, H. M. C., from one of the "Big Four"—the least one, too.

"When all my thinks in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saves me from an awful flunk?
My pony."—Ex.

"The Mississippi College Magazine." "His Reward"—well we guessed it when we had read the first sentence. Was not the writer "so sudden," too abrupt, on page 10, sixth and seventh lines? "Corinthia's Decision" will undoubtedly have a marked climax. " . . . she lifted her head—the moon went under a cloud"—are you going to beat that?

"The Mirror" comes to us from Conway, Ark. We are not able to get a clear idea of the two concluding paragraphs of "The Flower That Never Fades." The subject is a good one, but did not you treat it in a rather frantic strain? Avoid too many of the following expressions: "No, I say," "behold," "truly, we do," "Oh," "tell me," "behold, will you," "nay, verily nay." We make the same criticism of "James' Fairy" that we made of "His Reward" above. The time element must enter into the growth of the passion of love. We are grateful for the rendering of Catullus V. How much better to read it in such good form from "The Mirror" than to have to "dig" it out from an old dusty copy of Catullus!

"The University of North Carolina Magazine" has several good "Sketches." The poem "Waitin' " is skillfully composed. The writer has put the music of the "old time" negro into the lines. We hope to see more stories in your next issue. Have you "cut out" the local department?

"The University of Virginia Magazine" contains poems and stories of an unusually high order.

Clippings

Judge—"Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man like that."

Pat—"Suppose he called you an Irish slob?"

"But I'm not an Irishman."

"Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?"

"But I'm not a Dutchman."

"Well, suppose he called you the kind of a slob that you are?"

Augustus—"I'm not fond of the stage, Violet; but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better go before the foot lights."

He—"I never kissed a girl before."

She—"Then you have come to the wrong place. I don't run a preparatory school."

We have received the following exchanges which we are compelled to lay aside for this month: "Wofford College Journal," "Old Gold and Purple" from New Orleans High School, "Davidson College Magazine." We shall give these attention in our next issue,

Quite a commotion was caused the other day at Robb Hall when one of the boys exclaimed, "Come fellows and watch Dolive perform his gymnastics," but we found that it was a false alarm, for it was only an organ grinder and his monk.

SELECTED.

"Put the hammer in the locker,
Hide the sounding-board likewise.
Any one can be a knocker,
Any one can criticise."

Dr. Nicolassen: (in Greek I) "Mr. Sheppard, where were the Olympian games held?"

Mr. Sheppard: "On Mount Olympus."

Just a word in behalf of the Misegunaikologists. P. C. Martin has been rejected and we hope he will soon be able to make good. We hereby take this opportunity in announcing to the public that Mr. Hill has been expelled from this conservative organization. At the last meeting the name of Mr.

Polk Atkinson was considered. In all probability he will be accepted, provided he will quit taking girls out auto riding.

Mr. Walton: "Say, Billy, if Dr. 'Tommy' teaches music isn't he a musician?"

Billy: "Why sure."

Walton: "Well I guess since Dr. Jimmie teaches Physics he is a physician."

The Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Venable spent several days with their son Sidney. And we enjoyed having Rev. Venable conduct Chapel exercises, Friday, November 8th.

Let them jeer,
Let them sneer,
What do I "Keer"
My conscience is clear
Some one get a can of beer.
Shakespeare.—(Powell.)

Mr. Harper (translating in New Testament Greek): "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid under a bushel."

Some one said the reason the Foreign Mission Committee would not send J. J. Kemmler to the Savages was on account of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

Dr. Rosebro (in Pastoral Theology): "Mr. Sneed, failing to collect his salary is one of a minister's EXTRAORDINARY difficulties, is it not?"

Mr. Sneed: "No sir, Dr., it is very ORDINARY."

Prof. Fulton (in Bible II): "Mr. Walton, what do you know about Matthew?"

Mr. Walton: "He was a painter."

One day when there was a fire near the University, Will Alexander, in Physics, said: "Doctor, I saw Mrs. Lyon going to the fire."

Dr. Lyon: "Yes, yes, but she hasn't a Physics class to teach."

Prof. Fulton (in Bible II): "What was the deacon's duty in the Synagogue?"

Mr. Porter: "To take up the collection."

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. James F. Eddins, '94–99, is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Mr. D. T. Ewell, '08, '10, is in the insurance business in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Neal B. Finley, who for some time has been a newspaper reporter in Memphis, Tenn., is now in the offlce of the Schaef and Rice Real Estate Co., in the same city.

Mr. L. B. Field, who graduated in the Class of '05, is now a minister in the city of Macon, Ga.

Mr. E. E. Fox, who was with us in '10—'11, is now teaching school at Sarepta, Miss.

Mr. Otho A. Fox, '11, spent the summer in the wheat fields in the west, and after a very successful summer he has become a salesman for a music house in Springfiels, Mo.

Mr. Howard Thompson, '04–'09, is in Edinburgh, having a scholarship at the University of Edinburgh. He states that school life abroad is very different from what it is here but that he finds the fellows very congenial.

Mr. William M. Rogers, '07–'08, is also abroad, studying law at St. John's College at Oxford. He spent the summer in Germany. taking in all the main cities and points of nterest. We all remember that he was a great football player

here, and as he says that he likes their Rugby just as well we will expect great things from him. However he is centering most of his interests on rowing, in an attempt to make the St. John's rowing team. Here's hoping him good luck!

Mr. T. U. Sisson, '90, a member of the Sixty-First and the Sixty-Second Congresses, recently made a flying trip through Clarksville, addressing a good crowd on the subject of State and especially National Demorcacy. Mr. Sisson's home is at Winona, Miss.

Mr. C. F. Hoffman, of the Class of 1910, receiving his B. D. in 1912, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Mansfield, La.

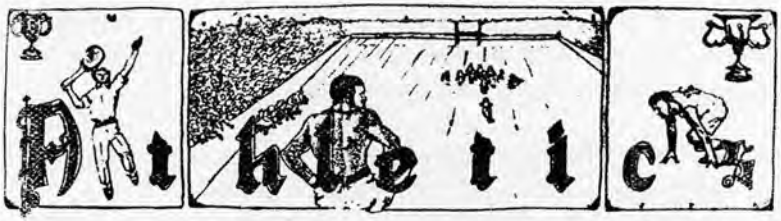
Mr. R. A. Bolling, who is now a student at the Louisville Theological Seminary, is now in charge of a preparatory class in Greek for such students as may be deficient in that language. Let us hope him as much success there as Dr. Nicolassen is obtaining here.

Mr. Frank P. Ramsey, '07, who won the orator's medal that year on an oration about the theater, is now traveling with a theatrical company.

Mr. W. H. Muirhead, '01–'07, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Atoka, Tenn.

Mr. S. B. McBride, '00–'06, is now a minister in Galax, Va.

Mr. G. H. Turpin, '03–'09, who is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church near Columbia, Tenn., recently paid us a hurried visit here in Clarksville.



FOOTBALL

On October 00, S. P. U. took on Winthrop, the strong prep. team from Nashville, Tenn., and smothered them under by the score of 68 to 0, playing only thirty minutes, as the last quarter was not played to let them catch a train back. If the whole game had been played with good officials the score would never have stopped under 120, at least, as two touchdowns were not counted, since according to their referee, Howell, they were against his rules.

Winthrop didn't have a try at anything. They made first down once and if they had any team work didn't show as Shields and Manship would stop them back of the line of scrimmahe. They had one or two good tacklers though.

Shields open field running was the best ever seen on Shearer field. He made several 20, 30 and even 45 yard runs. Wood, Cahall and Manship did some good gaining too. But the long run of Bigby Walton must not be overlooked. He caught the ball on S. P. U.'s 10-yard line and went ploughing down the field bowling over every Winthrop player he came to for 45 yards. Line up:

WINSHIP		S. P. U.
Leathers	Center	Stokes.
Leathers, J.	Right Guard	Sommerville.
Philpot	Left Guard	White.
Walton	Right Tackle	Walton.
Drake	Left Tackle	Hambaugh.
Warnick	Right End	Bachman.
Powell	Left End	McLaurin.
Cooksey	Quarter	Wood.
Overalls	Right Half	Cahall.
Thweatt	Left Half	Manship.
Charlton	Full Back	Shields.

Touchdowns—S. P. U.: Shields 5, Wood 2, Hambaugh 1, Cahall 2, Manship 1; goals from touchdowns: Shields 8. Referee—Howell. Umpire—Naive. Time of quarters, 10 minutes.

On November 9, the S. P. U. team had a chance to try what it could do against a real ball team when it took on the strong Cumberland team from Lebanon, Tenn., winning 33 to 0.

The Cumberland team was much heavier, although S. P. U.'s back field outweighed theirs, while the Cumberland line averaged 190 pounds.

Shields, of S. P. U., kicked off to Cumberland, after three unsuccessful trials Cumberland was forced to kick to Shields who returned it 30 yards. Then a neat forward pass from Cahall to Shields gained 25 yards and Manship was sent over for a touchdown. After the first touchdown the Cumberland men braced but were soon swept off of their feet by the swift work of Cahall, Manship and Shields, who pulled off consistent gains of 10, 15 and 20 yards.

The first half ended with the score 21 to 0, S. P. U. having the ball on Cumberland's 15-yard line.

Cumberland in the third quarter, came back strong, and with several split plays, gained consistently.

S. P. U. ended the last quarter with renewed vigor and ran completely away, making two more touchdowns, and had the ball on Cumberland's 15-yard line when the game was called.

Wood ran his team well and made some good gains. Cahall and Shields were the principal ground-gainers.

The defensive work of Manship and Massey was good throughout the game, as well as that of McLaurin, Walton and Bachman.

The star work of Williamson, Curran and Pelphrey, both on the offense and defense, was noticeable throughout the game. The deadly tackling of Pelphrey was the best seen here this season. Line up:

S. P. U.	POSITION.	CUMBERLAND.
McLaurin	Left End	Shane.
Hambaugh	Left Taclek	Pelphrey.
Massey	Left Guard	Woodley.

Stokes, Sommerville	Center	Burnes.
Ingram	Right Guard	Fowler.
Walton	Right Tackle	Sherfield.
Bachman	Right End	Stout.
Wood	Quarter	White.
Cahall	Left Half	Hall.
Manship	Right Half	Curran.
Shields	Full Back	Williamson.

Touchdowns—S. P. U.: Shields 2, Cahall 2, Manship 1. Goals from touchdowns—Shields 3. Umpire—Brown. Referee—Braun.

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