

VOL. XXX

NO. 3

The Journal

December
Christmas Issue

THE
JOURNAL

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTHWESTERN
PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY



CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

University Directory

UNIVERSITY

J. R. Dobyns, LL. D. President
G. F. Nicolassen, A. M., Ph. D. Vice-President
S. C. Lyon, A. M. Clerk of Faculty

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Rev. W. A. Cleveland President
Wiley J. Smith Vice-President
Fraser Hood Vice-President
W. B. Young Secretary
G. F. Nicolassen Treasurer

Y. M. C. A.

J. W. Kennedy President
G. M. Brandau Vice-President
H. B. Wade Recording Secretary
S. J. Venable Corresponding Secretary
T. J. Wharton Treasury
J. H. Brumby Editor of the Journal

BOOSTERS' CLUB

C. R. McLaurin President
B. O. Wood Vice-President

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS SAME AS THE BOOSTERS' CLUB

Base Ball Team—B. O. Wood, Captain; W. M. Daniel Manager
Foot Ball Team—C. R. McLaurin, Captain; W. A. Alexander Manager

TENNIS ASSOCIATION

W. Dinwiddie President
U. S. Gordon Secretary and Treasurer
R. P. Richardson Marshall of the Courts

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Washington Irving—A. Killough President
Stewart—W. A. Alexander President

FRATERNITY CORRESPONDENTS

Alpha Tau Omega A. Bosch
Kappa Sigma G. M. Brandau
Pi Kappa Alpha U. S. Gordon
Sigma Alpha Epsilon A. Patch

INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

W. P. Bone (Cumberland University) President

Table of Contents

Christmas Emblems, A. BOSHC.....	5
The Influence of the Supreme Court on American Nationality up to 1820, (Competitive Essay).....	6
The Spanish Student in the North, P. G. ZAPP.....	10
Early American Literature and Its Chief Exponent, J. H. BRUMBY.....	11
Blasted Blossoms, P. G. ZAPP.....	19
The Torrent, W. A. ALEXANDER.....	25
Some Thoughts on Love, JNO. W. THOMPSON.....	26
Biographical Sketches of Henry Drummond—II Development of the Man, ALGERNON KILLOUGH.....	28
Editorial.....	34
Alumni Notes.....	38
Exchanges.....	40
Y. M. C. A.....	42
Club Notes.....	44
Locals.....	45
Athletics.....	48

The Journal

VOL. XXX

DECEMBER, 1914

NO. 3

Christmas Emblems

—
A. BOSCH.
—

O holly! to thee we homage pay
On this bright, happy Christmas day,
Plant that brings the Christmas cheer,
Removing doubt and sullen fear,
Bringing joy to saddened hearts,
Inspiring others to noble parts;
With your leaves of brightest green,
Prettiest plant at Christmas seen.

O mistletoe! to thee we offering bring,
While we merry, cheery carols sing,
Emblem of the Druid's clan,
Revered, worshipped by every man;
Clinging to oaks with berries white,
In silence standing for truth and right,
With your leaves of olive green,
Dearest shrub at Christmas seen.

O Christmas tree! to thee we bend
In obeisance—Christmas friend,
Tree from the snowy, northern clime,
Bringing gladness at Christmas time;
Decorated with candles bright,
Showing forth the glorious light;
With your needles of emerald green,
Loveliest tree at Christmas seen.

The Influence of the Supreme Court on American Nationality Up to 1820

(COMPETITIVE ESSAY) "YOUGHAL."



THERE is no government without law. Any form of executive power that does not have its fundamental principles based on law is anarchy. Laws make nations. The military force of Alexander, of Charlmagne, of Caesar, of Nebuchadnezzar, or of Hezekiah did not make their nations. It was the legal codes back of these monarchs, the laws which they themselves, or their lawmakers made, that placed their nations in the foremost ranks of the world's great powers.

Equally necessary with the making of a law is the interpreting of that law. A law has a definite meaning. Its interpretation can only be had by applying its provisions to specific instances. The facts in these specific instances are carefully brought out. The court then analyzes the provisions of the law and determines whether the law applies to that instance. The law is then applied according as the moral, ethical, and political right permit. Judicial philosophy thus determines the right or the wrong of a statute. The conclusions reached are the interpretations of the law, and establish a comparative basis for all other acts that bear on the same subject.

Laws make government. The functions of government are legislative, judicial, and executive. These functions may not be carried out in the same manner in all governments. Yet all governments are under great political, ethical, and moral obligations.

The moral obligations are greatest. The moral obligations, more than any other, embrace those who are under the jurisdiction of government. They deal directly with the individual right of the people.

Law is the basis of nationality. It is the foundation upon which the traditions of government rest. It is the authority to which a nation may point to prove the right of its acts, and the heart of its characteristics. With these facts in view an attempt will be made to show the "Influence of the judiciary, the interpreter of law, upon American nationality up to 1820."

There are two documents that stand out beyond all others in the making of the American nation. The one is the "Articles of Confederation;" the other, the Constitution of the United States. These two documents differ in many points. But the one difference which concerns the subject before us is the lack of provision, in the Articles of Confederation, for a judiciary; and the provision for a judiciary in the Constitution. The Articles of Confederation made no provision for a judiciary to determine the right or wrong of laws made under the Articles. It made no provision for establishing justice through national sources. It gave no method of appeal to a supreme, unbiased, federal judiciary.

On the other hand the Constitution in outlining the American system of government provided for a great, national judiciary. The Constitution made it of equal importance with the legislative and executive bodies. It provided that the judiciary should be the moderator of the law in all cases that directly affect the government, or any of its citizens. The judiciary was to be the interpreter of all the laws passed by the Legislature, and should determine the validity of each act, construed in the light of that great doctrine of American government, the Constitution.

Laws are responsible for the characteristics of nationality. The thoughts of a people and their actions are molded by the substance of their laws. The actions of a government are influenced by the national spirit of the people. So we see that laws are the all powerful force in government.

But the interpreter of the law plays a still greater part in government by his influence on nationality. His decisions as regards the political importance of a statute will make and unmake many aspiring statesmen. It will determine the administration's course in dealing with the problems of the machinery of government. The court's decision as

regards the ethical importance of a law will have much to do with making men exert their utmost energies in behalf of those things which are dear to them. They will affect man as regards the moral importance to urge him to further that influence which lifts one above the wanton desire of the unscrupulous masses.

The interpreter of the Constitution is the Supreme Court. It is unique in its construction and function. It differs from the highest tribunals of all other nations. In fact, its power is greater than the power of the other two branches of government, for its verdict is final.

The first Supreme Court was composed of six members. The first Chief Justice was a man of strong convictions, but absolutely fair in all his dealings, viz.: John Jay of New York. Succeeding him in the chair was Chief Justice Ellsworth of Connecticut. The third incumbent of that chair was John Marshall of Virginia. To him more than to any one else do we owe our characteristics of American nationality. His forceful, comprehensive and explicit decisions have made law faster than all other forces could unmake it.

Among the many decisions rendered by this master mind of constitutional principles are the Dartmouth College Trustee Case, and the Olmstead Case. Another famous case was the case of *Chisholm vs. Georgia*.

From these facts we may conclude with what was the effect of the Supreme Court on American nationality up to 1820. It made the United States an individual nation. **FIRST**, by showing that a Constitution such as the Constitution of the United States is the greatest form of government yet carried out. **SECOND**, by showing that it was not the duty of the Legislature to determine the validity of a law. **THIRD**, with regard to the two great constitutional principles, the establishment of which we owe to Marshall, viz.: 1. That, while the general government is limited as to its objects, it is yet as to those objects supreme. 2. That in enforcing its constitutional authority, in doing its constitutional work, in reaching its constitutional ends, the United States Government is not confined to narrow courses; is not shut up to any single line of action; is not limited in its agency or methods. It has a full, fair, free choice among

all the means not expressly forbidden in the Constitution, which are reasonable, expedient and politic means to those ends; a choice as full, fair and free as if the objects of the government were not limited.

Thus we see that the nationality of our American people has been wonderfully influenced by the judiciary. It has made the American people more and more a sovereign people. It has made them the peer of any people on earth in matters politic and educational. It has been the great force which instilled into the people of 1789 and 1820 the love for liberty, which established the worth of the individual, fostered the desire for energetic endeavor along all lines, and made us a nation.



The Spanish Student in the North

P. G. ZAPP.

Far in the South fair Hispanola
Lies—my fond—loved native land—
Where the chestnut's shade falls o'er
A pillared manse by Ebro's strand.

Ah, I wander in the Northland,
Gazing wildly o'er the main,
On the winds my songs I forth send,
Bear them with my love to Spain.

Roses, there are golden glowing;
Orangers blossoms starlike gleam;
Soft, the frequent breezes blowing,
Fairer Luna's silver beam?

At the harvest-home to-day, I've
Played my fairest melodies,
Round me dancing, mirth and gay life,
O'er my cheeks so pale, flow tears.

Ah, I can no longer bear it—
Oh, back to my native land
Dig my grave, plant olives near it,
Let me sleep by Ebro's strand.

Early American Literature and Its Chief Exponent

J. H. BRUMBY.



AMERICAN literature is still in its infancy in comparison to the literature of England, and the other great foreign nations. The literature of England is taken, even today, as a standard by American writers in preference to their own established literature. To a certain extent even the thought of our literature has been affected by the old English classics. Under these conditions we can easily see how hard it would be for a true American literature to develop. Our early literature was more truly a branch of English than it was American.

The reasons for this condition of our early thought and writing can be plainly seen, for the early relations between the two countries could hardly be expected to produce any other than this effect. As long as Americans felt themselves to be merely Englishmen across the waters from their real home and government their thoughts, and for that reason, their writings, could not be called American, but were English, like themselves. This was the condition of our country, and our literature, at the time of the war for independence. When the Americans won the struggle over their mother country, and become an independent nation, her literature remained the same. Independence in this, too, would come, but the change from the old ideals would be slow.

Since the time of this war American literature has made many important steps toward originality. When the colonists found themselves to be confronted with the problems of making a government, and when the feeling that the support of the mother country was really cast off, and their fate as a nation depended solely on themselves, then was the time that her literature began to form, and the

change from English to American literature began. The main thoughts of Americans ceased to be on the topics that were commanding the thought of Englishmen, and Americans busied themselves with the things that were of vital interest to America. American literature was gradually becoming a literature with an individuality.

For some reasons American poetry was not developed as fast as has American prose. No theory satisfactorily accounts for this fact, for poetry has usually appeared in almost every environment conceivable. "The victims of oppression have brought it forth, and so have the oppressors. It has flourished amidst country poverty, and it has illuminated the opulence of cities. Times of danger, action and excitement have been fruitful of it; and it has blossomed luxuriantly in the depths of peace and tranquility."

What reason is there, then, that America produced no reputable verse in the early days of Puritan New England? Why was it that the deeds of John Smith and the early founders of Virginia were not sung in poetic ballads, as were the tales of the early Britans and Norsemen? The conditions in America have been almost ideal. It may have been that the strangeness of the new country, the very vastness of the subject matter presented, was a drawback instead of an aid to poetic expression. It may have been, that the Americans, being an English speaking people, were over supplied with poetry from the mother country, for her poets were plentiful; and the craving for poetry was allayed from this source and left no demand for original poetry. That the colonies were scattered and had no common bond of sympathy may have hindered the coming of American poetry before the Revolution, but this should not have held back any longer than that time. It is, indeed, peculiar that no poetry should have been written in the years following the Revolution. There was no really good poetry written after the second war with England, and with the prevalent American patriotism it should have been produced in abundance at this time. Whatever the reasons may be, we had no great poetry; no poetry that would stand the test of time.

The first great poetry that America produced was written after the second war with England, when Americans

had shown themselves to be one of the powers of the world. Even then, contrary to what might have been expected, the inspiration for America's poetry was not gained from a patriotic appreciation of what had been accomplished by the war, but was an outgrowth of New England Puritanic thought. The first poem written in America that attracted any attention abroad, was a poem published in 1817, entitled *THANATOPSIS*, written by William Cullen Bryant. This poem marks the beginning of American poetry, and its author may well be called the father of American song. Before his time, it is true, there had been a few creditable lyrics and a few doggerel verses produced, but none that could be classed as great poetry. Even Frances Scott Key's famous ballad, written at a time when Americans should have been loud in their songs of praise for their victorious armies, has not the rudiments of a good poem and it is, together with Hopkinson's "HAIL COLUMBIA," nothing apart from its musical setting.

To understand Bryant, and the place he holds in American literature to the fullest extent, we must consider the sources of his inspiration. To do this we must go back to his early life as a boy and as a man, for to the period of his youth it is, that America owes the credit of producing her earliest thought in poetic expression.

Bryant, being reared in a New England family of the Mayflower stock, learned early to think on deep subjects. In the thinly, half-settled country of Massachusetts, every form of nature was dear to him. To him nature was sacred; it was the means God had of talking to and comforting men. He noted with wonder the continual evolutions of nature, how every year at a certain fixed time, the trees budded and finally came forth in their most luxuriant foliage the flowers blossomed in their beauty,—but all to the one inevitable end, to float, as it were, a few brief moments on a wave, only to be carried under and be seen no more. And this process had been going on for all the thousands of years, the infinitely great period of time in the past. The different forms of nature lived, died, and by the process of decay came to live in another sphere of usefulness. And this process was perpetual. There was always in nature the constant process of living, dying, yet remaining the

same, as great and majestic as ever. Surely there must be some guiding, controlling hand that was working in this great plan. It must have a meaning.

He reflected again over the greatness of the past, the gigantic force of the fact that this continual revolution of nature had been taking place forever, in the past, and as far as man was concerned, would continue for all eternity. He saw the dew of morning evaporate as vapor, changed to clouds, and come down in the form of rain, only to be carried to the ocean, again to be evaporated, and to repeat the same process again and again, a never ending chain.

But were these things meaningless? Surely the God who created them had some purpose in view. Was not the Creator of these things our God, and could not this be one of the means he had of conversing with man? Surely then death was not eternal, else what part of this plan can man hold?

He thought of the race of man in the past, its likeness to the workings of nature, how forever and forever the race of man had survived the ages, always the same, though continually undergoing a change, the same perpetual change that was present in all nature; how men lived, loved, rejoiced, suffered and toiled, but were present on what he later called the wave of time, for a few short moments, only to be swept under and join the thousands and thousands who had gone before them. The same force was manifest here that was seen by studying nature. Man underwent the same process. Some force was there which enabled him to live, die, and at the same time to supplant himself as a race, forever and forever.

Why then, was death to be feared? Nothing was more commonplace, nothing more universal. Surely we live our lives here on earth that we may be in readiness for another greater life, in another sphere.

The God of Nature was our God, and surely He did not create the great natural surroundings of nature to no purpose. Surely there is a reason for their existence, and can we not draw a moral lesson, and see through them the manifestations of His love and His grace—to ourselves and all mankind in the ages to come.

Living today, after having read the works of Keats, Shelly, and Tennyson, these reflections seem commonplace enough, but to Bryant it was a problem that he himself must solve. It is what he gained from these meditations of his youth, that he voiced in poetry. We see their effects in *THANATOPSIS*, written when he was seventeen, and in the poem, *THE FLOOD OF YEARS*, which was written when he was eighty-four.

The advent of *THANATOPSIS* marks the beginning of American poetry. This first poem of Bryant's opened the way, as it were, for others, and set a standard below which future poets who aspired for their poetry first place could not fall.

Bryant's predecessors were English, and not American. In a way he might be called the disciple of the English poet, Wadsworth. His teachings and the thought of his poetry are very much like that of Wordsworth's nature poems. But he was not a mere imitator of Wordsworth. The thought element in Bryant's poetry, though expressed at times like the earlier British poet, was probably as original to Bryant as it ever was to Wordsworth.

Bryant's subjects are always original, and usually thoroughly American. When we consider the fact that Bryant was the first poet in America that could even be noticed for his verse in the countries whose literature had become established, we will appreciate his merit more. His very idea of poetic expression must have come from some foreign source. Bryant really should be praised for his original characteristics. He writes for Americans and the very spirit of his own natural surroundings is in his poetry. In his *THANATOPSIS* the line, "Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," was inserted only after he had seen the ocean with his own eyes. The subjects that he chooses for his poems are always simple, and are subjects that all are familiar with, usually some form of nature. But his treatment of his subject, no matter how simple it be, is always in such a dignified way that we immediately give him credit for being a deep thinker; we find that he is not a simple poet of the emotions, but his thought is on the deeper subjects of mankind.

Bryant wrote no very long poems, and no great bulk of poetry. He stands first among American poets for his sincere love and appreciation of nature, the loftiness of his thought, and his mastering of his specific style in blank verse. But he lacks the originality of Poe. They both have "a gift of musical utterance" which gives to their verse a charm that is peculiar to each of the men, and each has a narrow range of thought. Bryant's poetry has that certain and regular beat of true blank verse, while Poe has the style of verse that is true to Poe only. It is a drawback to neither to say that the form of their verse was aided in its development by poetry from foreign nations. It is said that Poe was aided in the development of the metrical effects which are so characteristic of him, by certain passages from Mrs. Browning and Colerige. In this he surpasses Bryant as far as originality is concerned, for he took the two elements of the foreign literature and blended them into a style that was so characteristic of Poe himself, and so suited his subjects that we wonder if his poetry could be bettered, in this phase at least. Poe believed that the highest mission of a poet was to give pleasure, and if this is true he came near being perfect. His arrangement of the words in his poem, *THE BELLS*, has a certain poetic charm that is truly poetic.

Bryant's form of poetry in connection with his serious and dignified thought is like the continual swinging of a great pendulum. He calls attention to the serious side of life, by considering nature as a means God has of guiding man and showing him the plan of his life, and by comforting him about the ordeal of death. Where Poe's music is melodious, Bryant's is majestic. Poe deals with subjects that are of vital interest for the hour, and the time in which he lives. Bryant's thoughts go far into the past history of man as a race. He comes down to human life as it is today, in his doctrinal poems, only to comfort and in a rather cold way, to cheer and console man concerning death. He teaches us to go to nature for rest from the troubles of life. He does not seem to realize that people can feel a sense of interest for things around them other than nature. He does not in his poems. Actual, busy life is a burden to him, and nature is the one comforting hand. He is the

poet we love to read when discouraged or thoughtful. We treasure him as a noble sentiment, but not as a human being.

Compared to Longfellow, Bryant has a vaster view of life, as a philosopher, but he cannot appeal to the masses of the people as Longfellow does, nor does he teach us lessons that will be felt and used in every-day life. Both Bryant and Longfellow have the preaching tendency; but if a poet must preach, we would rather he would put a good part of his poetic sermons on subjects that we will need every day.

Bryant holds his place unchallenged by any American poet for his mastery of blank verse, his dignity of style, and even if he is limited to this sphere almost entirely, his loftiness of thought.

Bryant and Emerson were both poets of nature, but Emerson does not have the correctness of form and majestic music of poetry that we find in Bryant. Bryant's philosophy is not near so far reaching as is Emerson's. As do most of our American writers of this time, Emerson sees life in the lower walks, but he does not stop here. His breadth of vision takes in all classes. Bryant scarcely pictures life at all. But if Emerson had had Bryant's poetic qualities of versifying, he might have been even greater a philosopher than he was, at least, he would have been, perhaps, a greater poet.

Bryant will never be respected in the same way that Whittier and Lowell are; for we can not feel that he takes an interest in the affairs of the day.

Edgar Allen Poe was far more original than Bryant, but he lacks the appreciation of nature that is shown so clearly in the verses of America's nature poet, for Bryant deserves that name. Poe has the knack of putting his words together in combinations that have a melody that was not surpassed by Bryant, and in fact, no other American poet. Poe believed that poetry ought to be written solely for pleasure. From this point of judging he succeeded. Any lover of true poetry will enjoy the rhythm of *THE BELLS*. The true poetic rhythm is present in *THANATOPSIS*, but it is entirely a different kind of metre from that in Poe's *THE BELLS* or *THE RAVEN*. *THE FLOOD OF YEARS*

does not seem to be written solely for the reader's pleasure, but it has a quality that puts one to thinking.

Bryant was America's first poet, and he is, from the beginning to end of his poetic career, master of his particular style. Altho his range is narrow, in that range he is supreme. What he gives us is the expression of simple and noble thoughts on life, and still more on death; and our first, and still the greatest expression of American nature in poetry. Whether or not he is the American Wordsworth, he is the first and greatest nature poet in America; not of larks and nightingales and English primroses would he write, like most of the provincial poets who preceded him, but of the bob-o-link, and the vine, and the fringed gentian; not of the English ponds and hills, but of the American lakes and mountains. This was America's "Declaration of Independence in poetry."



Blasted Blossoms

P. G. ZAPP.



IT is in the early autumn of the year 1888. From the rapid flowing River Rhine rises a light vapor, the lark soars from her nest in the clover, flinging round her a flood of silvery music; it fills the air with rapture, gladness seems spread everywhere; it seems to ripple on the murmuring river, it seems to rise from the fragrant flowers, it seems to peal from the bell of the distant convent, it sparkles on the dew, glittering on the grass, and dripping musically from the trees; now the sun rises majestically over the hills and as a virgin in the presence of her lover, earth blushes at the approach of Phoebus Apollo. The contagion of universal gladness seems to have taken possession of a group of youths who are rapidly approaching from the rocky path, singing:

Within a quiet valley
There lies my boyhood's home,
And from the vale each morning
I climb, the hills to roam.

CHORUS:

Thee, oh vale so sweet,
Thousand times I greet,
As I stand at eve and listen
To the alphorn faint and distant.

But now, ye rocks and mountains
And oh, thou lovely vale,
And all ye crystal fountains,
I part, farewell, farewell.

The song is ended. The group halts and a youth with sparkling eyes steps out, then shakes each of his comrades

by the hand, adjusts his knapsack and strides rapidly on, while the youths walk back to the town. But one of the youths who had held his hand longer than the rest, lingers and now he turns and hastens after the departing one. It is not difficult to catch up with him for at a sharp turn of the road he suddenly stops. There, high up on the rocky hill overhanging the town, stands an old castle. The youth casts a longing look towards it, then looks down the road following the river where out on the horizon dimly gleam in the morning sun, the spires and roofs of old Heidelberg; then he looks back to the old ruin, and now he quickly bounds up the rocks. He has gained the top; he stands in the wide court-yard; he flies up the wide stone stairs of the tower. Exhulting, he looks down from the battlements and his shout rings forth upon the air, "Yo, Hi, He," "Yo, Hi, He"—suddenly another voice chimes in with his, and laughing, he sinks into the arms of his friend.

How often had they stood here and looked out longingly into the distance, out where beyond the horizon lies the world, the wondrous world they had never seen, but oh, so often read about. If this world is so beautiful in poetry and story, what must the real world be? They longed to go out and do great deeds, win riches and fame. Yet how different were their ambitions. Hermann wanted to be a scholar, but Louis wanted to be a captain of industry, longing for immense wealth, to have thousands at his bidding, to have proud ships sail the seas for him and bring strange merchandise from far lands. Hermann cared for none but fairy gold or sunset gold. He loved nature and the poets who worship nature and science, the modern fairy tale most of all. But now they are silently looking down where at the foot of the castle rock lies the old walled town. From here one can look into the streets, into the very houses, into the orchards, each tree of which was known to them. Hermann lingers long on one particular house—at last he tears himself away; again his eyes seek the distant spire of Heidelberg. Silently he takes the hand of his friend and they descend. In the castle court they stop and a look of tenderness is seen in Hermann's eyes as he gazes on the ivied walls. How many stories of knightly romance did the two connect with these walls and towers!

Once more they embraced; then Louis makes a tremendous bound, which seems to land him almost in the town below. Hermann has regained the road and with his eyes on the distant city swiftly follows the rapid river. His footstep is light and his eyes outshine the sparkling water. Has he not a right to be elated, when he is nearing the long longed for goal? For you must know, dear reader, Heidelberg is one of the most famous seats of learning, and he, even he, was to share the priceless boon of learning. Now at last the mysterious power of poesy would be revealed to him. What he had dimly seen through the pages of Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Shakespeare, Dante, would become clear light, and the fountains of philosophy would flow for him, yielding their sweet waters, and by the guidance of wise teachers he would learn to read the magic book of nature and the great goddess would to him her ardent devotee, unveil her radiant face.

II.

Years have passed. Through the wide halls passes a throng of students, they are thoughtless and loud, but among them walks one whose sad eyes betoken the dreamer. He neither laughs nor talks. Silent in deep thought he walks on, yet as a star upon the quiet night, from his thoughts shines a sweet light through his eyes. He follows the group into the lecture room. There the boisterous mirth continues. Alone sits the silent student in his niche, his head bent over his book. Has the story of the veiled image at Sais come true? Yes, the eyes who once beheld truth will never smile again. Hermann too had run through many a course of knowledge. Knowledge was worth nothing to him if it withheld its final secret. He must know all. He was alone, for the studies he loved none cared for. The rest were content to cram their heads with a miscellany of facts. He, only, wanted to know the why and the wherefore. The mysterious forces in nature, disregarded by modern science, the subconscious in man, the dreams of poets and mystics fascinated him far more than the dry disquisitions of the professors.

Yet, dear reader, blame not the priests of Minerva. The average student cares nothing for "the light that never was on land or sea," he wants cut and dried facts that he

can conveniently carry with him when his *Alma Mater* sends him out among the Philistines. Some of his teachers understood his thirst, but yet the course must be adjusted to the average. But the professor who has now entered, a stern man of facts and figures, is particularly antagonistic to the poor dreamer. Indeed there is a strange antipathy between the two men, and how could it be otherwise? A nature burning with, yes consumed by the fire of mystics and poesy, and a nature, cold, calculating, passionless, following with icy logic his mathematical calculations, rung after rung on the towering, soaring, widening, circling system of theorems, expanding with immense sweep, then contracting to infinitesimal mental analysis; be it an idea or a flower, picking both to pieces, then categorizing the dead fragments and calling it exact science. To him the universe holds no mystery. What he cannot measure has no existence. Everything between heaven and earth is tabulated by his mathematical mind. Is there anything in life or nature that perplexes you? He looks at it, he sorts the data; one, two, three, basta, here is the solution nicely put up in paragraphs. Today the subject is especially trying. Says the text-book (and to the reverential mind these words contain greater truths, deeper mysteries than those of Jamblichus and Paracelsius): mathematical law is unerring, absolute' Nothing in human life appeals to us with that certainty we see in algebra, a system consisting of sharply defined lines and members in ascending, ever more intricate series, yet every rung educed from each preceding. In art on the contrary, when the artist has worked according to fixed rules, we pronounce his work worthless, for genius is incalculable, undefinable; genius never works by conscious effort.

Ha, ha, laughs the learned professor, this author does not know what he is talking about. Genius, ha, ha, what is it? The time has passed when we believe in the long-haired artist, the wild-eyed poet raving at midnight. Things are not done in that way. A writer works like every other sane man. He arranges his material, develops his plot and winds up happily or unhappily. Light of genius, light of your grandmother. And as he execrated these horrible blasphemies against Apollo and the sacred

nine, he, swinging on his desk, looked for all the world like a grinning ape'

"Ah, little man, who like an angry ape plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as makes the angels weep," a voice came from from the wild-eyed student; and the immortal poets, Keats, Byron, Coleridge, Poe. Immortal fiddlesticks. The first two were mad, the last opium and liquor fiends. Through the mind of the sad-eyed student passed rapid thoughts; this the climax of all I have suffered here, instead of the blossoms of aspiration being nourished, they are blasted. I will endure it no longer. Nature herself now shall teach me her secrets. I will go forth and question the trees and the birds, the clouds and the streams, and the eternal stars for their secrets.

III.

Ten years have passed. Still flows the silvery stream, still stands the ivied castle and the quaint old town. Up the rocky path climbs a man in strange garb of oriental fashion, his bronzed face shaded by a large hat. It is evening, and a cool fragrance rises from the river and the gardens below. He seats himself on a stone, watching the stars slowly rise, then looks out to where in the horizon gleam, in the sunset gold, the spires of Heidelberg' Then he looks down into the bustling town and listens to the song of youths and maidens, coming up the castle path. The starry science of the orient, boldly exploring the unseen—the wondrous, but earthly science of the occident—what is it all to one loving heart? How long to mingle once more with men. And ah, my beloved Lotte—I must hasten down into the town to seek out the grape-covered little house. And my Louis, where may he be? The singing group comes nearer and now the full moon shines on their faces. One couple passed close to his seat in the shadows, their arms interlinked, their faces close. They whisper soft words. The stranger staggers back with a groan—the group has passed. Then a voice comes out of the shadows, "Alone."

The stranger casts himself into the dewy grass and there is a sound as of sobbing—

From the gardens rises a sweet fragrance and from afar comes the song of youths and maidens. The stranger

rises and casts a longing look to the stars in the far deep heavens, then he looks on the peaceful town below. "The blossoms of my youth have been blasted. Life holds nothing for me. Yet a new world I shall create. Within this I shall pour all the love and the intense life which this world has spurned. Thou nature shalt be my goddess, my bride and I shall crown thee with my thoughts and loves"—and the stars beam, and the flowers breathe fragrance and faint comes the song over from the distance—

And often the youths and maidens saw the lonely stranger at evenings on the castle path, in his eyes shines a sweet light, his voice is like a benediction, but ever he is Alone.



The Torrent

W. A. ALEXANDER.

The torrent rushes madly down
Along its rocky course,
It starts upon the mountain top
Where myrtles grow, and where the clouds
Have formed a canopy of gray—
It starts—a crystal mountain spring
Which bubbles from beneath the sand
In silence—flowing through its bed
Of stones and moss and tender sprigs
Which are held between the rocks
Its course of tranquil ease at length
Is stopped—the steeper slopes appear
And send precipitating down
Through boulders, stones, and craggy slopes
This stream of former grace,
Defying all within its course,
Unloosing parts by Nature formed,
Dashing up in whitened spray
Which adds its beauty to the awe;
Through years, a masterpiece of God
Has made its course.
Through years 'twill go—
Showing in its elegance,
Its might and unrelenting fury,
Some handiwork of Nature's God.

Some Thoughts on Love

JNO. W. THOMPSON.



LOVE is found in every phase and walk of life. There is no other word in the English language so full of meaning. It is a synonym for God, for God is love, and love is Infinite and Divine, typifying all that is high and noble. The characters that fall under its sway, are enlarged and enobled; it binds mankind together with its bonds, finding a ready response in the hearts of all.

Love, like a fire kindled upon some ancient altar, waxes stronger and stronger, glowing and increasing, 'till its light is reflected in the great universal heart of the world. In youth, love is more ardent and unrestrained; its flames burn high, twining among and surmounting every obstacle, hope and ambition being its guiding star. The love of later years resembles that of youth, as the bed of glowing, radiant embers of a fire, resembles the sparkling, snapping flames, leaping almost joyfully into the air when first kindled.

But whether love comes at Life's dawn or its close, it is essentially the same. Without it, life would be but an empty dream,—one wearying round of care, toil and disappointment. But, with love in the opposite pan of the scale, how quickly does all become changed! Roseate hues of Hope and joy and ambition tint the dark clouds with which the sky was overcast before.

We speak about love, and we understand the acts prompted by it, but Love itself still remains undefined. To love we may apply what Richter so aptly said, although speaking at the time of music,—that language of love and of the soul, "Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find." Love is the poetry of the soul, and its expression,

the music of the spheres. Love worships beauty, and is, in turn, the worship and adoration of beauty, not only the physical but that beauty of the soul which is felt, rather than seen.

Love is the power which does things. Not only does it make one capable of the greatest sacrifices for those one loves, and of bearing heavy burdens, but it bears with it the magic wand which can transform a heart of bitterness and hatred, to one of sympathy and affection.

It is through love that one's actions and words become not transient and ephemeral, but, as Plutarch has said, "enamelled in fire," Though changing, perhaps, in the degree of its intensity, and its direction, love exists to the very sunset of life, as one of those great mysteries which permeate our existence, yet are ever just beyond our grasp; known, yet forever undescribed. It is, as Plotinus said, "worth the labor to consider well of love, whether it be a God, or a devil, or a passion of the mind, or partly God, partly devil and partly passion."



Biographical Sketches of Henry Drummond

II. DEVELOPMENT OF THE MAN.

ALGERNON KILLOUGH.



HOWEVER desirous a student may be of completing his college course, and however well-constructed may be the theories he hopes to apply to the conditions of society, at the moment he finds himself confronted by the reality of life, the mental light suddenly breaks upon him, in all its brilliancy, that the world has not apparently been awaiting his advent or perceptibly reserved a place for him, and that in the unbeaten path that he is to tread alone, he, only, will be responsible for his own choice of procedure, held accountable for his own mistakes and answerable for the consequences of his own misjudgments. When Henry Drummond graduated from the Theological College, at the age of twenty-five, he realized the truth of this statement; but in his soul he recognized the truth of another statement, that he is not a man who does not assume the responsibility and shoulder the burden. It was not with a spirit of reluctance that he meditated upon plunging into the wilderness, and making his way, inch by inch, to the fixed goal; but the question that naturally puzzled him was as to what he should first turn his hand, in order to hew his way to the life work, for which he felt himself fitted. In his letters of this period he writes of the disquieting thought of having no "definite work;" there were temporary engagements which offered themselves to him, but in his mind, the ideal that he had fixed seemed to eclipse them all in importance, as to the accomplishment of good.

Notwithstanding this fact, he seems to have realized that the temporary must come before the permanent, for

at the end of the year, although he was not ordained to the ministry, he became assistant to Dr. J. Hood Wilson, pastor of Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, an engagement which lasted about six months. It was here that he delivered most of the addresses published later in *The Ideal Life*. Although he appears to have been pleased with his work here, and there was no apparent reason for not continuing, his engagement ended in May, he did not seek to be reinstated.

Probably he was seeking something more definite. But he did not go at once in search of this work, for he spent the following June in Norway with his friend and classmate, Robert Barbour. This vacation was just the thing needed at this time; it was a perfect relaxation from study, from work and worry; all anxious cares were laid aside, all theories and problems were, for the time being, thrown to the winds. He says of these four weeks of freedom, "Norway did me a world of good; it was a clear month out of reading, out of thinking, out of planning for the future, out of responsibility for others; not a shred of these things followed me at least; I forgot them all, and I think this is the true holiday . . . forgot the past, and ignore the future . . . I never came back to work, to books, to Christianity, I might say, with such a spring. The world seemed new-born."

After returning from his vacation, he spent a few weeks at Glen Elm Lodge; home was to him, of all places, the object of keenest interest and the most heart-felt devotion. During these days of leisure he "studied some, and read crowds of, books." Among the number were *The Ring and the Book*, *Hutton's Essays*, *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, *Pulsford's Sermons* and *A Layman's Legacy*. But he was not content with indulging the reflections of his own soul, without laboring for the happiness and salvation of others; the spirit of evangelism asserted itself, and he obediently yielded to its call. In a letter to Robert Barbour, he writes, "I am a missionary again—relapse from an assistant's airy height. A handful of colliers in a place near Polmont were needing shepherding, and I go down every Sabbath and preach twice to them. It is most delightful work, and I would not exchange it for anywhere." His

happiest hours were spent in talking to and working with these miners.

But neither home joys nor his mission work seemed to be links in the chain of his life purpose; moreover, neither contributed to a livelihood, which, it is intended, every man should secure for himself. As a means of improving these conditions, he even considered ordination to the regular ministry, a step which, for himself, he had heretofore regarded as unwise. He thought seriously enough of the matter to go to New College with a view to learning what subjects were required for license. This trip was the occasion of the tide's being turned in his favor and his attention being called in another direction. When he reached his destination, he learned of the death of Mr. Keddie, Lecturer on Natural Science in the Free Church College, Glasgow. Without hesitancy, he wrote to Mr. Douglas, the principal of the school, to learn if there would be any hope of his securing the place; he was encouraged to apply at once. This he did, having obtained sufficient testimonials as to his ability and integrity, one from Sir Archibald Geikie, who, Drummond thought, secured the place for him. In the fall he was appointed lecturer for a single session on probation; the "definite work" had finally been found.

These lecture courses were comprised of the subjects of Botany, Zoology and Geology. But Drummond did not confine himself to oral exercises; he wanted his pupils to understand the plan and structure of nature not only theoretically, but also in the concrete. It was here that his knowledge gained in early years, on these subjects, became invaluable to him. On his cross-country hikes with the students, for the purpose of studying nature on her own ground, he knew where to find the plants, animals and specimens necessary to that study. On these trips he was the "real boy" and never allowed the dignity of his position to interfere with the instruction and pleasure of his pupils.

He spent his summer vacation of this year as chaplain of a Free Church on the island of Malta in the Mediterranean. He was not satisfied without evangelistic work, and when he was reappointed to the lectureship, the ensuing fall, he became superintendent of a mission under the care

of Renfield Church, located in Possil Park, a northerly suburb of Glasgow. The congregation was composed of working people; he preached twice to them on Sundays, visited all the families and was, in truth, pastor of the little flock.

In the summer of 1879, during Drummond's second vacation, he was invited by Sir Archibald Geikie to accompany him on a scientific expedition to the Rocky Mountains in America, the chief purpose of which was to study the "volcanic conditions" existing in that region. Although Drummond made no discoveries which added remarkably to science, he gained much in a personal way from the trip; he was ever a close observer, and his diary accounts are intensely interesting. We see the man here, as one of his biographers has said, "now quietly drawing out the camp-boys over the evening fire, now seizing the opportunity of delivering an impressive message to the mates of a rough gold-digger whom he had been carried off ten miles to bury, now standing, watch in hand, to register the spasmodic outbursts of Old Faithful." Science and religion were blended, in his mind; but he had no sympathy for the dead science of the materialist which did not recognize the plan of an All-wise God in the workings of nature and the salvation of penitent men through a personal Christ.

Late in the summer, on his way home from this expedition, Drummond found himself in Boston. It was five days before his steamer sailed. He was in the Athens of America; the genius of the nation was to be found there; scientists, journalists, poets and philosophers had made it their place of gathering. Drummond realized this fact, and also the opportunity he had of meeting some of the most distinguished men, and coming in contact with some of the greatest minds of the day. He was invited to dine with Holmes and Longfellow; Holmes he appreciated, and Longfellow he had loved from his youth up. But he declined their invitations for the following reason: "Some eight hundred miles off, away by Lake Erie, were two men who were more to me than philosopher or poet, and it only required a moment's thought to convince me that for me at least a visit to America would be much more than incomplete without a visit to Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. It

was hard, I must say, to give up Longfellow, but I am one of those who think that the world is not dying for poets so much as for preachers. I set off at once." It was a happy meeting. The two revivalists were holding a meeting in Cleveland at this time. Moody was unchanged, and Sankey was the same as when he sang his gospel songs to crowds in Edinburgh, Dublin and London. The great evangelist was preaching the old gospel with fire and force, and with apparent results.

Certainly, Drummond gave his attitude toward revivals at this time, when he said, "We do not want anything new in revivals; we want always the old factors—the living Spirit of God, the living Word of God, the old Gospel. We want crowds coming to hear—crowds made up of the old elements; perishing men and women finding their way to prayer-meeting, Bible-reading and inquiry room." In America he had expected to find revivals exciting; but he said, "There was movement, but no agitation; there was power in the meetings, but no frenzy; and the secret of that probably lay here, that in the speaker himself there was earnestness, but no bigotry, and enthusiasm, but no superstition." To Drummond, Moody was the greatest man he had ever seen, and to Moody, Drummond was the most wonderful; though there was a time when they could not agree on certain points of doctrine, there was never a moment when the strongest bond of friendship did not exist between them. Their theological discussions did not descend to personalities, and by their fairmindedness they showed their appreciation of the question: When preachers become angry, who then shall exhort us to good works?

On returning to Scotland, Drummond resumed his work as lecturer and pastor. But in 1832, so prosperous had been the young superintendent's work at Possil Park, the General Assembly made it a regular church. He resigned at once, because he could not keep the charge without ordination, and this step he could not make up his mind to take. He had given close attention to his work here; Moody conducted meetings there a short while before his resignation, and Drummond himself had followed them with nightly addresses.

Possil Park is noted, because it was here he delivered

the addresses subsequently published in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Some of them had been previously published in the columns of the *Clerical World*; but when he submitted to the Glasgow Theological Club the idea of giving them to the public in book form, all the members, except Dr. Marcus Dods, of Renfield Church, opposed it. Drummond, however, having received testimonials as to the good influence exerted by his few published lectures, determined to publish the book at once; he said, "If there was a chance of helping anyone a little practically, that was a thing to be done." He sent some of the addresses with an introduction to two London firms in succession, only to have them returned. On his return from a continental trip, he met Mr. M. H. Hodder, of Hodder and Stoughton, who, on the strength of those published in the *Clerical World*, agreed to publish all the essays with preface and introduction. Before Drummond's second scientific expedition, this time to Central Africa, one thousand copies were given to the public; on his return eighteen thousand copies had been published. He was thirty-two years of age at this time, and at the entrance of a busy career.



The Journal

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SESSION BY THE WASHINGTON
IRVING AND STEWART LITERARY SOCIETIES.

CHIEF EDITORS:	Washington Irving.....	A. Killlough
	Stewart.....	U. S. Gordon
BUSINESS MANAGERS:	Washington Irving.....	A. Bosch
	Stewart.....	G. M. Brandau
ASSOCIATE EDITORS:	Washington Irving.....	W. E. Powell
	Stewart.....	E. A. Crum
LOCAL EDITORS:	Washington Irving.....	R. M. McGehee
	Stewart.....	W. A. Alexander
ATHLETIC EDITOR:	Washington Irving.....	T. T. Williams
Y. M. C. A. EDITOR:	Stewart.....	J. H. Brumby

Entered at Clarksville, Tenn., Postoffice as Second-Class Mail Matter

Subscription, per Session.....\$1 00

For Advertising Rates, Etc., address BUSINESS MANAGERS, THE
JOURNAL, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

N. B.—Each year a Gold Medal is awarded for the best essay; a cash prize of \$10.00 in gold for the best story; \$5.00 for the best poem, contributed by members of the Literary Societies. See the Editors for particulars.

Editorial

The leaves have fallen and are drifted into the fence corners and gutters and over the broad stretches of the campus, above which the great old oaks stand silent and bare sentinels until Spring shall festoon their branches with color again. The ¹⁹²⁵ songsters and the chimney sweeps have flown to a warmer land, while the flight of birds of passage has ceased. The brown grass and deadened flowers mournfully droop their heads as chill winds sing sad dirges of the departing year. A few more dark rainy days, a snow, a freeze and Christmas ¹⁹¹⁴ again.

Christmas ¹⁹¹⁴ ¹⁹²⁵ It may go down in history as a time of travestry on "Peace and Good Will to Men." Not thousands, but millions of individuals, not islands, but

continents, not a localized but a world-wide conflict of bloodshed, destruction and rapine, like a grinning death head faces Christmas ~~1914~~¹⁹²⁵. The world has seen dark seasons on this December day at other times. It was a gloomy and foreboding age into which the child in Bethlehem's manger came, and after two thousand years, civilization has reversed its order of progress and has lapsed into brutality again.

Christmas ~~1914~~¹⁹²⁵ will be celebrated in Europe. Under St. Peter's dome solemn services will be held and masses will be sung in the great cathedrals of the world. Plum puddings and boars' heads will deck many a festal board and the little shoes of the French children will be placed outside the door for the looked for gifts. ~~There will be a Christmas on blood-drenched battle fields where instead of the slaughter of fatlings, a slaughter of men will be; where the roar of artillery and the crackle of rifle fire will drown sounds of fire crackers or sky rockets in peaceful lands. There will be Christmas in the poverty stricken Belgium of burnt homes and ruined industries.)~~

Christmas in America where fortune has smiled and the people have prospered! Will we see the same customs of useless giving with no thought of the need in the giver's mind and slight appreciation on the recipient's part? Will pampered children and society butterflies eliminate the happiness of Christmas by the number and costliness of their gifts, and will anxious parents and hard working suitors cater to this demand with the very last ounce of the strength in their wallets. Will shivering children and downcast men still stand outside the warm radiance of the cafes and theatres while their emaciated cheeks are brushed by costly furs and their ears deafened with the honk—honk of palatial limousines?

How many of us as we kick the yew log into embers have put a load of coal into the cellars of the freezing? What of Christmas to the widow, the prisoner and the orphan? What better deed than to form plans and provide the means for caring for the seven million destitute Belgians from out our own graneries and warehouses! Let us stop short and think! It will be a ~~1914~~¹⁹²⁵ Christmas of giving; wise, unselfish giving!

Not what we give but what we wish for the gift say!

##

The basket ball team and the student body in general are very grateful to Dr. Dobyons for the prompt measures he has taken in providing the means for playing basket ball.

At first it appeared that basket ball **The Gymnasium** would have to be discontinued on account of the use to which the former floor had been put in providing room for museum cabinets. The President very promptly consulted architects about removing certain obstructions in the gymnasium and the result is the extension of the floor space, the removal of posts, and the general overhauling which has made the "gym" a new place. The floor will be brilliantly lighted and the interior comfortably heated. The indoor track will be used by spectators and the game can be much better seen than on the old site. With these provisions and an unusually large number of first-class candidates for the team, S. P. U. promises one of the best basket ball teams in her history.

Take a walk! The autoist may laugh at the pedestrian, and as he sits in his three thousand dollar Cadillac he may be elated over the fact that his immediate personality is somewhat larger and moves a little faster **Take a Walk** than that of the man afoot with his cane.

But the driver's personality is confined to the car as he rapidly spins by Nature's doorway, with not so much courtesy as to take off his hat to her charms; while that of the pedestrian is bounded only by the limits of the great out-doors, and as he arrives at Nature's portal, she takes him by the hand and leads him into her garden of wonders. He who would win Nature's heart, let him take a walk!

Fifty per cent of America's millions know nothing of the benefits of walking, or act in direct opposition to their knowledge. Students who pour over text books, men who are bowed over office desks, women who sit in rich parlors or bend over sewing machines are unaware of Nature's voice calling to them, to come out of the closed house, and walk in the pure air, and enjoy the wondrous works of her hands. Where have America's health and beauty gone? To the mineral kingdom; its monument is the silver dollar.

Up until the first of December, there was rarely a day which was not suitable for walking; the fall has been exceedingly kind to the pedestrian. If the fields were a little muddy he could keep on the pike, but there have been few days when he has been so confined. There are two kinds of walks, you know, the jaunt and the ramble. If you take the jaunt, you will keep the road, for it requires straight-forward walking. The ramble is through the fields, and if the weather permits, it is the most beneficial, because in that way one gets both the physical and mental results. The country about Clarksville has been lovely this fall; to ramble through its fields, across stretches of woodland with oak leaves up to one's knees, to climb fences, to follow the rock beds of streams, where the water in wet weather leaps from step to step of limestone, to climb a hill and strike the Greenwood pike about the Seven-mile ferry, and walk home in time for supper is the most delightful and healthful of sports. We recommend it to anyone who loves Nature and life.



Alumni

At the meeting of the Alabama Synod, Dr. Dobyms was present to impress upon that body that S. P. U. was still on the map, and also a telegram was sent to them by the student body here. On the twelfth we received a telegram signed by R. D. Bachman as a committee stating that we were not forgotten.

In the first part of last month several of the boys here received invitations to a banquet given by our alumni in Mississippi in honor of their Alma Mater. This banquet took place in Brookhaven, Miss., on the eighteenth, and was a great success, their watchword being, "Forward March for S. P. U." However in some manner or other they had received word that the Tennessee Alumni were claiming to be doing more for their Alma Mater, and as a result have started a strong rivalry. "Look out Tennessee, don't let 'em beat you!"

The week of November 16-21 was given to prayers for Home Missions. Each morning a member of the faculty at Chapel exercises discussed some phase of the subject, and mention was made of two of our Alumni, Wm. Thorne and T. E. P. Woods, who have done excellent work in this line.

Rev. J. W. Marshall, A. M. ('05), B. D. ('07), is now located in Junction City, Ark.

Mr. W. G. Colmery with the New York Life Insurance Company in Birmingham, is to be married in December.

Rev. W. L. Merrin, A. B. ('09), B. D. ('11), is now in Water Valley, Miss., where he is assistant to the pastor of the church there.

Rev. W. W. Patton has left Mississippi and has returned to native soil, he having charge of the church in Watertown, Tenn.

H. P. Bates is now taking a theological course at Austin Theological Seminary, Austin, Texas.

Rev. S. P. Du Bois is a minister in Meadville, Miss.

Rev. W. F. Creson, A. M. ('06), B. D. ('08), is pastor of a church in Port Gibson, Miss.

Rev. J. C. Stewart is doing effective work as a minister in Learned, Miss.

Mr. G. L. Disharoon is in the cattle business in Port Gibson, Miss.



Exchanges

We do not feel disposed to criticise minor grammatical errors, incorrect spelling, bad punctuation, and similar mistakes. These may be unavoidable oversights on the part of the writer, or misunderstandings on the part of the printer.

THE SPECTATOR, which is by no means a "bad tater," was given a hearty welcome into our Exchange Department. This is by far the fullest journal that has come to us. It is neat and complete in every detail. "The Letters of a Japanese School Boy" is amusing but needs not to be apologized for. The essay entitled, "Self Government," is well written and expresses a true sentiment. "The New Currency Bill" is neatly paragraphed and reflects the author's familiarity with her subject. "Perf"—well—pretty good. "Bubbles We Buy with a Whole Soul's Tasking" is well composed and teaches a good lesson. "Emerson's Philosophy" shows the author's deep insight into the history and life of this great man. However we fail to see why she should have tried to defend, or rather apologize, for his erroneous beliefs in Transcendentalism and Pantheism. I say erroneous, because they were. The history of Transcendentalism, in its production of evils, is proof enough of its false nature. As to his Pantheistic belief; what is Pantheism? Simply a belief that the Universe is God and that God is the Universe. But the author of this article states, that while Emerson accepted Pantheism, he did not deny the All Powerful God. Thus he was inconsistent in his faith, for the Pantheist believe that the Infinite and Absolute Being in Itself has neither intelligence, consciousness, nor will, entirely denying His personality.

The VANDERBILT OBSERVER is full of solid material. "The War" poem is beautiful and its sentiment is true and

appropriate. "Come Again" is a well written story. Essayette of A Suffragette accomplishes its purpose. The poem, "A Mummy Song," constructed to the swing of "Hiawatha," is beautiful in its weirdness. We agree with the author of "The American Jury System," that it is the very safeguard of our liberties. And yet it must be admitted that this mode of rendering justice has come to have its points of weakness. Not that there is any fault with the system itself, but because of the ethical weakness of men, who often compose it. Many men have the wrong sense of justice, while others let their sympathies overrule their conviction of proper punishment. When such men become jurymen they forget the aim of the law and rights of their law abiding neighbors and give undeserved mercy to the criminal. What are the results? The criminal fearing but little punishment at the hands of jurors increases his crimes. While the would-be law abiding citizens, feeling that they may not obtain justice at the hands of the law, oft times take that law into their own hands. What is the remedy? We can not dispense with the jury system. No, the only hope is to educate the people to a proper sense of justice.

We have no destructive criticism to use against THE MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE MAGAZINE. In fact there is but little grounds for adverse critique. The story entitled, "The Cur" would do grace to any publication. "The Heart of a Youth," a continued story, is direct, intensely interesting, and true to human nature. "The Truce for Life,"—and—they, too, "got married." The poem, "The Fountain," is true to many an experience. The "Ballad of the Unfortunate Youth" teaches a deep moral truth in a humorous way. It is doubtless founded on an actual experience.

Y. M. C. A.

On Sunday, November 1, 1914, Mr. Rosenburg made the talk to the Y. M. C. A. He used as his text: Luke 21-24. He said that he wished to lay especial emphasis on the last words of the verse, (Luke 21-24) "Until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Here the Bible seems to tell us that the Jews will not be persecuted for an indefinite time. God still has His eye on them. They are still the objects of His plan. It is God's purpose that the Jews be in the condition that they are today. God is guiding the nations in allowing them to persecute the Jews. God evidently has an eye on human governments. Adam was a ruler but he forfeited his right to rule. Kingship is from God. The German Emperor seems to work on this principle. Since God is the institutor of governments, it follows that it is only right to be subject to the "powers that be," for they are ordained of God. Christ's coming was predicted by the prophets as the picture of a king, and Christ's parables and teachings were of the kingdom of God. In time Christ will regenerate the nations of the world who are warring today'

November 8th. Mr. Keller made the talk at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. He said that two sides of life were shown by the first Psalm, the godly and the ungodly. We often think it best to follow the ungodly way, but we must realize that their prosperity is not real, and they themselves shall be cut off. Neither should we take the counsel of the ungodly. It is not from God, and therefore it is not worthy to be considered. It doesn't pay. This does not mean that we should shrink from the association of men. We should not, for Christ himself did not. Our protection must be prayer. We should not, by any means, allow the world to drag us down with its victims of worldliness. We should not sit in the "seat of scoffers." The Psalm says, "Blessed is the man that doeth not these

things." God makes provision for our bright, as well as our dark days' if we follow Him. As to the righteous man, as we see in the Psalm, whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The fruits shall be many. Our joy being full, we should, indeed, desire to show the source of our joy to others.

On November 22, Mr. Henry McGehee addressed the Y. M. C. A. on "Christian Service." He said in part: "We are young men with very little experience of the worldly things. We came from Christian homes of the strongest type and are now living and working, surrounded by the best Christian influences which sustain us in our efforts toward right living. But soon our college days will be over and we will separate to select our future homes in different parts of the country, or in foreign lands. Some will find conditions vastly different from those to which they have been accustomed. There are whole counties in this country without any Protestant church or hope of a church, while Satan holds the field undisputed. In large cities the conditions are better, churches can be found, but the work of Satan is greater and the temptations are more numerous. These conditions exist, and will put the truest Christian to the most rigid test. There is no better way to meet these needed conditions than through Christian service, however, we cannot do much service unless we live right ourselves. It has been proved that ninety per cent of the Christian people were saved before they reached the age of twenty-one. As young men we will be associated with young people and will have great influence with them. There are always means of doing good if we can see and use opportunities. Everywhere there is room for organizing more Sunday schools, more missions, and more churches. Can we meet these requirements and do this work? Yes. God always helps those who are willing to do things. Will we live all our lives and see people about us living and dying in Satan's hands without any hope for eternity, while we make no effort to save them?"

Club Notes

Bachelor's Club

The Allied Club of Bachelors perfected their organization in the old Chapel after Palmer exercises on Monday night, November 30th. After rousing speeches by Messrs. Leach, Gordon and Carroll, an election of officers was held in which these three were elected President, Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Regular weekly meetings are held in Calvin Hall and a monthly meeting is held in the old Chapel. The monthly topic for discussion during December will be, "How to Raise Young Children" The present membership of the club is three regular and two sub-members, who will be received in due time. The prospective members are Messrs. McLaurin and Wardlaw. A public meeting will be held in February or March at which literary and social addresses will be made. The subject to be discussed at that meeting will be, "Why We Oppose Eugenics."

"The Bats"

At a meeting held in October Mr. C. C. Edmonson was elected President to succeed Mr. Gordon. Mr. R. P. Richardson was elected Vice-President and at a later meeting in December Mr. Daniel was elected Business Manager and Treasurer. The first play will be given about the middle of January. This play is "The Cool Collegians" and is in two parts, both of which will prove interesting and amusing to the students and the College community generally. The membership of the "Bats" is made up of the following-Messrs. Edmonson, Kennedy, Gordon, Barry, Richardson, Daniel, Warren, Gray, and MacQueen.

"The Alabama Club"

At a recent meeting of the Alabama Club the following officers were elected: L. N. Blackwelder, President; C. N. Leach, Secretary; B. L. Boykin, Treasurer. All members were present and spoke encouragingly of the propitious outlook.

Locals

Dr. Fulton (in Bible III): "Mr. Smith, if you continue to improve in the recitation of your lessons, you will soon be reciting as well as Mr. Savage."

Patch (in Matt. II): "Doctor, if that tent we have been discussing had no altitude and an infinite area, what would be its equation?"

Dr. Dinwiddie: "The equation—well, Mr. Patch, you can sleep in that tent, if you are a mere smear."

Zapp maintains that at the rate British peers are being mowed down by Krupp guns, King George of England will soon be a peerless monarch.

Dr. Fulton (Bible III): "What is it to repent?"

L. B. Smith: "To be sorry for sin."

Dr. Fulton: "How sorry?"

Smith: "Ever so sorry."

J. H. Smith: "What does a CRAP look like?"

Reily: "I don't know, why?"

Smith: "I heard Ingram say he shot some of them."

A Senior passed by Dr. Lyon's house as he was burning leaves in his yard. "Are you burning up your leaves?"

Dr. Lyon: "No, I'm eating them."

Dr. Dinwiddie (Logic): "Mr. Carter, is a fox a quadruped?"

Carter (after deep thought): "Some of them are."

Junior Leach, B. S., is President of the Freshman Class.

Boykin (watching Cedar Hill girl work the speed lever on a piano player): "What do you work that for?"

Young Lady: "For exercise."

Professor Jamesouski Carlanda Rhodsdroneski notifies us that he is now permanently located at his new studio at Mrs. J. C. Tate's residence, having moved from 435 College street. W. E. Powell is the official office boy.

Dr. Fulton (Hist. II): "Mr. Offield, I see that Turkey has entered the war. On what side is she?"

Offield: "On the Southern side."

Dr. Fulton (Hist. II): "What did Luther do after leaving the Monastery?"

R. A. Brown: "He became a 'Diminishing Friar.'"

Soph.: "Did you ever see a kershaw?"

Gray: "No, but I've seen a guitar."

Soph.: "Did you ever see a mandarin?"

Gray: "No, but I've seen a mandolin."

Dr. Fulton (Hist. II): "Whom did Maximillian marry?"

Overstreet: "He married a daughter of some fellow over there."

Question Box

Why did Freshman Martin "bust" on his date?

Has Dr. Dinwiddie ever found his "Logic Watch?"

Have you heard Brunberg, the sweet psalmist?

What is Hodges (Hill) doing? Running competition with a sausage mill?

Prof. MacQueen (Latin I): "What is the German word for cheese?"

Newell: "Limburger."

Dr. Dobyns (to Freshman MacQueen): "Please try to get on time to Chapel."

MacQueen: "I always wait for my brother."



Athletics

On the 16th of November the Red and Black team went over to Lebanon confident of winning a victory, but the lawyers turned the tables on them by running up a score of nineteen to nothing (19-0). This was somewhat of a surprise to the followers of the S. P. U. team, as it was generally conceded that we had an unusually good team while Cumberland had not shown any especial merit. The only explanation is that we had no game for a long time preceding this game, and the boys may have been out of training. However, the lawyers were the heaviest team, and really outplayed us all the way through. In this game Boykin and Johnson again showed the stuff that has won them fame. McLaurin and Leach also put up a fine game. The line and ends of Cumberland were better than ours, and most of their gains were made through the line. S. P. U. exhibited great pluck and grit by never giving up, and fighting harder at the last than any time before. This game ended the season, so far as the 'Varsity was concerned.

On November the 15th Vanderbilt Training School came over to play the Reserve Team here. This was considered by many the best game of the season. V. T. S. had a well coached, evenly balanced, clock working machine, which expected to easily defeat the Reserves by an overwhelming score. They began with a rush and shortly after the game began, ran up one touchdown. Then the Reserves braced, and after that it was all over so far as V. T. S. was concerned. The Reserves bucked through the line until close to the goal, then Wood was given the ball and fumbled. It fell into Alexander's hands, who shot over the goal line with it. This tied the score, as neither side kicked goal. From that time it was a constant fight with first one side and then the other in possession of the ball. Harper for the visitors showed exceptional ability to skirt the

ends, while Wood for the Reserves hit the line for good gains.

Cumberland City came up to give battle to the Reserves on November the 24th. As our local paper expressed it, "The Cumberland City boys spent the morning in town getting organized, and when upon the field in the afternoon they demonstrated that they were thoroughly organized." The game looked at from the side of foot ball was a farce; from the side of amusement by far the most amusing and enjoyable event of the year. The visitors played on first one side then the other, tackled their own men, fell on any one with the ball, joked with the spectators, and engaged in antics that brought forth great roars of laughter from the side line. The final score was: Reserves, 36; Cumberland City, 0.

On Thanksgiving the famous Ozra Wardlaw collected a crowd of foot ball players from the University and went to Cedar Hill. This Cedar Hill was very chesty and confidently declared that they could beat anything that we had. This aroused the ire of Mr. Boykin who decided to get into the game. At first it looked as if, in spite of Mr. Boykin's wrath, the Cedar Hill crowd would hold us down to nothing, but by and by Boykin lost his temper completely with several other members of the team and they immediately ran away with Cedar Hill. One old gentleman loudly declared that he had never seen such running in all his life. When time was called it was found Cedar Hill was thirty-nine points behind, they having never even approached our goal. Thus ended the season of 1914.

Those who have the proud distinction of having made their "S" in the past season are as follows: McLaurin, Johnson, Hartman, Ingram, Witt, Barry, Beaumont, Wood, Lack, Leach, Boykin, Edmiston, Carter and Anderson.

About nine o'clock of the night of November the 24th sixty-five students and the majority of the faculty assembled

at the Arlington Hotel for the purpose of banqueting the foot ball team. They did it, and the foot ball men felt highly honored. We had a good feast and plenty of good spirit. Dr. Dobyns acted as toastmaster, and distinguished himself in that capacity. McLaurin, Leach, and Alexander made short speeches, and then each member of the faculty had something to say. At this banquet Mr. C. U. Leach was elected Captain for 1915, and Mr. J. A. Warren, Manager. The banquet ended with much enthusiasm for next year and it is to be hoped that this will be an annual feature of college life here.

Mr. Warren has already commenced work on next year's schedule and he intends to have a good one. We are going to try to have the University of Mississippi on Thanksgiving at Memphis. This could be made an annual affair and would prove very beneficial for both teams, as it is close to the two schools, and within reach of a large number of the alumni of both institutions.

The posts in the gymnasium have been removed and that gives us a first-class basket court ball. The men are already at work, and the best team in the history of athletics here is expected. Wardlaw, Hartman, Wood, Venable, Carter, Gordon, Richardson, Alexander, McLaurin are back from last year's team. Johnson, Overstreet, Boykin, Leach, Rounciville, and several other new men are showing exceptional merit. Our message to other teams is, "Watch us go."



*Who
Advertise
With*

Us


THE object of advertising is to increase business. The best place for advertising is where it will produce the greatest increase in business. Merchants expect trade from those who read the publication in which their advertisements appear. If they fail to realize results from such advertising, they will remove their ads from such publications and place them where they will realize results. For this action no consistent person can justly censure them. S. P. U. Students and their friends are the readers and the owners of The Journal. If they do not patronize those merchants who advertise with us, the S. P. U. Journal "will go to the wall." The merchants have been good to us; now be generous to them. Prove that our Magazine Ads bring harvest full.

To the Young Men of S. P. U.

WE show you the New things in the
— New way. When you need
Clothing and Furnishings make our
store your Headquarters.

A. L. Cross Company

S. P. U. Boys

Buy HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Good Clothes, Ready to wear and
save \$5.00 to \$8.00 a Suit.

Rankin & Ferguson

Howard & Throuer

Photographers

We make a specialty of correct photographs for Schools and Colleges, both groups and portraits. Don't decide until you see what we have to offer. Special rates to S.P.A. Boys

One Hundred and Seventeen Third Street

DR. JOHN R. BEACH

DENTIST.

422 Franklin Street.

Both Phones 159.

M. L. RUDOLPH

DENTIST.

DR. F. J. RUNYON

408 Franklin St. Phone 50.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 9 a. m.
2 to 3 p. m.

W. L. SMITH

CLEANING, PRESSING AND
REPAIRING.

South Third Street.

R. M. GRAHAM

Representing

A. E. ANDERSON & CO.,
Tailors.

"The Tailoring You Need."

LILLIAN THEATRE

The House of High-Class Photo-
plays.



THE NEW SHOE STORE

PENNEBAKER'S

Men's Shoes from

\$2.00 t o \$10.00

Dickson-Sadler Co.

DRUGS, BOOKS, MUSIC

The Rexall Store

Fine Candies Always Fresh.

NO. 88 - - - - TELEPHONES - - - - NO. 88

**ASKEW-COULTER-
OWEN DRUG CO.**

SPORTING GOODS,
DRUGS AND BOOKS.

EAT AT
**THE PURITY CANDY
KITCHEN**

(Peter Kambas, Prop.)
Soft Drinks.

DR. G. E. VAUGHAN

Both Phones 50.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Office 320 Franklin Street.

DR. J. W. BRANDAU

OFFICE—106 N. Third St.

Both Phones 24.

RESIDENCE—715 College St.

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to
4 p. m.

When You Buy DRUGS

Buy at a store where you are sure of right quality. We handle only the purest Drugs. A legitimate profit is all we seek. Profit at the expense of a customer's health we do not consider legitimate. We would like to furnish all of your drugs and drug store goods on the basis of giving superior goods and service at reasonable prices. Agents for LOWNEY'S and BELLE CAMP CHOCOLATES.

Justice Drug Company

122 Franklin Street.

STRATTON'S SHOES

ARE ALWAYS ATTRACTIVE.

Next Door to Kress.



H. M. COOLEY & CO.

Dealers in

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Both Phones 76.

Corner Greenwood Avenue and Madison Street.



COAL

Empire Lump, 4-inch Kentucky Lump, 4-inch Jellico and Cooking Nut. Dry Kindling Ready for Use.

Phones 80 and 65.

CLARKSVILLE ICE & COAL COMPANY

E. FARNSWORTH

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
203 S. 3rd St., Clarksville, Tenn.

D. B. WOOD

Dealer in
Staple and Fancy Groceries
Cor. 6th and Franklin Sts.

FLETCHER'S

Is the place to buy your
CIGARS, DRUGS, STATIONERY
AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Prescriptions a Specialty.
Agents for Parker's Lucky Curve
Fountain Pens and Nunnally's Candy.

DR. ALBERT R. BELL

Osteopathic Physician and
Surgeon.

Both Chronic and Acute Cases
Accepted. Fractures, Sprains and
Dislocations a Specialty.

OFFICE—Franklin and 3rd Sts.
Phones—Office, Cumb. 177. Residence, 177-w.

Wood & McGehee

UNIVERSITY BOOK AGENTS

Books and Stationery.

We will take orders for any books. A line of Examination Paper, Ink, Pencils, Pens, Etc., on hand.

Room 2, Robb Hall.

WESLEY DRANE
President

J. J. CONROY
Vice-President

C. W. BAILEY
Cashier

F. T. HODGSON
Vice-President

The First National Bank

48 Years of Successful Business.

Capital, Surplus, and Profits, \$195,000.00.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Number 43 will answer you promptly and fill your order with the Best Possible. Watch my Daily Specials It's worth your while.

R. H. PICKERING, JR.
FANCY GROCER.

THE NEATEST PLACE
In Clarksville is

HENRY WEBB'S
CANDY STORE
And Ice Cream Parlor.

NORTHERN BANK

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Oldest in Tennessee

DIRECTORS:

L. B. Askew	L. A. Bowers
Dancey Fort	John Hurst
R. S. Rudolph	Mich'l Savage
Sterling Fort	F. N. Smith
J. F. Gracey	L. E. Ladd
A. R. Gholson	R. F. Ferguson
H. P. Pickering	Pugh Haynes, Jr.

J. E. ELDER,

Dealer in
Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery,
Sportsmen Supplies
Give Us a Trial.

GOSSETT & ROLLOW

HIGH CLASS FURNITURE.

Funeral Directors.

WE
Are Headquarters for
Watches, Jewelry and Novelties

A visit to our Optical Department
will give you relief from your eye
troubles.

A. R. MANN
Leading Jeweler and
Optician

JOHN P. AHEARN
MODERN PLUMBING
Steam and Hot Water Heating.

J. ED. DAVIS
Shoes Repaired,
Umbrellas Repaired.
RAZORS HONED.
\$1.00 Sewed Soles and Rubber Heels

Vincent Nigro & Bro.
Headquarters for S. P. U.
Boys.
BEST FRUITS AND CANDIES
Always on hand.
AGENTS FOR JACOB'S CANDIES.

E. D. FELTS
MEAT MARKET
Home Cured Meats Delivered to
all parts of the city.

A. J. CLARK
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

Fine Repairing Done Promptly.
L. & N. Watch Inspector.

231 FRANKLIN STREET,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

W. E. BARD
Plumbing and Electrical Work.
Cumb. Phone 913-R.
Sixth and Franklin St.

D. D. LYNES
Shoes, Guns, Locks, Bicycles
and General Repairs.
Both Phones 25. 105 S. 3rd St.

METCALFE'S
LAUNDRY—FLOWERS
Ask "Billie" Barry.



GO TO THE
ARLINGTON HOTEL
BARBER SHOP
For good Barber Work. Every-
thing clean and nice and all White
Barbers to wait on you.
RYE & HASSELL, Props.
Clarksville, Tenn.

EAT,
W. T. SNYDER'S

PURE MILK BREAD.
All Kinds of Fruits, Candies and
Fine Confections.
114 North Second Street.
Home Tel. 678.

Go to
F. L. Smith Son's Co.

For
BUILDING MATERIAL
Of all Kinds and Repair Work.
Both Phones 36.
Franklin St. Clarksville, Tenn.

D. G. BRINTON,
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
109 Third Street.

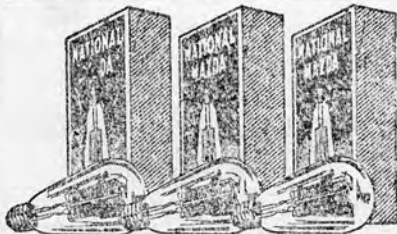
Before making arrangements for your Laundry
See our Local Agent. He can save you money and give you both prompt
and efficient service.

He sees about shortage and claims; saves you that trouble.

Mercantile Laundry Co.

205 South Third Street.

D. P. McINTOSH..... Calvin Hall
A. W. DUCK..... Robb Hall



THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT
Clarksville Electric Co.
Incorporated

G. S. BRATTON
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES.
Fresh Meats a Specialty.
EAST COLLEGE STREET,

INSURE
WITH
**HODGSON &
CALDWELL**

Telephone 37.
General Insurance.

DR. W. R. SUTTON
Spinal and Nerve Specialist.

Office over Northern Bank, Rooms
3 and 4.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 12 a. m.,
2 p. m. to 5 p. m.

Consultation and Examination Free

W. M. DRANE
IMPLEMENTS.
Both Phones 19.

J. L. NEELY
Barber,
ROOM 2, CALVIN HALL

Union Theological Seminary
Richmond, Virginia

W. W. MOORE, D. D., LL. D.
C. C. HERSMAN, D. D., LL. D.
T. C. JOHNSON, D. D., LL. D.,
T. R. ENGLISH, D. D.,
T. H. RICE, D. D.,
W. L. LINGLE, D. D.,
E. C. CALDWELL, D. D.,
PROF. GEO. M. SLEETH,
A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D. D.,

Biblical Literature.
Greek Language.
Systematic Theology.
New Testament Exegesis.
English Bible and Pastoral Theology.
Church History, Missions and S. School.
Hebrew Language and Exegesis.
Public Speaking.
James Sprunt Lecturer.

For catalogue apply to

W. W. MOORE, President.

FOR THE BEST AND FRESHEST
GROCERIES

In the City Call on Me.

Phones 930, 931, 932

G. W. SCARBOROUGH

Presbyterian Theological Seminary

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Faculty of Instruction

THE REV. CHARLES R. HEMPHILL, D. D., LL. D., President. New Testament Exegesis; Homiletics; Church Polity; Religious Education and the Sunday School.

THE REV. HENRY E. DOSKER, D. D., LL. D. Church History; Pastoral Theology; Missions.

THE REV. ROBERT ALEXANDER WEBB, D. D., LL. D. Apologetics; Systematic Theology; Christian Ethics.

THE REV. JESSE LEE COTTON, D. D. Old Testament Exegesis; Hermeneutics; Sociology.

THE REV. THOMPSON M. HAWES, D. D. Public Speaking; Hymnology.

THE REV. J. GRAY McALLISTER, D. D. English Bible; Biblical Theology; Biblical Introduction.

THE REV. EDWARD L. WARREN, D. D. Librarian and Intendant.

PROFESSOR JOHN PETER GRANT. Instructor in Music.

For information, address **The President of the Seminary,**
Broadway at First Street, Louisville, Ky.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Quality, Workmanship and Satisfaction

Thos. J. Beckman Co.

Commencement Invitations, Class Day Programs, Class Pins. Special Designs Submitted for Special Occasions. Leather Dance Programs, Wedding Invitations, Menus, Leather Novelties, Social and Business Name Cards.

Office and Factory 827-829 Filbert Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For Sheets and Pillows, Etc.

 **THE MAMMOTH**

**Southwestern
Presbyterian University**
Clarksville, Tennessee

FACULTY:

JOHN ROBERT DOBYNS, A. M., LL. D., President.

GEORGE FREDERICK NICOLASSEN, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Greek and German.

ROBERT PRICE, D. D., McComb Professor Emeritus.

JAMES ADAIR LYON, A. M., Ph. D., Stewart Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

ROBERT EDWIN FULTON, A. M., D. D., Professor of History and Bible.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, A. M., LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy.

ANGUS ROBERTSON SHAW, D. D., Palmer Professor of Systematic Theology

CHARLES WILLIAM SOMMERVILLE, D. D., Ph. D., Professor of Biblical Languages and Associate Professor of English Bible.

SCOTT CARY LYON, A. M., Ass't. Professor of Chemistry and Mathematics

FRANK MAUZY DARNALL, A. M., Professor of English.

LAWRENCE INGLIS MACQUEEN, A. M., Professor of Latin and French.

Bachelor of Arts, and of Science, and Master of Arts Degrees offered.

**Select Body of Students, Expenses Moderate, Location Healthful.
No Saloons.**

-You \$3

can grind your own Meal, Graham, Hominy, Rice, Coffee, Spices, etc. and crack grain for poultry, better than a miller—if you have this mill. Costs \$3.00 Freight Prepaid. Grinds easy and quick. Lasts a lifetime.



Black Hawk Grist Mill

Write for Free Book. Agents wanted.

A. H. PATCH, (Inc.)
Clarksville, Tenn.
Also makes Black Hawk Corn Shellers.

AUNT ROSE

Most Popular Self-Rising Flour Sold in the South.

Manufactured by
Dunlop Milling Co.
Clarksville, Tenn.

Before buying your College Clothes come around and look at the Line of all Wool Cloths of **Miami Tailoring Company** as displayed by

J. C. JENKINS

Room 10, Robb Hall.

5 For Your Den 5
Beautiful College Pennants

YALE and HARVARD,
Each 9 in. x 24 in.

PRINCETON, CORNELL,
MICHIGAN
Each 7 in. x 21 in.

4—PENNANTS, Size 12x30—4
Any Leading Colleges of
Your Selection

All of our best quality, in their proper colors, with colored emblems.

Either assortment, for limited time, sent postpaid for 50 cents and five stamps to cover shipping costs.

Write us for prices before placing orders for felt novelties of all kinds.

The Gem City Novelty Co.
805 Bittner Street
Dayton, Ohio

Chamberlain-Hunt Academy,

Port Gibson, Mississippi.

The leading Training School for Boys in the South.

Two well arranged Courses;

**CLASSICAL,
SCIENCE.**

Complete Manual Training Shop. Well equipped Laboratories for Chemistry, Physics, and Biology. Climate healthy, Faculty Strong, Student Body, Clean and Manly. Rate \$200. Write for catalog.

W. G. MARTIN, B. S., Pres.

McNeal & Edwards Co.

Ladies' Outfitters

120 Franklin Street.

Both Phones 242.

New Goods, Clean Stock, Clean Store and Polite Clerks

All to be found at

KEESEE & BRANDAU

Fancy Grocers

Cor. Third and Franklin Sts.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

THE DIXIE CLOTHIERS
Clothing, Furnishing
Goods and Shoes
109 Franklin Street.

JOHN S. BRUNSON,
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR,
House Wiring. Door Bells a
Specialty.
Cumb. Phone 839. Home Phone 117

Visit

N. V. Gerharts' Sons

Department Store

For Anything You Need.

GO TO
KEATTS'

BARBER SHOP

For Good Work.

Five White Barbers.

135 Franklin Street.

R. S. KEATTS

**Watches, Clocks,
Fine Solid Gold and
Gold Filled Jewelry.**

135 FRANKLIN STREET,

Clarksville. Tenn.

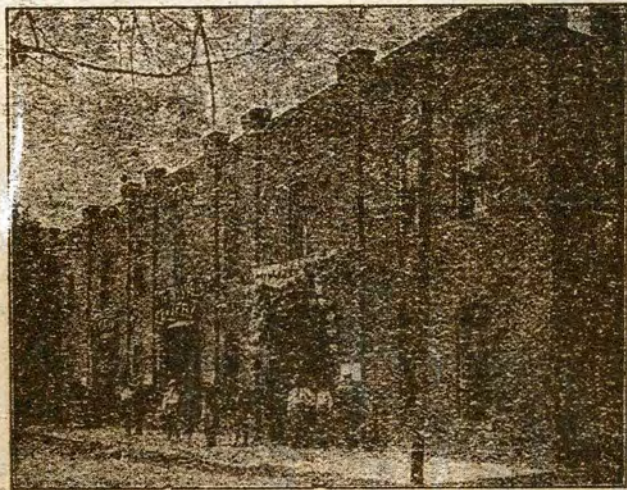
Cumb. Phone 320-R.

EMERY

PHOTOGRAPHER

120 Franklin St.

With Thuss at Nashville 25 years, and am prepared to do Portraiture, Flashlight and Group work up to now. Kodak work finished.



J. F. SHELTON & SON,

Livery

North Third Street

Phones No. 40