

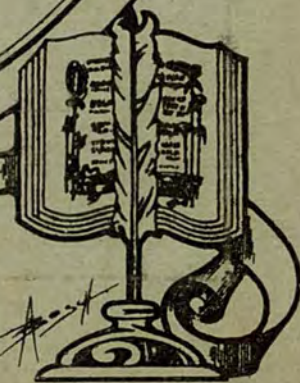
Mildred Smith

VOL. XXXIII

NUMBER 1



The Journal



November
1917

Makes Men

**Southwestern
Presbyterian University**



For further information, address
CHARLES E. DIEHL, President
Box 4, Clarksville, Tenn.

THE JOURNAL

A Monthly Magazine Published by the
Students of the Southwestern
Presbytersan University



CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

TITUS PRINTER

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The Journal

VOL. XXXIII. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 1

AUTUMN DAYS

BERT CARRINGTON.

Rich gleams of gold and crimson light
Now flame along the forest's side;
A glory crowns each wooded height,
And spreads a radiance far and wide.

The woodland arches now are hung
With draperies of richest hue.
The birds, their last sweet carols sung,
Have flown to fields and forests new.

For soon this glory rich shall fade,
These scenes a somber garb shall wear,
The wind shall sigh amid the glade,
Through leafless branches, cold and bare.

No sound now breaks the stillness sweet,
Which reigns amid the sunlit wood,
Save where the squirrel, with hurrying feet,
Bears home his gathered winter food,

The maples touched by gentle breeze,
Drop down their silent showers of gold,
The forest soon shall bare its trees
Against the winter's piercing cold.

Then may the memory of these golden days
Oft to our minds with cheer return,
When winter holds his boisterous sway,
And rules the year with hand so stern.

TENNESSEE LITERATURE

 MARY ATKINSON.

"Oh! Tennessee, fair Tennessee,
 The land of all the world for me;
 I stand upon thy mountains high
 And hold communion with the sky,
 And view the glowing landscape o're,
 Oh! Tennessee for ever more!"



IN studying the contributions of the State of Tennessee to literature, a notable fact is the predominance of women as authors. In fact, our best novelists and poets are women. Among the novelists may be mentioned Charles Egbert Craddock, the foremost author of the State; Will Allen Dromgoole, Corra Harris, Maria Thompson Daviess, and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Miss Dromgoole, however, is quite as famous as a poet, having published successfully several volumes of her collected poems.

Among the men who have contributed to literature, the names of David Crockett, John Trotwood Moore, William Malone Baskerville, and Brown Ayres may be mentioned, while Professor Carl Holliday has also written some critical works on Southern Literature.

Since Charles Egbert Craddock holds such a prominent place in literature it will be well to state some of her best works, with a word about her method. Her real name is Mary Murfree; she is at present a resident of Murfreesboro, in Middle Tennessee, where many of her novels were written. Among the best are: "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains;" "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove;" "The Fair Mississippian;" "The Story of Old Fort Loudon;" and "In the Tennessee Mountains." It will be observed from this list of books that her writings were restricted almost entirely to mountain life. In order to be able to depict this life clearly and vividly, Miss Murfree spent much of her time among these mountaineers and studied their characteristics. As a result we have true and interesting pictures of the habits and activities of the mountaineer class. Miss Murfree's language is superb; it is said that she studied the dictionary closely while writing many of her books. The scenes for her stories are beautifully drawn, as a result of her close observation

of nature. The novels above mentioned are only a small per cent of Miss Murfree's works; she has written many more which are not widely read nor even well known.

Will Allen Dromgoole, poet and short story writer, is also a native of Murfreesboro, and resides at present in Nashville. Among her works are: "The Heart of Old Hickory;" "The Moonshiner's Son;" "Rare Old Chums;" "Christmas Eve at the Corner Grocery;" and "Down in Dixie." All of these short stories are widely read and very popular. Miss Dromgoole has also contributed much to poetry. Her poems are often in dialect, as well as her stories. She edits one page in the "Nashville Banner," in the Sunday Edition, a page called "Song and Story," on which may be found miscellaneous poems by this author. It has been said that a certain gloom seems to be cast over all of her writings and this may be true, but her sympathy for those who are suffering and in sorrow makes her poems and stories very popular. Her keen insight into human nature and human emotions, is clearly shown in her scattered bits of verse.

Another present day writer, and one who must be read wherever the "Saturday Evening Post" goes, is (Mrs.) Corra Harris, who has written the most unusual stories, partly autobiographical, such as, "The Circuit Rider's Wife;" "The Circuit Rider's Widow;" "The Recording Angel;" "Eve's Second Husband;" and descriptions of her European travels. Mrs. Harris lives in Nashville, and spends a large part of her time writing for such magazines as the Post. Her scope includes the short story and the critical essay, as well as her longer novels.

From the pen of Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, who lives at her beautiful home near Nashville, we have such charming little stories as "The Melting of Molly," which Miss Daviess recently staged in New York City; "Miss Selina Lue;" "Sue Jane;" "The Tinder-Box;" and a collection of stories called "Over Paradise Ridge."

(Mrs.) Grace MacGowan Cooke has contributed much creditable work to magazines and other periodicals in the last few years. She lives at Chattanooga, where she continues her literary work.

From our own midst we have one writer who has won considerable fame (Mrs.) Martha McCulloch Williams. For a while she wrote short stories and articles of farm life for "The Youth's Companion." Two of her best books are: "Close to the Ground,"

and "Field-Farings." In her earlier life, Mrs. Williams was a farmer, and being thus a student of nature, her works reflect the close observation of natural and rural life.

An obscure author, but one who should probably be mentioned here, is (Mrs.) Nina Hill Robinson. Little is known of this writer, but her "Stories of Ante-Bellum Days" should be noted because they are the only stories of that kind.

Let us now turn to the men. Beginning with the early history of our State, we have one man who was at the same time statesman, pioneer, and author, namely, David Crockett. It was late in life that Mr. Crockett wrote his works. In early life he was a pioneer, leaving Tennessee and going to Texas, where he settled. His best works are the following: "The Life of David Crockett;" "The Life of Martin Van Buren;" "An Account of Colonel Crockett's Tour to the North and Down East;" and, "Exploits in Texas." His books on travels are among the best; he was an eccentric character, and something of a humorist. Living as he did, from 1786 to 1836, his writings are very simple and even crude. He is classed among the earliest authors in United States history.

"Baskerville and Sewell's English Grammar" was partly compiled by William Malonr Baskerville, former Professor of English at Vanderbilt. (Died 1899.) Mr. Baskerville was also an editor and a literary critic. His other well known works are: two volumes in literary criticism on "Southern Writers;" "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary;" and a "Reader" with Harrison.

From the pen of John Trotwood Moore we have several good poems, among them one on "Sam Davis," a poem which was influential in bringing about the erection of a monument to this dead hero. One of Mr. Moore's best works is "Song and Stories from Tennessee," a pleasing little collection of verses and anecdote. His dialect stories of Southern plantation life are especially good. Mr. Moore is a progressive Southern man and stands for the "New South."

A man who is better known as an educator than as a writer, is Brown Ayres, President of the University of Tennessee. However, he has published several of his addresses, as well as numerous scientific and educational papers.

The names of Tennessee authors that I have given do not comprise the whole list of writers that our State has in time furnished; many minor writers have been admitted. Nor have

the complete works of several of the writers been given. But enough has been told to give an idea of the scope and outstanding features that characterize our best authors.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

PHIL MICKEL.

There's a man lives in our village, fact he keeps the village store
He's so continental lazy till his wife does every chore,
Find him almost any Monday on the counter on his back,
Hardest work he ever does is lay an ace upon a jack;
Him an' me went fishin' one day and I hauled in seven trout
'Fore he ever got his backer and his fishin' tackle out;
Then he'd sit and fish for minutes with his lazy loafin' look,
And would have his line to find that he'd forgot to bait his hook.

I went courtin' with this feller when we both was young and spry
And we always went together to the same gal's he and I,
'N after we'd be still a sittin' on the porch a hour or so
I would be the one a talkin' to her sweet and soft and low.
Guess I'm glad he didn't try to pull a oar agin my stroke,
'Cause I want so very han'som' an' my voice it had a croak,
But as I was jest a sayin', Bill he shore did miss a heap
While I did my ardent courtin', jest to sit there sound asleep.

And as I was settin' thinkin', seems to me there's lots of fo'ks
Stead of hustlin' roun' their bizness, always has a spell of "pokes,"
Hit's the bird what's up and hustlin' gets the biggest tater-bug,
An' a ornery lazy bulldog aint wuth half a hustlin pug.
Hit's the boat what pulls the hardest always hits the goal line fust,
An' our coxswain, He's Almighty, He won't let the stroke-oar bust,
Keep a pullin', keep a movin' to our goal, the shinin' shore,
'Cause the Devil's always aft, and Heaven's always at the fore.

WHY I AM IN FAVOR OF PROHIBITION



NE bright winter afternoon I started out on a tramp thru a part of the woods rather unfamiliar to me. The ground was covered with a thick layer of snow and more fell in little showers every time the wind moved the branches of the trees. Before I had gone more than two miles the snow began to fall and in a few minutes I could not see ten feet before me. The short winter afternoon was near its close and my position was becoming dangerous. It may be imagined that I felt very much relieved when I heard a steady banging near at hand. "Ah," I thought, "there is a cabin and somebody cutting wood. They are sure to have a fire and maybe they can show me some road home." I pushed forward towards the sound running into every tree and stumbling over every root in my path. Soon the black mass of the cabin came into view thru the trees. But to my dismay no light came from its windows and no smoke from its chimneys. A closer view showed that it was indeed deserted. An old plank door swinging to and fro on one crazy hinge made the banging noise that I had heard. There were large holes where the mortar had fallen out from between the logs and the wind whistled thru the broken windows. But any shelter was better than none, so I pushed back the door and went in. To my disappointment the inside of the cabin seemed even worse than the outside. There was but one room with no fireplace and the roof was so broken in as to admit the snow to all parts of the room except one corner. But the force of the wind was broken and I snuggled down in the one protected corner, wondering how long it would be before morning.

In spite of the cold I had begun to drowse a little when I awoke with a start. A white figure was sitting beside me watching me out of what would have been the corner of his eye if he had had one. I made a mad dash for the door but the thing nimbly glided in between.

"Don't go," it begged in a pleading tone, "I haven't had anybody to talk to in such a long time. The last visitor I had ran right thru me"—I started to do the same, but the ghost went

on, "so I have had to haunt him every night since." I sat down suddenly. "Listen," said the ghost, "I have a sad story to tell. Once I was a happy, healthy human like you are. I was the town model. All the girls were wild about me. I never dropped an a or missed a train. When I was a boy I never gave my parents any trouble. Consequently when I died the head ghosts sentenced me to haunt this lonely cabin until I had done three awful kinds of mischief. This is the first night that I have been able to bring myself to do anyone any harm. Please sit still, it will be over in a second.

With a shriek I sprang thru my dangerous host. But it was no use. I had scarcely gotten outside of the cabin when a cold hand was laid on my face, there was a bright flash of light, and an awful voice said in my ear, "Get right up now. It's after seven o'clock and you will be late for chapel again.



RIMES WITHOUT REASON

R. E. HASH.

I.

Why is the sad sea moaning
With that plaintive note of woe?
'Tis because some fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

II.

That S. P. U.'s a pious place,
I think you'll agree,
And the proof of this I offer
Is convincing, as you'll see;

For on Sunday morn at service,
When the sermon's long, you'll find
The students on the rearward seats
Religiously inclined.

III.

Good night, my love, he softly sighed,
Yet lingered long in fond adiey.
The parlor clock struck one, before
The lateness of the hour struck two.

IV.

In the days of long ago,
When the wilderness was here,
The man put powder in his gun
And went to hunt the deer.

But now that times are different,
They have another plan,
For the dear puts powder on her face
And goes to hunt the man.

(To be Continued.)

The Journal

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F. V. Long.....	Y. M. C. A. Editor
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Editorial

Probably no institution has faced a more varied assortment of difficulties than has this University in the past few months. Two changes in administration have been made, the last at a very critical time, so far as securing new students is concerned. Our country's call did not fall on deaf ears and our honor roll of those who have responded is large. The theological department which has for thirty-two years been an inergral part of this University was suspended in June because of a lack of funds.

Further, the needed changes and repairs and the vast improvements in the physical property were delayed by reason of scarcity of labor and the difficulty of securing materials. In consequence, the session opened under certain handicaps, and the work proceeded under these disadvantages.

These, however, were soon overcome, and, with the loyal coöperation of Faculty and students, the University enters upon a new era of prosperity. No finer spirited student body ever

graced a college campus than the students—men and women—who are enrolled here this year. There is no melancholy, but there is an atmosphere of seriousness, a spirit of earnestness, which in this critical hour befits the gear of every patriotic student.

We look back with pride upon our rich heritage as a University, we rejoice in the plans and prospects for a glorious future, but we are profoundly grateful for the opportunity and responsibility of the present, and for the character and spirit of the young men and women on our campus who are preparing themselves for leadership in the work of the world.



Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. opened under rather adverse condition this year as only two of its officers returned, they being Messrs. P. L. Armstrong, Vice-President, and F. V. Long, Secretary and Treasurer. The local organization having become so disorganized that it was impossible to elect a President from their number, this was taken up at a meeting of the "Boosters' Club," and W. J. Millard was elected to fill the vacancy.- -

The organization is looking forward to a very successful year's work. The membership Committee, composed of Messrs. C. Thomas, B. Fesperman, J. L. Mecklin, S. J. Lindamood, I. M. Warren and M. O. Cockerham, is preparing to launch a campaign shortly; it is the aim of this committee to make every man in school a member of the Y. M. C. A. and there is no reason why their expectations should not be fulfilled.

The Y. M. C. A. is just coming into its own. Surely there is not a man that doesn't realize the great good that it is doing in its war work both in America and Europe, to use the words of a British soldier in France: "The Y. M. C. A. is the soldier's friend." In order to have a good fighting army the men must be kept clean, physically, mentally and morally, the government sees that they are clean physically, and the Y. M. C. A. has undertaken the task of cleaning them mentally and morally. At the time when the United States entered the war a campaign for \$3,000,000 was launched, this was over-subscribed by several thousand dollar and spent in erecting buildings in the various training camps of our country. Now a campaign is on for \$35,000,000 and by the grace of God it will likewise be over-subscribed. The colleges have been called on for a million of this amount and those in the South for \$200,000 of the million. Some colleges are larger^d and might give more but S. P. U. students can and will give until it hurts, surely none can do more.

The Program Committee, which is composed of Messrs. C. H. Patton, J. V. Cobb and E. Morrow have been doing excellent work in securing speakers for the weekly meetings, which is held on

Tuesday evenings at seven o'clock instead of Sunday afternoons at three o'clock.

Dr. Diehl addressed the Y. M. C. A. on our opening meeting. He spoke from the 90th psalm. His text was, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." He compared life to a journey. We are travelers, and every day brings us nearer home. The question is, How are we traveling? The cycle we are living in will give character, make the most of your traveling days. We are not our own, but we all belong to God. So its not what will the passing years mean to me, but what will they mean to the world. To make the most of our travelling journey we must have patience, gentleness, holiness, purity, kindness and likeness to God. These cycles of years that we spend in S. P. U. will give character to all the rest. Ask yourself the question, Is my influence helping the men of the world?

On Tuesday night, October 23rd, Dr. Fulton, a former teacher here, spoke to us from the latter part of the 14th chapter of Luke. He ssubject was: "Building a life structure." Build on Jesus, the chief cornerstone. We must lay out a plan for our lives. Are we laying it on such a foundation? Lay out a plan including God. It is not the man with gold that is rich, it is the man with character, for what is a man when material things disappear? Life is a failure unless you include God. Count the cost . Many have failed on account of not thinking it over. Back in your home you accepted Christ; let that be your plan. What kind of sstructure are we building? Is it a temporary structure? Fellows let it not be, but build on Christ and it shall be for everlasting. If you builsd on any other foundation it will fall.

There is a rule or square to shape the foundation. That is the word of God. If you want a thing to fit consult this rule of life. If your life is out of harmony with God, you cant go to heaven. Make your life a perfect symmetry. Let God be the architect of your life.

On Tuesday, October 30th, F. V. Long gave us a few moments talk on the happenings of the Blue Ridge Conference last summer. He urged upon the students to attend this Conference one

time at least during their years in college. It means a new vision of the world and of God.

On November 5th, Mr. P. L. Armstrong, spoke to us from the 18th chapter of II Sam., 29th verse, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Absalom through his sleek tongue won the hearts of the people. He goes to Hebron and is crowned king. He raises an army and meets his father in battle, but is defeated. Absalom in fleeing was caught by the hair of his head to a limb and was killed by Joab. When David received the message he cried out, Oh Absalom, Absalom. If only I could have died in your place. Absalom's failure was pride. His pride led to impurity, murder. We are professing Christian here at S. P. U. Do we keep ourselves unspotted from the world? Let it not be said of us that we are indifferent to our Christian religion. Curb pride. Be humble in spirit. Receive your guidance from God from whom all strength comes. Let us not be failures.



Squirrel Food

McCutcheon (hearing the noise from the foundry, and yelling down to the lower berth): "Aw, Corley, cut the snoring."

Mildred: "I looked over my shoulder Hallowe'en, and I didn't see any future husband."

Margaret: "Well keep on looking over your shoulder and you'll land one."

The Senior was born for great things,
The Junior was born for small;
No one has found the reason
Why a Freshie was born at all.

English Soldier (leaving French comrade): "Au reservoir."
French Poilu: "T'anks."

Dr. Duer: "Mrs. E., I was very bothered to see your husband leave church right in the middle of a sermon."

Mrs. E.: "Yes, but the poor dear has such a habit of walking in his sleep."

The scientists claim that some human bodies contain a greater amount of sulphur than others. We reckon that's why some girls make better matches than others.

Bright S. P. U. Student to Clarksville Girl: "They tell me you have no sense of humor. Can you see a joke?"

She, looking straight at him: "Oh, very plainly."

Tho she had never met B4,
What had she 2 care?
She loved him 10derly B-cause,
He was a 1,000,000-air.

Shucks Cobb says that you can't convince some people they are fat until they get stuck in a bath-tub.

Dr. Townsend: "Mr. Corley, aren't you chewing gum?"

Corley: "Yep, but I aint got no more."

A rolling stone gathers no moss,

A rolling pin shows who's boss.

Judah: "I had an awful fright last night."

McCutcheon: "Yes, I saw you going in the Lillian with her."

We hardly need mention that one of our professors upon greeting Tommy Lyle, said: "Well I see you're back from the front." AIR!!

Pa (from the other room): "Mary, aint that young feller gone yit?"

Mary (gas turned off): "Why Paw, I haint seen him fer an hour."

Shine (to Dr. Diehl): "Shine Boss?"

"No!!!"

"Paper?"

"No!!!!"

"Carry your grip?"

"No!!!!!"

"Then gimme a nickel and I'll wiggle my ears for you."

"Mary, why did you stay on the front porch so long last night?"

"Why mother, I was only there for a second."-

"But I am sure I heard a third and a fourth."

Consult Lupton, Patten or Judge King for information regarding war tax.

The editor works from morn till night;
 He works till his fingers are sore;
 Yet some are bound to say at the sight,
 "That's stale, I've seen it before."

Eps.

Lots of guys don't succeed because they have a wishbone instead of a backbone.

Pride goeth before us all.

Don't think a girl will coo like a dove, just because she is pigeon-toed.

The cheapest way to get notoriety is to be an 18 karat fool.

Some friendships wouldn't keep even if you embalmed them.

How dear to my heart-
Is the cash of subscription;
As generous subscribers present it to view.
But the guy who won't pay
I refrain from description,
For fear gentle reader this one may be you!

What does a fat man do when he gets to the top of a hill?
Takes off his hat and pants.

NEVERMORE.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As he sat and called her Deary
On a sofa built for one, but holding more,
Suddenly there came a rapping,
As of someone gently tapping,
Tapping at the parlor door.
"Tis my father, sir," she murmured,
"Only he, and nothing more."

What cared he for her relations,
He was full of exclamations,
Such as "Lovey, does oo love oo deary more."
When the father, tired of waiting,
Waiting being aggravating,
Opened wide the parlor door,
Only this—but wait, there's more.

Ah, distinctly he'll remember-
That cold night in bleak December,
For in places best unmentioned, he's still sore.
Where the father's boot had landed,
This young man for life was branded
As he flew out twenty paces, he did roar:
"Your old man has hurt my feelings
And with you I'll have my dealings,
Nevermore."

—EXCHANGE.

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