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# The Journal



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**Makes Men**

**Southwestern  
Presbyterian University**



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# THE JOURNAL

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# The Journal

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VOL. XXXIII. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1917 No. 2

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## MEMORIES

W. W. FULCHER.

Take me back in a golden chariot  
To those realms of wholesome joy,  
To spend those happy hours over  
That I lived when I was a boy.

The charm of the linen picture-book  
And jingle of nursery rhyme,  
The tears over broken toys  
Received at Christmas time.

The little red wagon twisted and bent  
And carpenter's tools of wood,  
The spangled drum all battered and bent  
Was a fitting toy for noise.

A choo-choo run or stick-horse ride  
To many a distant town,  
Brought as true delight and as lofty pride  
As ever is found today.

A play-house built in a corner bare  
With a chef and butler too  
Was all the glories that wealth could share  
In mansions below the blue.

Those days are gone beyond recal  
With the transient enjoyment too  
But the greatest pleasure of it all  
Is that of having lived it through.



## THE QUITTER

W. A. GLESSELL.



DOWN the path to the club-house came a pair of young men. One was as happy as a lark, while the other had an appearance that would not attract our attention so vividly, at first. He was disgusted completely so, over a little game of golf, in which Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hancock Bailey had overwhelmingly defeated him.

"Well, I guess I cleaned you good that time, Mr. Good Player," jeered the jubilant Tom. "I licked you on an even game, and did not have my 'regular' handicap at all. Ha! Ha! licked a six-handicap man on an even game. That's pretty good for me. You didn't think I could do it, did you Bob?"

His companion glanced at him and mumbled something that could not be heard. He seemed to realize that Tom was going to have some fun out of him, so he said, in self-defense, "Oh, run along and chat your fat head off, I am not listening to you."

By this time they had reached the house, and nothing is heard of either of them until Tom's melodious voice is heard singing happily the merry tune of "I've won my game at last, boys."

Bob Steinway came slowly out of his locker-room and came up to the reading room, where he heard long before he saw, the jubilant Tom telling all the boys how he cleaned up in the game just played. He walked over to a chair, reached for a paper, sat down and began to read. Not a word was said to any of the boys.

"What's the matter, Bob?" questioned one of the listeners.

"Let me alone, I am sick," was the snappy reply.

"Say, Bob, I thot you knew something about the game," laughed a second.

"I do, I know every detail, I've made a study of it for years, but that fat s mp over there doesn't know any more about it than an African does the Chinese language. He just hit me on my off day," said the angry Bob.

"Oh yes, that's it. Every time I beat anybody, it's sickness or something," said Tom.

Things quieted down after an awful argument, and Bob quietly withdrew from the room. Down stairs he went with great haste, took all his clubs from the locker, and went toward the caddie shed.

Here he was met by the whole bunch, who greeted him politely, and all offered their services.

"Jack," he said with forced cheerfulness, "if you had your pick, which club would you take?"

"If what?" asked the boy, whose eyes had almost popped out with amazement.

"I said, 'which club do you want?'"

"Why the light mid-iron, of course, I've always wanted one like that," he said. "But you wouldn't mind if I should cut off about six inches, would you, sir? But you are not giving me this for keeps, are you?"

"Yes, for keeps," he replied. "I am quitting this game for good."

The first five sticks were given away by the choice of the caddies, and one by one the entire stock of expensive clubs were distributed among the boys. After this had been completed he turned and left the happy boys bowing to him and thanking him in their ignorant fashion. He was headed for the locker-room again, where he received some sympathy and consolation from the porter.

Now Charlie, for that was the porter's name, was a negro of rare characteristics. He was a negro who, when he saw a man in trouble he would go to him and try to assist with his sympathy. And when a man had won laurels and was very jubilant, Charlie would be seen patting him on the back and uttering a forced laugh. It was this negro that Bob encountered in the toom after having given all his clubs to the caddies.

"Charlie," he called as he stepped into the locker-room, "come here."

In bounced the faithful old negro who had served many a year in the club house.

"Yes sah, Boss, Ise right hear."

"Charlie, here's a lot of stuff in this locker that I can't use any more and if you will take them out you can have what you get for them. These shoes won't do me any more good, and here's this bag, take it along."

"Look here, Boss these shoes is as good as they ever was, and that bag is worth 'bout two dollars. You better keep them you might want them some day when you won't want to use the best you got."

"No, Charlie," Bob said as he patted him on the back. "I've quit this old game for ever and ever. No more golf for me, Charlie. It won't be like these others who say they are going to quit and don't. I'm thru with it."

"Marse Bob, better let me put these things back in dat locker, 'cause yo will be back 'fore long?"

"No!" he shouted, "I am thru." And with that he walked out.

'Round the drive Bob swerved in his roadster. Headed for home and thinking of what he had done. "Well," he mused, "I've done the right thing; anyway there will be one happy soul

and that is my little wife. Ha, Ha, won't it be a great surprise to her when she finds out that I have quit the 'King of Sports' for good! Just to think we will be together on Sunday afternoons. We will learn so much about each other now, for the only time I am away from the office is on Wednesday and Sunday, and as a rule I have been coming out to the club on these days. And my dear little kids, my, I can see them now jumping up on my knees and saying sweet little things which will make any daddy's heart feel proud of himself."

By this time he had reached home. He blew his horn and no one came to open the gate for him. Out he jumped himself and opened it. He didn't like this very much because he had always been used to someone opening it for him, and now of all times it looked to him that someone could do it. It was not until he felt his keys that he remembered that his family had gone over to mother-in-law's to spend the afternoon. Then when he rang the door-bell he remembered that this was the servant's day off. There he was, at home by himself, no one to talk to, and nothing to do after having so great expectations.

After so long a time he decided to try to read some. Where were his favorite slippers? Wife always hid them, for they were not the kind that suited her taste. It was just this reason that made him think so much of them. It was a case of: what wife liked, hubby didn't. After searching the whole house for them he finally located them up-stairs in the closet of the guest chamber. As he reached down to pick them up he bumped his head on a stick. This stick was the handle of an old golf club that he used to use. Seeing this old club, brought fond memories to him. It was with this stick that he acquired so much fame as a golf player. This was his first club.

After this he went over to a chair, sat down and tried to read a book. The first chapter was as dry as could be. The second was worse than the first. In his disgust he threw the book down and picked up his club and started roaming about the house. Down stairs he went. Finally he opened the door to the nursery. Here he was met by the little dog. The dog had in his mouth a ball. Bob took it from him and after examining it he found it to be a golf ball. This just supplied the thing needed, for Bob took the old ball and sought the court in the back yard.

Behind the garage he had a place cleaned off for his practice at home. It was this place that Bob sought. "Man alive, did you see that shot?" he was heard saying. "If I can keep that up I will be back on the courts next Wednesday."

That night found Bob the happiest man on the face of the earth. All he wanted was to lick Tom with a big handicap. And if he could keep this up it would be an easy matter.

Monday Bob went out to the club where he found Charlie at his regular work, and whistling a lively tune.

"Good morning Charlie," said Bob.



"Lawd Boss is yo' done conme back atta yo' hat?"

"No I have come back to ask you if you reckon you could get those clubs from the caddies. Charie, I'll give you five dollars if you will do this for me, for I've decided to come back. Yesterday afternoön while practicing in my back yard, I pulled off some shots that would make your eyes fly open. Why, they were much better than I ever could do."

"Dats all right, Mister Bob, just go over and look in yo' locker and yo' will find yo' clubs. I went to dem caddies and tole dem dat yo' jest gib dem sticks ter see if dey would take 'em. I tole dem to come 'cross."

A few minutes later found Charlie alone and examining a fine piece of workmanship turned out at Washington, D. C., which represented twenty dollars.

"Lawd," he said, "I wish some more would quit like dat."

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## SOPHOMORE APATHY

MILES BURROUGNS.

**N**O one except a sophomore, or one who at one time in his life has been a sophomore, can fully appreciate the term "Sophomore Apathy." Although this critical period was pointed out to me by a fond parent, who warned me against the apathy or unconcern, which possesses each and every sophomore, I in no way appreciated at the time this parental admonition, since I was in that stage of my college career commonly known as the freshman stage. This unconcern can be appreciated only by those who have passed through this stage.

The warning came to me while I was just entering upon the last semester of my first year's work at the university at which I am a student. Coming at this time I was almost incined to discredit this warning. I, as a freshman had experienced that exuberance and joy which is invariably present in the beginning of any new work. I had taken up my work with unusual enthusiasm and vim, bending my energies not only toward my routine work, but also engaging in those other college activities which count for so much in the real enjoyment of college life.

In pursuing my course under the individual instructors, I experienced real joy and concern in becoming acquainted with the methods and peculiarities of each professor. In my other activities I was encouraged in the thought that perhaps I should later become a leader in these various activities. Really, I was intoxicated by this latter thought. So it may easily be seen that I could not appreciate the full meaning of this well and timely given warning.

But now I am a sophomore. My freshman year has past into my life's history. I now fully understand and appreciate the meaning of the term "Sophomore Apathy." To me it means that quality of unconcern and indifference as regards college work in general during the sophomore year. I have experienced this apathy myself. I no longer feel any personal concern as to whether I shall successfully recite my daily lessons or not. I have become accustomed to the methods of the various instructors. I know exactly what each require and strive to meet the requirements with as little work as possible. If an instructor has the unwise method of requiring his classes to recite in alphabetical order, I prepare to recite only on those particular days and on others day attend classes unprepared. As unconcerned as I am, my only concern on these occasions is that I may not be called upon to recite out of my regular alphabetical order. This shows that I follow the lines of least resistance.

This state of affairs is true, not only in my classroom work, but also in the other college activities, in which I was formerly wont to manifest such enthusiasm and interest. I have either shirked these responsibilities altogether, or am engaging in these in an indifferent and half-hearted way. My work and my play have both become mechanical.

Finally, realizing the stage through which I am passing and the good that I am failing to take advantage of, I wish to give an admonition to that portion of my fellow students, known as freshmen. The warning is: Beware of Sophomore Apathy.

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### ONLY A VOLUNTEER

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R. D. JOHNSTON.

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**C**ORPORAL, I'm downright glad to work along with a likely lad from the regulars like you. Some of these green country guardsmen along this patrol get in a panic if their own hat blows off a night like last night with the flood creeping inch by inch among the sandbags and the seepage getting wider in the fields behind 'em. Does look scary a bit, but your army engineers say it's all right unless—

"Unless some of these German agents stick a mite of explosive in the sandbags we've topped the soft places with. As for me I'd just like to catch one of those rascally Teutons tampering with the levee that keeps my little brook from putting all these honest country people out of business. I'll tell you there'd be something doing sure 'nough then. But say Inspector, I'm not so sure these peaceful waters will stick to their own ground anyway. What does your twenty years' experience prophecy for tonight—safety for all, or death and destruction?"

"Just this," continued Inspector Callahan who was general overseer of the levee at that particular bend of the Mississippi "the crest of the rise will pass tonight, and unless we get a whalopin' wind pounding our bags we're through with the job."

Corporal May, who was at the time acting as courier for the Intelligence Department, must have trusted implicitly in this assertion of Callahan's and thus reassured himself that the night would bring no new cause for danger from the river already at flood stage, for he sped away on his motorcycle, a smile lightening up his face like a beacon in a lighthouse, and a twinkle in his eye which showed unmistakably that he rode with a light heart and happy thoughts of the future. True, he grumbled a little at the prospect of having to remain here for some time yet, detached from his regular regiment which was already in camp and which might at any moment proceed to France, leaving him here to patrol the banks of the river, instead of patrolling outposts in France on the outlook for Germans. "But all right, he concluded, "every fellow to his bit—that's the way wars are won. Orders as usual."

He rode along slowly musing quietly to himself over the past incidents of his military career which included the rounding up of an unregistered alien, the closing up of a heedless amateur wireless station and a few other merited deeds. He reached the engineers' camp by the roadside where he delivered his messages and with soldierly precision returned to report to headquarters. As he neared the part on the levee over which Callahan had charge, he was halted by a khaki soldier who demanded his pass. Jimmy regarded the sentinel patronizingly. "Friend, I haven't any pass. Courier from headquarters. Passed this way awhile ago."

"Can't help it," replied the militiaman, "your pass or cover your tracks."

Jimmy stared perplexedly. "All right then, old sport. Know any other way around?"

"Not my business. You'll have to find one for yourself."

Jimmy retreated a few hundred yards whence he proposed to circle the guarded spot and so continue his journey. He was picking his path along uncertainly when he saw not far ahead of him a house surrounded by a cabbage patch and a court yard filled with chickens. Attracted by the sound of the motor a freckled face boy ran out of the house and climbed up on the gate.

"Hello, kid! Where—" He got no further for his motorcycle veered from its course by a broken plank in a culvert which spanned the lane, threw him headlong into the mud and stones of the creek which ran under the culvert.

"Your motor bike's just naturally busted. Hurt much?"

"Nope, reckon not," grinned Jimmy sheepishly, as he picked himself up from the rather rough bed of mud and stones which



lay at the bottom of the creek into which he had been so rudely tossed.

"Say, what's your name and how can I get out of this mess the quickest?"

"Well," replied the boy in a drawling voice, "my name's Wallace—Warty for short, since I got so many warts on my paws. I'm living here by myself just now 'tending to these chickens and this old cabbage patch for a dago truck gardener that's skipped out for a bit. Want to buy some chickens?"

"Thanks Warty, not today. But what are you doing staying here by yourself. Don't you know a lad of fifteen like you ought to stick around the old home till he learns enough sense to fight the world?"

"Oh, I'm an orphan," exclaimed Warty quickly, "sneaked on board a packet up river some years ago. Been drifting up and down the old stream ever since. Know every nook and corner of her from here to St. Louis. I been hanging around the levee a good deal of late trying to make friends with some of these green military guards but they say I'm a nuisance and old Callahan has fired me off twice, and those stuck up engineering officers chased me away from their camp when I wasn't hurting a thing. But I want to get in the army or navy or some thing big and go over to France and he p make those devilish Germans hit the dust."

"Well Warty, it does seem as though you've had a somewhat checkered career, and that the odds are against you, but every man to his bit is my motto and I guess you're doing yours feeding these chickens and thus keeping up the food supply. But ain't I in a pretty pickle, here's my machine busted a l to smash, ight coming on, storm approaching and I'm to report at headquarters at seven o'clock. Fine chance. Warty, this storm approaching reminds me that the government forecast says the crest of the flood will pass tonight and I'm a' thinking if there's to be any real danger it'll be tonight and old Callahan 'll be needing all the guards and all the help he can get, and too, its the pick of the nights for some of these infernal German agents to put a stick of dynamite in one of our sandbags and put us all out of business. Why aren't you a little older?"

"Oh, let me go, let me go," burst forth Warty jubi antly, "I'm as good as any eighteen year chap in these parts."

"No Warty, I guess there's nothing much you can do after all. If I were you I'd pull out. No particular sense in taking chances, 'cause if the evee should break—"

"The levee men got to stick till she breaks, ain't they?" interrupted Warty.

"Yes but they are regular men on the job, and—"

"Well, I'm a volunteer, you see!"

"All right then—I give up! You got the real stuff, and I'm the last man to discourage it. Let's be ambling along."

Jimmy discarded his wrecked machine and accompanied by Warty with a dimly burning lantern, they set out for the part of the levee considered of most dangerous over which Callahan had charge.

As they neared the levee Warty who was somewhat in advance carrying the lantern, turned on his steps, gasping breathlessly.

"Mr. Callahan! I found him, sir. Been blackjacked. Coat and cap been stolen."

Jimmy rushed up to where he saw the limp form of Mrs. Callahan. His face was bloody but he still retained consciousness.

"The levee boy, save the old levee. They got my coat and cap and they are bound for the levee—stop 'em boys—stop—"

He got no further. Jimmy quickly dragged him into the guard shanty, and called to Warty to follow him. They ran for the levee two hundred yards through the soft, water-soaked wood lot. "Come on Warty, I need you here."

A sentry tried to stop them but they waived inspection and plunged on through the dim twilight toward the unguarded spot of the levee where they knew the men who blackjacked Callahan must be at work.

"Jimminy! soldier," cried Warty excitedly, "suppose those infernal rascals have already stuck some dynamite in this levee and have fired her off. Won't we go a swimmin'? Well I guess."

"Nonsense Warty, there may not even be anyone else near this spot but the real guards. Don't take on so about such a little thing as this. I'll admit it does look a bit doubtful since whoever jumped o.d Callahan got his coat and cap, and what could they want with such articles unless it was to pass the guards. We'll have a look around here anyway. Scoot across to the other side of the levee and meet me at the far end of the bank. Don't lose your head and jump overboard."

Warty did exactly as he was told—characteristic of a soldier which he so much desired to be. He darted off in the direction of the opposite end of the levee, fully conscious that there might be some real danger ahead of him, and yet rejoicing in his opportunity to do something big and something that really required courage. The stars seemed to press right down to the rough water surface. The further shore was invisible. Nothing seemed to stir except the mighty waters which continually lapped among the sand-bags, threatening at every moment to scatter death and destruction in its wake.

"There!" exclaimed Warty softly to himself, "there's a man, I knew it."

Sure enough, down among the sand-bags, not twenty-five feet in front of him, Warty saw a man hurriedly engaged in setting and lighting a dynamite fuse, and he knew he must act quickly. He saw the man stand up and then start towards

him. He crouched lower still among the sand-bags which kept the approaching man from seeing him. Just as the man got even with him Warty tackled low and hard and brought his victim down to the ground with a thud. At the same time he uttered a yell which brought Jimmy on the run. Together they made their prisoner secure and then Warty returned to the spot where he had seen the man working and quickly fumbled around for some evidence of his victim's evil deed. He was not long in discovering that which he sought. A lighted fuse protruded from between two sand-bags—a mite in itself but which, if allowed to burn would have been changed into a mountain. He quickly jerked it loose from all connection and then returned to the prisoner about whom a group of militia guards had gathered.

"Well I do say," blurted out Corporal May, "here this little kid with the warty hands steps right in ahead of us regulars, captures this dynamiter and saves us all from drownin', and a lot of Uncle Sam's factories from closing down. Front line work, Warty—front line of defense!"

"Say," interrupted one of the guards, "who is this kid, anyhow?"

"Tell 'em, Warty?" grinned Jimmy, "tell 'em."

"Well," muttered Warty, "I'm just kind of a volunteer."

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## THE SKY SCOUT

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LEOPOLD N. JUDAH.

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THE French aviation field was covered by the usual morning fog. The field itself was a level pasture of about five acres. At the western end could be seen the hangars and behind these the tents and huts of the air-men and their assistants. Five miles away were the trenches. A stray shell occasionally came from the German lines and tore up some part of the field. But on the whole it was a rather quiet section and the only time that it awoke was when a fleet of enemy machines came over and dropped some bombs. As soon as the fog began to clear away a little the doors of one of the hangars were pulled open and the machine, a "wasp" or single seat fighting machine, was pushed out. The mechanics worked busily over it for a few minutes. Then a man, dressed in the regulation costume of the French air service, came out and, after a few minutes inspection of his machine, climbed into the seat. The mechanics moved back to a safe distance. The pilot pressed his starter button and the propeller blades began to whirl. In a moment the moter began to fire and the machine started down the field. As it neared the end its speed increased and it rose suddenly into the air, climbing rapidly. After having



risen about five or six hundred feet the pilot brought his machine to a level and pointed it towards the German lines.

The pilot of the machine, Ralph Adams, was a young Virginian who had enlisted at the beginning of the war more thru a love of adventure than for any other reason. He was counted a formidable enemy by the Germans, having brought down seven of their air machines.

As soon as Adams came in sight of the trenches he saw a big, yellow observation balloon, tugging and swaying at the end of a long rope, just far enough away from the French lines to be out of rifle shot. Adams put on all speed towards the balloon. He could see the men on the ground underneath working at the gasolene engine which pulled the balloon down. Suddenly the engine began to fire, the drum carrying the rope began to turn rapidly and the ballon was hauled down with increasing swiftness. As Adams swooped suddenly, in a last effort to get into position to drop a bomb he came too close to the ground. He heard the rattle of a machine gun and several small, ragged holes suddenly appeared in his planes. He gave a twist on his control lever and felt his machine begin to climb. At a safe altitude he straightened out and dropped a bomb but it lit in a nearby field and did no damage.

Adams was disgusted. He had missed an easy chance when his bomb went wide of its mark and apparently no German aeroplanes were going up that morning. He reached for his control lever to mount higher when suddenly his motor began to miss. Evidently some part of it had been hit by a bullet. A quick backward look told him the cause. His petrol tank had been hit in a dozen places. A quick mental calculation showed him that he did not have the necessary height to voloplane back to his starting place. His only hope was in landing behind the French lines. He started towards them when suddenly his motor coughed hoarsely a few times and then stopped. He felt his machine begin to fall and saw that he would light in "no man's land." As he fell he loosened the strap that held him in his seat. He straightened his machine and lit with scarcely a bump. As his machine touched the ground he dropped out into the nearest shell hole, a few German bullets passing too late to catch him.

Luckily there was no water in the hole and he could lay down in the very bottom, completely protected from any bullets. His wrist-watch showed nine o'clock. It would not be dark until after six. Almost ten hours. He settled back and tried to find a more comfortable position.

When it was dark he crawled out of his hole and started back towards the French lines. Every minute a star shell sent up by one side or the other, lighted up the ground with a ghastly flare. He was compelled to lie motionless on the ground until the light went out because his own men were as liable to shoot him as was the enemy. As he drew near the barb wire he saw irregular

passages thru it and made for one of them between shells. It was slow work. Twice he came on dead bodies but whether French or German he could not tell. Finally he reached nearly to the edge of the trench parapet. Here a difficulty presented itself. If he made a noise and attracted the guard's attention the man would probably shoot first and investigate afterwards. On the other hand if he lay still and the guard caught sight of him his doom was sealed. He lay still while several star shells were bursting and considered the matter. Then he noticed a curious thing. Not only did no one mount the firing step to look out but also he could hear no one talking. A few minutes rapid thinking convinced him that for some reason there was no guard there. He cautiously poked his head over the edge. Sure enough that particular bit of trench was vacant. He dropped inside. The trench had a series of dugouts in its back wall each with a steel door. On each door was painted a number and a name. Adams looked at them. "Gee," he thought, "some funny French names. What a lot of Vons."

Then the truth burst on him. He was in the German trenches!

What had happened to Adams was about this: he had been all day in a round shell hole, he had started away in the dark and becoming confused in his directions, had gone around in a rough circle until he happened to reach the German line. Adams opened one of the doors a little and peeped inside. The room seemed to belong to a high officer. In it were a cot, made up with fresh bed clothes, a wash stand and two chairs. Adams slipped in side noting with satisfaction that the lock on it worked perfectly.

"Well," he thought, "I'll be able to keep them out for some time anyhow. I wish I had time to get back to our side but by the time I got half-way across it would be light and then good night little me."

He tried the two chairs and the bed. Then he thought that there was nothing to be gained by staying where he was so he cautiously pushed open the door. There was no one in sight. He went outside and walked a little ways down the trench looking into each dugout as he passed. In one he found a sack of bombs which he took along with him thinking that they might come in handy. A little further on he found a pile of tanks which he decided must be gas tanks. He wet his finger and held it up above the edge of the trench. "Straight for Berlin," he murmured gleefully.

He went back and made sure that the door on his dugout was open. Then a spirit of mischief moved him.

"Hey everybody" he shouted, "come here." Answering shouts came from the other occupants of the trench. He chucked and threw his bag of bombs high in the air towards the pile of tanks. Then he dodged quickly inside and pulling the door shut

he threw himself down on the floor. He heard the roar of the explosion and felt himself hit the roof and then the floor of the room.

The next thing Adams knew he was in a big white room filled with cots. A nurse who was passing stopped and came over to him. She smiled down at him.

"Say, nurse," said Adams feebly, "what happened? Did we get the trench?"

"Oh yes," said the nurse, "they captured it just in time to rescue you. Some prisoners told them what your part was. Now you go to sleep and get some strength back."

She turned and started away. But Adams was not satisfied.

"Say, nurse," he called feebly.

"Yes," she replied, stopping and turning toward him.

"Am I a hero?"

"You sure are."

Comforted Adams turned over and fell asleep again.

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## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

RUTH CHASE.



YOU'LL have to hand it to Sherman; he knew how to classify war! I'll tell you why I agree with him, too! This sentiment was expressed by a young khaki-clad youth whom I recognized as a lieutenant by the insignia on his collar and his leggings. It was in June 1916, and I was spending the summer with friends in Northampton, which is about two hours from London. Four or five of the soldiers who had gone to the front from that neighborhood were home for one reason or another, and the young lieutenant was home to stay because he had given his left hand to the Great Cause and was no longer of service at the front.

My friends had invited the boys to spend the evening with us, and I knew that I was going to hear something of those little acts that take place behind the scenes.

The lieutenant continued:

"When I was a young chap in school, I was associated with two boys, brothers, William and Adolph Brown, whose parents were Germans. Their father had become a London merchant, however, and they were established in London. William was about seven years old, and Adolph two when their parents came over from the 'Vaterland.'

"We three fellows were together so much that we grew very fond of each other, and we decided that, upon finishing college, we should go into some business together.

"William, however, went abroad for the summer. He had many relatives in and around Berlin, for his mother's people all



lived there. While in Berlin, William changed his plans and decided to attend the University of Leipsic and prepare himself for some profession other than law. Adolph and I had intended firing ourselves to be lawyers.

"In the meantime, Adolph and I proceeded with our plans.

"All this occurred in 1912. Then, as you know, in the early part of August, 1914, we were called out.

"One morning, about two weeks after war was declared, William's mother received a special dispatch from him, in which he expressed his sympathy with the Germans and his intention of joining their forces at an early date. Being a native of Germany, his mother was greatly pleased at his decision. On the other hand, Adolph was quite as much in sympathy with us; he had never been back to Berlin and was unaffected by association with his mother's family. He and I volunteered right off, and went into training camp. Because of close relation to some of those in military authority, I was only a few weeks before Adolph and I received commissions as lieutenants. In the meantime, William didn't have any such luck and remained only an ordinary "boche."

"Of course we wondered if we would ever meet William. We used to speak of it often; it seemed to weigh on Adolph's mind quite a bit.

"One evening, in the early spring of 1916, just after the battle of —," somewhere in France"—as we were going into night quarters, Adolph and I decided to slip out together and take a survey of the surroundings. Needless to say, the sight was horrible—dead bodies lying all about us on the ground—there was a whole field of it. Far across the field we saw a dark object of some sort stretched for a long distance along the field. We couldn't exactly make out what it was at first, but as we came nearer, we saw it was the barbed-wire entanglement that the Germans had stretched along in front of their newly made camp.

"Here's trouble for us," said Adolph to me.

"Yes," I replied, "I feel sorry for any poor devil who gets caught in this piece of work!"

"While we were standing there looking about, we saw a man lying beneath the entanglement who had been caught under the wire and was unable to free himself. Altho' he was very near the German line, Adolph didn't hesitate an instant but walked straight over to where the man lay. I followed him at a distance. Joe turned to me in a moment and said in a tense voice, 'That fellow is suffering; I can hear his groans. It is not in me to leave him to suffer that way—I can even see blood dripping from his body! I'm going over and get him out of there, even if the enemy catches me!'

"I warned him to be cautious. Then I waited and watched him draw nearer and nearer the German line. At last he reached the place where the man lay. In a moment he had the fellow in

his arms and was carrying him, not back to where our camp was situated, but straight on into the German encampment. It seemed that the entanglement was too much for him with his heavy load. I could barely see, in the twilight the limp and helpless body swing across the broad shoulders of Adolph's straight figure.

"Then, as the enemy's men saw and understood what was taking place, roars of applause and shouts of praise rose from their midst. Adolph marched into their quarters with the wounded man still across his shoulders. He was met on every side with words of praise. The commander himself came up about this time. From my crouching place I could see him shaking Adolph's hand, and the next moment I saw him place a shining object on the left side of Adolph's uniform. It was the iron cross!

"I waited in vain for Adolph to return. At last I went back alone, wondering what had caused a delay. The next few days did not bring any news. Finally, however, I was able to learn the outcome of the incident thru some prisoners that we took at an encounter near ———. It was this:

"As it happened, our general had given Adolph some orders a few mornings before, written out on a sheet of paper. This paper contained orders not only for our military movements, but for our allied troops at ———, a few miles below the German lines. Adolph had put the paper in his inside pocket, and in the rush and excitement of the day's encounter, had not given it further thought.

"The scrupulous Germans, however, left no stone unturned. Upon the suggestion of one of his men, the general had Adolph searched. Of course the paper was found. Adolph was court-martialed as a spy, found guilty, and condemned to die at day break two days later.

"The next day and the next night passed quickly enough. Then, at daybreak the following morning, Adolph was led out and placed against a wall.

"In the meantime, the wounded soldier whom he had so bravely rescued, had recovered enough to talk and to walk around on crutches. With the return of memory, he asked what had become of the man who had brot him back to camp.

"'Oh! he was a spy, and they are shooting him at six o'clock this morning,' was the reply.

"'What time is it now?' he asked.

"'It is five-forty-five.'

"'Could I see him?'

"'They have already led him out and placed him against the wall,' they told him.

"'But I must see him! Didn't he save my life?'

"They led the wounded man to the place where Adolph stood. As he hobbled around the corner of the tent on his

crutches, he seemed to be greatly affected by the thought of the approaching death of the man who had saved him. As he came face to face with this man, however, his face suddenly turned a ghastly white, his crutches fell heedlessly to the ground, and with a great leap, he fell swooning at the feet of Adolph.

"It was William.

"He recovered in a moment, and, standing beside his brother, and made an impassioned appeal to the general to take his life and let his brother go free. He became so frantic that the general ordered some guards to carry him back to the hospital tent. Just as they approached him, the bugle call for six o'clock sounded, and in an instant the simultaneous firing of several guns took place. As Adolph's body fell to the earth, that of William fell across it, his head striking a bit of shining metal—the iron cross.

"When the general's men came to carry away all that was left of the brave young chap, they found two lifeless bodies instead of one."

---

### THE COMING OF MY CHRISTMAS GIRL

On Christmas Eve the L. & N.  
 Will bring my Claribel  
 For one week's visit to remain  
 With my dear sister Nell.

I've known her now for many a year,  
 She's, too, my sister's friend;  
 But, Oh! my heart will break I fear  
 When Christmas week shall end.

I scarcely know how I can wait  
 For the day when she will come;  
 Goodness! suppose the train is late  
 Which brings her to our home.

While my warm spirit frets and fumes  
 And with my patience strives,  
 I'll picture to myself the scene  
 When my dear girl arrives.

I'll be upon the platform  
 To shield her from all harms,  
 And with a joyous little cry  
 She'll leap into my—auto.

And then I'll crank the old machine,  
 We'll drive away in haste,  
 I'll sit beside her on the seat  
 My arm around her—suitcase.

I'll look into her soft blue eyes,  
 O moment of true bliss,  
 And ere she turns her head away  
 I'll quietly take a—fresh grip on the wheel.

Arrived at home, we'll soon alight,  
 Nor pause to ring the bell,  
 Bur tush within the hall-way bright  
 To greet my sister Nell.

Now, readers, I'll the truth disclose,  
 Nor keep my secret mum;  
 I am Nell's sister, but a girl,  
 And Claribel is my chum.

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### CONCEITED PEOPLE

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BY "DAR."

---



**F**ACT, recognized by each one, is that in this life we receive many hard knocks. And it is in a way, a measure of our manhood to withstand, and to rise again, benefitted by the experience. But if the same blow is delivered upon the identical spot a sufficient number of times, even the hardest adamant structure will fall and crumble. Thus, then, do I give voice to a cry of protest against such a system of attack being hurled against me by my otherwise intelligent acquaintances. Many have plainly shown me that they considered me conceited. This is at once a blow to my pride, and a wound to my feelings. The need being urgent, I have decided to speak out and express myself on the subject of "Conceited People." It is my hope that this will come to the notice of my erring friends, and that through this medium they will be convinced of the error of their way and turn there from.

A feeling of revulsion and of antipathy instinctively arises within me when I come into close contact with a conceited person. That a man should be so wrapt up in himself, so complacent, and self-satisfied, as to deserve the title of conceit, is a matter to make the angels weep. And that I should be subjected to the insult of being classed with this approbrious breed, is a matter to make the angels (and also myself) swear fearsome and awe-inspiring oaths. I believe this hostility toward conceited people is a general feeling among men. It has been my province to meet many people of this type. Some have manifested their peculiar style of self-admiration, in interrupting another speaker, as though they felt assured that they knew more about the subject



or could discuss it in a more suitable manner. Another brand is displayed by the idiot who, "butts in" where he is evidently not as welcome as he chooses to think that he is. Still another branch of this ubiquitous genus is seen in the man who relies upon his admirable ability to "get by," and neglects proper preparation. Conceit is manifested in many little incidents of everyday life. Have you ever suddenly become aware of an individual in a company, who wears a self-conscious smirk of complacency, when no one knew he was present, except himself? I have heard public speakers, whom I considered conceited for thinking the audience held spellbound for an hour or more, when in reality the spell had worn off early in the delivery of the drought. This has been more obvious in sermonic discourses. Then again, I have become bored to extinction, in class rooms where the instructor gave forth trite and tiresome harangues; congratulating, in his mind, the youth before him on their opportunity so sit at the feet of such a master.

We are all familiar with the types mentioned. Now let us look at the question, Why is Conceit?" "One cause, I think to be ignorance. A poor victim of circumstances maybe, gives evidence of his woeful lack of wisdom and learning, by a display of conceit. Shall we pardon such a one on the ground that he doesn't know any better? Another source is a mistaken valuation of the relativity of things and beings. He doesn't realize his insignificance. Again, selfishness leads to this condition, by accustoming the person to think first of himself.

Conceited persons, moreover, are unprogressive. Self-satisfied, content with themselves as they are, they see no need of improvement. Thus if left to this class of people, civilization would become stagnant, and consequently, in time retrogressive. So long as they are undisturbed, they are not interested in conditions that need reformation.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," and herein lies one of its great dangers. It tends to promote and foster conceit, which in its last analysis is self-deception.

The cure is subjective, as a conceited person is proof against the fiery darts of criticism and ridicule. They, indeed, keep their "head when all men doubt them," but they fail to make allowance for the doubting.

It is an easy thing sometimes, to mistake self-confidence and true pride, for vanity and conceit. And so, I trust my good friends will be more charitable in their estimations, in the future, and give me the benefit of the doubt at least.

## RHYMES WITHOUT REASON

R. E. HASH.

## To a Piece of Mistletoe

(On finding a piece of mistletoe on the street. With apologies to Burns.)

Wee, modest, white-berried parasite,  
I've found thee in an evi' plight;  
For see how I have broken quite  
Thy slender stem  
And crushed thy lovely form so slight  
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! thou plant so fair, so sweet,  
That thou should'st lie beneath my feet,  
When thou hast clung 'mid storm and sleet  
Upon the oak,  
And winter's howling blasts didst greet,  
Yet stood unbroke.

Speak, fair young plant from forest's shade,  
Didst thou adorn some Clarksville maid,  
Who hastening onward no heed paid  
When thou didst fall,  
Thus all unconscious that she laid  
Thee by this wall.

Oh! if thou hast but softly pressed  
My darling maiden's gentle breast,  
Then art thou far more richly blessed  
A thousand times—  
Oh, shucks! let somebody finish the rest;  
I'm out of rymyes.

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## Editorial

### The Way to Peace

"Any body of free men that compounds with the present German Government is compounding for its own destruction. Any man in America or anywhere else that supposes that the free industry and enterprise of the world can continue if the Pan-German plan is achieved and German power fastened upon the world is as fatuous as the dreamers in Russia. What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists but their stupidity.

"If we are true friends of freedom of our own or anybody else's we will see that the power of this country and the productivity of this country are raised to their absolute maximum, and that absolutely nobody is allowed to stand in the way of it.

"Our duty is to stand together night and day until the work is finished."—From President Wilson's Address to the American Federation of Labor.

### Worth the Cost of the War

"I suppose not many fortunate by-products can come out of a war, but if the United States can learn something about saving out of this war it will be worth the cost of the war; I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources. I suppose we have several times over wasted what we are now about to spend. We

have not known that there was any limit to our resources; we are now finding out that there may be if we are not careful."—From President Wilson's Speech to the War-Savings Committee.

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## Y. M. C. A.

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Attention fellows, the march to Y. M. C. A. is calling for you. It needs you today as never before. Do not say that you haven't time to attend the meetings. For who would dare say that they couldn't spend a few short minutes in the Lord's work? What did we come to college for? To seek high rank in the class room, to be popular and enjoy yourself, to win college honors? What is the matter? Is it to satisfy personal pride and ambition? Is it to bring honor to your fellows? "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" It is possible to do all these things. Not any of these are wrong in themselves. It is only when they become a central ambition and thereby defeats their own worthy purpose. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." No man has ever built a character that will stand against the wicked darts except the man who was wise and placed it on the solid rock of Christ. Fellows, we can never make a success in this life unless we possess spirituality. Let us take advantage of the opportunity that is before us. The Y. M. C. A. needs you, and you need the Y. M. C. A.

---

Dr. de Ovies made a very helpful talk on November 19th. He did not choose any particular passage from the Bible but spoke on character building from daily experience. He made plain the fact that we have weak traits in character and pointed out some of the most common. Dr. de Ovies made his talk extremely interesting by relating several personal experiences which had touches of humor in them.

---

Tuesday, December 3rd.—Mr. McCleod's speech on the record we make before the eyes of men was great. He pointed out the value of a clean record and what a great influence such a person would have on the world. On the other hand a bad record would tend to lower our influence and as a consequence it will be hard to overcome for our record cannot be wiped out. God is keeping a record of our lives. What a pity it will be to face an evil record. Let us make a clean record, boys, for some one is shaping his life by your record and God forbid that it may not be said of us that we are influencing some one else to make an evil record.



## Exchanges

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THE JOURNAL wishes to thank all her fellow publications for their hearty exchanges. The papers this year are better than ever. Two themes are being brought home, viz: (1) Win the war at any cost; (2) The obligation of the student to his country.

THE JOURNAL commends the DAVIDSON MAGAZINE and the WOOSTER VOICE in particular.

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## Athletics

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Capt. Ben Shaw deserves worlds of credit for the way in which he has rounded his team into form. On December 7th our team journeyed over to play the fast Guthrie Athletic Club. The result was a rough and tumble contest in which Guthrie won 36 to 24. Our boys deserve credit for the way they played as they expected a basketball team and not a wrestling match.

---

Saturday the 15th the Ramblers came over and beat us to the tune of 97 to 17. Again our boys deserve much praise in going up against such overwhelming odds. All the Ramblers praised our team, the aggressiveness of Runt Cobb in particular.

---

Manager Shaw is arranging an exceedingly attractive schedule after the holidays.



## Squirrel Food

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### Be Warned

When her hand is right where you can reach it,  
 And the moonlight has gone to your head,  
 Remember the words of the prophet  
 And by his instruction be led.  
 Do that which by far is the safer,  
 And tackle a buzz-saw instead.

When she laughs at the jokes that you tell her,  
 And lets you go off with her fan,  
 Light out like a rabbit, my brother  
 And make your escape,—if you can.  
 The tiger teeth gnash for a roebuck,  
 And the cog wheels of fate for a man.

Oh hark to my wisdom, ye simple,  
 And let it bring safety to you.  
 And read what the prophet has uttered  
 In regard to this act, which is true,  
 That you don't come, 'tis better she wonder,  
 Than why in the mischief you do. —(BORROWED.)

---

Judge King, upon being tickled on the nose, while asleep in class,—“Oh don't darling!”

---

“Nubbins Cobb (after a difficult explanation in Physics by Prof. Snader)—“I dont understand that, doctor.”  
 Prof. Snader—“I am not at all surprised, Mr. Cobb.”

---

### True Description

Someone in an argument recently described Phil Mickel as a man of “unrestrained girth and with a nose like a Bermuda Lily Bulb.”

---

Warren—“Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?”  
 Freshie Fesperman—“I thought he lived at the White House in Washington.”

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.  
 "You've gone me one better," replied his sea-sick friend, as  
 he took a firmer grip on the rail.—Ex.

---

Si Armstrong—"Please let me stay an hour more,—just an  
 hour by the clock."

She—"The clock doesn't need company."

---

Lup—"Wish I was in your shoes."

Ooly—"Why so?"

Lup—"Mine leak."

---

She said 'twas naughty, wans't nice,  
 She said she would resist him,—  
 Each ancient feminine device,—  
 And then, of course, she kissed him.—Ex.



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