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The Journal



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1918

A handwritten signature or set of initials in black ink, located in the bottom right corner of the page.

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Makes Men

**Southwestern
Presbyterian University**



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THE JOURNAL

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Students of the Southwestern
Presbyterian University



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Contents

The Three Wise Men. S. P. McCUTCHEN.....	3
The Enchantment of Distance. C. H. PATTEN.....	5
The Little Soldier. BLAND FESPERMAN.....	7
New Year Thoughts. W. W. FULCHER.....	10
Editorial.....	11
Exchanges.....	12

The Journal

VOL. XXXIII. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1918. No. 3

THE THREE WISE MEN



KICKED from the side door of their box-car into the midst of a snow storm, three crooks found themselves in a country with which none of them were familiar. As near as they could figure they were six hundred miles from Broadway. The three men, driven from New York by the vigilant police, were James Grasty, alias Penman Jim, forger; Robert Jordan, alias Big Bob, counterfeiter, and Timothy Bains, or Light-foot Tim, second story man.

After some wandering over flowed fields, covered with snow, they came to a road and slogged down it. At last they saw a light burning and made their way to it. On knocking, a woman's voice was heard, telling them to come in. Although they did not expect anything magnificent, still they were amazed at the bareness of things. There was no rug on the floor, one lamp burned feebly and the fire smouldered or, showing a bed, a crib, two chairs and a table, nothing else. In the crib a baby slept. The mother cautioned them to be quiet, for, she said, "He's just gone to sleep, he's had croup nearly an hour now."

The men came in and warmed themselves before the meager fire. It did not take much to make Mrs. Jones, for that was her name, to talk. Her story ran as follows:

"Tom and I were married two years ago. He was a carpenter by trade and we lived happily until a year ago. Then baby came and a lot of misfortune struck us. Tom could get no work and grew despondent. He finally decided, against my wishes, to go West and try and get work. He's been gone a year now, and I've only gotten one letter from him. Here it is. It says that he has gotten no work as

yet. That was written eleven months ago. I had hoped he would be here for Christmas tomorrow, but it seems he wont."

With a start Grasty remembered that the next day would be Christmas and Mrs. Jones saw him go to the crib and bend over the baby, but what she didn't see was that he put the letter in his pocket.

Then Mrs. Jones said to them, "I can give you a cup of hot coffee and you can sleep in the barn, if that would suit you."

So after drinking their coffee they went to the barn, lighted by a lamp which Bob carried. After a consultation, Jim and Tim, after collecting all the change in the crowd, set out for the village. On arriving there, Jim went to a stationer's shop and bought a bottle of ink, a pen, a tablet of paper, a stamp, and several envelopes and returned.

Tim, however, went, as if by instinct, to the house of the village rich man. Prying open a window in the back, he entered the house and made his way to the front.

The family were all out, attending Christmas Eve exercises at the church. In the living room were three stockings hung in a row, and in the top of each was an envelope. Tim select one at random and opened it. It contained a hundred dollar bill. He took the bill out and burnt the envelope, leaving the ash and a fragment of the paper on the hearth. Then he went back.

When he got there he found Jim busy writing, while Bob was putting the finishing touches to a queer piece of wood on which he had been carving.

"Well," said Jim at last, "here is the finished product. Here's how it goes:

"MY DEAREST WIFE—Although I haven't written to you in a long time, I now make atonement by the enclosed. I mailed this so it would reach you and Sonny on Christmas. I am well and am in steady work now. A Merry Christmas to you both.
TOM."

It was a cinch to copy his handwriting, it was standard stuff. Now Bob for your part." Applying ink to his device, the counterfeiter took the envelope which had been addressed and stamped and pressed it on the stamp. It showed up to be the cancellation mark of the Denver postoffice dated three days before.

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"Now Tim, your part," was Jim's command, and Tim produced the \$100 bill. Jim placed the bill in the envelope with the letter, sealed it and put it in his pocket. Then the three wise men rose and stole out leaving the letter in the box as they went by. If they had of stayed, however, they would always have remembered the picture of a woman with uplifted face standing in the snow on Christmas morning in the early sunshine with a letter in her hand and tears of joy in her eyes.

"O God!" she prayed, "I thank thee that thou hast remembered me in my hour of need on this beautiful Christmas day."

THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE

C. H. PATTEN.



AFTER an especially busy summer season, or rather in the midst of it, I managed to escape the nerve-racking din and confusion of toil in the city. I had come at the invitation of an old college friend, to spend my vacation at his summer cottage located in a little summer resort that enjoyed only a local patronage. It is a beautiful place, nestling among the mountains, which tower above and around it, as if, at once to protect it, and enhance its beauty. Verily it is a place that would make the heart of a native poet (or poetess) leap with a quickened beat, and impel him (or her) to break forth into ecstatic enthusiasm and poetic philosophy on the greenness of the grass, or the back of the dogwood.

Long have I felt an antipathy toward that well meaning class of writers who point out morals from the spectacle of a bird fight. I feel that I am normal. I have in me an aesthetic sense which enjoys beauty, wherever found. I too, can revel in the prodigal and gorgeous suffusions of the setting sun. But, I can not appreciate fully the raptuous expressions of the nature poet and philosopher. I have been possessed of this feeling of hostility ever since I had to read 'nature essays' back in my school days, and at that time found them arid and boresome ad "weariam."

But now I thought that possibly I had been unjust in my criticisms; and, moved probably by the lovely vistas that presented themselves to the view from the cottage, I decided that I would go forth the following morning and hold "communion with nature's visible forms" and hearken unto her "various language." "Veni, vidi (natura vicit)." I wandered away from the line of cottages, back into a stretch of woods that looked promising from the distance. Soon I found a shady little nook and sat down beneath an old oak tree and tuned my ears and focused them to receive the ecstatic revelations I had so long read would come.

Suddenly I heard a penetratingly shrill whine, that having started, forgot to stop. It was right around my ear, both my ears; rising at times to a crescendo, but never leaving me. I fought several away, nor were they your ordinary mosquito, but well developed "gallinippers." Still I was striving hard to conquer environment by directing and controlling my attention to other matters. There then came to me a sound, as of a dull saw biting into hard tough woods. It also resembled the voice of the screechy soprano who lives next door. I was being serenaded by locusts, with their monotonous, ear-splitting "zee-zee-zee." They were accompanied by a crowd of bluejays, quarrelling in their student imitating tones. Then came the gnats swarming in front of my eyes, striving to secure a landing on my eyeball, several succeeding. These events did not occur in succession, but rather, simultaneously. Due to the limitations of our language, it is not possible to write them all at once. Closing my eyes, to get rid of the worry from the gnats, I strove to make my fancy rise, and deduce lofty morals from the beautiful life which nature was presenting to my enraptured soul. But before I got well started I felt a stinging, burning sensation on my hand, given me by a beautifully colored insect of golden hue, which I recognized to be a sand fly. It refused to be driven from me. I was touched by such devotion, several times. Still my determination held fast, while my nerves were being stretched to a tension by the noise of jays, locusts, and mosquitos, and I kept busy striving to fight away the gnats and flies. To this accompaniment, inspired by such helpful surroundings, I got my meditations up to as lofty a point as thinking of the value of persistence as evinced by these creatures of the woods.

Then a bite, and another, and yet others. In all parts of my anatomy. I came from the cloudy regions of moralistic contemplation, to the concrete realization that I was covered with red bugs.

'Twas then I realized that my instinctive judgment was correct. And while one may write from nature subjects, with beauty of expression and thought, it is more or less artificial. But, as this is an essay on Nature, I must, like my predecessors point out a moral. The mountains which looked so lovely from the door of the cottage, lost their charm upon closer inspection. The woodland spot looked inviting until I spent a while communing with Nature. And so, in profound and lofty meditation I deduced the fact that the poet was correct when he said, "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

THE LITTLE SOLDIER

BLAND FESPERMAN.



IN the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina in one of the most prosperous and intelligent rural sections of the State, is the beautiful country house of Davdson Caldwell, built on a small hill in a grove of giant oaks that have screeched beneath the ice and snow of many winters. Dense forests can be seen on all sides and back to the west the mountains reach up nto the sky.

Here two little children, Roy aged eleven, and Kate aged nine, have, in their work and play been looking forward to Christmas. To all children Christmas brings a thrill of cheer and happiness, but Christmas meant so much more to Roy and Kate this year than it had ever meant before, for their oldest brother John, who is a commissioned officer in the United States army and sister Mae, who has been in college since September, were coming home for the Christmas holidays.

It seemed to the younger children, that the day for their arrival would never come, but at last they woke on the morning of December 24th and greeted the sun shining nice and warm. A more lovely day could not be wished for, and at 9:20 in the

evening big brother and sister were to come. They were busy all the morning with their childish duties, for in the afternoon they were to go to the forest to get some holly, which Roy was sure was hardly out of sight of the house.

With dinner over they started. Roy had his knife in his pocket and his little hatchet in his hand, so with his little sister, and the faithful yard dog "Watch," they started in search of the holly. After having searched up and down the hillsides for some time, they were attracted by an excited rabbit chase, which "Old Watch" had roused from a nearby thicket. Forgetting about the holly or their direction of home, they rambled around after the dog until the fading of day notified them that they must start for home. Thinking that he was familiar with the woods and sure of his direction, Roy led the way in what he thought was the direction home. They roamed over hills and up and down valleys but all the time were getting farther and farther away from home. When "Watch" found that his young master had gone he gave up his hunt for the rabbit and soon overtook the children and stayed with them.

Back at the home when darkness came on and the children had not returned, a searching party was formed and started a thorough search for the children. They divided in three different parties and took different routes, with a certain signal to be given when the children were found. They carried lights and called at the top of their voices every few hundred yards but no reply came in answer.

The children, when they found they were lost, had tried to decide their direction by the last rays of daylight in the west, but had made a mistake in their judgment. They roamed over a long high ridge, which later served to cut off the voices of the searching party, turned up the valley and after awhile came to a very rocky region. Huge rocks were everywhere, some projecting out of the hillsides in various shapes and sizes. The children were so weary and tired they decided to stop and rest, in the vain hope that some one might come on their trail and overtake them. Roy decided to build a big fire to keep them warm and also to serve as a light to attract the attention of anyone on their trail or anyone who might guide them home.

He at once set to cutting dead sticks with his hatchet and

found some good rich pine nearby. He selected a place between two large rocks to protect them from the wind and soon had a roaring fire.

He took off his overcoat and put it on his little sister, fixed her a good place to sit where she could get the full benefit of the fire and also be protected from the wind by the large rocks. He then took his hatchet and cut a good stick to defend her and himself against anything that might try and harm them. He soon found that "Watch" had deserted them and a chill of childish fear came over him, but he felt himself the protector of his little sister and took on new courage under the responsibilities. Many things were heard that added to his fear. The screeching of the oaks and moaning of the pines added to the lonesomeness and fearful situation. Presently a "hoot" owl perched himself on a limb above the fire and began his loud protest. The first hoot of the feathered creature almost scared Roy from his post of duty, but regaining himself he soon located the bird and brought him to the ground with a stone accurately directed at the bird's head. Minutes seemed like hours and hours like weeks but he kept his watch as a sentinel on duty, which he had read of and heard his older brother explain.

Back at the home the mother was terror-stricken with fear for the welfare of her children. No news had come from the searching party. The joy and anticipation of a few hours before had turned into sorrow and grief.

About 10 o'clock the carriage with John and Mae arrived. The news had scarcely been made known to them until John noticed "Old Watch" come into the yard. He seemed restless and was whining. John at once called to the dog and resolved to follow him. They started off in a somewhat different direction from what the children had taken in the afternoon, but John had faith in his companion and willingly followed. He was led through dark forests and over rough hills, across a creek and up the long hill. When they reached the top he could see the light of the children's fire several hundred yards away. The dog at once started straight in that direction, and soon the little boy and girl were plain in view in the firelight. The older brother stopped for an instant and looked at his little brother, walking around the fire and his little sister with his stick in his hand ready to give resistance to any danger

that might approach. The view of his little brother in the firelight brought pictures to the older boy's mind, when he had served on sentinel duty while a private. He rushed in and grabbed his little brother, squeezed him in his arms and exclaimed, "You little soldier."

They at once started for home and on the way came upon one of the searching parties that were headed that way. The rest were soon notified and all went back to the grief-stricken mother and sister, and all joined in with the older brother in assuring his parents that while they had one son in service, they had another just as true a soldier at home.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

W. W. FULCHER.

The year is gone, the days are spent,
The golden hours have passed away,
Many a flower or token sent
Might have made a sad heart gay.
A kindness wrought or action done
Could have banished sorrow and grief,
The confidence of a victory won
Would have often brought relief.

The year has come the time is here
And awaits your own command,
The passing hours are drawing near
To be filled with a ready hand.
The goals loom up before us
To which we often aspire,
And with Hope's banner floating o'er us
May we each attain our desire.

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Editorial

A further proof of the growth of S. P. U. is the formation of a Dramatic Club. Prof. MacQueen realizing the need of such a club took the matter in hand with the result that the Club now has a prosperous outlook.

This action on the part of the students and Prof. MacQueen is an evidence of the very kind of spirit we need at Southwestern. The faculty has always encouraged such clubs and if the students lend their support, any organization of such nature can be assured of a successful career in college. If some of our latent talent and some of our dormant energies were aroused we might accomplish something. A shoulder to the wheel avails nothing unless it has some "push" behind it. College spirit is here; wake it up!

There has been a spirit of nonchalance which must be killed. "Sell your hammer and buy a horn." Every time you hear a "frosh" who has imbibed too much pessimism from an unpatriotic upper classman, take him to task and convince him!!! Everyone realizes the war is on. It is no one's fault

if the conditions of living don't suit you. For Patience's sake, think of Rheims!

Let's be boosters. What d'you say?

Exchanges

Some people were made to be soldiers,
 The Irish were made to be cops—
 Saur kraut was made for the Germans,
 And spaghetti was made for the Waps,
 Fish were made to drink water,
 And men were made to drink booze—
 Banks were made to hold money,
 And money was made for the Jews—
 Everything was made for something,
 There's even use for a miser,
 God made Wilson for President—
 But who in the Hell made the Kaiser?—Ex.

WITN APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.

If you can keep your head when about you
 Are girls, and their giggles are pointed at you;
 If you can stand up and walk without swaying
 When you've had a nip of the dew;
 If you can go thru life without falling
 For each dame that crosses your way,
 And you stand the line that they shoot you
 And shun them like poison, I say;
 If you can chew on a swag of old suncured
 Without hitting the couch with a groan;
 If you can keep on thru life's telling paces
 Without asking some friend for a loan;
 If the games of the deck are alluring
 And you know each twist of the dice;
 If you've been at the end of your sources
 And you found what "the three balls" entice;
 If you've done all these things and some others,

If you've strewn your wild oats o'er the land,
Then you'll find from Quebec to Long Island,
That the world will proclaim you a man.

—CRIMSON-WHITE.

The German command is wise to provide three weeks' furlough for the soldier who brings in the first Yankee prisoner. He will need it.—MASON CITY GAZETTE.

HE LEARNED LATER.

They had plighted their troth, and were talking things over. They both decided to be quite unlike other married couples—forbearing and long-suffering and patient with each other.

"No!" said the man. "I shall not be like other husbands who get cross and bang things about if the coffee is cold!"

"If you ever did," said the girl, sweetly, "I would make it hot for you!"

And the man wondered what she meant.—PITTSBURG CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH.

Fresh Frosh, to mechanical drawing instructor: "How can I use this drawing pen correctly, sir, when it is always against the rule?"—WIDOW.

"I asked her if I could see her home."

"And what did she say?"

"Said she would send me a picture of it."—EX.

'20 on the chair: "Got any thumb tacks?"

'21 at the door: "No, but I've got finger nails."

Swift exit.—EX.

DEFINITIONS FOR THE DAY.

Miser: One who kills two birds with one stone, and then wants the stone back.

Tact: The art of saying nothing when there is nothing to be said.

Epigram: An artistic way of saying something that isn't true.

Deficit: What you've got when you haven't got as much as if you didn't have anything.

The square and the level are necessary in both the laying of the foundation of a building or a reputation.—Ex.



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