

TOM

A Play in One Act

(Note: The idea for this play was found in a short story published in the *Century Magazine* several months ago.)

Late on an afternoon in December about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The rise of the curtain discloses a room in the farmhouse of Mrs. Martin in England. It is evidently the room used for a kitchen, dining room and living room. On the left, middle, is a door which opens to the front of the house, a window on either side. In the background, left, is a door which leads to the bedroom of Mrs. Martin. To the right of this is a cupboard. On the right, back, a door opens into a shed, which in more opulent times, housed the family cow. Filling most of the remaining right wall is a large open fireplace, in which a fire is burning brightly. A large pot is hanging, steaming, over the flames. In the middle of the room is a table. Several chairs sit about the room. The whole gives an impression of neat but poor surroundings. Only the fire-light illuminates the stage, the two large candles on the mantle not being lighted.

Twilight pervades and it gradually grows darker, the faint red glow of the winter sunset dying, soon after the action begins.

After a minute the door, left, is cautiously opened and a man, coarsely dressed, dishevelled, haggard, blue with cold, slips furtively into the room. His face is weak and dissipated. He seems at home, for he goes quickly to the door, back and knocks softly, saying, "Mrs. Martin." He shakes his head with a look, half of disappointment, half of relief, and moves to the fire, where he warms himself, always watching the windows, left, from which he can dimly see the outside of the house. The stealthy tread and uneasiness of the man stamp him as a fugitive.

As he stands thus, the voice of two women are heard approaching from the left. The man gives a despairing look about him, starts toward Mrs. Martin's room, stops a moment irresolute, then hurridly goes to the door, right, and enters the old cow shed.

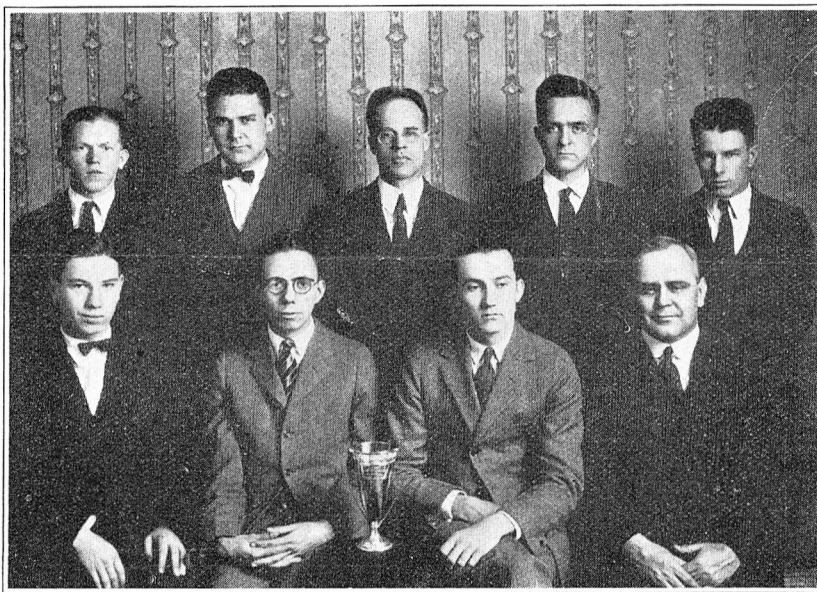
A moment's pause, and Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Powell enter. Mrs. Martin is a tall, slender woman, dressed in a long, dark blue dress, evidently her "everyday" one. She wears her hair pulled tightly across her head parted in the middle and fastened in

(Continued on page 2)

STYLUS CHAPTER OF SIGMA UPSILON

History and Aims of Stylus Chapter of Sigma Upsilon—National Honorary Literary Fraternity

Stylus Club Founded November 1920—First President Prof. W. R. Cooper



OFFICERS: S. H. Monk, Pres.; A. S. McIlwaine, Vice Pres.; M. B. Ryan, Sec. Members, reading left to right: 1st row, Ryan, Monk, McIlwaine, Arrowood; 2nd row, Felts, Bayne, Beale, Fenwick, Cobb.

Friday, November 31, 1920, there assembled in the class room of Professor C. F. Arrowood a small group of men, both of the faculty, of the University and of the student body, for the purpose of founding an organization of purely literary character. Those present were Messrs. J. B. Love, Jr., W. W. Fulcher, H. Y. Kitchell, William Crowe, Jr., and K. P. Walker. Dr. Beale being out of town was unable to attend.

It was unanimously decided that the new organization be given the name of the "Stylus Club." In the election of officers, Mr. Cooper was chosen for president; Mr. Arrowood, vice-president; William Crowe, Jr., secretary-treasurer. At this first meeting it was decided to petition Sigma Upsilon immediately.

The organization remained the "Stylus Club" until October, 1921, at which time it was granted a charter by Sigma Upsilon and from then on has come to be known as Stylus Chapter of Sigma Upsilon.

Sigma Upsilon is an honorary literary fraternity which was founded at the University of the South and which now has chapters in many of the universities. Membership is obtained by invitation after certain requirements have been fulfilled. To become a member of Sigma Upsilon one must have an average of eighty-two or above, must have recognized literary ability; he must have attended the college for at least three semesters and must

have those social qualities which are necessary for the upholding of the ideals of the fraternity.

The aims of the fraternity are, first, to stimulate interest in the literary line; second, to award literary attainment, and third, to promote scholarship and good feeling among the students. At the annual banquet of S. U. last spring, the fraternity presented a loving cup to the school to be awarded on the basis of scholastic standing. Below are the rules governing the care and awarding of the scholarship cup of Stylus Club.

I. The name of this cup is "The Scholarship Cup of Stylus Chapter of Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity."

II. The cup is the property of Southwestern and is committed to the keeping of the officers of administration of the institution.

annually to that chapter of a Greek letter fraternity located at Southwestern, the members of which have maintained during the past scholastic year, the highest average in scholarship in competition with the other chapters here. The fraternity winning the cup shall hold it in trust for the ensuing year.

Note: By this article, chapters of men's social fraternities alone are meant. Honorary fraternities are not to be admitted to competition. Questions relating to the eligibility of a chapter of a national fraternity or of a local fraternity to compete for the cup

(Continued on page 2)

THE LAST STRAW

"Little," said the tramp, "as you could guess it I was born a pore boy."

The brakeman settled himself against the wall of the box car, and holding his lantern between his knees, drew out a package of cigarettes. He threw a cigarette to the tramp, lighted another, and returned the package to his pocket.

"Uh-huh!" He grunted.

"I was pore when a lad," the other went on, "and labored hard to feed my widowed mother and six small sisters."

A look of wonder, not to say incredulity passed over the brakeman's face. "It's my opinion" he remarked, "that you are a most awful—"

"The thing what brought me to my present affluence" broke in his companion, "was hogs."

"Was what?"

"Was hogs—pigs. It was this way: I bought from a farmer a little runt of a pig. I was too pore to git one of the good ones. That pig wouldn't grow. There never was a boy more done up about a thing than I was about that pig. But I wasn't sorry I had him when I found out why it was he wouldn't grow. The reason was that that pig had simply gone to brains. He was the smartest pig on earth, stranger. He learned all sorts of little tricks as easy as most pigs learns to eat corn. Listen here, most hogs gains a pound or two pounds a day—my pig gained in brains as fast as ordinary hogs does in fat. I joined a show with him, and that pig performed before all the crowned heads of Yurope and Ameriky."

The brakeman muttered something about a crowned head in that freight car in about a minute if the owner of said head tried to get any smarter, but the tramp paid no attention.

"I trained many of the world's most famous performing pigs," he continued. "Discovering of 'em was a hobby with me. It was a pleasure to teach 'em; or rather to watch 'em train each other. The educated ones loved to larn the others. Like humans about givin' advice, they was."

Silently the brakeman felt along the wall until he found a nail on which to hang his lantern. The tramp cadged another cigarette and lighted it. Both smoked silently, listening to the clicking of the car wheels.

"Fame and fortune was mine," the tramp resumed, I had made

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EDITORIAL

ARE TOO MANY MEN IN COLLEGE?

The college problem is again within the spotlight. Since President Hopkins, of Dartmouth College, opened the recent controversy with the statement that too many students are now attending college in America, there has been almost a steady hum of argument aroused by his remark.

It was soon apparent that President Hopkin's opinion could be viewed in two senses. In an absolute sense it meant that the actual number of persons receiving the benefits of college education should be decreased. In a relative sense such a statement implied that, in proportion to the facilities which can be offered by the colleges with their present equipment, and in proportion to the present means for preparing students to enter college, the number of persons now seeking to obtain college privileges in our country is too large.

Now, it would seem unreasonable ever to maintain that the number of educated persons in the world is, in an absolute sense, too large. It would appear to be equally sensible to endeavor to prove that there are too many honest, virtuous and law-abiding citizens in the world. On the other hand, if we take the statement in its relative sense, it becomes rather a charge of the inadequacy of the colleges to meet the present demands upon them, and a declaration that the preparatory schools are unequal to the task of equipping properly all the students who wish to enter college. Can the changes needed in these two conditions be effected without limiting the number of students to receive college training?

It seems fair to say that, in general, the colleges and universities of our country are doing at the present time all that can be justly expected of them with their present means. Education is, unfortunately, the one business of today which cannot be run on an entirely sound economic basis. There is no proper relation between the price which must be charged for the product and the actual cost of production. The problem will not be solved, however, by merely increasing the price of education. This would greatly reduce the numbers who would seek training, and hence would reduce college revenues. It would also have the effect of excluding many of the most deserving, who are likely to make the

best use of the advantages offered in college and university training.

There appear to be only two solutions which promise to give anything like thorough-going relief in the present situation: First, an increase in the number of small colleges in which thoroughly satisfactory general training can be given on limited means; and second, the application of more rigid standards in the schools for preparatory training, to insure the entrance into college of a larger number of students adequately trained to take full advantage of the opportunities offered in higher education.

During the closing days of the past summer John Palmer Gavit was engaged in analyzing for the *New York Times* the motives which induce American young men to enter college today. His investigations showed that an overwhelming majority are drawn to college through advantages "that had to do with purely social relationship and experiences." Very few even mentioned as an incentive any interest in purely intellectual activities. Herein lies the basis of a serious problem in the educational life of our day. In order to meet this situation it is the duty of those entrusted with the work of secondary education to see to it that students who are not interested in intellectual activities do not receive the scholastic credits which give them the formal title to college privileges. It is likewise the duty of the colleges to maintain such standards and to enforce such regulations as will bring about the elimination of those students who do not enter college for the purpose of intellectual training. These are the justifiable and necessary methods of reducing numbers in college.

According to the *Literary Digest* of December 2, the *St. Louis Star* has, by sending out recently an inquiry to prominent educators, drawn forth other suggestions, two of which have some degree of novelty and interest. The first of these suggestions is to establish a large number of small municipal colleges and junior colleges, or to put, wherever feasible, two years of college work into the high schools. The second is to establish community study courses for those who cannot and should not "go to college." In a word, let the college, in part, come to them.

THE LAST STRAW
 (Continued from page 1)

my pile and remained in the game for just one more thing—to educate a pig with human intelligence. I had discovered one that was a genius. The tricks of the best performers was a cinch to him. You've seen them ponies on the stage what can count and add? I learned him to do that. Pretty soon he could figger pretty near as good as me."

A remark by the trainman to the effect that this was no great compliment to the pig was ignored, and the narrator continued:

"That swine was a wonder at addition; but I made a big mistake." He sighed. "I had a col-

lege Prof. down to see him. The Prof. got interested and before I knowed what was goin' on he had learned that pore hog algebra. That unfortunate animal's ambition was his ruin. Nothin' would satisfy him after that. It was all I could do to keep him busy. When I wouldn't give him sums he would raise an awful row. Keepin' ahead of him got to be harder an' harder; it most drove me crazy. At last, in despair, I give him my income tax blank to work on. I forgot to tell you that by this time this remarkable animal could read."

The brakeman threw away his cigarette, and stood up. The tramp eyed him warily..

"I left him quite content and happy in his little pen, examin' of that there blank. 'There,' I thinks, 'that'll hold you a while! I went off to town and all day long I hardly thought of Sir Isaac, which was what I called him. When I got home I heard a awful row. I ran to Sir Isaac's pen; the pore creature was runnin' round and round and round in circles, drove mad by that there report blank. I opened his door and called his name. It was no use. He dashed by me, and afore I could stop him was gone into the cruel world. I had lost him.

"Friend, if you see a little black and red pig, with—"

But the brakeman sprang upon him, and with hash word and brutal foot hurled him forth into the fast slipping darkness.

STYLUS CHAPTER OF SIGMA UPSILON

(Continued from page 1)
 shall be decided by the Men's Pan-Hellenic Council of this institution.

IV. The chapter to which the cup is awarded for one year does not own it. The cup remains the property of the University, until it is permanently awarded.

V. The cup becomes the property of the chapter winning it four times; not necessarily in succession.

VI. No fraternity holding the cup in trust has the right to cut or mark it in any way. The cup shall be returned to the officers of administration of the University in time to be awarded at the commencement exercises closing the year for which it was last presented.

VII. The cup shall be awarded by the faculty of Southwestern.

At present there are ten active members, namely, Messrs. Monk, Arrowood, Beale, Cooper, Felts, Cobb, Bayne, Ryan, Fenwick and McIlwain. The club chose as its work for the year, a study of the modern novel and the writing of a chain novel. The members have found the work very interesting and are sure that this year will be a year of great success for the Stylus Club.

AN EXTREME CASE

"Is that frosh polite?"

"Is he polite? Why he knocks on his own study door before he goes in."

—Cornell Widow.

RATHER STICKY

First Italian: Oh flooka data bird on da rubber plant!

Second Ditto: Sure; he gutta percha.—Bowdoin Bearskin.

TOM

(Continued from page 1)

an unpretentious knot at the back. There is something in the lines of her face—she is 48 and work has made her seem older—which shows unusual strength of character. Her eyes are far apart, large and very expressive. Her nose is aquiline, her mouth and chin firm. All of her movements are those of a person who knows no hesitancy, and in spite of this almost masculine turn of character, she is very gentle when she loves.

Mrs. Powell is a low, rather stout woman, ordinary in every respect. They come bustling in with shawls over their heads, and baskets on their arms. The latter they deposit on the table, the former they hang over the backs of chairs.

Mrs. Powell (*hurrying to the fire, to which she draws a chair, sits, warming her hands*): A cold walk, I'll say we've 'ad, Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin (*following her lead*): 'Deed it were, Mrs. Powell. I'm more than sorry that you 'ad your long walk to the manor for naught. 'Is Lordship, 'e be a hard man and strict in everything. And 'e says 'e'll be turning ye out in this bitter cold.

Mrs. Powell: That's what 'e says, Mrs. Martin. I ain't got the rent money, and don't know where to turn to get it. Being all alone, as I be, when times gets hard, I've none to 'elp me. Ye should thank the good Lord for your Tom.

Mrs. Martin (*her eyes lighting up with love at the mention of her son*): Lor, Mrs. Powell, that I do every night on me knees. Tom be the best son any woman ever 'ad, he be. And to think of 'im being twenty-one today. A full growed man. We 'ave some special dishes tonight for supper. We ought to celebrate, you know.

Mrs. Powell: Why Tom is become a man, today, to be sure. I remember the day 'e were born. It was a month afore my Al died. (*She sighs*) The Lord 'ave dealt hard with me, Mrs. Martin. All four of my children, he took and then Al died. I've had a 'ard time, since, too.

Mrs. Martin (*full of compassion*): Yes, you 'ave suffered. I don't see how you stood losing your children. I couldn't get along without Tom. He be as fine a son as any one would want. 'Is father, 'e were no example to his son, but I managed to make a comfort to his mother.

Mrs. Powell: Tom's father weren't a bad man at 'eart, Mrs. Martin. It were only when 'e were drunk that he was mean.

Mrs. Martin: Yes, when Tom's father took me 'e was as straight going a young chap as you could find, and all the girls was sweet on 'im. I was proud as a peacock, when he arsked me to be 'is wife. But bad company ruined him. He wouldn't work, and I 'ad to do it all. I tried my best to make 'im quit his evil ways, but he wouldn't 'ear me. You remember the night he drowned in the river. But Tom, (*waxing eloquent*) 'e has been the comfort of my life. Always he be dutiful, and brings me what 'e earns and always so ten-

der and loving. Oh, Mrs. Powell, I do thank God for Tom. I've stood up under many a blow, but to lose 'im I wouldn't want to go on living.

Mrs. Powell: Tom never keeps company with that wild lot of boys who spend all their time at the tavern, do 'e?

Mrs. Martin: No 'e don't. (*Gets up and lights the candles, talking all the time*) It's dark, ain't it? Tom never fancied that crowd at all. Bill Rolf is the only one as 'e is friendly with. But he always did like Bill. When they was little I saw 'ow bad Bill were, and tried to stop Tom from playing with 'im. It come near to breaking Tom's 'eart, it did, and so I let it go on. But Bill never hurt Tom.

Mrs. Powell: No, they do say as 'ow Tom 'as done a lot to steady Bill. But Bill be a bad man.

Mrs. Martin: Tom and Bill ain't been together much, lately. Those game wardens at 'is Lordship's wood, want Tom to take a post, but Tom, though 'e never poaches hisself, says as 'ow 'e feels that it would be going against 'is own people, and so 'e won't do it. They be always arsking 'im to do it, and I wish 'e would.

Mrs. Powell: So that's why Tom is with 'em so much. They must think a deal of him.

Mrs. Martin: Why of course they do. Everyone does. But it made Bill mad for Tom to be such friends with 'em. You know Bill poaches reg'lar. You just sit still while I get you a cup of tea and set the table.

Mrs. Powell (*rising*): No, I must go on 'ome. It's dark, and Tom will be here soon and you will want 'im to yourself tonight. (*She gathers up her shawl and basket.*)

Mrs. Martin: This is sort of mine and Tom's night. I 'ate for you to 'ave to go to your house and be all alone while I'm so 'appy here with my boy.

Mrs. Powell (*going to the door, which she opens*): Well, I'm used to that, Mrs. Martin. My, it's dark. It looks like when I opened the door the night and blackness would just pour in on ye. (*Going*) Good-night, Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin: Good-night, Mrs. Powell.

Mrs. Powell (*outside*): And a 'appy birthday to you and Tom.

Mrs. Martin closes the door and goes to the cupboard from which she brings the supper things and begins to set the table, all the time humming a song and glancing expectantly and happily at the door.

After a moment, the man comes from his hiding place, the noise of his entrance startling Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin (*starting*): Lor, what a fright ye did give me, Bill Rolf. Where did ye come from? It's been a long time since ye came 'ere. (*Looking more closely at him*) What's ailing ye?

Bill (*earnestly and hurriedly*): Mrs. Martin, I'm in trouble. Will ye 'elp me?

Mrs. Martin: Why Bill, ye were always in trouble, ever since ye were able to walk. Tom'll lend you aid, I'm sure. What 'ave ye done? Been caught poaching?

Bill (*impatiently pacing up and down*): Mrs. Martin, we can't stop to talk now. Ye've got to help me and do it quick. Promise to 'elp me for Tom's sake.

Mrs. Martin: Why, Bill, what 'ave ye done?

Bill (*sullenly*): Oh, I ain't ashamed of it. I shot a warden in Chadwick Wood about an hour ago.

Mrs. Martin: Oh, Bill!

Bill: I don't know whether I killed 'im or not and I don't care. But I knew that Tom would 'elp me. 'E's not here. Will ye do it for 'im Mrs. Martin?

Mrs. Martin: What can I do?

Bill: Lend me some money and I'll slip over to Lunnon tonight. Then maybe, I can get on over to France. Mrs. Martin, you know 'ow 'ard his Lordship is. 'E'd 'ave me hunted down like a rabbit, and 'ung, and I can't die, Mrs. Martin. Please 'elp me. Don't you know Tom would want you to?

Mrs. Martin: It's a risk, Bill, but I know that Tom would say to do it. I'll 'elp you, because you are Tom's best friend, even if ye don't deserve to be. (*She goes into her room, while Bill paces restlessly, with a relieved look on his face.*)

Mrs. Martin (*returning*): 'Ere is some money, Bill. It's almost all I've got. And remember, when you get over there safe, that it was Tom and 'is liking for ye, that saved ye. 'Urry and go.

Bill: God bless ye, Mrs. Martin. I'll never forget ye, and I'll always thank ye and Tom for what ye 'ave done for me. (*He starts toward the door, but turns back, terror written on his face, as he hears the steps of someone coming.*) There's someone. They are coming after me. 'Ide me, Mrs. Martin. (*He hastens to his old hiding place and closes the door.*)

Mrs. Martin (*follows him and locks the door as she speaks, putting the key in a pocket on her dress*): I'll lock the door and they'll not find ye, Bill. I'll take care of ye, for Tom.

A knock is heard at the door. Mrs. Martin casts a glance around the room, sees that everything is in order, and opens the door.

The Game-Warden enters and removes his cap.

Warden: Good evening, Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin: Good evening to ye, sir. (*Glances inadvertently at Bill's hiding place.*)

Warden: Mrs. Martin, there has been an accident in Chadwick Wood. Some one has been shot.

Mrs. Martin (*on her guard*): I don't know nothing about it, sir. Why are ye telling me about it?

Warden: I tell you because you ought to know. It was your son, Tom, Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin (*terrified and angry*): Oh, sir, I know that ye be wrong. Tom's a good boy. 'E never would shoot a man. I know ye be wrong. Did ye see 'im? (*Glances at Bill's hiding place, this time vindictively.*)

Warden: You didn't get my meaning, Mrs. Martin. It was your son who was shot.

ATHLETIC HISTORY OF SOUTHWESTERN

There always grows up with any country, city, or institution a certain amount of folk lore which is interesting. Every true American reads the stories of Washington, Putman, Paul Jones and countless others with pleasure and enjoyment. Likewise every S. P. U. men enjoy the stories of his fore-runners. Particularly is this true about men who have in the days past won fame for themselves and Southwestern on the gridiron, diamond or the basketball floor.

Although this school has never been large in numbers it has been able to furnish men who excelled in the athletic world. A talk with some of the alumni or a perusal of the annuals of this school will bring to light the names of a few of these men. The bare mention of these names may reveal other tales of interest.

For several years, S. P. U. had a baseball team which ranked with the very best in the South. Sewanee, Vanderbilt, U. of Ala. and others lost to our team. Some of the men playing then were Ben Shaw, Bill Elliot, Boykin. When school closed practically the whole team represented Clarksville in the Kitty League and won the pennant. The Kitty League was then a fast league. Several of these men were in the habit of knocking the ball from home plate on Shearer field over the dump into the tennis court just behind the Commons. Shaw left the school for the big leagues. He caught for Pittsburgh Nationals and later for Seattle in the Western league. Nick Carter also went up to play with the big leagues as a pitcher.

Boykin was considered one of the best all round athletes who ever came here. He coached and played a half on the football team, and forward and second base on the basketball, and baseball teams respectively. Just after the world war was over a series of football games was played by the different divisions of the A. E. F. The men composing these teams represented the pick of American athletes. Boykin played half on the 82nd Division, which won the cup.

While he was coaching here the whole team lived in Bull Alley.

Mrs. Martin: Oh, Lor, my Tom. Be 'e 'urt much, sir? (*She sinks weakly into a chair by the table.*)

Warden: No, Mrs. Martin, he wasn't hurt much. The shot killed him instantly.

Mrs. Martin (*overcome with the shock, seems to crumple in her chair.*) Oh, God.

A pause.
Warden: Mrs. Martin, there is nothing I can say. I am sorry, very sorry.

Mrs. Martin (*dully*) Oh, Oh.
Warden: I know that you want to know how it happened. He was coming through the woods this afternoon, with two other wardens, when they saw a man with a gun—a poacher. One of the wardens called to him to stop. He began to run. Ralph, the warden, shot at him and missed. The man

They were reported to have only one book in the whole crowd. In order that the log-roll might not get any of them the coach would collect together the whole squad and read each day their lesson to them. Then they would go to class. Their Prof. had one joke which he told every other day. It was this: A man desiring two tickets to Duluth, Minn., rushed up to the ticket agent and said, "Tu to Duluth." The ticket agent replied, "Twee de lee, O you kid." On hearing the funny story the whole team would die laughing and one at a time would have to leave the room because they could not contain themselves. This story is not related to cast any reflection on the faculty but to show the brilliancy and shrewdness of the team.

The year after the Theo. Seminary was removed and war was declared, the student body of Southwestern was at its lowest ebb. I believe we had hardly more than fifty students in school. Nevertheless fate must have been with us for we went over to Nashville and won the series from Vandy. The team played an errorless game. But it was due to masterful combination of Therrel and Fanny Thomas, the battery, that Vandy was able to get only a hit or two.

Ooly Wilson, a remarkable character of this city, won a name for himself that day. It was the last inning. Score 3-2 in favor of S. P. U. Vandy had a man on second. He tried to steal third. Therrel pegged to third rather high. Ooly seemed to jump fathoms into the air and caught the ball and tagged the runner. The game was over and ours. On the team's return to the city our president gave the team enough money to see several shows, drink all the sodas they wanted, and to have a good time in general.

The names of Allen Brown, who starred here and at Vanderbilt; of Billy Kukendall, who after leaving here went to Lehigh and made all-American will be remembered for many years to come.

This resume of heroes of Southwestern is not complete but may be an incentive for our teams this year and years to come to continue the good work long ago begun. And there is no reason to think otherwise for under the direction of our present coach things are again going well.

turned and answered the shot. Tom was struck full in the breast. When they got to him, he was gone. We have brought him home to you, Mrs. Martin. Shall we bring him in? Do you feel strong?

Mrs. Martin: Oh I'm strong. It 'urts too much to cry, sir. Oh, Tom. (*rising, she goes to the door of her room and opens it*) Bring 'im 'ere, sir.

The warden goes to the door and opens it. He speaks to someone outside, and a shuffling of feet is heard. Four men bring in a stretcher on which the stiff form of Tom is shrouded in a blanket. Mrs. Martin stands erect and calm, but with a face that bespeaks the agony in her soul. The men carry Tom into his mother's room and lay him on the bed which is visible from the stage. Then

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exit, from where they entered.
Warden: Mrs. Martin, we think
we know who did this?
Mrs. Martin: Who?
Warden: One of the men who
was with Tom, recognized him as
Bill Rolf, Tom's old fiend. Have
you seen him this evening?

Mrs. Martin (*glances at Bill's
hiding place, and then into the
room at Tom. Hesitates*): N-n-o.
I ain't seen 'im.

Warden: Well, a searching
party is out after him. We'll find
him, all right.

Mrs. Martin, you are wonder-
fully brave. Do you mind being
alone, for a few minutes? I'll
go and get Mrs. Powell to stay
with you.

Mrs. Martin: I won't be alone.
Tom be 'ere with me.

Warden (*kindly*): Good-night,
then, Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Powell
will come. If I can do anything,
let me know. And I'll tell you
when they catch Bill. *He goes out.*

Mrs. Martin goes into the room
where Tom lies. In a moment
she comes out, a look of determi-
nation on her face. She goes to
Bill's hiding place, and unlocks
the door. It is slowly pushed
open and Bill creeps out. He
moves to the middle of the room
and stands, broken and overcome,
staring at the floor.

Mrs. Martin: Bill, did ye 'ear?
Bill nods. Suddenly he drops
into a chair, his body shaken with
convulsive sobs. Mrs. Martin
stands straight and calm.

Mrs. Martin: Bill, ye 'ave
killed the best friend ye 'ave ever
'ad, and ye 'ave took away my
'heart. All I ever loved, Bill, was
my boy.

Bill: Why didn't ye tell the
warden I was there. I tried to
call but I couldn't. Go on and
'ave me 'ung. I don't care, now.

III. The cup shall be awarded
Oh, Mrs. Martin, to think that I
killed Tom—I can't arsk you to
forgive me. I can't even arsk God
to do that.

Mrs. Martin: Bill, I want you
to go. 'Urry or they'll find ye
'ere.

Bill (*stupidified*): What?
Mrs. Martin: I said for ye to
go, Bill. Mrs. Powell will be 'ere
soon and ye don't want to get
caught.

Bill (*seeing her meaning*):
Then ye ain't going to 'ang me?
Ye are going to 'elp me get away?

Mrs. Martin: Bill, I feel Tom
in 'ere (*pointing to her bosom*)
where he laid for so many months.
Bill, he liked ye, and 'is friend-
ship lasts past this. 'E said for
me to let ye go, Bill. I promised
you that Tom would 'elp ye.

Bill: I'd rather be 'ung. How
can I forget this? I can't never
be 'appy, now.

Mrs. Martin: The Lord 'elp ye.
Go on now, and leave Tom and me
alone. (*She opens the door. All
is black outside. A gust of wind
extinguishes the candles. Only a
crimson glow from the fire lights
the stage.*) Quick. I 'opes the
good God will let ye find peace.

The dark form of Bill is seen
to hesitate, and then to stagger
into the night.

Mrs. Martin closes the door,
gropes her way to a chair by the
fire. She sinks wearily into it,
and as she stares into the fire the
tears gather in her sorrowful face,
her head drops into her lap, and
sobs and sobs.

CURTAIN

LIFE

Life is a ceaseless going,
With no known goal to win;
Life is a timeless flowing,
That flows on to what end?

We are but varied bubbles
To express life's love of change;
Yet our small joys and troubles
Set limits to life's range.

Life is the great ongoing,
That ever itself renews;
Life is the felt outflowing,
To which we are the clues.

"Doesn't that girl over there
look like Helen Brown?"
"I wouldn't say her dress was
Brown."
—*Flamingo.*

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window and see young Mr. Rockefeller
on his way to the office; at 9:30 Mr.
Schwab passes; at 10 I see Mr. Van-
derbilt going by; at 10:30 Mr. Gould
passes on the way to his office; and at
11 you come in. Who the mischief are
you?"—Selected.

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