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VOL. X.

MARCH, 1895.

NO. 6.

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Southwestern  
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JOURNAL.

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—OF THE—

*Southwestern Presbyterian University,*

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

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# S. W. P. U. JOURNAL.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1895.

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### PRIZE ESSAY NO. 3.

#### *Two Kinds of Wealth.*

An American visiting Rydalmount inquired of his guide whether any traditions respecting Wordsworth were preserved in the neighborhood. "Aye, I've heard my grandfather speak of him," the man said contemptuously. "He was not one of the gentry. He owned no estate. He was a shabby old man, and lived in a cheap cottage, and went strolling and peering about fields that didn't belong to him."

Yet this shabby stranger, who did not own an acre, lifted all the mountains and fields and streams of the Lake district into immortality. On a slope of waste land among the pictur-

esque mountains of Munster the American found, a few weeks later, the ruined castle of Kilcalman, in which Spencer wrote the "Fairy Queen." It must always have been a wretchedly cramped little abode; a tower of gray stone enclosing four rooms, one on top of another. In the lowest one a cow was grazing, and so small was the room that her horns and tail nearly touched the opposite walls. The "estate" of the poet, given him by Raleigh, was in fact, a barren, malarious moor and sedgy brook. Yet out of these he created a marvelous fairy land, which he bequeathed to the English people for all time.

It seems a strange comment upon the consistency of human nature that so few people appreciate the intellectual qualities with which a man may be gifted in proportion to the general idolatry of such wealth as he may possess. Nevertheless it is true that there are many people who judge of a man more by his financial condition, the kind of clothes he wears, and the house he lives in, than by the intellect, the quality which raises human beings above the brutes. Those who strut about in peacock's clothing, though they may be as vile and worthless within as any villain that ever

lived, are received into the best society and treated with the utmost hospitality, while those who are not able to wear the finest clothing, and live in the most elegant houses, are looked upon with scorn and contempt.

And what is the cause of this false estimation? It is simply this: Men have become so blinded by an intense desire to accumulate wealth that they fail to appreciate any talent except the talent (if we may call it such) of laying up riches. It is for this reason that the kings of the earth have sought to acquire power and dominion and have vied with each other in the magnificence of their courts; it is for this reason that men, in all ages, have spent their lives in amassing fortunes.

Avariciousness is the great evil that has done so much harm to our society in the past, that is doing it at the present, and that, unless checked, will continue to do it in the future.

In the days of Roman culture we hear the historian Sallust complaining that men prize those faculties which we have in common with the lower animals, rather than the intellectual greatness that raises us to the level of the gods. The ferocious daring of the lion, the industrious accumulation of the ant or the beaver, the swiftness of the deer, and the strength of the elephant, though developed in man in an inferior degree to that in which they are possessed by those animals, are made the subject of a more active competition of man with man than those qualities that have produced a Plato, or a Shakespeare, or a Bacon.

And why this special competition? Simply because the former are qualities that can be appreciated by the vulgar mob, while it requires intellect to appreciate the mental attributes.

Although the poor are scoffed at and looked upon with scorn, they often have a wealth that is greater and more lasting than the wealth of those who scoff at them. It is truly a blessing to some people that they were born in poverty. It is one of the mysteries of our life that genius, the noblest gift of God to man, is brought up, not so often in the sumptuous homes of the rich, nor in the brilliant saloon furnished with ease and elegance, nor in the palace adorned with costly curtains and rich tapestry, but more often in adversity and want, amidst the harrassing cares of a straitened household, and in cold and bare garrets, is genius born and reared. But, looking back upon the past history of the world, we can see this fact forcibly illustrated. The woman who afterwards became Benjamin Franklin's wife, is said to have laughed at him when he first entered Boston, on account of his shabbiness; Oliver Goldsmith is said to have supported himself on a trip through Europe mainly by playing the flute for food and lodging; Samuel Johnson, the great "Moralist" and "Lexicographer," was forced to leave Oxford without taking a degree on account of poverty.

And so, almost all the men who have made themselves famous were not men who were brought up in the wealthiest homes, but those who have

had to contend with adversity and struggle with poverty.

"He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle." It is not so much prosperity as adversity, not so much wealth as poverty, that stimulates man to cultivate and improve those qualities with which he has been endowed by nature. As well expect the oak to grow strong in the atmosphere of the hothouse, as that man would reach his best estate surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of wealth.

Those who are gifted with literary abilities seem especially to come more often from among the poor people. In the wealthy homes not much time is given to reading and the cultivation of the mind. There are many pleasures and amusements that are more attractive than books, that allure the mind, that with other surroundings, might some day have shone forth as one of the brightest stars in our galaxy of authors.

Hence to the poor belongs a good part of the honor due those who have done the most good for the world, for it is an undisputed fact that the literary people have done the most good for it. They have lifted it from barbarism and have been the principal agents in its enlightenment; to them we are indebted for the history of the past and, indeed, for all that we know. The knowledge of man has been one continuous growth. Just as a great building is not completed in a day,

but has to be worked on arduously for many months, so human knowledge has gradually developed into the great edifice that we see before us to-day. And what has been the chief agent in this development? Certainly it has been the pen, the great power that "fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment; that chains up a thought, clears it of mystery, and sends it bright into the world."

Then let us honor our literary people, and, although they may be poor, let us accord to them the praise they deserve. And let us regard mental wealth as true wealth to those who have the good fortune to possess it.

—FALSTAFF.

#### THE POWER OF INTUITION.

The knowledge which man gains through his intellectual powers, is represented in two classes, namely: knowledge which is acquired, and knowledge which is intuitive. Intuition is a power which underlies the structure of the human soul and becomes the immediate handmaid of all its faculties. Again, intuition is a *peculiar* function in the mental constitution which addresses itself to the reason, sensibilities, memory and moral faculty with an immediate, spontaneous trustworthiness. It perceives the agreement or disagreement of two ideas as readily as the natural eye sees the difference between the light and the dark; and then follows an instantaneous demonstration of the perceived facts to the conscious understanding.

In my subject, the word *intuition* is qualified by the association of the word *power*; hence the power of intuition? Brute force is prevalently associated with power, and, perhaps, the explosion of a globe, say this earth, would serve as a sublime illustration; but the intelligent mind by some conscious evidence is persuaded that the power which prevents the explosion is mightier still; for, power is calm, regular and majestic in its movement and has no occasion to be boisterous in accomplishing its effects. It commands and the thing is done, hence the breaking up of this universe, demolishing it from pole to pole, and wiping out every sun and star, would not begin to display power as compared to the *might* which sustains it in space. Such is an illustration of the power of intuition as a regulative law in the human mind as it regulates and sustains the faculties of the soul in individual perceptions and generalized results.

Intuition, as such, is powerful. Powerful, because, generally speaking, its spontaneous acts are an infallible apprehension of the truth; powerful, because of its immediate service, relying on no *mediate* intervention or assistant; powerful, because it is a battery before which no species of skepticism, materialism, idealism, or pantheism, can survive; powerful, because those who have denied these *a priori* truths have given themselves over to the most abject sensualistic reasoning, and have promulgated doctrines which, when practiced, rendered human beings brutes in practice, and

even one of its own advocates shivered with horror when contemplating the inevitable and logical result of so beastly a dream. Hence these first truths are something to be believed, and as such, they are a mighty factor in civilization.

The changes in society are not produced by kings or sword or brutal threatenings, but by an operation of power that cannot be destroyed by any material or natural agencies, namely: by the power of *thought; opinion* and *principle*. These are the true sovereigns of the ages; the empire of the world has been given to them, and all other forms of power are only their creatures. "The strongest law is only a certain idea taking the form of a rule and enforcing itself by sanction; and the most powerful army that ever devastated the earth was only a thought or principle armed and bent on triumphing by violence." As mighty then, they are mightily enduring. When Alexander the Great was conquering the world by brute force, admitting that he achieved a mighty work, Aristotle was achieving a mightier, namely: the conquest of the human mind.

The ancient empires of this celebrated monarch and his successors have become extinct and the deeds of his exploits are a tale of history, whereas, the mental empire of Aristotle continues, its influence is still felt, and its laws reign, substantially unmolested, in the philosophic, scientific and practical world. Therefore the power of that law in the mental

constitution which immediately perceives real things in individual cases, and which, by a process of abstraction and generalization gives axioms and maxims; as, "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other," or "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," or "two straight lines cannot enclose a space," which govern the thought and practices of the philosophic, scientific and actual world. But the moral faculty, as regulated by *a priori* principles, has a throne of its own in the spirit and soul of man. It is based on all that is most profound and central in human nature, and draws to itself the whole depth and mass of man's being.

The convictions derived from this source occupy precisely the same place in the moral constitution that the intuitive articles do in the intellectual constitution. The decalogue is only an infallible edition of man's intuitive moral laws. Man in his primeval state possessed every article of that law, and had he never fallen there would have been no necessity of its being committed to writing; but as a fallen creature, his weakened intuitive moral perception is supplemented by this infallible written edition.

Should this dogma be doubted, we can substantiate its validity by an appeal to consciousness. Man has a perception of the nature and quality of actions, as just or unjust, as right or wrong, and a conviction of certain duties, such as justice and benevolence to a fellow creature. From this *a priori* moral impression, there arises a

a conviction of the existence of a great moral Governor, and because of his own moral attributes man infers moral attributes of Him who formed the man and said unto him, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Consequently, from these impressions there springs the sense of moral responsibility to the moral Governor, and that duties indicated by the conscience or moral faculty *ought* to be performed. Consequently, again, from these impressions, as intuitive moral convictions, the moral subject can never wipe out the deep impression of future existence. Without these first truths ethics would be as a shattered pane of glass, man would be a beast without God and without hope, and all the other beasts of the field might mockingly inquire, *Imid est?* But the notice; the moral faculty is continually pricking sensual error, constantly charging the individual to flee from the confines of Zophet, to be guided by the royal law of love and benevolence, to seek the abiding, God.

The power of first truths as principles, the importance of first truths as worthy of belief, receive a hearty approbation by their individual appropriation in the momentary existence of every sound rational being. In practical life, either in the home or in the busy marts, man acts according to these principles, although oftentimes unconscious of it, and in many instances decrying metaphysics worse than he would a poisonous serpent in coil. But if asked, does he move in space, is he a person, is time con-

tinuous, is there identity of objects, especially personal identity, does he employ the principle of cause and effect? To all these questions he readily affirm. Therefore, it is argued, the power of intuition? As in the intellectual constitution laws are generalized from its perceptions which govern the actions of men everywhere; as in the moral constitution it points man to the source of his life and the Author of his being. Hence, self-evident and inadmissible of being proved by any process of reasoning. Necessary, because there is an absolute impossibility of believing the opposite; and as a matter of fact universally accepted.

—R. L. BENN.

#### THE POE ART.

Literature is as truly an art as painting, sculpture or any of the handicrafts. Art does not appeal to the aesthetic in man solely through the organs of sight, but there are several avenues through which it enters the soul. We speak as truly of artistic effects in poetry as in any of the works of the imagination. Art as we take it, is that effect which is gotten by means of the imagination and designed to excite the instinct of the beautiful in man. Is not the chief end of all the polite arts to please those who contemplate them? It is true there are some works in painting which are artistic, that present subjects far from exciting our admiration, but we think if our sensations are correctly analysed we will see that, though the subject

may be abhorrent, yet the work as *an art* is pleasing. Now if we have stated accurately this, it will help us in considering our subject.

We have here selected for our consideration Edgar Allen Poe's contributions to literature. Under what we have designated the *Poe Art* we will prosecute our inquiries into the merit and character of his works; and while we feel our incompetence as a critic, which we do not intend to affect, yet we may be permitted to express a few thoughts in praise, and otherwise perhaps, of the works of this man of genius.

It was in the realm of philosophy that Poe essayed to take his most ethereal flights. Flights indeed, and brilliant too, but the effects futile. We are charmed and filled with an ecstasy of pleasure by the bright flashes of his genius, but they are as fugacious as bright. His was not the nature to revel in the philosophic—a man too nervous and spasmodic to teach the higher truths to men. We are pleased and charmed by the flights of the imagination, but not instructed or benefitted.

He also ventured in the realm of criticism, but accomplished <sup>evil</sup>. His judgments were too biased by predilections, and too colored by prejudice, to be of any literary value. The element of the analytic which is an indispensable requisite to the critic is too predominating to constitute Poe a connoisseur. Though his criticisms are aesthetically deficient, yet they present an exactness best described as

mathematical. He is punctilious and logical in his analysis of dictions, metres and motives, but he fails to perceive, what Lowell terms, the "profounder ethics of art."

But it was not in either of these realms that Poe was to achieve his true greatness,—a greatness which so many have striven after but few have ever attained.

It was as a writer of stories and poems that Poe was great. And now we have arrived at our subject proper, for it is as a story writer and poet that we find him artistic. It was on these two pinions that he rose to celebrity and has placed his name high among the literary men of our country. His stories are indeed works of art, and not less are they the art of *Poe*. He was an artist and his art one peculiar to himself—an art in which he has had countless numbers of imitators but no successors. Just what this art is, or in what it consists, perhaps it will not be easy to state exactly. But that it is real no one who is familiar with his writings will gainsay. This art as it occurs to us is, among other things, the taking of a motive, together with its belongings, and developing it into a story. This is his frame work, upon which, with the richness and copiousness of his vocabulary, he builds a work of art which is truly splendid. Sometimes in our contemplation we are awed, at others our soul is made dolorous, at the sight we see!

It was in that shadowy realm of the mysterious, which begins at the furthest bounds of the probable,

and reaching far into that of the weird and preternatural, that Poe exhibited his genius. Almost all his best stories present us with scenes that are wild and weird. And it is only

by straining the imagination to its utmost tension that we can conceive them probable, and even then in some, our effort is futile. In his stories he becomes a thaumaturgist, and shows

us scenes that fairly makes us stand aghast. And perhaps it is in painting these scenes of horror that he stands pre-eminent. For to a man who had so much of this element in his own

life, it is natural to expect it to be most vividly portrayed. When we look into the private life of Poe, we get an insight into his art. We find a character which elicits our commiseration, a character though great was more

illstarred. His is another instance which we often see, like those presented in the lives of Coleridge, Lamb and others, of a great mind with its governor, the <sup>will</sup> ~~mind~~, horribly too weak!

As an artist in painting, or a sculpture, has before him, ere he begins his work, some effect which he desires to produce, so it was with our artist in literature. He sits down and determines beforehand to bring about a certain effect, and influence his reader

in some peculiar way, and then he works to that end, making the place where the scene is laid, the characters introduced, the parlance indulged in,

and all the instances, subservient to that end. Something like, though in an entirely different sphere, to that of the novels of Defoe, Poe throws over

his stories an air of reality, and that in a realm where it is least likely to be real. He combines then these two faculties, and that in a most remarkable manner; the power of influencing the reader's mind by the intangible and fleeting shadows of the cabalistic, united with minuteness of time and place. Here is another element that goes to make up that intricate whole which we call the *Poe Art*.

All that we have spoken thus far of Poe's stories has been encomiastic, but this is not because they are without faults. An artist may be criticised from the standpoint of his materials or subject. So here, our subject sometimes carries his scenes of horror and debauchery beyond all taste. Take for example his story entitled "The Black Cat." Here he descends to such a depth of depravity, and narrates follies and such infamous crimes with such vividness that we cannot enjoy the manner of execution, the thing executed is so loathing. Here he carries his element of the horrific to such an extreme, that how much pity we might have felt for him in the offset, it is entirely blotted out by disgust.

But a more pleasing, and we may also say, a truer specimen of the *Poe Art*, is to be found in his story entitled "The Fall of the House of Usher." This indeed is a lugubrious picture too, but one that excites our emotions in quite a different way. Some parts of it is not unlike a ghost story, and produces a strange feeling over one though he may be ever so free from superstition. The story is truly a

work of art, and the conception and the execution both shows that nothing but a master could have been its author. How adequately does he delineate the character of a monomaniac, and with what minuteness does he expend in the setting of his picture! We love to read this strange and dolorous story, for objects in song or story that excite our emotions and make us shed "delicious tears" are nearly always attractive.

If any one would know more and see better what this art is of which we are speaking, let him read "The Gold Bug," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "William Wilson." These, together with "The Fall of the House of Usher," are among the best of Poe's stories, and give us a better idea of that art peculiar to himself and one that has as yet had no representative since that great though broken life went out amid the murky shadows of poverty and despair!

We would omit a most important element in our subject were we to fail to mention Poe's poems. These are few in number and short in lines, yet none the less beautiful. As one has said, they are of that rare class of poems "that are never attributed to any but their authors and which contain the divine essence of their creators." His fame rests on fewer pieces than, perhaps, any other author. In the poems as in the stories, he often throws the veil of the improbable over them.

What an interesting study that, the life of Poe. If we could analyze his

life and understand that nature that nature that had so much of greatness combined with so much of weakness, it would assist us in arriving at a better understanding of his art. His was a life full of misfortune and himself the

"— unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his  
songs one burden bore."

Those high inventions of genius that shall ever adorn the pages of American literature he wrote "in hours stolen from poverty and despair."

— FRAZIER HOOD.

#### WE ARE HERE TO STAY.

The agriculturalist who grows four cent cotton, five cent meat, fifty cent corn, twenty-five cent wheat, etc., and buys them back at an increase of fifty to one hundred per cent., thinks this government is near to an end. The Democratic party sees on the political and financial horizon signs of impending danger, because of Republican high tariff, and general paternalism. The Populists, with their novel and excellent creed, are preparing to mount the crest of the next favorable political wave that rolls their way. The prophets, witches, wizards, soothsayers, and all of like persuasion, have their telescopes leveled upon 1896, as the pre-milleneal year of war, famine, and pestilence. The Holy Santificationists are, as of old, robed and ready for the dawning of the great day, while some of our profound Calvinistic theologues

are treading softly and expressing mildly their belief in some marvelous changes now awaiting us.

But the question is asked: If we are here to stay where are the principles of indurance upon which our hope depends? The superficial thinker sees them in the fertile lands, rich mines, and large rivers of our country. But other lands as fertile, as highly favored with natural resources, have suffered revolution upon revolution.

Some see the guarantee of permanency in our military power and resources, in our brave and daring men ready at any summons to defend us against any enemy that may encroach. Our country has men who have been tried and who proved their heroism by actual test. But of all the nations that ever trusted their permanency to military power, Rome had the most splendid armies. Of all the saneunary contest upon land or sea those of Roman soldiers were the most tragic. Of all the soldiers who ever unsheathed their swords in battle the Romans were the bravest. Yet the name of Roman chivalry is to-day but a synonymn for defeat.

Others see our present and future strength in the good and just system of laws which characterize our commonwealth. Our code of laws is good, just, and honest. But, when we consider that they are only the echo of laws, the birth place of which are now known only in song and story; and we see these, their faithful progenitors, coming so far short of the purpose for which they were designed, we can

almost hear the wail of the downfall of a mighty nation.

If abiding strength were found in any of the fine arts, the United States could turn with pride to her poets, artists, sculptors, architects, actors, and philosophers as unmistakable evidences that ours will be an undying nation. But these products of a nation's prosperity give no assurance of its permanency. For the very homes where the most eminent in these attainments achieved their highest glory are long since declined, if indeed they have not entirely fallen from their positions of influence.

The commercial world finds the foundation stone of our future stability in the great commercial facilities of our nation. They look to its vast wealth; to its great telegraphic system. But Corinth, Venice, Athens, Rome, and other thriving commercial centers had great wealth, extensive trade, and admirable systems of transportation, but their glory and worth has long since passed away.

If in all the commendable features above mentioned, to say nothing of the flood of immigration which has been pouring in upon us, the firm grasp with which Romanism is seizing upon the very throat of American principles, the strikes and boycotting among our own people, the shriek of the lawless mob, the thousands of murders in cold blood that go unpunished, together with many other great evils now extant, there is no abiding strength, the question still remains, Where shall it be found?

Let us look for some reasonable and well known forces now existing in our commonwealth in which the promise of stability may be found.

Beginning in the order of their strength, the *first* is found in the system of universal organization. The world to-day is systematically and judiciously organizing itself. Every profession and trade is being united for the purpose of mutual benefit. Not that each may antagonize the other, but that every interest may be brought to bear upon every other, and that their combined interests and power may utilize every force in nature for the common good of all.

Another element of strength is the universal credit system. Many men are constitutionally opposed to any credit system, and regard it with contempt and distrust. But upon careful investigation it will be ascertained that the condition of the people, the nature of government, and the relations of the nations are such as to absolutely demand such a system. By the combined forces of universal organization and universal credit the world is transformed, as it were, into one common interest. Every port dependent upon every other port. Injury to one port brings every other port into sympathy with it. A nation environed thus must necessarily endure.

Another source of great strength is our facilities for education, and the great interest which at present pervades the minds of our people. The desire for a better and higher type of

civilization has become universal. Though this republic has been in existence for more than a hundred years, strange to say, it is only within the last thirty or forty years that any universal desire for education has been developed among the masses. In the generations just passed, facilities for education were confined to a very few great and venerable institutions. The bone and sinew of the nation was permitted, or rather, was compelled to grow up in comparative ignorance.

But the old idea that education is good only for the aristocracy is fading from the mind of men. The general government has at last aroused from its indifference, and is making a bold and honest effort to put within the reach of every child a good common school education.

As a result, where a few years ago was heard only the shriek of bats and owls, and where ignorance dark as midnight prevailed on all sides, now may be seen good school houses, well furnished. The merry laugh of the school boy, rejoicing under the stimulating impulses of rising intelligence, may be heard from every quarter. The city, town, village and country alike realize that the time has come when knowledge as a condition of power is necessary.

Again, the American people are developing a taste for good literature. As a matter of fact they have never been a literary people. Foreigners used contemptuously to exclaim: "Who can read an American book?" They might have said: "Who or how

many will read any kind of book?" To-day there is a growing desire among the masses to become familiar with the history of our nation and others. But especially is there an increasing desire to keep in touch with the present status of things. The moral and religious world is searching after the fundamental principles which underlie all that is good and commendable in a nation's people. When the honest, upright element of the land becomes indoctrinated into the fundamental principles of government, we can but expect better things.

Another important element of abiding strength in our nation, is the immediate and world wide communication through the telegraphic system. By this means the people are kept in almost actual contact. Men of power and veracity who to-day have in their hearts the best interests of the people, and who hold in their hands the destiny of this nation, can through the telegraph hold conversation with the world. No disastrous scheme can be concocted and brought into execution before it is given publicity, and the necessary measures taken to suppress it. Every energetic business man knows through this means of communication all the prevailing tendencies and their supposed influence upon business and professions generally, and can adjust matters accordingly.

Universal publicity constitutes a very strong power in the stability of our government. A few generations ago the periodicals of our country might have been numbered on the

fingers of the two hands. To-day the secular papers are reaching almost every American home. Religious papers are touching more homes and hearts to day than ever before. Murders, theft, gambling, and many other evils are exposed to the world in all their hideousness. Evils thus exposed must wane. Periodicals of the highest intellectual character treating the vital problems of the day, are found in every library. The influence of these through the reading classes must necessarily reach the humbler classes. We scarcely know the number of popular religious and moral books now being published.

Such wholesome literature and powerful influences will inevitably mould a nation for a long and prosperous existence.

The last indication I would note for the permanency of our country is its universal religious toleration. Only trace the history of any nation that has had an established religion, and observe the wars, schisms and heresies which have resulted. Constantine in the Roman Empire, and Roger Williams of the United States, when they proclaimed religious toleration, sounded the key note that meets a welcome response from every protestant heart. Such a principle is the natural spontaneous outgrowth of every untrammelled mind. A religious principle such as this, unfettered by civil restrictions, speaks loudly in behalf of our national permanency. It is true that instances may be found in the history of the church and state where

they have been united, and for a short time good was accomplished. Examples may be cited where religion and law sat upon the same throne, and were exercised by the same individuals. Even such may be the case in this present time among some nations. But of all such their career has been short.

In a nation where the state recognizes its duty as a civil institution to the church, and the church as a Divine institution recognizes its duty to the state, in a nation where "God alone is Lord of the conscience," may we not look with fond anticipation and predict for our republic a peaceful and ripe old age.

As a resume, may it not be positively asserted that while abiding stability is not found in broad and fertile continents, vast commercial facilities, massive wealth, great military power, though all these are very powerful factors in a nation's prosperity, it may be found in universal organization, universal communication, universal education, universal literary taste, universal publicity, and universal religious toleration combined.

—U. B. CURRIE.

#### FOOLISH FADS.

"Fads" are all the go these days. Among callow youth, wishing to pose as college swells, there is a fad for wearing the hair banded and parted in the middle—playing the simpleton in aping the softer sex. Another fad—a feminine fad—is for females to imitate

#### FOUR WORDS.

Beloved, the briefest words are best;  
And all the fine euphonious ways  
In which the truth has been expressed  
Since Adam's early Eden days,  
Could never match the simple phrase,  
Sweetheart, I love you!

If I should say the world were blank  
Without your face; if I should call  
The stars to witness, rank on rank,  
That I am true although they fall,—  
'Twould mean but this,—and this  
means all,—  
Sweetheart, I love you!

And so, whatever change is wrought  
By time or fate, delight or dole,  
One single, happy, helpful thought  
Makes strong and calm my steady  
soul,  
And these sweet words contain the  
whole,—  
Sweetheart, I love you!

I will not wrong their truth to-day  
By wild, impassioned vows of faith,  
Since all that volumes could convey  
Is compassed thus in half a breath,  
Which holds and hallows life and  
death,—  
Sweetheart, I love you!  
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

#### DICKENS' PLACE IN LITERATURE.

Among the misfit, if not absurd, efforts of essayists, is that which attempts to map out the place this and that famous writer will, or does, occupy in literature, Mr. Frederic Harrison, an English writer of some eminence,

men. Bachelor girls, as they delight to be styled, are easily distinguished from others of their sex by their swagger. Some of them, in their efforts to appear mannish, are apish. Some of them indulge in horsey talk and affect a wish to wear bloomers, as though the men would kick at that. Others indulge in boyish slang and puff cigarettes on the sly, as if it was really wicked and they feared their sins would find them out. Still others, far along on the shady side of girlhood and growing *passee*, love to discuss woman's rights and advocate woman's suffrage as a panacea for woman's wrongs.

The disciples of neither of these fads have added anything charmingly feminine or desirably masculine to the best characteristics of the sex to which nature, erroneously, perhaps, assigned them. The wishes, wants, hopes or aspirations of neither promise aught, fraught with permanent good, to either sex.

The callow youth of girly-girly ways is a fraud. The bachelor girl of mannish manners is a cheat and snare. The one is insipid; the other disgusting, unless she prates of woman's oppressions and seeks womanhood suffrage, as a remedy for the fancied ills of her sex. Then she becomes mischievous—and sometimes, dangerous.—*Woman's Edition, Clarion, Miss., Ledger.*

CONNECTICUT has introduced an automatic gallows. Those who have tried it will use no others.

essayed to set metes and bounds to "Dickens' place in literature," in the January Forum. Of course, his article is of no general value, beyond its giving the estimate of the great novelist, in the mind of a fairly capable and generous critic.

By way of illustrating the narrow limits of such writing, for the enlightenment of men and women capable of appreciating high literary art, we cite two judgments of critics, of about equal eminence.

Mr. Harrison regards Pickwick as by far the highest and finest impersonation of Dickens' genius; after that he rates "Nickleby" and "Copperfield," in the order here mentioned. He rather slights the "Tale of Two Cities," and speaks with a tinge of contempt of "Little Dorritt" and "Our Mutual Friend."

On the other side we find Marten Maartens, the Dutch-English barrister, literateur and all-round critic, preferring, first, "Great Expectations," and after that the "Tale of Two Cities," while he thinks "Pickwick" something crude, rough in structure, and too often vulgar; though a great product, coming from "a young man of two-and-twenty."

We might easily, space permitting, cite at least a dozen more or less eminent critics, each of whom would place at the front a different work of Charles Dickens, the cap-stone of his genius, the essence of his humanity and purity and sympathy with his fellow creatures. And when the doctors thus vary and disagree, who shall decide?

Does not this sort of variation and actual clashing at last leave the great reading public, just where it was at the start? Certainly it does. We must each be allowed to go on our own way, allowed to choose our own favorites, from among the brain-children of the most marvelous of the portrayers of human virtue, vice, good, bad and neutral in men and women, after Shakespeare.

The great mass of men and women, who love humanity for its own sake, and adore the master who touches both the deeps and shallows of the human soul; these will fix "the place of Dickens in literature," and not the critics, those dissecters, not the pedants, certainly not his envious contemporaneous rivals.—*Chattanooga Times*.

#### WITH THE PAPERS AND THE POETS.

The woman question of the day

Is simply this, I take it:  
Shall she go out and earn her bread  
Or stay at home and make it?

The cords of love must be as strong as  
death

Which hold and keep a heart,  
Not daisy-chains, that snap in the  
breeze,

Or break their weight apart.

—Phoebe Cary.

No matter who has the floor, self-conceit will always find a way to speak.

All truth is nonsense to the man

who has let a lie make its home in his heart.

Learn that to love is the one way to know

Or God or man; it is not not the love received

That maketh man to know the inner life

Of them that love him; his own love bestowed

Shall do it. —Jean Ingelow.

It isn't the the thing you do, dear,

It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of heart-ache

At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,

The flower you might have sent, dear,

Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

—M. Elizabeth Sangster.

#### AT WAR.

MARTIN'S FERRY, O., March 7.—The students at Franklin College, at New Athens, are having hot times over their class colors. The trouble commenced last Thursday night, and has broken out afresh a number of times since.

The Seniors decided to float their colors on the college, and intended to run them up at 9 o'clock at night. The Juniors caught onto their plans and stole a march on them by placing their colors on the flagstaff two hours earlier. The Juniors went on guard up in the attic, and were quickly reinforced by the Sophomores, numbering in all thirty-one. The Seniors became

very angry, and were determined to haul down the colors. As they attempted to enter the attic through the trapdoor, the only entrance from below, the Juniors and Sophomores threw old copies of Congressional Records and other deadly books at them, and several of the Seniors were pretty badly hurt.

The Seniors then placed chairs over their heads as protectors, and this scheme failed, after several of the chairs were broken.

Retreating, they armed themselves with clubs, bricks and stones, but the defending party held the fort for several hours, and the Seniors finally gave up in disgust.

J. E. Brown, a Junior who lives at McKeesport, Pa., was struck on the head with a club, cutting a gash four inches in length, which was sewed up by a physician.

J. T. Fulton, a Senior, was knocked senseless with a club. He is the young man who, it is said, had trouble with General St. Clair, of West Virginia, at the World's Fair. Fulton was a Columbian Guard and St. Clair a Commissioner. The latter attempted to enter without his pass and Fulton knocked him down.

While the younger students were off guard, the Seniors replaced the colors with their own, and left happy. These were hauled down the next day and the Junior colors put up.

The scrapping was renewed in the college chapel, just after prayers, the faculty being powerless.

At last accounts the Juniors were

on top. They not only had their colors floating over Franklin College, but had suspended a dummy from one of the upstairs windows, the dummy representing a Senior and having their colors tied around his neck. The dummy was dressed with the clothing of different Seniors, and wore black silken stockings stolen from one of the Senior girls.

The Juniors tore up the other colors and wore them in the lapels of their coats.

The trouble is not yet over, from what can be learn, and may end seriously.

It is said that a lot of the students will be prosecuted. Several may be expelled.

The affair has created a big sensation.

## EDITORIAL.

### Editors in Chief.

C. S. SHOLL.	- - -	Alabama.
D. F. WILKINSON.	- - -	Mississippi.

### PLEURIBILITY OF SENSUALISM.

A sensualist, in the modern sense of the term, is one who advocates the doctrine that man, in all conditions and under all circumstances, should, and does, act under the dominance of animal appetites. His philosophy teaches that the highest virtue is the fullest gratification of these appetites.

This philosophy, when pushed to its logical results, leads to the disaster and ruin of human society. Every

man, in gratifying his appetites, necessarily becomes the antagonist of every other man. It has for its motto, "Might makes right." When consistent, it denies free agency, civil liberty, conscience, spirit, God, and banishes from the universe the doctrine of sin. When put into practice, the sure lights of experience teach us its results. The "reign of terror" in France was the offspring of this philosophy. Under its guidance the legislature abolished divine worship and decreed God a non-entity. Prisons were filled with the noblest people of France, and innocent blood flowed in the streets of Paris daily. The sacred ties of marriage was totally disregarded, a dark cloud of lascivious wantonness hovered over the land, and there fell from it the most ghastly and direful ruin that ever cursed a civilized people. To sum up: this philosophy, when put into practice, robs man of all his noble sentiments and spiritual attributes and transforms him into an animal.

If this is the logical result of sensualism, where does the sensualistic philosopher get any plausible data for his theory? Is there any plausibility in the theory? We answer, "Yes." Man's unmitigated selfishness and animal nature furnishes plausibility. But for the depravity of man, there would be no color of plausibility in it.

The advocate of this theory avails himself of the most depraved and diseased specimens of humanity to prove his position. He makes an unfair and dishonest induction. He

observes the infidel and skeptic mob of a Coxey, sees their selfish nature, sees the animal nature dominant in all their actions, and then infers that all poor people are animals. As we all know, the inference is unjust.

He now turns his critical eye in another direction. He sees the gambler, the drunkard, and the saloon keeper, wholly given over to lusts and animal appetites. He calls them refined animals and all good people agree with him. He infers that all men are like them. The inference is not just.

He now turns his penetrating eye upon the "upper four hundred" in society. He sees there the very essence of selfishness. They care nothing for the poor and suffering, nothing for religion, nothing for virtue, nothing for their souls, nothing for God. The all absorbing thought is self-gratification. He says, "surely these are refined animals; therefore all people are." An illogical induction again.

He next looks upon the officials of the land. He sees the majority of them corrupt and selfish. He sees the "district justice" buy his way into office and then resort to dishonest means to replenish his purse. He sees the town mayor pretend to put down vice in the public highway and wink at it around the corner. He sees a Congressman go to Washington full of love for the dear people (?) and sell himself for Wall street gold. "This," he says, "is all selfishness, and therefore all men are selfish." A wrong inference again.

He now turns to a different sphere and scrutinizes closely the character of some professing Christian. He sees that Christian man very worldly in his conduct; not scrupulously honest in business; cheat you if he can; negligent in his duties to the church; lie to make a dollar; or he observes some good sister, who has prayer meetings, Bible readings, and Christian Endeavor meetings in her home. He sees her give wine suppers and card parties to friends. He sees her play progressive euchre for prizes in her home. He knows it is unadulterated gambling, but it has a soft sounding name. He hears her say, "I encourage card playing in my home to make it cheerier and brighter for my boys, that they may stay at home at night." But the philosopher looks beyond the parlor walls and sees the boys go out into the world with the fangs of this infatuation piercing their hearts, and put there too by a fond mother. He asks why she does it. Don't tell him that it is because she is thoughtless, for he knows too well "evil is wrought for want of heart, as well as want of thought." He says, "surely she sacrifices these boys for the gratification of sensuous pleasures and appetites." She has no God in reality but the God of the sensualist, therefore there is none other for all mankind.

But any candid mind can see that all these inductions are erroneous, and that the sensualistic philosopher has taken a diseased and godless specimen of humanity to prove his point. He overlooks the fact that there are honest

and upright poor people, that society has in it noble young men and women, that all officials are not rascals, and that all Christians are not hypocrites. A faithful analysis of the motives and actions of the better class of people will very effectually explode the theory.

We affirm then that there is a shadow of plausibility in sensualism, but that it is a godless philosophy and ruinous to any nation that adopts it.

#### EVERY-DAY THOUGHTS.

Is it right for us to take our young lady friends out to church services on Sunday nights? This question furnished a subject for a most interesting debate among the Theologues in the Homeletic Society not many nights ago. The theme of the hour was Sabbath observance—opinion was unanimous in the condemnation of the indulgence in unnecessary work or gaiety on the Sabbath. But when one of the leading speakers made the matter personal—argued and argued forcibly that consistency would require a strict observer of this holy day to forego even this privilege, division of opinion was noticeable. Some thought one way, some were in doubt, some thought the other way. It has furnished a fruitful source of serious thought for some serious minds which soon must take up the responsibility of moulding religious sentiment. What of it? Is it right? It won't do to attempt to laugh it to scorn. It isn't sufficient to affect the reckless

spirit of our times and sneeringly call the consideration of the question Puritanical. Right is right, no matter if it does cost some denial of self or pleasure. It seems to us to be a question that must be decided by the standard of one's own motives.

If the sole or controlling motive of a young man's heart that leads him to offer his services as a young lady's escort for Sunday night services, is a desire to find pleasure in the ordinary, every-day topics of conversation, and religious worship is but a means to that end, then one had best beware and think seriously. But if his purpose is to afford the young lady an opportunity she might not have otherwise of attending worship, or even if he can conscientiously feel that the *spiritual benefits* of the day are not *lessened* by the evenings companionship, it would hardly seem harmful that there should be along with it, that uplifting degree of refined pleasure that one naturally experiences in the company of the highest types of womanhood.

When one takes this view of the matter, it seems a begging of the question to say that taking a girl to church is doing *evil* that *good* may come. It must be first established thoroughly that, regardless of motives, it is an evil before that argument can be advanced. We may be wrong, but we do believe that *motive* is the decisive point in the question.

But you had best be assured of your motives by honest self-examination before you decide the matter for

yourself. At any rate, whether these comments help anyone in the solution of the problem, they can at least serve to give the girls, especially those who pin their faith in the 'preacher-boys' a bit of comfort if hereafter they find themselves deserted and alone on Sunday evenings.

Even our University library with its shelves upon shelves of musty, antiquated works, the students can find matter well worth the reading. In our judgment the magazine table furnish the best reading there available. Many of the standard periodicals of the day are there and with their thoughtful discussions of the live issues of our times prove something of an atonement for the general antiquity of the reading rooms. If it is allowable to make specifications we would name the "Review of Reviews," and "Public Opinion," as two of the most useful periodicals of the library. For those of us, who haven't much spare time, and can not well afford to read very extensively on any one subject, they afford the best possible sources of information—with their concise and satisfactory *resumes* of questions and topics, social, political, literary, moral and religious, which are demanding the attention of the thinking world of to-day. By the way, it is beginning to be the cherished hope of many of us, that *when the University receives that immense endowment fund* it will some day receive, that a goodly proportion of the aforesaid fund shall be devoted to the purchase of a goodly array of

standard, modern books for the library. It will certainly prove a powerful influence in the development of a literary culture, which is to a good degree lacking just now among our students.

The success and enthusiasm which are so manifest in the work of our college Y. M. C. A. this session, must certainly be a source of gratification to those whose hearts are most interested in the spiritual life of the student body. The organization stands as the rallying point of the christian forces of the christian boys of the University and furnishes a thorough standard by which to test the earnestness and activity of christian life among the students. It must be a fact, then, fraught with deep meaning, that this has been the most successful years work that we have had in the Y. M. C. A. for many sessions. Thus far the average attendance upon the Sunday afternoon meetings has been nearly three times larger than it has been for the past two sessions—the work of committees has been more thoroughly organized—perfect harmony has prevailed—there have been but few meetings that have not been marked with deep interest and benefit, and the spirit of prayerfulness has made itself felt all along. And the singing! Such singing as we have had since Xmas! If you haven't heard it you ought to make haste to do so. It's simply grand! Nothing fancy about it, but the good old songs of Zion, sung by two-score voices in good time and

heartily—make a joyous volume of song that is truly an inspiration—that irresistibly fill one's heart with high and holy emotions. We cannot but feel that we are but entering upon the realization of great things in this great work.

It is supposable that the "Editor's Easy Chair" of many of our periodicals is so called for courtesy's sake. At least, our little experience in journalism would lead us to believe so. Both figuratively and literally this editor's chair is an exceedingly hard one—straight-backed, and uncushioned. It is not the kind of chair one loves to dream in from hour to hour. There comes to one, while seated therein, few moments when the inspiration of genius is aglow and thoughts come quick and free. This, though, from a personal point of view; there are, doubtless, scores who find in editorial duties pleasure unalloyed, and the editor's chair a throne of thought. Alas! it is not so here.

And still the old chair has its purpose—it is something of a companion in those tedious hours, when write one must, no matter what his frame of mind and heart when brain is racked and words come slow only to result in that which both to the writer and readers doth appear as "wind." It comes to be remembered as a scene of conflicts between duty and desire—the place of discipline. And after all, with all its hardness, one is taught to appreciate most highly and to cling most firmly to the duties and honors

of his high office, despite the fact that in the wee, small hours of the night, the disheartening thought of "flats" ahead next day and nature's yearning for rest, seem with the force of conscience to proclaim: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With this issue of the JOURNAL, we present some of the best articles which have been contributed this session. They are essays of unusual strength and ability. All honor to the men who take a personal pride in the JOURNAL and make every personal effort in their power to enhance the interest and value of our College JOURNAL. If any of the boys are inclined to think that we present too many clippings, let them remember that the first sixteen or eighteen pages of the JOURNAL are *theirs*, to make them what they will and set about to remedy the defect by giving contributions of their own.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

### Associate Editors.

R. L. CAMPBELL,	- - -	Mississippi,
R. I. LONG,	- - -	Mississippi

The February number of the *Davidson Monthly* is fully up to the standard. The contributed articles are interesting, well written and instructive. The mathematical reasoning and vivid imagination of the author of the article "Are the Molecules Inhabited," show the possibility of our earth being only a molecule of some vastly larger

molecule. In "Elasia to Abelord" the writer first notices the character of Pope and then the influence of his time upon the poem. Having ascertained these, the character of Elasia is portrayed in such a manner that every one can feel the intense interest with which the author entered into his subject. The *Monthly* is to be congratulated upon the fact that it is going to issue an annual this session. This is certainly an advance step, and will not only be of inestimable value to those interested in the institution, but will quicken and develop the literary talent among the contributors. We heartily wish it all the success possible, and only wish that some leading spirit would cause such enthusiasm in our own University.

The *Baylor University Literary* made its first appearance upon our table with its last issue. The *Literary* has a neat binding, but the arrangement of its contents does not seem to us to be the best possible. While the setting apart to each society a certain department of the journal may make some work who would not do so otherwise, yet to have as many separate departments as the *Literary* has, destroys the unity of the thought. All literary articles should be under one department, not in half a dozen. The exchange department is wanting, but with the promise of one in its next issue.

The *Observer*, in its last issue, appeared in the University colors. And

as other departments of the University have honored the "Black and Old Gold," so has the *Observer*. It is by far the best exchange of last month; and a reading of the able articles on Southey, Coleridge, Comper, Burns and Wordsworth will make one well acquainted with the revolutionary period of English literature. However, the writer of the article on Wordsworth, is too obscure in his style. His sentences are involved and bunglesome, and he would do well to shorten a great many of them. Clearness of style should always be the main object sought in writing.

### Clippings.

Harvard has again defeated Yale in the annual debating contest. This is the fifth time Harvard has been victorious.

### A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom to Molly Cule.

"Will you unite with me?"

And Molly Cule did quick retort,

"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade

Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,

But she sloped with a rascal Base,

And her name is now Saltpetre.

A statistical writer has it that in this country, 2,590 women are practicing medicine, 270 preaching the gospel, more than five thousand managing post-offices, and over 3,000,000 earning independent incomes: Since 1880, the patent office has granted

over 2,509 patents to women, and in New York city 27,000 women support their husbands.—The Arrow.

“Quid est hoc?” asked the instructor of a boy whom he found chewing tobacco. “Hoc est quid answered the boy.”

“Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer?”

“Warren wrote Now and Then; Bulwer wrote Night and Day; Dickens wrote All the Year Round.”

A little iron,  
A cunning curl,  
A box of powder,  
A pretty girl.  
A little rain,  
Away it goes,  
A homely girl  
With a freckled nose.

One-sixteenth of the college students of the United States are studying for the ministry.

“Speak well of your friends, of your enemies say nothing.

Young ladies should set good examples, for young men are always following after them.

There is no college paper published in England, while there are over 200 colleges in America that issue periodical publications. The college yell is also an American invention, and is unknown in other countries.

“There is a ship called Sometime,  
Men watch for it and wait,  
One on the shore impatient,  
And one at the household gate,  
Thinking ‘If it come not in the morn  
Then in the eve it may;  
But one I know, not thinking of his  
ship,

Worked till the close of day,  
Lifting his eyes at eventime,  
And there his ship at anchor lay.”

#### AN IMPOSSIBLE GIRL.

Once upon a time there lived a maid  
Who never was of mice afraid,  
A perfect game of whist she played,  
This maid entrancing.  
Of gowns and styles she never talked,  
Attempt to compliment she balked,  
For Exercise she only walked—  
She hated dancing.

She wore no loud, queer-colored gloves,  
She never yet had been in love,  
Her bureau held no picture of  
The latest actor.

And furthermore, she never went  
To matinees, or even spent  
Her change for soda; roses sent  
Could not attract her.

Of slang she never used a word,  
Of flirting she had never heard,  
Society—it seemed absurd—  
She did not care for.

At gay resorts where men were not  
She never seemed to care a jot,  
Until the mother wondered what  
The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she  
came,  
She left no record but her fame,

Not even can we learn her name,  
Or what her station.  
When did she live? How did she die?  
She lived in fancy. It's a lie.  
I have only tried to practice my  
Imagination.

—James G. Burnett.

#### WHAT I CALL HER.

If there be truth in ancient saws,  
It surely would be meet  
That I should call my love “Revenge”—  
They say Revenge is sweet.

Or “Knowledge would be apt,  
For that is power, I wis;  
Yet might I dub her “Ignorance,”  
For Ignorance is bliss.

And yet again, she drives me mad,  
So “Learning” would be fit.  
And she'd do grace to “Brevity,”  
For she's the soul of wit.

But when before her virgin charms  
My suppliant knee I bent,  
I like to call her “Silence”—  
For 'tis Silence gives consent.

And if in these triumphant arms  
I hold the winsome elf,  
I'll call her “History,” in hope  
That she'll repeat herself.

#### ALUMNI DOTS.

The Alumni editor frequently finds himself at a disadvantage in finding material for his column, simply because he is forced to gather from sources at a distance. The Alumni of S. W. P. U. are scattered all through our country, but the boy who is confined to his text books all day, has but

little opportunity to know of the Alumni of the Institution. Therefore I will consider it a personal favor if any of our Alumni will at any time write, giving me any information concerning those who have left us and are now coping with the big, hard world.

N. Lyle, an Alumni of S. W. P. U., is now stated supply of Westminster Church, Nashville.

D. A. Blackburn has accepted a call to the Church of Stranger in New York city. It seems that S. W. P. U. Alumni get to the front.

Rev. Theron H. Rice has received a call to the First Presbyterian Church, Macon, Ga., and has also been called to the Chaplaincy of the University of Virginia. He has accepted the first.

F. E. Maddox, lately of Cleveland, Tenn., has accepted a call to a church in Birmingham, Ala. Our best wishes go with “Pastor” to his new charge.

## LOCALS.

#### Local Editors.

U. B. CURRIE.	Mississippi.
GINDER ABBOTT.	Louisiana.

Stewart Literary Society held its election of officers several nights ago. The following were elected: Sholl, President; Abbott, Vice-President; McCarty, Secretary; Caldwell, Treasurer; McMillan, Critic; Hobson, Chaplain;

Searight, 1st Supervisor; Eleazar, 2nd Supervisor; Nicholson, Librarian; and Mooney, Sergeant at Arms.

Washington Irving Literary Society held its election of officers several nights ago. The following were elected: Huber, President; Patton, Vice-President; Campbell, Treasurer; Caldwell, Secretary; Cleveland, Chaplain; Naylor J. N., Supervisor; Moldenhauer, Agent; McGinnis, Librarian.

He.: "Won't you go coasting with me to-night."

She.: "Oh! I am afraid that I'd fall off."

He.: "You need'nt fear for I'll hold you on."

Rivers are generally of two genders that is masculine and feminine. For example, England has the Father Thames while America has Miss Ippi and Miss Ouri.

It is said that some barbers don't mind *cutting* old acquaintances.

A small boy in writing a composition on the jackass said: "Jackasses are of two kinds, that is some are quadrepeds and others are bipeds."

The Hawaiians call riding on a bicycle "walking sitting down."

It seems that all of the joke makers of the University have quit their trade for we never hear of them cracking a joke as it were, so to speak.

Well! Well! Well! Xmas has come and gone and now we'er off for another term with many a good resolution. I say fellows lets try to keep them.

The class of '96 has been organized. Thirteen were present at the first meeting. J. F. Hood is President; J. F. Deadrick, Vice-President; and J. H. McLean, Secretary.

Prof. D.: "What is the meaning of *verbasa?* Mr. Bearden."

Little Edwin.: "Superfluous."

We are glad to welcome back Professor Merrill. Three cheers for the elocution course.

Professor Massie was laid up with the rheumatism for several days. We are glad to see him out again.

Professor DeMotte was third in the series of lectures being held here under the management of Dr. Lyon. To say that we were well pleased is putting it rather mildly. We were satisfied in one respect that is with the lecture, but will not be entirely satisfied until he comes again. The night he lectured the house was crowded, and although it last about two hours, every body was sorry when it was over.

Meriwether on debate: "Gentlemen the question is resolved that the directors of the S. W. P. U. University should introduce coeducation.

A number of new students have entered college since examination. We are glad to greet them and hope they may have a pleasant and prosperous career here.

We'er all glad to have Pat Stacker with us again.

The marshalls who will serve at commencement are as follows: W. I. L. S.—E. M. Stewart, 1st Marshal; Kirk, 2nd Marshal; Frazer, 3rd Marshal. S. L. S.—Ginder Abbott, 1st Marshal, Searight, 2nd Marshal; Holingsworth, 3rd Marshal.

Moldenhauer is said to have more nick names than any other man in college. These are a few specimens: Mul, Mulden, Muddlehoot, Muddlehouse, Crazy, Lunny, Idot, You-cow-you, Butterine and Feet.

Benn says that "Clarksville is almost an island. That is all but about two miles."

Ask Clark where he goes when he hears the "Smutter's."

Claggett is a very accommodating young man. On the ice the other day he cried: "Boys, here's a hole!" And to show them where, he walked into it.

John Long and Moldenhauer were walking along the street together the other night. Long asked Moldenhauer to hold his cigarette till he tied

his shoe string. Upon receiving his cigarette Long accidentally put the burning end into his mouth. After much spitting and snorting John looked around in a dazed manner and said slowly: "I—wonder—who—lit—that—end."

Ask Keady who disappears under the bed when foot steps are heard on the stairs.

Cleveland, when asked what part of the chicken he would have, replied: "It makes no difference what part I start on I'll eat it all anyhow."

Johnson wants to know which the butt end of a goat is.

The owl took his hat and gloves one night,

His sweetheart for to see,  
When his daddy asked him where he went,

"On a definite object I'm intent,  
To wit, to wit," said he;  
To wit, to wit, to woo."

But he scarce had stepped outside the door

When he could not fail to see  
That the sky with clouds was o'ercast,  
"To wet, to wee," said he;  
"To wet, to wet, to woo."

Dr. P.: "He drove them down into the water and made them duck, did he?"

Mr. F.: "That beats Sam Jones' rivals—a regular pentecostal shower."

Kirk to Dr. P., on the Apostasy of Adam.

K.: "Dr., Adam was the *John Brownest* fool I ever heard of."

Dr. P.: "What?"

K.: "Wasn't Adam a powerful fool?"

Mr. Carter in Homiletics: "I knew a good old elder who would raise the tune every time, and has been known to hold on to notes for years."

Dr. P.: "Mr. Wilkinson, who first checked the Hungarians?"

Mr. W.: "Henry the 'Flower,' Dr."

An invitation to a party: "We give a takey soshel at Mr. J. M. Foulks next Fridy nite, March 8th, Frum 8 to 11. Du Cum! Seventh St."

Drs. Webb and Nicolassen have been sick for several days with the grip.

Dr. P.: "Mr. W., what did they have to pay?"

Mr. W.: "It was—somebody's pence."

Dr. P.: "Peter's pence, wasn't it?"

The lecture of Hon. John Temple Graves, of Georgia, was full of thought, admirably delivered, and one of the most perfect productions of art which has been delivered here.

Dr. P.: "Gentlemen, I would advise you all to read Brice's History of the Holy Roman Empire."

Mr. C.: "Will we find it in the library?"

Dr. P.: "I think not. It is a book

of recent date, and we, I am sorry to say, have no new books in our library."

Mr. M.: "The library here, Dr., is not much of an advertisement."

Dr. P.: "You mean it is old foggy, do you. I am very sorry that the *students* are so old foggy."

Minister: "I notice our collections have greatly increased since Brother Yahnke began passing the plate. He must have a very persuasive way."

Deacon: "Yes; he was at one time a policeman."

What a perfectly lovely thing it would be,

How the world would smile with delight,

If the "Heavenly Twins" would sail away

On the "Ships That Pass in the Night."

## New Shoe Shop.

I have opened a new shoe shop at 78 Franklin street, next door to Jake Moore, where I will do in the latest style all kinds of NEW WORK, hand made, at very low prices.

### REPAIRING

at the following low prices: Gents' shoes half soled and heeled, pegged, 75 cents; gents' shoes half soled, pegged, 55 cents; gents' shoes half soled and heeled, hand sewed, \$1.15; ladies' shoes half soled and heeled, hand sewed, 85 cents. I will guarantee at these prices the best work ever done in Clarksville. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Fred Smith.

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