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The Kentuckian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER.

58

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VOL

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No

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EDITED BY
J. M. M^cDANIEL.

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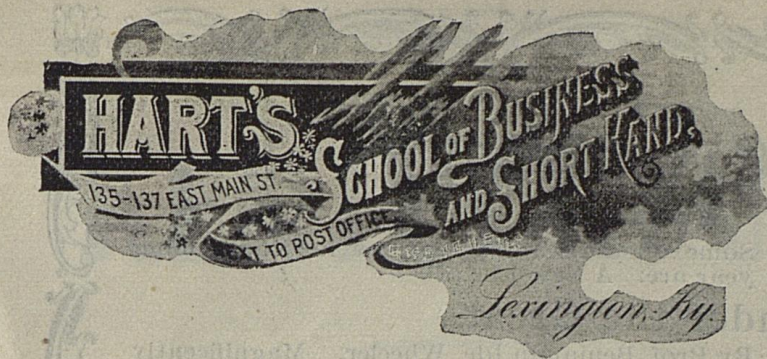
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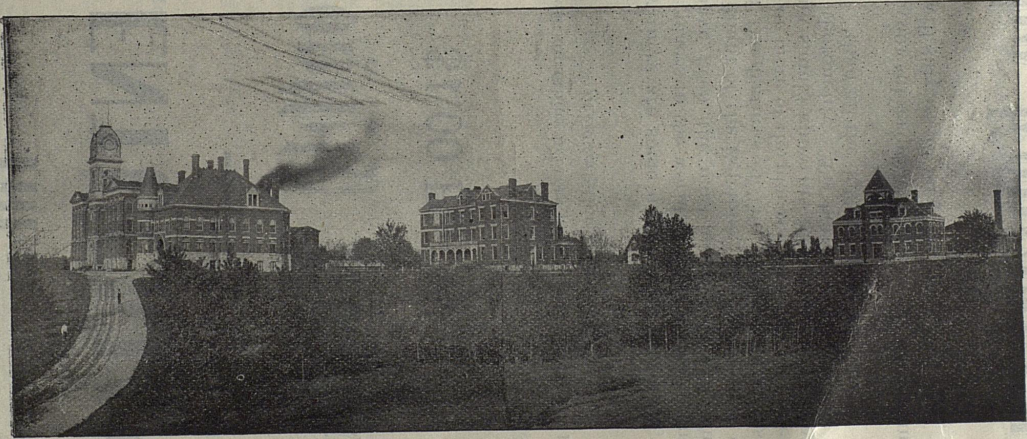
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THE KENTUCKIAN.

"EXPRESSION IS POWER."

Vol. 8.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

THANKSGIVING.

"The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day."

What a great day should be this Thanksgiving! The American people have cause to rejoice and thank Him from whom all good must come. What a glorious work for humanity accomplished; what honor and lustre added to our flag; what great possessions have become ours, and now the sweet angel of peace it hovereth over all. Then let all rejoice and be exceeding thankful, for what more could be asked from an all-wise Providence.

While we have done great deeds in humanity's name, let still greater be done in the name of charity, and here in our midst remember the injunction, "Help ye the poor and by the providence of God ye may become rich."

"Ay, good man, close the great barn door

The mellow harvest time is o'er

The earth has given her treasures

Of golden corn and bearded wheat

Ring out the words, 'Who of his ho

Doth help God's poor, with lend th

Go get your cargoes up

The bells ring out That

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, born of a race whose part in life has been to labor that others might be at ease, claims the attention of all who love to show honor to the genius of the poet. When a master singer has come it seems of no importance who he is or whence came his ancestors. He has uttered his voice of song, and he makes us to listen and compels our admiration. It is not for us to account for him. Nature has her own will and works out her single purpose in manifold ways. With profound faith in the wisdom of that purpose, and hoping and believing that

“The one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves”

is the uplifting of the whole race of mankind to a place where the perfect law of liberty shall prevail, and where all slavery shall cease, and where each man shall enjoy the things that are his and not those that belong to another, we welcome each new sign of progress and bid God-speed to all of every race who are moving upward, nearer and nearer to the wished-for and promised goal. Therefore, with something of wonder it may be, but with great delight, we have read the songs sung by the young negro, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and we feel a sure hope of the ultimate and complete emancipation of his race from the tyrannical tyranny of prejudice and obsequy, and the thralldom of the past.

The story of the life of Mr. Dunbar is simple and has been told in these columns. He is young, just 25 years of age, and rose immediately from obscurity into the enviable renown. It may be thought that of his origin he is notable. There is some truth in that had he been the child of the most favored race, with all the advantages of a proud ancestry, he would have been so worthy of our praise as to have placed by the side of the best

As we read our poet's little volume entitles "Lyrics of Lowly Life," (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) we are caught by the faultless rhythm of the lines. Then the purity of the sentiment delights us. And the varied character of the song seems to show that the genius of the singer is just trying its wings for its real and fitting flight. He has humor and pathos and something that is stronger than they. He makes us laugh and steals a tear, and he stirs feelings that lie deeper than a passing smile or the tear of a moment's sympathy. Whether in the dialect of his race or in the perfection of the English tongue, he is natural, and always in harmony with the little things of our nature. He does not hesitate to tell us of that phase of his race that is passing away rapidly. In his poem "Accountability" there is a delicate treatment of a delicate subject. We doubt if a man of another race could have drawn this picture so truly and kindly as it is drawn in the following verses:

"ACCOUNTABILITY."

"Folks ain't got no right to censuah othah tolks about
dey habits;
Him det giv' de squir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails for
de rabbits.
Him dat built de great big mountains hollered out de
little valleys.
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't shamed
to make de alleys.
When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out
so splendid,
Nothen's done er evah happens, 'dout hit's somfin' dat's
intended;
Don't keer whut you does, you had to an' hit sholy
beats the dickens—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah' chickens.

That seems like Calvinism reduced to its final analysis in defense of an honest man's frailty.

But our poet moves in other flights with grace. He has a poet's way of putting a fine conception of life. There is some about his poem called "Life" that is reminiscent

of Horace, even though he suggests a better idea of existence than the Roman singer gives always :

“LIFE.”

“A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy and a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh, but the moan comes double ;
And that is life.

A crust and a corner that makes love precious,
With the smiles to warm and the tears to refresh us,
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter ;
And that is life.”

So good are Mr. Dunbar's verses in “literary English,” as his critic, Mr. Howells, phrases it, that one is tempted to test the poet's gifts by his ability to sing as sing his brothers of another race. Even though he may not fail to come up to a very high standard of excellence in such work, still it is the songs about his own people that show him to be the real poet. As we listen to them we find ourselves thinking of Harris, of Page, of the too short-lived Irwin Russell, perhaps the master of them all, and of the many who have preserved in a fast dying speech legends of infinite value. Good as those are, they seem even to come short of representing in perfect similitude the characteristics of Mr. Dunbar's race. Hardly had gone the echoes of that awful strife that gave to the Negro freedom and that laid upon him the burdens and the privileges of citizenship when the genius of literature saw in the days of slavery a rich store house.

From that time have come the many so-called “dialect stories,” some of which are precious, while others are travesties of the past and are merely stupid tales done in an unintelligible jargon created by the ignorance of the author. All of these tales and songs of the Negro as he was before he became a citizen of our Nation will be sifted, and then will be preserved that which is true, both in matter and in form. I

remained for the right treatment of this phase of his country's life to be done by a man to whom it is a labor of love because he is telling of his own people. As was their speech when they lived in their "Quarters" and when the women of their race were the tender nurses and loyal attendants of the children of their masters, even so is the speech of Mr. Dunbar's verses. Better than this, their spirit is the spirit of that time, and their atmosphere is that of an age now historic. Moreover, with something of a fine literary sense, not only has he seized the true nature of his people, but he has let no bitter thoughts of what might seem to be a humiliating past stir him to a harsh note or a reproachful attitude toward his fellows. He is, indeed, the historian of his race. But he is a fine outgrowth of the present, and he sees in the past nothing of shame to him who stands by the side of his white brother his equal in genius regardless of the relation between their heritages. Perhaps vexing questions crowd upon us as we think of all this. But to him who knows that the inexorable "logic of events" will solve these questions all in due time, it is pleasant to dismiss them unsolved, and to turn to the reading of such a poem as is Mr. Dunbar's most perfect

"WHEN MALINDY SINGS."

G'way an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
 Put dat music box away;
 What's de use to keep on tryin'?
 Ef you practice twell you 're gray
 You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
 Lak de ones dat rants and rings
 F'om de kitchen to the big woods
 When Malindy sings.

"You ain't got de nachel organs
 Fu' to make de soun' come right,
 You ain't got de tu'ns an twistin's
 Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
 Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
 An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
 When hit comes to raal sweet singin',
 'Tain't no easy thing to do.

“Easy ’nough fu folks to hollah,
 Lookin’ at de lines an’ dots,
 When dey ain’t no one can sence it,
 An’ de chimes comes in, in spots;
 But fu’ real melogious music,
 Dat jes’ strikes yo’ hea’t an’ clings,
 Jes’ you stan’ an’ listen wif me
 When Malindy sings.

“Ain’t you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
 Blessed soul, take up de cross!
 Look hyeah, ain’t you jokin’, honey?
 Well, you don’t know what you los’.
 Y’ ought to heah dat gal a-wa’blin’
 Robbins, la’ks an’ all dem things,
 Heish dey moufs an’ hides dey faces
 When Malindy sings.

“Fiddlin’ man jes’ stop his fiddlin’,
 Lay his fiddle on de she’f;
 Mockin’ bird quit tryin’ to whistle,
 ‘Cause he jes’ so shamed hisse’f.
 Folks a-playin’ on de banjo
 Drops dey fingahs on de strings—
 Bless yo’ soul—fu’gets to move ’em,
 When Malindy sings.

“She jes’ spreads her mouf an’ hollahs,
 ‘Come to Jesus,’ twill you hyeah
 Sinnahs’ tremblin’ steps anl voices,
 Timid-lak, a-drawin’ neah;
 Den she tu’ns to ‘Rock of Ages’,
 Simply to the cross she clings,
 An’ you fin’ yo’ teahs a-drappin’
 When Malindy sings.

“Who dat says dat humble praises
 Wif de Master nevah counts?
 Heish yo’ mouth, I hyeah dat music,
 Ez it rises up an’ mounts—
 Floatin’ by de hills an’ valleys,
 Way above dis buryin’ sod,
 Ez hit makes its way in glory
 To de very gates of God!

"Oh, hit's sweeter dan de music
 Of an' edicated ban' ;
 An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
 Song o' triumph in de lan'.
 It seems holier dan evenin'
 When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
 Ez I sit an' ca'mly listens
 While Malindy sings.

"Towsah, stop dat barkin', hyeah me !
 Mandy, make dat chile keep still ;
 Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
 F'om de valley to de hill ?
 Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
 Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
 Sof' an' sweet, 'Swing low, Sweet Chariot,'
 Ez Malindy sings.

From this song that proclaims its singer poet of rare merit, we turn to another that is a gem glistening with something of the radiance of a Herrick :

"ALICE."

Know you, winds that blow your course
 Down the verdant valleys,
 That somewhere you must, perforce,
 Kiss the brow of Alice?
 When her gentle face you find,
 Kiss it softly, gentle wind.

"Roses waving fair and sweet
 Thro' the garden alleys
 Grows into a glory meet
 For the eye of Alice ;
 Let the wind your offering bear
 Of sweet perfume, faint and rare.

"Lily holding crystal dew
 In your pure white chalice,
 Nature kind has fashioned you
 Like the soul of Alice.
 It of purest white is wrought,
 Filled with gems of crystal thought."

And so on our soil the Etheopian race begins to flower. We can wait with patience the development of man in all that is good. Slowly the upward movement goes on. But none the less it is going on. Dumas and Pushkin have in their veins some of Ethiopia's blood. Dunbar is of hardly other than full negro blood. We are getting along in the broadening of our sympathies. To know that a Dunbar is possible in our land, makes us feel surer that there is coming for the Afro-American a place in the economy of the Republic that will be for the betterment of the Nation even as it will be for the pride and satisfaction of that race.

JAMES POYNTZ NELSON.

THE BEST LOVED AND WORST HATED.

[MRS. FRANCIS E. BEAUCHAMP.]

The Womans Christian Temperance Union has earned for itself the honor of being the best loved and the most hated organization that has ever blessed the world. Thus has been taken from it the, woe unto them of whom all men speak well; for saloon men and liquor dealers have cursed and hissed the very name, and declared over and over that it was the only organization that was a menace to their business.

At the recent State Convention held in October in Louisville, reports of Department, showed the work better systematized and more aggressive than ever before. Nine out of the eleven Congressional Districts of the State are organized, with officers in direct touch with the local unions. The State President has traveled hundreds of miles and given more than one lecture or address per day on the average during the year just closed. Hundreds of young men have signed the total abstinence pledge, and many the anti-tobacco pledge, and numbers, the White Cross pledge—this work alone would amply repay. But other lines have been prosecuted: eleven circulating libraries are passing from

community to community in the portion of our State where there is dearth of good reading matter, thousands of pages of good literature is monthly placed in the hands of young and old who otherwise would not have access to the best of current literature.

The penitentiaries of the State are visited at stated times, services held with the prisoners and a higher and better way set before them. An effort is being made to have a night school established in the Frankfort penitentiary. The light being wholly insufficient an appropriation to increase the power of the electric plant was asked of the last legislature by the W. C. T. U. and granted.

The women prisoners have always in Kentucky been under the care of male guards, and many disgraceful things have occurred and much insubordination was encountered, but this last year the W. C. T. U. asked and secured the appointment of women guards in the Woman's Ward, and now Kentucky's delinquent women, as such women in other States, are placed under the care of Christian women. Every soldier that went from Kentucky was supplied with a pocket comfort bag, into which was stitched a total abstinence pledge with blank space beneath for name; and hundreds of the soldier boys signed the pledge. One company more than eighty signed. But the State officers express the greatest pleasure over the fact that last year sixty of the students at the State College signed the temperance pledge against alcohol, tobacco and profanity. While certain of our great centers of learning are growing lax, and many of their students are debauching their bodies instead of cultivating their minds, it is a source of inspiration and hope to the mothers of Kentucky that the State College has in it more than sixty young men who solemnly declare that they will recognize the fact that their bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost, and that they will not defile them with alcohol or tobacco, and will have too much reverence for their Creator and too much respect for good English to take God's name in vain. The success of the W. C. T. U. in the State College has thrilled us with joy and stirred us to make the effort to form Somerset Y's in

all our colleges until the intelligent cultured sons and daughters of our grand old Commonwealth shall rise to a higher plane of intellectual and moral worth rather than meet on the plane of inflamed physical appetite. We believe in the State College; we look to its young men and women to come to the front in every rank of life.

Greetings,

FRANCES E. BEAUCHAMP,
Pres. W. C. T. U.

DO IT NOW.

Time is fleeting, death is stealing,
Slowly, surely on his way;
Yield not to the tempter, urging,
"Why such haste?—A while delay."
What is worthy of thy doing,
Do to-day; do to-day.

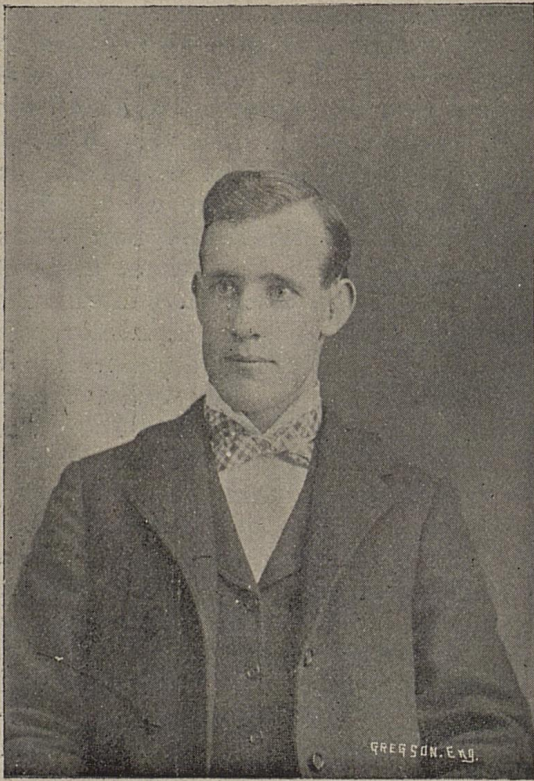
Many a one laments in sorrow,
Good resolves all die away—
What he meant to do to-morrow,
Now his hair is turning gray.
What is worthy of thy doing,
Do to-day; do to-day.

"Not to-night," still dost thou answer?
Wilt thou lightly turn away?
When another night may find thee,
Who can say? Ah! who can say?
What is worthy of thy doing,
Do to-day; do to-day—Anon

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

As in biological evolution man is the last term in the ascending series, so in social evolution, according to the American idea, the citizen represents the highest type of civilization. His rise means national progress, his decline national decay. Looking back into those tempestuous times that marked the birth of the American citizen, let us examine his early life, follow him through his successive struggles and pause to admire the far-seeing wisdom that launched successfully the first government ever based upon a written constitution.

The inspired sailor, by his discovery of a new world, broke the superstitious thralldom of Europe and made possible the fairest dreams of the ages. The nations hastened to procure and settle the new lands. First came the courtly cavalier to lend grace and refinement to the coming age. Then came that morning herald of freedom, that grand old pilgrim character, who, fleeing persecutions of England, directed his frail bark to the new land to establish a refuge for civil and religious liberty. Thus was America dedicated to Freedom. Of the Huguenots, the historian says: "Their severe morality, marked charity, elegant manners and thrifty habits, made them a most desirable acquisition." The Quakers, in their kind and gentle lives, were peaceful and just. Their 'City of Brotherly Love,' under its liberal and just provisions, grew and prospered. From these varied yet related sources, come the purest governmental principles ever drawn from the experiences of time. And we shall see these elements blend and combine to form a new character, blossom into a new citizenship outrivaling and eclipsing the fondest hopes of the centuries. The colonies endured many hardships and deprivations, but in vain did despotic king-craft endeavor, under the guise of law, to establish as principles of government, ideas totally at variance with English history, from the days of Magna Charta. Meanwhile the union of the colonies was surely knitting. The golden thread of freedom was weaving its indestructible fabric. The dream of the centuries broke in beautiful radiance on America's horizon, when, on July 4, 1776, the colonies, in Congress sa-



T. L. CAMPBELL.

sembled, declared: "The Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, Free and Independent States." The signal gun was sounded at Lexington and every patriotic hero responded. Home, property and life were consecrated at Freedom's altar. Every slain hero was a willing martyr for freedom. The patriots who suffered at Valley Forge were destined to a glorious victory—the crowning triumph of humanity's ceaseless struggle for freedom. That victory of Yorktown! Herald to the world; "Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken." The English flag yields to Columbia's banner.

As all had joined in this common cause, so now all unite in establishing a Republic of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, wherein the sovereign citizen is the unit of power and source of government. Thus a new citizen enters the arena of nations.

"Mark his majestic fabric! His temple
Sacred by birth and built by hands divine.
His soul's the Deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God."

Scarcely had the young Republic begun her career when despotism followed, eager to overthrow her, but a second defeat placed the British lion at the feet of the American Eagle. Then the vexing problem of slavery awoke the people to a great fraternal conflict. The diverse interests of North and South could not be harmonized, even by great statesmen. The question demanded blood. "On to Richmond" was answered by the cry, "On to Washington." Implements of peace became weapons of war. Every hill blazed, a fortress; every valley moaned with death. The hounds of war hunted well their victims, and the beautiful, chivalrous South was laid low. But now is exhibited the most phenomenal trait of the American character. The generous North does not tyrannize, the fallen South does not succumb. There is no parallel in history, no record in the annals of time, where a people so long divided by a protracted and deadly war at the moment of peace, forgave the animosities of the past, and, with hand linked in hand, heart beating with heart, again bowed allegiance to one common flag.

In this new and happy era his noblest principles are manifest. His equality is vindicated and the universal brotherhood of man conceived. National honor and public virtue are conserved by an enlightened Christian conscience. An educated public opinion is his fountain of law and progress—the Gibraltar of the Republic. He is the flower of Saxon civilization. His poets sing sweeter melodies, his orators have loftier themes, his statesmen have grander ideals, his philosophers have broader visions than those of any other age of the world. The splendor of his science is dazzling. He spans the turbid rivers, tunnels the stony mountains or reads the secrets of the stars. But his crowning triumph is yet to come. In his onward march conscience supercedes materialism. Glittering armies and burnished navies are not sureties of peace. In his marvelous progress, with his great heart pulsating for humanity, he flings to the world a new banner emblazoned with those living words: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." He gives to mankind the grandest doctrine of the nineteenth century, the brightest jewel in the coronet of nations, International Arbitration, the guardian angel of universal peace.

The American citizen is a potent factor in the world's civilization. His argosies of commerce whiten every sea. His Christianity brightens the recesses of heathendom. His ideas make thrones tremble. His submarine cables lock together the continents of the earth and by the matchless power of trained lightning his thoughts are flashed around the globe. He is first to extend the hand of charity to starving India, first to the rescue of suffering Armenia; and, if need be, the sword of the American citizen will leap from its scabbard to avenge despotism and uphold the rights of humanity. The "Maine" has been gloriously avenged at Manila, and today the American Legions are driving the treacherous Spaniards from Cuba's oppressed soil and paving the way for a Christian civilization that shall place upon the bleeding brow of Cuba a crown of Liberty and Peace.

Well may we sing the peans of praise while reviewing the history of America. What other notion presents such a glorious past or justifies such divine anticipations

for the future? From a nerveless system of government held together by articles of confederation too imbecile to add even a sanction to its laws, the American Republic has expanded into a well balanced government, carrying down its laws through the medium of a National Executive and Judicial power, to the humblest citizen of the land. It has advanced from 3,000,000 of subjects to 70,000,000 of freemen, rich in a common history sanctified by blood "as holy as e'er the sod received on Freedom's field of honor." This is the record of the American citizen. Shall it not be maintained? While standing in the evening glow of this departing century—the grandest ever measured by the flight of worlds—mind's prescient power passes in review the nations of twentieth century. There stands the American Republic: her harvests feeding the nations of earth; her captains of industry, the masters of trade; her argosies of commerce sailing every sea; "the wreath of science encircling her brow." I see Columbia, fairest daughter in the family of nations, olive-crowned goddess of peace, her flag, the beacon light of liberty, leading the vanguard of a progressive world.

Chautauqua, July 8.

T. L. CAMPBELL,
Clinton, Ky.

POETRY.

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of Nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings and brought the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life. — *Channing*.

THE TEACHERS AND CULTURE.

Some close observer with a strong liking for blunt truth, has said that the teacher's chief need is the need of *culture*; and culture may be defined as the aroma of knowledge—that indefinable something that marks those people for whom the things they know have yielded an inner essence.

Things do not yield this essence for everybody; folks there be who have vast stores of knowledge-material, but who have not a whiff of culture about them. But while it is true that knowledge does not always give culture, it is quite as certain that culture cannot be unless there is knowledge first.

The first saying to the teacher, then, "Get *knowledge*."

There are four great sources of knowledge, and the teacher has access to all of them. They are things, the printed page, conversation, and travel—and of these conversation is, to-day, the least valuable. Too much time is wasted in mere talk, in an interchange of empty words unfreighted with ideas. There is already a saying that "silence is golden," and some day it will be considered simple, common sense, as well as courtesy, not to talk to a man unless you have something to tell him.

Of course, a teacher has no great surplus to spend in periodicals and books; but he is taxed a quarter of a dollar annually—whether he will or no—on account of the County Library, and if he does not profit by the reading matter he thus helps to buy, it is plainly his own fault. Then, if a teacher smokes, he has "money to burn," and has no right to complain of being unable to buy books. Any teacher in Kentucky can take at least one periodical and buy one good book every year.

Every teacher, and especially the country teacher, has the whole rich kingdom of *things* from which to draw knowledge. There are needed only the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the *interpreting mind*, to draw abundant supplies of knowledge from every fence corner and way-side hedge, from every gurgling brook and ledge of rock. Instances are numerous of men and women gaining a close, clear, insite into natural phenomena and their

laws, who have never been inside college walls. As to the matter of travel—the Kentucky teacher is already somewhat too nomadic—or would a better word be peripatetic? Bacon says that travel simply yields a dividend on the investment already made. It is fair to infer, then, that if some travelers gain only small increments of knowledge, their original investment was not large. Really, one must know a good deal of geography and a good deal of history, and must be a tolerably good observer of people and things, before he can hope to profit much by travel, still the teacher should travel, if only to the next district or to the county seat. Then, the candid truth is that the teacher has more *time* for searching after the knowledge that may bring culture, than has almost any other man or woman who works for a living. The teacher works at his business but six hours a day, at most, for five days of the week and ten months of the year. What account can he render for the other eighteen hours, the one-sixth of the working week and the one-sixth to one-fourth of the working year, all of which are his own to use as he sees fit? If they are not used in gathering rich fruitage from every source, to be spread before the waiting, hungering children, what is the good in being a *teacher* at all?

AT THE K. S. C.

O. F. SMITH, JR.

1

When first I came to Lexington
I thought it was a "cinch,"
And every time I'd get a chance
My partner I would pinch ;
And then I give a wink or two,
And say, "now don't you see?
We'll have a jolly time
At the K. S. C."

2

But soon I found I'd reasons
For to change my erring mind,
For the fact of the business is
I found myself behind ;
And now I'd learned it was not
Such a grand jubilee,
As other people told me
At the K. S. C.

3

When I rise in the morning
From a much needed rest,
I must hurry, I must hustle,
Or I won't get dressed
For the six-thirty bugle,
And reported I will be,
For they're very military
At the K. S. C.

4

Then early after breakfast,
When the sun is shining bright,
I recite my mathematics
To the wise Professor White ;
He marks us pretty closely,
And he'll seldom give us "3,"
He's the marker of the markers
At the K. S. C.

5

Then next I have a lesson
Under Kastle "Little Joe ;"
Then I go to Uncle Peter
With his "slight-of-hand show."
Two hours he keeps me working,
But it doesn't bother me,
For I know I've got to hustle
At the K. S. C.

6

The next, like a soldier,
 I must quit my work and drill;
 No use to say "I won't,"
 For the Major says "You will,"
 And he throws back his shoulders,
 For the *Commandant* is he—
 The lord of all creation
 At the K. S. C.

7

Then early after dinner
 I must hustle to the shop,
 Where Johnson, the Professor,
 Never lets a fellow stop.
 He keeps me on the hustle,
 For a moving man is he—
 The hustler of the hustlers
 At the K. S. C.

8

On Saturday I must labor,
 In the drawing room or shop,
 And e'en on Sunday morning
 They will not let me stop,
 For my room must be in order
 For the Major M. B.,
 Else they'll give me ten demerits
 At the K. S. C.

9

And now 'tis Sunday evening,
 I would write unto my girl,
 But then the trouble is, you see,
 My brain is in a whirl;
 For I do not know my lessons,
 And to-morrow there will be
 A hot examination
 At the K. S. C.

10

Now I'd just like to ask you
If I only had time,
 Are the falsehoods very many
 In this noisy little rhyme?
 If you don't believe my racket,
 Don't listen to me,
 But come and help us hustle
 At the K. S. C.

 THE SHRINE OF SCIENCE.

(PRESIDENT PATTERSON.)

The importance of epoch-making events is seldom apprehended in their fullness until long after the proximate causes which brought them into being have become historic.

When the Barons extorted Magna Charta from King John upon the field of Runnymede, who could have imagined that within the seals and emblazoned devices which encircled the scroll on which their asserted franchises were inscribed lay, in embryo, the undeveloped liberties of the English-speaking race throughout the world? When Newton took note of the commonplace incident which had occurred unheeded to thousands before, who could have predicted that from this trifling event should be deduced the most profound and far-reaching of all physical laws, the law that brings all the phenomena of the material universe into an indivisible unity,

“That very law which moulds a tear
 And bids it trickle from its source;
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.”

When Franklin caught in his kite the lightning from the clouds, who then could have seen in his simple experiment the beginning of the mighty power which bids fair to revolutionize the industries and the commerce of the world.

NEW ERA OPENING.

So we, to-day, profiting by the experience of the past, may readily conceive that we stand upon the threshold of a new era of scientific development and progress in Kentucky. Her earlier colleges and universities took little note of scientific investigation. The humanities and the liberal professions occupied the attention and exhausted the effort of the intellect of those days. With the establishment of the State College of Kentucky new lines were laid down and new fields of study and investigation were opened. Its appliances were rudimentary, but its processes and aspirations were in harmony with the spirit of the age. With gradually increasing resources, its facilities and its numbers grew apace, and work was done and original results achieved which found generous recognition at home and abroad.

KNOWLEDGE'S DOORS OPEN.

For years our capacity has failed to meet our requirements. This capacious though modest structure which the Executive and Legislature of Kentucky received and dedicate to the dignity and potency of Science tonight, marks an era in the internal and external expansion of the State College. Hither the youth of the Commonwealth will come to tread the broad avenues and thread the devious labyrinths which lead to Nature's laboratory, where "He who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working" opens the portals and discloses to reverent enquiry and patient investigation, mysteries deeper and grander and more sublime than the votaries of Eleusis ever conceived. From these walls may not issue Newtons and Franklins, Cuviers and Pasteurs and Darwins. "These are the Immortals, who hold their sessions on white thrones forever," but we may in years to come contribute our quota to swell the numbers of the mighty second best, the Faradays, the Kelvins, the Lockyers, the Greys and the Tyndalls, the high priests of the greater divinities, who interpret their message of order and utility and beauty to mankind.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

The State College must take the lead in the field of scientific study and investigation in this Commonwealth, and among her sister States of the South. To the Legislature, representing the intelligence and pride and patriotism of Kentucky, we confidently look for the material resources by which this may be accomplished. Let her gait and her pace no longer be the hesitating and uncertain step of childhood, but the elastic and confident stride of a giant. On the field of battle, in the Senate and in the Council chamber the sons of Kentucky have made her name illustrious, but there are other laurels to be won. Science, Literature and Art point the way to a distinction not less real and not less enduring. Let it be yours to foster and upbuild, with no parsimonious hand, this institution, already deeply rooted in popular esteem and opening wide its doors alike to men and women, until, as a beacon light, conspicuous from afar, its life-inspiring rays penetrate every valley and illuminate every hill top throughout the length and breadth of this goodly land; make it the abode of productive toil and of reverent devotion to lofty ideals; make it the Mecca to which future generations shall turn for the inspiration which expands the human soul. Then will posterity call you blessed.

In grateful and reverent recognition whereof, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis Sed Tibi gratia"—Not unto us oh Lord, not unto us, but unto Thee be the glory.



The Kentuckian.

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice of Lexington, Ky.

STAFF.

J. M. McDaniel..... Editor

COLLEGE CORRESPONDENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

Miss Mayme Neal.....Philisophian Literary Society
C. G. Cornet.....Normal Literary Society
(General Sketch).....Union Literary Society
(General Sketch).....Patterson Literary Society
C. C. Jett.....Local Editor
D. G. McVane.....Assistant Local Editor
Miss Miranda Spears.....Y.W. C. T. U
.....Athletics
Literary Contributors: Prest. Patterson, Prof. Roark, Mrs. Frances E.
Beauchamp, James Poyntz Nelson, T. L. Campbell, O. F. Smith.

“What’s in a name?

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.”

There may be nothing in a mere word, but around many names there cling tender memories, and at their very mention the soul is aroused and we are transformed, as if by magic, into a different being. A name, by its peculiar association is, or should be, suggestive of many things. Especially is this true of our great English vocabulary. Its “verbal richness” amazes the students. “The Cadet”—peace to its ashes—was suggestive of only one department of this great institution. The name should have ever been more comprehensive. The young life of every county in Kentucky is throbbing here; here are collected some of the most talented men in the country to train Kentucky’s future citizens. Then what could be more comprehensive and beautifully appropriate than to call its magazine “The Kentuckian.” What’s in a name? A Kentuckian by any other name would not be the same! Divest him of his name, and, somehow or another, many of his admirable characteristics immediately disappear.

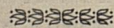
Then let all rejoice that we now, for the first time in K. S. C. history, have a truly representative publication, and that it has been christened “The Kentuckian.”

Does it pay a college to *invest* in a good foot-ball team? It does. When the late Dr. W. C. Young became president of the Centre College, the number of matriculates there was very small. This brilliant man saw that he must get the old institution "again before the public." He encouraged athletics in every way, and for the past five years the glorious victories of that team has attracted wide-spread attention, and the number of students in the institution more than quadrupled. The attention drawn to the college by that team was one of its greatest and most effective advertisers. All the great dailies gloried in the triumphs, and aspiring youths eager to participate in the glory won, rushed to drink at the fountain of knowledge. This is only one of many instances where victorious teams have done more than ought else for their college.

Again by this means active adherents are gained and the praise of the admired institution widely resound.

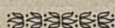
Our team has made a glorious record for the College.

Not the brave boys who have suffered and bled on the gridiron for their college, but the college itself reaps the reward. Their efforts in her behalf should be appreciated. Chas. Blessing, '97, now in Indianapolis, said: "You have no idea what a rep the team is giving the college." What encouragement will the college give for the coming year? What do the boys ask? "As one who begs the brother of the earth to give him leave to toil," so they only ask permission to organize a team that will be *champion of the entire South*. It may be principleized that good business men will pay out money when they can reasonably expect good returns. So if the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky State College wish good returns, let them in every legitimate way encourage healthy athletics in this temple of letters and science.



President Patterson walked into the mess-hall one evening not long since and, as usual, the boys would not rest without a "speech." The President is a very interesting talker and always heard with rapt attention by the boys. This particular evening he seemed rather moved at the earnest calls and his talk brought forth rounds of applause. He told the boys something of the

history of the College, its struggles in early years, its final triumph and its glorious prospects. When he stated that the next building erected on these grounds would be a gymnasium the boys nearly went wild with joy. One boy said, "I could have listened all night." This coming from a great big, smart, simple country boy is the greatest compliment that could be paid any speaker, and we hope the President will let himself be complimented again. The President has also been out to see the boys practice and was present at the S. C.-Centre game. The boys appreciate this interest manifested toward them, and we believe that it marks the dawning of a new era for this great though "narrowly known" institution. Saturday after the Centre game numerous admirers of the K. S. C. team thronged in the bath rooms, and their great interest in the boys was clearly manifest. One who knows has said of this institution: "For science and mechanics it has no equal in the South or West," and we hail the dawning day when the same can be truthfully said of its literary and classical departments.



A prominent northern teacher says: "We always send out our college magazine with the catalogue, and prospective students almost invariably throw aside the catalogue and decide from the general character of the magazine." For this reason nearly all colleges of any note now support their publication and find in it, though indirectly, the most powerful of advertisers.





John Keyhoe Clearing the Field.

K. S. C. 173, HER OPPONENTS 0.

How is that for a record?
 Roar you lusty-lunged lions!
 What's the matter with Bass? He's all right!
 Who's all right? Bass!

Right you are! for since the little demon took hold of the team wonders have been wrought. Our boys were all right, too, but they needed a trainer, and Bass has proven himself one. Since the victorious game vs. the L. A. C. giants our boys have been the pride of the city, and when they plainly showed their superiority over the famous Centre team, their admirers have gone wild.

When our boys went to Louisville they had some cause to be on their guard, for the L. A. C. has always been very heavy and have played fine ball. However, the win or die spirit seized the K. S. C. boys, and when Capt. Severs sized the team up and noticed their weak places he sent the boys through them like lightning, finally resulting in a 16 to 0 triumph for his team. All the boys did well in this game, but the papers went wild over our too swift little end, John Keyhoe and "Breve"

Martin. These boys were the "stars" or we'd better call them "shooting stars," for they shot around the end and there wasn't any stopping them.

The boys on returning from Louisville were met at the depot by their admiring "rooters" and a general jubilee ensued. That evening a crowd of boys visited the "Herald" office and made repeated calls "Xos!" "Xos!" who is he (?) We only know that in an article not at all complimentary he said our team consisted of "eleven pieces of willingness" and knew nothing scarcely of the game. "Xos" didn't come out. Now if he wants to do the right thing he will write another article, showing our team up in its best light and as one of the best in the South. Encouragement, not criticism makes a man.

That Centre game is yet to be played. Several boys, especially John Willim, were anxious for it to go on. However our boys outplayed them from the very start, and when the rain stopped them the score was 6 to 0 in our favor. Turner played a 'game' game, but was badly hurt. The stars in the game were Whayne, Reese, Milward and Elliott. The bucking of the two latter was just simply grand. The game will be played on Saturday, November 19th and we are confident that we will score the greatest victory that State College ever won.

The 160th Indiana is the crack athletic regiment quartered here, and they are good players, but after they played here last Tuesday they went away sorer and wiser men. Score, K. S. C. 17; 160th Indiana 0.

Everyone connected with the college is proud of the unprecedented record. Look out for '97!

VARSIITY.	LINE UP.	2D TEAM
Keyhoe.....	l. e.....	Vogt
Martin.....	r. e.....	Rice
Graham.....	l. t.....	Jones
Willis.....	r. t.....	Gibson
Whayne.....	l. g.....	Dabney
Straus.....	r. g.....	Wolfe
Humphry and Clark.....	center.....	Milburne
Reese.....	r. h.....	Johnston
Turner.....	l. h.....	Blessing
Elliott, J. M.....	f. b.....	Loevenhart
Severs (Cap).....	quar.....	Reese

THE SECOND TEAM.

Hurrah for the boys of the second. Scarcely less glorious than the victories of the 'Varsity eleven are those of plucky second. It's a good time in the history of a college, and especially in athletics, when a second team is recognized and given many privileges. In a very large measure *they make the first team what it is*. There is no doubt but that we have the best second team in the State,

Games :

K. S. C. second team 6 ; Winchester Athletic Club 0.

K. S. C. second team 12 ; Georgetown 0.

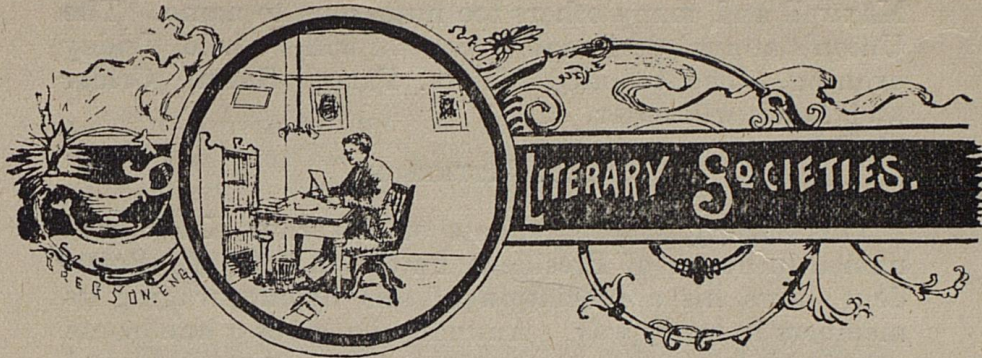
K. S. C. second team 11, Georgetown 0.

Jones, Gibson, Loevenhart, [Capt. Blessing, and, in fact, all of the second team have done fine work, and bid fair to become 'Varsity men next year.

The third team disbanded because the first and second had all the games, but its plucky little men will be in it next year. The gridiron bee is buzzing in the ear of McLeod, Crume, Smith, Denton, Reese, Arnett, Shepherd, Parlin, Campbell, Capt. Gilbert, Stoner, and Manager Chas. Treas says he'll have games next year or explode. These boys have shown marked ability as athletes and may be counted on for the future.

THE WIND IS SINGING.

Singing of birds is over,
 Fled from the lonely sky ;
 Singing of grass and clover
 When it stood mountain high.
 Lark and linnet are mute,
 And finch and blackbird dumb ;
 Broken the thrush's flute,
 That lightened the green May gloam.
 Soon will the tasseled ears
 Sing their ditty no more.
 Music of golden spears,
 Heard on a golden shore.
 Never to hold or bind,
 Nor Time herself can kill,
 Song of the jovial wind
 That's singing over the hill.



“True eloquence indeed does not consist in words.”

Every college should say of its literary societies, “These are my jewels,” for in future years, when it begins to glory in “a storied past,” its literary men will have done more to widen its reputation than all others combined. Not to speak of the refining and aesthetic influence which good societies exercise over students, a college should encourage literary effort from a purely business standpoint.

Every one knows that the literary work of The Kentucky State College is not what it should or could be. Then why not make it come up to and pass the standard, and while we are developing Newtons, let us give to Kentucky another Allen; nay, even aspire to give the world another Shakespeare, whose master mind shall comprehend all knowledge, and wreath in literary garlands of marvelous beauty all that is best of this wondrous age. How glorious 'twould be to see a literary awakening; how grand, in coming years, our memory to be preserved in story. While this institution is making its rapid strides in scientific progress, let us not forget that literary attainments are the grandest, the noblest, the purest, the best.

THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

This is the oldest society of the college. Established many years ago, it has been a potent factor in giving expression to some of the best work of the college. It can boast of quite a number of distinguished speakers and winners, among whom are Falconer, Sugg, Frizby,

Maxwell and many others too numerous to name. The Union's annual declamatory contest will be held Friday evening. The talented Messrs. Faris, Gunn, Crider and Lewis will enter.

THE PATTERSON.

This Society, at the request of Governor Knott, was named in honor of President Patterson, and the President shows his appreciation of this by encouraging its members in every way. Annually he gives a handsome gold medal to its best orator, and is ever ready and willing and anxious that the society accomplish its destined ends. Among its many distinguished "expressionists," we recall the names of E. J. Hobdy, a natural orator, than whom a better never entered this college, and T. L. Campbell, a hero laden with many literary spoils. On Saturday evening next Messrs. Hundley, Berry, Smith and Threlkeld, all accomplished speakers, will contest for the annual declamatory medal.

THE PHILISOPHIAN.

This is the sweetest of all—their lovely little shrine, where the muse inspires—where "high imaginings" are so beautifully expressed that oftimes 'tis said angels linger to catch the softest murmur,

Then wing their way to realms above,
Rejoicing, singing of the love
Of maidens fair and what they know,
And sweet express in halls below.

The Philisophians deserve more praise than they get. They have worked hard and by their own effort have made their little hall like unto the palace of a fairie. Boys consider "a word to the wise."

Again the girls have a hard time, allowed only one hour, from one to two p. m, on Friday to hold their meeting. Just think, *one* hour, and that at the close of a hard working day, and at the end of a week of study. It's a mystery to a masculine mind that, laboring under such disadvantages, they have any society at all. The

literary work to be done in *one* hour when they are tired and weary and worn out at the end of the day at the end of the week! If they could just have *two* hours it would be nice, very nice. Oh, ye directors of the flight of the young idea, encourage the girls in their heroic effort to build up society, and remember that some day another "Sweet George Eliott" may add her portion to the literary treasures of the world.

THE NORMAL.

The Normal Society does some of the best work in college. In forensics and debating it is especially fine, while its congress under the direct supervisions of Prof. Roark, for parliamentary practice and extempore work can hardly be excelled. It would be a fine thing if all the societies in spring would, for several sessions, unite and have a congress such as the college has never seen.

THE MECHANICAL SOCIETY.

This society has been productive of much good among the mechanical students. Prof. Anderson, recognizing the fact that a boy who only knows his text-book is very narrow, has sought to have the boys look beyond them, and to cultivate while in school liberal views, and specialize afterwards. In this society essays are read on different subjects, mostly scientific, but covering a range both interesting and instructive. We hope that this society will perfect a better organization than ever, and its influence will be greatly extended.

PHILISOPHIAN NOTES.

(MISS MAYME E. NEAL.)

The Philisophian Society was organized in 1882. Quite often in years past it has had a hard struggle for existence, but it is said that girls are faithful creatures, and in this case they certainly proved so. They were determined to have a literary society, and by dint of earnest and faithful work, kept their little organization alive.

For several years they tried hard to have a new hall, but funds were low and they were never able to afford it until last year.

"When a woman will, she will," and in this case there were many young women with very strong wills. After many consultations and much consideration it was decided to present the drama called "The Old Maids' Convention," which was such a decided success that we were enabled to furnish our new Society Hall quite handsomely.

The work done in the society has always been good, but this year, even at so early a date, there is a marked improvement.

Our society is growing in every direction. It could not do otherwise, for our girls are all bright and gifted, and have Philisophia's welfare at heart.

Josh Billings says, "Sekrets and soap bubbles are liable to bust any time."

Suppose all the secrets told in the "confidence corner" in Mrs. Blackburn's room should "bust." What a slaughter of the innocents there would be!

The reason why the girls of State College didn't wear uniforms is is purely feminine. "Oh, who wants a dress like every one else's, anyway?"

Those new uniforms the officers are wearing look quite handsome, and certainly are very becoming. We can excuse a little "chest projection" on the part of the wearers, provided the coat will stand it.

Reliable persons state that they have seen mistletoe on walnut, elm and ash trees, and on the chandelier in the parlor. Miss Butler says she has also seen it on hickory-nut trees. Evidently she has had a wider experience than most of us.

The pronunciation of names changes with the times. Miranda, with a sharp *i*, was good enough fifty years ago, but now nothing less than "My-Randa" is acceptable.

We all congratulate Miss Wilmott on the progress she is making, and hope she will continue to ad-"vance."

Miss Jennie Cox is indeed a lofty minded girl (about 5 ft. 12 in). She looks down on most of us girls.

The members of the Logic Class try to prove everything by "Barbara." Poor lady, how her conscience would prick her if she confirmed all the remarkable statements referred to her.

What would we do without the word "cute" in our vocabulary? No matter how many other descriptive adjectives we apply to anything the series isn't complete until "cute" heads the list. Why even Philisophian notes were "cute". Ugh! Won't somebody offer a reward for a synonym?

Some capabilities of a girl:

She can cut away half a lead pencil without ever getting a point fit to write with.

In one glance she can express more to her best girl friend than the average boy can in an oration.

She can wear a collar which threatens every moment to decapitate her if she only had the assurance that it looks "dead swell."

She can change her mind any number of times.

COLLEGE Y. W. C. T. U.

"Intemperance, for the want of a better name we will call the Devil."--Shakespear.

MISS SPEART.

The W. C. T. U., which was organized by Mrs. Beauchamp last year, has been continued. Her officers have been elected and a number of new names have been added to the roll. We have now fifty members, most of whom have signed the triple pledge.

We sometimes feel discouraged in our work, it appears to us that too little interest is taken by those whom it should most concern. We feel that this organization, if deep interest was felt in it, and earnest co-operation solicited, not only of the students, but of the faculty as well, would prove to be a means of great good in this institution. The principles taught here would raise the standard of morality and purity.

Of course we do not expect to be perfect in our work, nor have we much time to devote to it, still there are a number of ways in which we may accomplish great good, We may sign and keep the pledge, wear the white ribbon and use our best influence for temperance over those with home we associate.

We regret very much that the young gentlemen cannot be present at our meetings now. We hope in time our kind Major will make for them the opportunity of one occasional meeting with us, so that our interesting and profitable literary meetings may be renewed. We feel that our programs were quite entertaining and instructive last year.

While we are all interested in our literary work, we should not forget that this society too may be made if we choose to make it so—quite literary.

We, the young ladies of the society, are holding our weekly meetings, and cordial invitations are extended at all times to those who are interested in the same.

THE CENTURY ENCOURAGES COLLEGE WRITERS.

Let K. S. C. win one or more of the prizes.

The American colleges are much indebted to The Century Company of New York for its liberality and material encouragement shown by offering, during the commencement seasons of 1899 and 1900, three prizes of \$250 each, to be open to competition of persons who receive the B. A. degree in any college of the United States.

These are the prizes:

First—\$250 for the best metrical writing, not fewer than 50 lines.

Second—\$250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand, nor more than eight thousands words.

Third—\$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand, nor more than eight thousand words.

Manuscripts must be submitted to the editor of The Century on or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation.

If we could win one of the prizes (and why not?)—what a great thing it would be for the writer and his institution!

THE Y. M. C. A.

A PIANO.

Boys, let's have a fine Y. M. C. A. Let's carpet that room ; get all the best periodicals for the reading-table, buy a new book-case, increase the library and purchase

A NEW PIANO,

And you will see wonderful results. Who is it that says : *Where are you going to get the money?* Answer : All things come to him who *works*, and 'tis not a question of dollars, but workers.

It should be the purpose of every Y. M. C. A. to make all better, but especially to exercise an influence over all wayward boys, and cause them, if they do not accept, to respect the Christian Religion.

Religion, music and literature ; what more in an aesthetic way do you want, do you need?

It is only a question of intelligent effort, as to whether or not we shall have a nice room, a good library, an interesting reading-table and a new piano. What other colleges have done we can do. They have done it. Let us do likewise.

ALUMNI-AE.

"Though distant, thou art not forgot"

Dr. W. H. Hobdy, K. S. C. '93, Columbia Medical College '96, and Miss Hattie Warner '94, were married at the home of the bride, in Tennessee, last month. Dr. Hobdy was one of the finest students and athletes who ever attended this College, and Miss Warner—she was a girl whom it was a delight to know, and to know, to love. Everybody congratulates "bof of 'em."

Mr. T. L. Campbell, '88, famed as orator and athlete, has a position at Marvin College, Clinton, Ky.

T. R. Dean, '93, is studying law at Ann Arbor. He is a good reasoner and a fluent speaker, and we predict that he will be a great lawyer.

Captain Powell, better known as "Uncle Billy," is making stenography a specialty, and is now in Lexington taking a course in Miss Millikan's school of "expert stenographers."

J. J. Woods, former editor of the college paper, is now very successfully practicing law in Lexington. Woods is rather a genius and it is safe to say that he will become an eminent lawyer and an eloquent advocate.

Dick Stoll, '95, Yale '97, is now a promising young lawyer in the Blue Grass capital. He has many friends here and a bright future. Everyone remembers how, what a college enthusiast Dick was, and we are glad to know that he still aids and encourages the boys in every laudable undertaking.

M. B. (known here as Mary Bell) Jones, '93, has been "called back" to his Alma Mater as commandant. His friends rejoice that this unusual honor has fallen upon him.

John Faig, '93, on the resignation of Professor Wells, was elected to fill his worthy predecessor's place.

Hurrah for the State College boys!

S. C. DeBow, '96, has also been chosen as assistant in the Mechanical Department.

Alumni-ae and old students of K. S. C. (as do those of other colleges) should show their interest in their

Alma Mater by becoming a regular subscriber for the college magazine. Write us, telling your location and calling. We shall be glad to publish each month little articles about our former students.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Major (approaching the dummy in Treas' bed) "Mr. Stoner, is Mr. Treas very ill?"

Mr. A. S. Reese, our former chief trumpeter, is with us again. He is one of the best half-backs in the state.

"Fritz" Blessing was with us a few days last week, to the great joy of somebody (?) He is now located in Indianapolis.

Major Jones has finally stopped the small boys from skipping chapel. He has formed them into a kid company, with Price at their head.

Mr. Aiken, who was dangerously ill, has recovered and returned to his home in Princeton, Ky. He will return after the holidays.

Miss Brook Gunn came out and spent the day with us not long since. Her face recalls the memories of good old times. We like to be visited by the old students, and they are always welcome.

Severs—"Why do you eat that raw steak?"

Reese—"To make me raw-boned."

You want something. Very likely it is set forth in the ad. columns. Successful men always read ads. and often to their very great advantage.

Our design for cover is the excellent work of Mr. Lampkin, 248 E. Third street. The half-tone and zinc etching was done by W. C. Gregson, of this city.

Holy Matrimony, for same, call on T. A. Jones.

Get Bob Allen to tell you about making mules pull.

This is what the artillery heard just outside Mrs. Blackburn's window: "Oh, goodness, he squeezed me so hard and tight. I was never squeezed so hard in all my life."

Major Jones—"Mr. Crume, you shold not smoke in the college building."

Crume—"I am not smoking, Major."

Major—"You have a pipe in your mouth."

Crume—"Yes, and I have my feet in my shoes and am not walking."

McElroy, who had never seen a battalion drill. I'll bet Deacon felt mighty cheap when Major angrily said: "Get to your place, sir."

Whayne, "Mad Anthony" is a terror to surrounding teams; he played a "game" game with his foot nearly twisted off. We are glad he is so rapidly recovering.

Every dog has his day and every cat his afternoon. The Second Kentucky has been mustered out and the boys of State College think it is high time that they were being treated likewise.

'Twas midnight's holy hour and silence, like a gentle spirit, was brooding over the old dormitory—it actually was, when somebody did, willfully and with felonious intent, steal through the keyhole into the Commandant's office and !!!!

Blackford (to section)—"Fall in, Physiology."

(After a pause.)—"Gentlemen, I *assist* that you 'fall in.'"

Tom Richmond, our invalid at St. Joseph's, has recovered. He and his father, Dr. Richmond, of whom the boys became very fond, left for Tennessee last Thursday. Welcome back, "Tommy."

Miss Logie Warner, '98, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kastle. Looks like she would come out some time and see her numerous friends.

A. M. Smith has gone to Knoxville, Tenn, to take charge of some engineering work. Luck to you, A. M.

Mrs Blackburn: "Young ladies, the proper study of girl kind is boys."

O. F. Snyder has returned to Washington County, to the regret of his many friends.

H. C. Wilson, an old friend from Maysville, was on the campus shaking hands with his numerous admirers.

Arch McMurray—"I'm too cute to elocute."

Douglas Graham—"His tastes are so changeable and they must be satisfied."

Mr. James Caldwell, Paducah, Ky., says he don't take much stock in this Anglo-American alliance, but he does believe in matrimonial reliance.

The Commissioned Officers—Don't they look swell?

After the fourth request of Mr. H———to call on Miss W———, he was told that it would not be convenient for him to call. He said, "yes, it will be convenient. If it were not convenient I would not have asked you at first."

The de-merits continue to come in for the usual offences, such as light burning after taps, floor not swept, in town without a permit, etc. There is one consolation, however, we will start over with the New Year.

Capt. Price, of the "Kid Co.," is such a gallant officer.

Drew Luten (eating biscuits): "I believe in the ratio of 16 in 1."

Arch McMurray (after a silent second): "Well, I believe in present ration of 32 in 1."

With whom do you trade? See that it is with our liberal advertisers. They are the best in the city and will do you right.

A sweet little girl:

Charles is a dear and has has charms to spare,

For he "wears youth's coronet, beautiful hair."

Read the President's magnificent little address. It was re-inserted that the new boys might appreciate the ability of their chief executive.

"Jimmy" Jett—he's just too cute for anything. A woman threw her arms around his neck and actually wanted to kiss him (out at the asylum.)

Prof. Logan: "Mr. Goodloe, give me a sentence using correctly the word dogma."

John, (who knew the old chestnut): "Well, Professor, a dog-ma has four puppies."

Professor: "Now be a conscientious young gentleman."

Professor Blanton has returned to his Virginia home for an outing. We miss the Professor. We hope he will soon return in the best of health and (to) best of spirits

The printers left out the word ancient before *history* in the announcement for The Kentuckian.

Old "Shef—Plait il—Capt. Scherffens has kept it secret long enough, but the papers told on him. Now, old fellow, bring around "Mrs. Scherffins" and give us the honor of an introduction.

"Paul Lawrence Dunbar" is an article worthy of any magazine. Don't fail to study it.

Mr. W. H. Ramsey, of the Eleventh District, one of the finest lawyers in Kentucky, was in the city not long since. He has many friends here among the citizens, faculty and students, who always give him a hearty welcome.

The design for cover cost Mr. Lamplin many hours of patient, delicate work. The most critical must say that it fully, tastefully and vigorously expresses what the college is. Agricultural—Morning, spring and a rural landscape, Robert Burns—Plowman singing at his work. Mechanical—The skilled mechanic at his progressive labor. Literature—Sweetest of all, a lovely woman (delicately suggestive of our own girls) seated at her desk, the muses singing their divine song into her inspired ear. She, in advance, sees for us a brilliant future.

We are also much indebted to Mr. Gregson for his careful work in preparing the plates. It is now only hoped that all will unite in making this the best college magazine in the world.

K. S. C. IN THE WAR.

Boys who received their military training at the Kentucky State College have had marked success in being elected and appointed Commissioned Officers in the late Spanish-American war, and in camp on the field have proven themselves superior soldiers.

John T. Geary, 1st Lieutenant in U. S. Reg. Army

Frank Cooley, 1st Lieutenant in U. S. Vol. Army, 2d Ky.

John Milward, 1st Lieutenant in U. S. Vol. Army, 2d Ky.

John Power, 2d Lieutenant in U. S. V. Army, 4th Ky.
Capt. Blakey, Capt. in U. S. Vol. Army, 2d Ky.

Ben VanMeter, Lieut. in U. S. Vol. Army, 2d Ky

THE COLLEGE FARM.

More princely domain mine.

By the recent purchase of a tract of land the size of "the farm" has been doubled.

Every farmer in the State should feel a personal interest in the place. Here great expense and trouble are undergone in order that principles may be enunciated and facts proclaimed that will, in every way, help the Kentucky farmer. Here all kinds of fertilizers are tried and their value published as a guide to husbandmen. Here at one time were growing sixty different varieties of wheat and other produce in proportion all under almost every kind of condition, and their different yields were afterwards published. These reports certainly will be of value to farmers if they will read them and be guided thereby.

Some farmers object to "Scientific Farming." The managers of the farm do not work "scientifically," as is usually understood by that art, but search for the true principles of common sense, that they may be of assistance to farmers when explained to them.

Transylvania = = =



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A Long Time

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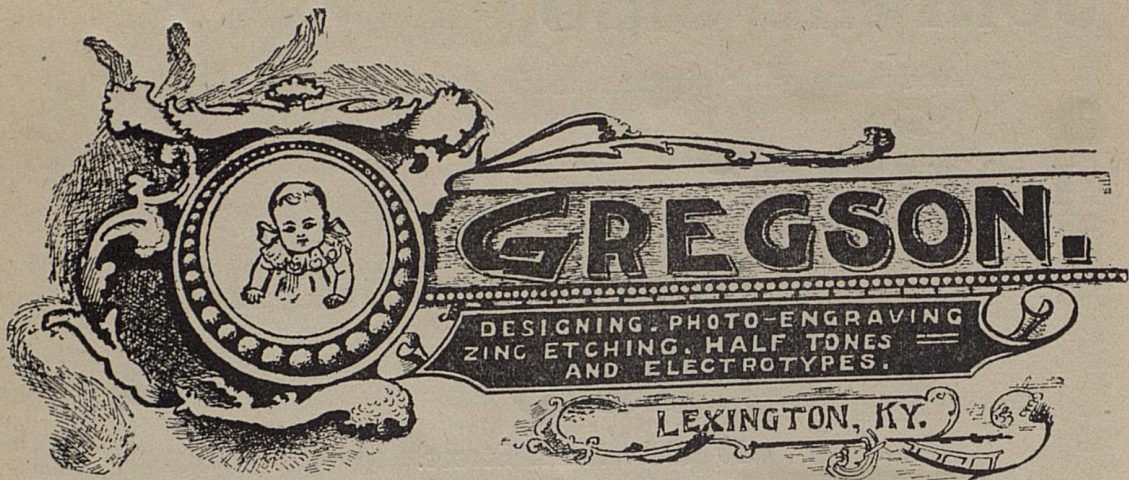
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A Brilliant Record.

Football to Date.

S. C. 173. Her Opponents 0.

No Team has been able to score against either eleven.

RECORD OF 'VARSITY.

S. C. 18—K. U. 0.

S. C. 28—Georgetown 0.

S. C. 16—L. A. C. 0.

S. C. 60—12th Mass. Vol. 0.

S. C. 5—Centre College 0.

(When the game was called off on account of rain,)

S. C. 17—160th Indiana Vol. 0.

RECORD OF 2d TEAM.

S. C. 6—Winchester A. C. 0.

S. C. 6—Georgetown 2d team 0.

S. C. 11—Georgetown 2d team 0.

THE SOLDIERS HAVE GONE but FIVE HUNDRED STUDENTS remain at the State College, and their city trade amounts to many thousand dollars per annum.

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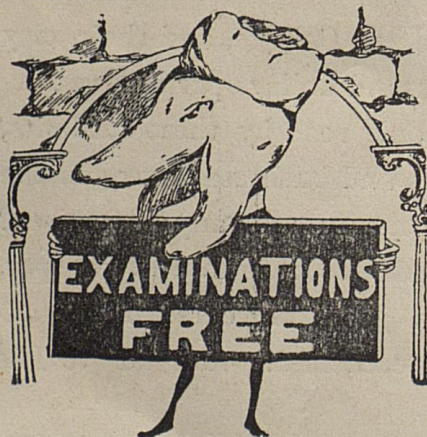
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
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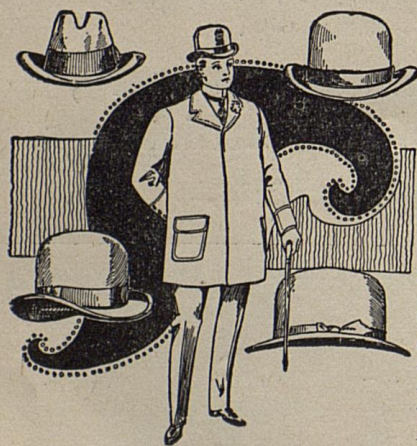
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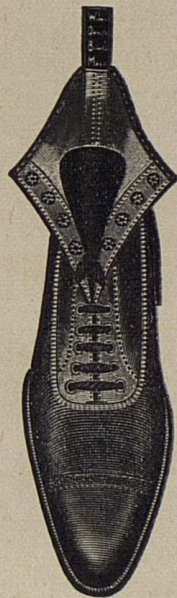
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Shirts, and the best of all lines--Knox, Stetson,
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TAILORING DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR.

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