Echoes '04

W. E. Freeman.

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TO HER WHOSE
CHARMING GRACES
FORM FOR THE HEART
OF EVERY TRUE KENTUCK-
IAN THE GREATEST INCENTIVES
TO CHIVALROUS AND LOFTY DEEDS,
WHOSE BEAUTY AND PURITY ENCOUR-
AGE HIM EVER TO ASPIRE TO ATTAIN TO
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF MANLY WORTH,
AND WHOSE UNSURPASSABLE VIRTUES
WILL EVER BE A SOURCE OF EMULA-
TION TO THE WOMANHOOD OF
OUR COUNTRY—TO HER, "THE
WOMAN OF KENTUCKY,"
THIS VOLUME IS
DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITORS

PREFACE.

IN unloading this volume on the unsuspecting public the Editors wish it to be distinctly understood that they will, in no way, be held responsible for what may be herein contained. Generally speaking, college annuals are not specimens of standard writings. If this were the case it is probable that writers of such would turn their attention to other fields, less glorious perhaps, but certainly more remunerative. Neither are college annuals models of English Grammar. Usually they contain English as it is "spoke."

If you should be interested in what we present we will be gratified; if angry, we will be amused. Gentle reader, have you ever impaled a bug on a pin and watched it wiggle. It is a fund of amusement for all—except the bug.

We have used a pen for the same purpose.

Perchance our witticisms may prove dull, our epics humorous or our jokes insipid. If you find such to be the case, we will be very, very, sorry —for you.

If in perusing these pages, your lip should curl scornfully, close the volume until you are in a more forgiving frame of mind, for remember that ancient Sisyphus rolling his rock up a hill, had not a more unenviable experience than we—the Editors of the "Echoes" for the year 1904.

AAL McCOLLS.

THE PRESIDENT.

KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE, or, more properly speaking, "The University of Kentucky," owes its existence today not only to the Land Grant Act of Congress in the year 1862, or to the sporadic generosity of the General Assembly in succeeding years, but to the untiring efforts and shrewdness of James K. Patterson. There are few men among College Presidents today who could have so ably performed such work as he has done since the birth of the institution, forty-four years ago.

There are College Presidents noted for their erudition, others valued for their business acumen, but few there are who possess both. Of these few, President Patterson is one of the most prominent. A man of deep learning, yet possessing a vast knowledge of current affairs; a man of letters, yet a master of commercial technique; he has steadily lifted the plane of college education in Kentucky, until the university of which he is president stands far above other educational institutions in the state and among the foremost in the South.

THE FACULTY.

JAMES KENNEDY PATTERSON, A. M., 1859, and Ph. D., 1875, at Hanover College, Indiana; F. R. H. S.. 1880, London, England; F. S. A., 1881, Edinburgh, Scotland; LL. D., 1895, Lafayette College, Pennsylvania; Member International Congress of Geographical Science, 1875. B Θ Π.

Principal Greenville Presbyterial Academy, 1856-59; Professor Greek and Latin, Stewart College, Clarksville, Tennessee, 1859-61; Principal Transylvania High School, Lexington, Kentucky, 1861-65; Professor History and Metaphysics, State College of Kentucky, 1866; President State College of Kentucky 1869—.

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JOHN HENRY NEVILLE, A. B., 1849, and A. M., 1852, at Bethany College, West Virginia; LL. D., 1899, Kentucky State College. One of the founders of Eureka College (Illinois), 1852; Professor of Greek, Latin, and Higher Mathematics at Eureka College, 1852-1857; Professor of Greek and Latin, Kentucky University, Harrodsburg and Lexington, 1859-1880; Professor of Greek and Latin, Kentucky State College since 1880.

JAMES GARRARD WHITE, M. A., Kentucky State College. Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at Kentucky State College since 1868. Teacher in Bay View Summer School.

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WALTER KENNEDY PATTERSON, A. M., Kentucky State College. Assistant in Transylvania Academy in 1863. Principal of Bethel Academy, Nicholasville, 1869-72; Principal of McAfee Institute, 1873-76. In Central Academy at Chilesburg, 1876-79; Principal of Academy of Kentucky State College, 1880—.

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JOSEPH HOEING KASTLE, B. S., 1884, and M. S., 1886, at Kentucky State College; Ph. D., 1888, at Johns Hopkins University. Β Θ Π.

Thirty-nine papers on original chemical subjects (published in the American Chemical Journal, The Journal of the American Chemical Society, Science and the Chemical News, London).

Fellow in Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-88; Professor of Chemistry, Kentucky State College, 1888—.

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RURIC NEVEL ROARK, A. B., 1881, and Ph.D., 1896, at National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio. Sigma Rho.

National Society for the Scientific Study of Education. Society of College Teachers of Education. "Psychology in Education." "Method in Education," and "Manual of Pedagogy."

JOSEPH WILLIAM PRYOR, M. D., 1876, University of Mississippi. State Medical Society. Ex-President of Fayette Medical Society. Connected with Kentucky State College since 1882; Professor of Physiology and Anatomy since 1891.

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FREDERICK PAUL ANDERSON, B. M. E., 1890, Purdue University. Sigma Chi. Tau Beta Pi. International Society for Testing of Materials. Society for Promotion of Engineering Education. Mechanical Engineer, Purdue University, 1894; Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Dean of School of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Kentucky State College.

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CLARENCE WENTWORTH MATHEWS, B. S., 1891, Cornell. Sigma Chi. American Pomological Society. Fellowship in Cornell, 1891. Connected with Kentucky State College since 1892.

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ARTHUR McQUISTON MILLER, A. B., 1884, and A. M., 1887, at Princeton. Studied at Munich. Fellow of Geological Society of America. Teacher at Wilson College, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Professor of Geology and Zoology, at Kentucky State College, since 1892.

MERRY LEWIS PENCE.

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PAUL WERNICKE, Graduate of Gymnasium of Schulpforta, Germany, 1885; University of Berlin, 1889; Ph. D., University of Goettingen, 1903.

American Mathematical Society. American Association for Advancement of Science. Modern Language Association of America. "Analysis Situs of Higher Dimensions." Professor of Modern Languages, Kentucky State College, since 1894.

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JOHN PASCAL BROOKS, B. S., 1885, and M. S., 1891, at Dartmouth College. Β Θ Π. Τ Β Π.

Engineer's Club of Cincinnati. American Society of Civil Engineers. "Handbook for Surveyors" (with Prof. Merriman). "Handbook of Street Railway Location." 1886-88, on Railway Work in Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois; 1888-90, with Superintendent of Streets, Boston, Massachusetts. 1890-97, Instructor in Civil Engineering, Lehigh University; 1897––, Dean of School of Civil Engineering, Kentucky State College.

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ALEXANDER ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE.

CHARLES JOSEPH NORWOOD, Missouri University, Assistant Geologist on Missouri Survey; Assistant Geologist on Kentucky Survey, six years; Professor of Natural Science at Bethel College, Russellville, Kentucky, four years; Mining Engineer; State Inspector of Mines for Kentucky for thirteen years; Contributor to technical journals and the proceedings of various scientific societies; Dean of Mining Engineering Department in Kentucky State College; Chief Inspector of Mines, and Director of the State Geological Survey.

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JOHN THEODORE FAIG, B. M. E., 1894, and M. E. 1897, at Kentucky State College. T B Π. American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Society for Promotion of Engineering Education, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1896-98; Professor of Machine Design at Kentucky State College.

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JOHN LEWIS LOGAN, A. B., 1871, at Washington and Lee University. Tutor in Latin last year. Taught in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky. In Kentucky State College since 1886.

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ROBERT LEE BLANTON, B Θ Π.

JOSEPH MORTON DAVIS, A. B. and B. S., Hampden Sidney, Virginia, 1886. X Φ. Assistant at Pantops Academy, Charlottesville, Virginia, three years; Principal of High School at South Boston, Virginia, two years; Second Assistant in the Academy of Kentucky State College, for thirteen years.

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VICTOR EMANUEL MUNCY, B. S., 1891, at Kentucky State College. Assistant in Academy.

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JAMES RICHARD JOHNSON, B. M. E., 1893, Kentucky State College. Σ X, T B Π, Lamp and Cross Society. Assistant in Mechanical Department, 1893-1900; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Kentucky State College, 1900.

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JAMES EDWARD WINSTON, B. A., 1896, and M. A., 1898, at University of Virginia, O. W. L. K A. Lamp and Cross. Member of Virginia Historical Society; Editor of College Topics; Assistant in English Literature, University of Virginia, 1899-1900; Instructor in Modern Languages, Fishburne Military School, 1899-1900; Assistant in Academy, Kentucky State College, 1900-03; Instructor in History and Modern Languages, Kentucky State College, 1902—.

MILFORD WHITE, B. C. E., 1893, and M. S., at Kentucky State College. K A.

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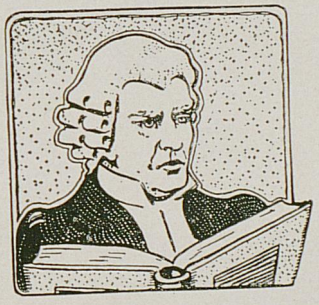
LEON KAUFMAN FRANKEL, B. M. E., 1900, and M. E., 1902, Kentucky State College. Π K A, T B Π, T N E. Lamp and Cross. Assistant in Shopwork and Drawing, Kentucky State College; Instructor in Michigan College of Mines, summer of 1903-04.



'04
MARGARET
KLOWRY.

Robert Rufus Harcourt Reese, "Bobby," Cynthiana, Kentucky, Σ A E, Associate Editor, B. C. E.
Thesis: A Study of Oiled Roads.
"Beyond 'Love's Kingdom' let him stretch his pen."

Lillian Austin, "Lil," Paris, Kentucky. A. B. Latin.
"All spread their charms, but charm not all alike."

Francis Joseph Montgomery, "Winsome Winnie," Lexington, Kentucky. A. B., English.
"Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near."

Nancy Belle Buford, "Napoleon Bonaparte," New Castle, Kentucky, A. B. English.
Thesis: Influence of Bible on English Literature.
"'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow."

Leander Elwood Andrus, "Leander," Farmington, Kentucky, Π K A. Basket Ball Team, '03; Manager Basket Ball Team, '04.
"He fell in the stretch."

Robert Clark Butner, "Bob," Lexington, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: Design of an Arc Light Blue Printing Apparatus.

"Dawning grace is op'ning on my soul."

Martin Augustus Doyle, "Guinea-Pig," Paris, Kentucky, B. M. E.

Thesis: Design of a Power Plant, Lighting System and Electric Street Railway for the city of Lexington, Kentucky.

"Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry."

Eloise Chesley Hanks McCaw, "Preep," Fayette County. Philosophian Literary Society, Associate Editor; B. S., Physiology and Anatomy.

Thesis: Do Animal Extracts Split Potassium Myronate?

"The object of her love is all mankind."

Cornelius Ware, Pulaski, Kentucky, B. Ped.

Thesis: The Analysis of Text-books in Grammar Schools in City Schools.

"A man of strange, sad solitude."

Waller Pendleton Eubank, "Plunks," Glasgow, Kentucky. K Σ, B. C. E.

Thesis: Construction of Line of Railway Between Burnside and Somerset, Kentucky.

"Behold, at last!"

Frederick Lewis Schneiter, "Meyers," Hikes, Kentucky, B. C. E.

Thesis: Distance from Court House to Kentucky State College by Triangulation.

"Tho' wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the love she brought me."

Walter Pearson Kelley, "It," Hickory Flat, Kentucky, M. I., L. & C., Y. M. C. A.; Associate Editor, Vice-President.

Thesis: Plastic Sulphur.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Mary Josephine Maguire, "Nadine," Lexington, Kentucky. Philosophian Literary Society, Associate Editor, Class Poet; B. S., Chemistry.

Thesis: The Action of Cyanogen Iodide on Thiocarbanide.

"With such a prize no mortal must be blest."

William Henry Warder, "Skis," Glasgow, Kentucky, Σ X, B. C. E.

Thesis: Study of Oiled Roads.

"Too sweet to last."

Robert B. Walsh, "Sissy," Lexington, Kentucky. A. B., Latin.

"So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air."

George Hancock Wilson, "Chug," Lexington, Kentucky. Σ N. L. & C.; Business Manager "Echoes," B. S., Physiology and Anatomy.

Thesis: The Occurrence of Paze in the Vegetable Kingdom.

"Luxury with sighs, her slave resigns."

Samuel Alfred Denny, "Samarskite Andelusite," Madisonville, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., B. S. Geology.

Thesis: Examination and Description of Barite Veins between the C. S. and C. N. O. Railroad on the South.

"For pity melts the mind to love."

Zella Mae Thurman, Somerset, Kentucky. Class Prophet; B. S., Botany.

Thesis: Hyacinth.

"The best gift of the gods is prudence; the next best, audacity."

Emerson Everett Ramey, Louisville, Kentucky. L. & C., B. M. E.

Thesis: A Series of Passenger Engine Road Tests on the C. S. between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Somerset, Kentucky.

"With genuine sense and Roman strength of thought."

William Boulden Crutchfield, "Punch," Lexington, Kentucky. A. B. English.

Thesis: The Theory and History of Chivalry.

"The fool is happy that he knows no more."

William David Gray, "The Duke," Louisville, Kentucky, K Σ, Θ N E, L. & C.; Editor-in-Chief, "Echoes," B. C. E.
Thesis: Railroad Survey.

"At every word a reputation dies."

William Edward Gary, "Iky," Pembroke, Kentucky, Φ Δ Θ, B. S., Physiology and Anatomy.
Thesis: Nitrification.

"Who wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain."

Margaret Rebecca Hart, "Old Lady," Pisgah, Kentucky. Chi Epsilon Chi, A. B., English; Secretary Senior Class.
Thesis: Slave in Literature.

"Beaux banish beaux."

Carroll Hanks Gullion, "Wheatcakes," Carrollton, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, Σ X L. & C.; Associate Editor; Base Ball Team '01, '02, '03, '04; Captain '02; Class Giftorian.
Thesis: Design of a Heating, Lighting and Power Plant for the new Office Buildings of the Security Trust and Safety Vault Co., Lexington, Ky.

"Little less than angel, would be more."

H. R. Coleman, "—.—," Metolion, Kentucky, B. Ped.
Thesis: Study in Kindergarten Results.

"What wondrous thing it is!"

Clifton Carr Stackhouse, "Count," Lexington, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: A Comparison of the Webster and Paul Systems of Steam Heating.

"Hope leads from goal to goal."

Elmer Wilkerson Schultz, "Kid," Lexington, Kentucky. A. B., English.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw."

Edna Truetta Cremin, "Pretta," Louisville, Kentucky. Philosophian Literary Society, A. B. English.

Thesis: The American Indian in Literature.

"Sweetness void of pride."

Edward Thomas Dowling, "Hot Springs," Lexington, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: The Construction and Testing of a Rotary Gas Engine.

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority."

Robert Hargrove Barclay, "Sheep," Louisville, Kentucky. Φ Δ Θ, B. Min. E.

Thesis:

"Who stands in his pride alone."

Benjamin Robert Hart, "Doc.," Pisgah, Kentucky.
Σ X, L. & C.; B. S., Chemistry.
Thesis: The Oxidation of Formic Acid by Hydrogen Peroxide in the Presence of Catalysing Agents.

"His beating heart is not at rest."

James Henry Gardner, "John Henry," Sonora, Kentucky, M. I., Class Orator; Patterson Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., B. S., Geology.
Thesis: Examination and Description of Barite Veins between the L. S. and C. S. R. R. on the South.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Helen Glenn Madara, "My Dear," Lexington, Kentucky. Philosophian Literary Society, Class Historian, A. B., English.
Thesis: Origin of Child Games.

"Alas! a lass."

Patrick Owen Hunter, "Pat," Glendeane, Kentucky. B. M. E.
Thesis: Duty Test of Lebanon Water Works Company Pumping Plant.

"Be good, let who will, be clever."

Homer Puckett, "Highpocket," Tonieville, Kentucky.
B. C. E.
Thesis: Railroad Survey.

"Lengthened sweetness long drawn out."

HEBER HOLBROOK RICE, "Heber Hober," Paintsville, Kentucky, Σ A E, L. & C.; Business Manager "Echoes," President of Senior Class; B. S., Physics.

Thesis: Radium and Radio Active Substances.

"A better shall we find."

WILLIAM EDWIN FREEMAN, "Ed.," Lexington, Kentucky, K. A., L. & C., Tau Beta Pi, Associate Editor, B. M. E.

Thesis: Design of a Heating, Lighting and Power Plant for the New Office Buildings of the Security Trust & Safety Vault Co., Lexington, Kentucky.

"Who sings him not, oh, may he sing no more!"

GERTRUDE RENZ, Louisville, Kentucky. B. S., Physics.

Thesis: Radiant Energy.

"Go measure earth, weigh air and state the tides."

WILLIAM MERRITT SHOBE, "Farmer," Oakland, Kentucky, Φ Δ Θ, Agr. B.

Thesis: Adaptation of Cyprian Honey Bee to Kentucky.

"Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself and be a fool!"

RICHARD HORD ARNETT, "Dick," Woodford Co., Patterson Literary Society, B. Ped.

Thesis: Study of the Preadolescent and Postadolescent of Students.

"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!"

Henry Skillman Fry, "Skillet," Lexington, Kentucky, B. M. E.

Thesis: The Design of an Experimental Laboratory for the State College of Kentucky.

"To be grave, exceeds all powers of face."

Thomas Marshall Smith, "Timothy Picklebritches," Cynthiana, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, B. S., Physiology and Anatomy.

Thesis: Comparative Anatomy of the Vermiform Appendix.

"Short, and but rare."

Nannie S. Tucker, "Tommie," Washington, Kentucky. Philosophian Literary Society, Associate Editor, Class Treasurer, A. B., English.

Thesis: The Scottish Element in Lexington's Growth.

"Beauty is the David who slays his tens of thousands."

William Campbell Payne, Lexington, Kentucky. A. B., Geology.

Thesis: Examination and Description of the Barite Veins between C. S. and C. N. O. R. R. on North.

"Sweet is pleasure after Payne."

James Franklin Sandefur, "Jack's Aide-de-Camp," Henderson, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, A. B., English.

Thesis: The Periodical of the Present.

"A being darkly wise and rudely great."

Beverly Pryor House, "Bev.," Manchester, Kentucky. Union Literary Society, A. B., Latin.

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

Marcus A. Dodson, "Marcus Aurelius," Monticello, Kentucky, B. Ped.

Thesis: Study of Fatigue Age.

"Marcus, with blushes, owns he loves."

Sarah Cleveland Smedley, "Sal," Fayette County. Philosophian Literary Society, A. B., Latin.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

E. O. G. Kelley, "H. O. G." Fulton, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, M. S., Physiology and Anatomy.

Thesis: A Study of the Life-history of the two Grain Weevils, Colandra-granaria and Colandra-oryzae.

Earl Cleveland Vaughn, "Judge," Smithville, Kentucky, A. B., Latin.

"There is more squeak than poetry in the soles of most verse-makers."

Claire Porter St. John, "Sainty," Brooklyn, New York. Phi Psi, B. M. E.; Foot Ball Team, '03; Base Ball Team, '04; Basket Ball Team, '04.

Thesis: A Study of the Development of Electric Railways.

"Behold, sublime in its enormous bulk."

Fleming Dillard Hedges, "Preacher," Walton, Kentucky. Y. M. C. A., A. B., English.

Thesis: The Influence of Climate on Literature.

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown."

Sue Dobyns McCann, "Sudie," Lexington, Kentucky. B. S., Zoology.

Thesis: Key to the Birds of Fayette County.

"A quiet heart, submissive, meek."

Charles Aloysius Matlack, "Chick," Lexington, Kentucky, B. M. E.

Thesis: A Design of a Factory and Equipment for the Manufacture of a Line of Drill Presses.

"Scarce ripen'd into perfect man."

Alexander Lewis Jenkins, "Door-knob," Fairfield, Kentucky. Y. M. C. A., B. M. E.

Thesis: A Discussion of the Appliances used in the Positive Transmission of Power.

"How oft we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity."

Louis Edward Nollau, "Butch," Louisville, Kentucky. M. I., B. M. E.

Thesis: The Design of a Heating and Lighting Plant for a Modern Steel Construction Building.

"No bad man's happy."

Orville Kirk Dyer, "Willie," De Koven, Kentucky, M. I., Y. M. C. A., Class Grumbler, B. M. E.

Thesis: A Study of Four Cycle Gas Engine Performance, with Special Reference to Amount of Compression Before Ignition.

"And why this ardent longing for a maid?"

Helen Louise Jaeger, "Jig," Lexington, Kentucky. Philosophian Literary Society, A. B. English.

Thesis: Literary Trio.

"She Wants a Heart."

Henry Joseph Wurtele, "Henry," Louisville, Kentucky, M. I., B. C. E.

Thesis: Discussion of Bridge.

"Each loves itself, but not itself alone."

Frank Yarbrough Johnson, "Boogie," Louisville, Kentucky. M. I., B. M. E.

Thesis: A Series of Passenger Engine Road Tests on the C. S. between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Somerset, Kentucky.

"Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But entering, learns to be sincere."

JOHN CRAIG SHELBY, "Caius Gracchus," Lexington, Kentucky, Φ Δ Θ, L. & C.; Associate Editor, Class Representative, A. B., Latin.

"Condenmn'd in business or in arts to drudge."

CHARLES OSCAR PERATT, "C. O. P.," Hill Top, Kentucky. Union Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., B. Ped.

Thesis: Byronic Conception of Society.

"Gently to hear, kindly to judge."

BESSIE LEE MONSON, "Monson," Cynthiana, Kentucky, B. Ped.

Thesis: Points of Contact between Education and Sociology.

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

HOWARD KERFOOT BELL, "Beezlebub," Midway, Kentucky. B. C. E.

Thesis: Sewerage System for Georgetown, Kentucky.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue."

CHARLES ROBERT GILMORE, "Willie," Valley Oak, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, Y. M. C. A.; B. S., Geology; Manager Base Ball Team, '03.

Thesis: Examination and Description of Barite Veins between L. S. and C. S. R. R. on the North.

"His nobility shines through."

Roy C. Hoagland, "Hat," New Castle, Kentucky. Patterson Literary Society, Y. M. C. A., B. S., Physics.

Thesis: Transformation of Ether Wares by Calorescent, Fluorescent and Phosphorescent Substances.

"And who unmoved with laughter can behold?"

George Othniel Harding, "Jack the Ripper," Campbellsville, Kentucky. Tau Beta Pi, B. C. E.

Thesis: Sewerage System for Georgetown, Kentucky.

"Time shall make it grow, a work to wonder at."

Styles Trenton Howard, Rockvale, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: A Series of Passenger Engine Road Tests on the C. S. between Cincinnati, Ohio, and Somerset, Kentucky.

"'Tis mind that makes the body rich."

Eugene Gilliland, "Banana," Chenault, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: Design of a Power Plant, Lighting System and Electric Street Railway for the City of Lexington, Kentucky.

"'Tis late before the brave despair."

James Simeon McCauley, "Chummy," Versailles, Kentucky. B. M. E.

Thesis: An Investigation of the Development of the Shaft Governor for Steam Engines.

"Great standing miracle!"

JOSEPH GRAHAM LEWIS, "Jo," Oakland, Kentucky.
Patterson Literary Society, M. I., B. C. E.
Thesis: Design for Water Supply for College Farm.

"He took unto himself a wife."

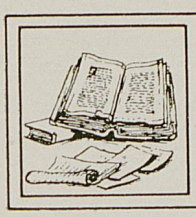
MADISON B. PORCH, "Mike," Somerset, Kentucky, Π K A., B. S., Chemistry.
Thesis: Action of Chlorine, Bromine and Iodine on Maleic and Fumaric Acids.

"The starving chemist in his golden views supremely bless'd."

AMOS ALVIN GORDON, "Pert," Owensboro," Kentucky.
Π K A. Associate Editor; Manager Base Ball Team, '04; B. C. C.
Thesis: Construction of Coaling Station.

"Hushed at her voice, 'Pert' folly's self is still."

HAL NICHOLS



Classical

The Classical Department.

THE Classical Department of the College has been under the direction of Professor John H. Neville, the Nestor of the Faculty, ever since its establishment in 1880. This Department is, of all the Departments of the College, the most liberally provided for in the apportionment of the appropriations made by the General Assembly, despite the strenuous "kicks" of "Little Paul," who is always, seemingly, of the opinion that his own Department is sadly neglected in the distribution of the College monies. The equipment of this most generously supplied Classical Department consists of a large map of Europe, which adorns one of the walls of the room of the Professor of English, and glories in being the only possession of its owner.

The courses of study offered extend over the subjects of Greek, Latin, English, the Modern Languages, Mathematics, etc., and are two in number, the one with Greek and Latin and the other, with English as its major study, graduates in both receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The Professor of Greek and Latin is Dean Neville, well known to all as "Old Jack," who, seated on his throne of glory, surveys with eagle's glance the unknowing faces of his unsophisticated students and tries to inculcate in them a desire for a knowledge of the deeds of ancient heroes in those halcyon days,

> "When yet the Muse was young,
> When Homer swept the lyre and Mars sung."

Professor Neville also teaches Senior History, and finds time to exalt the doings of the great world characters, between frequent ejaculations of "Gentlemen, I must have quiet."

But to pass on to the course in English. Here we find A. St. Clair Mackenzie, the magnanimous, the invincible, the unspeakable "Sandy," who holds at finger's tip a knowledge of the masterpieces of the Old Country, and in-

structs the guileless youth in the rudiments of the language of the olden times when his Saxon forefathers roamed the primeval forests of ancient Britain. So great is the sphere wherein with majestic tread he moves, that, not confining himself to the more superficial task of the mere teaching of English, he delves into the mysteries of the most exacting philosophy, and digs therefrom the radiant gems of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, with which to bedeck the less brilliant genius of his students, who, unworthy followers that they are of the great "Collegio Philosophus," are not so fortunately blessed with a longing for the divine pleasures of intellectual pursuits.

We shall now consider the Department of Modern Languages, o'er which prevails the all-pervading spirit of the indomitable" Dutchman," PaulWernicke. No devotee who has entered within the classic portals of this temple dedicated to the goddess, if such there be, of Modern Lore, and knelt before her sacred shrine, has ever retraced his steps without having become imbued with an all-conquering passion for a knowledge of French and German. The only possible objection which one could find to the methods pursued in this Department is that its head is unnecessarily harsh on the "skippers." But then, "skipping" is a thing of such rare occurrence at State College that the penalties inflicted for it by Professor Wernicke must need be few, even if severe.

The course in Political Economy extends over a period of the vast duration of two months, and instruction in it is upon such a broad and extensive scale that anyone who pays the slightest attention to his work cannot but come from under the powerful influences that it exerts over him as the most practical of financiers. "Old Pat," the instructor in this most difficult and, as it is here taught, far-reaching science, is too well known to need introduction.

Scientific

The Scientific Department.

THE Dean of this Department, which is the oldest in the College, is Prof. James G. White, who occupies the chair of Mathematics and Astronomy. The Scientific Department comprises seven courses, viz.: Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Zoölogy, Anatomy and Physiology, Botany and Entomology, all of which lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

At the head of the course in Chemistry is Professor Joseph H. Kastle, the inimitable "Little Jo," to whom is assigned the task of instilling in the minds of Kentucky's youth a knowledge of the elements, and who, by his oft-repeated explanation of "Goodness, gracious, sakes alive!" and his time-honored comparison of the intellect of his students to that of a "wooden man," has roused the latent genius of many a shiftless cadet, and made a distinguished chemist of him who, but for his efforts, would have died unwept, unhonored and unsung.

In the basement of the Main Building is a retreat familiarly known to the students as "Faker's Rest." Here the imperturbable "Peter" Pence holds forth and endeavors to hammer into the brain of the weary student, from Freshman to Senior, the rudiments of Physics. 'Tis hither that the luckless youth, detected by a more wary instructor in the forbidden practice of "faking," comes to retrieve himself and win back the lost laurels by taking advantage of the excellent opportunities offered him for "doing" the professor.

He who would geologist or zoölogist be should not fail to see Professor Arthur M. Miller, who, in an unspeakably fascinating manner, expounds to the charmed listener the theories of the origin of world and man. By a prosecution of the studies of Geology and Zoölogy we are led to throw aside our narrow views and to comprehensively grasp ideas truly scientific. By these all-attracting subjects are we reminded of the time when primitive bird, in Pterodactyl feathers clad, its joyous flight did wing unto celestial sky, and when

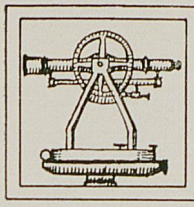
in princely dignity, the fabled Zenglodon sat basking in the sunshine of a prehistoric climate, rending the gentle breezes with its vociferous yells, interrupting the quiet meditations of its unhappy neighbors, and destined to disturb thereafter the soothing slumbers and peaceful dreams of the unfortunate geological and zoölogical student of later days.

The lover of nature and of nature's flowers we would refer to Professor C. W. Mathews, who will lead him into botanical researches of unfathomable depth. It is a generally conceded fact that the course in Botany is the most difficult in the College, and that it requires more concentrated work to acquire proficiency in it than in any other. Consequently, we would advise none but those most studiously inclined to seek a diploma through its channels.

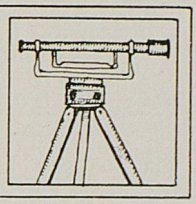
But in speaking of difficult subjects we should not omit Entomology, the subject which Professor H. Garman, a naturalist of national reputation, elucidates. To him, enamored of the absorbing pursuit of chasing the flitting butterfly o'er field on summer's day, we would by all means give the advice to become a votary of the exacting science of "Bugology."

The latest addition to the Scientific Department is the course in Anatomy and Physiology under the supervision of Dr. J. W. Pryor, surgeon of the battalion. Here the prospective medical student will find work that will be of incalculable benefit to him in after years, from the mounting of the skeletons of departed steeds to an intricate study of "man's frail form."

In closing this brief synopsis of a most valuable Department, we should not fail to mention again Professor White, the insuperable "Jimmie," expounder of the principles of Mathematics and Astronomy, in whose line it is to perform all the achievements from "fizzing out" the incipient Frenchman in "trig" and "solid," to instructing the all-knowing Senior in the celestial science of star-gazing.



Civil



The Department of Civil Engineering.

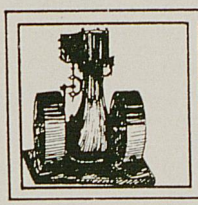
THE Department of Civil Engineering, of which Professor John P. Brooks is Dean, was established in 1887. The equipment of this Department is the most elaborate in the College, it being supplied with all the apparatus needed by an up-to-date School of Civil Engineering, not to mention the fact that it is allowed for quarters the abundant space of almost a whole five by ten room in Mechanical Hall, the rest of the room which was thought too large for the needs of such an unimportant department having been invaded by one of the instructors in the Mechanical Department. Notwithstanding that he has been so amply provided for in the allotment of room, the Professor of Civil Engineering is seriously considering the proposition of repairing to the roof of the building in which he occupies so much space, and establishing thereon a first-class roof garden in which to conduct his school. Imagine "John P." exposed to the balmy breezes of College Hill, sitting on top of Mechanical Hall instructing his knowing pupils under much the same airy conditions as did the stoic Zeno in his colonnade at Athens.

But let us not digress so far from the subject at hand. Rather let us turn and consider the trials and tribulations of the prospective Civil Engineer. When he enters the school in which he is destined to spend four weary years, instead of being given the more enlightening work of the wood-shop, the lot of his more fortunate mechanical brother, he is assigned the demeaning task of free-hand drawing as preparatory to the work in mapping that he will have to do in wiser years, that is, when he has acquired the so-called sapience of a Sophomore. But we should not throw discredit upon the Sophomore, for it is he who, in the Department of Civil Engineering, takes unto himself surveyor's chain and sets out to determine not only the boundaries of adjacent land, but the measurements of the whole conceivable universe as well, so great

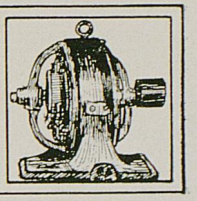
is his unfailing confidence in his sophomoric ability to do anything and everything to the highest degree of excellence. The same difficulties, in the shape of more advanced mathematics, that have perplexed the tireless Mechanical, now beset the Civil, too, and, like the former, he is forced to retire from College for a breathing spell in order to recuperate and be able the better to bear the burdens of the coming year.

When once more he turns his face towards the fondly-cherished scenes of his exacting, but, in the sentiments of the average student, dearly beloved labors, he finds himself confronted, at the beginning of his junior year, with many harassing difficulties that must need be surmounted, and forthwith sets himself to learning the art of "bridging" obstructing streams that are far from fordable, and of such great width that it requires not only his strictest attention now, but the earnest endeavors of a hard-spent senior year to span them.

The woes of a Civil are many; he thinks his own the most unbearable of all existences; he has more work to do than anybody else, not excepting the Classical, but his troubles over, his streams now spanned, he can stand upon the "bridges" of his own constructing, the works of his own handicraft, and say with eminent satisfaction, "These are my beloved labors in which I am well pleased; behold ye them."



Mechanical



The Department of Mechanical Engineering.

THIS Department, which was established in 1891, has at its head Professor F. Paul Anderson, better known as "Little Paul," who has been untiring in his efforts to make it the foremost in the College. And so well has he succeeded in bringing it to the front that it now ranks as one of the best schools of its kind in the country, although it has been somewhat slighted in the division of the money appropriated to the College, almost all of it being given to the other Departments, notably the Classical, and only a small portion finding its way into the coffers of the "Chief of Boiler Greasers." Yet, notwithstanding its penury, it has gradually increased its facilities until it now holds a fairly respectable position among the Departments of the College, occupying practically all of one building, from which it has almost entirely ejected its co-occupants, the Civil Engineers.

When the wisdom-seeking youth, fresh from the glories of his high school victories, enters the Freshman class of this far-famed school of practical engineering, he is put to work in the wood-shop. Think of it—a wood-shop—fitting place for one who has come on a royal quest for learning! Here through the weary hours of a whole long year he works and toils, ever advancing, ever progressing, until he has reached that acme of a Freshman's desires—the skill of a first-rate carpenter.

But lo and behold! when he has satisfied his instructor that he knows pretty much everything about the joiner's art, and has now doffed the squalid garments of Freshman incipience to don the princely garb of sophomoric wisdom, he finds that he has freed himself from the drudgeries of the wood-shop only to encounter the still more servile labors of the toiling blacksmith and to pass the fleeting hours of the pleasant autumn day 'mid the ringing of the hammers as they resound upon the oft-struck anvil. After he has reached such

a degree of proficiency in the smith's art that he may shoe a horse to the greatest perfection, he is relieved of the tedium of the forge shop, and the monotony of his present existence is broken by a dose of higher mathematics, consisting of a hyperdermic injection of Analytical and Descriptive Geometry and Calculus.

After the severe treatment that he must necessarily undergo as an alleviation of the ills resulting from the dose administered, he is, to be sure, in need of the rest cure for the following summer, after which he returns in the fall to enter upon the duties of his Junior year. Here he finds "Johnnie" Faig facing him with the insurmountable obstacles of Strength of Materials and Machine Design. But these are not a circumstance to the many other excruciating tortures that must be endured and overcome before he can return once more to his native heath, there to prepare for the final struggle to be sustained during his last year at the College that he hopes soon to make his Alma Mater.

Passing over the lesser evils that result from a concentrated study of Steam Boilers and Valve Gears, the most objectionable feature that he has to put up with in his Senior year is that he is compelled to debase himself by associating, in History and Political Economy, with the intellectually inferior Classical and Scientific students. The influences that he is under as a result of being in close touch with these less cultured beings, are of the most degrading kind, and it is well that they are deferred until near the close of his College career when his well-developed judgment enables him to discriminate wisely.

After these two difficult subjects of History and Political Economy have been mastered, all is easy sailing with the expert mechanic and he is ready to receive his diploma and "trust his frail bark to the ruthless sea," an accomplished and dexterous engineer.

Mining.

The Department of Mining Engineering.

THIS, the youngest Department of the College, was established in 1901 under the direction of Professor C. J. Norwood, State Inspector of Mines, as Dean. Since this time its progress has been well nigh phenomenal, it having grown by leaps and bounds until it now has the enormous enrollment of five students. Not only this, it actually has one whole Senior who expects to complete his course this year, and thus gain the distinction of being the first graduate of a Mining School that is destined to become famous throughout the entire civilized world. In this matter of a miraculously high number of graduates, it seems as though it were trying to vie with the Agricultural Department, and the latter had better look to its laurels if it does not wish to be outstripped in the race for producing the greatest number of high-type geniuses of all the departments of the College.

The mining student who enters the Freshman class has to go through all those charming experiences of the wood-shop, etc., that are so characteristic of the fascinating life of the Mechanical Engineer during his first year, and not even after he has reached the sagacious state of a Sophomore is he entirely deprived of the pleasures incident to that existence, particularly those of the forge shop. However, after he has crossed the almost impassable stream that separates the lower classman from the upper, he begins to diverge from the more purely mechanical course that he has been pursuing and to confine himself more and more to the science of penetrating the bowels of the earth, to collect therefrom the princely stores that lie beneath the fertile soil above. If he does not meet with the mishap of falling down some shaft that he is engaged in sinking and of having himself reduced to a jellied condition upon the floor of a subterranean passage, he will gradually find himself becoming more and more expert in his underground labors, and finally after many a

trying hour spent in the driving of tunnel and gangway, attain to the long-desired elevation to seniority.

When he has reached this enviable goal his mind is distracted from his otherwise noxious task of encroaching upon Pluto's domains, by an antidote consisting of a mixture of History and Political Economy, subjects to which he is required to give practically all of his attention, and that demand such mental concentration that he is actually obliged to spend five minutes a day on them, moments reluctantly snatched from the precious time devoted to his beloved vocation of pit-digging. Yet, despite the restraining check put upon him by these studies, he finds a little time, at least, to give to the consideration of the different ores, and by close application to his work is enabled in the course of two or three months to distinguish gold from silver—an accomplishment which can be obtained, however, only by the most assiduous study, and then with the greatest difficulty.

As soon as he has perfected himself in this art he is deemed worthy of the degree of Bachelor of Mining Engineering, and after gracing the rostrum with his dignified appearance on Commencement day, goes forth to teach the blind how to enrich themselves by exploring the hidden regions of Mother Earth and extracting from them the wealth of countless ages.

AGRICULTURE

The Department of Agriculture.

THE Department of Agriculture, at the head of which is Professor C. W. Mathews, embraces a course of study which is very similar to some of the courses of the Scientific Department, but which is not considered one of them, as its graduates receive the distinct degree of Bachelor of Agriculture.

To the rustic youth who has shaken from his feet the dust of the country highway, o'er which he has trudged long and wearily on the "royal road to learning," the advantages of this Department seem manifold. As he pauses to take one farewell look in the direction of his distant home, and then starts slowly up the path that leads to the hallowed grounds dedicated to Ceres, the patron goddess of the Agricultural School, there come before him wild visions of his future career as a successful tiller of the soil and the owner of an ideal rural estate. But what is his disappointment, nay, say his disgust, when, instead of being instructed forthwith in the noble arts of Demeter, he is assigned the ignominious task of milking cows and churning cream at the College farm! By the time that he has satisfied his superiors that he is an adept in this business, he is now prepared to apply himself to the still more difficult and exacting labor of feeding and ministering to the needs of various herds of cattle that graze upon the verdant meadows of the neighboring Bluegrass farms and of relieving the wants of the many flocks of sportive lambs that gambol o'er the tufted greens hard by.

Yet, notwithstanding the seeming insignificance of these occupations, rather puerile in the eyes of the average farmer's boy, he has the underlying principles of practical farming firmly rooted in him by them and is ready to enter into the more arduous struggles that lie before him, such as the sowing of grass seed, the planting of trees and the setting out of flowers. Those who are able to endure the cares and anxieties of this rigid life are few in number, the rest being forced to return home broken in mind and body long before they have completed their course—a circumstance to which, no doubt, is due the

fact that the Agricultural Department graduates only about one man a year. If its Dean could only be induced to have more consideration for the mental and physical welfare of his hard-worked students and be prevailed upon to abridge his course which should, as it now is, extend over a period of eight years, instead of being confined, with its bulk of mind-racking subjects, to the short time of four—if he could be persuaded to effect these much-needed reforms in the interest of his care-worn followers, it is possible that these over-zealous votaries of Agriculture might not become so easily disheartened, and that by dint of hard work this Department might succeed, in the course of time, in turning out at least two graduates yearly.

But should this be beyond the bounds of possibility the State ought to feel well repaid for the expenditure made upon it, by having it let loose upon an unsuspecting community even one of these ingenious agriculturists, versed in all the arts of husbandry and possessed of the incalculably valuable gift of knowing how to apply them just a little better than even the most experienced and most practical of time-tried farmers.

NORMAL

The Department of Pedagogy.

ESTABLISHED in 1880, this Department has steadily grown under the able management of its Dean, Professor R. N. Roark, until it has come to be considered a first-rate Normal School, a very good one of its kind, that is, if its graduate desires to while away his life in a country schoolhouse which the wintry gales shake with their rending blasts, while the smoke ascending for its exit through a hole cut in the roof and the homespun-clad children, seated on meat blocks fetched from neighboring farms, and driving away at their irksome tasks, lend fantastic enchantment to the scene. The life of the rural school teacher is indeed a most fascinating one, and if such be your intended vocation you could not do better than enter this world-famous Normal Department wherein revolves the intellectual grindstone on which is whetted the brilliant gems of Kentucky's pedagogically-inclined youth.

The Department of Pedagogy was recently made the beneficiary of an appropriation of $25,000 by the Legislature, the bill providing for it, however, having been afterwards vetoed by the Governor. Now, everybody is always unqualifiedly over-joyed to see the College receive an appropriation, no matter into which Department it may go, and was exceedingly sorry to see the bill vetoed. Furthermore it is generally conceded, though not, to be sure, in the same unqualified manner, that this soul-inspiring Department is the most important of the College. But is it so absolutely necessary for its highest welfare to be regarded, that this should be done to the utter neglect of its far less deserving end, as we will admit, from a standpoint of general culture, far inferior sister Department—that of the classics? But we should not "knock," for the Classical Department is amply provided for, in that it is allowed the space of four completely (?) equipped rooms in the College building.

In addition to the regular four years' course which is provided by the Normal Department, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy, there are two sub-Freshman courses, matriculates in which are called "Normal students

for the State Certificate" and "Normal students for the County Certificate," but who, in common parlance, would be termed "mountaineers." The influx of students into these two indispensable schools occurs, for the most part, after the Christmas holidays every year, when these seekers after truth sweep down upon the unfortified precincts of the College, as Attila's horde of barbaric Huns upon the sacred temples of imperial Rome. But it would take more than the holy persuasions of a Leo I to turn aside the consuming fury of the rampant "Normalites."

The Normal students who have the discretion to take the four years' course are remunerated by instruction in some of the best subjects that are included in the Classical and Scientific courses, and thus lay the foundation stones upon which they may afterwards build up a good education, should they care to pursue their studies further, and not be content merely to spend the rest of their days in trying to inculcate a love of wisdom in the irreceptive minds of the country lad and lassie at the cross-roads school.

Yet, should the training of the youth and the uplifting of the ignoble masses be the life work of the graduate of the Normal School, all praise be to him who has devoted and consecrated himself to the ever-commendable task of ennobling the aims of his fellow-men and of raising them from the depths of imperception to a contemplation of the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

Mar 29
Gerald Morgan Mulligan

The Class of '04.

IT was the seventh day of September in the nineteen hundredth year of our Lord when our hero left his country home with his father's hard-earned cash and the memory of his mother's farewell, to seek an education at the State College of Kentucky. He had somewhere seen a picture of the campus in which the lake was in the foreground. When he came strolling out Limestone and saw in the place of the lake a marsh through which a tiny stream wound its way, he said to his companion, another youth from another country home, "Why, they've let the campus run out." Some one showed him the way to the sanctum sanctorum of Pres. Jas. K. Patterson whom he soon learned to know by the more familiar title of "Old Pat."

The first week was occupied in what seemed to him an endless confusion of paper slips and other such things that he was at a loss to understand. After he had carried around about a dozen he was fairly familiar with the location of the college buildings and the whereabouts of his professors, and upon meditation he came to the conclusion that it must have been intended for this purpose.

Will he ever forget that first week? One night a squad of men came to his room and ordered him to prepare for a physical examination. After he had gone through this trying ordeal he was placed on guard until the wee small hours of the morning. But he managed to live through it all, and came out a sadder but a wiser youth.

Let us pass over the next four years and take a look at him on Commencement day. His mother and father are there wondering how it has come about that their timid, loose-jointed, ignorant boy could ever become the calm, dignified young man who stands before that audience, composed of the elite of the Blue Grass, and in honeyed accents expounds on the immortality of the soul.

This is his gala day. For four years he has strived through difficulties and dangers and toils with this as the goal of his ambition. He looks with scorn upon the lower classmen, whom he regards as beings far inferior to himself. He swells with pride when he remembers the luxuriant growth of burnsides he grew in the short time of two months, and to himself he says, "Yea, verily, I am a MAN."

Let us leave him here at the height of his glory. A glance into the future will reveal more toils and troubles, the outcome of which is doubtful. Today all is well. Every member of the class of '04 has gone through some experience similar to this. No class ever went through it with more flying colors.

So we will drink a hearty health to the class of '04, and to their families, both present and future, and may they all live long and prosper.

The Class of '05.

THE year '01, remarkable for its many great world happenings, was made more remarkable by the fact that there was ushered onto the scene of activity at Kentucky State College the great and glorious class of '05. It soon became evident that our "bunch" was the real thing. During that year we defeated the "Sophs." at both foot ball and base ball, and many there were who thought our teams were in every respect superior to the 'varsity teams. Since then, no class has had the temerity to meet us on either the gridiron or diamond.

Before even the November winds had carried the brown leaves to their wintry beds, we became the pride of our professors, the envy of upper classmen and the pets of the community in general. In our sophomore year we kept up our heartwinning tactics, and toward the latter part of the year did a stunt unprecedented, that drew forth the admiration and applause of our friends and enemies alike.

To prove our greatness, it would be unnecessary for us to enumerate the many honors we have held and are holding, and have yet to hold. We do not need proof of our glory—none of our class deny it. Since the glorious sun of '05 has arisen above the college horizon, there has been in our ranks two captains of base ball, a manager of foot ball team, the same representative twice in the oratorical contest, and many other honors too numerous to mention.

Not only in athletics, but in every other phase of college life, are we prominent. In the class-room we dazzle the Profs. with our great amount of erudition, and they do not hope to ever have another class that will, in any respect, approach '05. In fact, we feel sure that the present excellent standing of Kentucky State as an engineering school was brought about by the sole agency of our class.

When we were freshmen, our military bearing made a deep and lasting impression upon the commandant, and he then and there issued an edict that henceforth the Juniors should hold the sole exclusive right to the commissions. This year his hopes were realized, and the commissioned officers are beyond a poet's wildest dreams.

Our class has more class spirit than any other class in college. This is caused by our sticking so closely together. While we have a few brilliant stars, yet the entire class maintains a high standard of morality and scholarship.

It has been nearly three years since we started up this hill of learning, and during that time, those ties that make college life so dear to us all have been formed.

We are nearing the summit, and we shall soon take up the mantles the seniors will have dropped, and go on, with no fear of not being able to do more honor to ourselves and to the college than any other class has ever done.

The Class of '06.

EVERYTHING had a beginning, and so with the present Sophomore Class. Some of its members, by laborious efforts and slow progress, finally arose above the confines of Prepdom and entered the College. The remainder hailed from all sorts of places and all sorts of schools, and it was this heterogeneous mass of human matter which constituted the Freshman Class. As Freshmen, they did not maintain that standard of learning and action which generally characterizes these lightsome creatures. During this embryo period of their existence, many after supper hours were consumed by the sleepy cadets in a vain endeavor to master all the technique of military science. Private instructions were given, and especial attention paid to the arduous task of guard duty, and, as they wandered to and fro in the lengthening shadows of the sombre, vine-covered buildings, they marveled at the learning to be obtained within those walls, and as their gaze swept the broad expanse of the heavens, and their minds "to airy heights ascended," they dreamed of the time when they would attain the proud dignity of a Senior, and, having quaffed the golden goblet of knowledge, no mysteries would remain unsolved. But, alas, the realization of their dreams is as far away as the stars which aroused them. Though many things might have been learned, they were neglected; and the chief characteristic of this class, evidently, is their inability to absorb wisdom. However, the rigors of the year passed, and also some of the students. These, augmented by a few new arrivals, constitute the present Sophomore Class, such as it is. They still busy themselves occupying all the surplus space and making all the noise possible. No longer imbued with a sense of duty, they are now capable of evading the watchful eyes of their superiors, and are thus enabled to skip Chapel. In class they present "n. p's." with impunity, and with an amount of gusto which would do credit to a Senior. Some of the cadets have even the temerity to cut drill, in evidence of which they may be seen strolling with a gun on their shoulders. All the laborious efforts of their learned instructors having been in vain, it would seem to indicate that the physical law—"for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction"—has, at least in one case, been disproven. Though many words of wisdom are constantly bombarding their auricular orifices and clamoring for entrance, their craniums still remain perfect vacuums. Sad though it is, the year 1906 will witness no graduation exercises, with all its accompanying festivities. In lieu of this annual event, the Faculty has decided to bury the remains of the Class of '06, and has already appointed a committee to compose a suitable epitaph. Perhaps in after years some gallant cadet or tender maid strolling by the moss-covered mound may read the time-worn record and shed a sympathetic tear in memory of the pathetic demise of the Class of '06.

1907
HAL McHOLLS.

The Class of '07.

FAR back in the history of civilization, ere man had reached the stage of consenting to confine himself in the small space enclosed by four walls, many men were recognized as Fresh. Thus we see that this idea has descended from generation to generation, until at last it has found a resting place within the sacred precincts of college life. So it has come to pass that the youngest and most unsophisticated of our members are designated by the name Freshman.

Although the history of the name stretches through such long vistas of time, yet the history of the class is very brief. There arose, spontaneously, on the 10th day of September, in the year 1904, a body of students, who were immediately christened Freshmen, and they were henceforth destined to suffer all the trials and agonies incident to that stage of their scholastic career.

As they approached the college in their noisy fashion, they little knew the strange feelings which they were so soon to experience, but when the gate was reached the noise died away, and, save for the ripple of the waters, all was still. The sound of their own footsteps awakened a new terror within them, and they looked longingly over the chains at the green sward, in which they fain would muffle the sound. After much halting and many furtive glances cast over their shoulders, they finally reached the Main Building. Again they hesitate, and the halt is more perceptible now, but when a hasty examination revealed no human being, their courage became slightly augmented, and they entered.

Unfortunately they were not prepared for the sight which met their gaze. Instead of silent, empty halls, they saw a motley, clamorous crowd, and found themselves jostled along by the ever moving multitude. After many blunders and much trembling and anxiety, they were at last classified, and presented themselves in their various classes, there to undergo another series of tortures.

Eight weary months have passed in slow succession, each bringing with it its quota of troubles. Each morning they may be seen plodding slowly from class to class, their eyes heavy from the long vigils they have kept, the careworn lines growing deeper hour by hour. Failure after failure has been met, and "fizz outs" tread so closely on one another's heels that now meeting a new professor is synonymous with ignominious defeat.

Spring has arrived, and all save these are revivified; but even the joys of this season fail to cause an answering smile to illuminate their sad countenances. Some more potent force must operate to awaken their latent memory, and they go drearily on. Unless some fairy kindly intervenes, we fear gray streaks will soon be found mingling with their darker tresses, and canes adopted as a necessity.

Having thus far followed the vicissitudes of their fortune, let us draw the mantle of charity around the faults and follies of these, our youthful brothers, and consign them to the tender care and mercies of the august Faculty, to be disposed of by them as they see fit.

The Academy.

Commander-in-Chief.....WALTER K. PATTERSON

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

JOHN L. LOGAN.

J. MORTON DAVIS. V. E. MUNCY

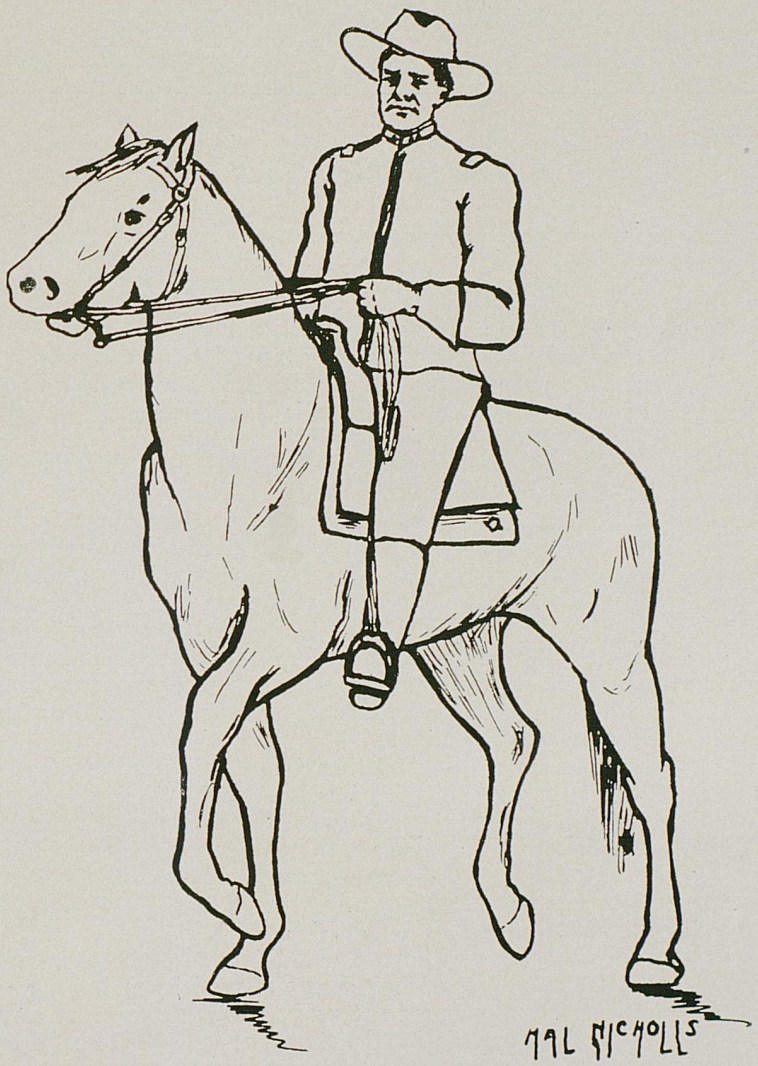
JAMES E. WINSTON. THEODORE T. JONES

"She Pat, She Pat,
Walter K.,
Fizz out, Fizz out,
Every day."

AS one who is about to bid farewell to his beloved Alma Mater and unfurl his sails upon life's turbulent sea, pauses to cast one parting glance at the incidents of a happy college life, there comes into his mind sweet and lasting memories of the days, when as a guileless "prep," he was guided by the paternal hand of "She Pat." These were the blissful moments of his college career when, free from the harassing vexations that attended his later years, he enjoyed the true happiness of a contented life, unalloyed with the annoying misfortunes with which his progress in the higher classes was beset. Onward, onward, ever advancing, never (?) "fizzing," he moved, encouraged always by the scholarly influences that pervaded every nook and cranny of "prepdom," and at last, with many a longing regret, left behind the fond abodes of the "prepium magister," to approach the seats of the learned preceptors above.

The course in the academy is supposed to cover a period of two years, but so enamored of its alluring charms is the average disciple of this world-

renowned school, that, the two years finished, he is unwilling to give up the enticing pleasures that attract him on all sides, and is able to draw himself away from them only after the concentrated efforts of two years more. This does not result from his being unable to require proficiency enough in his studies to satisfy the standard held up by "She Pat"—for it is a well-known fact that this benevolent instructor desires to pass, on the slightest provocation, the greatest number possible—but it is occasioned by the student's love for the inspiring scenes about him—a love so consuming that it even causes him to go to the extreme of voluntarily "fizzing out," in order to avoid the baneful consequences of having to depart forever from the pleasing grottoes of "Professor Walter's" sacred vale. And this is not surprising, for the privileges that a "prep" enjoys are enough to make him loath to forego them, and enter upon the confining duties of a freshman's life. Yet, there are one or two a year so inappreciative of the favors conferred upon them, as to accomplish the rare and unpraiseworthy feat of passing out of the academy, and to "delight in saying, 'Vale, Shepatice, vale.' " But the majority are more considerate of the feelings of their devoted master, and are imbued with a true sense of just gratitude that compels them to abide with him.


MAL NICHOLLS

The Military.

"For we take him from the meadow or the plow."

ONE of the primary objects for which these land grant colleges of the United States were organized was to give instruction in the military regulations of army, and to practice discipline under these regulations, conforming nearly as possible to that of the regular establishment. That this instruction is given and discipline practiced, there is no doubt in the minds of the members of the present senior class. Indeed, we doubt if there is any other college of order in the country, living up to the spirit and the letter of the law concerning this special feature, quite so well as the State College of Kentucky.

The instruction in itself is not so entrancing, but the manner in which it is given is truly fascinating. For three long years we have been "held up" at the fifth hour—between one and two o'clock—and taught the noble profession of arms. It consists in stepping about over the campus to the cadence of about one hundred and twenty per minute. During which time the cadet is perfectly at ease, except that he must keep his shoulders square and falling equally, arms and hands swinging naturally, but not more than three inches on each side of the seam in the trousers; head erect, chin drawn in without constraint; and step just thirty inches, one hundred and twenty times every minute.

If there is anything more delightful than this it is being burned at the stake by a slow fire. As one can easily imagine this is splendid physical training; it not only causes the "rich red blood to course through the apathetic veins and arteries," but leaves the cadet in a most poetic frame of mind. He can think of more beautiful things to say—and generally says them—expressing himself in language clearer, more forcible, and to the point, than at any other period of the day. Thus the mental as well as the physical powers are developed.

Some who read these pages will, no doubt, think any college boy could, in a comparatively short time, reach the highest degree of proficiency, but not so. Every year a large number of new comers are not used to level ground and they must be taught rudiments of walking over again; the others are not used to hilly ground and must undergo a similar treatment. The State College campus seems to possess a very peculiar topography for the new men. It is too level for the mountain boys and too hilly for the others. But by dint of hard work and much friction the "raw recruit" is, before many moons, developed into a most conspicuous cadet.

He can take the regulation step and keep it until further orders, and execute the manual of arms with all the ease and grace of an old and tried veteran. Finally, he becomes so well pleased with his progress he must needs do a fancy step or two, and hence the habit of "skipping" creeps into his military career. This affords an opportunity for a full and complete knowledge of things military. The offender is brought before a military court composed of the senior officers from the junior class, and to find a more dignified body one must go beyond an officer's court martial or council of war. We know whereof we speak and who will dare question our right to criticise? For his misdemeanor the cadet is allowed to walk a number of hours on the commandant's avenue, which is to allow time for thought and deep reflection upon his pernicious conduct. 'Tis a rough and rugged road, but it must be traveled.

The present senior class will testify to the fact that it leads to higher and better things, for now we walk the dizzy heights with never a faltering step. Many are the golden hours we have lost trodding the lonesome grit of the "King's Highway." Ah, we can imagine things worse—but not much.

But to be serious for once we must admit that discipline in the military department is as indispensable as the drills. Somebody must be disciplined; the students demand it; if they are not the disciplined, then they become disciplinarians. This phase of the military reached its highest point in the history of the class when we were Freshmen. Under William T. Carpenter we were the most disciplined set that ever wore the cadet gray. In those days we were not even allowed to smile sweetly during the fifth hours, and that was a positive hardship.

The year following we changed from the disciplined to the most rigid disciplinarians. Our methods were so very unpopular that our commandant removed himself from the scene of action, giving for his excuse that he was going home and run for the presidency. In the first case we cannot bring ourselves to believe that our Commandant Carpenter was the hard-hearted rascal we used to think. Whatever else may be said of him, one thing is certain; he created and maintained a military atmosphere around these parts, and with all his faults we love him still, for he was not only true to the stars and stripes, but loyal to the blue and white.

Our present commandant, Capt. Geo. L. Byroade, of the United States Army, came fresh from the battlefields of the Orient after having served in Cuba, at Santiago and El Caney. He has won distinction upon battlefields of two hemispheres and an everlasting place in all of our hearts. If he ever runs for the presidency, of course we will have to be "for him." His methods have varied from those of any of his predecessors. Once a week he delivers a lecture to the entire battalion upon some military subject. This, in our estimation, is the most valuable of all manner of instructions thus far given.

That the military department will continue to grow larger in numbers, stronger in purpose, more rigid in discipline is the most earnest prayer of the class of '04.

Officers of the Battalion.

Captain George L. Byroade, U. S. A., *Commandant.*

G. H. Gilbert, *1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.*

J. W. Lancaster, *2nd Lieut. and Commissary.*

W. E. Schoene, *1st Lieut. and Quartermaster.*

COMPANY A.

F. Johnston, *Captain.*

H. G. Edwards, *1st Lieut.*

H. N. Wood, *2nd Lieut.*

COMPANY B.

W. C. Kelly, *Captain.*

A. Akin, *1st Lieut.*

E. B. Stiles, *2nd Lieut.*

COMPANY C.

W. H. Grady, *Captain.*

H. B. Darling, *1st Lieut.*

H. P. Ingels, *2nd Lieut.*

COMPANY D.

C. R. Wallis, *Captain.*

V. D. Roberts, *1st Lieut.*

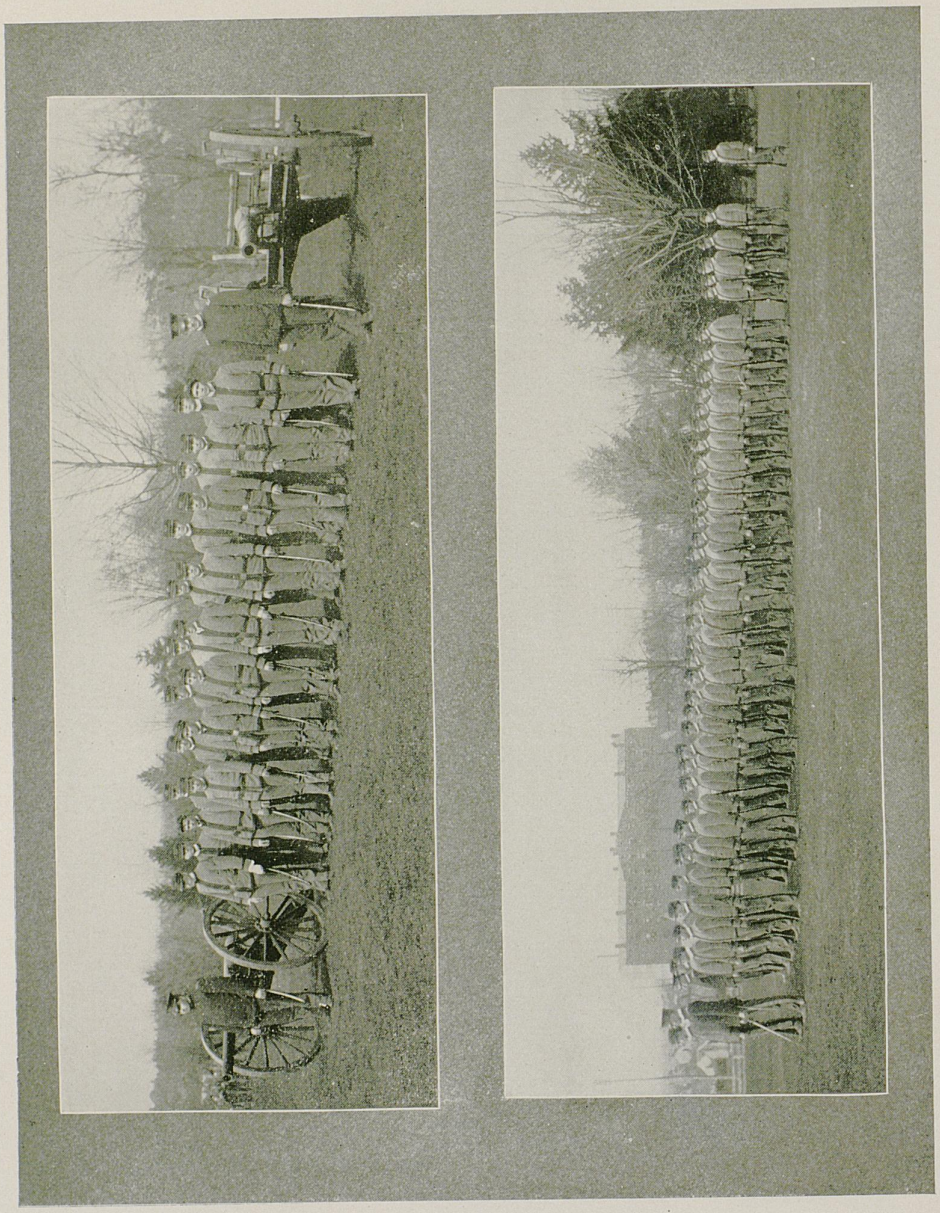
G. W. Vaughn, *2nd Lieut.*

COMPANY E.

R. R. Talliaferro, *Captain.*

G. C. Goodloe, *1st Lieut.*

J. P. Maddox, *2nd Lieut.*



HON. J. T. PRIDE.

IF a hall of fame should ever be erected at State College there are two men, at least, whose names would be inscribed on its marble tablets. These men have probably done more for their Alma Mater than any two others that ever entered the ivy clad walls of the university.

It will be many years before the college authorities and student body forget the earnest work done by J. T. Pride in connection with the Legislative appropriations of the past year. It was not through fault of his work that the "bills" got the Governor's veto. The cause of this calamity might be traced nearer home.

"Jim Tom" was a member of the class of '04, but on account of ill health was compelled to leave college, and later decided to give up his college career for the less strenuous life of a "Kentucky Statesman." While at College Pride was an athlete of great renown, and played guard on the varsity team.

"BOBBY" GEARY.

The next aspirant for immortal honors is "Bobby" Geary, and no one denies him the right to take every old thing in sight. In the minds of most college students there never was, and never will be again, another college pitcher like "Bobby."

No matter if a score will win the game, and three men are on base and no one out, "Geary will strike out the next three up." This is no idle boast. This trick has often been turned with Grady's help, yet, with all the adulation that he has received since he first played in a match game with State, Geary still wears the same size hat. This, in a nut shell, explains the character of the man.

MAL NICHOLLS.

Athletics.

ATHLETICS at "State," even when viewed in the most conservative light, are in a very flourishing condition, and if the student body manifests in the future the same interest, pecuniary and otherwise, as they have in the past, sports have a very rosy prospect indeed.

The formation of an Athletic Association at the beginning of this collegiate year, of which every student is a member, was the first step towards organization and concerted action on the part of the student body to support athletics as it should be supported in a college of this size.

This feature of undergraduate life does more for a college than perhaps any other. It is athletics that affords us the opportunity of serving during our college years, the Alma Mater we revere. It is athletics that creates a common cause and brings faculty and students together. With such men as Profs. Kastle, Anderson, Brooks and Capt. Byroade to lead the cheering at a match game, even the most veritable "shark" would leave his books to join the howling mob of undergraduate fanatics.

Until recently athletic agreements between various colleges of Kentucky were very laxly observed and professionalism tainted sport in more than one institution. It culminated in the football season of 1903 when one college team was disbanded on account of "ringers," another team played professionals throughout the season and a third one imported a number of "false alarms" for the largest game of its season. The result is apparent.

There followed the reorganization of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association of Kentucky, which has brought the leading universities into well-defined positions regarding athletics. The rulings of this association do away with all professionalism and put an end to "ringers," and it is earnestly hoped that in the future all colleges will enter in athletic contests only such men who are representative students.

Thus it is that an era is inaugurated, not a new era but merely a continuation of that which existed in ante-collegio-bellum days.

Foot Ball.

AS soon as the students had faced the powers that be, last fall, as soon almost as matriculation was over, some forty men could be seen on the athletic field, attired in various forms of apparel, from matchless overalls to genuine moleskins—all aspirants for gridiron glory.

Soon after school opened the Athletic Committee secured as coach Mr. C. A. Wright, a tower of strength from the Columbia eleven of '02.

Mr. Wright was a believer in heroic treatment.

He put the "bunch" through such a thorough course of training that cigarettes became the x, y, z's of their alphabet.

They got in good condition very early, and when the chosen eleven lined up for the first game there were no saplings among them, but instead each was a towering oak or a stubborn little hickory.

Coach Wright and Captain Byroade were of inestimable value to the men, teaching them the Columbia style of play, which proved very effective throughout the season.

The "Immortals of '98" have for the past six years been our college heroes; and why? because they scored in that season 181 points, while the combined efforts of all their opponents did not result in a single score.

Our team last fall scored 172 points before it was scored upon by an opposing team.

The men of last year's team are our later day heroes.

When we think of those men, of the sacrifices they made and of the pluck they exhibited, we are reminded of the Olympic games of old Greece, and as the participants in these festivities were men to be admired, so now we cherish a deep admiration for the members of last year's eleven.

It is when thinking of these plucky followers of the pigskin that one's mind reverts ~~back~~ to the olden time when the Roman love of man for man exceeded that even of man for woman.

And were such a thing possible now, in this land of Blue Grass belles and basket ball heroines, the men who would merit our attention and whom we would admire are the members of the football team of 1903.

K
K
K
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K
Mullen
1904

SNAP
SHOTS

Foot Ball Team 1903.

Maddox.....*Center*	St. John.....*Right End*
Pride.....*Right Guard*	Montgomery—Hughes. .*Left End*
Coons.....*Left Guard*	Spencer.....*Right Half*
Cravens.....*Right Tackle*	Kemper.....*Left Half*
Menifee—Goodwin. . .*Left Tackle*	Grady.....*Quarter*

Guyn—Wood.....*Full*

Record Foot Ball Team 1903.

Cynthiana..... 0
Kentucky State College.....39

Berea College..... 0
Kentucky State College.....17

Georgetown College..... 0
Kentucky State College.....51

Marietta..... 5
Kentucky State College.....11

Kentucky Military Institute.... 0
Kentucky State College.....18

Kentucky University.....17
Kentucky State College..... 0

Miami 0
Kentucky State College.....47

Our Columbia Coach.

"MANY were called," but of the many, one was chosen—Coach C. A. Wright. When this is said, all is known. There probably has never been a coach at "State," who so quickly and unostentatiously received the entire confidence and friendship of the student body as this big football giant. When he took charge of the squad football prospects were blue indeed, but when game after game was played and won, matters picked up, and by the end of the season there was no team in the State, not excepting the "professional Bruisers," which had as clean a record as Wright's collection of "pig skin chasers."

Coach Wright played half back, guard and center at Williams College in '97, and guard and center at Columbia University in '99-00. For the excellent work in the latter position he was picked for center on the All-American team. After leaving college he coached the University of Washington in the fall of 1901, and the next season returned to New York to coach Columbia.

A man who believes in fair play at all times, one who respects every decision of the referee, and who plays hard swift ball throughout a game—this is the man whose work here and elsewhere has gained for him the title, "Wright, Sportsman."

Wearers of the K.

Foot Ball.

Guyn.
St. John.
Spencer.
Maddox.
Cravens.
Grady.
Montgomery.
Scholtz.
Coons.
Pride.
Kemper.
Menifee.
Hughes.
Wood.
Dyer.
McGee.

Base Ball.

Mathews.
Gullion.
Grady.
R. Geary.
Darling.
Tally.
T. Geary.
E. C. Wurtele.

Basket Ball (Boys).

Coons.
Guyn.
St. John.
Wurtele.
Arnett.

Basket Ball (Girls).

Miss Shaw.
Miss Scott.
Miss Conn.
Miss Madara.
Miss Pence.
Miss Whitfield.
Miss Jaeger.

Track.

Woosley.
Kinkead.

HAL NICHOLLS

Base Ball.

WHILE even the most ardent enthusiast could not hope for a better record for this year's baseball team than was made by the nine of '03, the most conservative assert with reason that all previous records will be surpassed, and as a matter of course "State" will again land the championship. With nearly all of last year's team back; a likely bunch of youngsters to pick from, and facilities for early indoor practice, we should round into form a team which should at the end of every game return to camp with the scalp of a new victim dangling at its belt.

The success of the team of 1902 was due largely to its splendid fielding, while that which won for us the title. "Champions of 1903," was the "stick work" of the entire team and the phenomenal pitching of "Bobbie" Geary. K. U., C. U., all looked alike to him. It was a case of one, two, three and back to the bench. The team of 1903, captained by W. H. Grady, was the most successful that has ever represented K. S. C. It won the championship without a single defeat among the strongest teams in the State, and proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, its right to this much coveted title.

As before stated the chances of State winning the championship this year are very bright, and in order that such a team may meet foes worthy of its steel, Mr. A. A. Gordon, manager of this year's team, arranged the best schedule we have ever had, the list calling for crack games on the home grounds and an extended trip through Northern States.

For many years the team has been handicapped by badly arranged "foreign" dates, but this is now remedied, and for once ~~we'll~~ they will have an opportunity of "testing ~~our~~ their metal," an opportunity which we know they will eagerly seize to demonstrate to Northern colleges that this is at least one university in Kentucky capable of putting up an article of ball as it should be played.

Base Ball Team 1903.

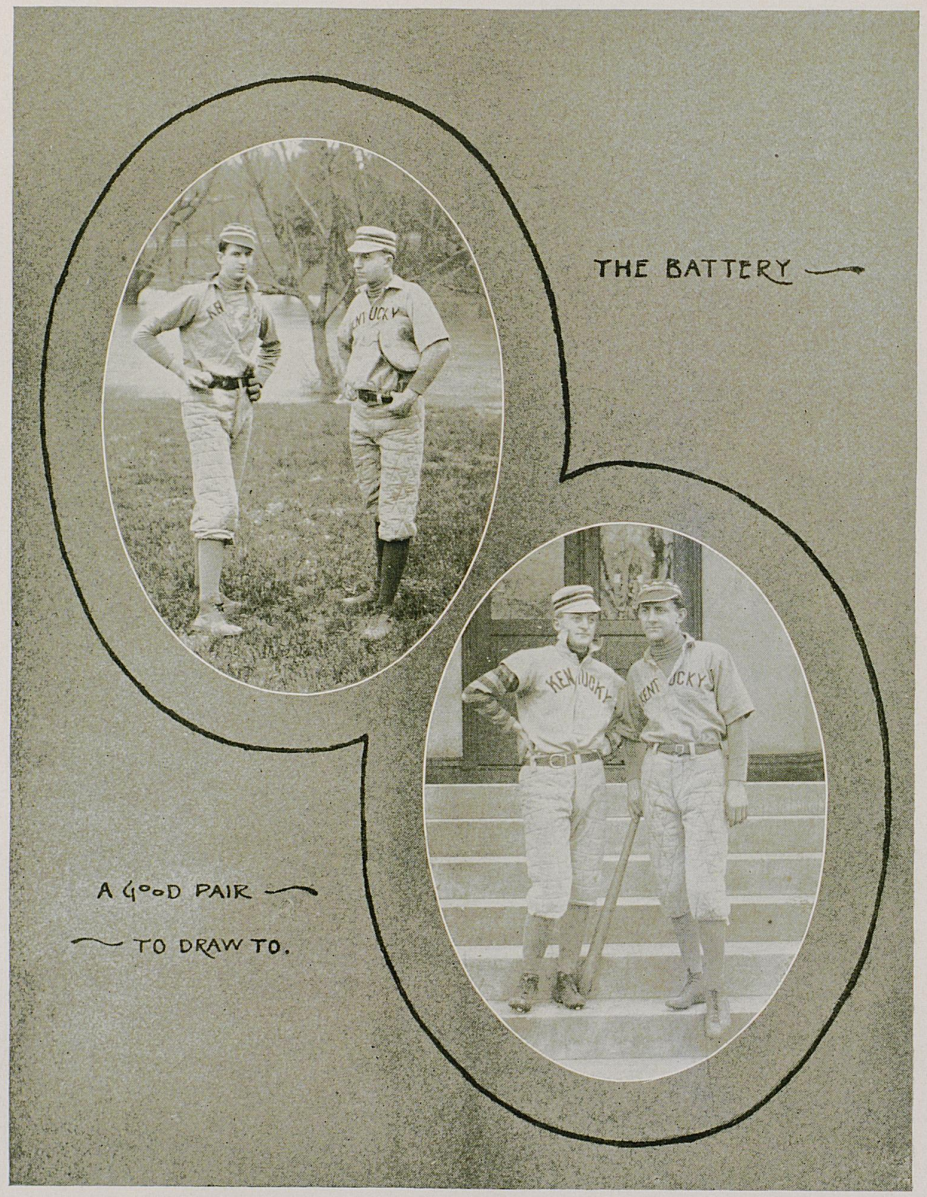
Grady. . . . . *Catcher*	Darling. . . . . *Third Base*
R. Geary. . . . . *Pitcher*	E. C. Wurtele. . . . . *Right Field*
Gullion. . . . . *First Base*	Gilbert. . . . . *Center Field*
T. Geary. . . . . *Second Base*	Mathews. . . . . *Left Field*

Tally. . . . . *Short-stop*

Record Base Ball Team 1903.

Kentucky University. 9	South Kentucky College. 14
Kentucky State College 15	Kentucky State College. 15
Central University. 2	South Kentucky College. 5
Kentucky State College. 7	Kentucky State College. 15
Berea College. 1	Circinnati University. 1
Kentucky State College. 6	Kentucky State College. 6
Georgetown College. 1	Boston Americans. 24
Kentucky State College 7	Kentucky State College. 3
South Kentucky College. 9	Boston Americans. 17
Kentucky State College. 12	Kentucky State College. 2

Champions
1903


THE BATTERY
A GOOD PAIR
TO DRAW TO.

HAL NICHOLLS

Track Athletics.

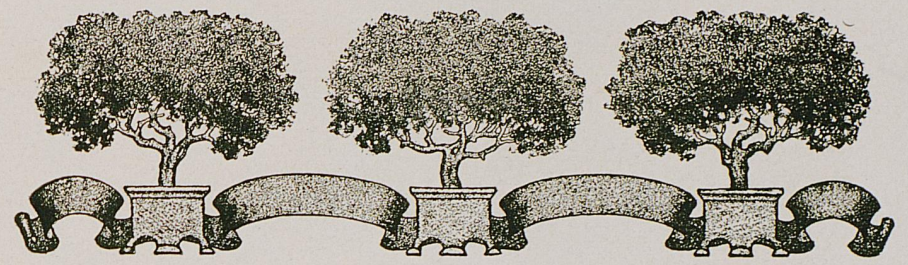
PRIOR to last year track athletics had been on the wane. State College had not taken part in an Intercollegiate Track Meet for the five preceding years. Last year, however, we met and defeated Central University by the decisive score of 78 to 40, and the interest which had begun to be manifested culminated in a vigorous enthusiasm.

The running track is ¼ mile in circuit by 20 feet wide. It is of the rectangular type, with quarter circle corners. This track was put in condition early in the season and is the best of its kind in the State.

The large number of applicants for this year's team indicate a renewal of last year's enthusiasm. Our athletes are now registered members of the Amateur Athletic Union.

State College sent a delegation to the Second Annual Indoor Games, held in Louisville, April 9th, under the sanction of this Athletic Union, and her team made a very creditable showing.

State will probably be represented by some of her best athletes at St. Louis, on June 2nd, in the meeting of the Western Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.



State College Records.

100 yards	Alford	10 1-5 seconds.
220 yards	Alford	23 seconds.
440 yards	Haley	54 4-5 seconds.
880 yards	Vogt	2 minutes, 8 1-5 seconds.
Mile	Vogt	5 minutes, 8 seconds.
120 yard hurdle	Campbell	18 3-5 seconds.
220 yard hurdle	Campbell	29 seconds.
High jump	Hughes	5 feet, 2 1-2 inches.
Broad jump	Alford	20 feet, 10 1-2 inches.
Hammer 16 lbs.	Carnahan	94 feet, 5 1-2 inches.
Shot 16 lbs.	Carnahan	34 feet, 3 inches.
Mile Relay	Vogt, Hughes / Ramey, Kinkead	3 minutes, 58 seconds.
Pole Vault	S. Smith	10 feet, 1-2 inch.

Girls' Basket Ball Team.

IF by any chance the foot-ball and base-ball seasons had been characterized by disastrous defeats, there is one branch of athletics which, by its brilliant successes, would have redeemed them in every respect.

All hail to the Girl's Basket Ball Team of 1904, the team which has yet to feel the sting of defeat.

Successful from the start—two years ago—basket ball as played by girls caught not only the student, but the public favor as well, and every game played drew enthusiastic houses which packed the standing room to the doors—an appreciative crowd of fellows—mad—riotously mad, over contests abounding in snappy, spectacular plays.

The fleet-footed members of the track, the college gymnasts, the stars of the gridiron, the kings of the diamond, all these who doff their caps to no other athletes, willingly and cheerfully bare their heads to the Girls' Basket Ball Team.

Though the games have not been numerous, our girls have won decisively every game they have played. Under the able coaching of Coach St. John, the team rounded into form early, and by assiduous practice kept in training through the season. The team has ever been and is always eager for a contest. The scores speak for themselves.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM, 1904.

Miss Shaw ..... R. Guard
Miss Scott ..... L. Guard
Miss Conn ..... R. Forward
Miss Pence ..... L. Forward
Miss Whitfield ..... Center

SUBSTITUTES.

Miss Jaeger, Miss Madara.

RECORD GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Georgetown College 10
Kentucky State College 14

Jessamine Female Institute 1
Kentucky State College 28

'04
Mullen
1904

K
K
K
K
K
'04
Mullen
1904

Basket Ball Team, 1904.

Guyn	R. Guard
Arnett	L. Guard
St. John	R. Forward
Wurtele	L. Forward
Coons	Center

Record of Basket Ball Team, 1904.

Georgetown College	26
Kentucky State College	14
Georgetown	22
Kentucky State College	15
Kentucky University	14
Kentucky State College	12
Cincinnati University	21
Kentucky State College	26

Gymnastics.

AMONG the various branches of physical training in State College, gymnastics must receive its well deserved share of praise.

The interest manifested in gymnasium work this year has been the best in the history of the institution. In the mornings the class work has been well attended, and in the afternoons the spacious floor has been filled with a volunteer army of indoor athletes —"Preps" practicing graceful movements with the Indian Clubs, or playing games, Freshmen and Sophomores doing graceful "stunts" on the bars or mats, Juniors boxing, wrestling or fencing, and Seniors adding the final embellishments to their bodies as well as to their minds; around the piano a crowd of music-lovers and singers, and in the gallery the ever-changing crowd of spectators.

Here we see mingled together all types of temperament and character. One will exhibit the precision of a spinster, another will exercise in "rag-time;" the trained gymnast will perform a feat with grace and beauty of form; the ambitious, but injudicious, fellow will attempt anything, and often finds himself in a heap upon the mats with his head in his "center of gravity;" one will move so slowly that "in the uneasy heaviness of his movements, his gait appears to be modeled upon that of a very tired dromedary," while still another will work with a rapidity equaled only by that with which one says his prayers on a cold winter's night.

From this throng of aspirants ten were chosen to constitute the Gymnasium Team. The Second Annual Gymnastic Tournament was held on March 12th, and a gold medal was presented to the best all-round gymnast. The work of the team upon this occasion was of a higher order than any heretofore attempted, and the tournament was successful in every way and received very favorable comment. On March 5th the team gave a very creditable performance in the Boyle-Humphrey Gymnasium at Danville, Ky., and had an automobile trip long to be remembered.

State College is proud of her Gymnasium Team, so

Here's to the boy that "skins the cat"
Or does the "Giant Swing,"
May he the broad wide world combat
And whip the whole blamed thing.

1904

HAL NICHOLLS

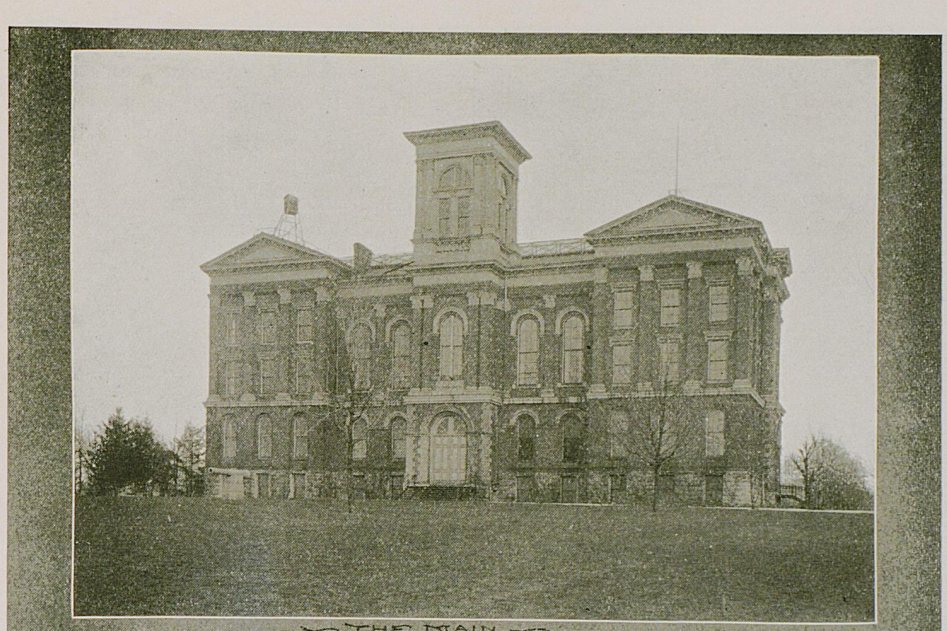
Tennis Club

Prof. Winston,
Capt. Byroade,
Viley,
Smith,
Rodes,
Megee,
Barrow,
Hart,
Pickels,
Clark,
McKee,
Nisbet,
Lancaster.

YELLS.

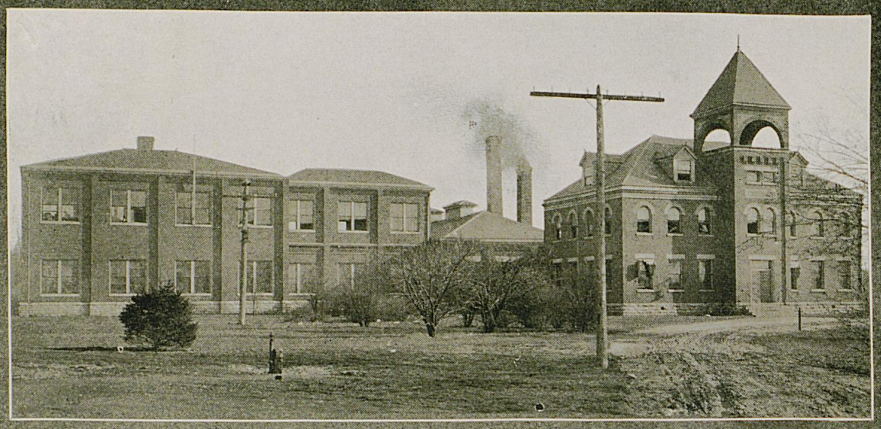
"Chocolate and cream, chocolate and cream,
Come and hear the eagle scream."

"Rubby dub dub, rubby dub dub,
J. Rodes Viley's Tennis Club."

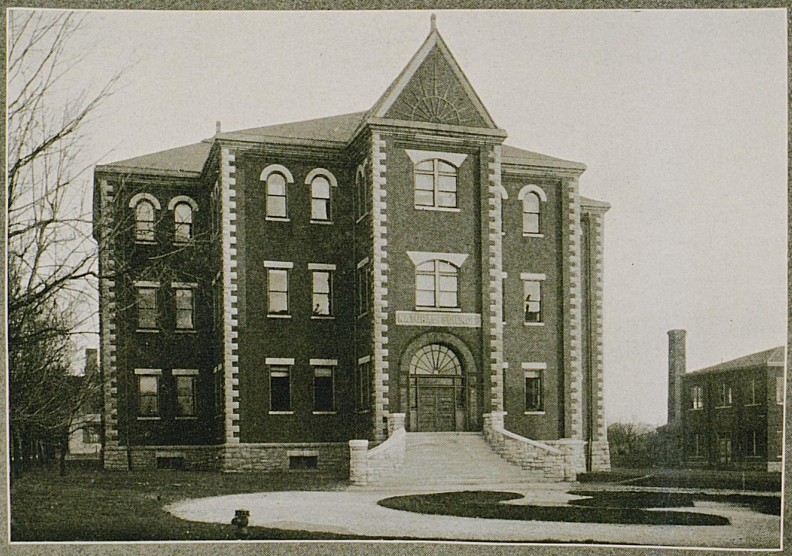


THE MAIN

CHEMISTRY BUILDING.



MECHANICAL HALL



SCIENCE BUILDING

PATTERSON HALL.

GYMNASIUM

NEW DORM.

OLD DORM.

MAL NICHOLLS.

Patterson Literary Society.

R. H. Arnett,
L. E. Andrus,
I. M. Coffee.
A. B. Cramm.
L. H. Becker.
S. A. Denny.
B. J. Elam.
J. H. Gardner.
C. R. Gilmore.
H. W. Greife.
C. H. Gulllion.
S. J. Harding.
R. C. Hoagland.
F. Y. Johnson,
W. P. Kelley.
C. Kinkead.
J. W. Lancaster.
J. C. Lewis.
F. J. Montgomery,
W. D. Nicholls,
W. C. Payne.
H. M. Nicholls,
E. R. Ranson.
A. H. Rodes.
H. C. Robinson.
J. F. Sandefur.
W. J. Shoene.
C. E. Shoene.
T. M. Smith.
J. B. Sprake.
H. W. Taylor.
L. T. Towery,
R. C. Terrel.
H. L. Williamson.
E. Webb.
R. Haynes,
S. S. Elam.
E. G. Kelley.

Union Literary Society

Bickel.
H. J. Clo.
N. L. Clo.
E. A. Cline.
W. H. Durham.
A. L. Donan.
N. A. Downing.
E. C. Grimes.
C. C. Hedges.
T. D. Hedges.
H. H. Gambill.
B. P. House.
C. W. Ham.
I. M. Hubbard.
M. A. Dodson.
W. C. Kelley.
E. P. Kelley.
C. S. Pierce.
G. B. Pierce.
P. Powell.
M. Powell.
C. O. Peratt.
H. B. Pope.
H. H. Rice.
T. J. Rankin.
R. C. Roark.
P. K. Smiley.
A. N. Shearer.
J. C. Brown.
A. C. Elliot.
R. L. McPheron.
R. Walsh.
E. C. Vaughn.
A. N. Whitlock.

GREEKS
HAL NICHOLLS.

DIEU
ET LES
DAMES

Kappa Alpha.

Founded at Washington and Lee University in 1865.

THETA CHAPTER Established in 1893.

COLORS—*Crimson and Gold.* FLOWERS—*Magnolia and Red Rose.*

PUBLICATION—*Kappa Alpha Journal.*

YELL—

Hurrah for the Crimson!
Hurrah for the Gold!
Hurrah for the Kaps!
The Knights of old.

Local Chapter Roll.

K. F. ADAMSON,
J. W. BARROW,
C. L. BEST.
C. F. CLARK,
F. H. DARNALL.
H. G. EDWARDS,
T. W. FREEMAN,
W. E. FREEMAN.
H. C. HANNAH,
T. HUGHES.
F. JOHNSTON,
C. H. MCPHERSON,
W. K. PREWITT.
R. D. SCOTT.
P. F. SHANNON.
H. L. A. WILLIAMSON,
H. N. WOOD.

National Roll.

Alpha—Washington and Lee University.
Gamma—University of Georgia.
Delta—Wofford College.
Eta—Richmond College.
Theta—Kentucky State College.
Epsilon—Emory College.
Zeta—Randolph-Macon College.
Phi—Southern University.
Upsilon—University of North Carolina.
Chi—Vanderbilt University.
Psi—Tulane University.
Omega—Central University of Kentucky.
Alpha Alpha—University of the South.
Alpha Beta—University of Alabama.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Alpha Delta—William Jewell College.
Alpha Epsilon—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Alpha Zeta—William and Mary College.
Alpha Eta—Westminster College.
Alpha Theta—Kentucky University.
Alpha Iota—Centenary College.
Alpha Kappa—Missouri State University.
Alpha Lambda—Johns Hopkins University.
Alpha Mu—Millsaps College.
Alpha Nu—Columbian University.
Alpha Xi—University of California.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
Alpha Rho—University of West Virginia.
Alpha Sigma—Georgia School of Technology.
Alpha Tau—Hampden-Sidney College.
Alpha Upsilon—University of Mississippi.
Alpha Phi—Trinity College.
Alpha Chi—Kentucky Wesleyan University.
Alpha Psi—Florida State College.
Alpha Omega—North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College.
Beta Alpha—Missouri School of Mines and Metallugry.
Beta Beta—Bethany College.
Beta Gamma—College of Charleston.
Beta Delta—Georgetown College.

Kappa—Mercer University.
Lambda—University of Virginia.
Nu—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Xi—Southwestern University.
Omicron—University of Texas.
Pi—University of Tennessee.
Sigma—Davidson College.

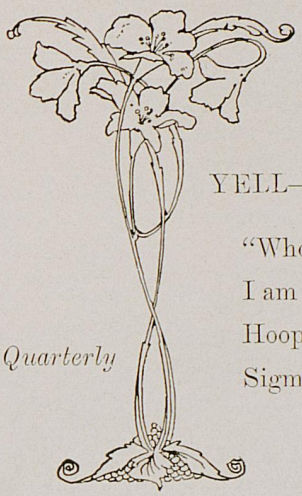
ΣX

IN HAC
SIGNO
VINCES
1893
1904
LAMBDA LAMBDA CHAPTER
SPENGLER
LEXINGTON, KY.

Sigma Chi.

Founded June 28, 1855, at Miami University, Oxford, O.

Established at Kentucky State College in 1893.



COLORS—*Blue and Gold.*

FLOWER—*White Rose.*

PUBLICATION—*Sigma Chi Quarterly*

YELL—

"Who, who, who am I?
I am a loyal Sigma Chi,
Hoopla, hoopla, hoopla hi,
Sigma Chi."

Chapter Roll.

W. M. MARKS, C. H. GULLION, B. R. HART
W. H. WARDER, G. C. GOODLOE.
G. H. GILBERT, H. B. DARLING, D. J. BRYAN.
H. M. WEST, A. H. RODES.
J. C. HAMILTON, C. S. PARISH, A. W. STEELE.
J. W. RODES, R. S. HART.

National Chapter Roll.

Alpha—Miami University.
Beta—University of Wooster.
Gamma—Ohio Wesleyan University.
Epsilon—Columbian University.
Zeta—Washington and Lee.
Xi—De Pauw University.
Omicron—Dickinson College.
Rho—Butler College.
Phi—Lafayette College.
Chi—Hanover College.
Alpha Epsilon—University of Nebraska.
Alpha Zeta—Beloit College.
Alpha Eta—University of Iowa.
Alpha Theta—Massachusetts Inst. of Technology.
Alpha Iota—Illinois Wesleyan University.
Alpha Lambda—University of Wisconsin.
Alpha Nu—University of Texas.
Alpha Xi—University of Kansas.
Alpha Omicron—Tulane University.
Alpha Pi—Albion College.
Alpha Rho—Lehigh University.
Alpha Sigma—University of Minnesota.
Alpha Upsilon—University of South California.
Alpha Phi—Cornell University.
Alpha Chi—Pennsylvania State College.
Eta Eta—Dartmouth College.
Theta Theta—University of Michigan.
Kappa Kappa—University of Illinois.
Lambda Lambda—Kentucky State College.
Mu Mu—West Virginia University.
Nu Nu—Columbia University.
Xi Xi—University of Missouri.
Omicron Omicron—University of Chicago.
Rho Rho—University of Maine.
Tau Tau—Washington University.
Upsilon Upsilon—University of Washington.
Eta—University of Mississippi.
Theta—Pennsylvania College.
Kappa—Bucknell University.
Lambda—Indiana University.
Mu—Denison University.
Psi—University of Virginia.
Omega—Northwestern University.
Alpha Alpha—Hobart College.
Alpha Beta—University of California.
Alpha Gamma—Ohio State Univ.
Alpha Psi—Vanderbilt.
Alpha Omega—Leland Stanford.
Delta Delta—Purdue University.
Zeta Zeta—Central University.
Zeta Psi—University of Cincinnati.
Phi Phi—University of Pennsylvania.

ΣΙΓΜΑ ΑΛΦΑ ΕΨΙΛΟΝ

ΣΑΕ
ΦΑ

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded at University of Alabama, 1856.

Kentucky Epsilon Chapter Established at Kentucky State College, 1900.

Colors—*Purple and Gold.* Flower—*Violet.*

Publications—*Record, Phi Alpha.*

Yell—

Phi Alpha Alicazee, Phi Alpha Alicazon,
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Bon Ton, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon;
Bon Ton, Bon Ton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon;
Ruh, Rah! Ruh, Rah! Ruh, Rah Ree!
Ruh, Rah! Ruh, Rah! Σ A E!

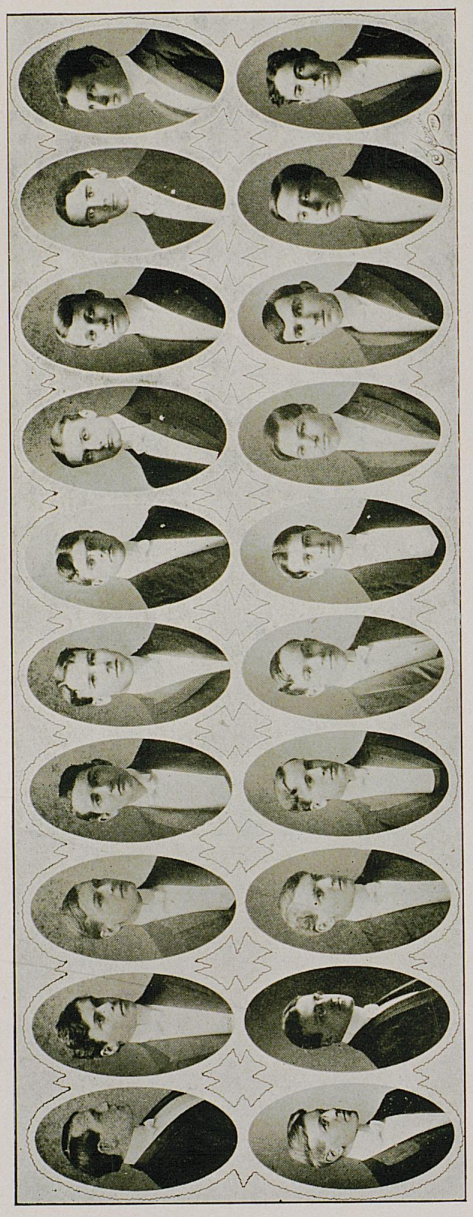
Local Chapter Roll.

H. H. Megee,
J. D. Turner,
H. P. Ingels,
H. H. Rice,
H. W. Johnston,
J. C. Nisbet,
C. H. Sutherland,
L. Smith,
H. W. Thompson,
W. R. Layson,
B. Hughes,
L. A. Buck,
F. M. Stone,
W. H. Grady,
D. R. Hays,
E. P. Rice,
R. H. Reese,
E. S. Kinkead,
L. L. Lewis,
S. F. Lee,
C. G. Montgomery,
J. McChord.

National Chapter Roll

University of Maine.
Boston University.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Harvard University.
Worcester Polytechnical Institute.
Cornell University.
Columbia University.
St. Stephens College.
Alleghany College.
Dickenson College.
Pennsylvania State College.
Bucknell University.
Gettysburg College.
University of Pennsylvania.
University of Virginia.
Washington and Lee University.
University of North Carolina.
Davidson College.
Wooford College.
University of Michigan.
Adrian College.
Mt. Union College.
Ohio Wesleyan University.
University of Cincinnati.
Ohio State University.
Franklin College.
Purdue University.
Northwestern University.
University of Illinois.
University of Chicago.
University of Minnesota.
University of Wisconsin.
University of Missouri.
Washington University.
University of Nebraska.
University of Arkansas.
University of Kansas.
University of Colorado.
Denver University.
Colorado School of Mines.
Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
University of California.
Louisiana State University.
Tulane University.
University of Mississippi.
University of Texas.
Central University.
Bethel College.
Kentucky State College.
Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Cumberland University.
Vanderbilt University.
University of Tennessee.
University of the South.
Southwestern Baptist University.
University of Georgia.
Mercer University.
Emory College.
Georgia School of Technology.
Southwestern University.
University of Alabama.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

ΚΣ



Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia in 1867.

Beta Nu Chapter Established at Kentucky State College, April 5, 1901.

COLORS—*Scarlet, Emerald-green and White.*

FLOWER—*Lily of the Valley.*

PUBLICATIONS—*Caduceus and Star and Crescent.*

YELL—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Crescent and Star,
Vive a la! vive a la!
Kappa Sigma!

Local Chapter Roll

J. F. BATTAILLE,
H. S. BROWER,
L. C. BROWN,
G. L. BYROADE,
G. L. CASSELL,
J. T. CRAVENS,
B. S. CRAIG,
J. W. DAVIS,
W. P. EUBANK,
W. D. GRAY,
L. G. HERNDON,
E. T. HUTCHINGS,
C. MORGAN,
W. MORGAN,
T. P. PINKERTON,
H. F. SCHOLTZ,
E. D. SCOTT,
H. S. SCOTT,
B. N. SPENCER,
F. W. ALLEN.

National Chapter Roll.

Psi—University of Maine.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College.
Beta Kappa—New Hampshire College.
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont.
Beta Alpha—Brown University.
Alpha Kappa—Cornell University.
Pi—Swarthmore College.
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College.
Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania.
Alpha Phi—Bucknell University.
Beta Delta—Washington & Jefferson College.
Beta Iota—Lehigh University.
Beta Pi—Dickenson College.
Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland.
Alpha Eta—Columbian University.
Zeta—University of Virginia.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College.
Nu—William and Mary College.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College.
Beta Beta—Richmond College.
Delta—Davidson College.
Eta Prime—Trinity College.
Alpha Mu—University of N. Carolina.
Beta Upsilon—N. Car. A. & M. College.
Alpha Nu—Wofford College.
Alpha Beta—Mercer University.
Alpha Tau—Georgia School of Technology.
Beta Lambda—University of Georgia.
Beta—University of Alabama.
Beta Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Theta—Cumberland University.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University.
Lambda—University of Tennessee.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Omega—University of the South.
Alpha Theta—Southwest Baptist University.
Beta Nu—Kentucky State College.
Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College.
Gamma—Louisiana State University.
Epsilon—Centenary College.
Sigma—Tulane University.
Iota—Southwestern University.
Tau—University of Texas.
Xi—University of Arkansas.
Alpha Omega—William Jewell College.
Beta Gamma—Missouri State University.
Beta Sigma—Washington University.
Beta Chi—Missouri School of Mines.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska.
Beta Tau—Baker University.
Beta Omicron—University of Denver.
Alpha Sigma—Ohio State University.
Beta Phi—Case School of Science.
Chi—Purdue University.
Alpha Pi—Wabash College.
Beta Theta—University of Indiana.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University.
Alpha Zeta—University of Michigan.
Beta Epsilon—University of Wisconsin.
Beta Mu—University of Minnesota.
Beta Rho—University of Iowa.
Beta Zeta—Leland Standford, Jr., University
Beta Xi—University of California.
Beta Psi—University of Washington.

ΦΔΘ

Phi Delta Theta

Founded, Miami University, Dec. 26, 1848.

Kentucky Epsilon Chapter Established May 25, 1901.

COLORS—*Azure and Argent.* FLOWER—*White Carnation.*

PUBLICATIONS—*The Scroll, and the Palladium (secret).*

YELL—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Phi-keia
Phi Delta Theta
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Local Chapter Roll

R. M. ALLEN,
W. G. CAMPBELL,
W. E. GARY,
J. C. SHELBY,
R. H. BARCLAY,
W. M. SHOBE,

J. E. MATTHEWS,
L. J. PRYSE,
J. B. TRICE,

C. W. HAYNES,
J. M. FORBES,
W. F. LOGAN,
E. D. CARNEY,
G. H. MOORE,
G. B. WILKEN,

C. KINKEAD,
H. D. SPEARS,
W. V. MCFERRAN,

National Chapter Roll.

McGill University.
Colby College.
Dartmouth College.
University of Vermont.
Williams College.
Amherst College.
Brown University.
Cornell University.
Union University.
Columbia University.
Syracuse University.
Lafayette College.
Pennsylvania College.
Washington and Jefferson College.
Allegheny College.
Dickinson College.
University of Pennsylvania.
Lehigh University.
University of Virginia.
Randolph-Macon College.
Washington and Lee University.
University of North Carolina.
Central University.
Kentucky State College.
Vanderbilt University.
University of the South.
University of Georgia.
Emory College.
Mercer University.
Georgia School of Technology.
University of Alabama.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Miami University.
Ohio Wesleyan University.
Ohio University.
Ohio State University.
Case School of Applied Science.
University of Cincinnati.
University of Michigan.
Indiana University.
Wabash College.
Butler College.
Franklin College.
Hanover College.
De Pauw University.
Purdue University.
Northwestern University.
University of Chicago.
Knox College.
Lombard College.
University of Illinois.
University of Wisconsin.
University of Minnesota.
Iowa Wesleyan University.
University of Iowa.
University of Missouri.
Westminster College.
Washington University.
University of Kansas.
University of Nebraska.
University of Colorado.
University of Mississippi.
Tulane University of Louisiana.
University of Texas.
Southwestern University.
University of California.
Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
University of Washington.

ΠΚΑ
ΦΦΚΑ

ΠΚΑ
OMEGA
K. S. C.

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Founded at the University of Virginia in 1868.

OMEGA CHAPTER Established at Kentucky State College in 1901.

COLORS—*Garnet and Old Gold.* FLOWER—*Lily of the Valley.*

PUBLICATIONS—*Shield and Diamond, and Dagger and Key.*

YELL—

Ray, Ray, Pi K A!
K A, K A, Pi K A.

Local Chapter Roll.

L. K. FRANKEL,
R. A. GEARY,
A. AKIN,

J. H. LETTON, JR.,
L. E. HILLENMEYER,
L. E. ANDRUS,

H. L. AMOSS,
R. M. TAYLOR,
R. A. ARNSPIGER,

W. I. GOODWIN,
J. W. GUYN,
M. W. SMITH.

A. A. GORDON,
M. P. PORCH,
G. C. MONTGOMERY,

National Chapter Roll.

University of Virginia.

Davidson College, North Carolina.

William and Mary College.

University of Tennessee.

Tulane University.

South Western Presbyterian University.

Hampden Sidney College.

South Carolina Presbyterian College.

Wofford College.

Richmond College.

Washington and Lee University.

Cumberland University.

Vanderbilt University.

University of the South.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Roanoke College, Virginia.

University of the South.

Georgia Agricultural College.

Kentucky State College.

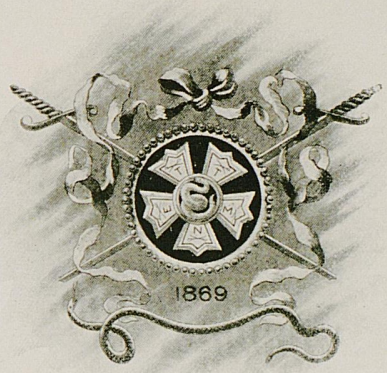
Kentucky University.

Trinity College, North Carolina.

Centenary College, Louisiana.

Louisiana State University.

Georgia Institute of Technology.


1869

Sigma Nu.

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, January 1, 1869.

Gamma Iota Chapter Established at Kentucky State College Jan. 17, 1902.

Colors—*Black, White and Gold.* Flower—*White Rose.*

Publication—*Delta.*

Yell—

Hi, Rickerty, Whoop to do;
What's the matter with Sigma Nu?
Terragahoo, hullobaloo,
Ausgezeichnet, Sigma Nu.

Local Chapter Roll.

J. W. Lancaster,
G. H. Wilson,
W. R. McKee,

G. W. Pickels, Jr.,
H. H. Wilson,
T. C. Geary,

J. R. Viley,
G. P. Edmonds,
J. A. Lilly,

J. M. Crume,
H. R. Moore,

J. B. Woods,
N. Downing,

National Chapter Roll.

Pi—Lehigh University.
Beta Sigma—University of Virginia.
Gamma Delta—Stevens Institute of Technology.
Gamma Epsilon—La Fayette College.
Gamma Theta—Cornell University.
Beta—University of Virginia.

Lambda—Washington and Lee University.
Omicron—Bethel College.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University.
Psi—University of North Carolina.
Beta Tau—North Carolina A. & M. College.
Gamma Iota—State College of Kentucky.

Mu—University of Georgia.
Theta—University of Alabama.
Iota—Howard College.
Kappa—Northern Georgia Agri'l College.
Eta—Mercer University.
Xi—Emory College.

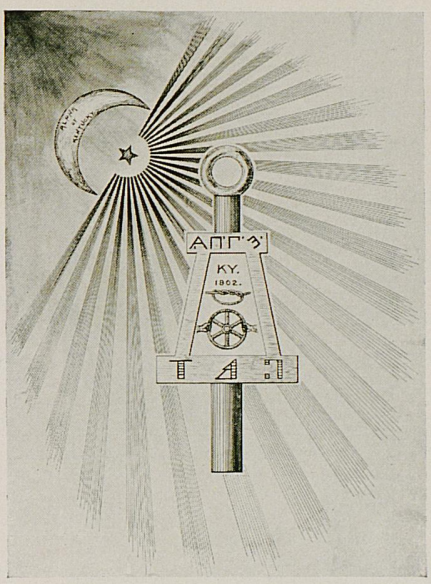
Beta Theta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Gamma Alpha—Georgia School of Technology.
Epsilon—Bethany College.
Beta Beta—De Pauw University.
Beta Nu—Ohio State University.
Beta Zeta—Purdue University.
Beta Eta—University of Indiana.
Beta Iota—Mount Union College.
Beta Upsilon—Rose Polytechnic Institute.
Gamma Gamma—Albion College.
Gamma Beta—Northwestern University.
Gamma Lambda—University of Wisconsin.

Gamma Mu—University of Illinois.
Gamma Nu—University of Michigan.
Delta Theta—Lombard University.
Beta Mu—State University of Iowa.
Nu—Kansas State University.
Rho—Missouri State University.

Beta Xi—William Jewell College.
Gamma Xi—Missouri State School of Mines.
Gamma Omicron—Washington University.
Upsilon— University of Texas.
Phi—Louisiana State University.
Beta Phi—Tulane University.

Gamma Eta—Colorado School of Mines.
Gamma Kappa—University of Colorado.
Gamma Chi—University of Washington.
Gamma Zeta—University of Oregon.
Beta Chi—Leland Stanford.
Beta Psi—University of California.

ORGANIZATIONS.


АПГ
KY.
1862.

Tau Beta Pi Association.

Founded at Lehigh University 1885.

COLORS—BROWN AND WHITE.

PREAMBLE—To mark in a fitting manner those who have conferred honor upon their Alma Mater by a high grade of scholarship as undergraduates, or by their attainments as alumni, and to foster a spirit of liberal culture in the Technical and Scientific schools of America.

Alpha of Kentucky.

Established 1902.

LOCAL CHAPTER ROLL.

F. P. Anderson—Purdue....'90
J. P. Brooks—Dartmouth....'85
J. T. Faig....'94
J. R. Johnston....'93
L. K. Frankel....'00
W. M. Marks....'03
E. E. Ramey....'04
J. G. Lewis....'04
H. K. Bell....'04
W. E. Freeman....'04
F. Y. Johnson....'04
G. O. Harding....'04
G. W. Pickels....'04
S. T. Howard....'04
R. Payne....'05
J. F. Shipp....'05
A. Akin....'05
J. M. Coons....'05
C. W. Ham....'05
W. C. Kelly....'05
T. W. Freeman....'05

NATIONAL CHAPTER ROLL.

Alpha of Pennsylvania....*Lehigh University*
Alpha of Indiana....*Purdue University*
Alpha of New Jersey....*Stevens Institute of Technology*
Alpha of Ohio....*Case School of Applied Science*
Alpha of Illinois....*University of Illinois*
Alpha of Michigan....*Michigan Agricultural College*
Alpha of Wisconsin....*University of Wisconsin*
Alpha of New York....*Columbia University*
Alpha of Kentucky....*State College of Kentucky*
Alpha of Missouri....*University of Missouri*

Chi Epsilon Chi.

THE Chi Epsilon Chi fraternity was founded at the Kentucky University on March 4th, 1899. The charter members were Mary E. Sweeny, Margaret McDarrell Wooley, Ellen Vernon and Josephine D. Hunt.

This Alpha chapter in the fall of 1902 established a chapter at the State College of Kentucky, its charter members being Nettie Rhodes, Isabella Marshall and Charlotte Buckner. On the 16th of March, 1904 the Gamma chapter of Chi Epsilon Chi was founded at the Campbell-Hagerman College with Marian McEulloch, Sunshine Sweeny, Winifred Westlake, Virginia Hagerman and Anna Belle Downtain as its charter members.

Chi Epsilon Chi is a local college fraternity and has no rival in the city of Lexington. Its government is vested in a grand council composed of one representative from the alumnae and active chapter of each college.

Chi Epsilon Chi.

Established at Kentucky State College in 1902.

FLOWERS—WHITE AND PURPLE VIOLETS. COLORS—WHITE AND VIOLET.

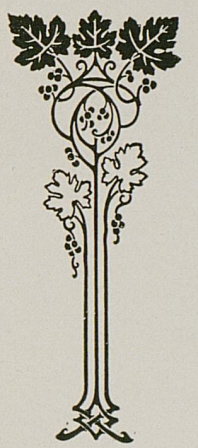
Yell—"Hurrah for the violet!
Hurrah for the white!
The girl that's a Chi Epsilon Chi!
Is all right."

Roll.

Margaret Hart.
Anna Rogers.
Fanny Rogers.
Mary Scrugham.
Lucy Hutchcraft.

Margaret Davis.
Sallyneil Wathen.
Fanny Lucas.
Katherine Hopson.
Sarah Chorn.

Lamp and Cross



W. E. Freeman,
C. H. Gullion,
W. D. Gray,
B. R. Hart,
W. P. Kelley,
G. H. Pickels,
E. E. Ramey,
H. H. Rice,
J. C. Shelby,
G. H. Wilson,

T. P. Pinkerton,
H. L. A. Williamson,

C. F. Clarke,
L. J. Pryse,

J. W. Lancaster,
H. H. McGee,

R. A. Geary,
H. B. Darling,

G. H. Gilbert,
H. M. West,

G. C. Godloe,
W. K. Prewitt,
H. N. Wood.

M. I.

R. L. Acker,
J. M. Coons,
O. K. Dyer,
J. H. Gardner,
I. H. Gaither,
S. J. Harding,
F. Y. Johnson,
W. P. Kelley,
W. C. Kelley,

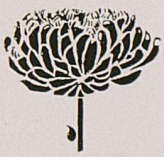
J. G. Lewis,
L. E. Nallau,
F. C. Paullin,
L. B. Pride,
P. Riefkin,
F. Shipp,
E. W. Schultz,
J. M. Sprake,
H. C. Wurtele.

M McMulligan

Y. W. C. A.

Members

G. B. Bullock,
M. Campbell,
A. G. Claybrook,
E. T. Cremin,
K. B. Darnaby,
M. L. Dodd,
F. Gfroerer,
E. Hargis,
M. Kendrick,
F. M. Maddocks,
E. M. Nunnelly,
B. L. Oldham,
G. Ogg,
A. Payne,
S. Peffer,
L. Shehan,
M. Scott,
Z. M. Thurman,
N. S. Tucker,
A. Wallis,
E. Wallis,
E. Wells.



HAL NICHOLLS

Y. M. C. A.

R. H. Barkley, *President.*
F. W. Tucker, *Vice-President.*
W. H. Durham, *Recording Sec'y.*
J. W. English, *Correspondent.*
B. H. Pope, *Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

H. L. Amoss,
R. H. Barkley,
E. L. Baird,
H. J. Clo,
N. L. Clo,
R. Crenshaw,
W. H. Durham,
S. S. Elam,
J. W. English,
J. H. Gardner,
C. R. Gilmore,
W. S. Hamilton,
G. A. Hardin,
C. R. Harris,
F. D. Hedges,
F. W. Herring,
H. L. Herring,
R. C. Hoagland,
R. McPheron,
F. Parrigan,
C. O. Peratt,
C. S. Pierce,
B. H. Pope,
E. R. Ransom,
C. Roark,
H. C. Robinson,
H. B. Saunders,
F. L. Schneiter,
W. J. Schoene,
B. W. Sherrill,
P. K. Smiley,
T. M. Smith,
H. E. Stevens,
W. M. Stone,
G. Sumner,
S. T. Jackson,
W. P. Kelley,
J. W. Lancaster,
J. P. Maddox,
W. S. Weaver,
H. W. Taylor,
F. W. Tucker,
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T. Wallace,
E. Webb.

HAL NICHOLLS

The Philosophian Society.

Founded in 1882 by the Young Women of the College for Literary Improvement and Social Pleasure.

COLORS—*Red and Black.*

MOTTO—*Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum.*

CALENDAR.

September....Reception to new students.
October.....Candy pulling and dance.
November....Musicale.
March.....Open session. Program consisting of essay, original story, recitation, original poem, "The Star."
April.....Play.
May.....Fancy dress ball for girls.
June..... Reception to seniors.

MEETINGS.

Every Wednesday, at one o'clock, in the Society rooms in the gymnasium building.

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Vice-President—MARY MAGUIRE.
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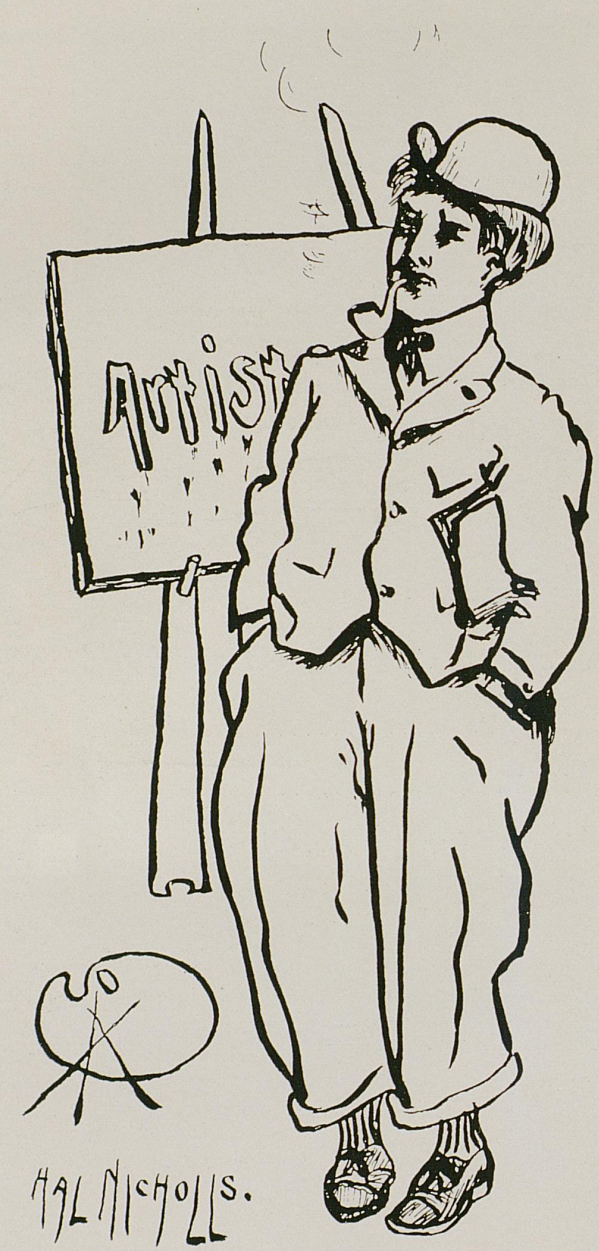
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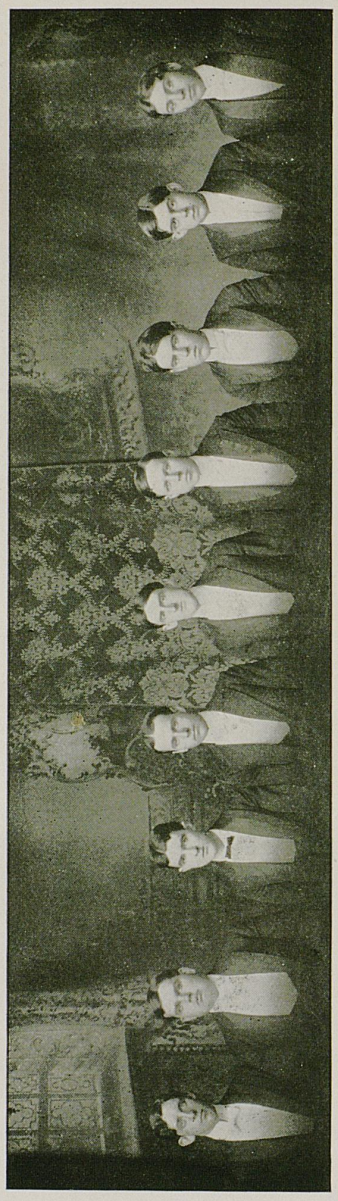
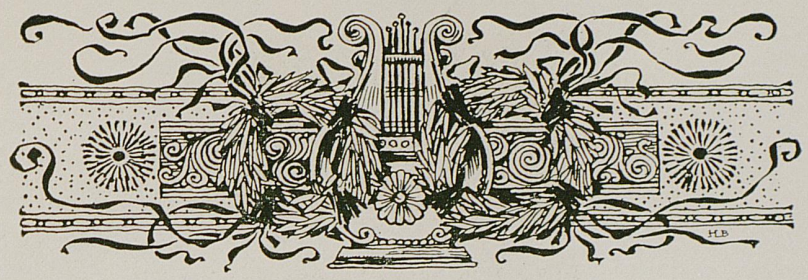




Glee Club.

P. T. Atkins.

J. Forbes.

H. W. Johnston.

J. E. Matthews.

W. W. H. Mustaine.

A. H. Rodes.

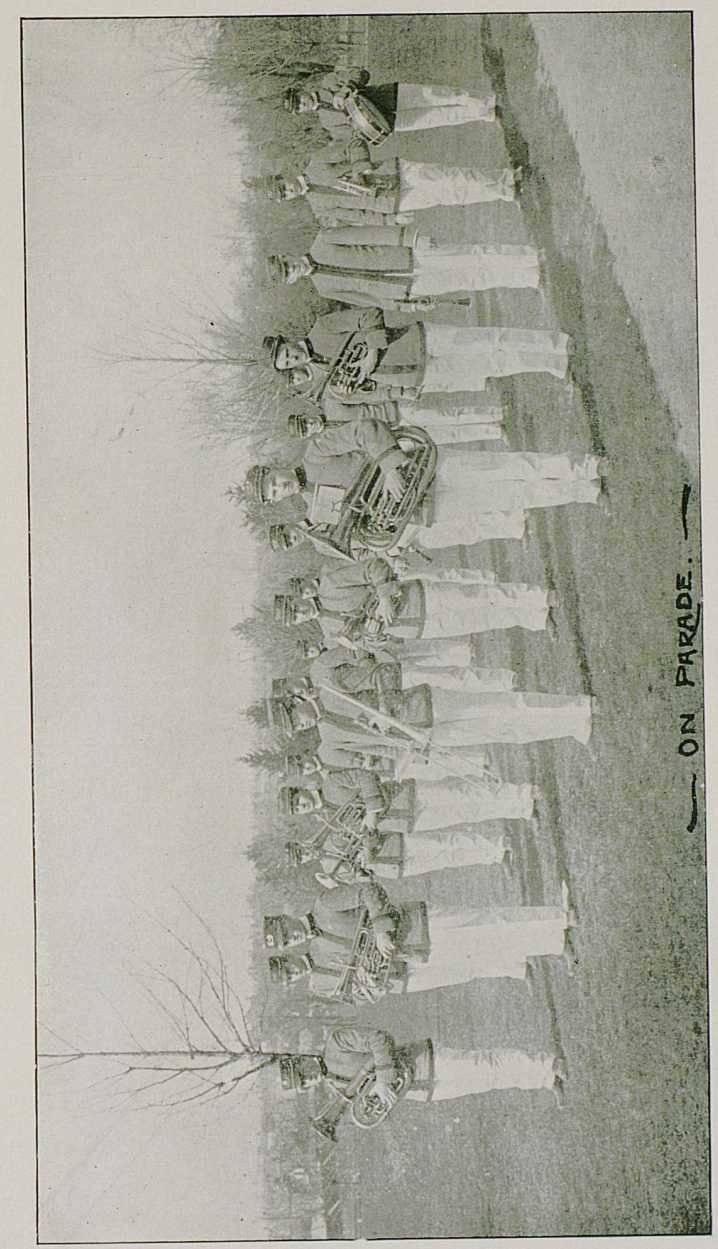
C. H. Sutherland.

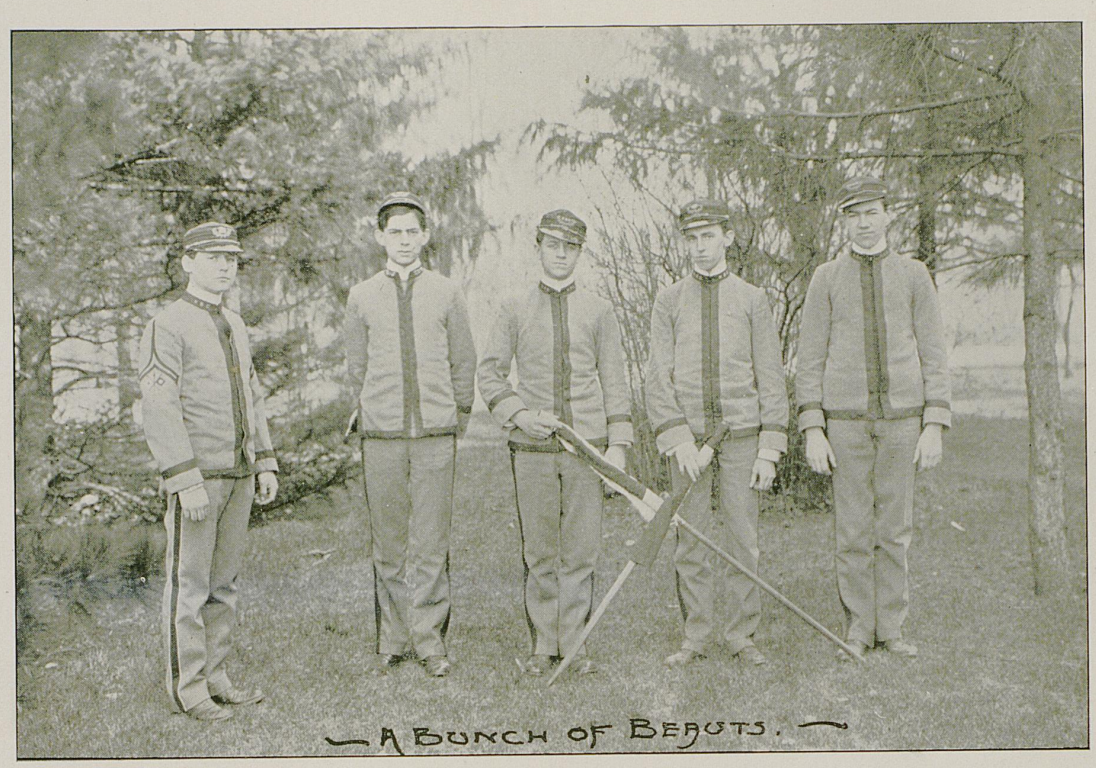
J. Trice.

D. F. Wade.

R. B. Walsh.

HAL NICHOLLS


ON PARADE.



A BUNCH OF BEAUTS.

The Signal Corps.

WE print the picture on the foregoing page upon the earnest solicitation of the young gentlemen whom it represents, and upon payment of a small fee from the soldier on the extreme left. You notice chevrons on his arms and a Napoleonic look of fierce determination on his brow. He is John McChord Jr., the pot-stomached Apollo from Lebanon, Ky. His efficient leadership of this fine military organization has been a source of gratification to his friends and of elation to himself. He is very popular with his men and he mingles very freely among them.

We are sorry the next man has his hands behind him for he has a beautiful pair of lunch hooks. He is Jim Forbes, of Hopkinsville, and his coat, which you notice is unfastened at the throat, indicates that he is hot in the collar. No doubt such is the case, for he has been drilling for five or ten minutes, which is more work than he is accustomed to. The sad expression on his face can be explained by a certain young lady who has spent the winter in the far-away south.

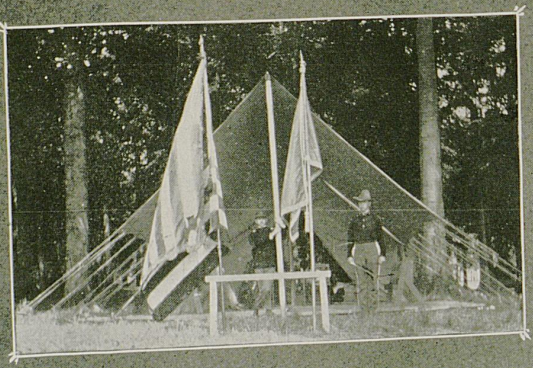
On the right of Mr. Forbes stands, in graceful posture, a handsome young Lothario, who answers to the appellation of Earnest Goode. His cap, rakishly thrown on one side of his belfry; his sad, sardonic expression; his tired sympathetic way of standing, all betokens the ingenuous wiles of the lady-killer. He is probably the most soldierly rookie in the bunch, if we draw our conclusions from the way his nether extremities are in juxtaposition. This inference, however, is fallacious, the others, all are bow-legged.

The next that meets your gaze is the redoubtable Edward Kinkead, of Lexington. Note the sweet, wan smile on his face and the coy glance of his hazel eyes. Likewise admire the graceful crook of his little finger which betokens the brazen coquetry of his impulsive nature. You will notice that his head covering has slid upward from his auricular protuberances. Think not harshly of him, gentle reader. His morality is above reproach, the virgin whiteness of his character unspotted. He is not suffering a relapse of the cranium disease incidental to a night out with the boys. Not so. The fact is, the cap was borrowed for the occasion.

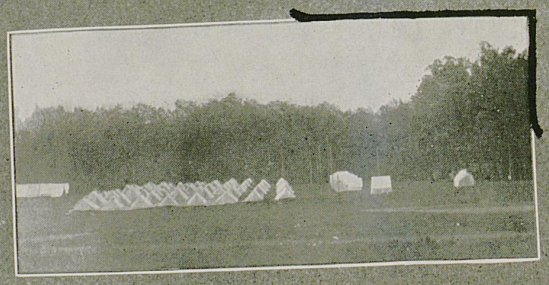
The young gentleman on the extreme right of the brigade you will notice is without cuffs. He is also without socks, but this does not show in the picture. The peculiar grin on his face was not worked up for the occasion, but is habitual with him. His parents sent him to college with the express hope that a four-years' course would wear it off. His cap, slightly tilted toward his right ear, shows his beautiful auburn hair to an advantage. He is David Hays, of Bloomfield, Ky. He is sometimes called "Tomato" Hays by his loving friends in remembrance of a little escapade in the famous Ashland campaign.

THE BATTERY

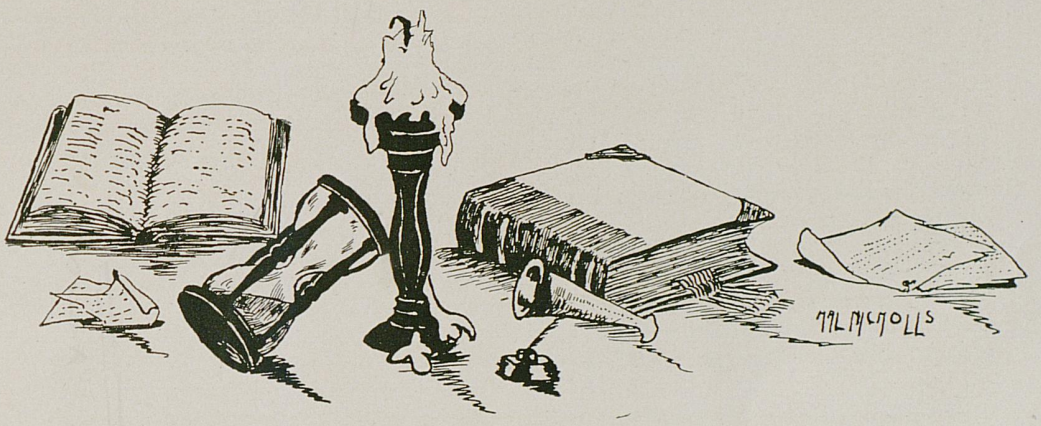
CAMP BYROADE



HEADQUATERS



THE CAMP



A Visitation.

NO one can appreciate the field of Waterloo as Napoleon. No one can feel keen disappointment as did Alexander at the necessary termination of his conquest.

I mention these great historical lights to again remind the reader that it is the time and place and personal interest that lends excitement to an incident. And so if you have never been to college, if you have never roomed in the dormitory, if you have never trembled in the austere presence and felt the piercing eyes of the President upon you, it is time wasted to read this little incident.

Saturday, October —, three college men sat around their table and in compliance with the promptings of a conscience not yet dulled from the awakening and softening influences resulting from a vacation at home, were fervently searching the pages of various volumes. Hoping that some legitimate excuse might draw him from his self-imposed labors "Sol" thoughtfully approached a raised window and there, far down among the brown leaves, joyously scratching and skipping about, was a bunch of the prettiest spring chickens that were ever liberated for a foraging expedition by the President's Master of Poultry.

Kind reader, it is not my intention to weary you with a detailed description of what followed. I will call your attention to "Bill Henry" as he glides along up to the unsuspecting innocents and makes a flying tackle to the distress and ultimate ruin of a fine buff cochin. Now the fleet-footed "Sol" clears for action and in and out among the trees, up and down the hill he pursues with relentless speed the now scattered and thoroughly terrified feathered tribe. "Handsome Harry" descends the fire escape and with a skill and quickness only derived from experience, materially assists in the business at hand.

Now "Bill Henry" has delivered up his first down and all join in with sweet accord to chase the roosters from the sward. All caution is forgotten in the eagerness of the chase. Unheeded is the shrill squawking; unnoticed the near proximity of the President's house.

Thus with knightly valor unsurpassed by none that Stanley found in Africa, the downfall and capture of five members of a once happy family is accomplished, and ruin, mournful ruin and bleak desolation take up their abode where happiness and prosperity were once securely enthroned.

The victims are placed in a box in the ante-chamber of 36, and crumbs from various feasts are brought, that they may spend their time in pleasant anticipation.

'Tis Sunday morning, bright and clear. The little clock hanging by a nail indicates the hour to be half past eleven, as your humble servant climbs slowly and uncertainly from his downy bed.

"Bill Henry" is sleeping in his usual disregard for formality, with his head lying on the outside edge of his bed and face turned straight up as though he was carrying on a pleasant conversation with some heavenly body. Various sighs, gurgles, whispers, and through all, a steady combined effort to imitate the working of an exhaust valve and a three-toothed buzz-saw, indicates that slumber sweet and fresh has claimed him. "Hebe" has evidently gone to church and "Sol," who has spent a restless night in 31, is just removing his hat preparatory to retiring in "Hebe's" bed.

I make a hasty inspection of the water-works and find everything dry and the room orderly at his devotions.

After taking an admiring peep through the slats at our handsome aggregation, I take the bowl, and dropping the two flimsy curtains that separate the suite of rooms, proceed to search the dormitory for the necessary $H_2 O$. As I open the door I almost run, bowl first, into President Patterson.

"Oh, immutable, transient fate! Was President Patterson ever known to be on the third floor before?

"Good morning," says President Patterson.

"Good morning," says I, looking apologetically at my half robed body and backing cautiously within my door.

"I'll come in a while," says President Patterson.

"Yes, sir," I remarked in tragic tones.

"The President comes in observing everything closely. "Bill Henry" is still sleeping in the same reckless abandon. "Sol" has seen enough to hastily throw himself upon the bed and wrap his head and shoulders in two comforts and a blanket, in the vanity of his soul, thinking as the proverbial ostrich, that he is hidden, and all unmindful that the larger portion of him is showing in painful relief against the sheets.

The President observes "Bill Henry" and walks up to his bed.

"And who is this?" he says, looking straight down into "Bill's" troubled countenance.

"Mr. Grady," says I.

Just then "Bill" cautiously opened one eye just enough to see. He encountered the President's look of contemplation. "Bill" closed both eyes tightly and assumed a rigidity intended to impersonate one who sleeps. The President crosses to the other bed.

"And who is this?" says the President.

"Mr. Darling," says I, watching "Sol's" childish endeavors at concealment, and echoing his groans as he slowly smothers to death.

"Have a seat, President," says I, placing a chair with its back to the ante-room.

The President turns the chair facing the ante-room and sits down.

"Scratch, scratch," goes something from behind the curtains.

I turn a chair over to drown out further manipulations in the ante-chamber.

"Peck, peck," comes from the ante-chamber.

"President," says I loudly, in order to divert his mind from external affairs, "do the land-grant colleges assume responsibility for the land, that the law, according to the bill passed by the efforts of the late Senator Morrill, incorporated and to be maintained by the proviso—"

Here I gave down, but was moved to further efforts by a "peck, peck, pecking." I resumed still louder.

"Has any subsequent congress proceeded in the endeavor, actuated by virtue of a future need, arising from the preponderous growth and growing tendency of the people at large—"

Again I paused in my incoherent chatter and expected the cock's shrill clarion to break upon my strained ears at every instant.

The President not being able to make anything out of my unintelligent question proceeded on his tour of inspection and arising asked:

"What is that little room for?" at the same time advancing.

"President," I interrupted in tones meant to be firm, and assuming an expression of ashamed house-wifery, "that room is so dirty that I wouldn't let anybody—"

"Very well," says the President, going toward the door.

"Good-morning."

I glanced at "Bill." He was in exactly the same position, only his face had a pained expression and great drops of perspiration were freezing on his forehead. "Sol" had become weak from his exertions to breathe, and was lying in a bellicose semi-conscious condition. As the door closed "Bill" made a dive under the curtains and began throwing heads out of the window.

He, too, had been hearing things.

: : : : : :

BUTTINSKY.

The William Goat is bald of head,
With whiskers on his chin;
He lost the bunch upon his pate
By always buttin' in.

The Maid in the Moon.

"Fair Luna! 'mid the cloud flecked blue,
'Sail on' and 'paddle your own canoe!'
To you, Queen Night's Handmaid, we come
And beg of you, whene'er we roam,
Chide not, but veil your face. You see
That College boys 'aft gang aglee.'
You cast your silver glamour round
And make us on the college ground
Think, as one does in a dream,
That 'things are not just what they seem.'
But when we find 'love's labor lost,'
And come to you to ask the cost
To mend our hearts, pick up the scraps
Of cardiac tissue, ere time elapse,
And quick, but not with useless haste,
Glue them together with library paste."

Recitation in Astronomy.

Prof. W.—"Mr. Eubank, is astronomy a very useful study?"

Eubank—"Yes, sir, Professor; a very useful study indeed."

Prof. W. (delighted)—"That is right, Mr. Eubank, you show a thorough preparation for this recitation." Eubank slyly closes his book and gently falls into a tranquil slumber.

Prof. W.—"Now, Mr. Pickels, can you tell me how many kinds of time we have." A gentle murmur, like a buzz-saw eating into a hickory plank, breaks the stillness. Pickels is asleep. Prof. W. tosses the question to Hoagland.

Hoagland (awakening with a start)—"How-many-kinds-of-time, Professor? Why, we have sidereal time, solar time and rag-time."

Billy Warder suddenly awakens and, fearing he will be called upon, precipitately leaves the room.

Prof. W.—"Mr. Gordon, what is sidereal time?"

Gordon—"Professor—I—don't know what Siberian time is. I only had two hours to prepare for this recitation and am, of course, unprepared."

Lewis—"Prof. W., can a Waterbury watch be set so as to keep sidereal time?"

Prof. W.—"It is not known for sure, but a Waterbury watch can be depended upon to keep most any old time but the correct time."

Puckett—"Professor, if a man on the moon owned a watch would it be called a luna-tick?"

After a few remarks on ticking, bed ticking, etc., Rice breaks in with: "Professor, is the moon supposed to have any effect upon the human mind? I have heard of cases where sailors, having slept in the moonshine, became foolish."

Prof. W.—"The moon has effect on the tides and it is reasonable to suppose that it would also effect the human mind, and especially so, where there is water on the brain."

Then the merry war went on.

Camp Echoes.

AT last the long looked for day has arrived, and judging from what I have already seen I must first inform you of the fact that you left the show just before the curtain went up. Just how you could spend a whole year in college sailing around in Graphic Statics and Mechanics, and eating Calculus up "blood-raw", and then allow a thing like this, slip is beyond my grasp. But since I promised to write you in full about the encampment I don't know that I could do better than commence at the beginning and first record that we arrived. After a swift flight of one hundred and twenty-five miles up the C. & O. R. R., we rolled in at the depot simultaneous with the striking of the twelve o'clock and a gentle down-pour of rain, which prevented a parade through the town as was anticipated by the people here. We find Ashland to be a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, scattered along the bank of the river for about two miles. The town is long and slim, but the streets are short and broad. If this damp weather continues I feel sure the width of the streets will be a thing of convenience. You know it would never do to let the college "spirits" die out in a place of this kind.

The site of our camp is ideal—in the open at the edge of a thickly wooded park near the heart of the city. It is at one end of the park and the city public schools is at the other. Coming from town one must pass the school building first and then through the wooded grove, which is beautifully diversified with gentle curving sawdust walks. On either side of the walks leading to camp are numerous double-seated swings and benches. You see everything is conducive to our thorough enjoyment. Whenever we get lonesome, all we have to do is to go out in the woods and talk to the squirrels. But a word more about our camp. She promptly assumed the name "Camp Byroade" as a matter of course, and by common consent of the entire cadet corps. This means a rare compliment to our commandant. He is not only military, skin, boots, brains and all, but very popular as well. I have always considered the two things incompatible, but it works out differently in his case. Just before leaving Lexington the student body presented him with a handsome sword. The same spirit that prompted the giving the sword had to do with the naming of our camp. The boys think he is the whole "cheese." After we had each taken part in a couple of dog fights for a little straw and tent poles, it was not long until there appeared a city of white. In this city there dwells a hungry lot of inhabitants, and the greatest event of the day was mess. It consisted of lightbread, coffee, onions and steak, and was served in tin plates as

we passed the cooks in line—one company after another. We then hied ourselves to the wood pile and by the aid of a hatchet, and with much persuasion managed to get on the outside of the steak. All this took place before several hundred idle spectators composed chiefly of dirty-faced "kids," of which Ashland has her share. After this agony of supper Frankel and I went down town and one of the first sights that met our eyes was a long, slim cadet standing on the pavement in the shade of a tree, with his arm around a young lady's waist. He didn't seem to care whether the earth rotated on its axis once in twenty-four sidereal hours or not, just so the law of gravity remained in force, and when asked by the object of his dearest wishes if he had ever read any of Bertha M. Clay's works he said he had, but was not particularly fond of them, but was quite willing to change his mind if she would urge it in the least. Now, this slim lover is a Senior. Would you have thought it?

We got a damp dose last night. It rained like fury and the city of white looks like a huge white bird with some of her tail feathers missing. Some tents were blown down and scattered in general confusion. A stream of water found its way through White Guyn's tent and floated his socks away—the only pair he had. You remember them; same ones he wore at college all the time. Gullian slept with his feet in the water and didn't know it, and for once had them washed to a virgin freshness. He was so proud of the fact this morning, that he would not speak to us without the utmost condescension.

We gave our first sham battle out at Clyfside Park. Thousands of people were there. On account of the immense crowd we did not have sufficient room for the maneuvers, but it was pulled off in very good style. During the action one of the field pieces started off down the hill of its own accord and Trice stuck one of his trilbys under the wheel, which unlaced his shoe. He threw it aside and began climbing his right leg. He went home today. Puckett made a grand stand finish by leaping full length into a duck pond. When he came out he looked like something just out of the Zoo. Rhodes Viley would have done the same thing but he saw a young lady drop her lunch and slackened his pace to pull that in, and barely escaped. After the sham the boys that didn't have girls were looking for lunch baskets. Many a heart was broken and many a basket robbed. Akin has got the neatest pair of hooks on him for anything of that kind I ever saw.

White Guyn paraded around with a fair haired creature—a perfect beauty. Little did she know that he was sockless as a jay bird.

Capt. Gilliland kept that gold tooth in his head exposed to a Catlettsburg beauty and finally worked her for a cheese sandwich and a couple of hard boiled eggs. Nisbet commenced to guy him and frightened all the ducks out of the pond.

Big Maddox met a couple of girls and introduced about a hundred boys to them within twenty minutes. Best record made on these grounds.

The day was gloriously spent and a right royal time we are having, with few exceptions. That our visit is not a thing of joy to all is very evident. There are a set of fellows around here losing sleep at night on our account. They do it in order that they may stand on street corners in gangs and hiss cadets to their backs as they go down the street and then pelt them with rocks. They are so unfriendly, this pig headed set. They could at least use smaller rocks. One bounced a piece of blast furnace slag off my head last night that was fully as large as a brick bat. Such conduct was very embarrassing to me, not to mention the inconvenience it put me to. I think we deserved better treatment, as visitors, even if we are occasionally caught on the same side of the street with a girl.

This has been a big day in camp. Nothing sensational transpired except that Goodloe and McDowell went to the river and took a bath without being urged. Really, I believe Goodloe is improving. So far, Nollau and Johnson have been proof against any such rash proceeding.

This afternoon the fair sex swooped down upon us in such overwhelming numbers that we were forced to "take to the woods." I concluded this was the time for me to make a killing, so I put on my white duck trousers and surrendered to a green-eyed blonde from over the river. I conducted her to one of those benches in the woods, and was doing fine for awhile, but I made one bad play that lost the game. I intended to make a point by reciting a couple of verses from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and quite naturally laid one of my hands upon her shapely shoulder. I didn't have anything else for it to do just at that time. She informed me that if it was all the same to me, I could just remove that hand and roll my little hoop right on down the sawdust walk. It is my first, and if I mistake not my last, adventure; at all events it is my last with the green-eyed variety.

I always was a failure at anything like that. But not so with Scott. He made about a dozen hits this afternoon and brought home the coupons to show for it, in the form of little ragged edged handkerchiefs. And by the way, they make most excellent gun rags.

Capt. Shobe's company won the flag today at dress parade, and immediately afterwards he went boldly up to one of his young lady friends and told her he was "it" and that she must come across with a cake. How do you like that for nerve?

Gilliland's girl from Catlettsburg is named Penelope, she has been loafing around camp all day and Capt. Gilliland says she has a winning way.

Saturday.

Things have been very quiet today in camp. Most cadets went visiting, some to Catlettsburg, some to Huntington, W. Va., and some to Ironton, Ohio. Those who went to Huntington report favorably, especially upon the glass works and brewery. At the brewery all you have got to do is to look hungry and a man gives you tickets for beer. Peckinpaugh and Barkley visited the brewery in eight different disguises.

At Ironton we inspected the blast furnaces. The one we went to the top of was about seventy-five or eighty feet high. Some one remarked something about being closer to heaven, but every time they introduced a charge into that furnace it reminded me of something not very heavenly.

Down below a rip roaring mighty blast of hot air helps things along a little, and for a good straight run of wind and noise, the modern blast furnace is the only thing that I have ever run across that could anything like rival Nisbet.

We took dinner at Ironton and I ate so many Frankfurter sausages that I am ashamed to look a dog in the face. It seems to have affected Edwards more than any of us, as he commenced barking soon afterwards. We finally got him back to camp for dress parade.

Last night Lancaster, "Bull" Durham, Wade Smith and several others went down town and came back late and started up a midway show at the head of the Battery street. Joe Lancaster did a bear dance, and Pat Hunter insisted upon doing a slack wire performance under the arc light. "Noisy" Nisbet and Edwards were the spielers.

But for the timely intervention of the guards the show would have been a howling success.

Capt. Jenkins has cut Capt. Gilliland out of Penelope, but Gilliland is not suffering. Every other woman who comes to camp is looking for "Capt. Gilliland's tent." I believe his power lies right in that gold tooth. There is no doubt that Jenkins has made a decided hit with Penelope. He also spends some of his time out in the woods with one of the school teachers grading algebra papers.

Sunday.

This has been a great day in camp. Old Judge Savage, one of the "grand old men" of the community, spoke to the cadets before headquarters in the afternoon. He will long be remembered for his kind, humorous remarks, and his benevolent face. The camp and adjacent woods were crowded with folks from miles around.

Late in the afternoon a crowd of cadets got together with a tent fly and

commenced throwing the commissioned officers sky-high in the air. The Captain of Co. B was officer of the day, and they just pulled him down off his perch and sent him up to mingle with the elements. This was very amusing to the immense crowd of people, and especially so, when he came down and gave old mother earth a stiff jab in the bosom before going upward again. Capt. Jenkins was taken away from his girl and blanketed before her very eyes. It was a sight to see his bigness turning over spider-like in mid air.

They started for Frankel and Gilliland, but they ran through the Major's tent. One got under the cot. The other took to the tall uncut and escaped.

I believe our commandant is a gay deceiver. There is always a gang of ladies loafing around his headquarters and I haven't seen him breaking his neck to tell any of them that he is a married man. He and Frankel make a good team. They are always out on the town.

Frankel has been looking for some of the lovely ones he met four years ago, when the battalion was encamped here. But alas for poor Frankel. They are all married now and his job is to carry the little ones around while mamma looks at the soldiers.

At dress parade today Edwards appeared in a new Drum Major's misfit. He looked like a chick just out of the shell.

Monday.

We had a great game of base ball today. Our team played the local team and was defeated by a score of 4 to 2. Five men on our team had never played on the team before. The first umpire was so rotten he was funny. He decided against us in the plainest cases. Once I told him he was doing the job about right for Ashland. He gave me to understand that he played the game before I was born. I agreed with him to that extent, but told him I didn't think he had played any since. Finally they took him out and put another umpire in and he was worse than the first. Grady held up a bloody split hand for time, and two men ran across the plate. Mr. Umpire said he did'nt call any time in base ball. I admire an umpire who can rob a team in a beautiful sort of way and make that team think he is square, but one of the kind we dealt with today is too rotten for any use.

I wish you might have seen our friend Gullion as he appeared coming into camp this evening. If Sherlock Holmes could have seen him he probably would have sized him up like this:

"Why, my dear Dr. Watson, not at all, it is the plainest case in the world. The distinct odor of stale beer arising from the young man's coat indicates that he has been in the clutches of an Ashland policeman. The small torn strip in the rear of the coat verifies this conclusion. You see the mud on his

shoes and trousers and his spent condition from fast running. Now, Doctor, we have the data, and it resolves itself into the simple problem of adding two and two together and getting four.

"He has been in the hands of a policeman, decidedly an Ashland policeman; after some trouble he made his escape is shown by the torn places in the coat. Evidently he has been pursued for about two miles, and the mud on his shoes is plainly the mud of a duck pond. Therefore he came straight through the duck pond about two miles from this point. Now there is a duck pond at Clyfside Park which is just two miles, shortest distance. The few strands of red hair you see on the young man's collar makes it as plain as the nose on a man's face that he has been in the company of a red headed girl and in all probability she is Nora, the policeman's sweetheart. So there you are, Doctor."

Now this is simply a deduction. It may vary from this slightly.

My boy, things like this are constantly happening and it would require a constant writer to record them all. In closing I will say that it has been found out that Penelope is a chambermaid. Jenkin's heart is broken. I think she sent him along for about three dollars, including street car rides, ice cream, and vaudeville shows.

If this continues until our ten days are up you will not hear from me soon. I will be too busy until that time arrives, and too tired afterwards.

Yours algebraically,

X. Y. Z.

If I Should Die Tonight.

If I should die tonight
And 'round my form be laid
My little wooden overcoat,
With preparations made
By sorrowing friends and relatives
To plant me in the shade
Of weeping willows or in the cold, dark tomb,
I say,
Suppose that you should chance along
And hear my praises chanted loud and strong,
And listen to the minister grind out
The same old story that he always does
When we have shuffled out
To join the silent throng,
I say,
Would you, with hypocritic eyes,
Extol my virtues to the skies,
And fabricate a monstrous lie?
Or perchance tell them just the truth—
The plain, old straight unvarnished truth, aye,
Stop their laments and their cries.
Perhaps,
Instead of me, there you should lay,
A lifeless lump of mouldering clay,
And I should happen in.
Would I then be the Pharisee
To tell them of the sin on sin
Committed by you in your day?
Not so;
For e'en though I should know
The part you played throughout this mortal show
It would not be a circumstance
To what there is in store for you—
That fearful, red-hot song and dance
That 'waits you down below.

Memories.

SHE was sitting alone in a beautifully furnished room. The last rays of the setting sun threw a shaft of mellow light across the still figure, yet seemed to touch it lightly as though afraid of arousing its fair owner from her reverie. It was one of her few leisure moments and she had given herself up to the train of thoughts which thrust themselves upon her. No wonder there was a far-away look in her soft brown eyes, and a tremulous smile on her curving lips. The veil of time had been rent asunder, and the scene of the troublesome past stood out in bold relief.

A slight misunderstanding followed by hasty words, angrily spoken, a vow never to meet in the future, and he was gone. For awhile pride and anger strove for mastery, but both were soon forced to give way, and like any other girl, she wept.

Richard had declared that he would seek his fortune in some distant land, far away from the place he had once held so dear. As Bernice retraced her steps, she, too, resolved to win fame and fortune, and to prove that woman could live and be happy without love. She lost no time in making preparations for a hasty departure, for she well knew only a few days would elapse before Richard would carry out his resolution to leave the neighborhood. She, too, would find a few days sufficient, and ere his departure he would learn that she had already left her childhood home, never to return.

Memory now recalls that last strange meeting. Was it some kindly inclined sprite that sent each of them to the little station to catch the same train? If it was, then what a disappointment it must have suffered, for no reconciliation was effected. A slight start of surprise on the part of each, a questioning look from him, a cold one from her; then each sat staring at the rough wooden floor with studied indifference, while poor Dan Cupid stood with his little head against the wall, and from his mild, blind eyes, tears gushed in torrents. But who can tell the various emotions which surged in two indignant breasts.

She did not hesitate in choosing her profession. She had already felt the delicious thrill of gazing at an audience over the footlights, and had experienced the satisfaction of hearing merited applause and praise. A few years sufficed to bring Bernice to the goal of her ambition. Both fame and fortune

were now hers. To many she apparently had nothing left to wish for, but who can say that she would not forego all the praise and adulation of the world just for one glance from a pair of well remembered eyes.

The striking of the clock aroused her and with a broken sigh she cast one longing look far into the twilight and recovered herself. The curtain has fallen on the last act, and the delighted audience burst into one more round of applause. Bernice's name is on every lip. Even those who know her best marveled at her acting tonight. What subtle influence was cast over her and by her displayed to her admirers? No one could solve the mystery, yet all felt the magic spell.

Far across the continent in an apartment of an elegantly appointed hotel a man is restlessly pacing to and fro. Fortune had also been kind to the man for he was now rich. After that last meeting at the station no tidings of Bernice ever reached him. He fancied that he had completely forgotten the past, but upon his return to his mother country every memory was awakened.

Why should his memory so persistently travel tonight back to the past? Why should each scene stand out so distinct and vivid? Why should he seem to feel her very presence? These and a thousand other questions crave an answer. Wearied, he sinks down into his chair and endeavors to bury his thoughts in his paper and to seek solace in his pipe. Heavens! her name in print. An actress of world-wide fame!

The pipe falls from his nerveless fingers, his head rests on the table. One sigh escapes, then all is still.

Far away, she, standing at the low window stretches out her arms in the soft moonlight, then with a broken sob, sinks down.

On the College Hill.

A SPRINGTIME IDYL.

New budding life gleamed 'long the moonlit way,
Soft zephyrs 'bout the college hill did play
Æolian airs, in liquid notes they flowed;
There, 'neath the new-clad trees, a girl and boy
Enwrapt in springtime fancy, hope and joy,
Moved through unnoted time, with hearts that glowed;
He whispered words of sweet regard, in haste,
Spurred by strong love; his arm around her waist
He quickly placed, and—the next day it snowed.

Thomas' Wooing.

In stealthy ways, with studied act,
He tried in vain to catch her,
Her graceful pace, her form, her face,
Yea, naught, he thought, could match her.
One sunlit day, by chance he lay
Near where she sang so sweetly,
But of the bird, naught now is heard,
But Tom cat smiles so neatly.

The Modern Jack and Jill.

Jack and Aunt Lucy, each morning at eight,
Get off the car and enter the gate,
And, like to Jack and Jill
Of ye olden days, stroll up the hill.
But should a girl do a thing like that
She must immediately march to see Pat,
And now we girls would like to know
Why Aunt Lucy's allowed a beau?

The New Version.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Going to college, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"'Til we meet Aunt Lucy, sir," she said.

College Alphabet.

A is for Anderson, "Little Paul,"
With a pleasant "Good-morning" and bow for all.

B is for Bobby, the ladies' man,
"He always does the best he can."

C is for Campbell, in girls' estimation,
The handsomest man (?) at Experiment Station.

D is for Davis, who has quite a "rep."—
After all these years he's still in the "prep."

E is for Elvove, brilliant and keen,
Our wisest men are seldom seen!

F is for Frankel, the "Lord of the Shops,"
With always a gavel for whoever stops."

G is for Garman, who hunts for bugs,
And stores them away in jars and jugs.

H is for Hodges, superb and tall,
Who gives receptions to one and all.

I is for—well, I do declare!
We must be blind, for no eye is there!

J is for Johnson, "President Dick,"
At the rum in the punch he'll never kick!

K is for Kastle, the only "none such";
"Why, a gilt-edged rhinoceros would know as much!"

L is for Logan; he comes up to prayers,
Whistles a tune, then hastens down stairs.

M 's for Mackenzie, who talks of love,
And associates girls with the angels above.

N 's for Jack Neville, with one eye shut—
The best "Latin Jack" ever got up.

O is for Offutt—Florence G.—
"Hours in the gym., from one till three."

P is for Pattersons—Walter and James—
We tremble and quake at sound of the names.

Q is the queerest of all the list—
Darling Aunt Lucy, who's never been kissed!

R is for Roark; elide the k,
And you have the noise he makes all day.

S is for Sallie—please hold up your robes,
For fear you break his electric light globes.

T is for Turner—"little" J. D.—
Who wears the pin of the S. A. E.

U 's for the Uthful, smiling "Doc.,"
Whose head displays a bald outcrop.

V 's for the very best man of our knowledge,
Major Byroade, of Kentucky State College.

W 's for Winston—"Vigor, Vim,
Force made him 'Sunny Jim.'"

XYZ stand for shame and defeat,
Quantities unknown to our College athlete!

When Greek Met Greek.

LISTEN, oh ye men of Athens: listen ye to ye recital of ye battle of ye Nameless Wonders and ye Fearsome Thugs.

Listen ye to my song for it be but the truth, yea, but the truth; for ye wandering minstrel tells the truth—sometimes.

It came to pass that ye Nameless Wonders and ye Fearsome Thugs met in mighty conflict near the Temple of Parnassus, and great was ye rabble which paid ye hard-earned lucre for seats in ye amphitheatre.

Ye Fearsome Thugs, which were of ye color of red outside but ye color of yellow on ye backbone, slunk into ye arena with sickly smile, but inwardly quaking and trembling with fear. For great was their terror of ye Namless Wonders, which were mighty men from all over ye globe.

There was one which ye multitude called chief, and "ye did well to call him chief, who for twelve long years had met upon ye arena every shape of man or beast ye broad empire of Rome could furnish."

Some there were of ye Egyptian tribe that brought with them news of strange things along ye river Nile. Others had journeyed by camel from ye Far East.

All, like ye surviving children of ye Scythian women who were thrown in ye running stream to test their worth, were of ye best.

Like Achilles, ye warriors could be wounded only in ye heel.

Ye Nameless Wonders strode with heads erect and hearts gladdened with victory---which was to be.

And ye rabble clapped ye hands gleefully, and ye noisome calliope—a monster with fierceful howls—let forth a mighty noise which caused ye Fearsome Thugs to quake and wish they had not come.

And it came to pass that when ye Nameless Wonders and ye Fearsome Thugs came together in battle array, ye Fearsome Thugs tried to escape from ye arena.

Ye Nameless Wonders were in ye road of escape, and ye Fearsome Thugs

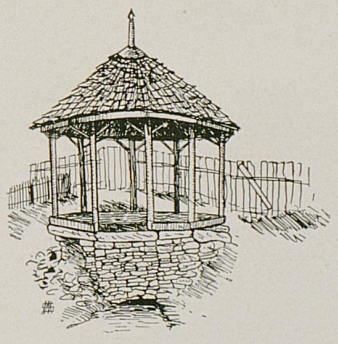
fell to ye ground quaking with fear, and, lo, it was seen that ye Fearsome Thugs had in their midst a skin of a Pig—a vile animal, unclean and filthy—and ye Nameless Wonders would have none of it and tried to carry it to ye Fearsome Thugs' land and there leave it. But ye Fearsome Thugs were in great terror of ye unclean skin, in terror greater than of ye Nameless Wonders, and would have none of it.

So ye Nameless Wonders gave a mighty kick to force ye unclean beast down ye field, but one of ye Fearsome Thugs, in mortal terror, got in ye way of ye kick and received ye Nameless Wonders sandal in ye bread basket which caused him much pain and doleful howling.

Then ye hearts of ye Nameless Wonders became as waters and ye Fearsome Thugs in haste hustled ye bestial skin to ye Nameless Wonders' country amid much carnage, and ye followers of ye Nameless Wonders wept copious weeps because they had lost many obili.

But ye followers of ye Fearsome Thugs took to ye tall and uncut because they saw the rage of ye followers of ye Nameless Wonders and were much afraid.

And it came to pass that they were seen no more for many days, and when they did again journey near Parnassus they did so with circumspectness and fear, for ye rage of ye Nameless Wonders' followers was awesome to see, for they had lost much lucre.



What's the Use.

A man lived on this mortal coil,
Never worried by care or toil;
He never burned the midnight oil—
For what's the use?
He had the best within the land,
He spent his wealth with lavish hand,
He joined the epicurean band—
But what's the use?
Another was filled with knowledge and lore,
He lurked in his study behind barred door,
He studied and toiled 'til his brain was sore—
But what's the use?
He reveled in ancient, dusty tomes,
He knew the number of anything's bones,
He knew the geological names of stones—
But what's the use?
One died in drink, the other in fame—
Compare the skulls, they're both the same,
You can't tell them apart to save your name—
So what's the use?

The Castle in Spain

Far away is a Castle in Spain,
On the bank of the River Dreams,
Which has its source in Idle Land,
And fed by the Lazy Streams.
We all go there by the Smoke Ring Route,
But most of us journey by,
For those that enter its sombre gate
Are left to dream and die.

A Girls' Basket Ball Game.

AS we enter the gymnasium we are amazed at the rim around the running track on which we are expected to perch. But all things uncomfortable are forgotten as the exhibition begins and the fair ten rush out to battle for the honor of their colleges.

Right here a revelation greets our bachelor eyes and all highly prized notions of Venus receive a severe shock, when she is presented to our penetrating stare devoid of all unnecessary weight and curves, and bravely facing the front in skirts barely reaching the ankle. Very barely.

It now occurs to us if some boys that are almost impossibly gawky and over-angular would consult some modiste that is here represented, he, too, might meet the requirements of a modern Venus.

Now the battle begins and two fair Amazons advance to the center of the floor and the referee pitches the ball up between them. Both unwind to an extent that is astonishing, and while they yet tarry without a definite connection to terra firma, one strikes the ball knocking it sideways, after all on neutral ground, and the other unfortunately not getting so high with her well-intended right swing, lands it squarely in her opponent's face, and both descend in a clinch.

The melee becomes general and rolls in one vast tide of straight hair, stray hair, curls and ribbons reversed, and inverted humanity, to one end of the Gym. There many passes are made with an utter disregard of forward, backward or between. After a general mix-up the ball is lost, and after much searching one fair but hefty dame walks from over it, to her own astonishment as well as that of the spectators. They commence with renewed vigor and one lanky individual springs from the immediate hotly contested vicinity and screams: "Here, Polly, Polly." "Here, Rebekah," and is finally successful, in getting the ball to the other end of the Gym. where she makes an attempt to throw it through a ring and fails. "Oh! Gemima. How could you!" one pants reproachfully, and again the pushing and shoving begin.

This is continued with intermissions for an hour or more, and one side is declared the winner according to Hoyle. Owing to our inability to get out for some minutes we see the porters rush on the Gym. floor and make haste to remove from the vulgar gaze of the public basketfuls of various articles consisting chiefly of buttons, beautiful sleeve buttons and other buttons, hair-pins, pins and other pins, vari-colored ribbons and the unknown scattered remains of much cherished hoodoo strings.

Snide Talks With Girls.

By Priscilla Airwind.

(Editor's note: Exclusively for girls who ought to know better. Inquirers please send photograph, family history and cook's name. A lock of hair enclosed will assist in advice as to the choice of a husband.)

Before answering your questions, my dears, it behooves me to tell you that at one time I was a girl. If those of you who are now full grown women were never girls, oh, my dear friends, you will regret it the longest day you live. When I was a girl I longed for the day when I could have my clothes made with the straight front effect, and wear my hair pompadour and have it rolled over chicken fence wire, a la rat. Now that I am a woman, living in the intense life of the twentieth century, I look back and contemplate with unalloyed pleasure the time when I was content with what nature had done for me. Those days were dear, sweet days to me. And I say if you, my beloved reader, have never been a girl, I can only say that you have made a great mistake. If you will purchase the three past issues of the magazine, you will see what I have had to say at greater length. It is my intention to write more along this line. The subscription price is just one dollar for the remaining issues of the year.

I want to tell you, my dear readers, and it is just among ourselves, about our Sunshine Society. Sunshine, my dears, is a product of the sun; its manufacture and output being governed solely by the location of the clouds, the time of the year, and the attitude of the earth. Now the Sunshine Society, my tootsewootsies, is just an organization of a number of us who are trying to bring cheer and happiness to everyone and at the same time give bachelors an opportunity to be glad they didn't marry any of its members. Sometimes we failed in our purpose, but is not failure triumph? We think so. Some lives will not take sunshine. In that case we refer this sort to the scientific department conducted by Dr. X-Ray.

Mrs. Radium is president of our Sunshine Society, and she, bless every ounce of her two hundred and fifty pounds of her avoirdupois, conducts nightly meetings in Starlight Hall, where we use 100 candle power electric lights.

Mrs. Radium, my dears (non-subscribers not included), has been working in Alaska, the land of the midnight sun, where she did great good. She took several jars of hermetically sealed daylight sunshine and divided it among the girls in that great snowbound region. Oh! how the girls welcomed it. It was to them what diamonds are to you. Not "Barrios" diamonds, but real Tiffany gems. The girls were each given a ray and while the original brilliancy was somewhat lacking, great good was accomplished by the distribution.

As an example of what great good may come of a little thing, let me tell you what one girl's ray amounted to. This girl's father, whom I am to tell you about, was a Jew Esquimau, having settled there long before Columbus was President of the United States. Well, this girl attended the first meeting of the Sunshine Society in her country. She was given a great long glimmering ray, made way down here in the United States where you and I live. The girl took it home to her father who saw an opportunity of doing much good with what his daughter had been given. So taking the beautiful ray he cut it into ten cent strips and sold it to Sunshine Societies that he established. See, dearies, what a great opportunity there is for all of us. Some day when you are idle, go out into the sunshine and break off a few rays and send them to some one who hasn't your opportunities in life.

Some of you are King's Daughters. You are all aware that the King's Daughters is an organization that intends to do something some day; it has not been decided just when. Well, to those of you who are King's Daughters, go to papa and ask him for his crown, and right in your own castle, by holding the jeweled headgear to an electric light (gas will do), you can make artificial rays that may be used in localities where the real article has never before been seen. To those not King's Daughters, write to most any matrimonial agency and ask for a duke or prince. They will have crowns likely. If not, they have kin who will loan them crowns for a few days.

Vexing Complex Perplexities Answered

Yes, Hollowla darling, love is surrender. I never shall forget the time when I was separated from Jack to marry Jim. How dearly I loved Jack. He was such a dear and had always been the pet of the family. My parents thought I ought to have taken him. How well I remember the time that my little brother found him under the sidewalk, cold and hungry. Later, Jack took first prize at the Madison Square dog show. Do you wonder that I loved him? Such a dear fellow he was.

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Certainly, Liz, to avoid that which makes your clothes screak, you should take anti-fat. Your auntie will doubtless be of some help to you on this point. (The next number will treat this subject at greater length. Single copies 25 cents. Remember, Liz, there will only be a limited number printed.)

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Mag, my dear, if your circumstances permit of you having only one gown for the autumn, fall, and spring, which must do for church picnics, balls and excursions, I advise you to write to the United States Leather Company. Armor plate is seldom used any more.

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Sal—Take your whalebones to a machine shop and have the holes drilled and then you can easily sew through them.

Lidy—If a young man is dancing with you, don't cling to his neck, although he has played center rush on a 'varsity team. Anyway, he should have taken you in a carriage, thus relieving him of all responsibility of further transportation.

: : : : : :

Ethel Blank—Your lack of memory need not worry you. Again, if you have trouble about learning or remembering, it should cause you no sorrow. Just look what "Force" did for Sunny Jim.

: : : : : :

Harriet—A girl about to enter wifehood should ask herself some solemn questions. For example: "Is my hair on straight?" I recall the name of one girl who failed to ask herself this question, and today, my dear ones, she is nothing but a widow. Oh! how awful. Her hair was not on straight at the critical moment. She had just been married and was in her parents' home preparing to leave for her wedding trip. She looked in the glass and seeing the hair too far down over one ear, she pulled it into shape. Her husband in all the vigor of manhood, saw that the hair was not stationary. She, poor girl, had moved every strand from root to tip. He had been deceived. It dawned upon him immediately. With pitiful pleadings she kneeled before him and begged his forgiveness, saying, "I have deceived you. Oh, my darling, take me; I am all yours." He, merciless man, pulled the hair from her head and defiantly waved it in the air, saying, "You may be all mine, but still there is not enough of you."

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Yes, Thelma, it is modest to wade at the sea-shore. It is considered the best form, however, to wade waist deep before removing shoes and stockings.

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I frequently get such letters as the following. "I appreciate Mr. N. C. Mentis as a gentleman high in the business world. (Offices 3 & 4, 32nd story N. Y. Destruction Co.) His family is in the highest social realm and is much respected in religious circles. They own a brewery, and have a first and second coachman. The young man's business habits are beyond reproach. Out doors, at pussy wants a corner, tag, one O'cat, I enjoy him. Father says it will be a regular walk-over for me. But when this young man calls on me in the evening he sits on one side of the room and never talks of love. How am I to let him know how I feel towards him?"

This girl, readers, would show her strong points to better advantage in a wash-tub.

: : : : : :

Just keep on suffering, Softa dear, and do not worry about the garden. Get papa to hoe it. If you find yourself getting better, pinch yourself; for to suffer is sure to have some influence on the neighbors, who will bring in froth-covered pie, thickness of froth to be governed by the extent of your suffering.

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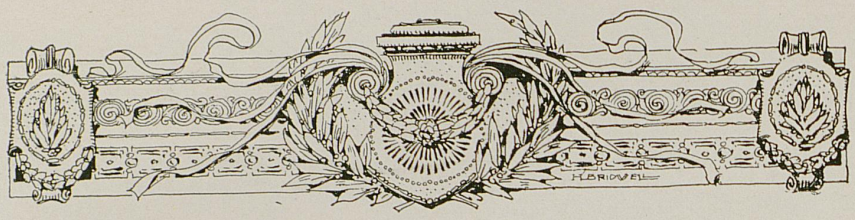
The next issue, price 25 cents, will tell Dolly how the cook made $500 in two months selling soap.



How Dear to My Heart

How dear to my heart are the scenes of zoology,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The earthworms, the pond-snail, the shelled river mussel,
And every d— freak that the Auburn-haired knew;
The hydra, the hydroid, the starfish, the urchin,
The old brachiopoda of time so remote,
The squid, vorticella, and bugula turrita,
And every fool thing that would make a man dote.

Little Johnny

Little Johnny went out skating
When the ice was very thin;
Sad to say, he took a tumble—
Naturally the kid fell in.
By and by the youngster's father
Found his cap floating about;
Then he had to buy a filter,
Trying to get Johnny out.

The Girls of C. H. C.

Come drink, boys, to C. H. C.,
Who in friendship, tried and true,
Have entwined a brighter hue
With Kentucky's white and blue—
Come drink to C. H. C.

Come sing, boys, to C. H. C.,
Who on every noble field,
Where Kentucky's songs have pealed,
Has our faith more strongly sealed—
Come sing to C. H. C.

Drink, sing, to C. H. C.,
To the smiles that for us gleam,
To the eyes that on us beam,
To the girls whose hearts are true,
To Kentucky's white and blue—
Drink, sing, to C. H. C.!

The Wizard.

I.

A wise man came from the far-off East.
Laden with knowledge and lore,
And selected a spot, where he hatched such a plot
As had never been hatched before.
By mystery enshrouded and darkness o'erclouded
He drew up a mystic thirteen,
And with greatest pomposity he stirred curiosity,
And excited an interest keen.
Then, just as a starter, he drew out a charter
And started his little skin game;
With blandness of smile he covered his wile,
And laughed as they into it came.
With hypnotic passes he drew from the asses
Much lucre and coin of the land,
And when thoroughly bled, he beat them and fled,
And had ducked when they "kicked up the sand."

II.

The years rolled by, and this learned man
Came back to the same old spot;
For with all his lore, he felt quite sure
That they had forgotten the plot.
But revenge lurked deep, and they lost much sleep
In devising a torturous pain;
For in great rage they swore that this sage
Should bunco no people again.

They roped him into their hidden net,
And bound him tightly around;
They kicked him and pummelled, they tripped him and tumbled
Him bruised and sore on the ground.
They painted him white and they painted him blue,
They painted him yellow and green;
They cut off his hair 'til there wasn't much there—
He was certainly a sight to be seen.
And when they had finished, they gathered around
And made him most solemnly swear
That right there and then he would never again
Try any of his monkey tricks there.

EPILOGUE.

And now, good people, just bear this in mind:
If you don't want to get h—l on your track,
When you skin games unlimber, "take out for tall timber,"
And be sure to never come back.

The Federalista.

Yon cannon on the college hill
Shall never more in war's array
A ruthless hand and heart obey.

Nor shall its voice in rage ring out,
To send swift death to Freedom's heart,
To serve, with might, a tyrant's part.

Its work is done, its voice is still;
Far from the Spanish home it comes,
The victor's trophy, to Freedom's sons.

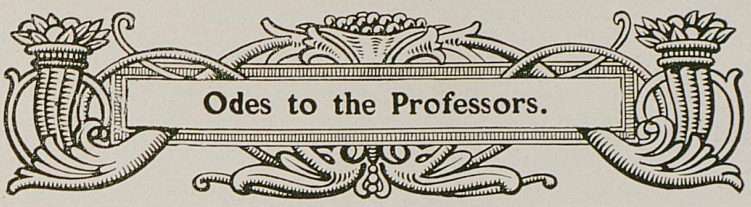
Kentucky's sons now close it 'bout,
But yet around its ancient frame
There clings romance that masters shame.

There cling echoes of Spanish lays,
And secrets of tropic beauty rare;
Castilian scenes yet linger there.

But of the deeds in which it plays,
None are so dear, yea, none so bright,
As when it bowed to Freedom's might.

As when it saw Liberty raise
Old Glory 'bove Oppression's grave,
Its soul to sons of Freedom gave.

Live on, inspire through all thy days
Young hearts; and when at Freedom's call
They rise, may they as nobly fall.
Yet live, Federalista, yet live!



Who's Who?

Who comes among us unshaven, unshorn,
Who treats his class with withering scorn,
Yet is one of the squarest men that's born?
It's ——.

Who lolls all day in an easy chair,
Who's never troubled with worry or care,
Who always treats us fair and square?
It's ——.

Who is it that's laden with knowledge and lore,
Who remembers events of ages before,
Who lets his class slide out the door?
It's ——.

Who is it that's garbed in courtesy,
Who would rather give 2.5 than 3,
Yet tries to give up our degree?
It's ——.

Who is it that "rats" us in every way,
Who has much to do and more to say,
Who has made us hustle from the very first day?
It's ——.

Who is it that makes such fearful stinks,
Which eventually find their way to the sinks,
Who always says just what he thinks?
It's ——.

Two Negatives Equal One Affirmative.

IT was Maxwell Spring. She was leaning on the railing on one side looking out over the ball park. He was leaning on the railing on the other side looking out over the lake and far beyond the lake into a land more pleasant than this—another Utopia where only love abounded—love and peace! She was calm and possessed, but he—

The beauty of the scene told upon his over-wrought feelings and with a tenderness unknown before, he turned—just in time to see her wave gaily to one of the boys in the park. He choked down the rage within him.

"Marcia, this has gone far enough. Some explanation must be made."

"Far enough! Perhaps it has, Mr. Ellson; but I am going to Main Building immediately. You may do as you like—stay here if you wish, and study the minute structure of algae from the vantage ground of man's superior knowledge and, above all—a Senior's!"

"One moment, Marcia—Miss Stewart. At least give a fellow a chance to express his mind. We have been friends for four years, but—"

"Indeed! I should have thought it much longer than that!" and she drummed carelessly on the railing and apparently forgot her avowed intention. With a deeper flush he continued, "But never in all that time have I dreamed that we should be placed in such an awkward position!"

"I see nothing awkward about my position, I'm sure."

"No, confound it! She's all grace!" addressed to the algae in the lake. "You don't see the awkwardness, eh? Well, permit me. As I said, we've been friends, good friends—for four years and it is probably useless to point out to you that—"

"Absolutely useless. Besides, it has probably been pointed out to me before, so you may as well save yourself the trouble."

"O, hang it all, anyway! Can't you help a fellow out of a scrape?"

"So you call it 'a scrape,' do you? A singularly undignified epithet for such a heart-rending dilemma, to say the least."

"Everybody—that is, er—all the fellows, you know—well, they sort o' set us aside whenever any affair comes up, as take-it-for-granted partners and all that, you know."

"Well, haven't we very obediently fulfilled their expectations? Perhaps you'd better notify 'the fellows' that their services will not be required in future, Mr. Ellson."

"Give me rather all the tasks of Hercules, than this before me!" again addressed to the algae. "Marcia—"

"Yes? Mr. Ellson!"

"It's expected of us and it's up to me to ask you."

"Ask me? Ask me what? O, do! Anything to relieve the monotony!" and the most charming of Cupid's-bows struggled visibly, but not effectively, to stifle a fledgeling yawn.

"Don't you know, Miss Stewart, I'm sure Job never knew a girl like you."

"Of course he didn't. Science teaches that; for isn't evolution carrying man—and incidentally, woman—ever nearer perfection?"

"Perhaps. Though I am not prepared to agree fully nor to discuss at length. At present, I want to tell you about this question—"

"O, yes; I had quite forgotten it," and she nodded smilingly to some of the boys going slowly back to the dormitory from practice.

"I say again, I am expected to ask you—confound the English language!"

"Please don't. It might be disastrous. Can I help you?"

"No, thank you. I shall manage."

"Undoubtedly—about as gracefully as Professor Walter would 'manage' to dance!" A merry laugh rippled out towards the ball park just as the water rippled over the algae at the foot of Maxwell Spring. Ellson frowned. "But this question, Mr. Ellson? What do they expect you to 'manage?'"

"To propose to you, Miss Stewart."

"Propose! Well, how absurd! And of course, I shall immediately reject you!"

"Of course. They would probably expect that, too, if they knew things as they are. But nevertheless it's got to be done!"

"Couldn't we dispense with the ceremony and consider ourselves respectively asked and rejected?"

"No, that would never do! It might get out; and besides, when I've asked you—incoherently, it may be—it will be easy enough for you to say 'no,' and I will be expecting it, so it will not come in the nature of a surprise."

"Well, if it must be done, hurry, for we've been here long enough. I'm sure I see somebody in a third-story window of the dormitory watching us. No doubt, they're wondering if you've asked me! Go on."

"Well, Miss Stewart, will—say, what makes you persist in gazing so earnestly towards the park? The boys are all gone; besides, I don't want to propose to the back of your head!"

"Well, is this better?"

"Yes, very much. Now, look pleasant. Miss Stewart, unaccountably and in spite of my strenuous efforts to prevent it, there has arisen in this State College of Kentucky a most decided expectation that I ask you to marry me. I, therefore, to meet said expectation, formally put the question—Will you be my wife?"

"No, assuredly not. My ideal would never have proposed that way. Do you suppose I would marry a man who would dare offer a proposal in such a legal form? Never!"

"Your ideal?"

"Of course. I have an ideal. Every State College girl has!"

"What is your ideal like?"

"Not a bit like you!"

"O, I didn't suppose for an instant that he was. Be frank, and tell me wherein I fall short. A fellow likes to know the reason for these things even when he is expecting them."

"In the first place, you are not tall enough. My ideal is six feet—"

"And I am five feet 'leven! Go on."

"His hair and eyes are brown—"

"And mine are grey and auburn, respectively—I mean, vice versa!"

"He is not fat and he would never propose that way!"

"Is that all? Yes? Well, Marcia, did it ever occur to you that your ideal might have an ideal and that his ideal might not be you?"

"I'd like to know why?"

"Of course you would; and so would I!"

"Mr. Ellson!"

"At your service, Marcia!"

"Will you please resume your study of algae and—?"

"Certainly, in a very few minutes. Meanwhile, there is something more I would say to you."

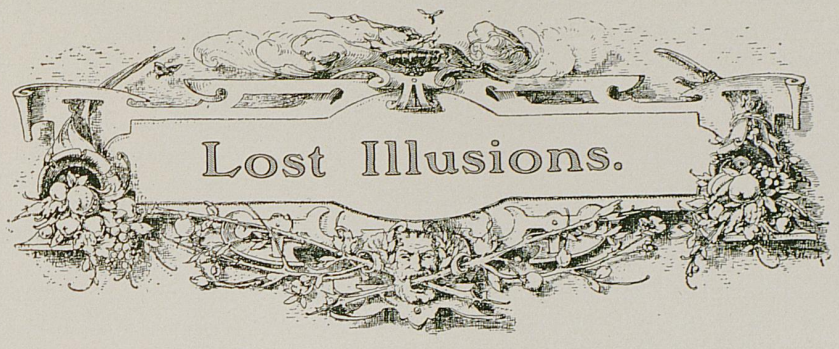
"Then dispense with all preliminaries and be as brief as possible!"

Nothing would please me better! Marcia, you know very well my attentions to you for lo! these many years have not been perfunctory nor in the least irksome. I have loved you since that pre-Sophomore stage when even boys have ideals—no, don't interrupt me. I'm just giving you another chance to say 'no!' I don't think you'll ever find anybody more devoted to you and I—Will you do it? Will you 'come with me and be my love?' "

"O, Rob, what made you do it? I have rejected you once. You surely don't think I'm so fickle as to change so soon!"

"Of course not, Marcia! But two negatives are equal to an affirmative, aren't they?"

The shadows had reached their long arms across the lake and were caressing the trees on the other side. Two robin red-breasts started from the grass nearby at sound of the bugle and soon the students came from their classrooms out on the campus. One or two, glancing in the direction of Maxwell Spring, saw two figures leaning on the railing,—two pairs of eyes looking down into the lake. Were they studying the minute structure of algae? Perhaps.



AFTER all has been said and done, after the sands of time have half run their alloted course, and we in our secure middle age calmly turn a retrospective eye on our life that is past, do not—I say—at such times, come certain misgivings, that somewhere in that dim vista we have lost a certain indefinable something. Something that we cannot adequately describe, yet of which we are undeniably sure. Did it ever occur to you that this something had its being in our childhood days, but during these many succeeding years gradually fell away and was erased finally from the tablets of our memory —our lost illusions.

Before the lime light of education, the darkness of our benighted childhood days is dissipated forever, but with it goes our childish thoughts and fancies—gone, gone forever, our lost illusions. Alas, sad to realize that never more will the world seem the same. Gone are our romantic days of youth, gone before the march of enlightenment and hum drum existence.

Never more, at evening, can we swing on the old farm gate, with Sally, the sweetheart of those days of yore—dear little Sally, plump and pretty, her golden hair wind kissed and clustering about her head in a halo of loveliness. Ah, dear little girl, do you not remember, how at such times, we would soulfully gaze up at the stars that seemed to pin the dark blue canopy of heaven in place, and repeat softly that absurd but treasured little rhyme

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the clouds so high
Like a diamond in the sky."

We can never have those thoughts again, never—never. It is a lost illusion.

Astronomy and other sciences which, thank Heaven, we've forgotten,

have changed all. Never more can "we wonder what you are." Alas! we know. The verse might now be changed:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Now I know just what you are,
Of the planets you're but one
Reflecting glory of the sun."

And Ghosts, those dear old bug-bears of infancy, the mere mention of which caused our hair to stand on end, and delightful thrills to creep over our souls. They, too, are gone—far back to the gates of the Netherlands. "The Ghosts are laid." Nevermore will they be resurrected. Psychology and other ologies long since slipped our memories have attended to that. They are gone forever—another lost illusion.

"Dear old ghosts of our childhood day,
Bug-bears of our youthful play,
You are gone—forever lay
In church yards with your mouldering clay."

Old superstitions, you, too, are gone, relegated to the limbo of our attic. Now and then you creep out, but for a moment only. Our skeletons in the family closet are not more closely watched than you. We look at the new moon over our right shoulder with impunity. Never more do we make a wish on the first star we see at night. Remember that little jingle—

"Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight."

It is not only useless, we have been told, but it is silly, and were people to hear us seriously repeating that delightful little doggerel, they would look at us askance and fear for our mental balance.

And yet, was it not delicious? What if our wishes never came true? Were we the least skeptical? No—a thousand times no. Perhaps it was not the "first star" we had seen that night. Another possibly. That accounted for the breaking of the spell. Sweet consolation which never shook our belief in the potency of the wish.

But you, all are gone. Far away in the dim, mystic past, beyond the haunts of men. Only children—dear little tots—know the realms where you hold sway. We are no longer friends. Whenever—at long intervals we meet, we hasten by—cads that we are—glancing askance at you from the tail of our eye, as though we recognized you as a once beloved acquaintance, long since gone to seed. Ah, old friend, it is the way of the world—this cold, unfeeling world of ours—which has autocratically placed conventions and fashions along

life's pathway like steep fences on either side of a lane. Down this we hurry like sheep, helter skelter, down, down to eternity. Always going forward, never stopping, faster, faster, to avoid being crushed by the hordes behind.

Now and then in the late hours of the night, when the fire burns low to a fiery bed of embers, we long for you—long for the old, old fancies of days that will never come again. Yet, none of you come. If we have forgotten you, then also have you forgotten us. No—not all of you. One remains.

Of all the countless scenes, hazy and obscured by dim recollection, one stands out as bright as a star in Heaven—the humble picture of two little tots, swinging on the old farm gate.

Never, never could I forget you, but even though such a calamity came to pass but for a moment, there is one who would gently revive the memory —one who sits near me by the fireside, her beautiful face illuminated by its ruddy glow—Sally. She will never forget you—dear old friends of by-gone days.

Evening Prayer.

(Dedicated to Bruce Spencer.)

O blessed Lord, direct aright
The rigid mind of Jimmy White;
Teach him the error of his ways,
That make me wretched all my days.
The evil of demanding thus
A four-year course of calculus.
Oh, show him the beauty of a stop;
Teach him to let this matter drop,
Nor waste me, till in evil dream
I play—a ghost upon the team;
Or else like Absalom I be,
And hang me to an apple tree.
O Lord, his vision to unseal,
That he may see just how I feel,
And, knowing this, declare a truce
With thy afflicted servant—Bruce.

Tact.

Oh, the Policy Game! the Policy Game!
Whene'er we try to win cheap fame,
Whene'er we try to make a name,
You'll always find, we use the same
Old Policy Game! The Policy Game.

Bacheloroidus Rex.

Go dig this ancient world of ours,
Just turn her inside out;
And standing on the old Azoic,
There gravely gaze about.

Go search the branching chain of Life,
Just pick it all to pieces;
And gather one of every kind
From kingdom down to species.

Go read the "Origin of Man,"
And every bold defiance;
Apply all theories and views
In all the realms of science.

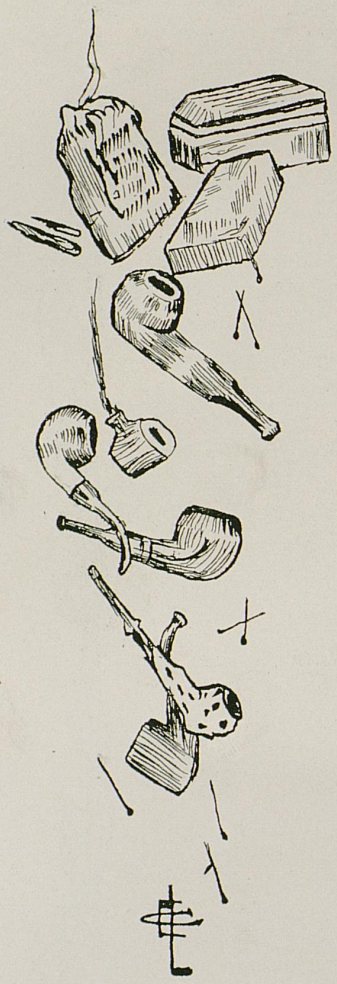
Now, credulous is that searchful stude,
And foolish who expects
To find another "Leit Fossil"
Like "Bacheloroidus Rex."

It's hair is of the auburn hue,
It's whiskers of the red;
So there is, of course, you know,
A fault across its head.

It has the queerest little face,
And when it laughs, oh, my!
The eyes, nose, and mouth whirl 'round
Like diamonds in the sky.

There never was a father ape,
That swung from vine to vine,
That had the double Grecian bend
Like this old friend of mine.

Imagine a future great museum,
With a specimen petrified,
While below we find these words:
"It died—unclassified."



Old State College.

Here's to old State College,
Drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to old State College,
Drink her down, drink her down;
Here's to old State College, 'Tis the place you get your knowledge.
Here's to old State College,
Drink her down, down, down.

Chorus--

Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Gilead,
Down on the college farm.
We won't go there any more,
We won't go there any more,
We won't go there any more,
Down on the college farm.

Mr. Mountaineer.

Air, Mr. Volunteer.

He's not a regular college man,
  He's just a mountaineer;
He's only one of the Normalites
  And no one holds him dear.
It's a cinch that nobody's heart will ache
  When in the coming year,
"The President will take off his hat to you,
  Mr. Mountaineer."

Te Deum.

Gloria sit He Patico, idem She Patico et Sanctos
Claros sit. Amen.
Glory be unto He Pat and unto She Pat and unto
A. St. Clair. Amen.
As it was in the beginning, so shall it ever be for Pat will
ever rule. Amen.

Away, away with fife and drum;
Here they come, rummy-dum-dum,
Looking as though they'd been out on a bum,
The faculty of old State College, O!

"WE ARE SEVEN"

The Belles of the Regiment

A Travesty in Two Spasms

Presented by the Kentucky State College for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and incidentally for Messrs. Ballard and Mustaine. Perpetrated Friday evening, May 6, 1904, at the Lexington Opera House. Prices—higher than usual.

CAST

Col. William Warren.....Harry Brown
Lieut. Oscar Marshall.....Allen Rhodes
Maj. George Reynolds.....W. W. H. Mustaine
Capt. James Preston.....Fred Waide
Lieut. Thomas Watson.....Herbert Cox
Sergt. Jerry Hunter.....Harold Williamson
Corp. Dickey Anderson.....Clay Sutherland
Sam Russell, Correspondent.....Herman Scholtz
Prof. John Hopkins Smith.....R. B. Walsh
Katherine, his daughter.....Mary Hogarty
Bertha, his niece.....Sallyneil Wathen
Miss Lucille, his sister.....Annie Claybrooke
Amelia .....Emily Seelbach
Mary, the maid.....Miriam Naive

Supes, also rans, has beens, never wases, four flushes, etc., ad infinitum.

The Belles of the Regiment.

A DAZZLING bunch of beauteous femininity; a pick-me-up and throw-me-down comedian, about five feet in height; a hodge podge of rollicking, catchy songs interspersed with quips and humor; tropic scenery against which the military feature of the opera stood in striking relief. This, in brief, comprised the material in "The Belles of the Regiment." It was with considerable reluctance that we entered the opera house on the night of the performance. In fact, we were ashamed of the performance to be, as it was generally understood that it was to be a triumph in point of dreariness. Besides, amateur performances appeal not, to us. We have barely recovered from a paroxysm entitled, "She Stoops to Conquer," as maltreated by our religious friends on North Broadway. But—forget it.

As we said, we entered the theater with dim forebodings that "dos bells vould not ring to-night," but hardly had the curtain flown to the flies before our perspicacious selves realized that right here was the real article in the way of comic opera, and settled ourselves firmly in our unpaid seats to enjoy the performance.

Our old friend "Musty" was wonderfully and fearfully "made up," and with those terrible mustachios would have put an army of Cubans to flight, if they had not fallen dead at first sight.

Cox, as Lieut. Watson, put up a good game, but here is a piece of advice—when you have a chance to get a strangle hold on a pretty girl, take advantage of the opportunity. Opportunities rarely come to the thread-bare editor, but we are proud to say that we have never let it slide by.

Young Sutherland, alias Dickey Anderson, was the main feature of the show. He never lost an opportunity. You're all right, Dickey; come again.

Among the also rans, our old college chump, Joe Lancaster, distinguished himself in fitting manner. It is doubtful if we ever saw a "supe" do the turkey trot off the stage in better fashion than he.

We regret that our companion in arms, "Kissell," was unable to appear during the performance. A sudden sickness, we understand, was the cause of his absence.

There are a number of others who counterfeited acting fairly well, but owing to lack of space we are unable to present a criticism with our trenchant pen. Suffice to say that the show raised a standard which our pin headed religious friends may strive to equal, but never excel.

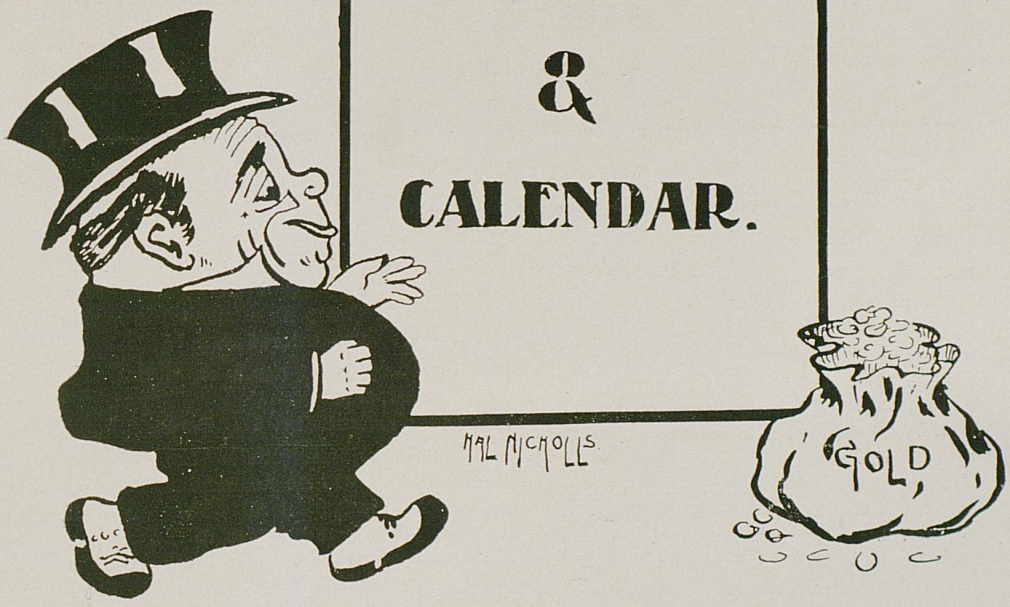
The Night's Work.

The lamp burns low,
The day doth break,
The garish light of sun
Steals in the open casement
As I close the book—"'Tis done."

—ADS.—

&

CALENDAR.



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College Calendar

Sept. 7—College resumes. Matriculation begins 9 A. M. at college. Twelve hours later at the Royal.

Sept. 15—Coach Wright, from Columbia, arrives.

Sept. 19—Nothing doing in inspection.

Sept. 25—Vanguard of senior class pikes in.

Sept. 26—Dorm. boys delighted.

Sept. 26—Kentucky State, 39; Cynthiana, 0.

Sept. 27—K. U. outbids Cincinnati University for Wallace, Marietta tackle.

Oct. 1—Troutman inquires after the A. K. Society and is turned down.

Oct. 2—No more shall the cock's shrill clarion awake Pres. Patterson.

Oct. 3—Sol, Handsome Harry and Will Henry show the white feather; also colored ones.

Oct. 9—Seniors agree on a hat and burnsides.

Oct. 10—Kentucky, 17; Berea, 0.

Oct. 11—Dorm. studes are notified there will be no Sunday morning inspections at all. They send all brooms and spades to the second-hand store, and buy beer with the proceeds. They drink to Maj's health.

Oct. 12—Blair Hughes elected captain, and "Red" Prewitt manager of second team.

Oct 13—Scholtz miscounts the steps and gets a fall—(1 A. M.).

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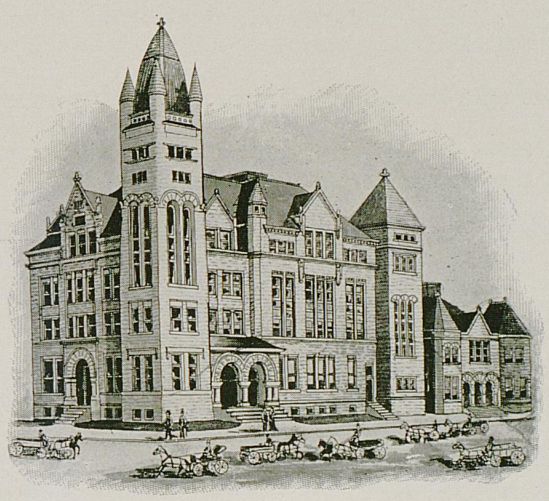

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COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Oct. 15—Maj. moves out from the college rat-trap.

Oct. 16—Cravens and Maddox have charge of Maj. residence, but have no beds or bedding.

Oct. 17—Kentucky, 18; K. M. I. 0.

Oct. 22—Hamp Johnston receives his quarterly bill from Billy Bradley.

Oct. 23—Sir John Cravens smites the K. U. giant a mighty blow. Cal Morgan, with whip in hand and pistol in lap, takes possession of the gridiron State reluctantly, but gracefully, retires from the field, after which K. U. stealthily creeps from under nearby barns and wood-sheds. "If I were only Mr. Morgan!"

Oct. 24—Kentucky, 47; Miami, 0.

Oct. 25—George Cassell and Ed Kinkead get bucked, and receive certificates.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Oct. 26—Kentucky second team, 28; M. M. I., 0.

Oct. 27—Kentucky second team, 17; Mt. Sterling, 0.

Oct. 28—Freshmen and Sophs scrap; Freshmen defeated.

Oct. 29—Some one attempts to assassinate Prof. White with an eraser.

Oct. 30 — Senior Mechanicals go in droves to the old barn on south side of campus.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Oct. 31—Cadet Hop — X E X — give a Halloween party.
Nov. 1—Billy Warder has a headache, and climbs in the water-wagon.
Nov. 2—Kentucky, 51; Georgetown, 0.
Nov. 6—Philosophians give a dance.
Nov. 7—Kentucky, 11; Marietta, 5.
Nov. 8—Coach Wright leaves to coach Columbia for a few days.
Nov. 9—Freshmen defeat Preps. 11 to 0.
Nov. 15—K. U. raises a howl about the Thanksgiving game.

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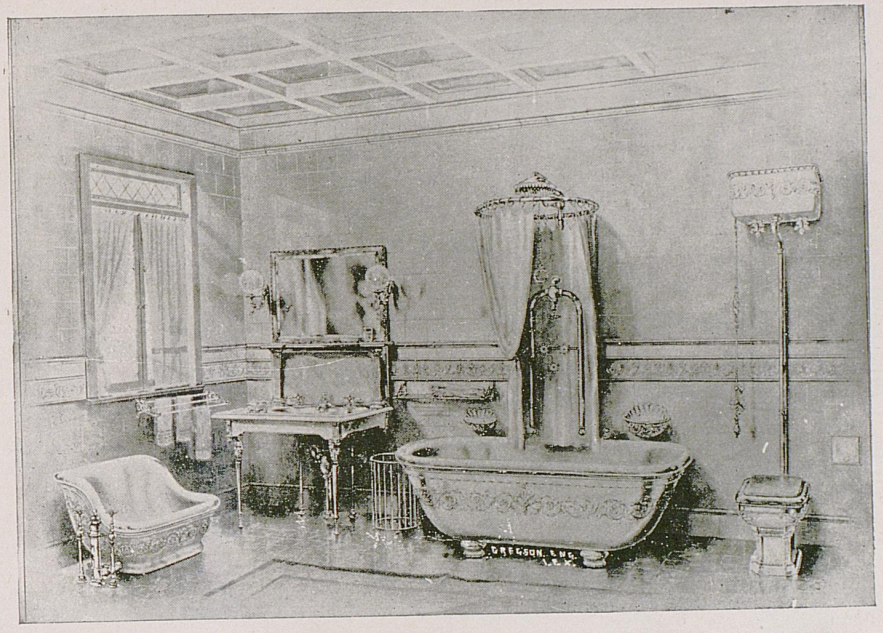

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GEO. L. GARRETT, Trav. Pass. Agent.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Nov. 16—Freshmen and Sophomores play a "three-half" game, 0-0.
Nov. 18—Everybody talks foot-ball, and nothing doing in the recitation line.
Nov. 20—K. A. dance.
Nov. 21—Everybody uneasy for fear they can not find bets on the Thanksgiving game.
Nov. 24—Odds on the game go from 2-1 to 10-8.
Nov. 26—K. U., 17; Kentucky, 0. Everybody goes to bed sick.
Nov. 27—Those who were fortunate enough to obtain passes, go home.
Dec. 1—Prof. Miller and "Little Joe" appear in new suits—so soon after the game.
Dec. 2—Sideburns are gone.
Dec. 3—Promotions are read out.
Dec. 10—Kappa Alpha moves into a chapter-house.

The Blue Grass Traction Company,

Y. Alexander, President.

Cars every hour between

Lexington,
Georgetown
and Paris.

Official route for the Student body.

No train smoke or cinders.

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O. L. SLADE,

161 EAST MAIN STREET,

Former rooms of the Montenegro Rheim Music Co.

Both Phones 987.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Dec. 11—Woolfolk Barrow and Miss Sallie Taylor surprise their many friends. They depart on their honeymoon.

Dec. 15—Everything as quiet as Port Arthur.

Dec. 20—Exams. commence.

Dec. 21—S. A. E. Province Convention.

Dec. 22—Examination.

Dec. 23—S. A. E. dance.

Dec. 24—Exams. over. Studes go home for the holidays.

Jan. 1—College resumes.

Jan. 3—Basket-ball practice begins.

Jan. 9—Cadet dance.

Jan. 10—Elam sends his profound regrets upon being unable to attend the Senior reception 'til late.

Look in the book and see who advertised with us, then buy. No ad, no trade.

Jan. 12—Elam delivers his famous lecture on the "Use and Disabuse of Liquor."

Jan. 15—The girls' first and second basket-ball teams play a tie game.

Jan. 16—Reception given to Seniors.

Jan. 20—Miss Frankie Smith, officer of the day; Marion Mulligan, orderly.

The ROLL-CRAWFORD-BRENDAMOUR COMPANY, CINCINNATI.

28 EAST FIFTH STREET, OPPOSITE FOUNTAIN,

Headquarters for Sporting goods of all kinds, Guns and Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Tennis Supplies, Hunting, Trap Shooting and Camping Outfits, Row Boats, Canoes and Launches. Full line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods. Complete assortment at right prices.

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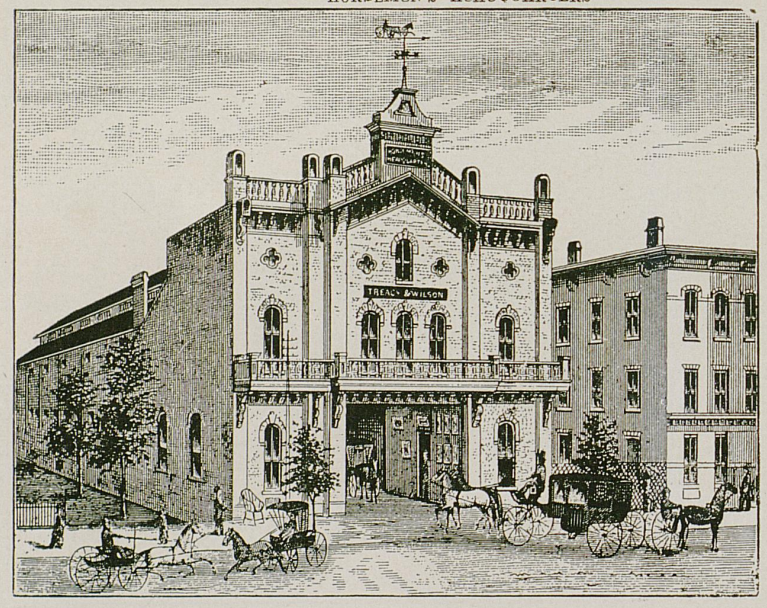

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LEXINGTON, KY.

Schange's Candy Kitchen

Special attention
to College Students

119 S. UPPER ST., LEXINGTON, KY.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Jan. 22—Legislature visits State College.

Jan. 23—Girls decide to give the leap-year dance February 6.

Jan. 24—All the boys go calling.

Jan. 30—Gullion makes twenty calls during the day. Nearly all the goats arrange their horns for the coming leap-year dance.

Feb. 4—Interstate declamatory contest.

Fine Cut Flowers
Elegant Floral Designs

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Honaker, the Florist

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Dental Department of

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WHISKEY

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For your nice shirt-waist suit, we have the best line of Mohairs in the city. They are 50 inches wide and 75c. a yard. New silks are arriving almost daily. We have some big values in wash goods too to show you.

A. C. Chinn,

208 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Feb. 6—Leap-year dance. The boys have a swell time. Some of them are "broke up," and others broken up.

Feb. 13—Basket-ball. Kentucky, 20; G. C., 10.

Feb. 17—The Juniors and a few sad Seniors have an awful exam. in calculus. Some of the Seniors pass.

Feb. 22—Girls' basket-ball team defeat G. C. Miss Hattie Miller was especially noticeable by her large feet. Board of Inquiry meets.

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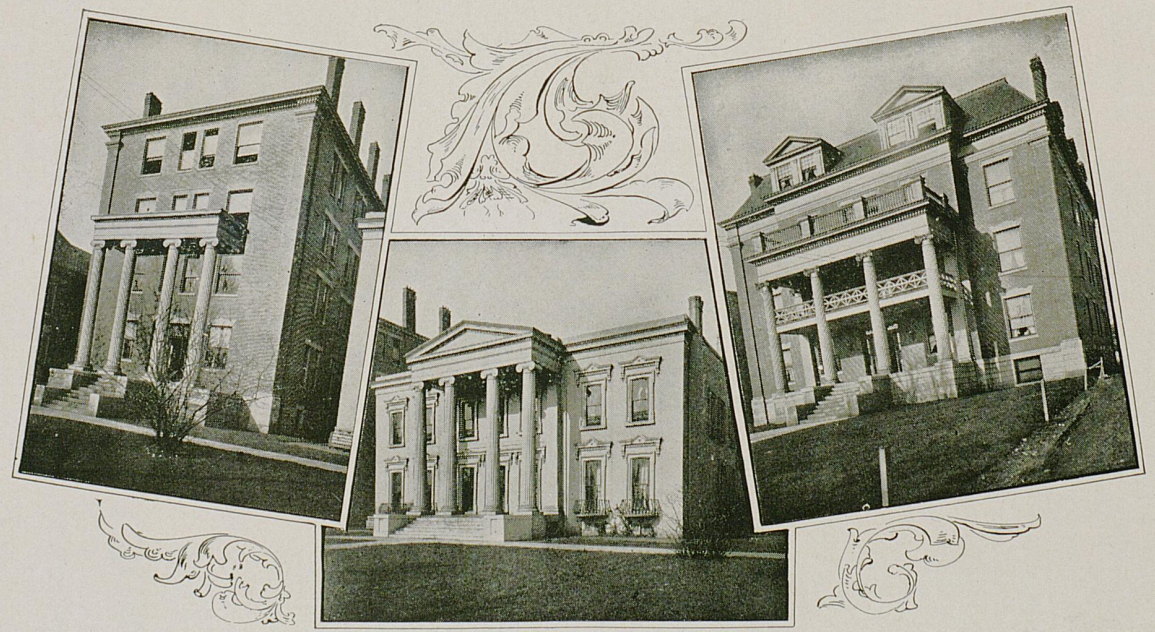

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Pumps, Grates, Mantels, Refrigerators, Cork-Lined Water Coolers, :: Ice Cream Freezers ::

LOW AS THE LOWEST

26 W. Main Street, **Phones, Both 137**

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Feb. 23—President orders all who are not gentlemen to leave the chapel. The young ladies and the Seniors depart. No services.

Feb. 24—W. P. Eubanks comes near the solution of a problem, and is warmly congratulated by his friends.

Feb. 25—"High" Pucketts walks to the reservoir for water.

Feb. 26—Tau Beta Pi spikes appear.

Feb. 27—Gullion has a love-feast of beans, which almost terminates in a mountain feud.

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The fifty-ninth annual session of this School opens on October 3, 1904. Its graduates, filling the highest professional positions, are scattered throughout the South and West, and to them students are referred

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Third and Market,
LOUISVILLE.
Ky. Headquarters for
CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES
And Furnishings.
UNIFORMS TO ORDER.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Mar. 1—Pope, while after some water, falls in a dump and narrowly escapes with his life.
Mar. 2—Spring comes in very unexpectedly.
Mar. 3—It likewise goes out.
Mar. 4—Basket-ball: Kentucky, 25; University of Cincinnati, 21. Cadet band makes its first appearance. Philosophians give open session.
Mar. 5—Girls' basket-ball: Kentucky, 28; Nicholasville, 1. "Musty" takes the Gym class to Danville in an automobile.
Mar. 7—Second term exams. begin.
Mar. 9—Billy Warder passes out of Analytic Mechanics.
Mar. 12—Cadet dance.
Mar. 15—S. C. appropriation bill passes the legislature.
Mar. 18—Gov. Beckham vetoes the Normal appropriation.

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Phone 175.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Mar. 21—Band shows up well on parade.

Mar. 22—Great rush on the photographers.

Apr. 1—Harold Williamson representative in intercollegiate oratorical contest. State once more resorted to ringers, with the same results.

Apr. 4—Prof. Garman laughs for the first time in life.

COMMENCEMENT TIME

Will soon be here. When you are looking for suitable presents there is one place above all others where you may be supplied.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.

Lexington, Ky.

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Apr. 5—Joe Lancaster overworked himself pulling the roller of the tennis court.

Apr. 8—K Σ dance. Oratorical contest. Base-ball game: Kentucky, 6; Danville, 2.

Apr. 9—Base-ball: Kentucky, 8; Louisville High School, 2. The Sergeant of the Signal Corps certainly has it bad, as he fills his engagements every evening at 7:30 promptly.

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of New York.

JOHN D. FREMD, Manager.

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Ralston's Health Shoes $4.00
Stag Shoe, "Cadet Kid" $3.00, $3.50
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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$629,614.28
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	943.75
Stocks, Bonds, etc.	88,521.12
Furniture and Fixtures	2,500.00
5 percent Redemption Fund	2,500.00
Due from Banks	98,996.04
Overdrafts	12,647.64
Cash	82.803.73
	$968,526.50

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$150,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000.00
Fund to Pay Taxes	9,419.85
Circulation	50,000.00
Dividend No. 24, 4 percent	6.000.00
Individual Deposits	702,951.35
Due to Banks	20,155.36
	$968,526.56

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

COLLEGE CALENDAR—Cont.

Apr. 11—Senior Capt. on parade. "Guide Right" Scholtz "eyes right."

Apr. 12—Normalites receive another blow. Pres. Patterson orders "Beckham Hall" moved off the campus.

Apr. 14—Echo goes to press.

THE FLORADORA

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Mechanical Engineering,
Civil Engineering,
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Mining Engineering,

Besides an Academy which prepares students for the Freshman Class. For the purpose of making the instruction of the class-room properly effective it has the following well equipped laboratories, viz. :

Physics, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, Geology, Biology, Botany, Entomology, Metallurgy,

Besides Laboratories auxiliary to the several courses in Engineering. The State Geological collection is also in its possession and available for purposes of study.

Each county is entitled to send one properly prepared student selected each year upon competitive examination, whose appointment is valid for the term of years necessary to complete the course of study selected. Each county is also entitled to send four properly prepared students selected upon competitive examination to the Normal Department, whose appointments are valid for one year.

Alumni of the State College readily find remunerative occupation immediately upon graduation. Hitherto the demand has been far beyond our ability to supply.

The collegiate year will begin upon the second Thursday in September. For catalogue and further information apply to

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