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The Kentuckian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY '99.



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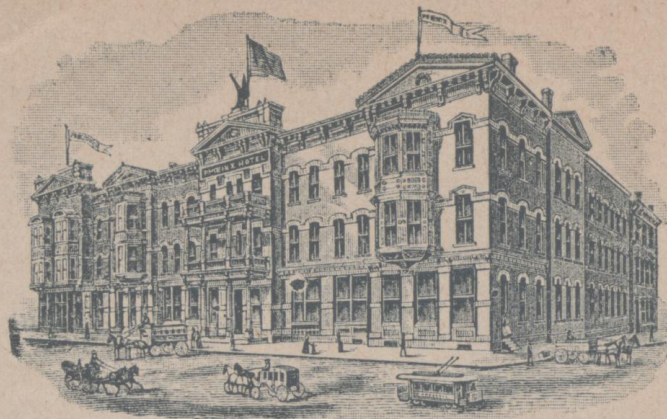
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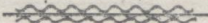
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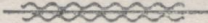
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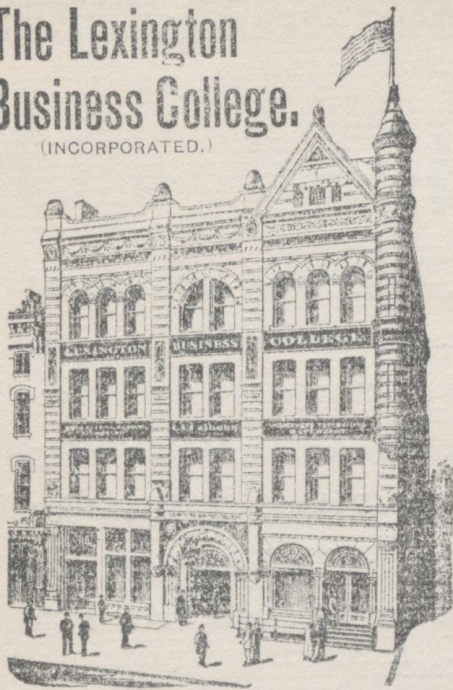
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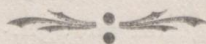
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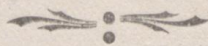
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No. 2.

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KENTUCKY FOREVER.



AND THEN WHENEVER AND WHEREVER
IT MAY BE OUR DOOM TO LOOK FOR
THE LAST TIME ON EARTH, WE MAY
DIE JUSTLY PROUD OF THE TITLE OF
KENTUCKIAN, AND WITH OUR DYING
BREATH MAY CORDIALLY EXCLAIM:
KENTUCKY AS SHE WAS—KENTUCKY
AS SHE IS—KENTUCKY AS SHE WILL
BE—KENTUCKY FOREVER.

—Ex-Chief Justice George Robertson.

The Debt of Literature to "Mine Host."

"Whoe'r has traveled life's dull round,
Where'r his stages may have been ;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an in."

Such were Shenstone's lines which Dr. Sam Johnson was so fond of repeating, adding in his great coarse voice: "Sir, a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity." The same sentiment seemed to have prevailed among the great literary geniuses ages before for many are the names of illustrious poets and dramatists which have the fondest associations with old inns and taverns.

Go back to the time of Chaucer, who in his *Canterbury Tales* ushers us into the old Tabard Inn with its high roofs and wooden galleries, enclosing a quaint courtyard bustling with the wagons and horses of tired travelers. Here one April evening five hundred years ago halted the famous nine and twenty pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas a'Becket. The forms of the ceiv-alrous kni3ht, the smiling nun, the merry mendicant friar, the sleek seller of indulgences, the broad-faced wife of Bath, are today as life-like as when centuries ago they rode in under the sign board of the sleeveless jacket, and were welcomed by the jolly host, Harry Bailey, to the long, low-roofed gwesten room where supper was served, and the evening spent in mirthful games and conversation. They all gladly assented to the host's plan of telling each one his story to shorten the rest of their journey to the good saint's shrine.

After five hundred years the *Canterbury Tales* with all the obscurity of language and obsolete mode of spelling still give pleasure to true lovers of poetry, and they paint the age more vividly than any known history. The

men and women of all ranks stand out to us in fresh and living colors. We see them in their feasts, their dwellings, their habits and their manners. We see how our ancestors dressed, and talked, and ate; what pleasures delighted them, what animosities moved them, what sentiments elevated them, and what follies made them ridiculous.

We give our thanks to the host of the Tabard Inn that he did thus inspire our father poet to sing to us in his simple, charming verse of these olden days and people.

Some two hundred years later we stand before the old Devil Tavern in Fleet street. The sign swinging above represents St. Dunstan tweaking his Satanic majesty by the nose, this intended as a compliment to the church of St. Dunstan nearby. Here, after the play, were wont to assemble the famous actors and dramatists, members of the Apollo Club, among whom were Shakespeare, Ben Johson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Marlowe, and Donne, and here in these days of Queen Elizabeth what is known as club life had its origin.

Another place of meeting of this gifted company was the Mermaid Tavern, where Sir Walter Raleigh presided, and where we hear of the wit combats of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson: usually resulting in victory for the immortal Will.

We have a noble record of these wit combats in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson. Beaumont was on a visit to the country and writes thus to Jonson:

“Methinks the little wit I had is lost,
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis which men do the best
With the best gamesters; what things have we seen
HPC

Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been

So nimble and so full of subtle flame
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able to justify the town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone
We left an air behind us which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty, though but downright fools were wise.

It was from this familiarity with the life of the inns and taverns that Shakespeare has drawn so skillfully the characters of old Jack Falstaff and his boon companions.

Washington Irving says of this play: "So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humor depicted and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life." To few readers does it occur that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that in sober reality no such knot of merry roisterers ever enlivened this particular neighborhood of Eastcheap.

The great literary club of the Queen Ann period was the Kit Kat named in honor of Christopher Kat, the host at the Cat and Fiddle tavern, where its meetings were held.

Here assembled such geniuses as Addison, Steele, Congreve and the poet-physician, Dr. Garth. Here all the news—political and literary—was talked over, and the discussions led to much that materialized itself in the essay form that at this time came into vogue.

No one of the members was fonder in his attachment to this club than was hearty Dr. Garth; and one night when he had lingered later than usual though patients innumerable were waiting for him, Steele reproved him: "Nay, nay, Dick," said Garth, pulling out a list of fourteen patients, "its no great matter after all for nine of them have such bad constitutions that not all the physicians in the world could save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that not all the physicians in the world could kill them."

Another noted place for wits was Buttons. Hogarth's sketch shows them in flowing wigs—Addison, Steele, Swift, Dr. Garth, Pope and Arbuthnot.

Here Pope is reported to have said of Patrick, the lexicographer, that a dictionary maker might know the meaning of one word, but not of two put together.

Addison's fame is inseparably associated with the periodicals, *The Tattler*, *The Guardian*, and *The Spectator*; Button's was the receiving house for contributions to *The Guardian*, for which purpose was put up a lion's head letter box, in imitation of the celebrated one at Venice, announcing thus to the public its mission:

"I intend to publish once a week the roarings of the Lion, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation. This lion's head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth which will take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come unto my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it.

Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. All young authors are invited to convey their works to the lion's mouth with safety and secrecy."

The leading contributor to *The Guardian* was Addison, and it is a favorite thought to trace from Addison, who was not himself a poet, much of the later revival of true poetry of nature. Addison was the friend and advocate of true poetry wherever it could be found. It was he who in *The Spectator* first sounded boldly and zealously abroad the glory of John Milton. In our time the revival of true poetry, the return to nature and to truth have been greatly indebted to the old ballad poetry of the nation.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott and others attribute the formation of their taste in the highest degree to the reading of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

But long before in his famous periodicals Addison had pointed out these sources and these effects.

It was he who brought forward again the brave old ballad of Chevy Chase, who reminded us that Sir Philip Sidney had said that it always stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet. It was he who showed us the inimitable touches of nature and of true pathos in it and how alive was the old bard who composed it to all the influences of nature and of circumstances.

Who shall say that it was not owing to these criticisms that Bishop Percy himself was led to the study and collection of the precious relics of former ages that lay scattered about amongst the people.

But we must not forget to glance in at the door of Will's coffee house, where for thirty years Dryden held forth. He had a particular chair near the fire in winter where he wrote much and sent forth opinions which became authority in literary circles.

It was a source of great annoyance to Mrs. Dryden that her husband spent so much of his time here, but considering that lady's temper, he found it a pleasanter place than home. According to a well-known story, she

once attempted to remonstrate with him saying she would better be a book and she could have more of his company, to which Dryden replied: "I wish you were my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year."

Who would not wish to have formed one of the company assembled at the Mitre or Turk's Head Tavern listening to the eloquence of the great literary king, Sam Johnson. Here could be seen and heard the orator, Edmund Burke, the painters, Hogarth and Reynolds, the inimitable actor, Davy Garrick, and that awkward, stammering little Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith. Heretoo, came conceited and gossipy Boswell to hear the great doctor argue. In that familiar engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds we have a picture of the same group, the burley and masterful Johnson, in a huge wig, is thundering at Edmund Burke, while behind the doctor's chair is Boswell taking notes. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was very deaf, sits quietly listening through his ear trumpet. Garrick is there bright and alert, and Oliver Goldsmith looks as if he would much rather be talking himself than merely listening. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* we have set before us with the naturalness of life this famous group which assembled on Friday evenings at the Mitre.

There was only one inferior man among this company of friends; but they little thought when they tolerated James Boswell as a sort of harmless hanger on of Dr. Johnson that they themselves as well as Boswell's particular hero would go down to remote posterity alive and human in the pages of that book of which Macauley declares it can only perish with the English language.

The St. James is memorable as the house where originated Goldsmith's celebrated poem, "Retaliation." Goldsmith's awkwardness in speech was the source of

many jests among his companions, and he always found himself at a loss for the quickness of speech so natural with the others. Being always the last to arrive at the dinners which the club gave, and one evening being later than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him as the *late* Dr. Goldsmith. In these his derson, dialect, slowness, etc., were good-humoredly ridiculed. Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings when Garrick said :

“Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll ;
He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.”

He did not relish the sarcasm, and by way of retaliation he wrote this famous poem. In this poem Goldsmith has not spared the characters and failings of his associates, but has drawn them with satire, pungent, good-humored, masterly. Garrick is smartly chastised.

“On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
’Twas only when he was off he was acting.”

Burke was called the “dinner bell of the House of Commons because, though eloquent, his speeches were long, and many of his brother members not infrequently took the opportunity of retiring to dinner when he arose to speak. This fact Goldsmith brings before our mind :

“Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshead to lend him a note ;
Who, too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining.”

Of Sir Joshua Reynolds he says :

“When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing ;

When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

The fact of Reynolds' deafness, which he contracted while studying Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, reminds us that his ear trumpet was a characteristic part of himself. He painted his own portrait and painted it with the ear trumpet held to his ear. Shortly afterward he painted Dr. Johnson holding a book very close to his eyes and the great man was not pleased with this evidence of his extreme near-sightedness. He said to Boswell: "Sir, he may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not go down to posterity as Blinking Sam."

This celebrated club became a power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by them at the Turk's Head were speedily known over all London, and it was said that these opinions were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or on the other hand—to condemn the sheets utterly.

And so we see that much literary stimulus came to writers in all ages through the social intercourse of club life—that life that Addison says is a natural and necessary offshoot of man's gregarious and social nature.

The assembling at the villiage inns of the olden days was but an evidence of this nature, and though the times of the social old inns when mirth and wise sayings went round the jovial company are long since past—yet we find some of the writers of today lingering with loving thoughts on scenes in some ancient inn. What more beautiful in Washington Irving's Sketch-book than his meditation in the inn. Almost do we feel the pleasures of a trip to the White Mountains when we read that charming sketch of Hawthorne's describing Ethan Crawford's Inn—the great fires, kindled in the stone fire-place from the forest trees at the very doors, the trophies of

the hunt everywhere in evidence, and the party recounting traditions of the Indians who had once inhabited that section.

How charmingly does Longfellow in his Tales of a Wayside Inn, picture the assembly in the sanded parlor, listening to the fair-haired musician's strains.

The group collected by the poet's fancy

“Though of different land and speech,
Each had his tale to tell”—

and so entrancing is the picture of this company as they listen to the delicious melodies of the musician and to the tales told in the shadowy twilight, that we too sigh for a glimpse of those olden days and people, and bewail with Goldsmith the ruin of the villiage inn :

“Vain, transitory splendor could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ;
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart :
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail,
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go ronnd.

LENA STIVERS WHITE,



The Evolution of the "Prep."

The life of the Prep is very sad
It is,

The way he is bull-dozed is too bad
It is,

By "midnight-oil" he sighs and groans
And soon runs down to skin and bones,
Poor thing.

But the Freshman's life has more of peace
It has,

He then begins to cut eye teeth,
He does,
In his massive brain he takes a reef
And says good bye to care and grief.
Good bye.

The Sophomore calmly chews his cud;
Thinking,
Beholds fair woman that she is good
Winning,
He rushes a girl, spends all his rocks,
Make a ghastly hole in "the Gov'nor's sock"
Gets sent home.

The Junior begins to feel his oats
He blows,
And Greek and Latin forever quotes
He knows.
The wheels in his head make an awful roar
So brainy.

But the Senior chump is the chumpiest chump
He hums
Of senate halls and campaign stumps
To come.

How the heights of fame he'll scale to the top,
But he hits the ground with an awful whop,
Poor Senior.

—Anonymous.

On Prussian Colleges and Universities.

At a recent meeting of mathematicians in Chicago a paper was presented comparing—statistically—the instruction in mathematical branches given to students of the Prussian “Gymnasium” classes, with that received by young men of the corresponding ages in American colleges. The figures representing the hours devoted to each study, and the average age of students taking it, were computed to several decimals, and presented every aspect of due accuracy and definiteness. The surprise to me lay in the wide difference between the comments upon these statistics, made by individual members of the convention. One of the foremost mathematical educators in this country, who is thoroughly familiar with German methods, marvelled at the thoroughness of mathematical instruction in Prussia. Others expressed their surprise that after all American colleges compare rather favorably with the corresponding institutions in Germany. It probably astonishes most of those present that Analytical Geometry and Calculus were absent from the curriculum of the Gymnasium.

Gymnasias were founded in Prussia with the special purpose of preparing young men for the University. Their six-years’ course has been normalized in detail under the supervision of the Prussian “Cultusminister,” who—in this capacity—might be called a “state-secretary of Instruction.” All subjects taught are brought to a certain degree of completion, and thorough preparation is given for the more elementary lectures of the University. In fact the latter generally seem easy—in the beginning—to students coming from the Gymnasium. On the other hand no new names and subjects are introduced of which the student could only get a smattering during his college curriculum. No degree is conferred by the Gymnasium, but its “abiturientes,” i.e. those who wish to leave after completion of its course, pass an examination before a government committee on the entire Gymnasium course. It is usual to fill most places on the examining committee with professors of the Gymnasium. This final examination is called “Matur-

itaets-Pruefung." The "Royal Examining Committee" grants a certificate of maturity to those who pass creditably. Their average age is (about) twenty-one.

True to the original purpose of the institution, a Gymnasium's "maturi" are expected to enter a Prussian University for a three or four years' course. In fact, it is the meaning of their certificate, that they may henceforth be trusted to select their own studies—as we allow postgraduates to do—and their own methods of studying. Any indication, moral or intellectual, that a student is not deserving of such confidence may debar him from receiving the certificate in question.

Accordingly all Universities proclaim absolute "Lerufreiheit," liberty of studying, which extends to subjects as well as to methods. The necessary advice as to the order in which certain studies should be taken can always be obtained from the professors, but no supervision is exercised.

On the other hand full "Lerufreiheit" or liberty of teaching is granted to university-professors, whose duty it is considered to be, not so much to give instruction with regard to its usefulness or with any practical end in view, but rather to advance their science and to transmit it to posterity, a duty incidentally involving the training of the younger generation to the most improved methods of scientific investigation.

Thus, again to cite the example with which I am most familiar, there exists in most German Universities a double course in mathematics, one which might be called the teachers' course, for those who intend teaching mathematics in "gymnasia" or other schools of the gymnasium type. Before they can be admitted to an instructorship, these will have to pass another government examination, the requirements of which are pushed far beyond the elementary branches which they will have to teach. It is, however only by voluntary agreement that the professors of a university offer courses specially adapted to the needs of such students. I quote Professor Klein of Goettingen—without doubt Germany's greatest living mathematician—as he expressed himself on this subject in his so-called "Evanston Colloquium." "It is no doubt true that what the university should give the

students above all other things is the scientific ideal. But the ideal set before them should not be chosen so far distant, so out of proportion with their own immediate wants, as to make it difficult for them to perceive its bearing on their future work in practical life. In other words the ideal should be such as to fill the teacher with enthusiasm for his life-work, not such as to make him look upon this work with contempt as an unworthy drudgery."

It is needless to say that to this "lower" course in mathematics the faculty thus condescends to give, are added other branches, as physics, astronomy &c. which the state examiners may require.

Professor Klein's experiences being typical of most departments of instruction, a few further quotations from his "Colloquium" bearing on his higher work will not be thought out of place, especially as he refers to his American hearers in them.

"As regards my higher lectures I have pursued a certain plan in selecting the subjects for different years, my aim being to gain, in the course of time, a complete view of the whole field of modern mathematics, with particular regard to the intuitional or (in the highest sense of the term) geometrical standpoint."

"I have had the pleasure of seeing many Americans among my students, and gladly hear testimony to their enthusiasm and energy: But I deem it my duty to refer to some difficulties that have occasionally arisen in connection with the coming of American students to Goettingen It frequently happens with us, and probably in other German universities as well, that American students desire to take higher courses when their preparation is entirely inadequate for such work. A student having but an elementary knowledge of differential and integral calculus, usually coupled with hardly a moderate familiarity with the German language, makes a decided mistake when he attempts to attend my advanced lectures. If he comes to Goettingen with such a preparation (or, rather, such lack of it) he may, of course, enter the more elementary courses offered at our university, but this is generally not the

object of his coming. Would he not do better to spend first a year or two in one of the larger American universities? Here he would find more readily the transition to specialized studies, and might at the same time, arrive at a clearer judgment of his own mathematical ability. This would save him from severe disappointment that might result from his going to Germany."

Thus far Professor Klein. The application to other departments of study is easily made, and—as I know from experience—quite as appropriate. Though it is true that American students have stood in the front rank in competition with other nationalities at German universities, it must also be said that a superstition prevails in this country, that a year of higher instruction in Germany will do a young man more good than all the education he can get on this side of the Atlantic. This dangerous fascination of Germany's "lumina scientiae" should be guarded against.

"Student life," outside of actual university-work, centers in a number of societies of every description ranging from scientific clubs to the "corps," which are fraternities of strictest ritual and—in most instances—not exactly promoters of steady work. All universities are on a par, and admission to one means admission to all. The unit of time is not the "collegiate year" but the half-year, called "semester"—though in reality covering about five months. Students will matriculate for a winter-semester, where they can get the finest lectures, hear the greatest authorities of the day, and do hard work. During the Summer, perhaps, unless an examination is imminent, they will take it somewhat easier in a place like Heidelberg, to enjoy fine scenery, ideal hospitality and sociability among the inhabitants of that portion of Germany as also among their fellow-students. Here as in any other university, they will find a chapter of their fraternity. If they enjoy fencing they may take up the cause of their fraternity against the champion of some other club, and forever after proudly display the resulting scars. The latter are considered honorable whether gained in victory or defeat, and decorative though they make the human face resemble a

relief map of the grand Canon and adjacent regions.

Extensive franchises were, in days past, granted to the universities. In the midst of monarchies and within them they were to form "republics of the learned," to have their own courts of justice, their constitution, senate, &c. Many of these privileges are still preserved, though more or less meaningless in the modern German empire. Thus on the matriculation forms of most universities, "Rector et Senatus" bear witness to the fact that a certain "juvenis ornatissimus civibus Universitatis litterariae adscriptus est." But the jurisdiction of the "respublica" is now restricted to cases of discipline which would ordinarily come under police-supervision. And it certainly is gratifying, when returning home somewhat late at night, by simple presentation of your "student's card" to an officer of the law to escape his arresting you on general grounds of too conspicuous hilarity.

The fundamental privileges, absolute Lehr- and Lerufreiheit have at all times found staunch champions among professors, students and the learned world throughout Germany.* They are the corner-stone of that country's university-system, and institution primarily "for the advancement of Science," and only after that and for that purpose, for education.

P. W.

*The restriction to Prussia is unnecessary in the case of universities, for although the relation between gymnasium and university was first regulated in Prussia, in other respects all German universities are conducted on the same principles.

The Heights Beyond.

There are grander heights beyond, O Friend !

Why pause we in the valley's trend ?

Far through the distance of our way

I look to where the star-gleams play.

'Tis true we are tired—we scarce can smile

We have journeyed such a weary while ;

We have hurt our hearts and scarred our hands

In toil God only understands.

We fain would rest—we long for dreams

In which our struggling vaguely seems ;

We are loth to leave our hard-earned plain,—

But there are grander heights to gain !

What mind we of our bruised feet ?

Are not all noble things, and sweet,

High set, that climbing in their quest

The best alone may win the best ?

The little triumphs we have known,

The victories we lean upon

Are nearer failures, if we fail

Those grander heights above to scale.

Then up ! though rugged be the steep,

And wild the winds that round us sweep !

To linger here were coward's ease,—

There are grander heights, O Friend, than these.

EUGENIA PARHAM.

How to Acquire Correct Habits of Study.

Cyrus Northrop, L. L. D., Pres. of the U. of Minn.

In The Intercollegian.

I once asked the late Professor James Hadley, one of the most eminent professors at Yale, what advice he would give to a student who asked him how he could learn to write well. His reply was, "I should tell him to write as well as he can." This reply, while perhaps it might not appear to the young seeker after literary skill as particularly luminous, does nevertheless, point out clearly the path to success. We learn to do things by doing them. We learn to do them easily by doing them often. We learn to do them in the best way by doing them many times and every time as well as we can. Writing is an art to be acquired only by patient practice. Study is an art to be acquired in the same way. To some people both of these arts come naturally and seemingly without any great effort. Others gain them only by long and painful endeavor. The boy who has never made an effort to control his mind, who has been accustomed to let his thoughts wander at their own sweet will, who in his mental operations has always followed the lines of least resistance, finds himself continually losing the connection of thought when for the first time he attempts to master a difficult mathematical problem, or to follow the steps of an extended argument. The effort to comprehend the thought and to keep the mind intent upon it is too great for his undisciplined powers; the mind wanders from the subject; the connection of thought is lost; and he is obliged again and again to recall his thoughts to the subject. If he can go through it at last without a wandering thought or a break in the argument, and the next difficulty he encounters will be more easily mastered, and by and by he will have acquired a correct habit of study—which habit, as he can learn from the dictionary, is nothing more than "an involuntary tendency to perform certain actions which is acquired by their frequent repetition."

The greatest enemy to effective study is the habit of dreaming over books. This is nothing more than allowing the mind to dwell on some more attractive subject which comes to it and allures it away from the book. Few men ever master this habit entirely ; but no good student will allow himself to indulge in this when serious work is before him. And it follows that true wisdom will lead a student in college to have as few interests as possible that are more alluring than his books. He is in the formative period of his life; he is seeking mental discipline, the power to fix and hold attention on a subject till it is mastered. He may be a fair scholar because he has a kind of photographic memory that holds what the eye sees, though the attention is divided and the mind is not nourished by the thought; but he will never come to real mental vigor and power until he can throw aside from his thoughts everything which does not pertain to the work for which he is in college and by which he is to be fitted for life. Hence the fewer interests a student has outside of his studies the better. When he is to learn a lesson, he must not be thinking of either foot-ball or prayer-meeting, of either fraternities or agreeable young ladies. No doubt these are all proper subjects of consideration at the proper time. But the proper time is not when one is trying to study ; and because these subjects are all so interesting to a young man they cannot but command his attention and distract his mind to the injury of his habits of study, if he is especially devoted to them. The greatest danger to a young man, so far as success in study is concerned and outside of positive immorality, is a multitude of social, athletic, or religious interests which consume his time, make preparation for class exercises hurried and imperfect, and crowd upon his mind in moments when every faculty is needed to master the subjects which he is studying.

The mind does not grow stronger by doing only what it can do easily. The kindergarten plan of education has its limitations. We must be able to read Carlyle as well as Stevenson. If we are to be real men we shall have difficulties to encounter, subjects to investigate, which will require our best powers, and

for which we shall be but poorly prepared unless we have trained our minds to think when we will, and upon nothing else till we will.

Every student can acquire this power of concentrating thought whenever he really wishes to study. He cannot acquire it, if when studying he habitually and of choice allows his mind to wander. But if he will always resist the mind's inclination to consider other subjects, if he will study when he tries to study, and will give up the appearance of study when he finds himself too exhausted for the reality—will take his foot-ball when he can no longer study, but will banish all thoughts of foot-ball when he ought to study—he will grow, by the unvarying laws of mental development, into a conscientious and successful student in college, and will ultimately become a man of power and influence in the world. It is in order that he may become such a man and may be of service to the world that the student is in college rather than behind the counter, in a bank, or on the farm. Let him in his college years not spend too much of his time in the delightful but temporary pleasure of association with good fellows who may crowd to his room; let him dare to "sport his oak," and in seclusion and silence let him do the mental work for which he has come to college, and in the coming time the world will appreciate him as a thinker and a leader, and will discover that while he is capable of stern obedience to duty, he is not the less a genial companion and a loyal friend.

New Years Day in Havana.

BY AN EYE WITNESS

The first day of the new year not only marked the beginning of a new era of time, but also the beginning of a new chapter in the history of The Western Hemisphere.

How appropriate, that with the dying year The Spanish misrule, and oppression of four centuries should cease to exist on the Cuban isle, and with the dawning of the new year the

light of liberty should first shine forth upon its people, bidding them to begin life anew under the protecting arm of "Uncle Sam." What this means to the natives of Cuba, none but those present in Havana New Years day '99 can fully appreciate.

Such a scene of joy and happiness, expressed by the tumultuous cheering of tens of thousands of Cubans, when the Stars and Stripes ascended the mast over gloomy old Morro Castle, will never again be witnessed on earth.

For the first time the joy of the citizens of Havana demonstrated itself, though the question of Cuban liberty was settled months ago at the surrender of Santiago.

The Cubans of Havana have never enjoyed their liberty until now, because of the presence of the Spanish soldiers in the city.

Early Sunday morning the American army at Camp Columbia was up preparing for the eight mile march to Havana, where it arrived about ten o'clock. It was with much difficulty that the troops pushed their way through the narrow streets already crowded by thousands of Cubans, whose cheers, hurrahs, and cries of "Viva America," "Viva Cuba," were simply deafening.

Nearly every door and window in the city was decorated in the American and Cuban colors, due to the kindness of Governor General Castellanos who issued an order two or three days previous, giving the Cubans permission to decorate their houses for the event.

Arriving at the foot of the Prado opposite Morro, the troops were massed along the shore of the bay and nearby streets affording a good view of the "Flag raising."

Sharply at noon the first gun announcing the hour for the surrender boomed from the American fleet. and as the sound of the 215th shot died away, the red and yellow emblem of the shattered nation fluttered to the ground, and simultaneously the emblem of American Liberty arose to the top of another mast nearby, and another arose over the Governor General's palace in the city, where the surrender was announced in words by the brave old Spanish warrior.

The next half hour was given up to rejoicing, soldiers and natives yelled themselves hoarse, while the several regimental bands present, played American airs each trying to play the loudest. The scene would be hard to describe, but during it all the heart of each boy in blue was touched by a feeling for the grand old flag of our country, never before experienced and never to be forgotten. The cruel power of Spain in the new world has ended, and her once glorious history on this side of the Atlantic had closed her blood stained banner had been supplanted by one spotless as snow, and one of her bravest warriors Gen. Castallanos had been forced to tears after the surrender he addressed his officers with tear dimmed eyes in these words: "Men I have faught as mony battles and never until today did my valor leave me"

After the ceremony at the palace the American commissioners and generals of the reviewing party took station in front of the Hotel Ingloterris, by which the 7th corps marched in review, and thus ended one of the greatest days in the history of Cuba.

CARPENTER K. S. C. "98"

Garfield.

After he had left both the House and Senate, Garfield died by the assassin's hand, and Mr. Blain was invited to deliver a eulogy before both Houses of Congress.

It was a great scene, one never to be forgotten by those present. The audience was fit and not few. The President and Senators were there, with the Justices of the Supreme Court and the representatives of the foreign powers.

A great auience of all that was distinguishd in American politics, with famous men in all the walks of life, thronged the floor. The galleries were filled to repletion with a great multitude of people, every one penetrated with sympathy for the eminent men who had been cut off in his prime. The oration commanded the profoundest attention of the listening multitude, and will always be remembered by the friends of Garfield

as the fittest expression of his services and deserts.

The task was not easy, for Mr. Blaine had to satisfy both the critical audience there present, who knew where Garfield was not strong, and the greater audience beyond, who were filled with the accumulated pity and regret of many long, weary and anxious days of waiting by the bedside of the dying man.

No man who lived at that day can look upon the broad waters of the Jersey shore, at Elberon where Garfield died without a deep feeling of the beauty of the closing words of Blain's tribute to his friend:

"With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

"Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know.

"Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a future shore, and felt already on his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

Both are gone, the praiser and the praised. They were both mighty in their day and generation, but Time, the destroyer has begun his ceaseless and remorseless work. Man born of woman has but few days, while oblivion has eternity.—*Thomas B. Reed in The Youth's Companion.*



Books and Magazines.

The January HARPER'S contains among many very fine articles, an excellent account of the reign of Francis Joseph Emperor of Austria, by Mr. Sidney Brooks.

He gives a table showing the distribution of races in Austria and Hungary, and as one reads "Germans, Poles, Roumanians, Servians, Magyars, Gypsies" and several others, he realizes something of the difficulties of ruling such an empire.

The Literary Digest also has a very interesting article on Francis Joseph. He has just completed the fiftieth year of his reign, and in these years he has not been lucky. The Hungarians revolted, proclaiming the republic, and it required the aid of Russia to restore order. In 1866 Austria lost the hegemony of Germany, and in the following year the Emperor declared Hungary an independant Kingdom. Meanwhile each little state of Austria is anxious to obtain the same privileges as Hungary.

As if these troubles were not enough, the Emperor has been singularly unfortunate in his family affairs, his only son committed suicide, his brother was executed in Mexico, his with assassinated but recently in Geneva. It has been said that the Emperor, like his predecessors, wishes to abdicate, but he remains at his post merely from a sense of duty.

In HARPERS we also find an unusually picturesque sketch of the country we usually miscall the Soudan, It is entitled "A Glimpse of Nubia," and is written by Capt. T. S. Speedy. Other articles are: The Weakness of the Executive Power in Democracy, by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson and a sketch of "Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman."

The January CENTURY is an unusually attractive number. It contains an article on Carlyle and a further installment of the war articles, Captain Sigsbee's, "Personal Narrative of the Maine," and Lieutenant Hobson's account of "The Sinking of the Merrimac." In this last mentioned article the most dramatic situation is reached, when the ship was running in. Lieut. Hobson shows that he is something of a writer by the

way he has grasped the literary opportunity in this description.

The OUTLOOK has been fortunate enough to secure for its January Magazine Number an article by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on his former companion-in-arms, General Leonard Wood. Colonel Roosevelt tells in a picturesque and readable way the story of General Wood's life—a stirring chapter of which is a record of his adventures in the Far West,—and points out with great earnestness that such admirable administrative work as General Wood has done in Santiago will serve as a standard and inspiration for the military and civil government of our new possessions. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

This number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW makes a strong presentation of the reasons for a reorganization of our naval PERSONNEL, including articles by the Hon. Francis H. Wilson, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Commodore Philip, representing the line, Commodore Melville, representing the engineers, and the Hon. George Edmund Foss. These writers are unanimous in advocating the prompt passage of the bill now before Congress, which not only provides for the amalgamation of the line and staff, but also officers a way by which young officers of merit may be advanced to command rank without serving a lifetime in subordinate positions, as is now too frequently the case.

Dr. Alvin Doty writes on "The Scientific Prevention of Yellow Fever" in which he advocates methods to get rid of it in Havana and Cuban posts.

Max O'Rell contributes a "Study in Cheerfulness" in which he says the Frenchman is the happiest of men, and the Englishman and Americans among the most unhappy. The Hon. Hannis Taylor severely criticises the work of the American peace commissioners at Paris, holding that our commissioners did wrong in refusing to assume at least a part of the Cuban debt, since that the sovereignty of Cuba to all intents and purposes, passes to the United States.

Mr. C. M. Stadden presents the latest aspects of the Nicara-

guan Canal project, and Mr. P. T. McGrath gives the Canadian side of the Fisheries question.

In the LADIES HOME JOURNAL, the well-known magazine writer, Mr. Cleveland Moffett gives a very readable account of the great Viennese music-teacher, Leschetisky, "The Man Who Taught Paderewski."

Leschetisky. says a child with a serious career ahead must begin piano work at six and must be a finished concert performer at fifteen. Mr. Moffett finds that a young man or woman would scarcely do well to go to Leschetisky for less than two years, and with less than a thousand dollars a year to spend. An editorial in this number deploras "The Rush of American Women" and says that the mothers of this country are coming to saek of the work-basket, the evening lamp, the home music and the evening games of brothers and sisters as in the past, almost as archic curoisities. The editor seems to voice the sentiments of Rudyard Kipling that "The Americans are still camping out."

Speaking of Rudyard Kipling reminds us that it is said that one of the English literaay weeklies was lately bribed by a long-suffering reader to appear for two consecutive weeks without any mention of Rudyard Kipling. But, in spite of every precaution, a quotation crept in.

In English, French, and American periodicals of the last ten months we find "The Works of Rudyard Kipling," "Mr. Kipling as an Artist," "Mr. Kipling as a Poet of Energy" "Kipling as a Moralist," "The Religion of Rudyard Kipling," and much else.

An interesting criticism printed anonymously in BLACKN-WOND's says that Kipling has scucceeded in doing what few writers have ever done. He has won the applause of his literary brethren and the educated class generally, and also has made a strong impression on "the heart of the people." The statement is made that the critic as he reads has strong belief that Crocket and Maclaren "will not enter into the reckoning of our son's sons." But Barrie is certain to count, and even so is it with Kipling.

A writer in the New York TIMES has a comment on the women of Mr. Kipling's stories, he says that with his love for the reality, the virility, the activity of life, the author has been called the man's poet. but his writings show an absence of that chivalry still instructive in men, that flower of knighthood which has enriched the lines of Tennyson, Browning, and Shelley.

M. ROSTAND.

The author of the drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," like Byron has waked to find himself famous. The journalists of Paris and London are inquiring who he is and how he lives. They have found so far that there is nothing whatever extraordinary about this plain young man. M. Rostand is now twenty nine and before his great success was achieved, published a volume of poetry and two plays, which did not make a marked impression on the public or critics.

Dec. 28, 1897 Cyrano was presented in Paris and achieved a tremendous success. M. Rostand is married and lives in a quiet villa in the suburbs of Marseilles. By those who have met him he is described as of pleasing manner, affable, not spoiled by the fame that has come to him, and rather inclined in a good humored way, to regard the immense popularity of his play as a little joke on the French literary public.

The play is based on history, and treated from the standpoint of a novelist's idea of what history should have been. In his time Cyrano de Bergerac was a notable character and made a sensation in his thirty-five years of life. He was born in Paris in 1619 and died in 1655, so that he flashed like a meteor across two reigns—a portion of that of Louis XIII and the first few years of La Grande Monarque.

He was a cadet of dare-devil nature, and such was his reputation for keeping his word that when on one occasion he arose in the audience and ordered an actor to leave the stage and not appear for a month, his command was obeyed. This incident is introduced in the play. For a period of fourteen years he devoted himself to philosophy and letters. His writings are satires on the life, society, government, and religion of the

time, and that they were so considered is evident from the fact that after the appearance of the first editions they were prescribed by the church.

Cyrano's nose was his weak point, he was ashamed of it, and extremely sensitive. He is described as being "separated from other men by a natural deformity as conspicuous as the distortion of a member, a nose of monstrous size and painful redness, the latter the result apparently of hereditary scrofula."

When he met a smile provoked by his nose, he instantly offered his card to the offender.

JOHN FOX'S WAR NOVEL,

Kentuckians are not selfish, but very appreciative of the works of their own authors.

In the July Harper's will begin John Fox's Spanish war story, "Crittenden, a Kentucky Regular." The story begins in the Bluegrass section, then shifts Louisville, to Chickamauga, thence to Tampa where the hero Clay Crittenden becomes a regular. Then the scene is transferred to Cuba, going through the battles of Siboney, Caney and San Juan—then back to Old Kentucky, ending with the mustering out at Lexington and joyous Christmas finale. We bespeak for this book a wide welcome, and congratulate the author on the happy conception of the plot.

Newspaper Woman's Work.

It is Remunerative and Rarely Monotonous in Large Cities.

"In addition to the news work the woman reporter probably does 'specials' for the Sunday edition, writes Elizabeth G. Jordan of "What it Means to be a Newspaper Woman," in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*. "There is no reason why her income should not be thirty-five or forty dollars a week at the end of the second year. After she has worked in New York five years she should be earning at least fifty dollars a week. If she does she is prone to take an apartment in a hotel and spend most of it for living expenses,

"As to the brighter side of the picture it may be said that the reporter is in constant touch with interesting phases of life. However hard her work may be, it is rarely monotonous. Each day brings her into contact with different persons and with varying conditions. She meets the brightest men and women of this and other countries and makes friends of many of them.

She has an unrivaled opportunity for the study of men, women and human nature. She is using her brains and making a name for herself among her associates. She has opportunities to do much good in a quiet way. If she has ideals (and as a rule she has) it is no harder to live up to them in her profession than in others. Of the so-called 'perquisites' of the profession—passes and gifts—the less said the better. The best type of newspaper women never accept these."

A Tale of Woe.

A STUDENT'S STORY.

Come now my wearied readers few;
A woeful tale I have for you.
I'll tell how Cupid wove his net
Around the heart of "Mothers Pet"

The north wind wailed one winter's eve,
The snow fell thick and fast,
With clouds that float round and round
The sky was overcast.

A young man dressed in gay attire
Came riding down the lane,
Until he reached a little gate;
Then gently drew his rein.

Then through the gate across the field
He slowly went his way,
Until he reached the farmhouse near—
Where 'twas I will not say.

(Ask you the errand of this youth?
Why through the storm he'll rove?
For two whole weeks he has not seen
The object of his love).

Dismounting there he hitched his horse
Beneath a spreading tree,
Then stepping to the doorbell rang
This pretty maid to see.

She greeted him and with a smile
She bade him have a chair
Beside the fire that she had made;
Did he refuse? How dare!

For one long hour he scarce did speak.
Nor moved within that chair;
His thoughts were all upon this theme:
How he'd his love declare.

In vain he thought what he should say,
While he was sitting there;
Anon his lips began to move.
As if in silent prayer.

He thought how he should ask this maid
To let him change her name,
When all at once the doorbell rang—
A rich old bach'lor came.

She introduced these rival beaux;
Each bowed and spoke quite low;
As "two are company, three are none,"
The youth arose to go.

And ere he reached his home that night,
He vowed within himself
That he would win the lady's hand,
Despite the bach'lor's pelf.

What came of this we soon shall see,
Suffice in now to say.

That in his mind a plan he formed,
While riding on his way.

He wished the girl to know that he
Loved her with all his might,
And as he'd failed to say as much
Tomorrow he would write.

So on the morrow as he wrote,
To ask the maid to wed,
His ardent love he told in verse;
This is the way it read:

"Where'er you read this note of mine,
Remember it was love
That prompted me to write these lines
To you" my turtle dove.

"When on this page you cast your eye,
Do not forget to think
Of him who ofte thinks of thee,
And in thy love would drink.

"E'en as your lover pens these words,
His thoughts are all of thee;
How much would he now sacrifice
Thy pretty face to see.

Thy radiant smiles would comfort him,
And lessen every task,
If in the sunlight of thy love
Forever he might bask.

And now my darling answer this ;
The address is Box 3 ;
Please let me know, my precious one,
When you my bride will be.—"

For three weeks then he watched each mail,
Expecting to receive
A message from his "turtle dove"
That would his mind relieve.

One day he to the office went
And there—oh joy to see !
The longed-for letter, come at last,
Lies just within Box 3.

He broke the seal and took there-from
A dainty envelope ;
Then from his lips in accents wild
A cry of anguish broke.

That missive dissappointed him.
For just inside it said
The bach'lor beau his lady love
Would on the morrow wed.

The youth now in response to all
Repeats the proverb old,
That all within this world you see,
That glitters is not gold.

Now with this tale a moral goes ;
Of bachelor beaux beware ;
They know so well how to propose,
They've been so often there.

“O. F. SMITH.”



When 'Tis Realized.

Perhaps the most beautiful place in Kentucky is the campus and buildings of the Kentucky State College.

Situated in Lexington the queen and center of the far-famed bluegrass, it is visited by many who come to view the prominent places and scenery of Kentucky.

However we do not know that it is just exactly right for the college in its catalogue to represent the cut so often printed and called "Lakeview." Beautiful and attractive it is true, but only in the winter does it swell to the proportion of any thing like a lake. Students in the fall are greatly dissatisfied to find nothing but a morass, instead of (as they thought) a sparkling surface of water dotted with sails. A college catalogue is a kind of contract between the institution and the public, and the former should use no means that will not get the *real* consent of the person attending.

At a comparatively small expense this "lake (?)" could be drained, cleaned, dammed and walled then when stocked, would not only be lovely for rowing and skating, but of great assistance to some of the departments of college. Then when they build an imposing gymnasium out north of the main building bordering the waters of this lake, the K. S. C. will be attractive in the extreme. That is surely the place for the gymnasium.

There it will border the rippling waters of a real lake; It will be near the athletic grounds where the *Southern* champions may run in for a rub-down; it will be convenient to the dormitories where the boys who do not play in athletic games may exercise, take a fine bath and return to their studies "made anew." Besides this, it will be convenient to the boys from and to citizens who will attend the athletic exhibitions which will be given, and the great lectures of distinguished men.—its great hall will be the finest in the city. These are not far-fetched imaginings; they should to-day be actualities.

But we shall not realize these things until agitation makes them to take shape. When every friend of the institution makes it a point to see his representative, and ask him use his influence 'n securing an appropriation and if he refuses tell him "he'll not go there any more" he will swing in line, and the money and all things incidental will come.—among which will be hundreds and hundreds of new students.


"My Mother Needs Me"

THE SURGEONS and nurses at St. Marys hospital, says the "Philadelphia Times," were unusually distressed over the death, recently, of Private Henry J. Wind, of Company D. Third New York Regiment. The hospital *attaches* had taken an especial interest in Wind's case, and everything possible was done to save him. The surgeons, after consultation, decided that his only chance of recovery lay in the performance of a delicate surgical operation. The surgeons did their work well, but the patient collapsed under the knife. They carried him back to his cot in the ward, and realized that he had but a few minutes to live. The soldier, who seemed to understand his own condition fully, clutched one of the doctors by the sleeve, and said: "Oh, pull me through, doctor; my mother need me. She needs me bad." He fell back, breathing stertouously, and a nurse passed her soothing hand over his hot brow. At that moment the occupants of the room were electrified by the strangely appropriate strains of a song that floated through the window from the street. A quartette of young men, with exceptionally good voices, were passing the hospital, singing:—

Just break the news to mother, she knows how dear I love her,
And tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home;
Just say there is no other can take the place of mother,
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her.

Almost at that very moment the sufferer gasped and was dead. The singers passed on down the street, and the quiet in the ward was broken by the low sobbing of the nurse, There were tears, too, in the eyes of the surgeon.





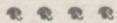
EDITORIAL.

"O the toil that knows no breaking."

The life of an editor is one ceaseless round of toil. Were he not relieved by the many changes which his work must of necessity undergo, he could not stand the strain. His is the most delicate of work: he must know how to approach all men in such a manner as to win their confidence and to obtain their support. To do this, a person must needs use every faculty he possesses, and expend his physical energy to the utmost, and though his limbs would fain seek rest, he must never stop, for the world will pass him by; the mind would be at ease, it must constantly "think in every direction," lest in this day of even *mental* competition, a similar publication will win the palm.

But though the work is hard, it still is interesting; though clouds gather, they are dispelled and the glorious sunbeams break through to cheer. The rainbow treasures are constantly in advance, luring—we pursue and though no hand is ever laid upon them, in their quest we are led into bright broad fields where the light of other minds stream down upon us, and music, as it were, wheeled off from spheres, comes sounding on the ear.

Journalism, though oft too little appreciated gathers and expresses great thought of this great age and is a blessing of the world.



"There is something in ever paper that is worth the price of subscription" says Henry Ward Beecher. We want THE KENTUCKIAN to be no exception to that rule, and a perusal of the contents of any issue will convince the reader that it is not. Read in this issue "Kentucky Forever" (just one sentence, it is true) and be inspired with a deeper love for our own beloved State. "The Debt of Literature to "Mine Host" is extremely unique and original in its conception. We like it because it is interesting and a production the character of

which we rarely see. The article, "On Prussian Colleges and Universities by Prof. Warnicke" gives us an insight into the greatest educational system of the world, while the exquisite little poem "The Heights Beyond" is impressive and inspiring. The advice given in "How to Require Correct Habits of Study" is what every student yearns for, and seldom if ever receives. The notes of various correspondents are always enjoyed. When one reads these and does not say that Beecher is right—why—we'll try to do better the next time.



Speaking of the article of President Northrop on "How to Acquire Correct Habits of Study" recalls some thoughts once presented by the president of Miami University, in which he said that students should seek the advice of their professors, should earnestly talk with them, and that in these man-to-man conversations he could get the greatest help, that the student and professors did trust each other as they should. These with many more common sense remarks made his lecture very forcible. The thought presented impels us to say the boys here should advise with their professors and that troublous times when they know not what is best for them a word from one who has wended the way may be of incalculable assistance.

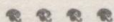
But to tell the plain truth, which is the only kind of truth, there seems to be a gulf between the great body of students and the professors of the K. S. C. Why it is we know not; that it is we know. The boys of this college represent the brawn and brain of the commonwealth; the school exists for them and it was the intention (the governing point in law) that every dollar on this hill spent should be for their advancement in every way, in short, their education—the object of the State being to train its youth so they will be happy intelligent useful, citizens, not to cram them full of text-book knowledge and let them go.

The boys at this school need more than they get. They need a gymnasium wherein they can actually exercise disease

from the body, and call down upon themselves the supreme blessings of health, without which a man need not live, but with which he is rich and may exclaim in the language of an eminent man "My Health is my fortune!"

They need a moral influence thrown around them. Theirs is almost a Y. M. C. A. in name only. They need a cultur- ing influence thrown around them so they may not spend years in this city of refinements and culture and then go away as "green" as when they came. Let every one connected with the institution work to bring about that day when a State College (or rather a University) uniform shall *really be* "a badge of honor and a badge of distinction," when its wearer will be welcomed into homes of the best citizens, when society will have sense enough to realize that beneath his a rough exterior throbs a heart loyal to truth and in its sacred sanctuaries, their lies the love of honor which guarantees the perpetuity of all society and is the refuge of the republic against all evil.

We hail the day and believe it is coming when this institu- tion shall be the loveliest and most interesting place in this State—the pride of all Kentucky.



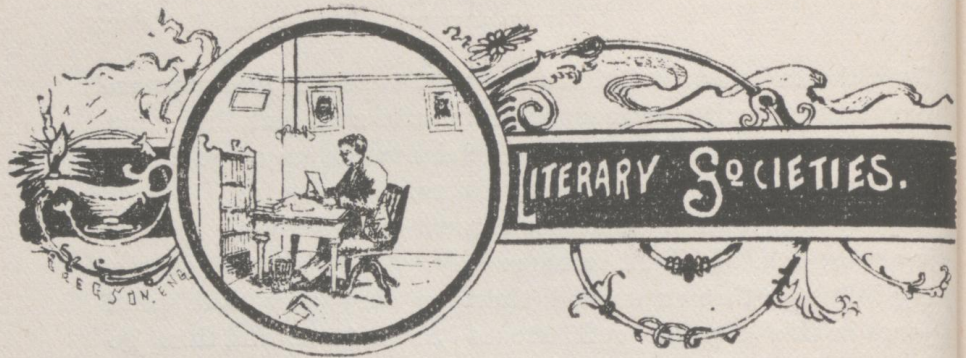
The love of Kentuckians for their native land is only one of many evidences of their nobility of character. "Once a Ken- tuckian always a Kentuckian" their motto. The poet Hor- ace must have been warmed by something like into that pro- duced by Kentucky and caught a visior of the future Ken- tuckian and felt his patriotic thrill when he wrote:

"Mutant caelum, non animum, qui trans mare currunt."

The Kentucky Club of St. Louis have proven this and its members deserve the admiration of every man of the state from which they hail. It honors them and though it fain have them here, it congratutates the state of Missouri that so many of her eminent men have come from Old Kentucky, and—are Kentuckians still.



We are sorry ahat the delay of materials used in getting out this issue has caused the January number to be somewhat late.



The Patterson.

This society at the opening of the "New Year," is in a prosperous condition, with many hopes of future success. Her doors are ever open to receive new members, who would cast their lot with us, to make a practical study of parliamentary rules. and by constant practice and discipline, overcome all natural embarrassment and acquire ease of expression, that will fit them, to enter the realms of social and public life.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time."

Our record so far is highly satisfactory and commended by all and it is hoped will be maintained so that in after years when we, proudly refer to the success of State College in 1898-9, we may say "The Patterson Society performed with success her part of the duties, and received her share of honor."

Union Society.

The year 1898 is gone; and it is pleasant to recount its Friday evening meetings, as one by one they are written down by the faithful scribe.

Old Union has for every Union boy, in their records, scenes that are dearer than any of College life. Who have not felt the loyal determination in the presence of defeat; who of us, have not grown glad in the exult of Union's victory when her orators have measured skill with the antagonists in the halls of contest?

The past year has wrought changes among us. We miss Sugg, "by jix," whose "Mr. President" would add dignity to a senate. And that poet genius and always original Grinstead, who was a wonder to the college, a wonder to the society, a wonder to himself and the girls. We miss Farley, quixotic Frank, with him a girl was a synonym for a bloom: and in his romantic garden, of lilly white and violet and rose,, the beautiful and fair was a modest "Paris sun flower."— He was the arbitrator in dispute. With him nothing was more sacred than duty.

We were proud of Frisby. He, knew no superior as a declaimer. His victory at Winchester is the greenest wreath among the declamatory laurels of the College.

We miss them——

One we fined; yet he could not keep away from the "Normal."—— But our loss and *her* loss is his gain: And we feel certain that under the rule of a "Bishop," Sugg's career will lead to greatness. Grinstead we hope to welcome back in February. Farley will study Law, perhaps here if a law college is added to our university. Roach is studying Law at Ann Arbor Michigan.

Of the work of our society during the past year we are justly proud. The records we file, will add honor to the historic and sacred archives of the past, and the scenes of 1898, in Union Hall, will be treasured in the memory of every Union boy.

The presence of W. T. Jones, at our last meeting, gives assurance that the literary programe will have another brilliant writer. Jones is a society worker and all are glad to have him back.

The officers elected for the term are:

President G. M. Keller, Vice President George Taylor, Secretary J. F. Green, Treasurer D. C. Donan, Corresponding Secretary G. C. Farris, Librarian C. W. Allen, Attorney A. F. Crider, Lieutenant at arms George Roberts.

Mr. Lewis was elected to represent the society in the coming "intercollegiate debate."

Mr. Farris, chosen at the last meeting in December, will represent "Union Society" at Broechs "Mid Winter Declamatory Contest," to be held in Winchester.

The progame for the next several meetings will have more active features in the form of impromptu speeches. We have a tip that Mr. Roberts will be given the subject, "My experience in sleighing, by moonlight, on New Year's evening." Also that Mr Keller will narrate at a later date, "Why they call me 'Poby.'" Is it not time that Sherrfins (*primus*) is growing "young" again? We would suggest Mr. Sherffins as a good impromptu speaker and a subject, "Which shall it be?"

The event to which all are looking forward with interest is the contest, for the societies Oratorical Medal, annually held on the evening of Washington's birthday. Crider, Donan, Taylor and Lewis will be among the contestants.

Mr F. L. Richmond is again among us. We are all as proud of "Tommie" as he is of that ring and mustache.

ROBERT ALLEN,

The Normal.

All hail to the Normal, the training school of trainers.

The N. L. S. is now the wide-awake and progressive society of The Kentucky State College. Its work is practical, its workers are alive.

Under the direct supervision of Prof. Ruric N. Roark, (than whom the South knows no better educator,) and wise management of its able president, Lieut. C. G. Cornett, the society will accomplish more than any other in college.

To learn to speak with grace and ease requires intelligent practice; to become acquainted with the machinery of parliamentary bodies one must be thoroughly conversant in parliamentary law.---The Normal Society will make this a specialty, and when in future days its distinguished members grace legislative halls, no man will be more able to turn every point to the ad-

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vantage of his constituents than the men who were trained in the Normal in the good old days of '99.

It is suprising to know how little the students of this institution know of parlimentary usages; save Prof. Roark, we doubt if the society has a good *parliamentarian*. This subject should be taught; it is vastly more interesting and practical than some of the *ologies* and *isms* with which the young mind is constantly burdened.

Hurrah for the Congress—let it be formed and the old hall will ring with eloquence like unto that which thrilled the senate when Clay arose and bewitched its members with voice and eye.

Boys in other societies when rising must say "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," but the Normalites have the supreme privilege of rising with every nerve tingling, and their silvery tone ring out: "Mr. President, *Ladies* and Gentlemen:" And when beautiful eyes are centered on a man and a fine face is beaming its warm light into his own, aye, when in the hushed stillness of crowded halls the gentle breathing of fair maidens may fall upon his ear inspired—where is the man "with a soul so dead" who will not rise on higher and sweeter themes? If the eye of an ox made Clay to grow eloquent, ought not that of a *woman* make him enchantingly divine?

The old societies must get more life into them, or die.

The Normal has life, it has energy. it has "push."

We again bid thee hail, and hope to see the members so fit themselves for public life that it may be theirs,

"The applause of listening senates to command
The threats of pain and ruin to despise
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read its history in a nations eyes."

Notes From Philosophia.

After the merry Xmas and New Year's holidays the Philisophians are again ready to resume their work with a new zeal.

All report "a good time," and all faces seem brighter for having had a rest.

Of course "Old Santa" brought "each little girl" everything she wrote him she wanted, hence the happy expression,

On the first Friday after resuming work a very good programme was rendered, Miss Leila Jones' "New Year's Romance" being especially good.

The Entertainment Committee is busily engaged trying to decide on an entertainment to be given some time in the near future. This reminds us of the kindness of our college and city friends last year, and we hope to give them something good and entertaining this year.

"The "Paris girls" are with us again, having spent a very enjoyable Xmas in Paris and neighboring towns.

Miss Nellie Rhodes, who was unable to attend school for some three or four weeks before the holidays, has returned fully recovered.

Since Mrs. Blackburn has been so ill, Miss Anna Didlake has occupied her position as Monitress admirably. We hope Mrs. Blackburn will soon be well again to resume her duties.

Miss Martha White has gone to enter Chicago University. By her going we lose a very efficient and agreeable member from the Society, and we extend best wishes for a successful course in the University.

What was that about the Pattersons going to give a banquet soon?

Miss Lucia Hardison spent a greater portion of her holidays visiting in Shelbyville.

Since the first term examinations are all completed, the girls all are light-hearted once more. Everybody is busy with new studies and work; yes, even so busy that no one has had time to "start a single joke" among the Philosophians.

JANE B. COX.

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Capt. Bolivar.

One moonlight night when the stars did litter the floor of heaven and the moon shed radiance over all, Capt. Bolwar a clever gentleman, went to the room of one Mr. Blank and said imperiously: "Private Blank I detail you to go on guard to night; your post will be no. 3; let no man by until he gives the pass-word which is "Havana." The officer will conduct you to your post of duty." He then turned to go but hesitating said: "Be sure you let no man by. Keep an eye out for a middle-aged man with black whiskers and side-burns. He has been passing this post almost every night, arrest him if he tries it to night."

The officer, Lieut. Jenkinson, conducted the guard to "post no. 3" which is near the gate at the main entrance to the campus.

The boys amused themselves in the mean time some giving the password, others forgetting (?) it and while the guard was talking to another would run by and get chased around and then arrested and "sent to the guard house."

About 10.30 some one announced (there were about a hundred boys playing out there in the moonlight having a good time generally) that Prof. Munsey was coming. Capt. Bolivar again commanded the guard to be on the alert and then "vanished like the mists of the morn."

The boys all crouched under the cedars to hear what was going to happen. But Prof. had seen a number and knew what was up and he went through the cedars and said "boys this is a funny place to be at this time of night"—the boys pulled their hats over their faces hugged the ground and "sawed wood." The Prof. probably thinking that the guard would be away from the gate started on his way rejoicing, But lo! that omnipresent guard jumped out before him and said "Halt



who comes there."

Prof: Why I'm a *teacher*, you can't arrest me.

Guard: I don't keer. I am here to guard, and no man passes post No. 3, without giving the pass-word.

Prof: Who put you on here?

Guard: Captain Bolivar.

Prof: Don't you know that they are fooling you and you can't arrest anybody; let me by.

Guard: No they are not. I'll arrest you and put you in the guard house if you don't give the pass-word or return to your room.

This was rich for the boys sniggering in the bushes. Prof. said: "Don't you see those fellows in the bushes. Arrest them, I'll help you." Then they had a gay old time, Prof. and guard running the fellows. They say they chased "Uncle Joe and Father Averett" around, and like to have caught them, but finally missed their game.

Still the guard held the prof. (no getting by that mountaineer.) Luckily for the Professor some boys not "on to it" just then came up from town, and while the guard was attending to them, Prof. Munsey vanished down Limestone, and the boys say a decent game of (*corn and wheat*) could have been played on the tail of his flying cut-away. After a little while the guard was relieved, the band dispersed, and thus ended one of the most enjoyable nights ever experienced by the noble boys of K. S. C.

A Voice from The "Y"

In an old number of the Union Signal we find an article entitled. "A Nineteenth Century Parable." The story goes:—

Just beneath the protecting branches of the largest and strongest tree, in the whole woods, grew a clump of ferns. They were content with their home, which they believed to be the most beautiful spot in the wide, wide world. They could only get a little peep now and then at the blue sky, far

away. They cared nothing for this, they left the knowledge of such things for the tree to gain. They heard the music made by the wind whistling through the leaves. The dews of heaven fell upon them each night, and departed each morning, leaving them bright and refreshed. Thus they lived, happy in their own sphere. Nothing at all was known to them of the winding red hot looking road just outside the wood. This was not so interesting or so pretty, and but for the trees with their trailing vines, this old road would have possessed no beauty.

These ferns were no philosophers, neither was the old road. But in the outside world folks were saying a great deal of the laws of growth, influence, and culture. up here and all that.

Here was the self evident fact, of ferns growing in this secluded spot, beneath this big tree. They would be nothing without this delicacy in color, feathery outline and all the little features which go to make up their beauty. Secluded indeed is this little fernery from all who travel this dusty road, safe from the feet of the plough-man, and the barefooted boy at play.

Going merrily along this old road, the little lad tired from his day of romp and play, warily casts his eyes downward—What is that? A most beautiful little fern, growing there in the tangle of the fence and mires. There must be suitable soil here for it could never have grown to be so beautiful.

But what is that gray looking object in the distance on the hillside? An old rock which has been a landmark for years. growing between the scars and seams are a most delicate lot of ferns, no rustling of leaves to make music for them—no vines above to catch the flying dust—but still they are beautiful and delicate.

So, in this world, some are obscure as the fern, beautiful in their own place. There is a place and "something for each of us ever to do." While some of us may be as the tiny vine leaves only fit to receive the dust, we can fill this place of serving. Each in his own sphere help to protect those who look to him for succor. All of us can be like the tree spreading its branches to help and refresh all around us. We can do

some little act of kindness, and help some one by our influence, however little that may be. Though obscure and competent to do but little, we can do that little, as the solitary fern on the isolated stone. If we fail to do our part though it may seem ever so insignificant, we cause our link in God's perfect chain of creation, to be missing, which link can never be supplied.

MIRANDA SPEARS.

The Athletic Outlook.

It is rather early to talk of spring athletics when the snow is still on the ground, but it is by early discussion and early work that some mode of success may be attained in this department. I have been informed that the Athletic committee has come to the conclusion that the interests of general athletic's at this institution could be better advanced without the services of a base ball team. As I received my information from a valuable source, it seems doubtless that the track team alone must in the spring uphold K. S. C's glorious record for the fall of '98.

This means early and long continued work for the members of that team. Some of the track team of '98 are still attending college; others have graduated or quit. Their places must be filled. To be explicit a high jumper, shot and hammer men must be developed. Men for these events will of necessity have to be selected from raw material. Not only these positions must be filled out, improvements must be made in the other field day events not specially mentioned. In other words a considerable amount of raw material must be worked up. It is for this reason that the KENTUCKIAN thus early, is taking up and agitating the question of spring athletics.

The purpose of this article is to appeal to the new men, to arouse his latent powers and to bring him in line for the advancement of college athletics. Fear of failure deters many a new man and even those in the upper classes from attempting some new branch of athletics. He fears to make of himself what in college for love is known as a "lobster." That this fear, in the great majority of cases, is utterly groundless is shown by the success of those who have tried. Take for example last years track team. How many of them would you have suspected of being able to do anything "on a field day

team." You would probably say Whyne, Elliott and Campbell and stop with that, yet had you seen how little Jonnie Vogt drew away from his opponent in the half mile run at Cincinnati last spring, your opinion of who could or could not would possibly have been subject to slight alterations.

In the track team there is the great chance for the man who has not the beef and brawn for the foot ball eleven, but who has grit and determination coupled with an earnest desire to put his college at the top in all contests with other institutions of learning. At the present stage of athletic development in the various Kentucky colleges, any men who will select the event on the field day program for which he is most fit and who will train conscientiously for that event, can prove of material assistance to the team representing his college. I appeal then to all classes at K. S. C. but to the Freshman and Sophomore's especially to come down on the athletic field and give spring athletics a fair trial. It will help you physically, it will widen your acquaintance and improve your standing among the student body, but most of all it will enable the dear old blue and white to float as proudly on the gentle zephyrs of the spring as float it did when old winter's blasts flung it into the very vaults of Heaven. The man who will shut himself in his room and spend all his spare time outside of the class room in one continued grind, may be the honor man of his class but in so doing he degenerates into a petty pedant but ill fitted for a struggle with the world.

At this writing, there is a move on foot to reestablish the Inter college Field day, an event which has for some years been dropped from the calendar of Kentucky athletic events. Before this article appears in print the, at present, indefinite plans may have taken definite shape and the meet be already assured. State College last year, defeated the University of Cincinnati track team by the narrow margin of a few points. U of C wants us again for a return date. With two such struggles in view, one may well feel that the time spent in training was not wasted. To win the field day championship of the State and defeat Cincinnati would be a record quite on par with the foot ball team's work. Let us do it.

SIDNEY A. SMITH.

The Hugest "Swipe" In College History.

The boys of The Kentucky State College do things that startle the world; and while they are mischievous, they com-

pel others to admire their wonderful strength and originality.

Who but Capt. Bolivar Co. H., K. S. C. would have ever thought of taking a *Street Car Station*, and who but his robust followers could have lifted a large car from the mud and rock and then roll it *up hill* and place it before the imposing structure dedicated to Natural Science. Yet they did. The how is a mystery. The when was a Friday night.

Boys will be boys, they mean no harm they all discountenance the breaking of that window, the act of some thoughtless fellow. Let them have innocent fun but never destroy property.

They need a gymnasium to work off their excess of strength and spirit, they know it is shame that they don't have one. They need exercise, and if they can't practice in a well ordered gym., they will run guard and remove street cars.

Hurrah for the boys, we all love them.

"Then heres to our boy-hood, its gold and its gray,
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys
Dear father take care of thy children, *The Boys.*"

Fine Paying Positions.

The U. S. Civil service commission desires to hold examinations in all State Colleges in the country for those who wish to get government positions of a scientific or technical nature. These positions pay very handsomely, salaries ranging from \$1500 upward.

This will be a fine opportunity for the scientific and mechanical students of the K. S. C.

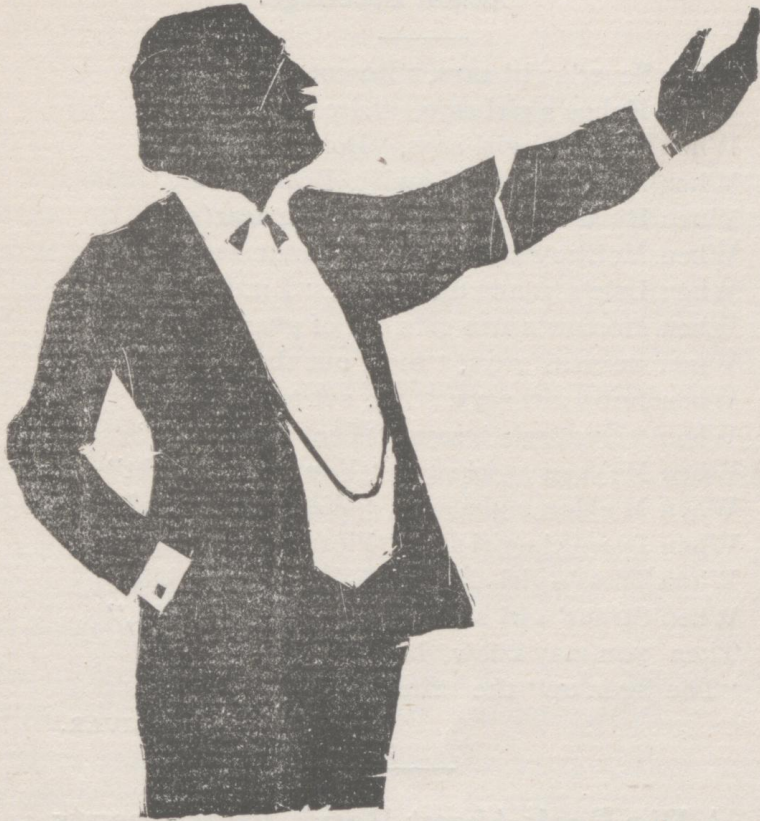
Every one remembers how well these boys came out in former government examinations, and they should do better now.

If there are a number of applicants the "exam" will soon be held.—Those desiring to enter this will address Mr. T. L. Walker Asst., Post Master Lexington Ky.



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“The American eagle with untiring flight,
Soared upward and upward til he soared out of sight.”

The State Intercollegiate Oratorical contest will be held in
Lexington April 7., a great time is expected.

Clay Goodloe Centre President.

O. P. Barnhill “ Secy. & Treas

R. E. Gardner Georgetown Vice Pres.

State Y. M. C. A.

The Kentucky State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. meets at
Henderson Ky. on Feb., 16, 17, 18. Every college is request-
ed to send a full delegation.

Xmas Greetings.

When Sever's girl says, "Roscoe dear,"
 When Kehoe's girl says, "Are you here?"
 When Cornett's girl says, "Don't you fear,"
 When Reese hears, "Louder, I can't hear,"
 When Haileys girl sings, Draw me near(er).
 When McElroy's girl says, "I don't *keer*,"
 When Lyle's young dove says, "I'm Kid's deer,"
 When Morrow's arm gets out of gear,
 When Burgess' says, "Blow out the light"
 When Jett's girl says, "No, not *to-night*,"
 When "Hungry's" says, "That appetite !!"
 When McVean's girl says, "You are my light"
 When Maddox,s girl says, "We're out of sight"
 When Dowdie's girl says, "Please not so tight,"
 When Treas's girl says, "Oh ! ouch ! you bite,"
 When Straus' girl says, "You are two light,"
 Then you may know beyond a doubt
 "The jig is up" the fire (light) is out."

CAPT BOLIVAR.

A Big Book About Band Instruments.

If you are interested in a band instrument of any kind, or would like to join a band or drum corps, you can obtain full information upon the subject from the big book of 144 pages that Lyon & Healy, Chicago, send free upon application. It contains upwards of 1,000 illustrations, and gives the lowest prices ever quoted upon band instruments.

A Charming Book About Old Violins.

Violinists everywhere will hail with delight the beautifully printed and authoritatively written book about Old Violins, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Good old violins may now be obtained from \$25.00, and a violinist is foolish indeed to remain handicapped with a poor instrument.

About the Boys.

JETT AND MCVKAN.
Post No. 3, and *Alls Well*.

The many friends of Tom Richmond welcome him back to College. It seems that the atmosphere of Tennessee has added greatly to his bodily frame and his beard.

Walter Brock is back from home. He is welcomed by all.

H. C. Anderson, "Esquire," who has been in the railroad business in Chattanooga, paid us a visit a few days ago.

R. L. Ledford, one of our former students who is now traveling for a wholesale grocery company, spent a few days with friends in the Dormitory.

Everybody hates a stingy person ; everyone loves an open-hearted, liberal man—one on whom they know they can depend in every good work.

One of our old time friends is with us—T. T. Jones. The Joneses, Smiths, of the College, are without number.

Since Major Jones came, Kentucky State College is an appropriate name for the institution. It is certainly the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

Cast your eye over the ads.

Those who were not appointed by their County Superintendent were appointed to leave the dormitory.

Gibson has been promoted. Last year he lived on the third floor, and this year he is on the fourth.

Boys—"Soldier in the house ! Soldier in the house!"

Mrs. Brown—Boys, have your fun, but you must respect the house."

Shelby Frazer paid Old Ireland a flying visit.

The English still hold forth ove Ireland. Ireland's room is just under England's.

Blue is back with flying colors. He fell off the scaffold with a bucket of paint.

For fifty cents, four bits, or a half dollar you can get *THE KENTUCKIAN* the remainder of the school year. It is very expensive to publish a magazine of the kind, and *every one* should assist in making the very best in the country. Be patriots, and help every good enterprise which serves for our good.

Three boys while skating were so unfortunate as to fall into the pond. As soon as they "fell in" Gibson began to call the roll.

A few days ago some of the boys overheard Thomas Barr singing:—"The hardest work I ever done was drilling on this ground,

The easiest work I ever done was stealing out to town."

McDonald is about to beat Vance out of his girl.

Prof. Anderson accused Ike Dowdy of being in love and reprimanded him for the same, but on the night of the football reception he fell a victim to the same subject and afterwards complimented Mr. Hughes on his good taste.

Trade with our advertisers, and tell them you appreciate the interest they take in *THE KENTUCKIAN*.

After waiting patiently a long time for the beloved face of one who used to enchant the Dormitory and College buildings with his smiling countenance, the friends, foes, and Profs., of Mr. Garner welcome him back.

Messrs Gaither and Martine have as their valet Mr. E. O. Eakin.

Mr. Harry Holt, son of Judge Holt of Frankfort, was seen at the theatre with Lieuts. Sams and Cornett. He was not in the State College box. What a pity Hungry's name is not spelled Pslams instead of Sams.

Deacon Warren should have three brass balls over his door. He deals enough in second hand goods.

T. L. Campbell.

Editor and Orator writes:

Accept my congratulations on your superb "KENTUCKIAN."
In appearance literary, and general contents I think "THE KENTUCKIAN" far surpasses anything ever published at S. C.
Every one interested in old K. S. C. should liberally support this magazine.

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Chicago's largest music house. Lyon & Healy, have bought for a fraction of its cost, the entire stock of Lyon, Potter & Co. These splendid pianos are offered without reserve until all are sold. In this stock are a number new Steinway pianos, and hundreds of new and second-hand pianos, including instruments of the following well-known makes: Sterling, Huntington, A. B. Chase, Vose, Fischer, Weber, Chickering, G. W. Lyon, etc. In square pianos there are fine toned instruments at \$25, \$40, \$60 and upwards. In upright pianos neat instruments at \$100, \$120, \$140, \$150, \$165, \$190, \$200 and upwards. In Baby Grands some nice specimens at \$250 and upwards. Nearly all of these pianos were intended to sell for at least double these clearing sale prices. A good plan would be to order a piano, leaving the selection of it to Lyon & Healy. However they will send a list and full particulars upon application. Any piano not proving entirely satisfactory may be returned at their expense. Address simply, Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Distance is no obstacle in taking advantage of this remarkable chance to obtain a piano, for in proportion to the saving to be made the freight charges are insignificant. Write today so as to avoid disappointment.



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It is said that there are more officers than borders at the meso-hall. Kentuckians are natural office holders.

STREET CAR CO.:

"Oh where oh where has our station gone!"

Quite a number of boys attended President Patterson's Y. M. C. A. Lecture. It was one of the best ever delivered in the city. President is one of the best historians in the country and his lecture was replete with interesting historical facts and references. The boys should attend all these lectures.

We are grateful to know that THE KENTUCKIAN has many citizen subscribers.

The Philisophians are talking of favoring the public with a grand opera.

Leslie Hundly and Mr. Lewis, will represent S. C. in the intercollegiate debate.

At a meeting of the student body to elect officers of The Athletic association J. M. McDaniel was elected President. Lieut. Johnson Mgr. Foot-ball team and John Wil- lim Mgr. the Track and Base-ball teams. The athletic outlook is bright.

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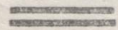
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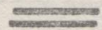
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The Y. W. C. T. U. and the B. (boys) W. T. U. held an interesting meeting last week (together.)

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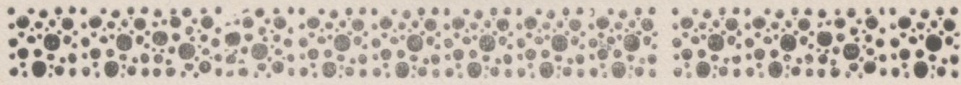
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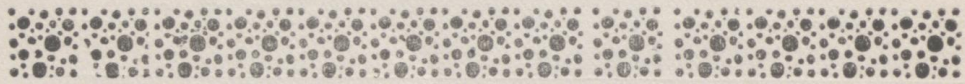
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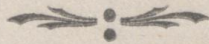
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