

THE IDEA

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Vol. III

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No. 16

OUR NEW ERA.

While the whistles and bells were ushering in the new year, how many of the students and friends of our grand old University stopped to think that the same instruments of sound were also ushering in a new era for State? How many were thoughtful enough to welcome our University with a propitious year leading to a great future under the leadership of our new President, Judge Baker?

In honor we doff our hats at the mention the name of our President Emeritus James K. Patterson, who has given a long and brilliant life for the school we have learned to love. Neither do we forget the name of the one who has labored by his side for so many years espousing the same cause, and under whose guidance State has achieved so much during the past year. With these two well equipped men at the helm State has made slow but steady strides for a College having only one graduate in '69 to a University having over eighty prospective graduates for the year '11. She has not advanced by leaps and bounds to a place she cannot maintain, but she has ripened and matured for each place she has occupied.

The signs of the times now indicate that a new era is dawning upon the University. With joy her friends learned of the passage of the High School Bill by our last legislature, and could not refrain from predicting the future this meant for her. A result of this is seen already, for our University can boast that the present freshmen class is the largest ever enrolled, it being almost as great in number as many of our sister schools which are making so much racket. If the freshmen class is increased 30 or 40 within one year after the passage of the High School Bill, what will be the increase after the High Schools are all completed and are having a regular graduating classes? One reason why our school has not been any larger in number, is because she has not been brought before the minds of the people. There are thousands of Kentucky's best citizens who are entirely ignorant of her existence, but the "Dark Ages" are fast coming to a close.

The High Schools are a medium through which the knowledge of her

existence will be born to an awakening youth which will rise up—the fullness of their young manhood and womanhood to lay hold of this grand opportunity offered them by their Commonwealth. No longer will she be an unknown quantity but will be a topic of daily discussion around the hearthstones of Kentucky's "great common people."

Right in this propitious time steps a man to the presidential helm with a judicious knowledge second to none in the state. He comes to us with all the vigor that the prime of his life can give and brimming over with a desire for a stupendous success. With such a man to stir "this grand old ship of State" we feel sure that she will reach the eminence we are hoping her to attain. Our President is coming to render to us his life and science. Fellow students, what are we bringing him? Now is a critical time. Something depends upon us. Yea, as much, if not more, than depends upon him.

So with an eye single to the greatest possible advancement let us rally to his call, and give him our hearty co-operation. Let us talk and walk for our University wherever we go, and before our decade shall have passed away, ours will be the greatest school of the Southland, one of which Kentucky will be justly proud and whose memory we will cherish all the more because we helped her to attain the height she rightfully deserved.

Y. M. C. A.

The class under Prof. Farquahr, which meets every Sunday afternoon in Prof. Melcher's recitation room, is now well established and progressing nicely. As anticipated, Prof. Farquahr is proving a most interesting instructor in this work. The class will meet for the first time this term, Sunday, January 8th, at the regular time and place.

The regular weekly meetings for the first term were as a rule, exceptionally interesting and well attended. However, we want to take a new lease on life now and make things hum until the end of the year. We were fortunate in securing some good, new men, but were unfortunate in having some of our old men drop by the wayside. Let's shake off this indiffer-

ence and make the work this term something worth while. Everybody get in the game.

The annual State Convention, which will be held in Danville this year, is not far off. Besides being a pleasure, it is in reality a privilege, to be able to attend one of these conventions. The benefits derived therefrom are almost inestimable, as those who have attended one will testify. We want to send a good delegation this year. Now is the time to begin thinking of and preparing for this convention.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

Picturesque, undaunted and unsurpassed, the University stands among its contemporaries, but shall we let them be placed on an equal with us? Shall we let them carry off victories that are due us? Shall they defeat us in contests that mean more to the University than being victorious on the athletic field? Shall we ever unshackle ourselves from that sophisticated idea that football is the only thing in college life worth looking at, and the only thing worth striving for is to be a participant in a heroic battle on the gridiron?

"Build thee more stately mansions" oh my friends lest the storms and tempest of the outer world should tear them asunder on account of the unsubstantial pillars which have, by an unskilled hand, been chiseled from the huge block of knowledge. If our education is not well founded and well grounded, our castles of the future shall fade away, as a mist before the mighty glare of the sun, and leave us mixed, mingled and buffeted by the occupants of the under world. If we are not to become leaders, who are? Shall we sit back, often spending our time and money in our training, and let incompetent individuals govern us, or shall we become the incompetent leaders? A college education should fix us for leadership, but if the wrong conception of college life is instilled into us by our environment, and if we do not take advantage of the best opportunities in college, we are sure to be the incompetent leaders, should we lead at all.

A State University which boasts of seven colleges should have some interest in college activities, not one,

but all. When one activity is had to the expense of all others, it is time for it to be abandoned. This is true in other schools as well as this one, and is it a sad state of affairs indeed.

The Lyceum Course which Prof. Spahr has so well arranged for us, is one step well taken to form a new path instead of following that over-merited path which leads only to a very expensive amusement, and sometimes to unsatisfactory results in the end.

To one not well versed in his own tongue, the only word that will express our appreciation for all training of a literary nature is literary disactivity. If there is no such word, it should be well to adopt it for that purpose. There is less interest, less activity and less energy spent in this work than any other that can be thought of that is to the good of all concerned, and everyone at large.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

On Friday afternoon, December 16, just before the classes of the Law Department were finally dismissed for the holidays, the students assembled in the library and presented to the Dean, Judge Lafferty, a handsome gold-headed cane bearing the inscription: "To Judge Wm. T. Lafferty from appreciative students. December 25, 1910."

Judge Lafferty has gotten very close to the hearts of each and every member of the department by his willingness to aid them in every possible way, and his deep personal interest in all things concerning their welfare.

POSITION ACCEPTED BY STATE STUDENT.

Mr. W. R. Tichenor, a junior student in chemistry at State University, has accepted a responsible position in the laboratory of the Lackawanna Steel Company at Buffalo, and left this city yesterday to spend a few days with friends in Cincinnati and Newport before leaving for the East. Mr. Tichenor is a graduate of Hopkinsville High School and was one of the most active students in the university, both in his class work and in other branches of college work, and his many friends here wish him success in his chosen work.

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A TRUE STORY.

It was on a night just before the Christmas holidays. A heavy snow had fallen, casting a white coverlet over the pavements along South Lime and even then a few wandering flakes were slowly descending to join their fellows who had gone before. A street car leisurely "plodded its weary way" with whirring wheels along the slippery tracks, and the arch-lights as usual, flamed up for a moment and then sank down to a faint glow, throwing fantastic shadows upon the snow-covered surroundings.

The midnight hour was not far distant and mindful thereof a group of muffled figures, returning from "town" was slowly trudging toward the "Dorm". To even a casual observer, it was quite evident that some sort of a stunt was about to be pulled off, for faint whispers could be heard mingled with suppressed laughter and much hilarity.

Then, as a point was reached opposite the intersection of a certain street with S. Lime, several voices were lifted and a few lusty shouts floated out upon the keen frosty air, calling the name of a certain person prominent in college circles. It was at this moment that adventure No. 1 of the evening, occurred. As has been above stated, a few shouts were given and only a few, for before the echoes from the same died away, the much-longed-for individual emerged from the shadowed doorway of a nearby residence and, with menacing steps, advanced upon the reckless intruders who had attempted to disturb his nocturnal slumbers. Already consternation and dismay had seized the daring members of this ill-fated party. And when they saw that avenging Nemesis approaching with a sturdy swinging tread born of athletic achievements of former days, the legs of man could no longer remain inactive nor the heart thereof beat calmly, so with one accord they turned and fled down the street toward the tranquil safety of the campus.

Along the deserted street they came—puffing—blowing—straining every muscle in their frantic haste.

And still silently—swiftly—unmercifully, the mysterious pursuer dogged their steps with relentless vigor.

Finally at the far end of the Main Building, they halted and, striving to suppress their labored breathing, waited to see where the Knight of The Sturdy Stride had carried himself. Had he been shaken off? Was he unable to stand the mad pace? These questions quivered upon the trembling lips of the little group at the far corner of the building.

But ah! vain hope! For soon the wicked gleam of a cigar at the opposite corner told them that their present position was yet unsafe—so with much haste they scampered on.

A few moments later, the Knight of the Sturdy Stride entered the hall of the New Dorm and, halting at the foot of the stairway, gazed with in-

quiring eye at the lofty heights of the third floor. Then adventure No. 2 of the evening occurred. Suddenly, and without warning, in some mysterious and unaccountable manner, a quantity of water softly descended from the above mentioned "lofty heights" and with a mighty splash, fell upon the upturned face and into the inquiring eye of our hero.

All was silent for an instant, save for a subdued coughing and a few incoherent remarks. Then, urged on by the stinging lash of resentment, he ascended the three flights of stairs—four steps at a time—and stood presently at the top, looking about with a somewhat dripping countenance but with the wrathful glare of his gleaming eye yet undimmed.

Meanwhile, and with little thought of impending danger, the denizens of the third floor pursued the usual dreary nightly routine. In the room just across the hall, H. Babb and B. Townsend blended snores in an unceasing harmonious melody. To the right and left, the boudoirs of J. Mill, D. Webb, P. Haswell, and F. Naylor were as the tomb in their death-like stillness.

Up the corridor, came the plaintive voice of L. Weler in lamentation over an unsatisfactory grade, while down the hall floated the innocent tones of B. Phister accompanied by P. Miles and J. Fitzpatrick as they warbled their favorite melody, "O-o-o-oh, You Candy Kid." In the room opposite the singers, O. Baird bent with prespiring brow over the preparation for a history quizz.

The much-injured individual passed along the corridor, and entered one or two of the rooms. Here he remained for some time, chatting tactfully with the boys and at the same time keeping a sharp eye for a clue.

Finally, he bade them good-night and, closing the door, again stood at the top of the steps completely baffled but hoping that something yet might happen to betray the whereabouts of those pertinent marauders.

For some time he remained standing there against the wall. The little clouded electric bulb, suspended from the ceiling, cast a yellow, unearthly light upon his stern features. "O-o-o Oh, Yo—", borne upon a breath of the night wind which had stolen in thru the up-raised hall window, reached the ears of the lone listener and then trailed off into a dreary wail, as the warblers fell asleep in the midst of their beloved ballad. Baird, locked in the soothing embrace of Morpheus, no longer pondered over the difference between a friar and a monk. Even Weller had forgotten his troubles in the peaceful oblivion of slumber. Silence and the spirits of night held brooding sway over the sacred precincts of the "third floor".

Then, with reluctant steps, our Knight of the Sturdy Stride, strode down the stairs and turned in the direction of home. And the clock upon the distant court house tower tolled forth the hour of one as he turned into a residence near the intersection



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of a certain street with S. Lime.
In a few hours, the sombre gray of
early morning crept into his room. He
was already awake and pondering over
the events of the night before. "I
wish they were in my classes. I
would take some of that youthful ex-
huberance out of them," he remarked
to himself. "They didn't do that way
in their freshmen and sophomore
years, you bet," he added with a grim
smile. Presently, through the atmos-
phere of the approaching Yuletide, the
angel of Good Will descended and
under the spell of her magic wand the
stern features relaxed and the wrath-
ful gleam in his eyes faded away even
as the arch-lights do each night upon
S. Lime. "That was a pretty good
joke, anyway," he whispered, softly
rubbing the eye which had been flood-
ed with adventure No. 2. "They are
a very good lot after all."

Then as the rising sun slowly dis-
pelled the sombre gray of early morn-
ing, and the angel of Good Will fitted
out of the window on another errand
of mercy and love, all resentment
rolled away from the heart of The
Knight of the Sturdy Stride and he
was as of old—the friend of the boys.

MECHANICAL NOTES.

After being soaked with an all-day
exam. in electricity on Tuesday, fol-
lowed by one in valve gears lasting
all day Wednesday, the Seniors de-
parted for their various villages for
the holidays like a bunch of broken
down war horses. However, after some
tall and unrestrained mastication of
Christmas delicacies and an unlimited
amount of sleep, the bunch is back and
ready for the last strenuous stretch.
Everybody reports a most enjoyable
Christmas.

The Juniors are begining a journey
into the realms of mechanics which
will prove slightly interesting. Before
long they will be able to think and
dream of nothing but this delightful
subject. These Juniors know how to
work and are turning out some pretty
classy stuff in the drawing room.
There are said to be some in the class
who are experts in telephony. We shall
see.

The question is, "Why did some of
the Juniors and Seniors have such
elongated countenances after their
first visit to electricitydom this term?
Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.
Get ready for second exams.

The smoker given the Seniors by
the faculty of this department on the
evening of December 16 was pronoun-
ced by all the most enjoyable affair of
the year. Judge Mulligan's talk on
the early history of the university, of
its struggle and its development and
growth was extremely interesting.
Judge Jerry Mills added to the enjoy-
ment of the occasion by some of his
inimitable mimicry of one of our
most noted prof's. Ask Ben Smarr.
Prof. Anderson's absence on account
of illness was the one and only un-
pleasant feature. Prof. Wilson pre-
sided with his usual make-yourself-at-
home-and-have-a-good-time manner.

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THE TOWN OF NOTHING-TO-DO.

(Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free
Free Press.)

They say somewhere, in the distance
fair,

Is the town of Nothing-to-do,
Where the sun, they say, shines every
day

And the skies are always blue; ...
Where no one tries for a silver prize
And no one strives for gold;
There every race has taken place,
And every tale been told.

The blacksmith sings as his anvil
rings

Of the town of Nothing-to-do,
And vows in his song, though the road
is long,

When with anvil and forge he's
through,

He will wander far, where the glad
folks are,

And will rest in that happy town.
He dreams of the day when he'll put
for aye

His hammer and apron down!

Oh it matters not what the toiler's lot,
Be he preacher or soldier brave,

Though he delve a ditch, be he great
or rich,

Be he judge or statesman grave;
He dreams always of the future days

When he'll come to Nothing-to-do,
When he's faced life's test and his
hands will rest

And his time to toil is through.

But Nothing-to-do, folks tell me who
Have journeyed the hills and found
it,

Is a hollow lake, and a big mistake,
For the streams of care surround it.

And the people there, they all declare,
Are gloomy and sad and sighing,

And they yearn for strife, for the joy
of life

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THE IDEA

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THE IDEA is the official newspaper of the University, and is issued weekly during the college year. Its chief object is to give the college news of Kentucky. In addition thereto it gives items of interest concerning other universities and colleges in the United States and Canada.

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This issue of The Idea was prepared by the following members of The Idea Staff:

W. B. Hager,
J. F. Bruner,
W. C. Duncan,
Alice Cary Williams,
A. C. Ball,

The next issue of The Idea will be prepared by the following members of

The Idea Staff:

J. O. Lewis,
H. A. Babb,
M. M. Harrison,
H. Kelly,
Miss Addie Dean.

OUR PRESIDENT.

Upon this, the beginning of the New Year, Judge Henry S. Barker assumes his duties as president of our institution. There can be no stronger manifestation of Judge Barker's interest in the educational future of the State than his acceptance of this position in preference to one of the highest public offices within the gift of Kentucky's people.

Our president not only enjoys the respect and esteem of the most influential citizens, but also the confidence and affection of the "great common people." Heretofore the progress of the school has been retarded by the cold indifference of those who should have been its patrons. Nothing could have drawn these persons so close to the University as the selection of Judge Barker as president. In the practice of his profession he has been intimately associated with them. He has gone into their homes and has become acquainted with their needs.

No longer will the doting mother of the country districts blight the career of her ambitious boy by refusing to allow him the privilege of attending college. Instead, he will be sent to the State University and the fond old parents will rest secure in the belief that nothing can harm their boy at the institution where the man whom they honor and love is president.

In an address before the Kentucky Press Association on December 29, Judge Barker said, in speaking of the State University and education in general: "Gentlemen of the press, it is with you to build up public sentiment in favor of education. . . . If you do this, I say to you that the time will not be far distant when the lamp of learning will shed its rays all over Kentucky; when there will not be barren hillside nor a little cottage where they will not find their way, when their illumination will chase away the

dark shadows of our mountain land, from whose somber bosom ever rises the ancient cry of distress, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.'"

We believe that this is true and that when this topic has been thoroughly discussed in the pulpit, in the press and in the home; when our people have become really aware of their condition, Kentucky will take her place in the foremost ranks of the States in the training and education of her citizens.

Meanwhile The Idea, on behalf of the student body of Kentucky State University, extends to our president a most hearty welcome and the sincerest good will.

THE IDEA.

The Idea is the student publication of the State University. It is not, nor has it ever been, under the control of any special class or clan. To serve the best interests of the school as a whole has ever been its faithful aim.

We believe that any past neglect or inefficiency on the part of the students has been due, not to a lack of interest, but to a failure to properly understand what is necessary to support a college paper.

In order to have a thriving publication, material must be obtained. This material should consist of accounts of the various happenings in college circles and all other matter that is of interest to students. Now the only possible way for these things to be published is that each student each week write up any news that may be floating about, or pen a discourse upon any subject that may suggest itself. One does not need to be a member of the staff in order that their articles may be published.

Another thing to be considered is the form of expression in writing articles for publication. When a news

item is to be related or some subject discussed, it is not best to jot down a mere bare statement of facts. Instead of using, brief, terse language, arrange the sentences in attractive form and narrate the circumstances in as entertaining manner as possible. This not only adds interest to the paper, but is excellent training in phraseology for the contributor.

The Idea desires to make every one feel that its success depends upon each student's individual effort. The staff has been increased, and with the earnest work of the editor and staff, together with the hearty co-operation of the student-body, the college paper of K. S. U. should have no superior in all the South.

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THE NEW YEAR.

Nineteen hundred and ten, with its sorrow and joy, its failure and success, its tears and laughter, has passed from the earth forever. Only a short time ago we were looking forward to 1910, while it yet lay in the hazy distance of the Future; then swiftly it came and lingered for a brief period in the abode of the Present; now it has glided on into the realms of the Past to be inscribed upon the dusty roster of departed years.

It is at this period that the poet chants his mournful requiem for the dead year, and the dreamer loudly laments its passing, shakes his head with a sigh for the things that are no more, and, with grave countenance and quaking voice, utters dismal prophecies for the day to come. To read many of the articles on "The Closing Year" one would think that the very light of existence flamed up spasmodically and then forever expired with the last midnight stroke of the clock on December 31.

However, to the wide-awake men and women of our institution, the passing of the old year should be hailed with pleasure. We should be glad because it marks another milestone along life's rugged highway toward success. Let us not brood over the mistakes of the past, nor repine because some days, which we would fain have kept with us, have been swept onward by the relentless tide of time. It is true that errors have been made, yet through these experience has been gained. Discouragement may at times have cast its somber pall about us, but by thrusting it aside character has been strengthened. Obstacles have beset our pathway, yet by surmounting these self-control and will-power have been developed.

We have no place in our college life for the individual who spends his hours pondering and musing over things that can no longer be changed or controlled. There is no time for retrospection. Our bridges have been burned behind us, and our steps can no longer be retraced, even if it was so desired.

The New Year, with all its uncertainties and innumerable possibilities, is before us. And as we stand upon the threshold, as we seek with strained eyes to pierce the misty curtain of the future, all our energy should be gathered to meet any emergency that may lie beyond.

Bright prospects are before us. Our institution is enjoying a prosperity never before equalled in its history. Far and wide, news has gone abroad in the land concerning the marvelous progress and development of the State University of Kentucky. Harmony and accord exist within the ranks of the student body. Students are realizing the many opportunities which the University affords, and, more than ever before, they are taking advantage thereof.

But the road to be traversed in the months to come will not always be

easy. Gloomy days will come; things will go wrong; obstacles, dark and forbidding, will loom up in our pathway. To those who realize the necessity for earnest study, we would merely say, "Let the good work go on;" to those who have not done so, we would remind them that it is not yet too late; while to those who may at times feel discouraged and who may ask themselves the question over which men of all ages have pondered, "What's the use?," we would say in the words of the poet:

"Pluck wins. It always wins, though days be slow
And night be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
Still pluck will win. Its average is sure.
He gains the prize who can the most endure,
Who faces issues he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and who always works."

With the confidence which has enabled us to overcome former difficulties let us stick to the trail. Let us resolve, if possible, to avoid the pitfalls which were so treacherous during the preceding year, and though we stumble occasionally, sustaining temporary injuries, to arise, bind up our wounds, smile upon the world, and press on—ever onward and upward.

THE LYCEUM COURSE.

At last, after several weeks of doubt and suspense, the University of Kentucky Lyceum Course has become a reality.

If arrangements for the course had been made in September, one attraction each month could have been had throughout the collegiate year. However, we were fortunate enough to secure the services of four of the best lecturers on the American platform.

Governor Manship will be here on January 24th, Tripp, on February 18th, Senator Bob Taylor, sometime in March, and Dr. Frank Dixon during April.

It is to be hoped that the interest which has been aroused among the student body by the indefatigable efforts of Prof. Robert Spahr in this work will not subside, and that next year we may start at the beginning of school, this course which will prove so entertaining and instructive to all.

Mr. Alchim Frye has come home from Canada to spend several months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Frye.

Mr. William Wilson spent a few days in Lexington during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Sprigg Ebbert, senior mechanical, is quite ill with typhoid fever at the Good Samaritan Hospital. His mother came to be with him during his illness and he is holding his own as well as could be expected.



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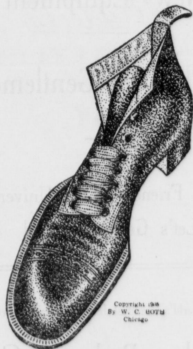
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"TRY TO GE IN."

Mr. E. B. Webb, '10, was in Lexington from Saturday to Monday.

Mr. John Foster and Mr. Early Ewan have returned from Atlanta, Ga., where they attended the Alpha Tau Omega convention. They report a fine time.

Mr. Carroll Taylor, who spent the holidays with his parents, brought back very interesting news of the growth and development of Oklahoma. Mr. Guy Taylor '08, was also in Lexington for a few days.

Mr. Richard Edwards, president of the class of '10, is in Lexington this week. Mr. Edwards is principal of the Bedford High School and has brought several of his pupils down to attend the corn show given by the Agricultural College.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Not twenty years ago, although a number of years before the birth of the colleges of mining and civil engineering, the course given in mechanical engineering was simply a few weeks of practical training under a well known mechanic in the making of binders. From this our present mechanical college developed.

The agricultural course at this early date consisted of a series of lectures for a number of weeks, given by the professors who knew anything about agriculture or subjects pertaining to agriculture. These lectures were compulsory for every student in college. The students were herded in the chapel and only a few took the lectures, while many slept. Such was the beginning of an agricultural college destined to rank among the greatest of America.

New departments have been added from time to time which have grown within themselves. Prior to 1908 the course in agronomy was recitation work, on soil physics, forage crops, and farm machinery, for one term each. Now the department of agronomy occupies the entire third floor and a large floor space in the basement, and the equipment is sufficient to make it an excellent subject to be taken as a major. The soil physics laboratory has been completed and has facilities for quite a number of students. Mr. E. A. Ewan, a B. S. in agriculture of last year, is making the study of soils his post-graduate work.

Mr. E. J. Kinney, a graduate of the college of agriculture of the Ohio State University, who has been assistant in entomology and botany at the Experiment Station, has been recently transferred as assistant in the department of agronomy. He is quite an able man in agriculture and has been traveling around in this State judging at corn shows.

Prof. George Roberts, head of the department of agronomy, has organized many boys' corn clubs throughout the State. These clubs have proven to be a great success. A number of boys in Pulaski county have produced from 85 to 124 bushels of corn per acre. The average yield for Kentucky is 29.6 bushels. The soil on which these corn crops were grown was not by any means of the highest quality. The largest yield was produced by a boy only thirteen years of age on ground a few years ago practically worthless. This shows what a boy with only a little knowledge of scientific agriculture can do. If the college of agriculture were only able to instill a few scientific methods into the heads of the Kentucky farmers a great wave of prosperity would sweep over the State, and instead of old and wornout hillsides we would have fertile farms.

Those suffering with "patriotism" should extend such energy by calling their farmer friends' attention to a source of learning where they may

gain knowledge that will enable them to increase their crops and wealth tenfold and more and by urging them to take advantage of such a golden opportunity. There is no reason why a farmer should not ride around in automobiles and enjoy all the modern improvements in his home. He simply needs to be educated up to that point.

Most of our farmers are afraid of machinery, because they know little about it, and it costs to employ a machinist. The agricultural students will not be handicapped by such a hindrance. The examination in "Farm Machinery" consisted of the scattered pieces of a gasoline engine which had to be put together and run for some time to show that nothing was lacking. Ought not such students and farmers, so educated in the various lines of agriculture, make two blades of grass grow in the place of one? And if they are not able to bring this about, their land will be left in such a good condition that the following generation may take up the work where they left off and accomplish the desired result.

"Farmers' Week," which has just been held, is an attempt to get the farmers interested in the more improved methods of agriculture. All the leading agricultural colleges have used this method to educate the farmer, and it has accomplished untold good for Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and many other States. Better agriculture means easier living for everybody.

According to statistics the number of storms and drouths are increasing and becoming more severe every year, and field after field is made barren by the washing away of the soil. There must be a cause for this increase—there is nothing to break the wind storm, nothing to prevent drouths by holding the moisture in the ground, and nothing to prevent the soil from leaching away when we rob the land of its timber. Every year thousands of trees are cut in Kentucky, and none set out in their place, regardless of the known result. Should we remain quiet concerning this matter until it is too late and then bewail our fate? Money received for timber may enrich the father but it is sure to impoverish the son.

Mr. Duncan Bell, '08, has been spending his Christmas holidays in Nicholasville and Lexington.

Mr. Billy Alden, also of the class of '08, has been in Lexington for a few days.

Mr. Lewis Marks, '09, spent Christmas with his brother and sister, Dr. Sam Marks and Miss Sallie Marks, in Lexington.

Mr. J. Du P. Ousthizen, otherwise known as "Oosty," spent Christmas in Winchester.

WANT ADS.

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Clothes on many of the fellows there. These clothes are the favored College clothes; that's why nearly all other men favor them.

We've some new models for you. Varsity, shape-maker; special young styles; and will give you a correct fit.

SUITS \$20 TO \$30
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Other Standard Makes, \$10 to \$19.

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The week ending on the 24th of December, 1910, was a very busy one for the railroads leading out of our Blue Grass capital. Some students having finished their examinations earlier in the week, gathered up as soon as possible their little bundle of early possessions and turned their happy but longing faces toward the land of their nativity. But the train of the evening of the 21st was the memorial one of the week. Extra coaches were added to accommodate the excessive number of students. School at State practically closed on this day, and no time was lost in hustling from the scenes of the last examinations to the big iron horse of the C. & O. railroad, which was puffing and panting in unison with the many merry voices and anxiously throbbing hearts. Only a few remained behind to endure the torture of the examinations for another day, and then all was hushed and still. The place so famous for its noise and pranks became as still and silent as the tombs of Egypt and seemed to echo in silence the sentiment of the "Deserted Village."

As the train sped on its precious load decreased, for at nearly every station it surrendered a portion of its human charge to an anxiously awaiting father or mother, or perchance to one more seeming tender, a fond lover. While the noise of the throttle was dying away in the distance the homeward journey was pursued. For some it was only a square; for others, a drive through a fertile and prosperous country; while for still others the way led o'er hill and dale. The climax of the entire vacation was reached when first we realized that the family circle was again complete and we took our place around the old hearthstone as of yore. The table, also, was not forgotten, for in each place vacant so long was seated a hungry student whose alert eyes were eagerly surveying a bounteous feast all in his or her honor and as only a mother or sister can prepare.

The days in their fullness of joy and pleasure sped by unawares. Friends came and went; receptions were given; everything possible was done to enhance the pleasure of the holidays. But alas! a blast of whistles and jingle of bells rang out a knell of sorrow. One more day and all was over save a sweet remembrance. Too soon the last day of the vacation was forever gone, and the dutiful trains of the 2nd of January, 1911, were gathering one by one its human charges. For a while all were still and pensive. But

man is capable of adaptation. So with an increased effort we laid aside our regrets and with a smile and a "Happy New Year" we greeted our newly made university friends as they boarded the train. By the time we reached our destination we were reconciled, and Lexington looks more homelike and inviting than ever before.

Now that all is over and we have ceased telling each other of the joys of the recent holidays, "let us be up and doing," striving to attain with credit the goal we have set before us.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

While basket ball is at present a center of attraction athletically, it is not too early to begin thinking of what we are to have and do in baseball this spring. When we come to think of it, there remain but a few short weeks before practice is begun in this branch of athletics.

It looks as though we would have a winning team this year. We are to have our last year's coach with us again this year, and all who saw Engel coach last year know he is the man for the place. Last year he took hold of a bunch of material that was not of the highest class and who were strangers to him, developing from this material a team that had pretty fair claims to the State championship. As a nucleus around which to build up a team this year we have five regular members of last year's team. We also have two other men who won "K's" last year but who were not considered regulars. Another "K" man, a member of the '09 team, is in school and will be out for the team. This gives us eight "K" men who will trot out upon the field at the first call for practice, besides the new material that we will be able to develop from the Freshmen. We are informed that there is an unusually large amount of fine material among the Freshmen, but this remains to be seen.

The schedule is progressing nicely and will soon be complete. Games are being scheduled with some of the best college teams in the Middle West, and the "fans" will be given an opportunity of seeing some of the classiest diamond stars in this section of the country perform here this spring.

It has been four years since we won the undisputed championship in baseball. It is time that we are waking up and getting in the game. We have to do it this spring. It is now or never. All that we need is the support of the students and we feel confident of getting this. What we need is a

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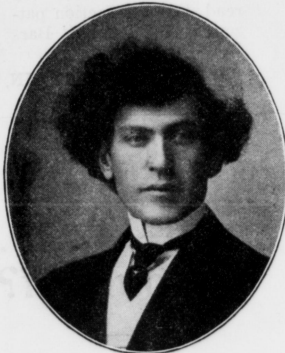
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Pennants, Pillow Covers, Posters, Fountain Pens, Calendars, State University Calendars 10c up. Christmas Post Cards.

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So Should all the State boys—Always a good show.

ADMISSION 5 CENTS.

THE IDEA

big squad from which to select a team. There is absolutely no certainty as to what position any of the "K" men will fill on this year's team. A study of the situation will reveal the fact that practically every position on the team is open. Never since the writer entered this school has there been a finer opportunity for a new man to make the team. So let everybody get in the game, turn out for practice at the first call, and we will have a team to be proud of.

SCHOOL DAYS.

How pleasant to me were some of my schooldays,
Those days past and gone which now I recall,
Then life's dusty roads seemed cold shaded driveways,
And friendship was free of hate's wormwood and gall;
But of the fond (?) memories so dear and so tender
There is one in my heart shall live first of all;
Yes even as long as I live I shall remember
That old hickory switch that hung on the wall.
For toughness Prof. choosed it, and with ardor he used it
That much dreaded switch that hung on the wall.
Oh little old school house, how dearly I love you,
Thou poor helpless victim of time and decay,
With giant old oak towering above you
To ward off the heat of the long summer day.
With sorrow I left you, it sorely did grieve me,
To go far away to college so fine.
So a secret I'll tell you, now won't you believe me,
And the singing was high C most all beating time.
I could do the cake walking with Prof. of the time.
Oh the jigging and dancing was simply entrancing,
(?)

Miss Mattie Cary, who has been ill with typhoid fever at her home in Versailles, is doing as well as could be expected, but it will yet be several weeks before she will be out.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Lucile Bell, of Nicholasville, to Mr. Pearce Pinkerton, of Colorado, formerly of Versailles. Miss Bell is the sister of Mr. Duncan Bell, '08, while Mr. Pinkerton was formerly a student of the university and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. The wedding will be solemnized some time in April.

Miss Sarah Marshall, '10, who is teaching in Lawrenceburg, spent the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. Alfred Marshall.

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Your Thoughts.

Don't go to sleep with a frown on your brow. A drawn-down mouth and screwed-up eyes help to bring wrinkles.

But really one needs to think pleasant thoughts in the daytime, too. Pleasant thoughts bring a serene expression to the face, which, as the years go on, becomes permanent.

The people you meet who have pleasing faces are the ones who have never allowed hard or unkind or discontented thoughts to find a resting place in their minds, and there is urgent necessity for cultivating serenity to fall asleep with

When the Japanese Advertise.

The Japanese have an original way of advertising and they apply to the art all the poetry that their oriental imagination is capable of, an exchange says. They have recourse to the most varied and improvised methods and their combinations are sometimes as picturesque as they are original. A Japanese merchant informs his customers that his goods are sent off with the rapidity of a shot. A stationer calls his knowledge of history to his aid thus: "Our wonderful paper is as durable as the hide of an elephant." A Tokyo grocer borrows from psychology, and, in mordant language, announces that "Our vinegar of extra quality is sharper than the bitterness of the most diabolical of mothers-in-law."

Miss Hester Lowry, of Nicholasville, a former student of the university, spent from Thursday to Monday with Miss Sallie Bennett. They were the guests of honor on Saturday evening of a 6 o'clock dinner given by Miss Dolly Battaile. The other guests were Misses Sarah Marshall, Lullie Logan, Mamie Taylor and Alice Cary Williams.

The marriage of Mr. Richard Webb and Miss Allie Wilkerson was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Christmas Eve. The ceremony was followed by a reception, after which Mr. and Mrs. Webb left on their wedding trip. On their return they will reside in Lexington. Mr. Webb, or "Captain Dick," as he is familiarly called, is one of the most popular of the Senior Mechanicals, and he and his bride have the hearty congratulations and the best wishes of the class of '11.

Miss Mary Rodes, '10, left on the 26th for a delightful visit to relatives in St. Louis.

Mr. Hubbard Shawhan left on the 22nd for his home in Asheville, N. C. He will not return for second term work, but expects to enter the Biltmore School of Forestry in April.

Miss Helen Haydon spent Christmas with her mother.

Mr. Davis Buckner, '08, returned from Princeton to spend Christmas with his mother.

Mr. Graham Edgar, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia at his home in Charlottesville, Va., is slowly improving.