Hiram M. Elrod
State College
Lexington Ky

April. 27. 1900.

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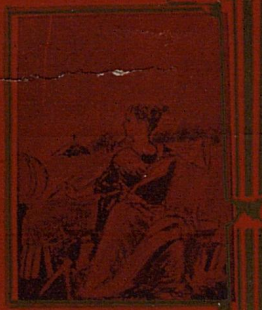

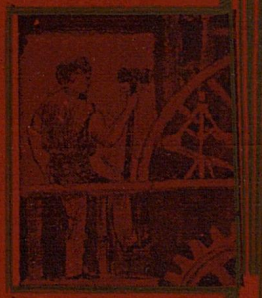

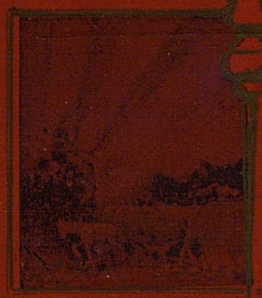

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No 5

LEXINGTON KY.

EDITED BY J. M. McDANIEL.

1 YEAR 15

Miriam M Elson

Information

GONGERNING THE

Southern Business College,

135-137 East Main Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

Young man, qualify for business. The professions are full and the age demands it. Educate yourself for business and you will succeed now and hereafter. HENRY CLAY.

FACULTY.

PROF. W. A. HART,
Principal, Book-keeping Department.

J. H. HAWKINS,
Instructor, Gregg and Pernin Shorthand.

MRS. W. A. HART,
Instructor, Pitman Shorthand.

R. H. KEYES,
Business Manager and Instructor English Department.

G. Y. DENHAM,
Secretary and Treasurer.

S. S. OSBORN,
Assistant, English Department.

F. GRIFFITH WALKER,
Assistant, Shorthand Department.

.....
Instructor, Telegraphy.

OUR TEACHERS.

The teachers of this college are experts in their several lines of work, and have had many years' experience which not only enables them to bring about the best results but also gives them the prestige necessary to secure the confidence and respect of their students. They are not pupils teaching for experience or a mere pittance to defray expenses until they can find a better position. They are conscientious men and women who have chosen this field of usefulness for their life work and are devoting their entire time and best efforts to the interests of the students placed under their care.

Practical Knowledge is Power.


J. H. HAWKINS.
PRESIDENT.
R. H. KEYES.
MANAGER.
S. S. OSBORN.
VICE PRESIDENT.
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THE PRINCIPAL
MRS. W. A. HART.
INSTRUCTOR IN SHORTHAND
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FACULTY
OF THE
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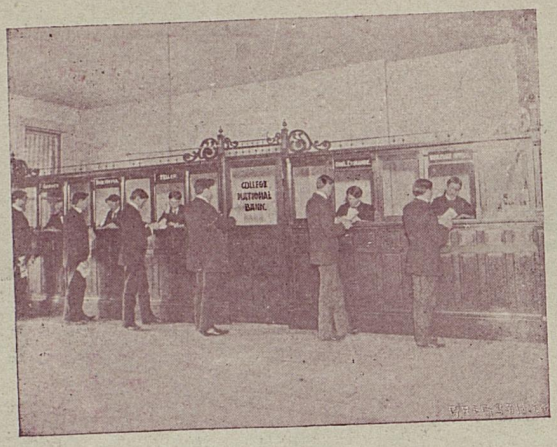
LEXINGTON, KY.



Glimpse of the Banking Department of the Southern Business College.

o——o

In succeeding issues of the Kentuckian we shall present to the public views of our different departments.

o——o

We give to our students the most

PRACTICAL AND UP-TO-DATE BUSINESS TRAINING

of any Commercial College in the South or West.

☞Write for particulars.☜

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

The branches of an education are like the branches of a tree—the fruit they bear indicates the value of the tree.

A school is judged by the success of its students. If when they graduate they go out into the great business world qualified to fill important positions, the inference is that their business training has been thorough. WE POINT WITH PRIDE to our fruit crop, shown IN OUR RECORD OF OUR STUDENTS NOW IN BUSINESS.

OUR COURSE OF STUDY.

IT COMBINES both study and practice.

IT COMPRISES branches of education that have a direct application to the practical affairs of life.

IT PREPARES those who do their work diligently and faithfully to deserve and to occupy lucrative positions in the business world.

This is not only a practical age but an exacting age. The methods of yesterday will not meet the demands of the work that must be done today. People no longer ask "What do you know?" but, "What can you do?" Education that simply crams the mind with knowledge has no market value in the great business world. There is a great work to be done—greater work than was done yesterday, because greater things are expected. Those who can do that work will be selected to do it, and they will be given the rewards that go with it. Plant the seed if you expect to reap the harvest.

Qualification is more essential to success than opportunity.

COURSES OF STUDY.

Full Diploma Business Course,

Embraces Bookkeeping (Single and Double entry), Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Penmanship, Correspondence, Spelling, Banking and Business Practice.

Commercial Course,

Embraces Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Penmanship and Spelling.

Shorthand Course,

Embraces instruction in Shorthand (Gregg Pernin or Pitman systemn) Touch Typewriting; Business Penmanship, Orthography, Punctuation, and Business Correspondence.

English Course,

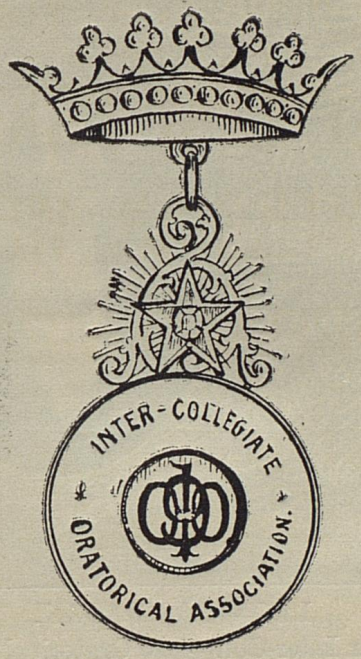
Comprises instruction in English Grammar, Rhetoric, English Literature, Civil Government, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Commercial Geography.

Special Classes

In Latin, Spanish, German, French and Penmanship.

Social Features.

The social features of the school are of the very best. By the peculiar personal interest taken in the students by the faculty, and especially by Prof. Hart and his wife, they are made to feel perfectly at home, and, while they are acquiring a most thorough and practical education, they at the same time, have the most pleasant social surroundings.



Medal won by Mr. Leonidas Ragan in the I. O. C. The designer and manufacturer of this beautiful diamond-set gold medal is Mr. Fred J. Heintz, 135 East Main street, Lexington. As a designer of medals and pins Mr. Heintz has few equals.

LEONIDAS RAGAN,
Winner Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

"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 nation's eyes."

THE KENTUCKIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Entered the Post Office of Lexington, Ky., as second class mail matter.

Vol. 2. LEXINGTON, APRIL, 1900. No. 5.

At the Open Door.

LEONIDAS RAGAN.

The wings of flitting centuries produce scant disturbance in the etherial ocean of Eternity. And we who barely scan with careful eye and plod with weary feet, our little space of three score years and ten, find, at the end of Centuries, that life assumes fresh forms; new thoughts arise; and unforseen events bring obligations which we had not thought of meeting. What strange disturbance of the stars it is, we do not know, but centuries were not adjusted so by accident. Somehow, an era seems to close with every hundred years—another cycle of the earth begins. The world awakes from slumber, as it ware, and must prepare to meet the obligations of another day. The centuries of the past have faces, like angels of the Lord, and as they pass, ghostlike, in wierd possession across the pages of history, we recognize them, not by their numbers, but by the great events which marked their lives. Some of them are red with martyr's blood, some gorgeous with imperial crowns, some bear the dimly burning students' lamp, and some are lurid with fires of revolution. Not one of them is featureless, not one but bears some strong significance.

And as it was in the past, so it shall be in the future. The action that has been—the surging sea of thought and impulse and emotion that is, will be projected onward into the deeds that are yet to be done, the lives that are yet to be lived, the grand purposes that are yet unaccomplished. Not man, nor world, nor systems—not time itself can pause—all-in-all, drifts onward to eternity.

And the significance of the small is just as the significance of the great. In the sight of immensity, there is no small—no great. The fungus under the microscope is a wilderness of

flowers, the Milky Way viewed through the telescope is a flower bed of stars. The impulses of the solar system are the same in suns and stars and worlds—in seas and solid continents—in great empires and individual men. The one power permeates them all; the one thrill moves the King and peasant; the one instinct stirs in the millionaire and in the "Wandering Willie" of the dusty road. And that impulse—that instinct—in this pivotal time, tends toward aggregation of power and expansion of influence toward "Imperialism" and "benevolent assimilation."

I know that those terms have been misused and have become the subject of scoffs and sneers. I know that men willfully distort their meaning for political effect, and others ignorantly shudder as they think of them and flee before them as if fleeing from a grave-yard ghost. But they are fraught with no danger to the people—no peril to the soul. And whether they be of danger or of peril—of present evil or of possible wrong—yet such is the divine impetus given to the time, and we are impotent to battle with it. The strong current of events must run the mills of destiny, and grind out good or evil grist. We may divert a portion of it to our purposes—we cannot stem it in its onward course. And why should we be afraid of "Imperialism?" Is not the sun imperial in his golden chariot, and the moon regnant in her gentle sway through all the quivering silences of summer nights? Is not the sea an empire and an emperor? Before whom does the mountain bow? And whose hand stays the mighty Mississippi's sweep? Is the broad-breasted Nile to be bound in bonds of straw? Imperial power pulsates through the veins of nature, giving strength to the sturdy oak, and painting the pansy's cheek with velvet coloring. In great and small, God is imperial and all the Universe His empire. There be Kings and petty Princes in the realm of poetry, but is not Shakspeare emperor? In song hath Homer any peer? In thought hath Plato any rival? All greatness is imperial, and in large and small, all harmony springs from obedience to command.

And what more natural than expansion or "benevolent assimilation" if you will so call it? That which groweth not decays, and the ceasing of assimilation is death. The expanding bud becomes a rose, the acorn which assimilates the richness of the earth becomes an oak. Only the inert mass remains the same, and by resistance to the powers of nature looses even what it hath. The granite rock—although it fronts the storm with scorn—is by the slow attrition of the rain worn down and down until it is a pebble handled by a child. Nothing is eternal save the infinite. The power of the Creator goes on, unhasting, unresting, operating to destroy and recreate, with an everlasting energy as resistless as it is dumb. Today

an island sinks, tomorrow a continent rises from the bottom of the sea. There is no rest, but always change—from everlasting unto everlasting, change!

To man alone is given the power over nature, the capacity to adapt himself to changed conditions. The polar bear finds sweltering death between the tropics, and the sinewy tiger freezes in the awful North. Man slays the walrus on eternal ice and tracks the tiger to his jungle lair. Conditions change, but he is master of conditions. He bears his climate in his breast and sleeps in safety underneath the polar star. He makes an artificial day around him in the heart of night, and underneath the noonday sun of torrid lands he sits in twilight, kissed by cooling winds. He bends the lightnings as arrows to his bow, and sails his chariot through the clouds. His eye scans the bottom of the sea, and his hand plaits the thunderbolts into imperial wreaths.

What man is there so imperial in his birth and his surroundings as the American citizen? What man has such a past, what man such possibilities in future? Who has such incentive to action, such opportunities to achieve greatness? Sprung from the loins of freemen, trained to free institutions until he can conceive of no other kind, who is there so fitted to carry the torch of liberty into the darkness of the outer world? And this Republic—aggregate of all its citizens—though youug in years has the glory of many centuries in its traditions.

Neither this great Republic—the most imperial upon which the sun of history has ever shone,—nor its individual citizens can afford to put aside the mission manifest destiny has prepared for it. Broad as its present territory is, the scope of its mighty influence must he broader. An eloquent senator has said: "Oceans no longer divide, but uuite nations." Swift-winged argosies are upon every sea, and the cable throbs the heart beats of one nation to another underneath the waves. There is literally no East, no West—the world is one, and the Orient clinks its glasses with the Occident across the broad Pacific. To-day is not to-day, for we keep step with the revolving world so closely that the twilight of to-day becomes as one with the dawning of tomorrow. Sunset and sunrise kiss each other.

Still there are those who slumber in the past. To them the sweet procession of the Equinoxes bring no vision of the future; Orion with his bands no new access of strength. To them all days are yesterdays, and they go about chained, mouth to mouth, unto the corpse of what has been, with muffled voices crying out "Unclean! Unclean!" To them "Expansion" is a Doubting Castle and "Imperialism" the Giant Despair.

The man who does must always be the man who dares. Achievement never comes to skepticism and he who putteth

his hand to the plow dare not look back. Opportunities come rarely—they are oftener made—but when they come, woe be unto the strong man who forgets his strengths and seizes not upon them. It were better for him to have been born a weakling than a coward—some brave weakling will step to his place and do his work, and leave him shorn of all his strength and fame.

Unto America the young giant of the West, much opportunity has come. When Dewey's guns thundered at Manila, all the world woke. Dynasties whose escutcheons were only seen on moss grown monuments sprung from their sleep of centuries and asked with pallid lips, "What monster hath done this?" Bugles whose cavernous throats were choked with rust blew quavering notes of fear, and war drums, cracked with the idleness of centuries, rolled forth groans of discontent. Musty flags were shaken out with mouldering, mildewed folds, and toothless dogs of war grinned in cursed impotence and gnashed their guns. One man had dared, one man had done—and all the panoply of strength dropped from the withered limbs of despotism. Effete ideas of the past sank with Spanish ironclads and superstition writhed and died upon their flaming decks. The invincible Armada that once made English hearts of oak fearful of their lives and liberties had dwindled to a mass of burning wood and twisted iron. There before the clear eye of an American commodore, the phantoms of the dark ages, for the last time "showed themselves like sheeted dead, to sneer, and wither, and squeak, and to vanish into nothingness." The abyss opened, the Dragons of Ignorance and Tyranny were swallowed up—it closed, and in its place, the firm land of a new cycle bloomed with flowers of Hope. The chasm was no more but in its stead a fruitful land.

So in this time of change, from the useless speculation of the past into the better and more helpful ages yet to come, this young republic stood at the open door, with God's own key in its strong hand. Peace Congresses were called to bind if possible the new found strength of the new nation, while the hypocrites who "babbled of green fields" found time to arm themselves and make ready for the conflict sure to come. Like a metaphor of peace, America stood among the functionaries bred in the shadow of crumbling thrones. She asked no guaranty of safety, she demanded no sureties of peace besidess her innate strength. But she counseled peace and moderation; she preached brotherly love; she besought others to disband their paid cohorts, and trust, as she trusted, to the strong arms of patriotic citizens. Still prating of peace the great powers increased their armaments, imposed new taxes for the building of more ships and flew at the throats of their weaker neighbors. She counseled peace, they covertly prepared for war.

Standing thus in the midst of the world's jealousies, though conscious of her own strength, she dare not make one backward step. Wherever the valor of her sons has planted the flag their fathers consecrated, there must that flag forever wave. In bleak Alaska shall it shed eternal summer on the snow, and underneath its shadow shall the South Sea Islands sleep. Symbol of an imperial republic—Oriflamme for the expanding hosts of Liberty, it shall be seen in every sea, it shall be loved in every land. Behind it stands the clear eyed, warm blooded young manhood of America—before it an imperial destiny and a glory growing with the centuries.

THOROUGHBREDS.

[Scribner's.]

Wha! Bess, you young vixen!
  Now, Nellie, your foot—
So—hoop-la! You've got her?
  The beautiful brute!
Hold her in for a moment;
  One hitch to my girth,
And I'm with you, my lass,
  For the ends of the earth.

Now, Duroc, my hero—
  Be careful, dear heart!
She is fresh as the fountain,
  And rank for a start.
"You fear not?" oh, no,
  But you like your sweet wills—
And we'll give you a breathing!
  Away! To the hills!

Oh, bathe me, ye winds
  Of the withering downs!
Brush the scent of the "functions,"
  The taint of the towns!
What is art, to this nature!
  Or wine, to this air!
What's a picture, to Nell
  And her blooded bay mare!

HER LETTERS.

I love the books that round me wait,
Great words of men the years name great,
I love my briar (degenerate—
  Banned by my betters!)—
I love the blaze I dream before,
I love a friend's knock at the door,
But more than all—ah, so much more—
  I love her letters.

—[Warwick James Price in the April New Lippincott,

The Evolution of the Republic.

JOHN T. GEARY.

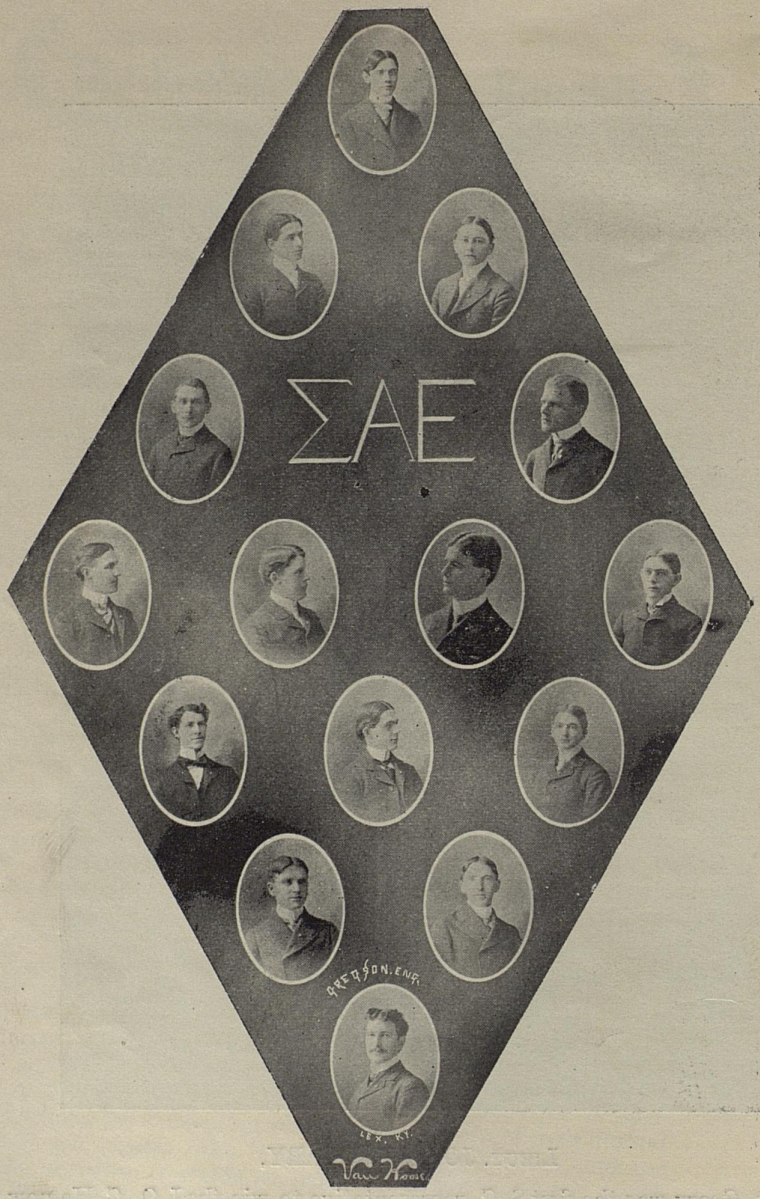
Our republic is the result of a long process of evolution. Step by step this slow unfolding process has continued through all the ages, each revolving century drawing nearer the perfect plan. The biologist places before us the tree of life, tracing thereon the successive stages of its progress from the simple unit until man stands revealed, crowning the summit of the structure. The highest types of life are preserved by the rejection of the less developed ones. In like manner the sociologist, in reviewing the growth and decay of societies, sees that the fall of one institution but makes way for other associations of men of greater social efficiency. The death of one institution records the birth of conditions favorable for the further development of the new. Our civilization is then the result of the ceaseless changes of the centuries, of the countless nations that have perished in the struggle for existence.

Is it not then interesting and instructive to gaze back through the mists of antiquity, and behold man as he starts on his long and painful journey of progress? But little better than the brutes, he wanders over the earth in vast hordes. Thousands of years pass over him, years of ignorance, degradation and illusion, that have never been recorded in the annals of human history. A great change has taken place. His social capacities have been developed. He forms clans, tribes—and at length great civilizations spring up, she result ot his changing conditions. Civilizations that mark the fair sunrise of history, and indicate an advancement in the higher life of the race. But scarcely had the new order been ushered into existence, when man encontered the problem that has been combatted in vain, from the dawn of history to the foundation of the Republic of the States. It was the problem of government.

From the time when human voice first rang out upon the cold still night of time, through all the vicissitudes of the world's existence, there has been a ceaseless struggle for a better government. The civilization of the past—varied at different epochs—have been based upon principles as different as the fruits they have borne. The civil life of a people is fashioned upon the conception which men entertain of their mutual duties and rights. The interests of the individual, and the social organism to which he belongs, are not the same; hence the great problem of the ages has been the erection of a stable

LIEUT. JOHN T. GEARY,

Lieut. Geary was the first S. C. representative to win the I. O. C. He now has a commission in the regular army and is stationed in the Philippines



Our New Fraternity.
(Sigma Alpha Epsilon.)

government so constructed as to allow the fullest possible scope for the development of the individual man. The ancients did not grasp the true philosophy of government. Their systems, contrary to the laws of nature, were founded upon the inequality of men, systems which placed in the hands of the few the lives and destinies of the many.

The State was supreme. We find no recognition of individuality or personal liberty. The individual was an ephemeral, brought forth and lost in the twinkle of an eye. As an individual he had no value, as a particle in the fabric of civil life he counted for naught. Hence, we have what we call ancient civilizations, and the fate of these nations may serve as a striking proof that a government not united by a common principle of loyalty and patriotism, resting upon the sympathy and interests of its subjects cannot long survive. If experience —that great teacher—throws light upon any questions, it tells us that a stable government must give to the governed an interest in its preservation, and not in its destruction; must be based upon principles recognizing the rights of the individual, for the individual is the one eternal element in society. People may train the intellect, develop the arts and sciences, rear a literature and exist in seeming prosperity, but if the underlying principles of their government are false, sooner or later it will crumble and fall.

I appeal to history! Where are the nations that were once "rich with the labors of ancient art and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry?"

Where Babylonia, the earliest cradle of human culture? And Assyria, her conquerer, the terror of nations? Back, across the ages, comes their impressive answer. I oppressed my people and fell by my own injustice. Egypt, like her mummies, sleeps in death. The once proud and potent mistress of the Nile has fallen, and her very monuments are silent witnesses of her injustice and cruelty. Her sombre pyramids—the watch towers of eternity, rising majestic and colossal—the most impressive monuments ever reared by the hand of man, were wrought my thousands of bleeding, suffering slaves, as an enduring resting place, for the tyrants who oppressed them. A sad commentary on man's inhumanity to man, But such is the story of man's progress. Dynasty after dynasty, government after government, are born in obscurity, reach a maximum development and then fade into the realm of forgetfulness. The history of them all, each in its own language, is but a rehearsal of the same story—the crimes, passions and conflicting interests of men. Each is influenced by the one that has gone before, and in turn gives valuable lessons for the guidance of its successor. We pass over the history of sluggish

ndia, despotic Persia and conservative China—the worshiper of the past—and read the stories of nations that have left a more immediate impress upon our civilization to-day.

We turn to another chapter of history and are led into that beautiful classic land, the haunt of the muses, the brithplace of eloquence, the mother of arts and science, the peerless queen of intellect, that country whose landscape has inspired the human mind to ita loftiest flights of poesy, whose art has evoked the wonder, admiration and envy of each succeeding age. Greece, too, erected a government and called it a republic. But it was a "libel upon free government." A confederation of States, having no principle of political unity. An oligarchy in one city, a democracy in another, unable to rise from the conception of the city to the higher conception of the unity of the nation, this gifted people was ever engaged in civil strife. Having no bond of union, no common interests, they fell an easy victim before the arm of the Macedonian tyrant.

And yet another chapter, and Gibbon traces the flnal, political experiment of that country, which sprang from a cavern of banditti, existed as a monarchy for two and a half centuries, a republic for five, and an empire for a longer period, and then passed into the dust of history. Thc monarchy became obnoxious, and an incensed people abolished the kingly office. The revolution which expelled the Tarquins, gave birth to the Roman republic. But it was never a free representative government; rather a series of Plebian and Patrician revolutions, where despotic consuls ruled under the mask of liberty. Yet with all its imperfections and tyrannies, it was during this period, between the expulsion of the Tarquins and the re-establishment of monarchy, the period when the people were nearest self-government, that the Roman intellect reached its highest fruition, the Roman soldier was bravest, Roman virtue purest, and Roman honor held in highest esteem. It was in the better days of the republic, that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. But class hatreds, and personal feuds, occasioned the loss of public virtue and prepared the way for the empire, that most corrupt, yet dazzling picture painted upon the canvass of history. We do not wonder that the empire fell; we wonder that it existed so long. It was ruled by the sword instead of the sceptre. The debauched emperors had not a pulsation in common with their subjects. Their vassals were serfs, ground to the dust by imposts in peace, by military conscriptions in war. The Roman Empire was a stranger in its own land. The foundation of its greatness lay in an insatiable thirst for universal dominion. It could be nourished only by victories, and victories but ripened the principle of decay. With a conquered world at its feet it no longer had soil whence to draw sustenance. It stood as a mighty statue

on the verge of decadence—the enemy within greater than the enemy without. Unabie to withstand the successive waves of humanity from the barbarous North that clashed against it, the tottering fabric fell, a mass of ruins, and disappeared from the stage of history. The empire of the Caesars performed its destiny. It conquered the world, but it could not transform it. It left man with object lessons for his future guidance. Its fall makes a transition period in human progress.

From it we descend into the great plain of the middle ages, the seed-time of the modern world. Still there is no cessation of progress. The forces of evolution are performing the ceaseless work. Man competes with his fellow man, nation competes with nation, but under different conditions from all previous time. No longer does one mighty empire dominate the civilized world. Humanity is dreaming of equality, and the experience of all former time had proven that it was not to be found in a government of the sword. The ten toiling centuries of the middle ages was a period of rapid changes. Changes that were preparations for the grand plan, which had been plotted in the council halls of Eternity. The Saxon Heptarchy was formed in England. Limited monarchies were created on the continent. The Empire of Charlemagne arose and disappeared before the advancing strides of Feudalism.

But the pulse of liberty throbbing in the heart of humanity achieved its crowning triumphs in the destruction of that oppressive system. Norman and English nobles, hitherto irreconclable enemies, united in a common cause and forced from the tyrant John the Magna Charta of English liberty. But the climax had not yet come.

Humanity was singing the paeans of freedom. It was the love of liberty that alienated a loyal gentry from the house of Stuart, that burned in the hearts of Pym and Hampden as they stoood out agalnst the unlawful exactions of a tyrant king that caused the death of Charles the First and the banishment of his son. 'Twas the love of liberty that sustained the grand old Pilgrim character who, guided by the shadows thrown from the fires of European persecution, directed his frail bark toward the settrng sun, and founded the American refuge of civil and religious liberty. 'Twas thus a continent was dedicated to Freedom. Thus the curtain rose on the final act in the drama of the ages.

Since first the pilgrim father touched New England's shore until the bright dawn of yesterday the republic has passed through periods of storm and trial, but she has survived them all, and her progress has indeed been "one constant expanding miracle." Cradled in a cruel war, she emerges victorious and establishes a republic, the antipodal of all ancient governments. Before its establishment the science of government had been

the State itself. Our system reverses the order. The end of the science of government is to be henceforth the welfare of the individual. Marvelous has been the political evolution that has raised man from the creature to the creator of governments. The founders of our republic, selecting the purest principles that had been winnowed from the experience of all previous time, erected a federated representative system, based upon the grand triumvirate of political virtues—liberty, fraternity and equality. Hardly was it established before eminent statesmen at home and abroad began to look upon it with distrust.

They doubted the efficiency of popular intelligence, and believed that our system was so framed that the flood-tides of Democracy would rise up and break down the weak fabric. But the trial of popular government stands vindicated by its results. Under its benign influence we have advanced from a few straggling colonies to the most stable and liberal ever created by the mind of man. Like every nation that has achieved greatness, we have been involved in foreign and domestic war. When "the uplifting force of the American Idea had penetrated the crumbling thrones of Europe," the glittering sword of despotism was eager to sever the life chords of the young republic. But foreign war developed the strength and patriotism of our people. Yet they had just passed away, when the diverse civilizations of North and South were gathering forces for the great fraternal conflict destined to bathe the land in the blood of her noblest sons.

The conflicting inrerests of a manufacturing North, and an agricultural South, could not be harmonized, even though championed by the greatest statesmen the world had ever known. It was a question that demanded blood. The soldiers of the North poured into the beautiful, chivalrous South, and the awful conflict was on. The implements of peace became implements of war. Every hill became a fortress. Every valley a valley of death! Every rivulet a rivulet of blood! Nothing was seen or heard, but the desolating hand of war, the clamor of battle, the thunder of cannon as it laid low the noblest heroes ever offered to the god of carnage.

But the clouds of civil dissension passed away. The Negro was freed, the Union saved, and the "American people stood so near the thin veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity and men from their God," they could almost see through its parting folds the republic's half million heroes, walking in the elelysian fields of the just. Again the angel of peace spread her wings upon a reunited country, which was purged and purified in the fiery furnace of civil strife. To-day we recognize no sections, no geographical lines, and a man's

patriotism is measured by his love for the entire Union—a Union comprising within its mighty sweep seventy millions of people, with no restraint save the just laws that are the same to all.

Believing an educated public opinion to be the fountain of law and progress, and social growth possible only through the survival of the socially fit, we have dotted our land with schools and churches, that train the mind and heart and teach every man, however humble, the importance of his own kingly character; thus guaranteeing an intelligent ballot, which is to-day the great bulwark of our national life.

Already pessimists believe we have reached a maximum development and the downward journey has begun. Local alarmists hurl their accusations at our institutions, and predict from the arming of labor against capital the downfall of our government. But the careful student of our condition views the union of labor as the outgrowth of intelligence, and believe that the co-operation of these unions bids fair for the ultimate solution of the gravest problem thnt has ever confronted our people. We believe that our republic grows better with each revolving year, and that all the great problems that are before us to-day will receive a just solution, not by means of violence or revolution, but through that higher and grander medium—an organized, intelligent ballot. We believe that future laws will be enacted that will take from the power-holding class the exclusive privileges they enjoy to-day, and that every individual will have the same opportunity for the development of his own personality.

We are far from believing that our republic—the highest realization of man's struggles for the rights of man—is destined to an early fall. On the contrary, we believe we are on the threshold of a wonderful future. While standing upon the last decade of the grandest century "ever measured by the flight of worlds,"

"I have dipped into the future far as human could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Saw the whole continent of America united in the grandest confederacy ever formed. Saw it, the great sun in the solar system of nations, around which all revolve, giving life and liberty to each, and preserving the prosperity and happiness of all; saw its ports alive with the argosies of commerce, "its brow blooming with the wreath of science;" the breath of heaven blessing its flag; yet in the vigor and buoyancy of youth, scorning pessimism and decay, moving onward to the accomplishment of its grand and glorious destiny.

Henry Clay, the Orator.

W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

(*Editorial in The Morning Herald, April 12.*)

On April 12, 1777, Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, Virginia—the county where Patrick Henry lived. We doubt whether a more elopuent orator than Patrick Henry ever lived; and among the greater orators of the world Henry Clay is entitled to a very high rank. The orator, who is in voice, action, manner, a great actor, losses much with posterity who measures him by his written speeches or sometimes by his reported speeches, which may be very badly reported, and often critics, and even those who are not critics, judge that his fame was larger than his deserts.

In the touching and appropriate little speech of Joseph Jefferson when he returned thanks for the cordial and hearty reception accorded to him by a Blue Grass audience there was a pathetic demonstration of how an actor must live, after the death of those who were witnesses to his acting, only in tradition, and with sweet and affecting grace of utterance he expressed his pleasure at seeing children present—so that the memory of his acting would last for years before he became a mere tradition. He said the artist lives in his creation, the poet in his poem, the composer in his opera or song, the author in his book, the statesman in the country's progress, but the actor did not paint or write or compose or legislate. While the analogy is not complete, yet it is nearly so between the actor and the popular orator; the true orator as distinguished from the essayist; the orator whose object is to affect the immediate audience; the advocate who pleads for life or property before court or jury; the political speaker who tries to win votes; the parliamentary debater; the preacher intent upon saving souls; the lecturer upon the platform. And perhaps it is not too much to say that the immediate effect is great in proportion to the exercise of gifts, qualities and forces which cannot be reduced to writing nor transmitted to the reader. A perfect speech consists of two necessary parts—one played by the speaker—the other by the audience; and the part furnished by the audience can never be adequately portrayed in print and by type. The noblest and most controlling of all musical instruments is the human voice; no instrument is so potent; none with such marvelous capacity to stir the human heart, arouse the humane motions, calm human passions or awaken them; it can dissolve an audience into tears or convulse it with uncontrollable laughter. But it cannot be printed.

The human face is the most mobile and indescrible of all

Courtesy The Crimson. The Great Clay Monument. "Ashland."

animal parts; the human expression, the luminous eye, the flexible brow, the nervous and expressive lips; no language can approximately describe the power of a human face. And similar observations are true as to the human form and manner. These gifts are of inesitimable power and importance. When the orator and the audience are removed, and the written utterance alone is left it becomes very difficult to measure what was the effect of any reported speech upon the audience. The marvellous orations of Edmund Burke emptied the House of Commons; and a plain Fayette country-man once described a very distinguished Kentuckian whose published speeches are exceedingly ornate and handsome "as the greatest crowd-buster in America."

To Henry Clay was given by nature in the most munificent and prodigal abundance the physical qualities which impress and control an audience; and his audiences were singularly sympathetic and competent to play their part in the production of his wondrous oratorical triumphs. To him was also given those moral qualities which are so potent in public oratory—intense earnestness, deep convictions, fervent patriotism, a whole-heartedness in whatever he believed and undertook; a lofty courage which dared any danger and faced and responsibility; a passionate humanity which felt all that his friends, his neighbors and his race felt; an unaffected interest in and identification with his people, his country, his age; a scorn of littleness and a contempt for meanness. These physical and moral qualities were added unusual intellectual powers—not perhaps of the very highest rank, but certainly of a very high rank; and to all these gifts were added an imperious and sustained will, the motive power which gave motion, force to all his nature.

After this editorial had been partially written, an interruption was filled with reading some Eastern papers, and in the Washington Post we found an article from a Kentuckian prophesying that it would not be many years befor a statue to Henry Clay would be erected in that city, and in that article is given an extract from Thomas F. Marshall. We take the liberty of quoting a few sentenses from the article:

"I have studied his life, his speeches, his actions, his character; I have heard him at the bar and in the Senate; I have seen him in his contests with other men, when all the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul were lashed by disappointment and opposition to the foaming rage of the ocean, when all the winds are unchained and sweep in full career over the free and bounding bosom of the deep. He owes less of his commanding influence to other men ,than any great leader I have ever known or of whom I have ever read. He consults nobody, he leans upon nobody, he fears nobody; he wears nature's

patent of nobility forever on his brow; he stalks among men with an unanswerable and never-doubting air of command; his sweeping and imperial pride, his indomitable will, his unquailing courage, challenge from all submission or combat. With him there can be no neutrality. Death, tribute or the Koran is his motto. Great in speech, great in action, his greatness is all his own. He is independent alike of history or the schools; he knows little of either, and despises both. His ambition, his spirit, and his eloquence are all great, natural and entirely his own. If he is like anybody he does not know it. He has never studied models, and if he had his pride would rescue him from the fault of imitation. He stands among men in towering and barbaric grandeur; in all the hardihood and rudeness of perfect originality; independent of the polish and beyond the reach of art. His vast outline and grand, but wild and undefined proportions liken him to a huge mass of granite, torn in some convulsion of nature from a mountain's side, which any effort of the chisel would anly disfigure and which no instrument in the sculptor's studio could grasp or comprehend.

JAMES H. EMBRY."

WHEN YOU HEAR THE ROBIN CALL.

You may read it "May" on the calendar,
  You may fix your heart on spring,
But until you hear the robin's song
  You will find it's no such thing!
For he's sure just when the snow flies,
  And he knows spring's secrets all.
You may be quite sure 'tis May-time
  When you hear the robin call!

They'll tell you the winter's ended—
  You will hear it everywhere
Just for a little sunshine
  And a breath of April air,
But you may be sure of one thing:
  As sure as that rain will fall,
It is really, truly springtime
  When you hear the robin call!

—[Agnes Lewis Mitchell, in April St. Nicholas.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentus occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions executed, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence indeed does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man in the subject, in the occasion. Affected passion, intense exrpession, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of the fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men when the fate of their wives, their children and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric in vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued as if in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whele man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action.

The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of thy life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit
More moving, delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of my soul
Than when thou liv'st indeed.

The above lines of Shakespeare is the inscription on Edwin Booth's tomb in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS.

BY "THE PRINCE OF ORATORS," ROBERT G. INGERSOL.

The man who wishes to become an orator should study language. He should know the deeper meaning of words. He should understand the vigor and velocity of words and the color of adjectives. He should know how to sketch a scene, paint a picture, to give life and action. He should be a poet and a dramatist, a painter and an actor. He should cultivate his imagination. He should become acquainted with the great poetry and fiction, with splendid and heroic deeds. He should be a student of Shakespeare. He should read and devour all the great plays. From Shakespeare he could learn the art of expression, of compression, and all the secrets of the head and heart.

* * * * * * *

In his lecture on Abraham Lincoln. Ingersoll says: "He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish indicates insincerity, The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with pictures of perfect form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous speech at Gettysburg, and then the oration of Edward Everett. The speech of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The oration of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of the voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

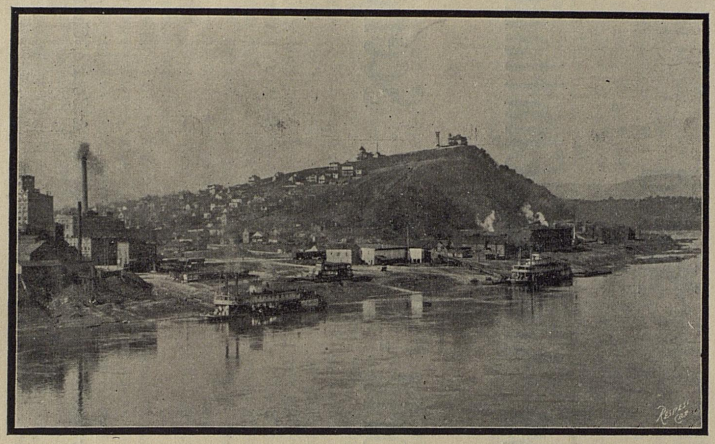
The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the general idea should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Noted

Views Around Chattanooga.

World - Famous Scenery.

Cuts used by special permission of McGowan & Cooke, Chattanooga, Tenn.

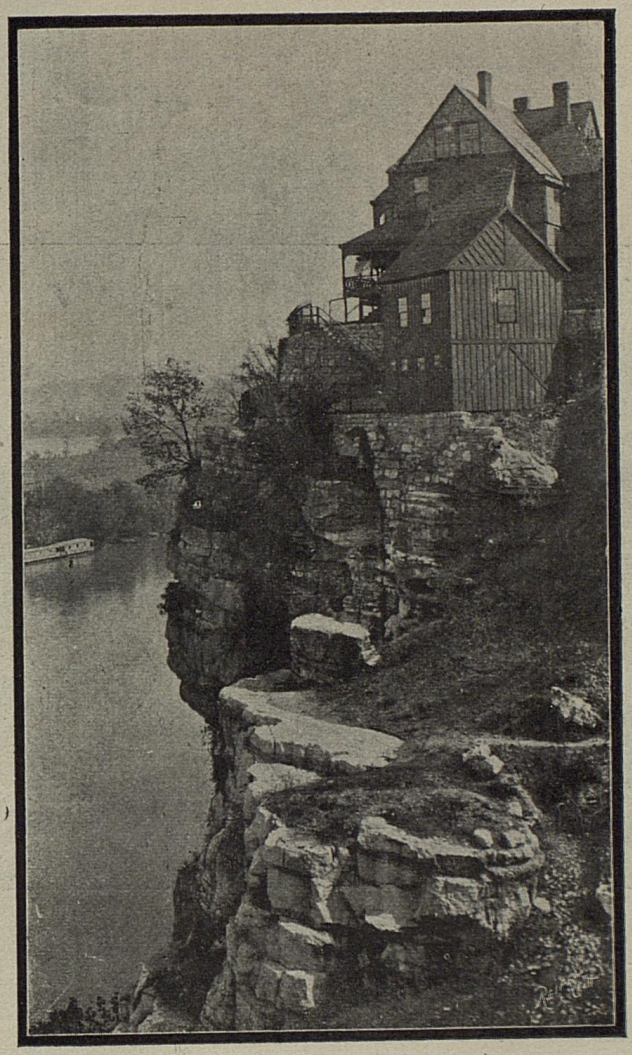


Cameron's Hill, Situated in the Heart of Chattanooga.

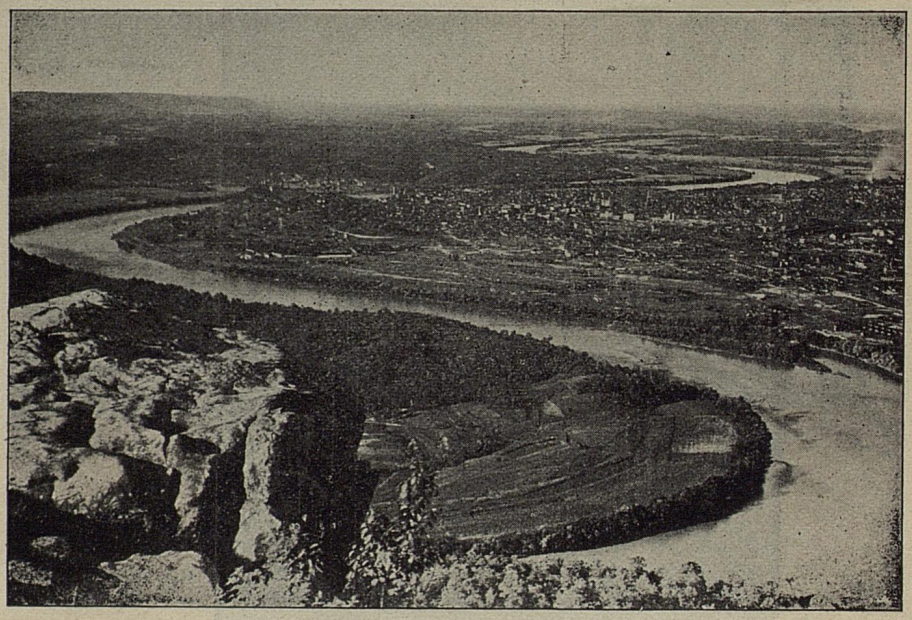
Falls at "Lula Lake."

Entrance to National Cemetery, Chicamauga Park.

Chickamauga! At the very mention of the name what a rush of glorious though sad memories comes surging o'er the soul. Chickamauga! near whose dread heights, carrying the conflict e'en above the clouds, both North and South did seem to pray that nearer to Him the Creator might see and know the purity of their purpose. Chickamauga! toward some lonely grave in which sad hearts in every State of the Union turn with ineffable tenderness and sadness. Chickamauga! where asleep lie the purest, proudest types of the Anglo-Saxon race. What place more fit could have been chosen to take young Americans to inspire within them an undying love for their country, its history and its traditions.



Bluff Overlooking the Tennessee River.



Moccasin Bend, Showing River Winsing Around the City.
Photo taken from the top of Lookout Mountain.

"Sunset Rock," West End Lookout Mountain.

On the great Kentucky College Day, April 13, the State College won the base-ball game over Central University; she also won the great Ky. Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

THE TRACK TEAM.

VOGT, Capt. TREAS, Mgr.

The boys on the track team are somewhat disappointed to know that they cannot have the "Field Day" before encampment. It's K. U.'s fault. She knows we are going to "mop up" with her, and is just putting the beating off as long as possible. The game, as we understand, was arranged for the day on which it was later decided that we should go to camp. Manager Treas, the "hustler," went to the "K.U.ans" and told them, and asked to have the "meet" a day or two earlier. So far he has been refused, their excuse being that they have not had enough training. Well, somehow or another, K. U. never does have enough training. We might give her until the time she will get that $500,000, and then she wouldn't be ready. It's fun and good practice to whop K. U. She can holler louder and do less than any school in the world.

Of course she can get out of this meet solely on technical excuses, but not on any reasonable grounds. Now, come on, boys, take your medicine, and don't be dodging around in any such manner. Time is no respecter of track teams. You have had the seme time for training that we have.

THE SOCIETIES.

Both societies have been congratulating each other on their common victory. Ragan is the hero of the hour, and, though a Pattersonian, when he spoke in that contest he represented not the Patterson, not the Union, but the GREAT AND GLORIOUS KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE. May she live forever, until, as a light on a hill, it shall penetrate with its rays of enlightenment every hamlet in the Grand Old Kentucky Commonwealth.

ENCAMPMENT.

Last year the boys on their encampment at delightful Cliffeside learned as much military in a week as they had done in a whole year, and, while everything was military in the extreme, Major Jones made the encampment so pleasant that the boys considered their ten days' stay at Ashland, Ky., as a most enjoyable outing.

This year we leave Kentucky for historic Chickamauga Park. As yet we cannot tell how the battalion will be received by the people of Chattanooga. Young Kentucky blood will pulsate

in a somewhat warmer clime. The best boys of the Blue Grass State will on historic southern heights mingle the tenderest strains of our Kentucky songs with those of Tennessee, and the result will be an angel-enchanting melody.

Chickamauga! At the very mention of the name what a rush of glorious though sad memories comes surging o'er the soul. Chickamauga! near whose dread heights, carrying the conflict e'en above the clouds, both North and South did seem to pray that nearer to Him the Creator might see and know the purity of their purpose. Chickamauga! toward some lonely grave in which sad hearts in every State of the Union turn with ineffable tenderness and sadness. Chickamauga! where asleep lie purest, proudest types of the Anglo-Saxon race. What place more fit could have been chosen to take young Americans to inspire within them an undying love for their country, its history and its traditions.

Through the kindness of Mr. Pat Farnsworth, a former Lexingtonian, we are enabled to present some noted views around Chattanooga. The engravings are the property of MacGowan & Cook, printers and publishers of Chattanooga, by whose courtesy they are used.

GOOD TIME FOR THE BOYS IN CHATTANOOGA.

Frow May 7 to 12 (inclusive) will be a gay time in the city of Chattanooga. The great Spring Festival will be in full swing, and from all reports it seems that the State College cadets will be "right in the push," as Shakespeare says.

In the grand parade on May 7 thc S. C. battalion will be the escort of honor. The boys will have balls given in their honor. All will be "balled," some will be hauled; whether or not they will be wined and dined we do not know, but it is highly probable that some will be fined 'ere they returned to the wine-inspired land of Kentucky.

Mr. Farnsworth has favored us with a complete program, which is as follows:

1900. 1900.

CHATTANOOGA SPRING FESTIVAL.

One Entire Week. May 7–12.

Grand Street Fair with Midway—The Chicago World's Fair, with its Midway Plaisance reproduced, with many added features of later date.

Flower Parade—Fifteen Out-of-town and Suburban Queens on gorgeous floats, twenty grand original designs and over two hundred private vehicles.

Coronation at the Auditorium betore 5,000 people. Unmasking of Baldur. Crowning of the Queen of Queens, etc. The most brilliant feature of the whole Festival.

Two Grand Balls—"Oberon" and "Baldur."

Two Carnival Nights—Wednesday and Saturday Nights will be Carnival nights in the Street Fair and Midway, with throwing of "confetti," tooting of horns, etc.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM OF CHATTANOOGA SPRING FESTIVAL.

Monday, May 7—Baldur Parade starts at 1 p. m., ends at 2 p. m. Street Fair opens 1 p. m.

Tuesday, May 8—Flower Parade starts 10 a. m. Oberon Ball 11 p. m.

Wednesday, May 9—Band Carnival. "Confetti Carnival" Night.

Thursday, May 10—Confederate Veterans' Day. Governor's Day.

Friday, May 11—Secret Order Day. Baldur Ball, 11 p. m.

Saturday, May 12—Labor Day. "Confetti Carnival" Night.

Half fare on all railroads.

D. G. McVEAN.

"No great genius was ever devoid of humor."

Mr. Donald Grant McVean has been called home on account of the serious illness of his father. Mr. McVean was undoubtedly one of the most popular boys in school, and if a vote were taken, among all our noble boys, McVean would be proclaimed the most popular man in school. Mr. McVean has for nearly two years edited the local and laughter department of THE KENTUCKIAN. He was not called to take the place. The place called him. An old maxim reads: "No great genius was ever devoid of humor." Zangwill says: "Humor is the smile in the eyes of wisdom." Mr. McVean filled the place to the delight of every one. His was a natural sense of humor. It had the "unconscious naturalness of nature's self." The boys are in hopes that "the Irishman" will return to go on the encampment—the girls hope so too.

In this issue we are proud to present the picture of the new fraternity, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon. The cut is especially fine and Mr. Van Hoose (the photographer for ugly fellows) has shown that he is not only good on the aforesaid kind of people, but that he can make good looking fellows even better looking.

Boys, read the "ads" and be sure to trade with the advertisers, especially those who have those big page and larger notices.

The Enterprise (McGurk and Spears) on several days, at this early date, served 3,000 glasses of soda and ices. How is this for high.

A WORTHY AND ENTERPRISING FIRM.

Last fall two young men from the western part of the State came into the Blue Grass capital and purchased the stock and fixtures of S. K. Cozine, the Southside grocer. Since that time, by their industry and enterprise, Vaughn Bros. have builded up the business until they are now on top and doing a thriving and fast increasing business.

Notice in this issue the handsome advertisement of Mr. F. E. Johns, the veteran photographer. Mr. Johns is one of the best artists in the Blue Grass. He has worked at his business for twenty-three consecutive years. If you want fine photographs at reasonable prices, be sure to see Johns.

THE I. O. C.

The first contest of the Inter-Collegiate Association was held under the auspices of Central University at Richmond in the spring of 1889. For the four years following the contests were held at the respective towns where the colleges represented in the association are situated. All contests since the fifth, however, have been held in this city on account of greater facilities for handling the crowds which attend.

This year the contest was under the auspices of Georgetown College, and was presided over by J. B. Vanlandingham, of that institution.

The program in the order in which the speakers were presented was as follows:

Central University—Represented by B. S. Vanmeter, of Shelbyville, Ky.; subject, "The Close of the Nineteenth Century." Usher, Cy Adams.

Kentucky State College—Represented by Leonidas Ragan, of Monticello, Ky.; subject, "At the Open Door." Usher, R. M. Allen.

Georgetown College—Represented by Charles H. Braden, of Cincinnati; subject, "The Light of Love; or An Evening and a Morning."

Kentucky University—Represented by Madison A. Hart, of Mt. Sterling; subject, "An Illuminated Life." Usher, James W. Hagin.

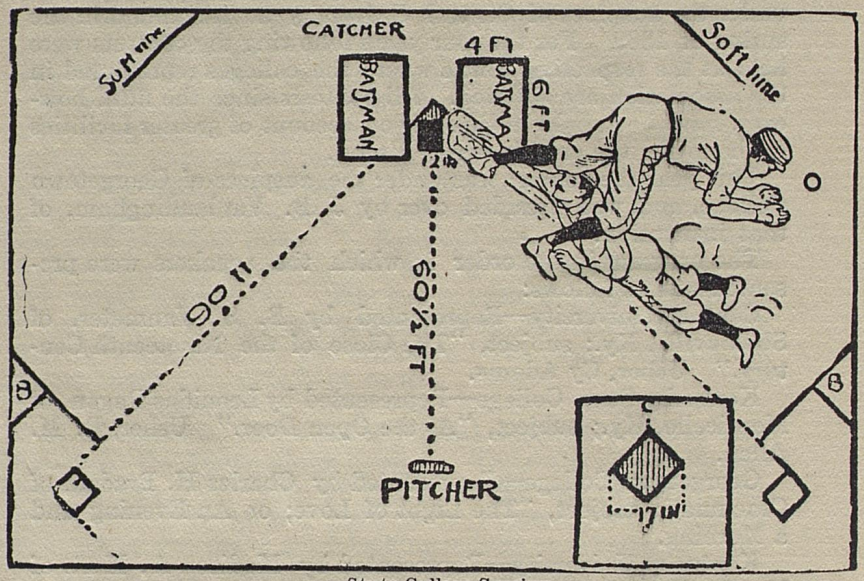
Centre College—Represented by F. N. Harley, of Louisville; subject, "The Charlatan of History."

LEE RAGAN.

Since the organization of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorieal Association the Kentucky State College has won two of the great contests. In 1895 Mr. John T. Geary carried off the honors, and since that time, though the college has been ably represented, it remained for Mr. Leonidas Ragan, of Monticello, Ky., to bear away for the second time the handsome medal so eagerly fought for by five of the greatest institutions of the State.

Mr. Ragan has not only achieved an enviable reputation, but he has honored the college and the student body by his brilliant oration at the Opera House on April 13. As a student he has always been a hard and conscientious worker, and as a reward will most probably be the valedictorian of the largest class that ever graduated at State College. From the very first he has always manifested great love for literary work, and the Patterson Society has found in him one of its ablest members. "Clearness, force and earnestness" are the three elements most noticeable in Mr. Ragan's delivery, and one is impressed that he has taken Webster as a model, for he seems to have studied and conformed to Webster's great ideas of true eloquence.

ATHLETICS



State College Scoring.

BASE BALL.

PERKINS, Capt. KEHOE, Mgr.

The boys are not yet in good condition after the yelling of the 13th. They all say that 13 is a lucky number for State College, for on April 13 the ball team spanked C. U. in 10–6 time and Ragan put all the colleges on the run with his powerful oration.

The State College undoubtedly has the best ball team she has had in years, and perhaps the best in her history. The boys are not so large, but they play so good.

KELLY, Pitch.

It is a treat to see Kelly let 'em down. He has more head than any pitcher in the State. He's a great and agreeable surprise.

CAMPBELL, Catch.

Walter Campbell steps up so politely and takes 'em right from in front of the bat—and he's always at the home plate when any foreign sucker tries to "run in."

GILBERT, 1st Base.

"Johnny" Gilbert! At the very mention of the name C. U. shudders. They say there's no use trying to get to first, for somehow he always has the ball waiting for their arrival.

RIPY, 2d.

"Old Ripy on 2d." A beautiful young lady said they seemed to be made for each other—Ripy and the second—for he hugged it so delightfully and protected it so tenderly.

ELLIOTT, 3d.

Reddy Elliott is a third baseman from away-back, and when any sucker tries to steal third, Reddy steps up and says, "No, she (meaning, of course, the base) is mine."

PERKINS, Short. (Capt.)

The word *short* after "Perk's" name is not intended to convey the idea that the Captain is by any means "short," or not tall. On the contrary, he is one of the biggest-hearted men in school; and as to his height, he's very tall, and handles himself with such nimbleness that he seems to be "everywhere all the time." The accompanying cut is from the latest and best photograph of this most popular young official.

GIBSON, R. F.

Some aver that it was Gibson's "black breeches" that made the college so lucky, both afternoon and evening of the glorious day; but we confidently think it was in a great measure due to his fine fielding and heavy batting.

RICE, C. F.

Some C. U. sucker tried to Guy Rice—but this is such an old and stale gag. But you can't guy him, for he was Guy-ed once for all some thirty years ago, a few days after his birth, away up in the wicked Kentucky mountains, so now Guy guys these guys when they try to guy him. But this is a little off the subject. Mr. Rice is a brilliant fielder and he knocks the ball sky-west-and crooked.

BRONSTON, L. F.

This radiant joy! What can we say of him? Rather, what can we *not* say of him? His brilliant playing was a feature of the day. His batting was especially fine. He didn't have to field much, for he and Reddy Elliott were out in the same direction. When the batters turned in that direction they were blinded by the brilliancy of the dazzling summits of these lofty mount-ain-eers. Mr. Bronston is from Clay County and Mr. Elliott hails from Harlan.

CRUME AND SMITH.

Only a little lower than the above mentioned mortals is the sweet-voiced, "hard-hitting" (especially when he knocks on Cobbs and base-balls) Crume, and the handsome Roman, Mr. Chester Smith. These gentlemen at present are the two honored "subs." and it hath not yet appeared what they shall be.

We are proud of the team. Watch for their picture in THE KENTUCKIAN.

BASE BALL

K. U. vs. State College

The Opening Contest on the diamond will be fought

SATURDAY, APR. 28.

THE INTEREST IN THIS GAME IS INTENSE. K. U. has sworn to hang S. C.'s hide on the fence, and the latter declare she's going to clean up the county with K. U.

Come out and see the most Hotly Contested Game of the Season.

GAME CALLED AT 3 P. M.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] State College

[illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY, APR. 28.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. W. S. Bradley, the popular young grocer at the corner of Limestone and Winslow, has increased his store to handsome proportions. Heretofore his quarters were too small for his fast increasing business. Mr. Bradley is an up-to-date grocer and has a trade which many older grocery men envy.

YOUR EYES

Students! whatever you do take care of your Eyes.

People are realizing every day hat a visit to a good Optician means honest advice, irtelligent service and a saving of money. You cdnnot get a poor fit to glasses from us because we don,t do business that way, Our

TESTING IS FREE.

Think of learning the truth about your eyes without cost. The plain simple truth. If your vision is correct we congratulate you. Existing defects we correct at a satisfactory price. Come in for an eye talk when down town.

Eyes hurt you?
Twitch or smart or burn?

Likely you need glasses—but it costs nothing to find out. Mine are guaranteed.

O. R. KING.

PRACTICLE OPTICIAN
EAST MAIN STMEET.

School of Phonography

M. & Millikan, Principal.

And the Department of Phonography in Connecton with the State College.

Rooms 30-31-32 Northern Bank Building.

Special Rates to Students.

If you are thinking about Shorthand, it will be beneficial to you to give the SCHOOL OF PHONOGRAPY a personal call, and see the pract cal instruction each student receives. That is why graduates of this school are now holding superior positions. They are qualified in every branch of Shorthand work.

☞Special night classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week.

Chron File Reorg
The Kentuckian
1898-1901

TESTED

SEEDS

FIELD, GRASS, VEGE TABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS.

Our Stock is fresh and pure and selected with the greatest care and attention to every detail. Please remember that we make a

Specialty of Seeds

and that it is not a side issue to our business.

The largest and most complete stock of seeds in Kentucky. A full stock of BIRD SEED.

Planet Jr. Garden Implements and High-Grade Lawn Mowers. Northern Grown Seed Potatoes at Reasonable Prices.

FEED Oats, Corn, Baled Hay and Straw
Cotton Seed Meal, Linseed Mea
Ground Feed, Brand, Shipstuffs,

Poultry Feed of All Kinds Cheap.

Vilbur Seed Meal
Prices.

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GRAVES, COX & CO'S

Great outfitting establishment comprises seven separate and complete Departments all full to overflowing with Spring Goods. . . . . .

HAT DEPARTMENT.

Knox, Stetson, Hawes, and every other good hat from $1.00 to $5.00.

SHOES.

A specialty of Men's Shoes, including Hanan $5.00 and Walkover $3.50. Every pair new stock.

FURNISHINGS.

One hundred and twenty feet of shelving and a separate stock room full of the best that's made. English squares in our window 50c.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

We only make high grade suits. A special offer for Easter of suits at $35. Second floor front.

CLOTHING.

The higher standard of ready to wear goods from us, including Adler's of Rochester. Grey Oxfords in Suits, Overcoats, and Coats and Vests.

LEATHER GOODS.

Trunks, Telescopes, Grips. Our assortment speaks for itself, and you will find twice over what any other house carries.

Prices are always right here no matter what department you patronize. ry article gusranteed. Money refunded cheerfully.

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