

# THE STATE COLLEGE CADET

VOL. 5.

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NO 1.

## The Lesson of Last Year.

Not long since I had occasion to be in a dense forest early in the morning, having quite an admiration for the beauties of nature, I determined to remain in that secluded spot until after sunrise, when the shades of night began to die away, and the splendor of the morn to appear in view, it impressed me as a beautiful spectacle. All was quiet, but as the beaming ray of the rising sun kissed good-morning to the dew-bathed trees, it awoke the woodland sleepers from their peaceful rest, the squirrels began to bark, the birds to sing, and each falling dewdrop seemed to beat time to the harmony of their music. It was God's way of putting life into the forest, and starting nature's tenants in search of health and sustenance. Each of these lower animals seemed ravenous in their desire for food; some were timid, some were bold, some were weak, others strong. The strong preyed upon the weak, and little sympathy was shown for the vanquished. Another day among these creatures would have been just like the one we saw. The conflict would have begun just as it had before, no advancement, no new methods.

But with man it is different. He loves and hates, he hopes and fears, he plans and remembers, he observes and learns, he invents and discovers he thinks. And so we will review the lessons taught by the last great victory of education, of human effort, of thought. Yes, the grand Waterloo of Peace as it proclaimed a cordial welcome to the visitors of every nation, of every clime, who met to "compare votes on what they had learned and what they had done."

When we see such a vast body of men, representing every class of society from the humblest citizen to the President of our Union, from the Barbarian of Lahomey to the titled Prince of Europe, all mingling together in peace and harmony, we naturally infer, that the time is near at hand when we can call "the

world our country—all mankind our country-man."

When we remember that last year was remarkable for the scarcity of money, when all Europe was in financial crises, when there was hardly a bank in this country that could pay its depositors on demand, when the cry of hard times was the by-word of our nation, and universal discontent was spread abroad, we are astonished at the growth of an enterprise that cost thirty-five millions of dollars, exclusive of private exhibits, when its success depended on the patronage of a people who expected no returns other than the privilege of looking on.

What do we learn from the triumphant result of this exposition? To answer this question we must know its object.

Our National Congress decided to commemorate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by an exhibition of these sources of the U. S. A. their development and the progress of civilization of the New World, and provided that such an exhibition should be of a national and international character, so that not only the people of our Union and this continent, but those of all nations as well could participate. The President invited all Foreign Nations to take part in it, his invitation was almost universally accepted.

It is natural for all mankind to worship heroes, to pay homage to great men, and to celebrate important events, but the merchants of Persia would not be likely to carry their goods ten thousands miles and exhibit them, for the simple privilege of adding glory to the name of Columbus, neither would the inhabitants of Cougo Free State, nor the New Zealanders circumnavigate the globe at their own expense to celebrate the discovery of America. Each nation desired to show its own resources, its manufacturing advantages, the quality of its salable products, and it carefully considered the great question of profit and loss, before it decided to occupy a place at the Fair.

It was Lord Bacon who looked

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forward with prophetic vision and wrote: "there are three things which make a nation great and prosperous, a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance of men and goods from place to place."

When this was written Elizabeth was Queen, the manufacturing centers of England were but modest towns. Fame, honor and glory were distinctions reserved for the soldier and statesman.

The Pilgrims had just landed at Plymouth Rock.

The Reformation was yet to be. Yes, we can say with precision, that the beginning of modern civilization was two hundred years in the future.

"The World's Columbian Exposition was a great world school, with every nation for a class, and every visitor for a student." It was the place where the wisest and most advanced could learn something from the most primitive, where perhaps the exhibits of Barbarism contained suggestive lessons for civilization. The practical results of science and invention, of art and commerce from their first rude attempt to their latest triumphs were all spread out as they had never been before. Peace and war, the agencies of progress and the instruments of destruction, were illustrated in every conceivable way. The history of progress was shown by practical example, the past along with the present to brighten the effect by contrast.

The farmer could see the path along which his predecessors had moved for centuries, he could see the relation which his own occupation had to others and feel that all were dependent on the result of his labor. Here, the fact was very evident that one of the requirements for a prosperous nation is "a fertile soil."

The workshops of the world, in their gigantic effort to excel, made the greatest exhibits at the Fair, the useful and beautiful were combined to make one grand display, to the credit of skill and energy. It is important to know that the manufacturing of goods and wares furnishes employment to many, but the benefits derived therefrom extend as far as the habitation of man, and nothing better shows the progress of a nation than many busy workshops.

"The consequences of men and goods from place to place" was one of the greatest features of the White City, for men it means counting homes, isolated from the populous localities that breed disease and sickness. It means the pleasure of

travel a change of scene, for goods it makes the whole world a market bringing cheap necessities of life, and luxuries for all who may desire them. In transportation, the old way and the new, were seen side by side. The comfort of a palace car could be compared with the stage coach of a few years ago, with the pack-saddle and sedan of a remote period. The modern ocean steamer could be seen here, the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria there.

Now, in there we have learned that a steady growth upward was the rule. That every day adds some new triumph to our existence. That health is made more general, and that the comforts of life are for all. We learn that the desire to excel is the spirit of the age.

The educational exhibit plainly set forth the great truth that the present generation is learning to be practical.

Fact has replaced fancy. The good results of such schooling is no longer a mere speculation, but so well established that an institution without practical laboratories and workshops for the application of principles taught in the recitation room, thus encouraging scientific research for "nature hears but one question, experiment and answer in phenomena."

Yes, an institution that does not afford its student these advantages is unworthy of the patronage which it solicits when it pretends to educate men and women to compete with the practical energetic hustlers from the scientific schools.

The man who succeeds in life is the man, who devotes his time, energy and intellect, to one special line of work.

Not the passive, restful, "live and let live" kind of a man, but the active enlodgment of a principle, the man of positive opinions, who dares to do anything, it matters not how impossible it may seem, and push his way up the mountain side, to the good which none but the courageous ever reach.

What did we learn from the Fair? We learned that invention and discovery have made America the realized ideal for the people of the earth to admire, to respect and to follow.

It little matters what we examine of the Fair the same great lessons are taught. Whether in the Palace of Machinery or in the Gallery of Fine Art, whether in the Electrical Building, or in that of Mines and Mining. Whether on top of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts

W. H. WARREN.

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Building, or on the bosom of the lake, whether in the Midway or in the Court of Honor, "we learned that the path of humanity has been upward from the beginning, that every century has been better than that which preceded, that development and progress are the laws of the race, that we are living in the best age of history, and the most favored portion of the globe. We stand on the summit of time. Man has never receded. Nations have decayed, the governments that are gone and the dynasties that have fallen cast no impediment o'er the progress of man, races have become extinct, but man has moved physically, intellectually and spiritually upward and onward." Had the Exposition taught no other instruction, it would have been enough, but it was more comprehensive than this.

The manufacturer returned to his work with new zeal and energy. The master paintings of Angelo and Raphael along with the heaven born production of all ages inspired the artists to nobler work.

The clergyman found texts for new sermons. The Historian found a theme for a new work.

The public lecturer saw "good in everything."

Dean Howells compared the White City to his "Altrurian Paradise."

And now since the Columbian miracle has faded away its influence is not lost, its strongest life is but now beginning, its glory will continue to be sung so long as the present generation remains here to do it honor, and then as the grand climax of the 19th century, it will pass into history as the grandest achievement known to man.

A. C. NORMAN.

"I'm glad of one thing and sorry of another," remarked Faulkner last Thursday.

"What's that?" some one inquired.

"Well, I am glad tomorrow is Friday and sorry it's not Saturday."

As we look around  
On the college ground  
We see things in a twist,  
The Bohemian Club  
By the hardest rub  
Continues to exist.

There's Count Einstein  
Who drank the wine,  
He's living in the West,  
But where e'er he go  
We'll ever know  
He'll always take the best.

Ruben Rush the can  
Is in a foreign land,  
But entertain no fear,  
For ever there  
He continues to swear  
By the godless of Lager Beer.

And there are others,  
Of the noble Brothers,  
All out in the cold and dark,  
But with the knowledge  
Obtained in College  
They are bound to make—a mark.

Miss Fitzhugh, discussing the expansion of heat, remarked that the railroad between Edinburg and London was a thousand feet longer in summer than winter.

When Prof. Miller asked if that meant that the towns were a thousand feet farther apart, she said: "Why, of course it does."

Loud applause and continuous laughter.

Prof. Davis to Bartlett in Arithmetic class—"Don't you know anything about this lesson?"  
Bartlett—"Yes, sir. I know where it begins and ends."

Students who patronize those who do not patronize the CADET, are not friends to the CADET. Patronize the ones who patronize us. They are your friends.

Louis Mulligan, Chas. Vorhees, and Len Hughes '94 left Monday to attend a medical college in Louisville. Success to the Bohemians.

Mr. Sweeny, who is to coach our foot ball this year, has arrived but is not able to play as he is suffering from a sprained ankle.

Kid McCain is back again as big as life and twice as natural.

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## The State College Cadet.

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J. V. FAULKNER,  
Correspondent Union Society.

T. R. DEAN,  
Correspondent Y. M. C. A.

### Y. M. C. A.

The State College Association was represented in the Summer School at Lake Geneva, Wis., this year by two members while no other association of the State was at all represented there. The fact that we excelled our sister association in this respect was due longly to benevolent friends to whom we extend hearty thanks, assuring them that their aid was put to the best use possible, and that enough personal benefit ensued to the representatives to reward their help. Development, morally and spiritually, is necessary at such a conference.

There were present there nearly three hundred of the brightest students of America's. Amid all these students such a thing as profanity was never heard, a thing so rare.

Lake Geneva is conceded to be the most beautiful lake in the West. And so encamped on the shores of such a lake with such enabling associates and under the tutorship of great and good men was almost an Eden where no tempter did enter.

Suppose, boys, that we occupants of the dormitories formed such a band. Who would scorn such a condition? Who would not feel like singing praises for it if God's holy name was never taken in vain and if all our sports consisted of innocent fun. This is possible.

The statistics show that a very large per cent of the students this year are christians. It is the aim of the association first to put these to act in christian work, thus developing them and making them fruitful trees in the Lord's vineyard in after life as well as now, and second to labor in a discreet and commendable way to persuade the non-christians to give themselves to Him who has purchased all.

The reception for the new stu-

dents by the association was as much a success as one would wish. Professor Roark's address was especially beneficial. The ice-cream was very palatable and all went away satisfied.

The meeting this year are being exceptionally well attended, and some big hearted new boy asked if we could not get a larger room for our meetings. We can truly say that there is now more interest and enthusiasm in both the prayer and gospel meetings than usually and what we ask is the support of the faculty and friends.

T. R. DEAN.

The first game of foot ball next Saturday, Georgetown vs S. C.

### PATTERSON SOCIETY.

It was with a feeling of almost reverence that the old members of the Patterson Society again entered its beautiful hall after an absence of three months, and they were cheered to find it unchanged and that so many of our comrades had returned.

We have now had two meetings, and at each there was good attendance. On looking around we found that our number had suffered some what by the loss of the members who graduated last June, but all these have been replaced by new men who promise to be progressive members.

The prospect for good work during the year is most encouraging.

There seems to be a commendable spirit among the older members to do their parts and the new are anxious to begin.

Then, too, we have three gold medals, one given by the society, one by Mr. Crum, our patron, one by Pres. Patterson, which are to be awarded in declamatory and oratorical contests.

Taking into consideration the spirit of the members and the incentives presented by these medals, I can safely predict a glowing future for our society and that she will always keep the exalted position she has held in the past.

T. S. L.

Prof. Neville said that the Lord made the world in six days and rested on the seventh, but since that time there had been no rest for man or God. But we think if he could see some of our military companies while the Colonel is not around, he would think there was yet a little rest for the wicked during drill hour.

Our football correspondent failed to present us the football news in time to put it in this issue of the CADET. But, the football will go on anyway.

Last Saturday, at the Phoenix Hotel, the representative of the Athletic Association of the State College, Central University, Kentucky University and Georgetown College met, and agreed upon a series of games of football, to be played this fall for the championship of Kentucky.

Centre College did not join the league, preferring, after last years experience, to keep on the outside and lay for some of the outside small fry.

Kentucky University was not in the league last year, but now goes in, in Centre's place, for better or worse—probably better for the league.

It was only last year that Georgetown made itself felt in the league. Well, it "made itself felt," but we let it go for the want of a better expression. We had better be kind to these youngsters; for they might grow mighty some day and rise up in their strength and smite us. Central University will probably be "much in it." We have always felt kindly towards Central University since last fall. We love her for the enemies she has made. Still, we don't love her for beating us last year.

Modesty does not allow us to say what we will do this fall. We have started out every year with the best team in the league, so we thought. And, it just seemed like we played in bad luck. And every now and every now and then somebody else played in a little worse luck, and we won, but it was not our fault. This year we have had more hard work and less talk than usual, and the boys don't have to be begged to come out and play. Now, if we play ball this year with not quite so much "confidence," we might stand some show of getting third place, probably second. We wont begin by aiming too high.

The following is the scedule of games agreed upon by the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association:

October 6, S. C. vs. G. C. at Lexington.

October 20, K. U. vs. G. C. at Georgetown.

October 27, K. U. vs. C. U. at Richmond.

November 10, G. C. vs. C. U. at Richmond.

November 16, K. U. vs. S. C. at Lexington.

November 23, S. C. vs C. U. at Lexington.

We have just sworn in manager J. I. Lyle as Athletic correspondent, but we are almost too late to learn much news. After this, however, we will have all of the latest right up to date.

## -JOHN T. MILLER-

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**J. T. HONAKER,** you can depend on getting every-  
 thing First class.  
 8 and 10 W. Short St.

Couldn't Stand It.

"Left off writing plays, John?"  
 "Yes, haven't written a play for two years."  
 "Don't write any more comic operas?"  
 "No."  
 "Given up writing editorials for The Daily Banner?"  
 "Oh yes, more than a year ago."  
 "Write any more review articles?"  
 "No; given it up entirely."  
 "Write any poetry?"  
 "No; I'm a reformed poet."  
 "Well, what do you do for a living now?"  
 "Oh, I write advertisements."  
 "Find it profitable?"  
 "Immensely. Everybody wants my 'ads,' and I sell 'em at my own price. I have more to do than I can attend to, and money flows in upon me like rivers, but I've got to give it up."  
 "Give it up? why?"  
 "Expenses too heavy."  
 "Why, man, your expenses are nothing, except for pens, ink and paper, and at a liberal estimate these will not cost you over \$1 a year."  
 "Ah, but you forget that I am the victim of my own ability."  
 "How's that?"  
 "Well, you see, I describe articles so beautifully that the minute I read my advertisements I can't withstand the temptation to go and buy 'em. Now, there's Blacom's soap. I read my own advertisement about it, and got so enthused over the tremendous merits of the soap, I found it was such perfect and absolutely excellent soap, that I had to go and buy six boxes. Of course it's perfectly worthless, as I knew until I was deceived by reading my own advertisement. But then my little boy uses it for blocks to make playhouses, and so I didn't throw it outdoors. But I've been sick ever since I've been in the business."  
 "How's that?"  
 "Oh, you see, I described Fogarty's pills so glowingly in my advertisement that I got perfectly crazy to try them. I bought them by the gross, and I've been sick ever since

I took 'em. It's the same with Badger's bitters. I knew very well until I read my own advertisement that they were one-third water and two-thirds poison. But my 'ad' praised 'em up so highly that I was convinced the minute I read it that they were just what I needed, and so I bought 'em by the gallon. Since then I've had the rheumatism, phthisis, lumbago, cholera infantum, mumps, seasickness, cancer, congestion of the brain, fatty degeneration of the heart and a touch of the smallpox. Oh, I've got to leave off this advertisement writing or die! Besides all my property is mortgaged."  
 "Indeed? How did it happen?"  
 "Oh, I'm the advertisement writer for Corker's furniture emporium; for Dazzler, the diamond merchant, and for Smugglum, the silk importer. My advertisements of these things were so very graphic and fascinating that I was induced to stock my house from top to bottom with furniture that I couldn't afford to buy, and I was so hypnotized by my own advertisements that I covered my wife with diamonds and silks to such an extent that I am now hopeless in debt."  
 "I am sure I am very sorry for you John."  
 "Yes, Tom, it's a terrible calamity when a man falls a victim to his own abilities. I fear I shall have to give up my high ideas of fame and fortune as a writer of advertisements and descend to writing magazine poetry again."—St. Louis Dispatch.

Remember! remember!  
 The palmy days of yore,  
 When no one ever thought  
 Of such a thing as Signal Corps.  
 And when we did not want to drill  
 And did not have the sand  
 To skip outright on every day  
 We joined the College Band.  
 The College Band! The College Band!  
 Where Faulkner, Hughes and Foley  
 played  
 Where Mulligan and Spears began.  
 Where Keiser loafed and Rucker stayed.  
 A countless throng has come and gone  
 To every clime and every land.  
 But none will leave a memory  
 As dear as our departed Band.  
 The Band has gone so soon to join  
 The hallowed ones that went before.  
 Now, the only rest for those oppressed  
 Is to get into the Signal Corps.

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**Dental Parlors,**  
 Teeth extracted 25c; vitalized air administered 50c.

OVER OPERA HOUSE. R. H. HODGEN, D. D. S. Manager.

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**Prescription Druggist**  
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### SQUIBLETS.

At the last election of officers for mess room, the following were duly elected:

Mr. Coyle, President.  
Mr. Trigg, Secretary.  
Mr. Sherffins, Mail Carrier.

If the Seniors and Faculty barely escape, where shall the Sophomores and Freshmen appear?

Harrison says he knows he will be good physics, for he is so good at fizzing.

Captain Warren with his pleasant smile and military bearing is missing from the college campus this year.

Will Hobdy spent a few days with the boys in the Dormitory, on his way to New York City, where he has been attending a medical college for the past year.

Bones Vanmeter has accepted a position as a living manikin in a medical college.

Miss Nancy Smith who attended the A. & M. in '92-'93 has again returned to college, and one Professor's heart is glad.

Prof. Patterson to Mr. Risk in arithmetic class—How far does sound travel per second. Don't know, was the answer. 1142 feet per second said Prof. Patterson. Well, said Mr. Risk, “How is it that the sound of a cat fight on the backyard fence can be heard for more than three hours?”

Mrs. Blackburn has made all the young ladies sign a pledge that they will not use tobacco or profane language on the college grounds.

Billy Powell buying lamp chimneys—How much are these lamp chimneys worth a piece, “ten cents,” “twenty cents for two,” well I guess I'll take two, I can save some money by buying them that way.

The melodious notes of Judge Rogers fiddle are still.

Ancient and Independent order of drill and chope skippers are requested to meet in the lower hall during chapel on Monday, by orders commandant.

The whereabouts of most of the class '94 in alphabetic order. Aulick Edwin is teaching in Harrison county.

Edward Brand is teaching near Calhoun, Ky.

Carrollton Curtis is enjoying a retired life at home in the city of Lexington.

John Faig has a position of draughtsman with the Lane Bodley Engine Co., Cincinnati, O.

U. A. Garred has a position with the Street Railway Co., Lexington.

Jas. M. Hays is devoting his time to the enlightenment of the youth of London, Ky., in company with his old room and class mate, M. B. Jones.

L. S. Hughes has gone to Louisville to attend a medical college.

B. C. Keiser is assistant Professor of chemistry at A. M. College.

Lilly Kroesing is taking a post graduate course at the college this year.

Leroy Land is at home in Lexington.

Nathan Newton at present belongs to Saxton's famous band of Lexington.

A. C. Norman has a position as engineer with the Brick Street Company, Lexington.

Katherine Shelby is teaching in the city school of Lexington.

W. C. Trigg is at his home at New Columbus.

Hattie H. Warner is taking a post graduate course in the A. & M.

Owing to the fact that neither of our fighting editors, P. S. Ward or Georgie Dickie Bradshaw, have returned this year we have conferred that responsibility on Kidd McCain, and for the benefit of those concerned, any and all grievances against the **CADET** or its editor must

be settled with him. Office hours from 12 to 3 p. m.

Anderson, who had just received an invitation to attend the Y. M. C. A. reception, which contained the letters R. S. V. P., said McCaully, what does R. S. V. P., stand for? McCaully in quite a confident tone, Refreshments Served Very Profusely.

“The pen is mightier than the sword,” but even the pen is not in it with Limberger cheese.

Are you speakin' to me—if you air you can hush.

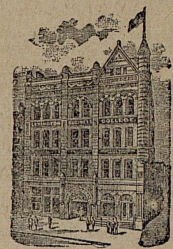
We miss the big mouth, long teeth and “hawk billed” nasal appendage of “Quinine Jim,” the man who was to play “left guard on the second team at Frankfort.”

Behold a certain body of students called “Seniors,” which, means by interpretation much wisdom, made themselves exceedingly numerous about the hall, some of them skipping chapel as much as five times a week, and when questioned about drill would say, “When I was a child I spake, as a child I understood as a child but when I became a man I put away childish things.” But it came to pass that when certain other students known as cadets heard the remark of the haughty senior they spake unto him in a parable “thusly” saying, “what doeth it profit a man if he do get into the Senior Class only to lose his course of reasoning?”

But when they had addressed him in this manner he waxed exceedingly warm and answered them saying, “I had rather be a door-keeper for the Senior Class than to dwell in the tents of the ignorant.” This made the younger members very sore, even as much so as Job; but ere they could frame a reply Prof. Walter K. called them to his room to recite “Geography.”

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## CLASS POEM.

BY N. A. NEWTON, '94.

Written Sunday before class day, which was Wednesday, June 6, '94. Thesis work, which took all of my time, was completed Saturday night before poem was written.

Just one more day and all is o'er,  
For us the class of ninety-four.  
The climax reached, by toil, at last,  
Our college days are surely passed.  
For full four years this race we've run,  
And never lagged since 'twas begun.  
'Twas a fair race! all side by side,  
Not held apart by foolish pride;  
But together we've struggled, this  
journey all through,  
To our college, our class, and each other  
still true,  
And yet there was mingled with our  
studious life,  
Just to whet our ambition, some friendly  
strife.  
But tomorrow, my comrades, yes even  
today  
That friendly strife, we put away,  
And now all united our efforts shall be  
To win some honor for old K. S. C.  
Four long years; how short they seem  
So quickly passed, how like a dream.  
'Twas little we thought when we entered  
here  
That we could survive, to the end  
persevere.  
When we entered! ah! classmates recall  
if you can,  
That terrible day when our troubles  
began,  
How we came up the walk; what a  
building we saw!  
And then when inside, with a feeling of  
awe  
We entered his room, and found others  
there  
Some were still shaking, some over their  
scare.  
We waited our turn still nervous with  
fear,  
Till he called us so kindly, so far from  
austere  
That we began to think it not bad after  
all.  
Soon with papers in hand, we were out  
in the hall.  
'Twas fun for the others, but to us 'twas  
a bore,  
First sent to the basement, then to the  
third floor,  
Then the entrance "exam" by some  
thought a trap,  
But really 'tis something the boys call a  
"snap."  
At last we were started, all ready for  
work  
With a goodly resolve, that no duty we'd  
shirk.  
But a freshman's life is so easy and free  
So full of enjoyment, all sparkling with  
glee  
That our goodly resolve too soon was  
forgot.  
We joined in the merriment, and heeded  
not  
The time that was passing, the days that  
were lost,  
Although they were wasted at a fearful  
cost.  
A part of the life, which God has loaned,  
Has slipped away, unused has flown.  
And then we were sophomore, how softly  
the name,  
The freshmen pleasures beginning to  
wane.

Our lessons grow hard and now are quite  
dry  
An I clouds of adversity, hovering nigh  
Look serious to us, and threaten to  
break  
Ere the peril we see, to the danger  
awake.  
And then we were Juniors, fast nearing  
the end,  
More confident now, as the rank we  
ascend  
Through the journey is rough, still with  
troubles o'ercast  
That by push and hard work, we will  
come out at last.  
Poor Juniors! how sadly neglected you  
are.  
Of the upper class-men, the Seniors the  
star.  
So the Juniors are unnoticed by the  
Freshys and Sophs,  
Ignored by the Seniors, forsaken by the  
"Profs."  
At last we were Seniors, how happy the  
thought,  
We have finished our studies, reached  
the goal we have sought,  
Now 'tis our privilege, to look back  
o'er the scene  
Recall all the joys, all the pleasures  
we've seen  
But our historian already has told of  
this year.  
Then I will not bore you, so never you  
fear.  
And now, my dear friends and classmates  
you too;  
My poem's near done, but before I am  
through  
I would call your attention to something  
forgot.  
'Tis a mystery to me why the class should  
allot  
Their poem to one unskilled in such  
lore  
When others there are, a dozen or more  
Who know (?) all the English, the Latin  
and Greek,  
Without which they say a man cannot  
speak.  
Why a poem should be written by a B.  
M. E.  
'Tis something that really I cannot quite  
see.  
I might have prepared, with success,  
some design,  
But a poem my comrades is out of my  
line.  
But I had to write something, no matter  
how bad,  
Some old recollection, in humble rhyme  
clad.  
And now as 'tis done, your pardon I ask  
For the very poor way that I've finished  
my task.  
And remember if my poem 'isnt the  
pink of perfection  
That the poets are born, not made by  
election.

President on the front steps,  
Colonel on the stair,  
Loafers in the hall-way,  
Music in their air.

—JOBE JOHNSON.

Her lips were uplifted,  
Her cheek on his breast,  
Her head touched the button,  
And he did the rest.

He married a girl,  
Thought life was blessed,  
She never touched a button,  
You know the rest.

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U. L. S.

Pursuant to a call of the President a large number of the members assembled in the society hall last Friday evening. Quite a while was spent in interesting conversation which finally developed into narratives, blood (?) curdling engagements, hair (?) breadth escapes, hasty retreats, speedy recoveries, and ultimate victories, entered into each talk. This was intensely interesting to all, but finally our president called our attention to the fact that we should have have some thing a little more wholesome and not quite so much fun. After this he pounded lightly on the table with his little gavel. In a moment we were so quiet as to make the silence almost oppressive. But this was soon broken by cries of "Patterson," "Prof. Wm. Patterson," after which Pres. Woods told Prof. Patterson that it was the desire of house to hear from him. The Prof. then told us in well-chosen words, something of the history of the Union Literary Society and what it had done for its members and what they are now doing; first for the world, and secondly for themselves.

He told of the many advantages to be derived from literary societies, and his address was enjoyed by all.

Then our venerable friend Weaver, who is perhaps the only one of our charter members left, and the old battle scarred hero and veteran made a spontaneous combustion or in other words he fired away and each and every time he opened his mouth something came—mostly parables, but occasionally a proverb.

Then we had some other words from smaller guns, after which we proceeded to a business meeting, took in a new member, Mr. King of Cynthia, some committees were appointed, one "a committee on improvement," whose duty it is to see what can be done to add to the comfort and beauty of our hall.

The outlook for the present year is fair. We hope to be able to maintain that high standard for which we have ever been conspicuous.

My Life's Greatest Happiness.

AT SIX MONTHS.  
 A layin' back a yellin'  
 An' a risin' of my lungs,  
 An' a cryin' anuff  
 Fur a dozen baby tungs.  
 AT TWO YEARS.  
 A playin' around the puddle  
 An' a stickin' in the mire,  
 An' a gettin' to the gate  
 An' a scatterin' of the fire.  
 AT FOUR YEARS.  
 A runnin' off from mommer  
 An' a follerin' of my dad,  
 An' all the time a talkin'  
 If he didn't make me mad.  
 AT FIVE YEARS.  
 A puttin' on my britches  
 When they wuz my very first,  
 And a feelin' in my pockets—  
 W'y, I thought that I'd burst.

AT EIGHT YEARS.  
 A goin' in a swimmin'  
 An' a losin' of my clothes,  
 An' a feel the mud a squirtin'  
 As I walk between my toes.  
 AT TEN YEARS.  
 A callin' up the doodle bugs  
 An' a pettin' of a snake  
 An' a climbin' of a tree  
 Fer a frisky squir'l to shake.

AT TWELVE YEARS.  
 A chewin' of tobacco  
 An' a smokin' like a flue,  
 An' a bettin' on the races,  
 An' a winnin' on 'em too.  
 AT FOURTEEN YEARS.  
 A watchin' upper lip—  
 An' it's not a watchin' vain,  
 For a dainty little mustache  
 My hand 'ill have to train.

AT FIFTEEN YEARS.  
 A thinkin' of the future  
 An' a countin' time a loss.  
 Till I was twenty-one  
 An' sure enough my boss.

AT TWENTY-ONE.  
 It's a comin' on was slowly,  
 But it's surely come a last,  
 An' I found me happiest  
 In a thinkin' of the past.

AT TWENTY-SIX.  
 Time's wheel is now a movin'  
 An' a mighty whirl it seems,  
 An' often I am happy yet—  
 But it's only in my dreams.

Here is some poetry for some of our boys.

Boyibus kissibus  
 Sweet girlorum,  
 Girlibus hikibus  
 Wanti Sumorum.

—Silver and Gold.

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