

One Year

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky 40506

The Kentuckian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL 3
No 2



LEXINGTON
KY.

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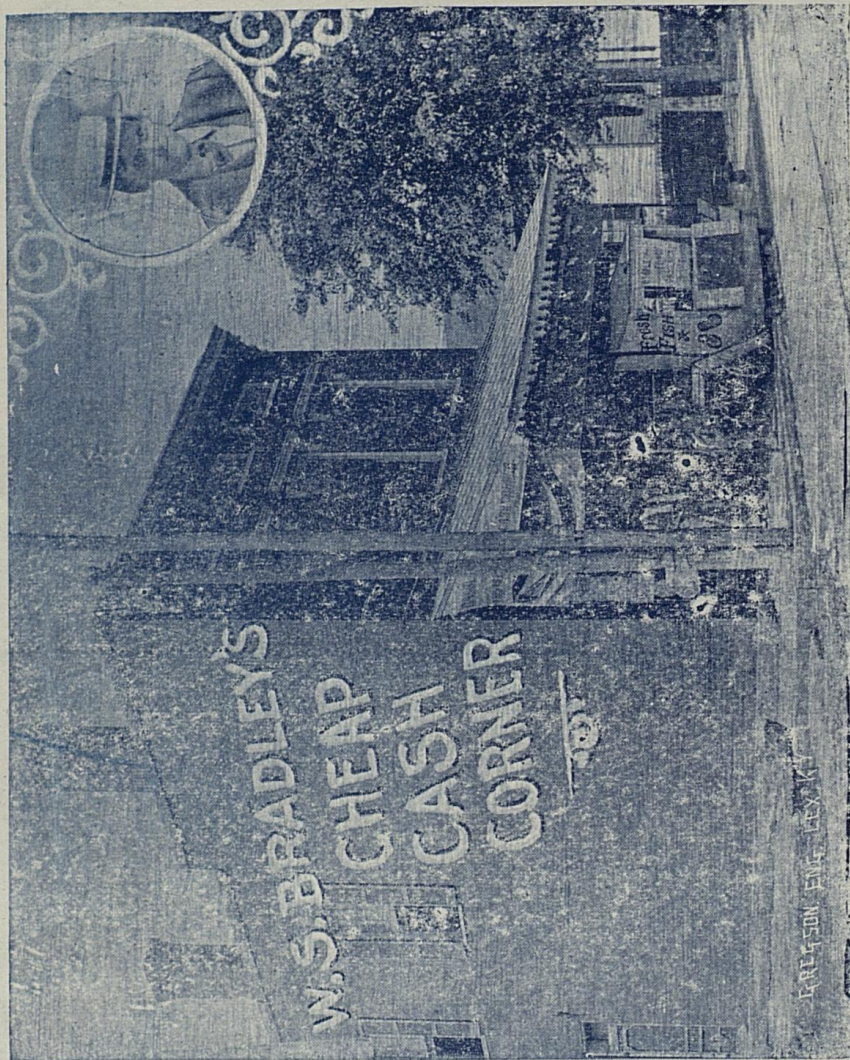
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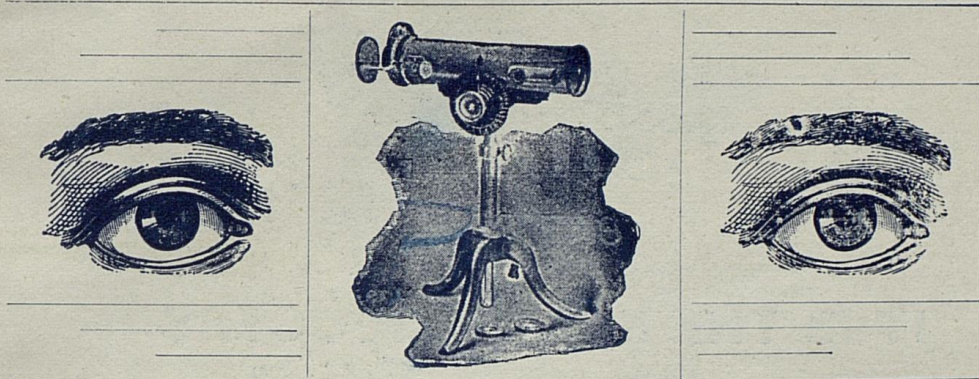
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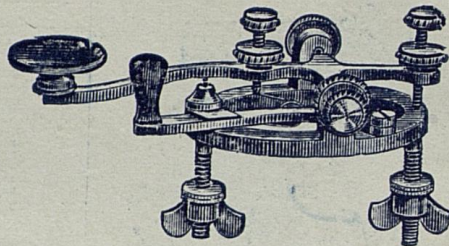
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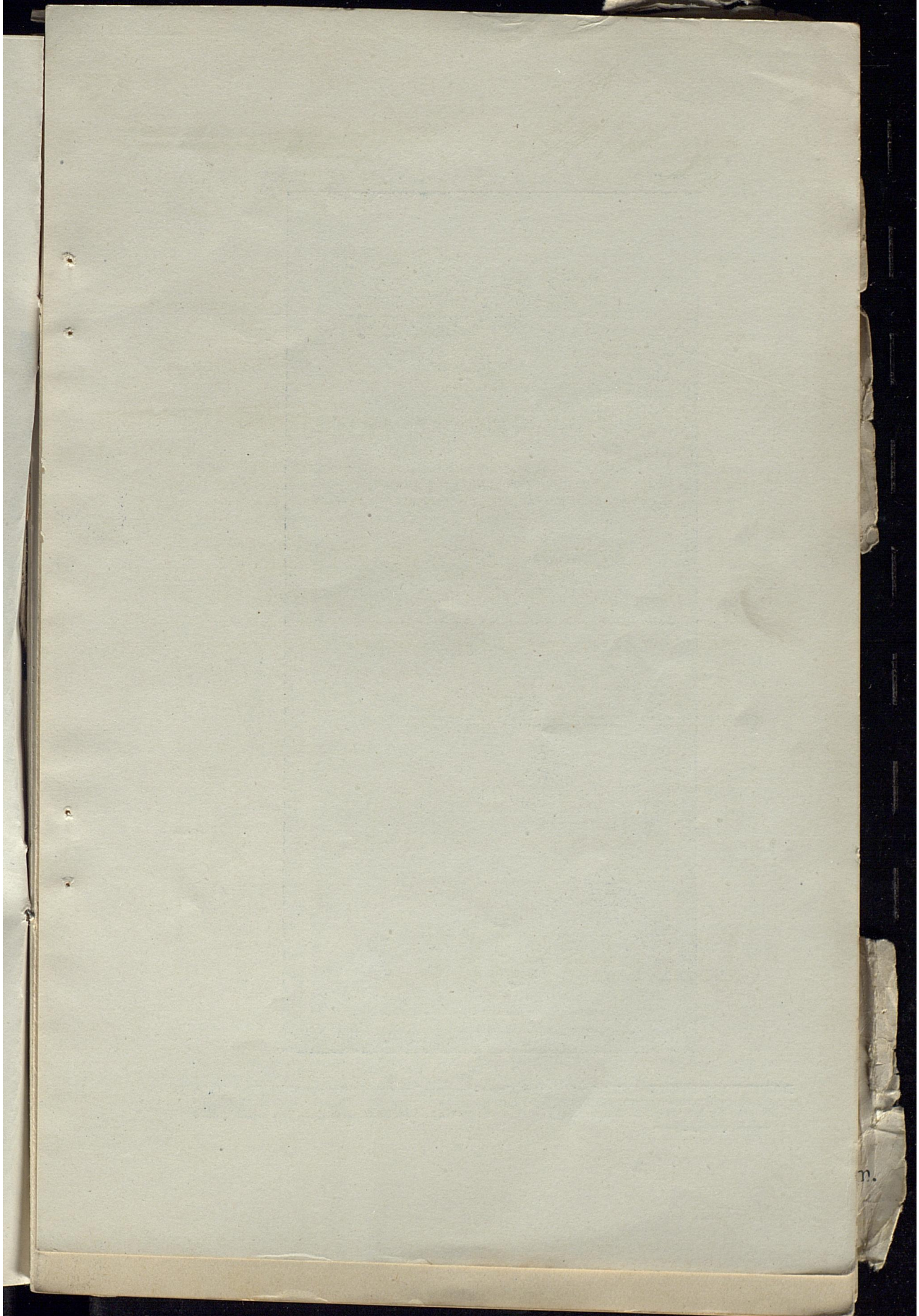
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ROBERT McDOWELL ALLEN, whose thrilling eloquence has caught the ear of the State. Mr. Allen easily ranks as one of Kentucky's best speakers. "New Conditions, New Duties," delivered by Mr. Allen at Chattanooga, won, over all the Kentucky colleges, the seventy-five dollar (cash) prize.

NEW CONDITIONS, NEW DUTIES.

ROBERT McDOWELL ALLEN.

An evolution that sweeps into a grander day.

When man enters the world's first traditions, he enters conditions. The frost was cold and the rain chilled him, and his hunger demanded food. There was a snarl from the sunless forest, and his brother, like himself, was warring and barbarous. Every day, every sun, every mountain caused him to wonder. The night came on and every star was a mystery.

Man met three problems—three problems which he must face if he would exist—three problems which he must solve if he would be civilized. To protect himself, to beat off the frost and rain and feed his hunger, to know more of the mystery.

To beat off the frost and rain and feed his hunger, he built his bark-thatched hut and went forth with his bow into the trackless forest in search of food. To-day the problem points in its solution to the industries which build the palace and heat and light the cottage, which produce and distribute at his will every necessity and luxury man's abilities and needs can desire.

To protect himself, and he gathered his tribe into a village and surrounded it with a wall and practiced the crude elements of government with a chief to direct and a warrior to guard—later, a king and a soldier. To-day the problem points in its solution to the republic with its judge and lawyer, with its great organization of society and government, with their constitutions and codes, with their many laws and mighty principles.

To know more of the mystery, and his astroliger taught him to read the future of his tribe in the setting of the star. To-day he is melting the sands and through the telescope is reading the harmony of the universe in the track of the planet; and out of his desire to learn more of the mystery around him, he points to the teacher and preacher, the philosopher and scientist, with their literature and art in education, and above all, a religion which worships only a being of love and truth.

Man was barbaric, but bravely he met his conditions. Slowly while years became pyramids and castles, at the sacrifice of kingdoms and creeds and giving his life upon the block and battlefield for the triumph of right he has been solving the problems, and knows the elements of a glorious civilization.

The centre of thought to-day is the industrial question, never before has it been greater, more complex or more seemingly unsolved. Man's wants have multiplied, and the systems to produce and distribute them have correspondingly grown to be many and great ones. One by one he has utilized the energies of nature to turn the wheels of the factory and of

his travel; he has lifted the burden of the industry from his shoulder to his mind, and the problem has become complex; while the fittest to survive, the law in this age of evolution—the same law which bids the tallest tree steal the first sunbeam and drink the purest rain-drop while the dwarfed sapling struggles beneath—the law which lavishes to the intellectually strong and refuses to pity the ignorant weak never before was felt as it is in this time of conquering mind.

Our civilization has brought new conditions. On one hand the industrial king, whose power consists not in the clangor of arms, but in the silence of wealth. On the other hand, as labor becomes more enlightened it grows more discontent with its lot, and is feeling more keenly the injustice from greed.

What once was the strength of two barbarians joined to drag the venison from the forest, what was once two shoulders to lift the log to its place on the hut, to-day is the mighty corporation, formed by the combination of wealth with industry and inventive genius, which manufactures with great economy of product and energy, which transports with marvelous rapidity the building stone and steel and plank, the heating coal, the light-giving oil, the nourishing bread and beef, and the countless necessities and luxuries of life, which gives labor better opportunities to improve its conditions, a cottage instead of a hut, an electric globe instead of a tallow dip; but which accumulate on the one hand wealth in piles and power beyond the dreams of Lydia's richest king; which abused cities and filled them with toiling men and children, subjected and succumbing to vice, and these are the evils which we would eliminate or at least would control.

Aristotle said that if some power other than man's own could be learned to love the shuttle, that the problem of slavery would be solved; but man knows the power of Niagara, he has read the law of the lightning, and bids them run and rule his machine, but never before were the inequalities greater; or the utilization of common interests for private ends more marked. Our statutes are filled with laws to regulate these evils, the party platforms are making the trusts an issue for a coming campaign; the pages of the press are filled with articles from the brain and thought of the land; that something is wrong all are determined; that something all are endeavoring to eliminate.

When in the last century the political inequalities became too great, when kings asserted to the Saxon their "divine right" to rule, and when they built their thrones out of the tears and blood of a toiling serf, with redder blood and brinner tears than built them they were swept away, and the serf became, however humble, a citizen. But the thorns or greed and the industrial inequalities have not been created by birthright are armies, nor can strikes or armies eliminate them.

Socialism is placed as the gold of human endeavor and honest men are advocating it for the solution of our economic conditions. In its broad theory it is beautiful, grand, ultimate. No special development of a class at the subjection and sacrifice of another class; no society formed out of warring individuals, but an organic whole, in a word, self-supplanted by altruism, a dream too far in the future to be realized in our present conditions. For, if we understand the plan by which they would accomplish it can a government make equalities? Can any code of laws determine who

is to discover the element, invent the machine, write the poem or sing the melody? If it were possible to equalize the wealth of the land, would this equalize the desires for the luxury and power which wealth brings, and the spirit to obtain them? If it were possible to mingle the classes, would not the spirit of cast still remain? As long as there are differences in men's environment, there will be classes. As long as there are both the strong and the weak, one class will develop at the subjection and sacrifice of the other class. You cannot eliminate from the industrial world the law of supply and demand. You cannot unteach men's minds that in unity there is more strength and greater possibilities for good or for evil. The law of the fittest to survive is as fixed as the law of gravitation; and all legislation, all thought, all endeavors to solve the problem must recognize these laws.

There is nothing the matter with the systems themselves. If any change give us a factory with cheaper prices, better products, more utilization of man's genius. The wrong is that they are being operated for individual interests; The problem is to have them operated for the highest developments of each, and for the good of all. The problem needs more of human kindness to soften the harsh law of the fittest to survive. It needs more of the wasting strength of organization turned to feed and free humanity. It needs, in a word, less of self and more of love for fellow-man.

As long as there is ignorance, as long as greed operates the industries as long as we license vice, as long as we place men in our legislative halls who will price their souls and and sell the people they represent to be the victims of greed, so long will the industrial inequalities be hard to solve and there will remain misery and want in lards of plenty, and the dark clouds of ignorance still will hang around the horizon of learning sky in the very presence of sunlight and truth.

This, as we recall with pleasure the victories of the past and realize with delight the marvelous progress of our civilization, is the question to study for it concerns the destiny of our glorious republic. I repeat that war can not solve it, for its solution must eliminate from the heart of man all anger and strife. It is the thought for the philosopher; it is the theme for the pen; it is the question for the deliberation of patriotic statesmen, and the work for the pulpit and the school-room. It concerns the destiny of our republic as does no other problem. The pessimist tells us that it threatens to destroy it. But when we see before us our grand achievements, and realize the unparalleled progress of the age's thought; when we see all around us the uplifting elements of our Christian civilization; universal education, making knowledge the birthright of the people; the press and voice teaching and telling the established truths of religion and science to all; society claiming moral culture for its standard; and above all, the political equality of the people; when we recognize that our constitution has been written from experiences of the past; that the principles of our government have been shaped and purged by sword and flame, we believe that the grand old republic is a success, will stand, will dedicate its industries to liberty, and triumph in its mission of freedom.

The curtain is soon to close on a glorious scene in the drama of time, and the century of beginning soon will be history. History, not only to be

read on ledge and leaf, not solely legend for tottering age; but history, told in the roll of every driving wheel; told by the conquered parting crest of the ocean foam, painted sublime by the harmony of nature's laws, and heralded immortal by the never-dying melodies its pen and strings have sung. For its monument, political liberty triumphant, a republic with a constitutional government, and a religious ideal whose God inspires to sacredness of duty and worship of truth, love and the desire for right. Time is moving on toward eternity, while truths structure grows stronger and greater, as one by one the jewels of discovery are added to the sacred walls and as one by one the great problems relating to human life are solved.

There were never brighter hopes for the future. There was never more work for all, work of expanding the uplifting elements of a Christian civilization that have already done so much for man. There are empires of prejudice and passion which know not of the peaceful rule of justice, and the guiding power of reason. There are hearts of greed into which never beamed the sunshine of love for the world. Science has its vast accumulation of fact and law, and its present attainments are but the material out of which the palace is yet to be builded. And there is a vast expanse upon the sea of intellect long lonesome for a sail. There are countless heights surrounded by a cloud of mystery still unclimbed. Ambitions eagle needs but attempt and courage, there is room in learning's sky for every wing to spread and soar to the basking sunlight of knowledge.

The victories of the past have been fought with hoe and sword upon the dusty field of toil and strife. The problems of the future are to be solved upon the loftier plain of the mind. Have you a smile, then make the sorrow less. Have you a prayer, then lend inspiration to the work. Have you a ballot, then the judge cannot be too just or the law-maker too conscious of the sacredness of his duty. But you say the smile is weak, the prayer is faint and the ballot but one.

On a hillside in Minnesota a little brooklet leaves its home, singing as it yields its course to the stone, singing until its murmers are hushed upon the bosom of a lake, to the sea; and so another brooklet, and many others until a lake, lingering long enough to echo back to its prairie home its long farewell, joins its song with the song of other lakes to swell one chorus to sea. Formed by the melting snow flakes in Montana's hills another stream is started, singing as it goes upon its long winding journey, singing as it rounds Dakota's wheat fields, singing as it mocks Kansas's dusty plains singing until its song is swelled by creek and river into a rolling chorus of the sea; until it meets the chorus of the lakes to form the mighty Mississippi, whose onward course no mountain stone can turn, upon whose bosom floats the commerce of its valley, whose rich alluvial waters fertilize the broad areas of the South, whose springs and rivers form the mighty waterway of the mightiest valley of a mighty earth.

Bring more co-operation and more purpose into work. And from where the cotton stalk bends beneath its snow-white emblem of purity, where every breath is sweet with the song of the nightingale, and every zephyr faint with the odorless breath of the magnolia and the rose; from the golden gate, whose every mountain fissure yields in countless measures the yellow shrine of the million, whose vine such fruit as did the Jewish scout never find in the beautiful land across the Jordan; from where the cool spark-

ling waters of the Oregon roll their splashing music as they dash their way around the base of sky-piercing peaks; from where the wheat fields hold aloft their yellow grain, whose golden blades are fanned by western zephyrs into mimic waves of a mighty sea; from where the smokestack wreathing its brow with blackened smoke and the click of machinery points to the busy hum of man's industry and progress, there is a land of faith and patriotism, a land of thought and religion, a land of ballots.

New developments, new work, new growth, new responsibilities. The lightning has wired light into the palace, it remains to burst the monopolized discoveries of genius and make bright the hearts and homes of the people. The world has been conquered by the sword, and before the Saxon a glorious opportunity, and in his hands a Christian civilization, mighty to teach and uplift. New conditions, new duties; an evolution that sweeps into a grander gay.

ECONOMY.

Happy the man so well educated that his finances add wings to his success. Genius without ability to live within means actually possessed or responsibly expected, is synonymous with misery. The true blessedness of life—whatever sphere of activity a student enters—depends largely upon his ability to keep out-go less than income. Many an ordinary mind has unceasingly advanced to influence, as well as has constantly held happiness, simply because it knew how to manage its money account. Of two students equally bright going out into the world from graduation day, one capable in money affairs and the other incapable, the chances—no the certainties—of a successful career are with the former rather than the latter.

A student's use of the money that comes into his control is therefore of most significant importance. His sense of its worth, his appreciation of the source from which he received it, his methods of expenditure, his power to obtain the best and largest results from it are elements of his character that he cannot afford to underestimate. Even if it comes to him freely as a lavish gift of wealthy parents, all the more should he be on guard lest misuse of it unfit him for the thoughtfulness that, sooner or later, his own personal responsibilities will demand. Here is where the poor boy, struggling to obtain an education, and necessarily counting every cent he himself can earn or can secure from self-denying friends, is at an advantage; he must practice self control, denying himself luxuries, remembering the sacrifice of his parents, and striving to make his resources as far-reaching as possible.

But rich or poor as the student may be, each alike needs the scientific method of using money. Truth applies to money as much as to electricity. Carelessness—not to say recklessness—in the use of money is a handicap. Avoidable debts hurts the moral and mental conception of the man, and prejudices the world against him. The teacher, minister or engineer who cannot manage his own finances wisely is an unsafe man with whom to in-

trust interests; the physician, lawyer or merchant whose methods tend toward bankruptcy would better be passed by.

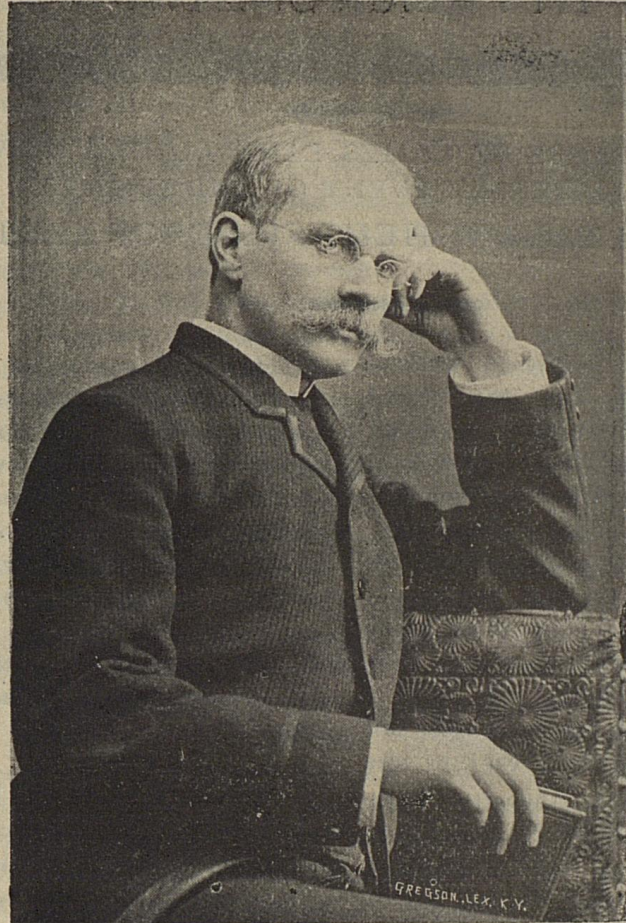
The student as a student may not know the fact, but fact it is, that this world of ours, whose progress depends upon the ideal and whose sweetest experiences are those of sentiment, is still, and so far as we can see, ever will be, exceedingly prosaic. Some day bread must be secured, and perhaps children clothed and educated. Then the man who, years ago, learned to manage comes gradually to the front; he can provide for a home, can do his part in public improvements, and can keep good cheer. His fellow who failed to see the moral obligations of money, who did not pay his debts, did not feel gratitude to his benefactors, and did not have wit enough to adapt his expenses to his income will be far behind in life's race.

ECONOMY.

It is a common error to suppose that the student who is successful in his studies is necessarily successful in his life. The true happiness of life depends largely upon his ordinary mind has been constantly held happy. Of two students one capable in the certain—of a

control is therefore of his appreciation of the expenditure, his power to his character that to him freely as a law-gard least misand his own personal or boy struggling to he himself can earn; he must practice the sacrifice of his pr as possible.


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"THE REIGN OF LAW."

THE APPEARANCE OF JAMES LANE ALLEN'S NEW BOOK
THE LITERARY EVENT OF MID-SUMMER.
HE TELLS A TALE OF HEMP FIELDS OF KENTUCKY



With the first published work of James Lane Allen there was infused into American Literature a new and ennobling spiritual life the growth of which has been marked by each succeeding book by him. An appealing dignity of purpose and an all pervading influence of the best instincts of life and character filled these books with rare and tender beauty. They carried people's hearts by the irresistible charm of their thought and expression. Year after year they rose

like watch lamps on the great highway of letters, there to attract the reader, who, weary of the vanities and frivolities of contemporary fiction, found peace and grateful communion within their beneficent glow. From lamp to lamp, from book to book, there has been one gleaming shaft of beauty.

A literary silence of three years is now broken by Allen with "Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. Few books have been so eagerly awaited; few books have realized so much rich promise. True to the

instincts of his genius he has continued his work in that domain where the children of his fancy roamed, the State of his birth. The new book is as yet his greatest and most ambitious effort; a book aflame with passion, but reverential purpose; brilliant with color, thrilling with life remarkable for the keenness and subtlety of its analysis of emotion; a distinct onward step in the art of the author.

Never before in a book has Allen approached the ground upon which the drama of this story is enacted the field of Reason is where the Man contemplates the mystery of mysteries, his God, his own origin and his destiny. On that field Allen declares for law and knowledge, and he brings to his support the Titanic forces of the whole Universe that have shaped the story of the world. It is reason's dawn upon the mountain peaks of high thought and noble utterances. Whatever may be the attitude that this book may inspire, certain it is

that, throbbing in its very life, pre-
mating and chastening it. is the great-
est of all influences, the influence of
Nature, where long ago the art of Al-
len took root to flower in every story.

A tale of the Kentucky hemp fields
—a mighty conflict between Faith
and Doubt in the fairest of natures
settings. At the very suggestion
there flashes across the mind the pic-
ture of a "rippling sea of green," once
seen and never forgotten. To those
who have seen it no description is
necessary. It remains in the mind
as the unfolding of rare and pictur-
esque beauty peculiar to our own
Kentucky land. The story of hemp
with which Allen prefaces his story
is really a poetic prelude, a part of
the book, so interwoven are its in-
fluences and its aspects with the life
of the romance. To Allen the life of
hemp is but the reflection of our own
existence. "All seasons are its
servitors, all contradictions and ex-
tremes of nature meet in its making.

Of none but strong virtues it is the
sum."

In view of modern fiction many
people have come to look upon inci-
dent rather than character as the
chief essential of a story. Under this
impression most writers have piled
episode upon episode, reared the
mountains over their energy and gloss-
ed them over with the thinnest fabric
of thought. Once in a generation
there comes a writer whose depend-
ence is not upon incident, but upon
character; not upon exciting action
but upon the analysis of temperament;
upon the deployment of the forces of
nature into intellectual and beautiful
array. Such a writer is James Lane

Allen, through whose work there runs
the golden thread of of keen, scholar-
ly discernment.

"The Reign of Law" is therefore no
thrilling scene of incident, but deeply
involved in the story and nourishing
its spirit in the most dramatic of all
situations, the conflict of man with
his faith. There is no shining weap-
on but the mind; no battleground save
the soul. No vast theatre is needed
for the development of this story; first
the drama of the man's soul with God
and then the drama of the heart with
woman.

Two people—David and Gabriella—
completely fill its pages. "They are
children of two revolutions, separate,
but having a common end; she pro-
duced by the social revolution of the
new world, which overthrew mediae-
val slavery; he by the intellectual
revelation of the old world, which be-
gan to put forth scientific law, but in
so doing brought on a great age of re-
ligious doubt." Between the two in
all the varying emotion of storm-wept
life, is evolved the story of "The Reign
of Law," the man, on one hand, stand-
ing for intellectual vigor, rugged reason,
spiritual independence; the woman
for sympathy, grace and devotion.
Unconsciously they prove the rule of
the new and altered social conditions
of the South, for they are the repre-
sentatives of remote social states.

In the heart of the Blue Grass lives
this boy David, a lanky giant amid
the growing hemp. He is descendant
of one of that sturdy band that wrest-
ed a great and fertile region from a wild-
erness; that blazed the way for a con-
quering civilization. That great
grand parent, loyal to his own princi-

pledges of human justice, and dedicated a plot of ground for the erection of a building to religious liberty. The same sense of right is dormant in the boy. All the hope of his lusty young heart; the dream of his youthful life is centered upon the university which has risen out of the ashes of the Civil War at Lexington to gather within its walls the youth of the growing West and the stricken South; to disseminate knowledge; to teach the Bible, free from theological restraint.

And there comes a day when this boy finds his way to the Bible College the step to the ministry; the great goal that had beckoned to him across the Blue Grass field; that had nodded alluringly through the waving hemp; that was to redeem him from the degradation of poverty.

The simple faith of trusting boyhood lifted him out of the meanness of poverty and exerted the stern realities of life. He comes to a town rent with sectarian life. Like many of his brothers the world over he finds his religion crowned with the briars of the logical dispute and he a pious pilgrim must wander amid the bristling thickets of conflicting dogma to have his garment of faith rudely torn. He reaches out for truth and pricks his fingers on the thorns of creed. His mind gropes helplessly in the darkness of orthodoxy. He finds pulpits thundering at pulpits; all the long cherished dignity of the sacred calling consumed with the wrath of prejudice. Being a reasoning boy he begins to enquire into the inward of the matters; he comes to the "splitting of life's single road in to those paths of Doubt and Faith." There rises the problem of man's place in

nature and in that great system of thought and creed which is known as Christianity."

David hears Darwin proscribed; he does what every thinking man would do; he reads Darwin, and into the channels of his mind there flows a new and grateful current of thought; there is a sunrise on his soul world. The fetters of faith melt under the glow of reason and law, the mystery disappears from the church and in its stead there rises the supremacy of law. A great intellectual and spiritual revolution is at hand.

And then another scene: the chapter room of the Bible College at the close of a dreary winter day, when this young giant sets before his judges witness "to the sublime, indispensable part of Man, which is Doubt," and he stands at the head of a great and mighty host that stretches through all time, eloquent evidences of resolute human inquiry. Before the boy the "Defenders of the Faith." It is a scene that Allen has described with marvelous nobility and impressive earnestness and will long linger in the mind as a climax of rare and enthralling dignity. And the boy goes from sacred halls with old ideals shattered and new light in his heart.

What follows is part of the development of his story, evolved with consummate skill; the tragedy of David's home-coming; back to the sweet communion with the waving hemp fields, where his heart is stroked with the tenderest of memories and where Gabriella steals into his life. There dawns the day of love after the night of Doubt and Dispare. In tenderness

beauty and purity this love story is an inspiration.

In David there is presented one of the noblest types of our fiction; the incarnation of brilliant mentality and splendid manhood. He is cast in the heroic mold that shapes heroes and martyrs, the sort that create human epochs and stimulate world progress. No portrait in contemporary literature is more symbolic of truth and honor—honor as men see it in the sense of courageous devotion to conviction; honor as women must see it in the light of great affection. No incident is more dramatic than the lonely struggle of this Kentucky boy and unconsciously he appeals to every instinct of fairness and right.

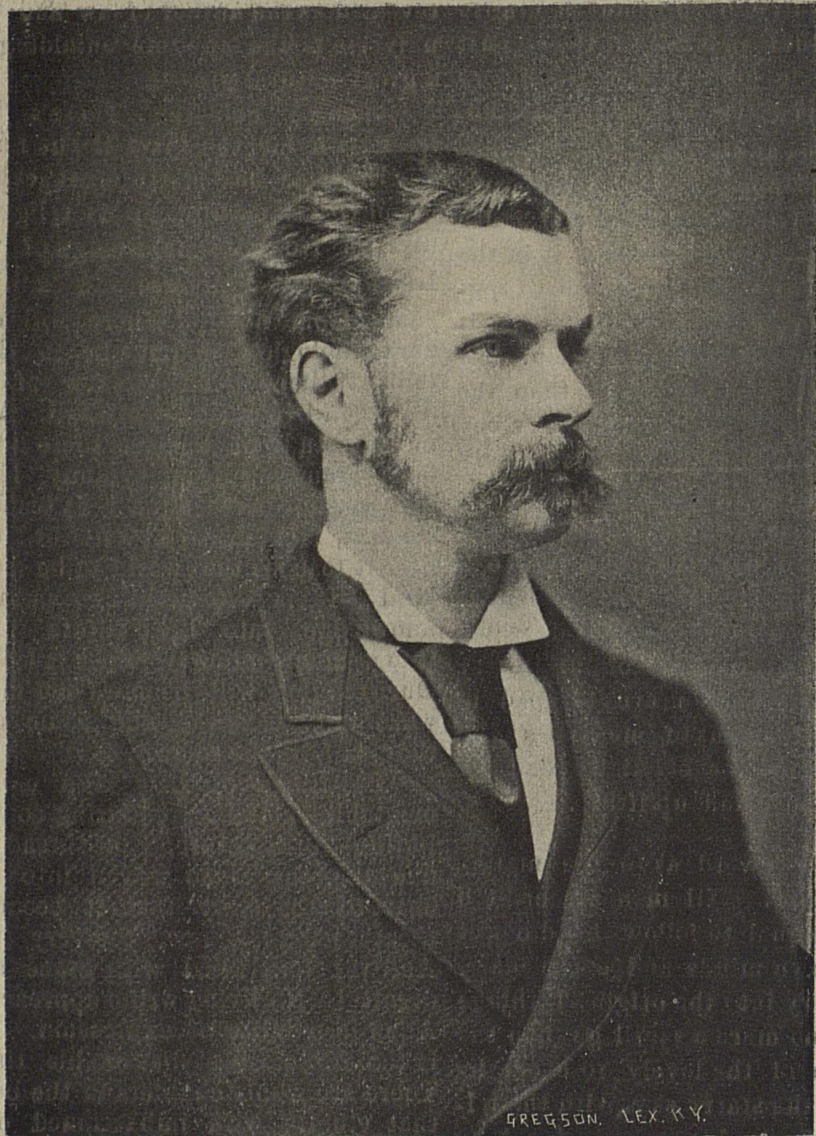
What need is there to write of Gabriella? To say that she is one of Allen's creations implies that she is one of that shining sisterhood which is the rarest adornment of our literary life. These women are steeped in the most fragrant of memories and their lives are benefactions, as their loves are pure and uplifting.

And now a word as to the motive of this story. All men are created free and equal to follow the dictates of their own minds and consciences. The inquiry into the origin of things sacred is no more a sacrilege than the dissection of the lovely rose or the sweep of the starry sky with the telescope. Back of each the dargt learn; the answer that the mind makes to the appeal of reason. The boy David's soul is only responding to the Nature's call. With him there is no dull piety; no heedless wandering of that path worn by the countless

feet of pilgrims through all the ages. To him the mind points the way, the truth, the light; forces the emancipation from dogma; effects the disenfranchisement of blind belief. God is revealed as the author of law and the universe is the sublime unfolding of a great natural growth.

“Science! Science! There's the fresh path for the Faith of the race. For the race henceforth must get its idea of God and build up its religion to Him from its knowledge of the Laws of his Universe. A million years from now! Where will our dark theological dogmas be in that radiant time? The creator of all life in all life must be studied. And in that study of Science there is at least wrangling, least tyranny, least bigotry, no persecution. It teaches charity, it teaches a well ordered life, it teaches the world to be more kind. It is the great new path of knowledge into the future. All things must follow whether it leads, Our religion will be more and more what our science is, and some day they will be the same.”

“The Reign of Law” is a monumental work and an enduring contribution to literature. The thread of fine thought is so woven into the heart of the story that it becomes the absorbing theme, the very life. And yet how filled with grace and dignity! No living writer approaches Allen in nobility of expression. He is the foremost stylist of his time. There are whole chapters in the book that vibrate with impassioned eloquence; whole passages that swell with the majesty of a cathedral chant. Every page is radiant with beauty. The most exquisite tracery of English speech is spread all over the work like shining gold. His lines, his thoughts are treasured up to



JAMES LANE ALLEN, as a young man.

thrill the memory with their music long after the book is closed.

It was a great Scotsman who writing of his mother, said that it was out of her eyes that he had read all he knew or ever cared to write; that it was she who opened the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts and this was the beginning and end of all literature.

And so it is with James Lane Allen who has looked into the eyes of his Mother Nature and she has revealed to him all mysteries of her heart of hearts; the untold depths of the hills the throbbing passion of earth; the calm mystery of many toned woods; all that long grand world symphony that blends the divine note of farewell of death with the sharp quick cry of birth; all that there is of human struggle and desire. And over it all, ever glowing with the living light of truth and beauty, is nature, for her reign is the reign of Law.— I. F. Marcossou in Louisville Times.

FOOT BALL.

W. H. KILER.

There are two points which writers and talkers on physical training are almost always ready to bring forward when discussion arises as to the present status of our race—they tell us to look at the ancient Greeks and at the animal kingdom. They tell us the ancient Greeks attained certain proficiencies in the field of athletics, and developed a remarkably perfect physique, which the artist delighted to reproduce. They show us the muscular perfection of brute crea-

tures, their general health and comfortable relations with life.

These points are in the main well raised. The example of the Greeks was, in all respects, one toward which the attention of modern people may always profitably be turned. The Pan-Hellenic games were an inspiration to the rising generation. They made physical vigor fashionable. And they were not merely an isolated incident in the life of the Greeks. These games were simply the bowering of a superb system of training—superb so far as it related to the work to be done in those tremendous conflicts of the arena.

Physicians and law-makers alike realize the importance of athletic exercises.

Lycurgus encouraged free training schools, and his successors followed in one way or another, the example set by their remarkable governor. Great honor was shown to the athletic heroes. A man who won more than one prize at the same Olympias was modeled in marble by the best sculptor of his State.

But the conditions of life among the ancient Greeks were wholly different from the conditions of life with which modern man and women are struggling. The athleticism of the old Grecian race was cultivated under very favorable circumstances.

They not only led a more out-door life than our northern races, but their mode of living, in respect to public and private festivals, entertainments and social movements, made the development of the physical man much easier than it can be with us.

How vastly different was the life of the ancient athlete from the life of the American college man. The American, born to a life of bustle and activity, is a busy creature. When he has leisure hours he seeks enjoyment and recreation. What form of physical training, what game or exercise, can so well represent the American spirit as the modern game of foot-ball? Here we have a game which develops the player in more ways than any form of exercise. It develops his lungs and muscles, his mental faculties, and his ability to control his temper. It teaches him to stand defeat. It teaches him regularity in his duties. And it affords him an opportunity of knowing his real strength as compared with his fellow man. And this great American game is not only advantageous to the player. It brings the hard-worked student from his often poorly ventilated quarters to the fresh open air. It takes his mind from the one channel of study to the foot ball field to watch his fellow students in their efforts to make the Varsity team.

Perhaps his room-mate is so fortunate as to make a good play. Then the hard work student will cheer - and the fresh September air penetrates to portions of his lungs which have perhaps been inactive for days.

What game could bring about so friendly a feeling between professor and student as the game of foot ball? Do they not stand side by side on the field and slap one another on the back when a brilliant play is made? Do they not sign their name to the same paper as contributors to the support of the team? Do they not vie with one another in their efforts to carry from the field the team victorious over its rivals?

Is deciding what college or school to attend what are the different points a student takes into consideration? Think you that he overlooks the strength and success of the foot ball team?

It has been estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand young men are enjoying the advantages of the game of foot ball in this country today.

The old ideas that once prevailed concerning the danger to foot ball players of becoming seriously injured are almost obsolete. Of course a man must condition himself to the game. He cannot come on the field only once a week and play hard foot

ball without endangering himself. He while we are winning and cheer while must harden himself for the conflict. we are losing. It is while we are FOOTBALL AT STATE COLLEGE loing that we need your support

In regard to foot ball prospects at and the college yell. Let the team the State College of Kentucky, I be- know that you are behind them and lieve they are most flattering, for the they will respond with a harder plunge season of 1900 Owing to the hard into the opposing line.

game with the University of Cincin- The State College should be, and nati so early in the season the train- no doubt is the pride of the people of ing of the team has been peculiar and Kentucky, and let us hope that the almost all preliminary work has been foot ball team of 1900 may be the abolished. We ask the hearty sup brightest gem in the crown of achiev- port of all interested in the State ments which the college may gain College, in our efforts to win. Cheer during the present school year.

Robert Shackleton, in a lengthy article on Senator Albert J. Beveridge in Saturday Evening Post, writes: "After these experiences—he was then only fourteen—young Beveridge determined to carry out his determination to go to college. For a time he sold papers, and out of his profits bought a suit of clothes. He worked in the post-office, drove a dray and hauled lumber, and by working continuously, saved a little money. In the meanwhile things looked bright about the farm; but the great drought of 1878-9 destroyed the crops, and the small sum that he had saved went to his father and mother

"It was then that the promised education seemed absolutely hopeless, but it happened that there was a vacancy at West Point and the place was thrown open to competitive examination. Young Beveridge took the examination and did well in every study except one. While he was reading a wag among the contestants made him laugh, and this incident cost him the scholarship by one fifth of one percent.

"When young Beveridge learned that he had lost he was wretchedly miserable. He was standing upon a corner, not knowing what to do or where to turn, when Edward Anderson came along.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"More than enough," was the reply. "I failed to get the West Point scholarship, and I don't see how I ever can get a college education."

"You go ahead and get ready," said Mr. Anderson, "I'll see you through."

"The offer was accepted. He went ahead and got ready and gave Mr. Anderson his note for the fifty dollars which he loaned him." Mr. Anderson says that it is the best investment he ever made.

"Young Beveridge's struggle through college was one of pluck and hard work. He won a prize, and his father was able to send him a little money and these combined to put him through the first term. During the summer vacation he cut more than 210 acres of wheat and drove the first self-binder ever seen in that region. With the money earned he was able to return to his studies."

Numerous stories are told in Indianapolis of Mr. Beveridge's struggles to become a lawyer. He tried very hard to get into the office of Benjamin Harrison, but did not succeed. Finally, he secured a position with another firm. Those first weeks were full of hardship. Literally he lived on one meal a day for more than a month, and it was not until the end of three months that he received any pay. Twenty dollars a month was his first salary.

SELECTED.

To sit and watch in the lonely house
Whence others have risen and gone their way—
So hushed and still that the wainscot mouse
Creeps out on my hearth to play;
To hear the hurrying folk go by
Their echoing feet the silence fill,
The world is busy enough, but I
In the midst of it all sit still!

To wait, tho' the tide runs far and fast,
To share the story yet turn no page,
To dwell in the heart of a vanished Past
With friends of a bygone age;
The living about me come and go,
But these have done with earth's toils and tears,
And I follow with faltering step and slow,
In the wake of the tedious years.

A broken weapon that's flung aside,
A worn out tool for which none need care—
Sometimes I fancy I must have died,
And that only a ghost sits there!
Yet the dead no longer can feel the strain
Of the nerveless hand and the powerless limb,
And the weariness even worse than pain
That comes when life's lamp burns dim!

Often I think the hour of darn,
When the faint light glimmers on the wall and floor,
And the curtains of night are half withdrawn,
Is the worst in the twenty-four!
How long will it be ere the tardy gleam
Of sunset fires the golden west?
It is less hard then just to watch and dream
When even the toilers rest.

And when stars come out o'er the twilight sea
There falls on my soul a peace profound,
As I think of a hand that once set free
The Spirits in prison bound;
One day He will burst these bonds of mine—
And perchance there is good work yet undone
He is keeping for me in His Love Divine
In the Land beyond the Sun!—Good Words.



K. S. C. MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1900.

JAMES MOTT McDANIEL.....	Manager
GUY WICKLIFFE RICE }.....	Associate Editors
WILLIAM L. BOWLING }	
LAL. D. THRELKELD.....	P. L. S.
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LOCALS.



Several of the boys remained in Louisville until Sunday morning. Johnson and C. W. reported a good time. Some say Crume missed the train.

The trip to Louisville was very pleasant in every way. The boys made a splendid showing, easily outclassing K. M. I., C. U., and the boys in blue. They had fifty

THE KENTUCKIAN.

of. K. S. C.'s fair girls along, and no wonder they surpassed all others. The K. S. C. bugle corps was as far ahead of the others as—well, we won't say. State College should be congratulated on having such good buglers. The College has turned out most of the good ones in the State.

Our old school-mate, Tom Finneran, is with us again, and he is the same good fellow as before.

Can any one tell why "Nieman" shaved off his moustache on the 24th of October? Quack doctors are sometimes afraid that their calling will be discovered.

The K. S. C. R. Corps of Examining Surgeons have been very busy the last few days, planning the next examination.

Basil Brooks made a flying trip to Oxford, O., last Sunday. Some of the boys say he went to see

Miami University, but most of them think that Oxford College held the attraction.

Fred Clark is now a first sergeant in the Artillery. The man is an honor to the place.

The theatrical art gallery of K. S. C. is now in No. 3, old dormitory. What boys room there?

The game between Dudley High School and K. S. C. third team, on the 25, resulted in a score of 0 to 0. Kimberlin and Marcum played the best game for K. S. C., and Wynn the best for Dudley.

Which is the West side of a boys' pants?

The side the son sets on.

Why is McKinley's mind like a bed?

Because Hanna makes it up every morning.



THE KENTUCKIAN.

To Aphrodite.

"Taire Venus, that is Queen of Love."—Spencer.

[From the Greek of H. G. Howard, of Texas. This translation reproduces the metre of the original ode. The measure is that in which, "Burning Sappho loved and sung," and thence called "Sapphic." It is used also by Horace and Catullus, and from these illustrious examples, is the regular metre for all "amorous ditties." This Greek ode of Howards is a literary curiosity, and the following translation, the only one that has ever been made, was written expressly for THE KENTUCKIAN.]

TRANSLATION BY CLARK HOWELL TANDY.

Hail to thee! thou beautiful goddess holy!
Thou that gladenst him, who will ever lowly
Worship thee and woo, and extol thee solely,
Queen of sweet yearning.
Hail to thee! of ALL gods alone the charming!
Hear my pious plea, and with courage calming
All misgiving fear,—with audacity arming
Help thou my burning
Bashfulness to snatch, without awkward parling,
Just three little love-kisses from my darling,
Rosy-cheeked; thee, then, I will give a garland,
Praises returning.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

A Library of Kentucky Authors.

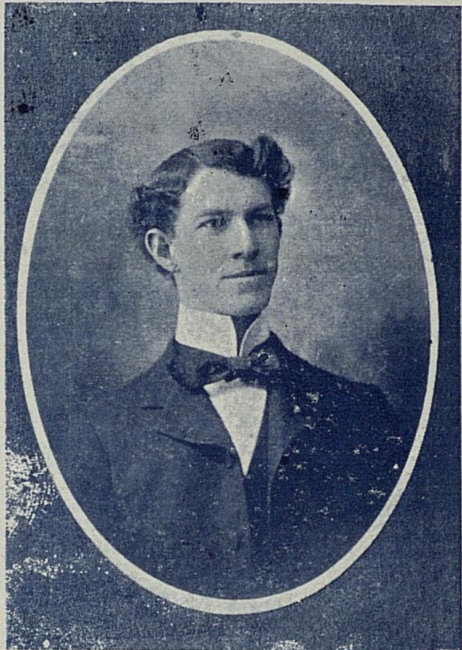
T. BRENT MOORE.

In the revival of the study of English, as brought about by Professor Mackenzie, especial attention is to be given to the literature of our own State. In this, as in all other literary work at the College, a great difficulty immediately presents itself. Beyond a few books of reference bought last year, the English department has no library. Now literature and libraries are so nearly associated in thought that they may be called relative terms. The library is the English students' work room. We must have a library.

The fact that we can often find what we want at the city library is utterly foreign to the subject in which the students are interested, and is merely a happy accident in so far as the College is concerned.

The collecting of even of fairly good library is a great task. Of that we are well aware, and we do not speak now because the College has never completed this task, but because it has never begun it. The completion will be a thing of the future always, because a library, however good, is never good enough. The beginning is *now*.

Though English literature is so broad a subject, when we come to the literature of Kentucky we find some possibilities. This is a limited subject, limited, perhaps, even more in quality than in quantity, and it is possible to collect all of it that has been written—good, bad and indifferent. The students and the friends of the College can do this, and we propose to begin now. If you have any book or books written by a Kentuckian, or about Kentucky, write to them, and if you are willing to lend them to the College, they will be returned on demand.



JOB DARBIN TURNER.

Of the hundreds of men who have gone out from K. S. C., very few are better known or more popular than Mr. J. D. Turner. While in college he was a hard and painstaking student, while as an athlete no better foot ball player ever charged across K. S. C. gridiron. After graduation he entered Miss Mary F. Millikin's School of Phonography, and under efficient instruction became an expert stenographer.

Mr. Turner was appointed Secretary to Dr. Redwine at the Eastern Kentucky Asylum, which position he resigned to become private secretary to Prof. M. A. Scovell, Director of the Kentucky Agricultural and Experimental Station. He has a host of friends who are elated over his success, and wish all the future success which his exceptional talents deserve.



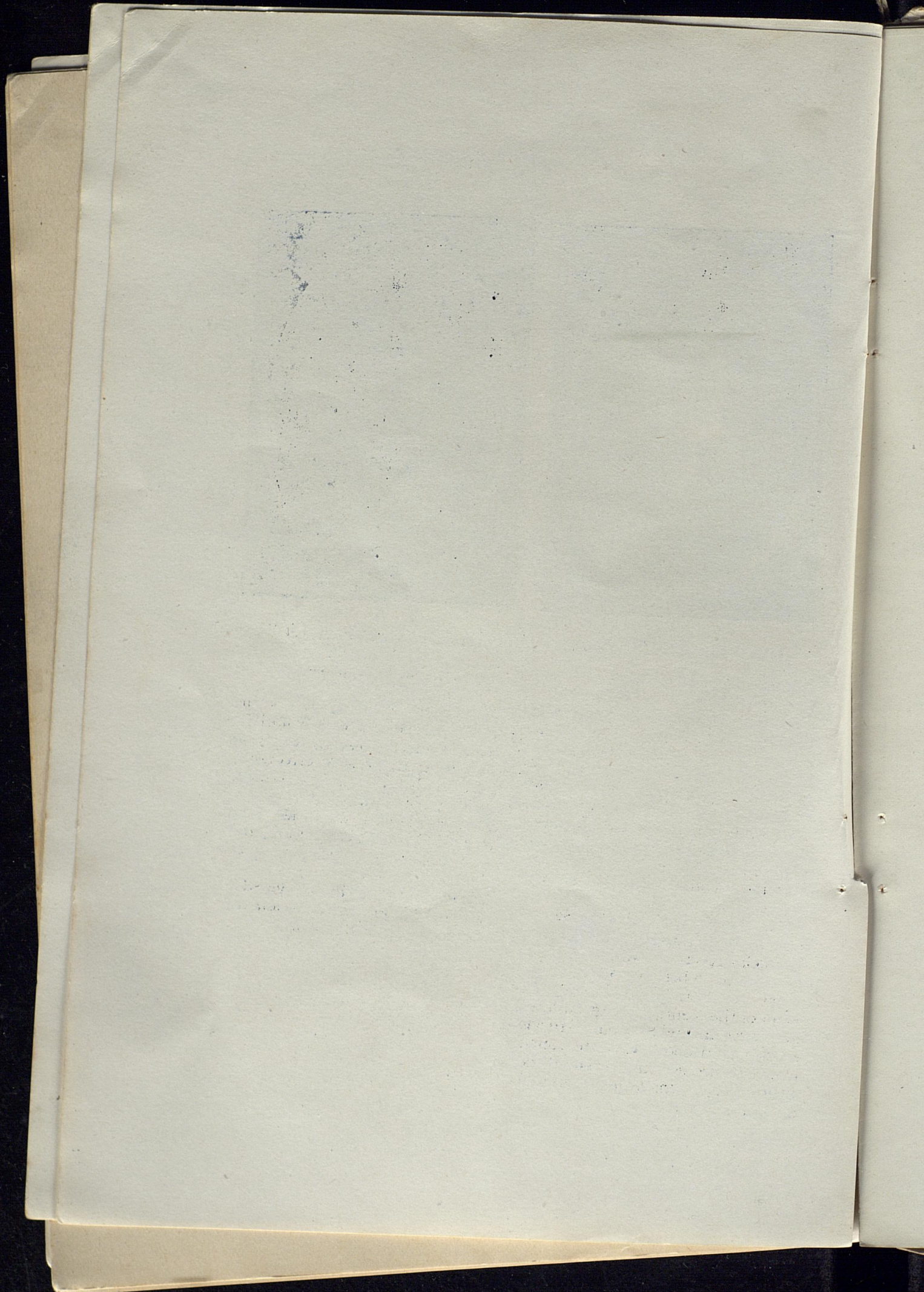
CARTER COLEMAN JETT,
K. S. C. '98.

Instructor Mechanical Engineering, the University of Minnesota.

Mr. Carter Coleman Jett is an engineer, a scholar and a humorist. He can build engines, write clever stories and spin yarns to perfection. "There is humor in his accent, there is humor in his eye.

For years he was one of the joke editors of THE KENTUCKIAN, and the "jokes of Jett" became proverbial.

We congratulate the University of Minnesota on her selection of this able young Kentuckian.





The men (with exception of Capt. C. C. Calhoun) who made the L. B. C. the great "Practical School of the South."

m.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

The Letter Which Tom "Barred" Out.

W. L. BOWLING.

[One of our college friends, in the fullness of his faith and confidence, one day showed us a letter which he had written to "his Chattanooga girl," and then was ashamed to send. We think ourselves fiends for exposing the first sergeant, but as the letter was so tender and full of emotion, we are constrained to present these lines.]

Forget you, dear?
Forever still thy heart's rem. test fear,
So long as mem'ry's sacred altars glow,
My heart no other love than you shall know,
Till morning suns shall forget to drink their portion
Of dewy tears; sad emblems of the Night's emotion,
Till mothers' lips forget each night and day
To frame a prayer for absent children far away;
Till sunny June grows chill as bleak December:
Till then, dear heart, I must, I shall remember.

* * * * *

Will you forget?
God grant e'er that my life with death has met.
I'd sooner see the mountains, toppling, fall,
Know heaven a myth, and God no God at all.
Our hearts are bound and will no severance brook.
I've studied deep in Love's old spelling book,
And find no word that spells or means forget,
We're caught forever, sweet, in Love's strong, silken net.



THE KENTUCKIAN.

Philosophia.

The first meeting the class of 1901 was held in Prof. White's room, Oct. 4th, 1900. After the call to order by the president, Miss Lary, the election of officers for the year was held. The following officers were elected, each by acclamation:

President, Miss Alleen Lary; Vice-President, Miss Etta Butler; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ella Williams; Recording Secretary, Miss Charlotte Bliss; Treasurer, Miss Jimmie Offutt.

It was moved and carried that new class colors be chosen. Accordingly a committee consisting of Misses Williams and Offutt and Messrs. Milbourne and Rice were instructed to select the same. After their report was given, green and white were unanimously chosen as class colors.

It was moved and carried that the white carnation be the class flower. A committee of three, Messrs. Dabney, Gilbert and Rice, was then appointed to select a class yell.

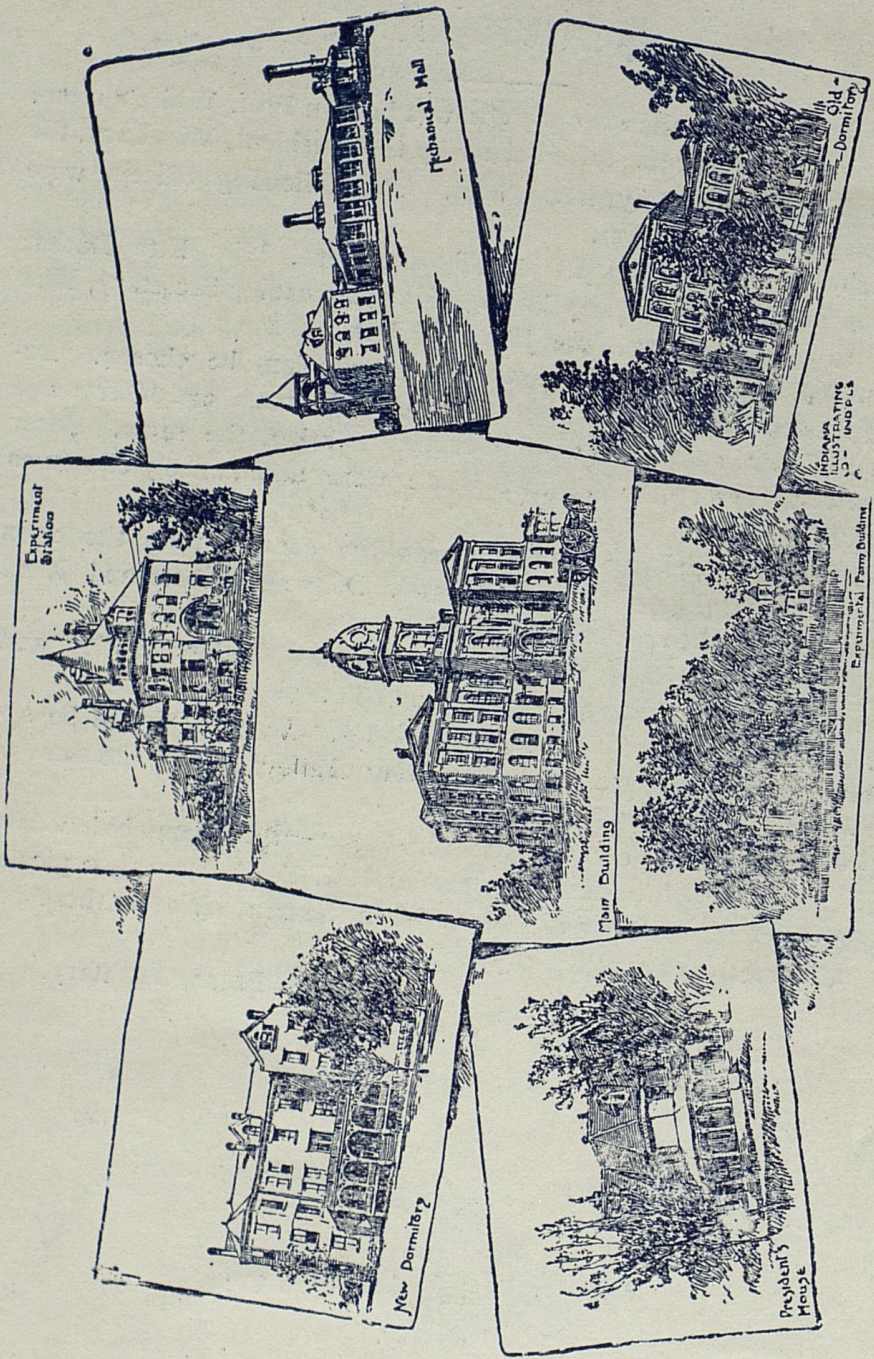
Misses Gordon, Butler and Bliss and Messrs. Cutler, Harley and Perkins were appointed as a committee on the class pin.

By unanimous vote, it was decided that Mr. Wynne Martin be appointed to write a class song and Mr. George Hailey to sing the same at all subsequent meetings of the class.

It was moved and carried that the Secretary be commissioned to give to the editors of the KENTUCKIAN and K. S. C. Record, copies of the minutes of the meeting to be inserted in the next issues of these papers. The meeting was then adjourned.

C. M. BLISS, Secretary.





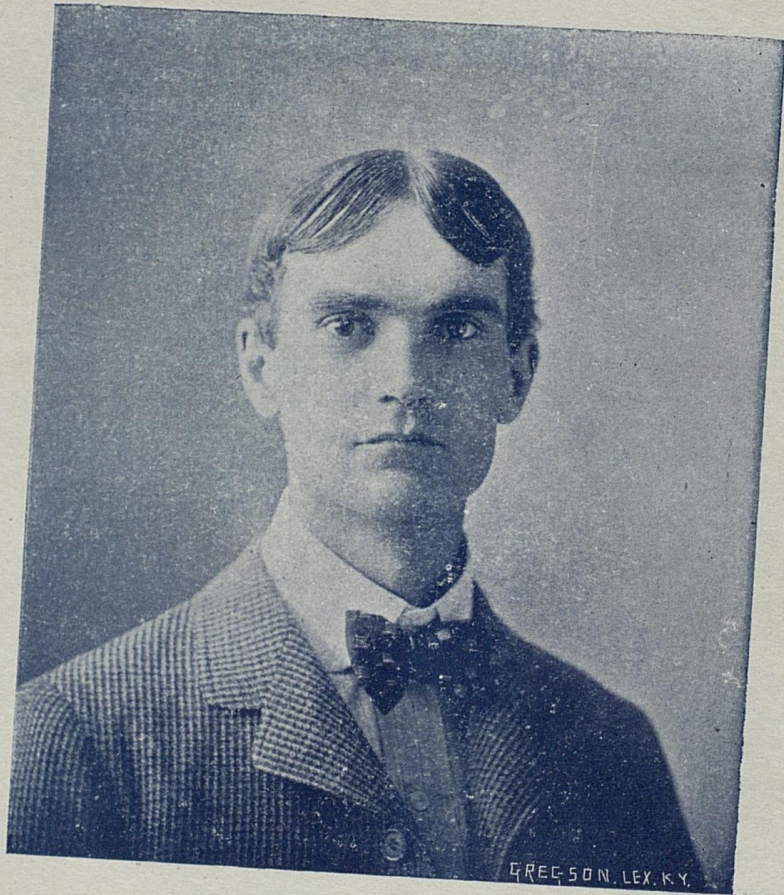
KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE.

INDIANA STATE COLLEGE
 1895-1900 P.L.S.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

Real Names of Several of the Boys.

"Hardy" Groves.	"Rosie O'" Grady.
Dr. 'Arry Bewlay.	"Mazurka" Hart.
"Ragtime" Cutler.	"Ceedy" Lewis.
"Nick" Elliss.	"Kid" Lyle.
"Chick" Hailey.	"Kid" Lyne.
"Shorty" Hoeng.	"Doc" Scott.
"Theophrastus" Johnson.	"Roundy" Moorman.
"Jack" Kehoe.	"Spoke" Shepherd.
"Referee" Klein.	"Springs" Spencer.
"Mahomet" McDonald.	"Muck" Stoner.
"Windy" Martin.	"Stride" Tandy.
"Willie" Pennington.	"Scrapper" Thomas.
"Shorty" Perkins.	"Specler" Threlkeld.
"Sheep" Shedd.	"Bee" Bullock.
"Poet" Smith.	"Squire" Burgess.
"Dutch" Upington.	"Freddy" Clark.
"Dicky" Wilson.	"Punch" Crutchfield.
"Lady" Akin.	"Plunks" Eubank.
"Biscuit" Bassett.	"Woody" Headley.
"Billy" Bowling.	"Toughy" Helm.
"Watt" Campbell.	"Pete" Jenkins.
"Fruiter" Clay.	"Curly" Jett.
"Excitement" Craig.	"Judge" Kelly.
"Reddy" Elliott.	"Nieman" McChord.
"Irish" Finneran.	"Breck" Richardson.
"Jake" Freeman.	"Pete" Thompson.
"Fitz" Gaither.	"Capt." Whitinghile.
"Priff" Gelbert.	



T. L. RICHMOND.
(Union Literary Society.)

One of the most thorough, reliable and popular boys at State College is T. L. Richmond. Hailing from the sunlit realm of Tennessee, the land of song and the home of heroes, he brings to us those admirable characteristics that have ever marked the sons of the South. Mr. Richmond has been a prominent member of old Union, and now serves that great society in the capacity of committeeman on the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest Committee. In connection with Mr. Lal D. Threlkeld, he was very active in barring the gray-headed "bibes" of K. U. from competition with the under-graduates of the other colleges, and for this he received the thanks of the students of this and the other colleges of the State.



WADE HAMPTON PERKINS,
Manager K. S. C. Foot Ball Team, 1900.



WELLINGTON SCOTT,
Capt. the State College Team, 1900.

FOOT BALL.

Above we present the handsome pictures of our courteous and obliging manager, and our knightly and valiant captain. These men have worked together, and the team of 1900 has won an enviable reputation in Kentucky athletics. State College won the C. U. game in the first half, but was robbed of the decision. Louisville is always "easy." It now remains for the boys to wallop Centre on Thanksgiving. In a later issue of *THE KENTUCKIAN* we shall have a special write-up of each man, for they all have proven themselves to be stars.

The boys have asked *THE KENTUCKIAN* to express their thanks to Miss Ella Williams for the handsome amount of money which she collected from the girls for athletics, and to the girls themselves for their generous contributions.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

Kappa Sigma.

BY G. W. HEADLEY, JR.

This is the first time that the Beta Iota Chapter of Kappa Sigma has had a space in the Kentuckian. We will try to have a little space devoted to the chapter and the doings of its members in every issue. Since we received our charter, last April, and the chapter was organized, we have been busy getting things in working order for this fall's work. We have five men "spiked," and hope to make them K. S.'s in a short time. Mr. J. A. Slack (Bethel College) will attend K. S. C. this year, and is a great addition to the chapter. He lives in Mississippi.



Mr. B. T. Hume (K. U.) has matriculated in College and says he likes K. S. C. better than K. U.



Mr. Butler Fauntleroy Thompson went to Danville, Friday, 12th, to see the foot ball game (?), but most of the boys think that he went to see some girl. I wonder who?



Mr. Ellie Gaines, of Louisville, was here last week attending the trots and looking up old friends.



Mr. L. A. Darling, who was President of the class of '00, is now assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Nevada. He writes that he is getting along nicely in his work and likes Nevada very much.



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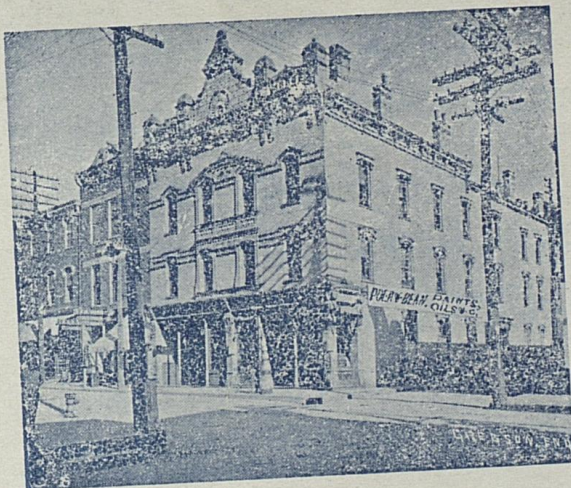
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THOMAS JOHNSON,

GENERAL SECRETARY.

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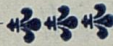
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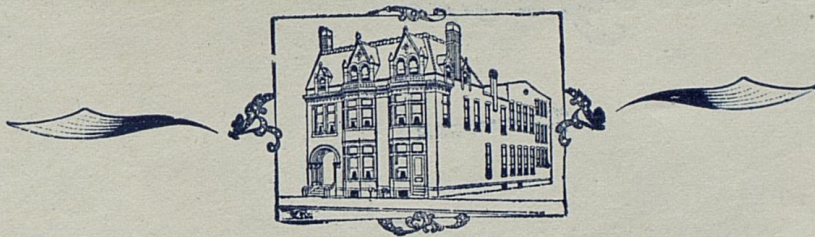
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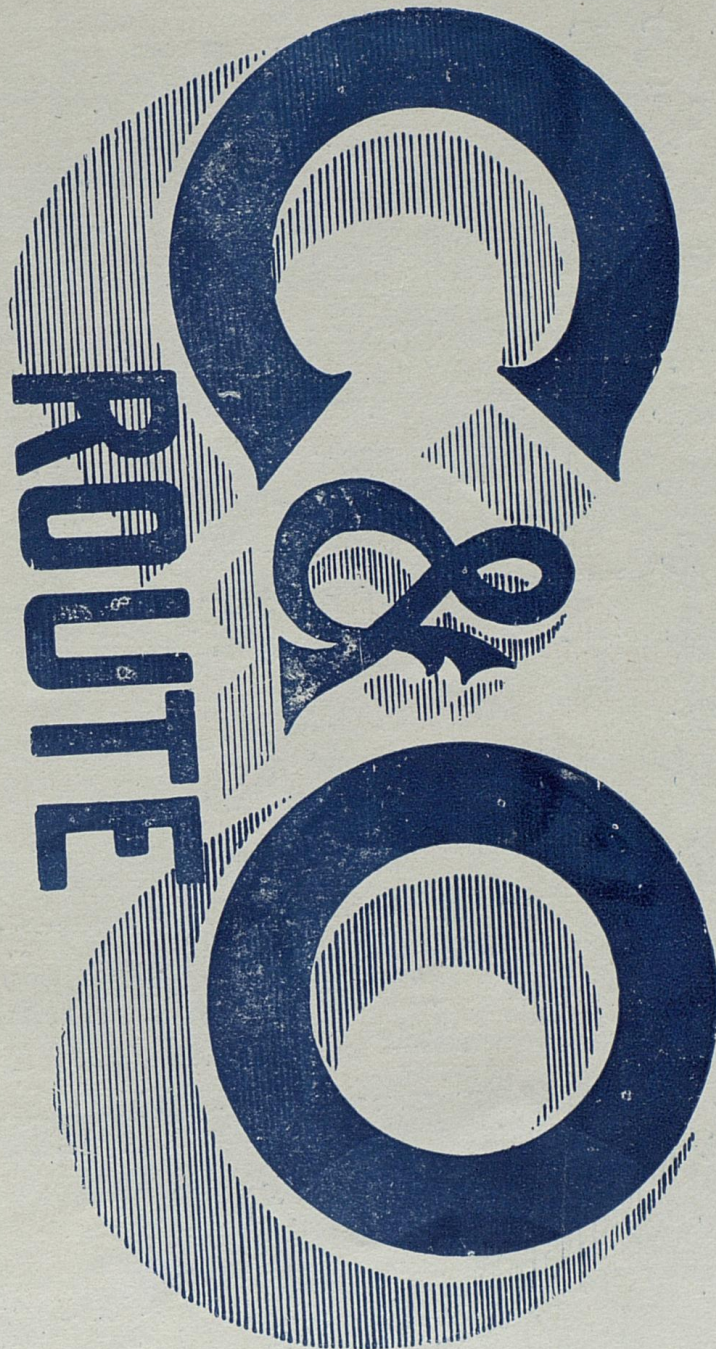
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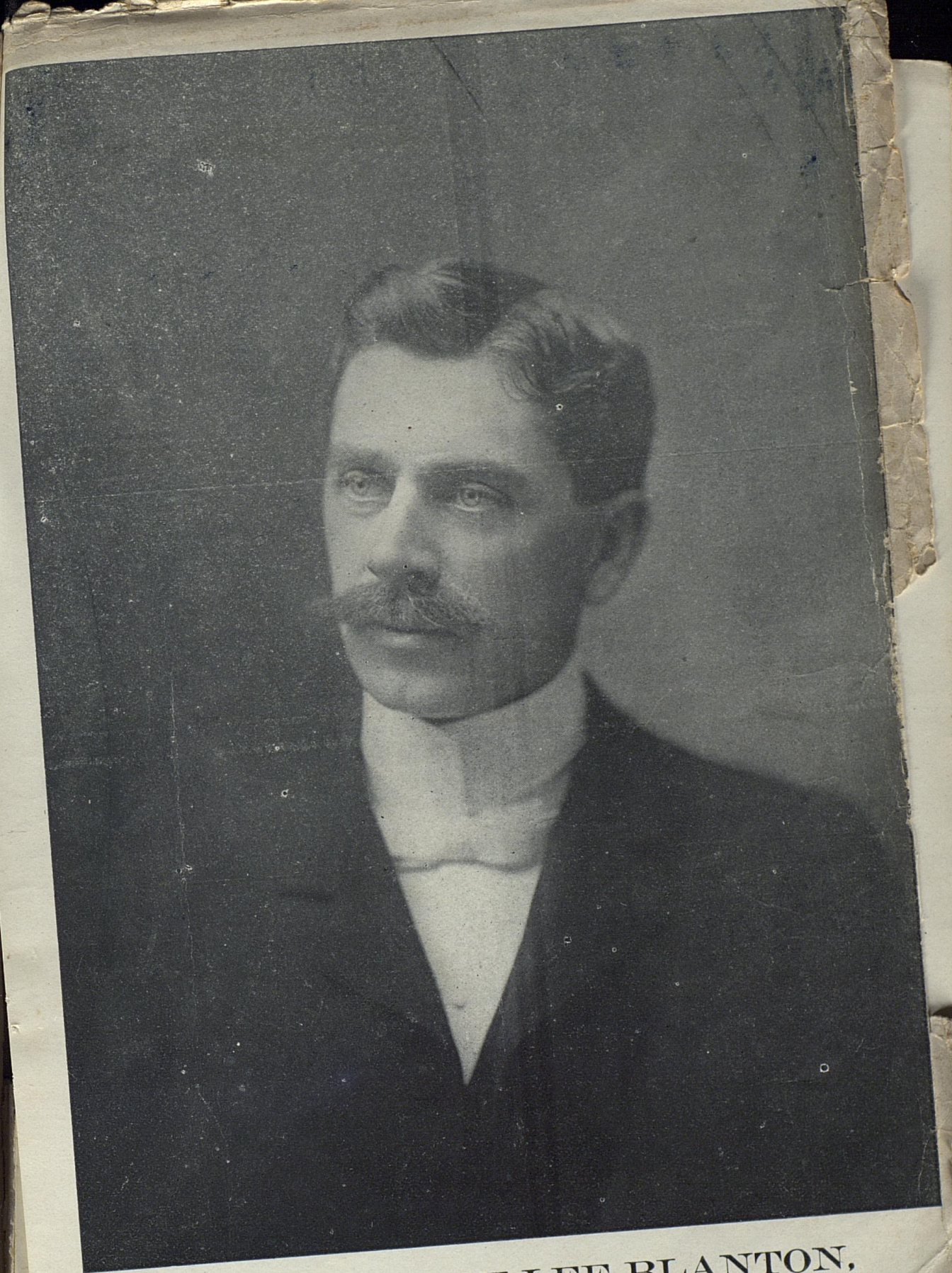
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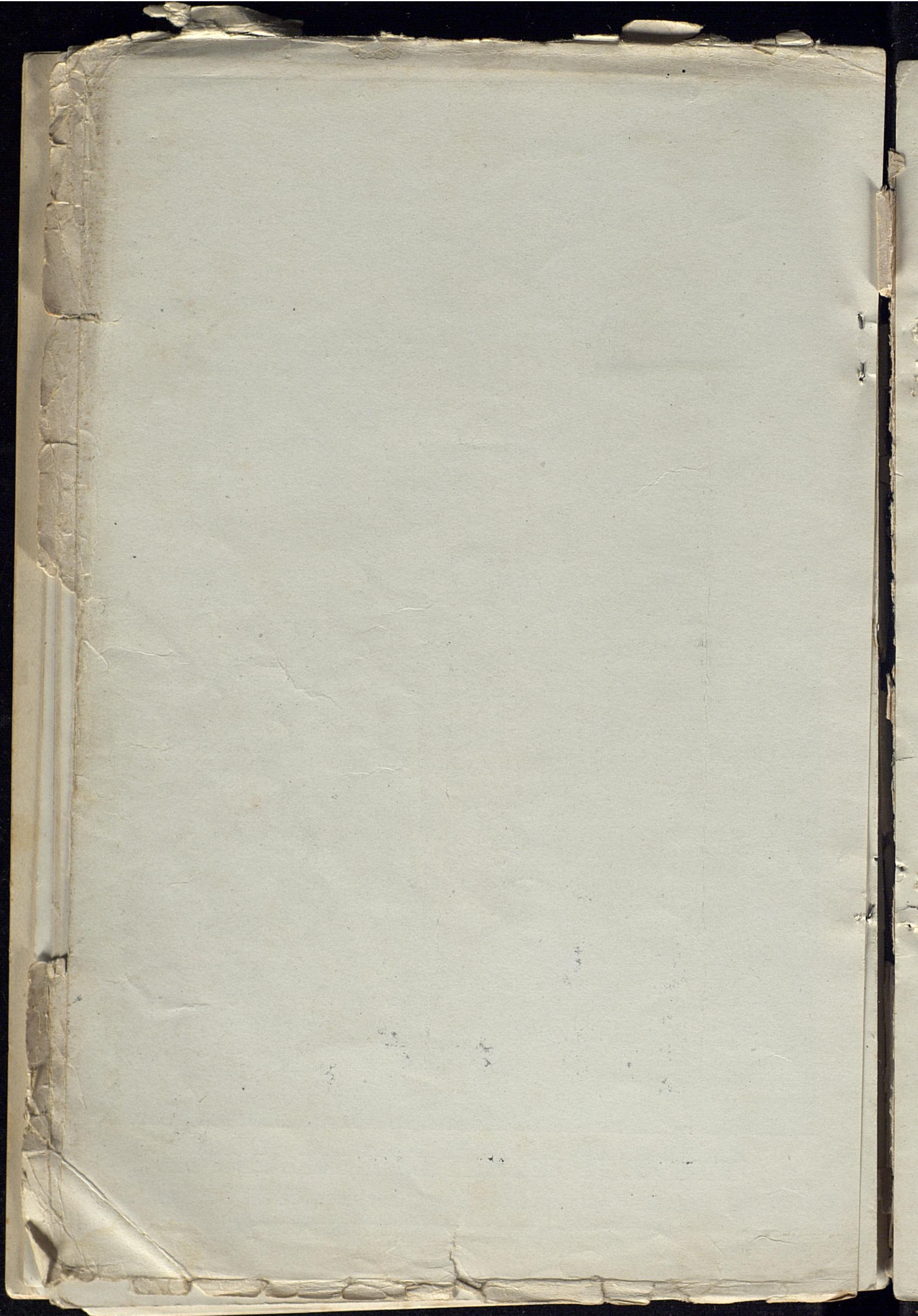
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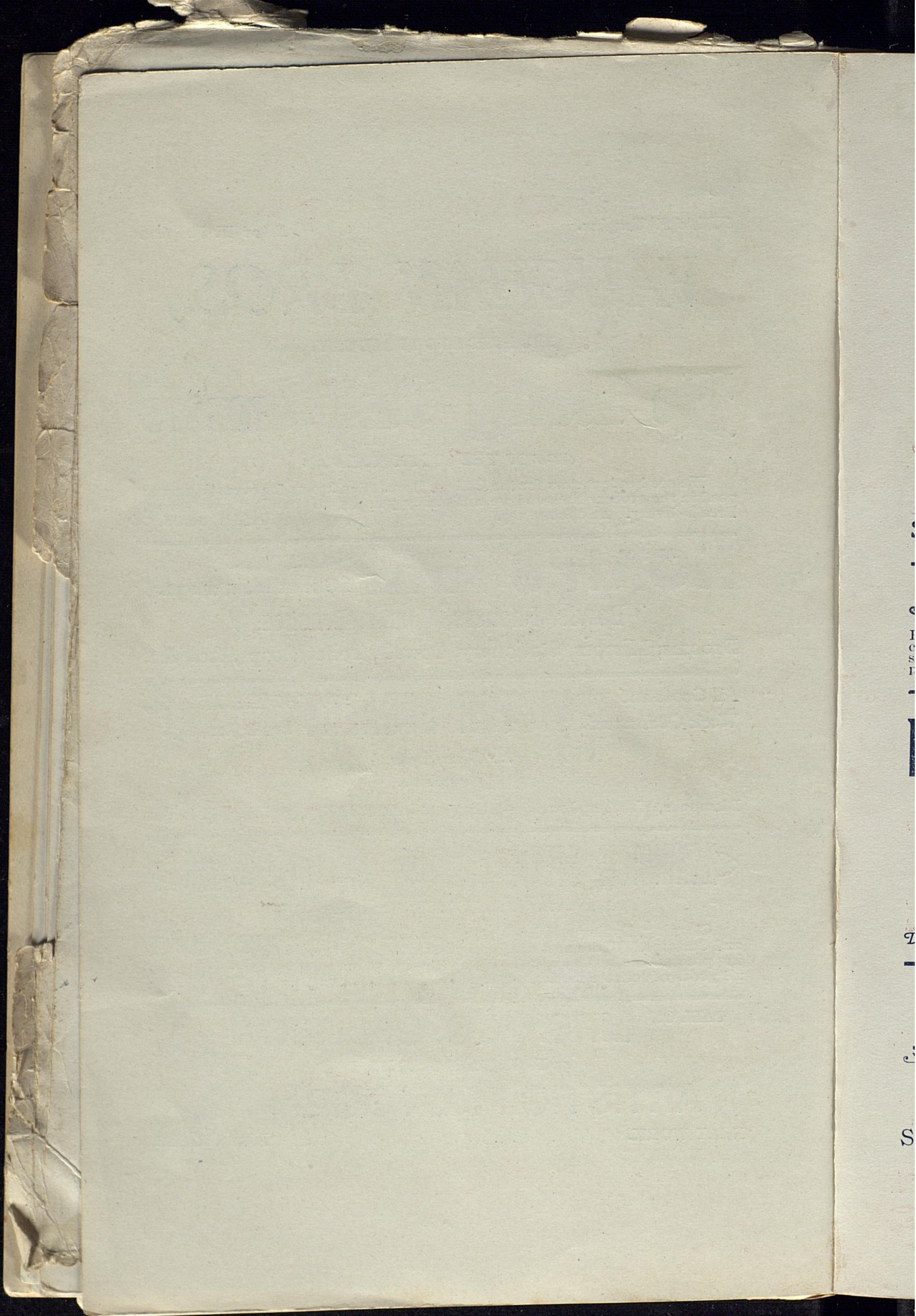
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