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# The Kentuckian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1899

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 Kappa Alpha Convention.

VOL

2



No

2

LEXINGTON  
KY.

EDITED BY  
J. M. Mc DANIEL

1 YEAR  
1 \$

COLLEGE ENG. LEX. KY.

M. S. VAUGHAN.

ROBERT W. VAUGHAN

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## Glenn's CANDIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

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**UNTIL AFTER XMAS.**

We started our Holiday Demonstration Sale  
on December 18th.

Cut Prices on all Men's and Boys'

Suits, Overcoats and Trousers.

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# LOEVENHART'S.

*May Love's serenest smiles by day--*

*By night, Hope's ever guiding star--*

*Give to each grief a gladd'ning ray*

*And guide to where no sorrows are.*

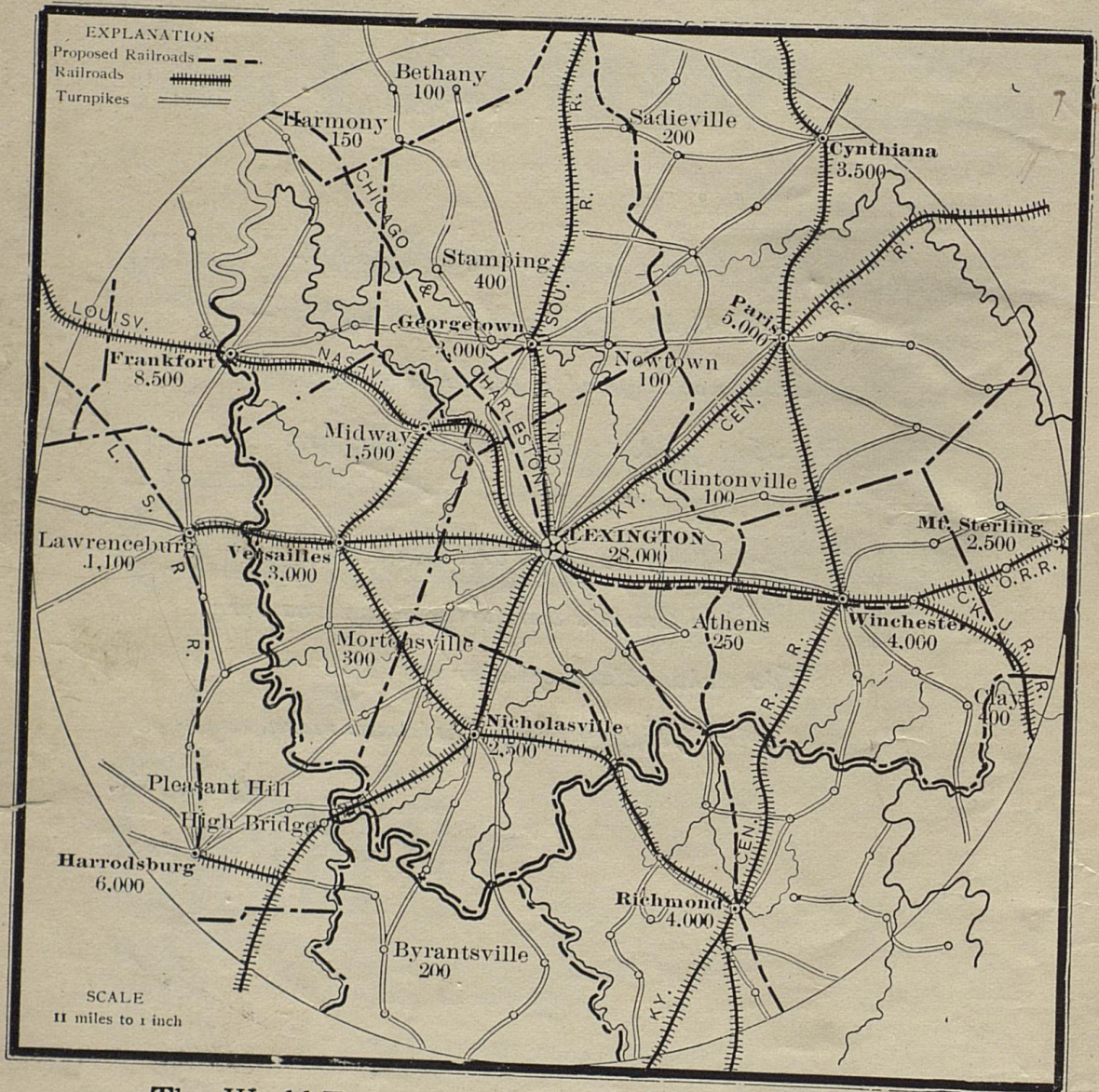
*May peace, as fell o'er Bethle'ms plain*

*When Truth's Immortal King was born,*

*It's richest blessings o'er all reign*

*And gladden every Christmas morn.*

*K. M. A.*



The World Famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.  
 Lexington, "The Athens of the West."

# The Kentuckian.

VOL. 2.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

## KENTUCKY.

E. CARL LITSEY.

THERE'S a song to sing of the Bluegrass State,  
For the ears of the world to hear ;  
For its fame's as broad as the world is broad,  
And has flown both far and near.  
It's a grand old State which we call our own,  
And wherever its name is heard,  
There hats go off in respect to her  
For th's is a magic word—  
Kentucky !

We've horses down here in the Bluegrass State  
That no other horses can beat ;  
The Derbies can tell of the victories won,  
With maybe a single defeat.  
They are fed on the grass which is blue as the sky,  
And their fleetness no one can dispute :  
Just mention a horse, and your mind will revert  
To the home of this wonderful brute—  
Kentucky !

There's plenty of corn in the Bluegrass State,  
And rye is an item, too,  
And we know how to crush the grains of each  
To make our mountain dew.  
For whisky is good in its place, you know,  
And its place is everywhere ;

Entered at the post-office at Lexington, Ky., as second class matter,

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

If this is not true of other States,  
It certainly is down here—  
Kentucky!

We've women down here in the Bluegrass State  
Who could wear any crown that's made;  
They're queens in their homes, and their hearts are  
true,  
And their beauty does not fade.  
We give them the homage that is their due,  
To protect them we would die;  
And there's no other State like the one they call  
home,  
Beneath God's shining sky—  
Kentucky!

—Courier-Journal.

## A STUDY OF WORDS.

Mrs. M. A. SCOVILLE.

**O**F MAN'S first attempt at words we know nothing. It is lost in that world of mist and conjecture where also are hidden most of his beginnings. History's most remote trace is but an index pointing backward. The Hebrews have a legend that an angel came and taught man his first words. The Vedas deify language and teach that it was born of breath and mind. Modern philologists generally agree, however, that it is born with us as is the effort to walk.

Language is that which most distinguished man from the brute. The cock which crows today will utter the sound that Peter heard, and which again was the same heard in the wild jungles of India before man domesti-

cated him. Whether from Shetland Isles or Arabian Plains, or Kentucky Blue Grass the neighing of the horse is the same. The Texas cow boy hears today the same lowing of the herds that Jacob did.

Man's language is his chief legacy from the past and his richest bequest to the future. It has become the most plenteous source of his knowledge. It is that which touches nearest his soul, possesses the least of earthy clay and its consequent mortality. It alone throws a glow of life over the dead past. We travel far to visit scenes of human experience—battle grounds, buried cities, massive ruins and ancient relics, but the vastest structure of man's genius lies about us. It is like solid masonry built by hands, and yet has power to grow and die like a thing possessed of life. It is labyrinthian in structure where the great families of language are ramified and interlaced. There is the American Indian with its power of agglutination or growing of words together, its beautiful metaphors and soft euphonic cadences. We have borrowed many place names from them and should have borrowed many more. For example, Kentucky, dark and bloody ground; Mississippi, father of waters; Missouri, big muddy; Ohio, beautiful; Rappahannock, quick rising water; Minnehaha, laughing water; Chicago, wild onion; Chautauqua, foggy place; Saratoga, miraculous waters, and many others. How much prettier Chatterawa, rippling over rock, than our own Big Sandy.

There may be seen in this labyrinth the Semitic language with its glorious coloring and rich learning whose iridescence shines along the remotest past. It embraces the ancient Egyptian, from which we derive our system of months and years, weights and measures, and which as has been said Moses spoke but Joseph had to have interpreted to him. To the Semitic belongs the Hebrew, in

which have been preserved the Books of the Old Testament, the language in which Solomon uttered his wisdom and David sang his psalms. It is the language of the Jewish legendary store, the Talmud. It embraces the Aramaic, peculiarly interesting to us because it was the tongue in which our Saviour spoke. It also includes the Arabic, in which was written that splendid phantasy, the Arabian Nights and the Koran, a "specimen of linguistic art and philological beauty." From this language we have derived our whole system of decimal notation, the foundation words of chemistry and astronomy.

The clues that thread this old labyrinth lead our own English to the tablelands of Asia, to the great Aryan family of language. It includes the Sanskrit, the language of ancient India, in which is preserved the Vedas, books of mythological superstitions, but mines of precious philological gems, and where are found the germs of all modern European languages. It includes the Persian, the language of Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta; the Greek, the language of Aristotle and Plato; the Latin of Cicero, the Keltic, the Gothic, the Slavic and others.

The great framework of the English was brought by the Teutonic hordes across Northern Europe, the softened outlines were filled in by those that came by the classic Mediterranean. The first impelled by the great Aryan wave westward were the Kelts, who left the shore of the Black Sea about 1200 B. C. Despite the work of centuries they hold their own today with an enthusiastic persistency in parts of Ireland, Scotland, Isle of Man, Cornwall and Wales.

In the wake of the Kelts came another Aryan horde, the Goths, so-called from their battle cry, *GOTH*, meaning *GOOD* or *BRAVE*. They took various names. *GERMANS* were so called from *GAR*, *DART* and *MAN*, liter-



ally DARTMAN; from the Franks we have the word FRANK, implying the high moral virtues of the settlers of France. The Angles were so-called from settling in the angles of the mountains, the Saxons from the curved sword or seax which they carried. From this race, which conquered the Kelts or drove them to their fastnesses, we have received probably three-fifths of our words.

The next great racial conflict that affected the language was with the Danes, including the Jutes and Norwegians, who belonged to the Scandinavian branch. They were blood-thirsty and intrepid sea kings, who for hundreds of years burned, flayed and broke the bones of the Saxons. The last struggle, and that which affected most perceptibly the language, was with the brothers of these vikings, who had conquered the Gauls in Normandy and had taken the name of Normans. Their language was composed of Norse and bastard Latin. In England, after the conquest, it became the language of the court, the camp, the school-room by law; the fashionable language through polity. But fashion, and school-room, and king, and army could not root from the sturdy Saxon the beloved accents of his mother tongue. He adopted the words of his conquerers, but as grafts, merely, upon his own. From this union grew the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the English Bible—a language peculiarly rich in synonyms and in capacity for growth. A few of the words the Saxons have dropped are EYEBITE for FACINATE, GOD'S-SPELL for TESTAMENT, INWIT for CONSCIENCE, GOD'S-ACRE for CEMETERY, FLITTER-MOUSE for BAT, FORETALK for PREFACE, AFTERTHINK for REPENTANCE, STAR CONNER for ASTRONOMER, BOCMAN for AUTHOR, MEDDLER for MEDIALOR. His simple BOARD became Norman TABLE, his OX Norman BEEF, his SWINE Norman PORK, his HOUSE Norman MANOR or PALACE.

Some words may boast of a lineage which can be traced to a hoary antiquity; again, others are but the growth of yesterday. Our very early forefathers in India thought that the day was kindled as a fire every morning, hence the word DAY has that implied meaning. We still use for the days of the week the old mythological gods which the Saxons brought from the East with them. Wednesday is WODEN'S DAY the highest god's day; Thursday, THORS or THUNDER'S day; Friday, FREYA, the highest goddess day; Saturday the day of SEATER or SATURN; Sunday, the SUN'S DAY; Monday, the MOON'S DAY and Tuesday, TU'S the god of war's day. The Roman names for the months have supplanted those of the Saxon. We have JANUARY from the Roman Janus god of the year instead of the Saxon WOLF-MONTH, the Roman February from the festival of purification, instead of the Saxon SPROUTE-KALE. Ancient usage places kale and jowl in high rank. MARCH, god of war and husbandry instead of SAXON LENCTE-MONTH because it was longer than the others. APRIL from Aprilis was the Saxon OSTER MONTH because then they celebrated Easter, the goddess of light and spring. Gay adornment and easter eggs are probably as old as the race. It corresponded to the Jewish passover. Both have been infused with a higher meaning because of the promise to live again through Christ's resurrection. MAY, the Roman goddess, mother of Mercury, was the Saxon TRI-MILCI MONTH because they then milked their cows three times a day. JUNE, Roman Juno, Saxon, MEDE MONTH, because the cattle fed then on the meadows. JULY for Julius Caesar was the Saxon HEY MONTH, AUGUST, Augustus Caesar was the BARN MONTH. As handed to the Romans, March the twenty-fifth began the year so SEPTEMBER was left the seventh month. It was the Saxon's GRIST MONTH.

OCTOBER, eighth, was the Saxon's WINE MONTH, NOVEMBER was the Saxon's WINDE MONTH and DECEMBER his WINTER MONTH. In this month was the old yule log, Santa Claus jollity which still mixes in with Christmas.

YES SIR and NO SIR are combinations of the Teutonic JA and NAY, yes and no, and the Latin SIRE, elder person. To say yes sire implied great reverence. So also we have come to use the second person plural YOU instead of the singular THOU. It was used first in addressing royalty to imply that there were more than one in so great a personage. Some of our verbs have come up from the battle with Time considerably maimed. It would seem that GO had become terribly confused in some affray and had picked up the past of WEND. So the verb TO BE and many others. They ever stand the mutilated forms of what was.

SURNAMES are so called because they are SUPER NAMES and SIRE NAMES and came into use after the conquest. The oldest pedigrees go no further back in surnames than the Early English period.

We do not always preserve words as we receive them. The Italian FOLIO CAPO for instance meaning full sized sheet we call FOOLS CAP. The French FRERE MASON, brother worker, we call FREE MASON; the French DENT DE LIOO, lion's tooth, we call DANDELION; the German WEISSAGER, wise sayer, we call WISEACRE. The French taught us the polite reference of always drinking the last cup to LE BON PERE, the good father, which we have corrupted into the BUMPER. SIGNING ONE'S NAME points to a period of general illiteracy. GOOD BYE was once spoken GOD BE WITH YE.

With new introductions came new names. The first BAYONETS were from BAYONNE, CAMBRICS from CAMBRAY,

DAMASK from DAMASCUS, CURRANTS from CORINTH. The first TARIFF from TARIFA.

With the revival of learning came many Greek and Latin terms. Most of the general and abstract terms are from that source.

From nicknames we have quaker, puritan, round-head, whig, tory, Methodist, Calvinist and many others.

Every word could we but interpret it bears the record of human experience. The power of words has been observed by the writers of all times. Emerson calls them "fossil poetry." French "concentrated poems." Mathews says "cannon shot are very harmless things when piled up for show; so are words when piled up in the pages of a dictionary with no mind to select them and send them home to the mark. But let them receive the vitalizing touch of genius and how they leap into life." Macaulay speaking of Milton's nicety of word arrangement says "substitute one synonym for another and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power, and he who should hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale when he stood crying "Open Wheat," "Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." Solomon says "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Some poet has written,

"A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A flash from a passing cloud,  
Two hearts are scathed to their utmost core;  
Sweet love lies dead for evermore,  
Two faces turn to the crowd,  
Masked by pride with a life long lie  
To hide the scars of that agony."

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

159

Another has written,

“I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air  
In a listening heart to nestle  
And to live forever there.  
Not the beating of its prison  
Stirred it even night or day,  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it ever fade away.

---

THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.

J. SYLVESTER HOPKINS.

---

THE Turkomans sing of the glorious ring of  
The bell that is king of cafe and mosque,  
Wherever they wander they ever grow fonder  
Of bells that swing under the Moslem kiosk,  
But the old iron tongue in the bell that once hung in  
The belfry that swung in, the music it wrought  
Was to me nearer and clearer and dearer  
Than cymbals with error Mohammedan fought.

An exile recalling the mellow tones falling  
From minarets tall in the land of the Czar,  
Sings of none sweeter in tone or in meter,  
In Ottoman street or in Russian bazaar  
Than was the welling of melody swelling  
The old chapel bell in its ponderous glee,  
That groaned with the burden of melody heard in  
The classical guerdon it flung o'er the lea.

I've heard the bells crashing and horribly clashing,  
 Through lurid waves lashing a midwinter storm ;  
 Sinking and swelling, in thunder tones telling,  
 Their terror indwelling their sudden alarm ;  
 But not all the clamor of the fire fiend's hammer  
 Could dispel the calm or the magical spell  
 That followed unbroken, by whisper or token,  
 The slow midnight stroke of the old chapel bell.

I've heard the rich chiming of other bells timing  
 High mass sublime in the cathedral aisle.  
 A spirit could grant them no sweeter anthem  
 From the silvery chant in the "Land o' the Leal."  
 But to me nearer, and by far dearer,  
 Than was its clearer voluptuous swell,  
 Is memory's golden songs that the olden  
 Time long ago told in the old chapel bell.

---

### AUNTIE'S TRIP TO COLLEGE.

WILLA BOWDEN.

**W**ELL, as I am alive and breathing!" exclaimed Mrs. Reuben Stanley, as she stood at her window one afternoon in early January, "if there ain't Mr. Raymond coming down the road. What can the boy mean coming out in such weather? But I am very glad to see him coming, for I was growing mighty lonesome with Reuben away and only the fire for company," and she hurried out to meet the young minister, whose heart she had completely won by her motherly offices.

He was a bright-faced, boyish-looking man of twenty-five, a former K. U. student who had taken charge of one of the churches in the town early that autumn. He

was a great favorite and a frequent caller of the Stanleys, and had cheered many lonely hours for the old couple.

Leaving hat and overcoat in the hall, he followed Mrs. Stanley into the sitting-room and was soon comfortably established before the glowing fire.

"And now you must tell me why I was refused admittance when I came out to see you last week," Mr. Raymond said. "Some one told me later that you had been away. Did you have a pleasant visit?"

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Stanley replied. "But Reuben and I were happy just simply because we were with Louise. My granddaughter? Oh, no, my niece. I took the little orphan child when she was only twelve years old, and a brighter, sweeter girl never grew up in Kentucky than Louise West. Her bonny face always wears a smile, and as yet she has known no care. She was always ambitious and ever since she was a little child had said she was going to college, and so four years ago, when she was ready to enter, she decided upon the State College and begged to go there. Reuben and I had always given in to her, so, of course, we did not say "no" now.

"When I was a girl we had a governess to teach us, and a boarding-school was selected for Anne, but Louise was determined to go to college. So Reuben wrote to his old friend Professor White, who is a teacher of arithmetic there, and he promised to look after her. She went, and in a short while there was no place like the college with her. She always was glad to get home for her holidays, but this year 'long about Thanksgiving she began writing for Reuben and me to come down to Lexington and spend Christmas with her. At first we didn't much like the idea of Louise not being home for Christmas, but as this is her senior year we just give in to her. Well, nothing would do but we must get there one day before the holidays

began, in order for us to see the school in working order, and we got to Lexington at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. Louise met us and she was for all the world like a little child, she was so glad to see us. We went up to her boarding place, and in a little while on out to the college, and I must say that a prettier place than that college I never saw. When we got up to the Main Building we met the President, and a friendlier, nicer spoken old gentleman I never had occasion to shake hands with. There was a lady there, too, to keep the girls company, and be nice to them, and Louise said, "to give them general good advice." We went up to the chapel exercises, and a man with the best face I ever saw read a chapter from the Bible and prayed. He turned out to be Reuben's old friend, and we stopped to speak to him. We older people all standing there kinder made Louise look lonesome, I reckon, and a real handsome young man, dressed up for all the world like a sure enough soldier, came up and talked to her. But after a little while the young man went off and we went around to all the buildings. We stayed a long time over at the Mechanical Hall, and the young man who was talking to Louise in chapel offered to show us around. She introduced him to us as Mr. Bright. He went all over the place with me, leaving Louise to walk with Reuben, which was very nice of him, I should say, for young men don't generally bother much with old ladies when there are young ones at hand. But he was mighty polite to me, and talked all the time, and made himself very agreeable. I do like to see a young man show good manners. Then he walked clear down to where Louise boards with me, and when he left said he would hope to see us again. I just told him to drop in and see us real often while we were there, and if ever he came to this part of the country to be sure and



come here to see us. Mr. Bright looked just like his name when I said that, and said he would be sure and remember it.

Louise belongs to some sort of a society down at the college, and she said to us that afternoon that the society was going to give an entertainment that night and she wanted us to go. Well, I got out my black silk and Louise would have me dress up for supper. Just when I was ready the house girl came up and handed Louise a box. She opened it and it was full of the prettiest roses I nearly ever set eyes on. There was a card in the bottom of the box, and bless my soul, there was that same Bright young man's name on it. Louise murmured something about its being "very kind of him," and I said, "Very kind; well I should say so. I think you are getting right ungrateful, Louise," but she never made me any answer except to fasten oye of the roses in my dress.

We got out to college about eight o'clock and went up to a big room furnished real well, the society hall, Louise said it was. They were the happiest lot of young people I ever saw together; as soon as we got there Louise introduced us to several of the professors and their wives. Then some of the students came up and pretty soon I caught sight of my young man. He was a coming up with Louise and a talking to her. Of all the polite young men I ever saw Mr. Bright was the politest. He was a thanking Louise for wearing the flowers he sent her. I just hung my head in shame for Louise West. The idea of her having been so bad tempered down there at Lexington—for people to have to thank her for telling them to be nice to her. Well I turned round and took that young man by the hand and said to him that I thanked him for Louise, and that I hadn't raised her like that. He just smiled and looked at Louise reproving like when, bless

my soul! that girl had dropped down in a chair and was a laughing fit to kill herself. Louise is a mystery to me. Girls didn't act so when I was young.

But she seemed mighty popular with the young folks, and so I reckon just associating with the young people of these days made her forget her old auntie's teaching.

They had some refreshments, but not such as I would have fed a crowd of young people on. Young folks are generally hungry. But they didn't seem to mind and just seemed to enjoy themselves as much as if they were eating one of Caroline's good suppers.

Mr. Bright offered me his arm like an usher at a wedding, and some girl, a sweet, pretty young creature she was, too, asked Reuben if he would her out. Reuben looked real pleased and the way he walked out with that girl made me feel real proud of him. Louise followed with some young man. I didn't know who he was.

We had a real social chat, Mr. Bright and I, and pretty soon after supper he got me my cape and we all went home. Mr. Bright walked home with Louise, and for all it was so cold, they strolled along like it was a moonlight in June. But dear me! young folks don't mind the weather! Reuben enjoyed it all mightily, and says to me, "I just tell you what, Rachel, if we were just young again, we'd come up the State College a year."

Well, next day was just as pretty and bright as the day before.

Louise seemed mightily pleased when she saw what a pretty day it was, all because of a foot ball game they were going to have that arfternoon.

She seemed wonderfully interested in foot ball for some reason or other and when I found out that my young man played, I was interested, too.

Louise said everybody went, so we just got ready and we went too.

When we got out to the grounds, some folks made a place for us on what they called the amphitheatre; but for all its big name, it was the most uncomfortable place I ever set down on. If you sat down the people behind you was a poking you in the back with their feet. If you stood up you was afraid every minute they would push you over on your head. Louise didn't seem to mind and pretty soon Reuben and I forgot our discomforts, for the crowd raised a yell for all the world like a band of Comanche Indians on the war path; but I must say I didn't wonder, for when the team came trotting on the field, if they'd just had a little paint, any sensible minded person would a took them for Indians. Feathers they didn't need.

They came chasing each other round in a ring in a way that made my head swim, and, I must say, in a very unsatisfactory way—not one of them ever catching up with the other.

These were the State College boys, and foremost among them was my young man. I never would have known him, if Louise hadn't pointed him out to me. In fact I wouldn't a known Reuben himself rigged up in such a manner.

In the first place, although the sun was a shining down bright, nary a sign of a hat did one of those boys have on. Their shirts were no shirts at all worth speaking about, just plain, old-fashioned jerseys, more stripes than anything else, blue and white stockings to match. Their trousers were just like bed covers, all wadded and quilted and made short.

In a minute here comes the Virginia team and I just

turned to Reuben and said, "Reuben, do you reckon there be any more a coming?"

They spun around like tops, too, and then the game began, and for a while I saw nothing about it except kicking and tumbling and pushing and wrestling till they had worked themselves up into a solid mass that was nothing on earth but a conglomeration of legs and arms. I can see as far as anybody, but I'll confess that right at first I didn't know what they was a doing. Pretty soon, however, I began to see daylight. Them boys was a trying to get the ball away from each other. An the sight it was to see dignified grown men and women, boys and girls, a yelling and a capering around there and even Reuben, a pillar in the church, a waving his tall silk hat. Seeing the look of astonishment that came over my face, he just stopped long enough to say, "Why, Rachel, I'd play football myself if I was a boy again."

Well, the longer they played the more I saw how it was. Right in the middle of it they had a rest, and goodness knows they must a needed it, for it just made my bones ache to watch them.

Everybody went on the field and such a mob you never saw. While they were standing around I noticed my young man especially, and strange to say I saw Louise looking in that same direction. He was a looking pretty tired, but for all that there was a look on his face that reminded me of how Reuben looks when the balky colt wont go, and Reuben is determined to make him.

Pretty soon they began to play again; it was pretty much like the first till all of a sudden there was a cry of "Good boy, Bright," and I saw my young man, with that ball tucked away under his arm, a taking down that field with every last one of them boys after him. He was near the posts now and there wasn't a person standing on that

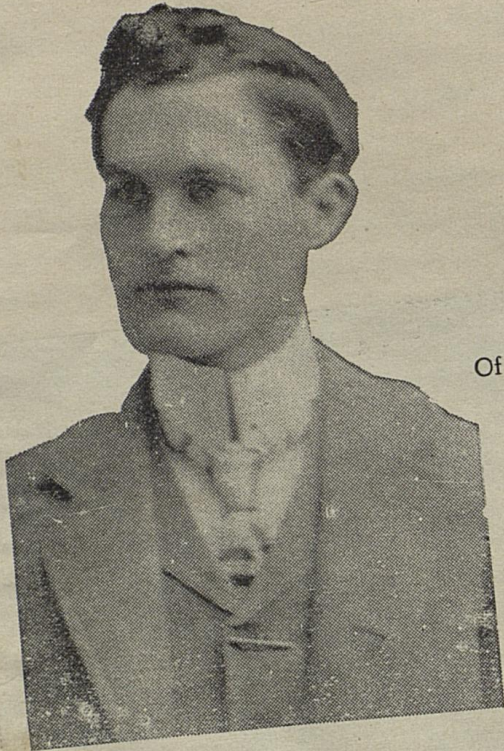


JAS. WEATHERS,      W. N. CROPPER,      S. A. DONALDSON.      B. A. LINEBACK,  
First Tenor.      Second Tenor.      First Bass.      Second Bass.

"SWEET SINGERS OF THE BLUE GRASS."

THE CENTRALIAN QUARTETTE, LEXINGTON, KY.

To sing at the "Chautauqua of the Tropics," Melbourne, Fla.



Caleb Powers,  
Of Barboursville, Ky., Secretary  
of State. Elect.

Mr. Powers is one of the brightest and most successful men in the State. He was reared on a farm in Knox county, and by dint of hard work, perseverance, and an eternal purpose, he has struggled upward to an enviable eminence.

He attended the Kentucky State College, taught in the common schools of his native county, read law, was elected county superintendent, after which he graduated with honors under J. Proctor Knott in the law department of Centre College. Having completed his course he returned home, attended to the duties of his office and also gained quite a reputation as a lawyer.

He was a winner from the time he started in the race for the office he now holds, and upon receiving the nomination was one of the most aggressive and tireless workers in the campaign.

Mr. Powers' many friends congratulate him upon his success and hope that this is "only a stepping stone to higher things."

amphitheatre, nor there wasn't a person around the ropes that wasn't a craning their necks and a straining their eyes and a yelling like mad at my young man.

He got thar, and I got so excited that I forgot that I was President of the Sewing Society and leader to the Children's Mission Band, and when a little, wiry, springy young man, I had heard Louise say "Howdy do, Professor" to, and who had been taking considerable interest in the game, sprang up by the side of me, speaking to nobody in particular, said "My goodness gracious, sakes alive! that was enough to make a man throw away his hat! Why it was the best I ever saw! Not another man in college could have done it," I just forgot, as I say, the Sewing Society and Children's Mission Band and caught up my green baize veil that I had brought out on my arm, and waved it as hard as I could. Suddenly Reuben says "A man down!" and I say excited like, "Reuben, say Reuben, down where?" But Reuben didn't answer and I just turned to Louise; the child was a standing there with her face set and white and her lips trembling, and she whispered to me, "Auntie, he's hurt."

"Who's hurt, child?" I said, but there was a cry rising all around us, "Bright's down," and it suddenly dawned on me they didn't mean he was underneath any place, they meant hurt.

The little wiry man had sprung down and was making for the goal and nearly everybody was crowding around to see how bad off Mr. Bright was, and the crowd had sent up such a cheer as I never heard. Louise was a trying hard to see, but now she turned and said, "Uncle, please go see." Reuben gave me a queer look and walked off. In a few minutes he come back saying 'twasn't anything serious, but they were going to put somebody

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

else in in Mr. Bright's place, something was the matter with his arm.

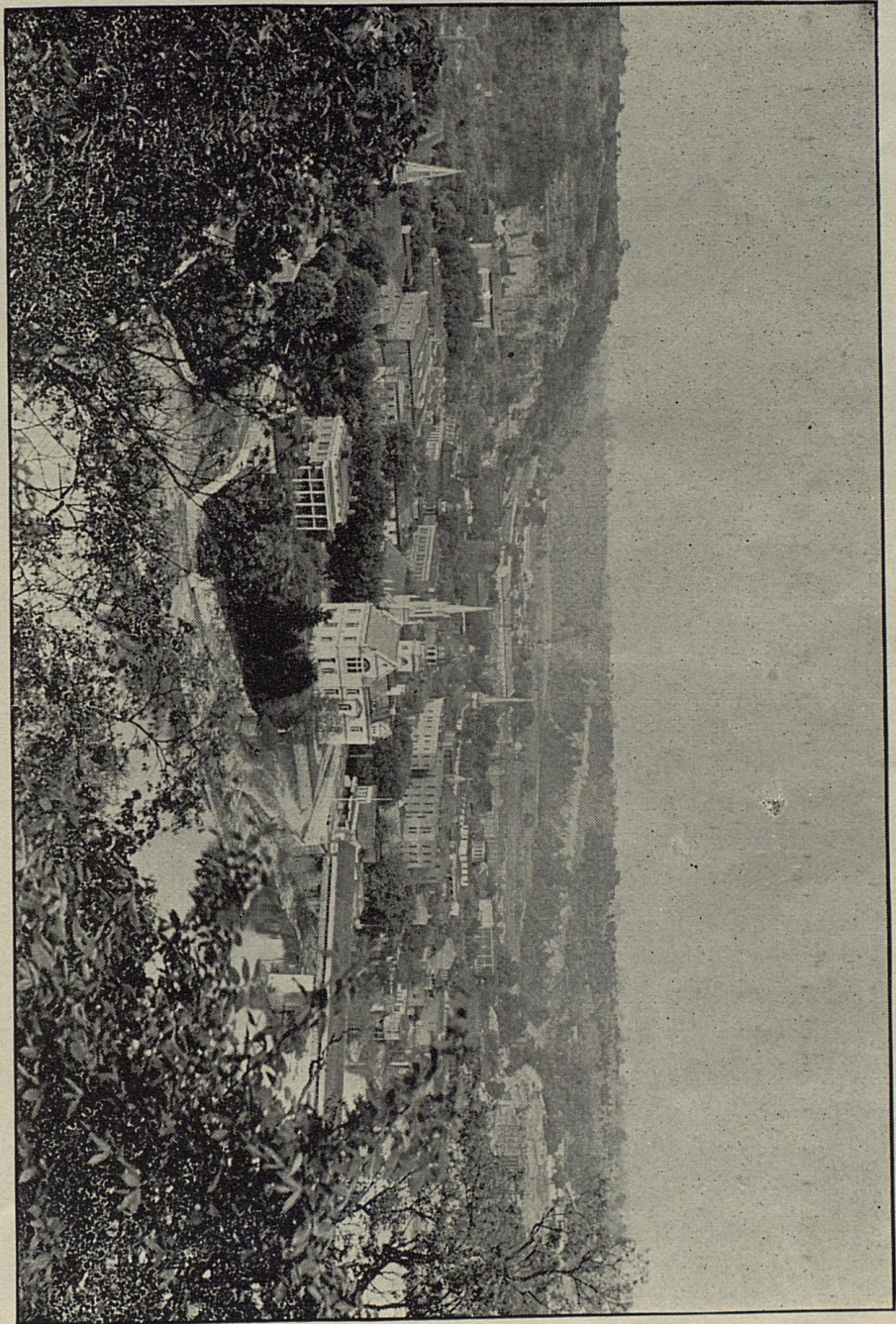
Louise didn't seem to enjoy the rest of the game some how or other and seemed sorter glad when it was over. It didn't take long to finish, for the time was up and the Kentucky boys were ahead.

When it was over Reuben, Louise and I went home, Louise a bowing here and there to everybody. We hadn't been home more than an hour when that house girl of theirs came up stairs and told Louise Mr. Bright was down stairs and wanted to see her. Louise went down, and I was a thinking something might be wrong, his coming round so soon; went down in a few minutes to inquire about his arm. When I got to the foot of the stairs there stood Reuben (who had been down town), near the parlor door with a look on his face that I hadn't seen there since Nathaniel West asked for Anne over twenty years ago.

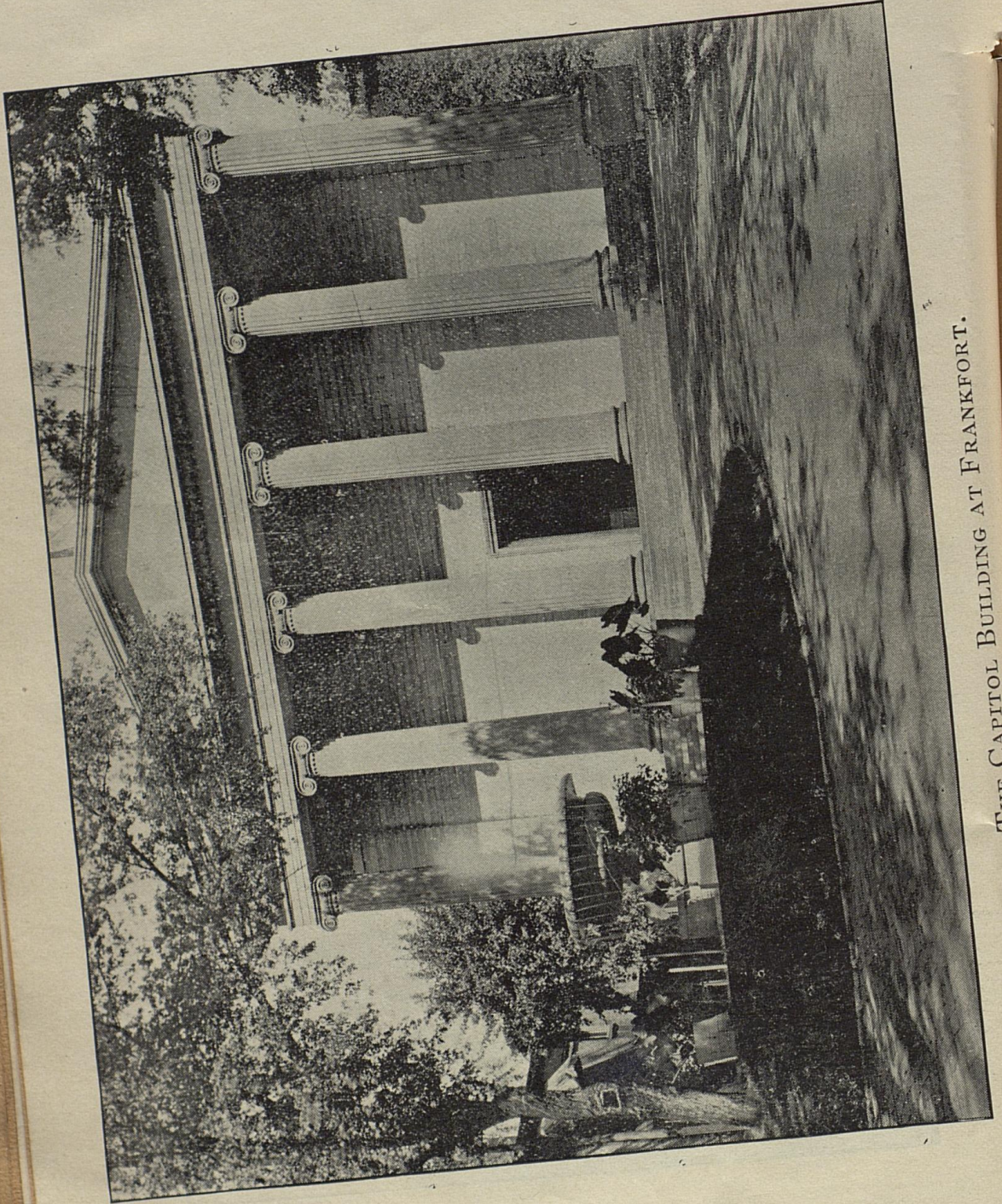
He held up his up his finger and said "S—h!" to me, so I just quietly walked up to him: "Was Mr. Bright's arm hurt much?" I asked, but Reuben answered kinder injured like: "If you'll just look in there you'll see he's still pretty well able to use it," and I had looked in. Reuben and me just tiptoed back up stairs.







Bird's-Eye View of Frankfort.



THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT FRANKFORT.

## OUR CAPITAL CITY.

---

“**K**ENTUCKY,” magic word; Kentuckians, the most interesting and fascinating people in the world!

It is very interesting to native Kentuckians to note how the state and people are regarded by the people of the North and East.

Some time since the New York Times sent a special correspondent to our capital city and these are some of his observations:

The capital is a beautifully located, straggling little town of something like 10,000 inhabitants. The Kentucky river winds through it, with lofty hills on either hand. It is high enough to feel the effects of reasonable elevation. Its streets are often amply shaded. Trolleys, telephones, an ample water supply, and pavements of metallic brick that are smoother than the too prevalent soft brick sidewalks evince a degree of public spirit.

It is natural to look for a Governor in the Capitol. That building is found here quite near the center of business. It has a Greek portico that is impressive at a distance, but the building becomes commonplace before the visitor has crossed the somewhat neglected lawn at the back of which it stands. A very little more pride of appearance would have kept it in something like the shape that is preserved at Richmond with a much larger area of ground.

Where the Governor used to have his offices the Court of Appeals is officially housed. In the second story are the cramped Senate and House of Representatives, looking quite as dusty and neglected as do the Legislative chambers of some other States between sessions.

The Governor has been moved into a rather ugly fragment of what was intended to be a new Capitol. It is a square structure of three or four stories in height, that overtops and dominates the old Capitol in a sort of vulgar hideousness all its own.

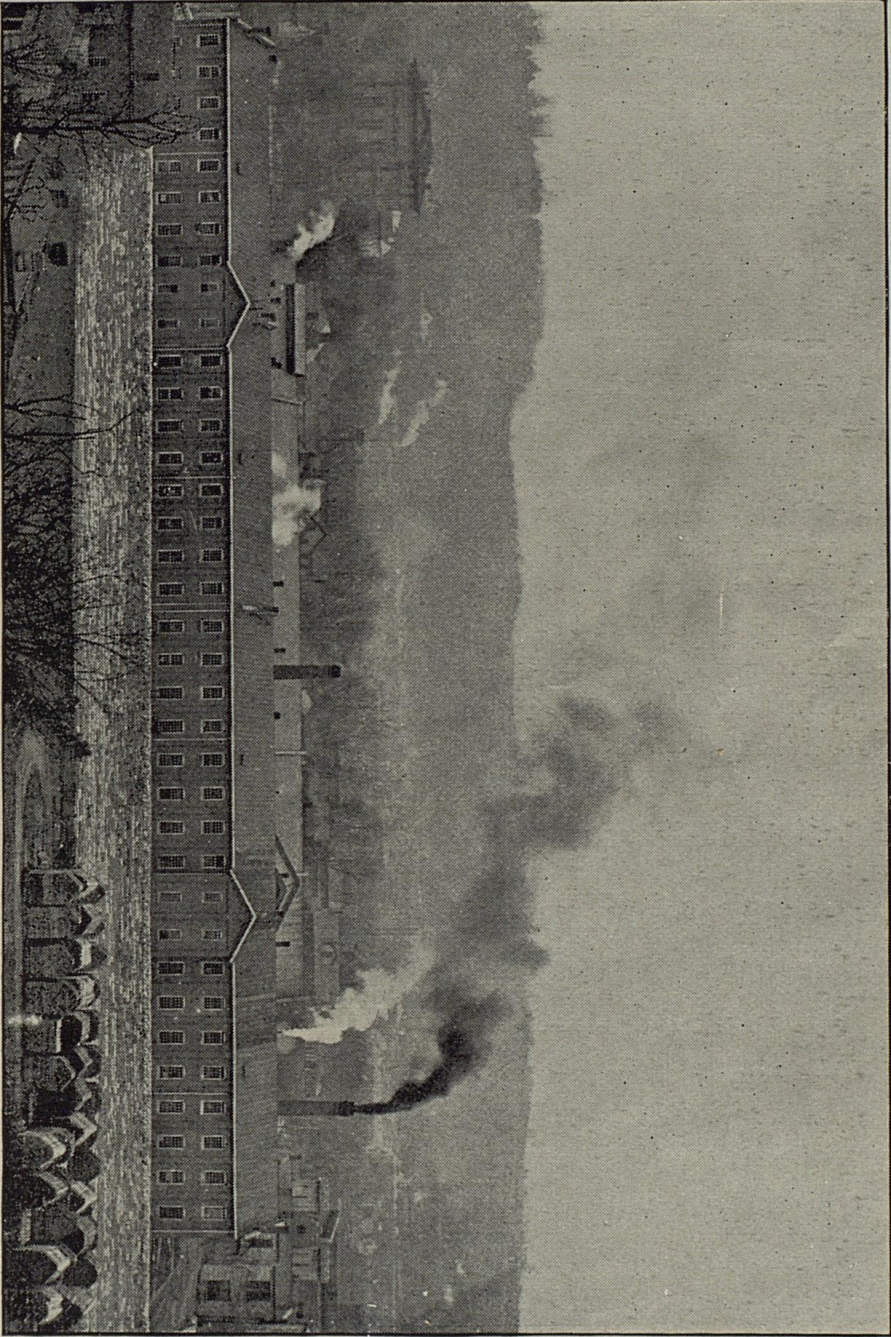
Other Governors may have conducted things differently, but if Governor Bradley has adhered to the customs of his predecessors in office they and he are alike democratic in habit, although different in political affiliation. The Governor has a room perhaps fifteen feet square for his office. Desks, chairs, book shelves, pictures of former Governors, and a stoneware cuspidor a foot and a half at least in diameter appear to clutter and litter instead of furnishing it.

"Kentucky," says ex-Gov. Bradley, has suffered as well as benefited through the press. Writers of fiction that was fascinating to general readers, but misleading in the impressions it has given, have supplied types of men of which you may search in vain for real examples. Writers of lurid paragraphs, who send away their effusions only upon cause of disorder, have supplied to the Northern press columns of exaggeration and falsehood, and have neglected the less sensational fields of development and progress. In my estimation this sort of thing ought to be prohibited by law. If two rough fellows fight in a saloon in the mining or lumber camps, and one kills the other, it is dwelt upon as an indication of prevailing Kentucky lawlessness. It is an outrage upon the State.

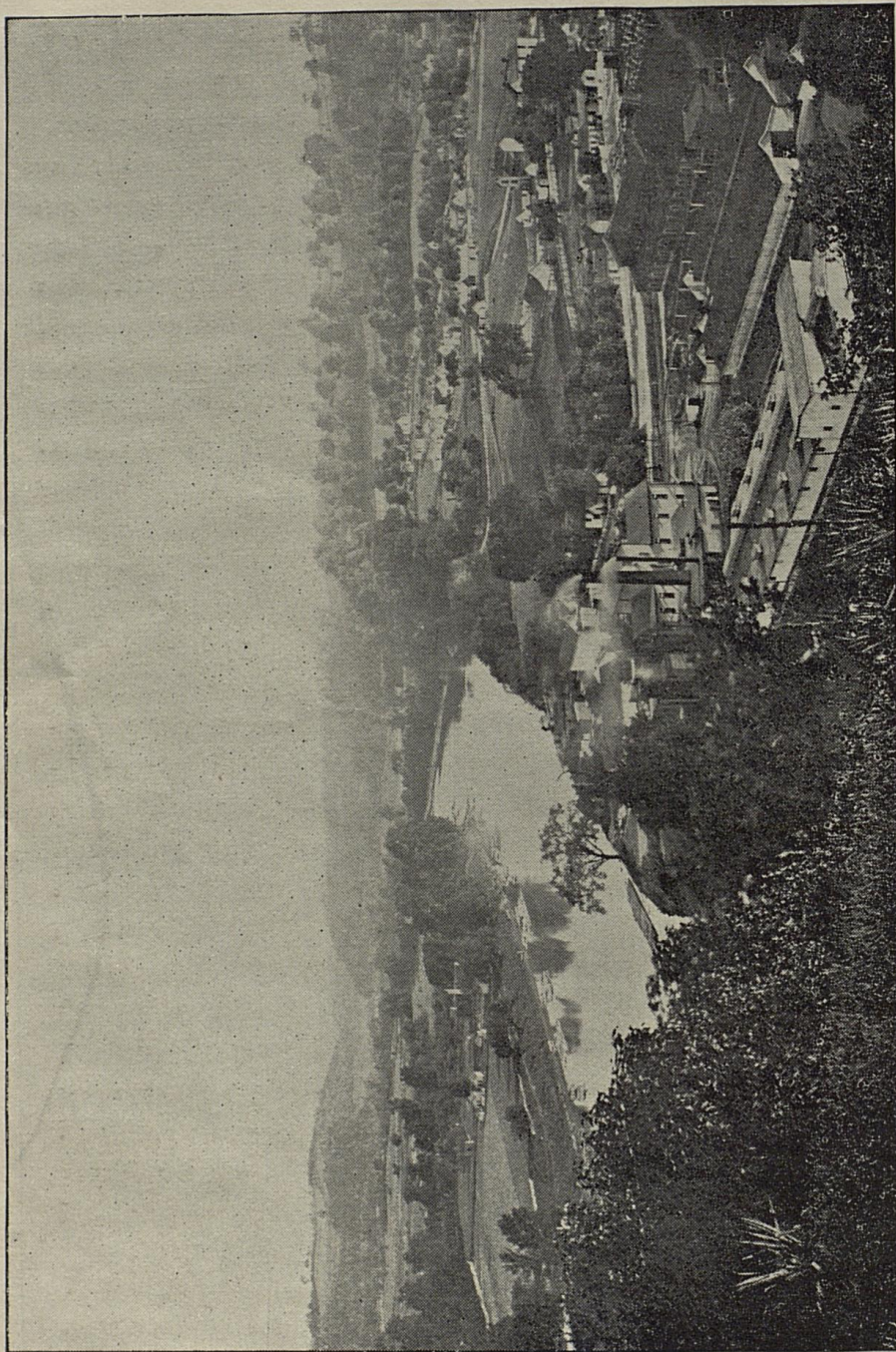
#### FEUDS.

"We have rough men here as they have rough men in Illinois or in New York, and yet I believe that murder is less frequent here than it is in some other States.

"No man in Kentucky can regret more keenly than I



The Penitentiary at Frankfort.



View of Frankfort from Kentucky River.

do the continuance of those disorders. But those troubles have occurred in sections of the country in which property is safe without lock and key, where women and children are absolutely secure from harm, and among a poetic, shrewd, hospitable and proud population that produces men of strong characteristics, occasionally men of rare and high qualities, people who live frugally and get along without many of the conveniences that the dwellers in towns regard as indispensable.

“The feuds are not as frequent as formerly, and they will be outgrown. We have diminished disorder in the State in recent years by law, and I am not hopeless of a complete cure of this feud business by stricter enforcements of our laws.”

#### THE BOONE MONUMENT.

The most interesting monument in Frankfort is one raised to the memory of a Pennsylvanian, who died in Missouri. It stands in the cemetery on the edge of the lofty bluff across the Kentucky river, at a point from which can be seen the Capital City, its streets marked with the fringes of many trees, the river that winds through the city and sweeps away in a long reach below it, and the surrounding mountains walling the whole picture. It is dedicated to the memory of Daniel Boone and Rebecca Boone, his wife, but the inscriptions are simply those two names upon opposite sides of a structure square at the base and rising in slightly diminishing proportions to a height of about fifteen feet.

Originally, in about 1848, it presented on each of the four panels sculptures in relief representing scenes in the life of Boone and of his wife. But there have been vandals in Kentucky. Not one figure has escaped their ravages. Boone fighting an Indian with a tomahawk in his

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

right hand and a clubbed rifle in his left, has lost tomahawk and right arm. The left arm of the Indian has been similarly amputated. The faces of both combatants have been completely sliced off. In another panel Boone's head is missing. The cow that Rebecca Boone is represented as milking has been deprived of its horns. Even the names of the honored dead have been chipped away. Relic hunters have also chipped the edges of the pedestal, and the latest vandal left his name in large characters and a very bad hand upon one of the panels reserved for inscriptions that have never been carved.

## KENTUCKY'S HONORED DEAD.

The Boone monument stands in a section of a circle that is fenced off from the rest of the cemetery by a line of trees rising behind a wall of rock and a screen of cane-brake. It is supposed to be typical of the barrier of primeval forest that Boone penetrated when he came as a pioneer to Kentucky and founded his home some forty miles from this point on the Kentucky river.

Beyond the inclosure is the fine State monument erected to the memory of the Kentucky officers who served and many of whom fell in Mexico, most of them at Beuna Vista. The monument is of marble, capped with a female figure bearing aloft the wreaths of victory and mourning. As this figure stands among grouped standards, hovering with partly extended wings over the semi-circles of tombs below, it is not unlike a section out of the top of the Dewey Arch, although it was designed and raised forty years before the Manila victory.

Separate tombs for the officers are arranged in formal order about the base of the central monument. They are uniform in design, marble boxes about three feet in height, four in width and eight in length, covered with





MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS (Frankfort Cemetery).



RESTING-PLACE OF DANIEL BOONE.

THE GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE. 173

marble slabs, upon which are carved a sword and scabbard crossed, a wreath above them, and an inscription. One of these tombs is to the memory of O'Hara, the poet, who lived until 1867. Another is sacred to Henry Clay, Jr., who fell at Buena Vista. One of the most conspicuous monuments in this very interesting collection of historic dead is that to Richard Malcolm Johnston, erected by the State in appreciation of the sturdy Kentuckian whose strong face in high relief is carved upon one of the panels.

Somehow these famous Kentucky dead seem a long way off from some of the living Kentuckians who are struggling for office.

---

The Grave of Daniel Boone.

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THEODORE O'HARA.

---

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
Knight-errant of the wood!  
Calmly beneath the green sod here,  
He rests from field and flood;  
The war-whoop and the panther's screams  
No more his soul shall rouse,  
For will the aged hunter dream  
Beside his good old spouse.

\* \* \*

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!  
A dirge for the good old spouse!

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

For her who blessed his forest cheer  
 And kept his birchen house.  
 Now soundly by her chieftain may  
 The brave old dame sleep on  
 The red man's step is far away  
 The wolf's dread howl is gone.

\* \* \*

A dirge for the brave old pioneer !  
 His pilgrimage is done ;  
 He hunts no more the grizzly bear  
 About the setting sun ;  
 Weary at last of chase and life,  
 We laid him here to rest ;  
 Nor recks he now what sport or strife  
 Would tempt him further west.

\* \* \*

An empire is his sepulchre,  
 His epitaph is Fame.

---

 THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE.

---

 WILL D. MUSE.
 

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**P**LODDING along on the highway of life,  
 Longing and weary and lone,  
 Burdened by sorrows that make the heart sad,  
 And shaketh the soul with a groan.  
 Plodding along o'er this highway of life,  
 Where dwelleth humanity great,  
 Who never looks up with a smile or kind word  
 For the way-fareing man at their gate.

'Tis a rough road to go, this highway of life,  
Where thousands have wandered before ;  
Where many a man was a shelter denied,  
As they turned him in scorn from the door.  
" 'Tis only a man," they say as they laugh,  
" A poor human worm of the dust,  
Whose life, naught shall find in the end but death.  
A soul proven false to its trust."

'Tis a broad winding way this highway of life,  
And the eyes grow dim as they cast  
A look in the future that seemeth so dark,  
Or back o'er the misguided past.  
Perhaps where some one might have shown us the way  
Sometime in the deep buried years,  
With a cold, cruel glance they turned us away,  
Heeding not our sorrows and tears,

There are no places of rest on this highway of life,  
No beautiful shades cool and deep ;  
No time to sit down mid the hurrying throng,  
No moments to laugh or to weep.  
No voice to sing some song loved and old,  
That was heard in days that are dead ;  
No voice to speak peace to a sad burdened soul,  
No hand to be placed on our head.

Ah ! we know where 'twill end, this highway of life,  
At the brink of the river so deep ;  
It will bring to the soul that is weary, sweet rest,  
And close the tired eyelids with sleep.  
It will ease the pain that our hungry hearts feel,  
We "poor men heartless and lone ;"  
It will make us forget the sneers of the men  
Made our equal by God on his throne.

## Athletics.

THE SEASON OF '99

GUY W. RICE.

THE foot ball season of '99 has come and gone. The history of that season would relate of many instances of beautiful team work, together with brilliant individual plays the like of which has never before been seen; of apprehensions, heartrending in intensity, of surprises, of victories and of defeats.

But altogether the team of '99 met the most sanguine expectations, and well may State College be proud of their team of "All Stars," for a grittier eleven never handled a pig-skin on the foot ball field.

The statement made in The Daily Leader that State College played better foot ball under greater disadvantages than any team in the game, was literally true and borne out by facts. Never before in the history of our athletics were the players so crippled, and there was not a game played in which she was not seriously handicapped in some manner. Clark's strained shoulder, Kehoe's injured neck, Reese's sprained ankle, Rice's ruptured muscle, Lyle's knee, with Graham, Vogt, Martin, Hogg and Gibson laid out much of the time, certainly were telling in the final results. But they were game. Whoever heard of a State College team that wasn't game! They never gave up, and though defeated they were never conquered—not they!

Though they played against teams older, weightier and of more training, these all succumbed to their nerve, tenacity and skill, and though often in a crippled condition, they rubbed a sprained ankle, pulled a dislocated

arm into place, bathed a bruised head and feverish brow, crawled to their places, gritted their teeth, and the game was on. They kicked, they bucked the line, they ran their ends, they went under, they went over, yet on they came—ever on to victory.

#### THE TEAM.

In the order of number of games played.

#### CLARENCE CORNELL CLARK, CENTER RUSH.

Though handicapped by an injured shoulder, Clark gave some exhibitions of the best foot ball ever seen on the local gridiron. He has well earned the name of being the best center in the South. He was a tower of strength on defense, and when "Freddie" didn't open up holes on offense it wasn't him. He is besides a student of the game and a true sportsman.

#### JOHN HICKEY KEHOE, LEFT END.

For nerve and hard, fierce playing at all times, many honors must go to the little fleet-footed Irishman who played on the left of the line. On kicks he got under the ball with speed and accuracy, and his ability to endure punishment was a subject of much comment at every game.

#### CLAUDE LOUCHER HUMPHREY, TACKLE AND GUARD.

Playing in every game Humphrey is recognized as one of the best tackles State College has yet produced. He was especially good on defense, breaking up close formations and mass plays with a skill and surety that was really marvelous, and the fact that many of the best gains were made through him, indicates his offensive ability.

#### SAMUEL THOMAS REESE, QUARTER BACK.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the work of "Baby" Reese. He was the greatest surprise of the season. He handled the ball cleanly, ran the team in great shape, and on offensive was the best interferer we have

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

ever seen, regardless of size. On defense he had the happy faculty of always being at the right place at the right time, and his timely tackles were features of every game.

THOMAS ALMON JONES, TACKLE AND GUARD.

There was no reason for the position of tackle being a weak spot on the team of this year. Though, perhaps, the least of them in size, Jones amply made up for it in nerve and strength. He was a good man on defense and a ground gainer could nearly always be depended upon.

WELLINGTON F. SCOTT, FULL BACK.

While Scott's work at the beginning of the season was not quite up to some expectations, toward the end of the season his playing was of a very high order, and his powerful punting, with fleet ends to cover it, no doubt entered into the result of every game. He carried the ball for fine gains and was an most accurate goal kicker. He did everything required of a full back, and that, too, in a more proficient way than perhaps of any regular full back for many seasons.

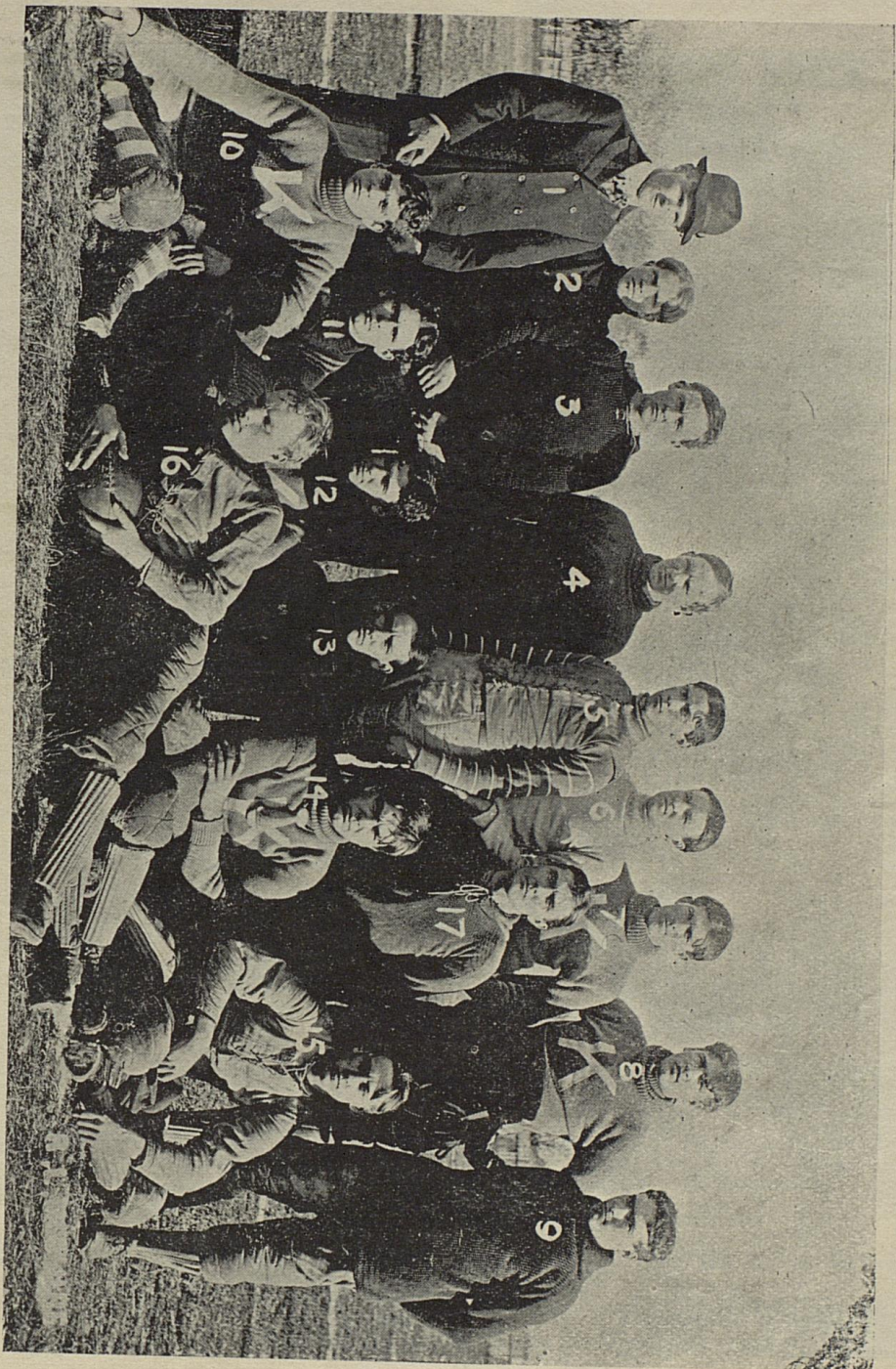
ASBERRY STAMPER REESE, CAPTAIN AND HALF BACK.

Captain Reese certainly deserves more than an average share of credit for the success of the team. His individual playing was always sure, and at times brilliant. This was Captain Reese's last season on the State College Foot Ball Team, and his work this year was a fitting climax to the career of the best of the brilliant half backs that State College ever had, and she has had many.

ERNEST THORNTON LYLE, HALF BACK AND FULL BACK.

Though for a time unable to play on account of an injured knee, Lyle soon came up to his usual form of play. He hit the line with terrific force, was a hard tackler and a sure ground-gainer. When called upon he rarely failed to respond with the necessary distance. That is the kind





The Team of Ninety-nine. From a snap-shot on the Field.



**THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION OF THE KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.**  
From a photo made in front of "Science Building," State College.



### THE PLUCKY SECOND TEAM OF K. S. COLLEGE

Which has done such valiant work on the gridiron, and among whom are many hopefuls for the coming season.

WHAT THEY NEED IS A GYMNASIUM to develop their physical powers. Some of them will be lobbyists in the coming Legislature working for an appropriation to build and equip the finest gymnasium in the South. Kentucky owes it to her young men to erect this building. What is the use to develop a man's mental faculties, and in doing so impair him physically so he will die as soon as he leaves college, or become an invalid for life.

This is what hundreds of young Kentuckians say: We want a gymnasium, and that man is not a friend to the State who will not help us to secure one.



## To Lovers of Kentucky:

We want you all to subscribe for

### The Kentuckian.

From 2,000,000 population we should receive quite a number of subscribers.

## Comments.

### A Few of the Many.

“The handsomest publication of its class in the south.”  
—Morning Herald, Lexington, Ky.

“The foremost magazine of its kind in the country.”  
—Daily Leader, Lexington, Ky.

“An honor to the city of Lexington.”  
—Southern Evangelist, Lexington.

“At the top notch.”  
—The Fulton Daily Leader.

“A handsome publication.”  
—W. J. Davidson, Supt. Public Instruction, Frankfort, Ky.

“Replete with interesting matter.”  
—Maj. W. L. Ringo, Ashland, Ky.

of a man that is needed on a team, and the man that in the end wins the game.

LOUIS WIN MARTIN, RIGHT END.

Martin was about the smallest man on the team and one of the fastest. His fine tackles and his brilliant end runs was the talk of many games. He is a twisting runner and hard to tackle, and was especially fine in taking advantage of the opponents' fumbles, which he often did with telling results.

FRANK WILLIAM MILBURNE, GUARD.

Though extremely light for the line, Milburne played consistent foot ball throughout the season. It must have required a great amount of nerve for the plucky little fellow to go up against such heavy linemen, but he never flinched and at times opened up holes and stopped mass plays in a way that seemed incaedible for his size.

JOHN LEON VOGT, HALF-BACK.

Another surprise in foot ball circles this year was the playing of Vogt, the little end of last year's team. He was placed as half-back and there displayed some of the fiercest bucking for his size yet seen, and besides he was a sure tackler. He had the name of "the little-low-bucker."

GUY WICKLIFFE RICE, RIGHT END.

Rice started the season as captain of the second team. His management of that team was of the superior order, and when so many of his men were put on the varsity eleven he began to play end, and his work during the past season was the subject of much comment. Many of the best gains being made by his steady and sure end running. Rice would also make a fine half-back, and great things are expected of him in 1900.—[Ed.]

JAMES SYRE GIBSON, TACKLE AND GUARD.

One of the mistakes of the season was in not putting

## THE KENTUCKIAN.

Gibson in the game sooner. He was especially strong on defense, breaking up interference with rare skill and precision, and carried the ball for repeated gains. Besides, he played half-back equally well—decidedly a good emergency man to have on a team.

## SAMUEL TILDEN HOGG, TACKLE.

Hogg started out this year playing as good ball as we have ever seen, but had to retire from the game early in the season on account of physical condition. His weight, strength and speed, with conscientious training, would make him a tower of strength on any team.

## JAMES DIXON STACY, GUARD.

Stacy's showing this year, considering the fact that he came late and donned a foot ball suit just two days before a game, for the first time in his life, caused much speculation as to what he would have done had he the advantages of a whole season's training. Despite his size and weight, he handles himself well and made one of the best and fastest men on the team.

## JAMES HIRAM GRAHAM, JR., TACKLE AND GUARD.

Graham's work at tackle could not be up to its usual standard on account of an injury received early in the season. He takes a great interest in the game and plays a good game when in any sort of condition. His weight adds great strength to the line and it is to be regretted that he could not play during the entire season.

## HUGHES, HALF-BACK.

Any opinion of Hughes' playing must necessarily be mere speculation as he played only a small part of one game. However, he seemed to hit the line well for his size, and will doubtless be a varsity man for 1900.

# ATHLETICS.

## SUMMARY:

Name.	Residence.	Class.	Years on Team.	Wght.	Games this Year
Clark . . . . .	Pleasureville, Ky.	'03	3	156	9
Kehoe . . . . .	Cynthiana,	'01	3	135	9
Humphrey . . . . .	Lexington,	'01	3	160	9
Reese, S. T.,	Trenton,	'03	1	125	9
Jones . . . . .	Creelsboro,	'00	2	155	8
Lyle . . . . .	Lexington,	'01	3	155	7
Scott . . . . .	Lyxington,	'02	1	145	8
Reese, A. S.,	Trenton,	'01	3	155	7
Martin . . . . .	Lexington,	'01	2	130	7
Melbourne . . . . .	Lexington,	'01	1	140	7
Vogt . . . . .	Louisville,	'01	1	140	6
Rice . . . . .	Paintsville,	'01	1	145	5
Gibson . . . . .	Dayton,	'03	1	160	4
Hogg . . . . .	Booneville,	'01	3	165	4
Stacy . . . . .	Sassafras,	'02	1	180	4
Graham . . . . .	Louisville,	'00	2	170	4
Hughes . . . . .	Louisville,	'02	1	140	1

## GAMES:

K. S. C . . . . .	23	K. U . . . . .	6
" . . . . .	17	Miami . . . . .	5
" . . . . .	11	Centre . . . . .	11
" . . . . .	0	U. of T . . . . .	12
" . . . . .	0	C. U . . . . .	5
" . . . . .	34	Georgetown . . . . .	0
" . . . . .	0	W. & L . . . . .	0
" . . . . .	6	W. & L . . . . .	0
" . . . . .	6	Alumni . . . . .	5

## Maj. M. A. Jones.

To the surprise and regret of his many friends, Major Jones has resigned his position at State College. His work at this institution has been of a very high order. He perhaps, though not "an army man," has had the best drilled battalion that the college ever sent out. "Well done," is all that could be said in volumes.

We congratulate him on his brilliant and blissful future. We tip and say:

"Here's to a long life and happy one,  
A sweet girl and a true one;  
Lots of work and lots of moa'.

---

### The Great Kentucky School

The Kentucky State College in Work The University of Kentucky.

This is the one great institution in which all Kentuckians should feel an individual interest.

It is only a matter of a very short time this will be in all respects a great university. At present many of its departments are recognized as being of the very first rank in the land.

Hither the youth of Kentucky who are athirst for knowledge, though they are penniless, may come, and the proud state of Kentucky will educate and help them to become intelligent and useful citizens.

For the past ten years the State College has been sending forth some of the best scholars and technical men of the country—men who hold positions obtained by rigorous competitive examination against the graduates of the great eastern schools.

The College feels justly proud of its work and its influence is felt more and more every year. Each year



brings a larger number of students. The dormitories will not accommodate them, though the State has obligated herself to give them accommodations. Young men must incur a heavy extra expense by living in the city, and the girls—there are no accommodations whatever for them.

The crying need of the institution is a good gymnasium and to the legislature the boys of the commonwealth confidently look for the means by which a magnificent one may be erected and thoroughly equipped.

If there is an institution in the broad confines of Kentucky that is deserving of every attention of the legislature, it is this school. As it grows greater its obligations and expenses greatly increase.

The State should remember that whatever is spent in the upbuilding and maintenance of this institution will be returned ten fold in value. And so we make the appeal that when the General Assembly of Kentucky convenes it will, without delay, make such appropriations as are needed in this grand educational work.

HON. JAS. PULLEN, ex-member of the Kentucky legislature, says:

“The school now needs the name of the grand old commonwealth and some further legislation to place it properly before the world and in the front rank of great universities. The college needs a gymnasium badly and another dormitory. Every room is now taken and many of the young men are compelled to lodge in town. The legislature should make necessary appropriations to supply these wants, and also create the University in name as it is in work.”



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P. L. S.

We are glad once more to report continued prosperity. The recent declamatory contest was one of the most successful for years, and our pleasure was heightened by the presence of our patron and friend, Mr. Geo. W. Crum, of Louisville. From a large number of candidates, five representatives, Messrs. Berry, Hailey, Brooks, A. Smith and Maddox were selected, who presented a splendid program in the chapel.

I will take the liberty of indulging a rather ancient reminiscence which is almost too remote for insertion.

Our habitual solemnity was interrupted early in the fall by an entertainment of social nature. The pleasant memory of the occasion would lead one to expatiate upon the young ladies, the flowers and the music, the addresses of Pres. Patterson and Prof. McKenzie, also of Messrs. A. Sublette, Ragan, Gibson Taylor and McDaniel, were he not restrained by a fear of being written down as an antiquarian. Mr. Hunley was chosen to represent the college at Richmond, and the company which attended him—not merely from one society—stood a witness of the loyalty and generous college spirit in our institution.

CLARK TANDY.

## THE BENN PITMAN SYSTEM OF PHONOGRAPHY

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## U. L. S.

President Taylor has returned and at the last meeting took the oath of the office to which the society elected him during his absence at home.

Mr. Taylor's executive abilities and experience in parliamentary drill are among the qualities which make him a superior presiding officer.

Mr. T. A. Jones continues to delight the members with his wit.

Union Society has, during the time the writer has been a member, given the college and state some good orators and declaimers. It has given its Suggs and Scherffe, its Frisbees and Gunns, but Jones is the first genuine wit and humorist we have had, and we are proud of him, and always delighted at his “plaisanteries agreeables.”

The declamatory contest displays some good talent and gives promise that the contest for the oratorical medal will be a close one. Messrs. Grady, Hancock, Richmond and Pres. Taylor are among the number now writing their orations; some good, original thought and expression will be the outcome of the contest on the evening of February 22d.

Union Society has decided to withdraw from the Intercollegiate Declamatory Association

## OVERCOATS.



We have a dozen lines in Ulsters, Box and Storm Coats that we will sell now at \$6.98.

Another lot in which there are coats that would be pronounced a great value at \$15 elsewhere—our price \$10.

And this holds good with our 'Best Make' marked as sell at \$12.50 and \$15.

These come in English Meltons, Chinchillas, Kerseys and Coverts, and are lined with clay or fancy worsteds, yoke clear across of the same goods, or satin and satin sleeve lining.

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Commence at \$4.98 and run up to \$7.50, \$10, \$15, and you will search long and hard to find anything to equal them.

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*34 S. Limestone St.*

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Nice Hair Cut, 15c.

Pleasant Shave, 10c.

since the report of its declamatory committee-man, and suggestions from him favoring such action. Among the reasons for its withdrawal is the belief that time and expense now put into this association should be expended in efforts to make the Debating League a greater success, and the opinion that the intercollegiate contests can be held more successfully by individuals who are interested in the declamatory work. This action is not intended to discourage those who are endeavoring to acquire the ability to interpret and express by voice and gesture the fact and fancy, the humor and tragedy, and the truth and beauties that thought and pen and press have stored, but rather since there are already many successful organizations for the exercise of declamatory ability, to use the surplus of limited time and money to promote the debate.

"Mr. President," exclaimed Mr. Ireland when the question concerning a banquet was being discussed, "I move to put it on the table." Parliamentary tabling would have greatly hindered tabling the feast, and so Mr. Ireland's motion was not seconded.

A merry time,  
A sweetheart true,  
When you go home  
We wish for you.

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And lots 'o room  
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When you go home.

To Ashland home,  
Or Pennyrile's,  
To Bourbon's blue  
Or Whitley's hills;

Though bonnie lass,  
Or laddie fine,  
We wish a merry  
Christmas time.

### A Fine Endorsement.

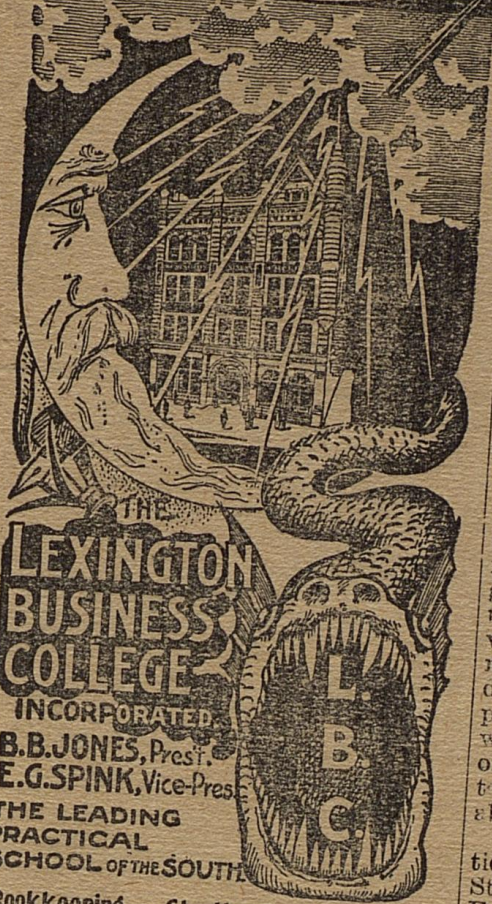
Among a number of prominent men, who, in the last issue of THE KENTUCKIAN, endorsed and recommended the superior work of Miss Mary E. Millikan's School of Phonography, the influential signature of Prof. F. Paul Anderson was unintentionally omitted. Prof. Anderson always takes great pleasure in recommending this school, the graduates of which have been phenomenally successful in business everywhere.

### THE STATE'S DUTY.

Kentucky owes to her present and to the generations of sons yet to comet to erect and endow a great university which shall rank with that which has made Virginia scarce less famous than the achievements of her greatest men.

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## BUSINESS COLLEGES.

Prof. Jones Will Talk About Them to  
Southern Educators.

The Lexington Business College will be represented at the next annual convention of the Southern Educational Association in Memphis, Tenn., December 7, 28 and 29 by Prof. B. B. Jones, Pres

ident of the college. He has been invited to address the convention by Prof. Junius Jordan, President of the S. E. A., and he will take a stand before this distinguished body of educators on behalf of "The Business College as It Should Be," and will contrast methods in vogue in some business schools, with methods as they should be in all business colleges to command the proper rank in our national system of education. Prof. Jones will in his address be likely to urge action by the convention with a view to discouraging certain improper practices among a class of business schools, which practices, he considers, have a tendency to place the cause of business education in a bad light.

Prof. Jones is known to be in favor of a broader course of study for those who attend business schools, and he is outspoken against quackery among business school people. He thinks that educators should not subvert the interests of their profession through questionable schemes to make money, and he does not think well of the broad license now given persons to hold themselves out to communities as business colleges with the assumed right to grant diplomas to so-called graduates. He will doubtless find a hearty support in his position before the distinguished body which he will address, and the success of the Lexington Business College, due to the painstaking work done there will probably bear him out in his position.

Others who will address the convention are: Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Francis W. Parker, President Chicago Normal Institute; Dr. J. H. Raymond, President University of West Virginia; Hon. J. L. McCurry, General Agent for Peabody Fund; Dr. A. S. Downing, President New York Training School; Hon. Henry A. Wise, Superintendent Public Instruction, Baltimore; Dr. John L. Buchanan, President of University of Arkansas; Dr. James K. Powers, President University of Alabama; Hon. N. C. Dougherty, Superintendent Schools, Peoria, Ill.; Prof. Alex Hogg, Texas; Dr. C. W. Dabney, President of University of Tennessee; Prof. J. C. Jones, University of Missouri; Dr. E. H. Alderman, President University of North Carolina; Hon. B. F. Johnson, Richmond, Va.; Dr. J. H. Kirkland, President of Vanderbilt University; Dr. R. B. Fulton, President University of Mississippi; Hon. Warren Easton, Superintendent Public Schools, New Orleans; Dr. J. H. Phillips, Superintendent Public Schools, Birmingham, Ala.; Prof. E. O. Branson, President State Normal College, Athens, Ga.

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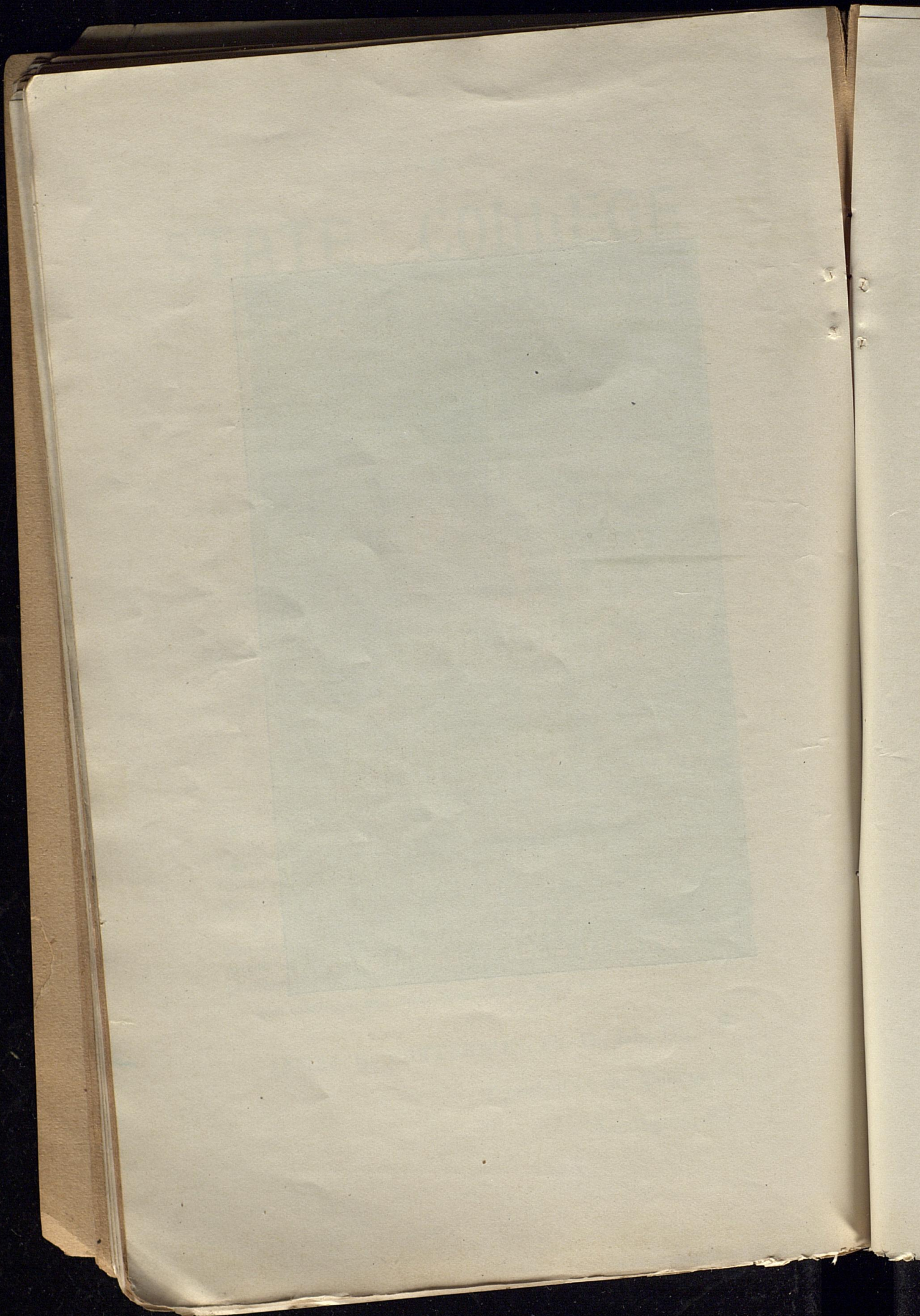
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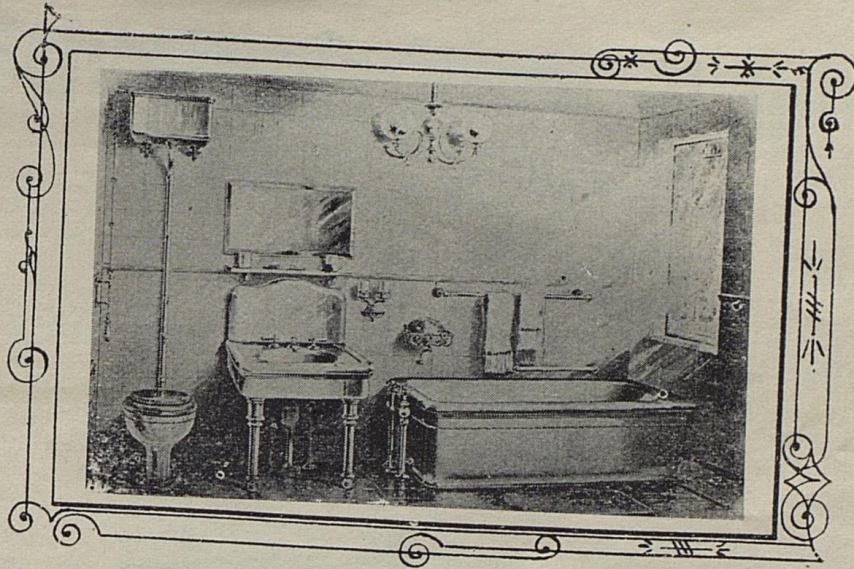
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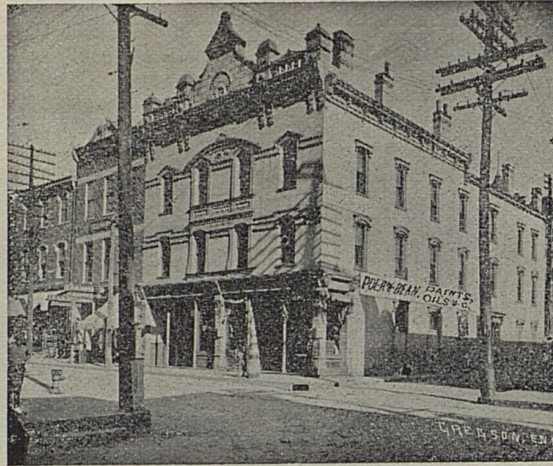
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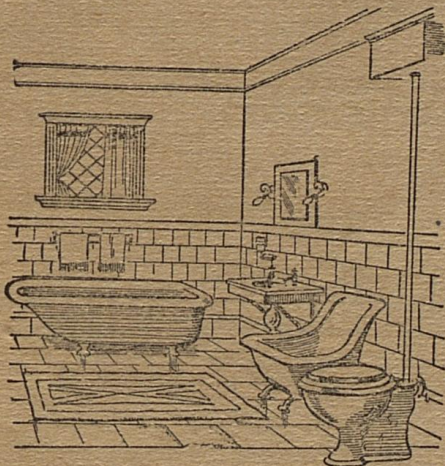
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Yet we say don't buy a \$7.50 suit or an \$8.50 overcoat if you can pay more.

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