

C. C. Jett

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The Kentuckian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBUARY '99.



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ATTEND
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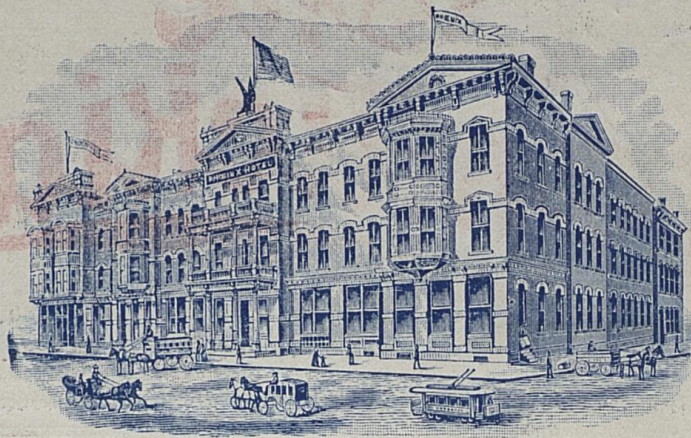
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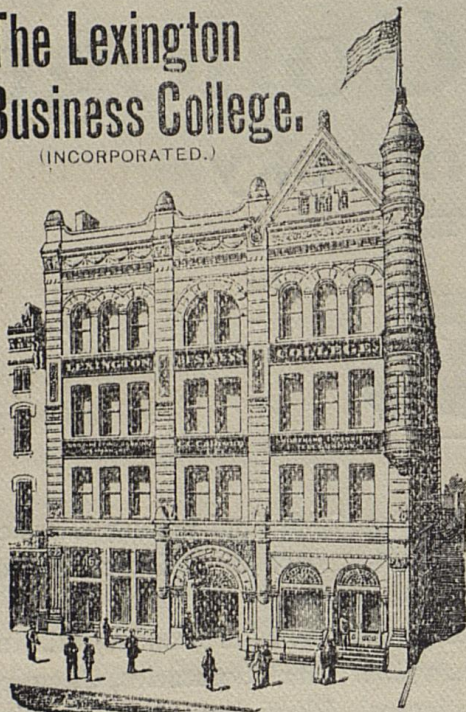
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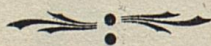
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FEBRUARY 1899.

No. 5.

WASHINGTON.

Where may the weary eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—~~one—the first—the last—the best—~~
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one!

—Byron.

Abraham Lincoln's Birthday.

By Richard H. Stoddard

From the New York "Mail and Express," February 12 1898

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart ;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load—
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid ;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, connselors, kings ! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

The Vernal Touch.

STERN Winter meets his annual Waterloo the fourteenth of February, and St. Valentine is the victor who bows the hoary helmet of the Sovereign of the the Snows. For, whatever the proclamation of the ground-hog and the goose-bone, it is then that Nature stirs from her slumbers and pushes back the fringe of frost and whispers to the waiting soul a prophecy of spring. The season has a softness in harmony with its sentiment, and the day of dainty favors comes not in vain either to the birds or to those not less callow though unfeathered creatures whom we know as boys and girls. The projected influence of the spring turns backward, as it were, and fills their blood with an anticipated warmth that has not yet come to vegetation; for the unmistakable thrill that pervades the earth when the old world turns over on his axis and begins his fresh dreams has not yet made the ground fecund or coaxed the shrubs and vines to let their little buds venture forth in unequal battle with the nipping air.

And while the birds are mating and Nature murmurs her desires, the boys and girls seem to know, somehow, that the period of sweet passion is upon us; for they feel the spring-tide dwelling in their veins before the vine's vegetation dares to give visible sign of the summer's coming. It happens that my domicile is directly on the line which these young things must traverse on their way to and from the State College, and twice a day I have opportunities to know their tricks and manners by ocular observation. A close observer can see that though the sun enter not the sign of Aries until March 21, yet the vernal equinox came to the souls of these young people long before that date. In gait and manner, in dress and deportment, they show that pairing time is here; and life from this on until summer heats become languorous will be a long St. Valentine's Day.

This State College, without making much noise about it, has become a practical success in the coeducation of the sexes.

It is open to the girls and boys alike, and I do suspect that the girls much prefer it to any of the so-called female seminaries where they are shut out from sight of the young roosters whose plumage is so dear to their tender little hearts. Poor, callow creatures! Strong Nature is with you, and though driven out with a pitchfork, yet she will come again. Not all your artificial airs and graces, not all your vigorous protestations, can blind one to the longing of your little hearts. You can not take a step that does not show in its very airiness the desire that links you to Dame Nature's everlasting will.

And so every day the pairing among these innocent creatures goes on more and more, until it seems now that the majority of them go to and from their college in couples; and the way they walk, too, is enough to set an old man a-dreaming. Talk about the school-boy creeping like an unwilling snail to school!—it is nothing to the slow-hastening of these young men and maids. A few days ago when it was raining cats and dogs and the streets were torrents of muddy water, I saw a couple under an umbrella with their arms locked and their cheeks so close to each other that I wonder that they could keep from kissing right there on the street; and they were walking at the rate of perhaps a quarter of a mile an hour. All Paradise to them was under that umbrella then, and for aught they cared or knew it might have been raining moss-rose buds. They walked through the perfumed atmosphere of their own love dreams, and I know that as she leaned her dainty head on the shoulder of the young cadet she wished that the walk would never end and the rain would fall forever. As for him, beyond a doubt his heart must have been beating almost hard enough to knock the brass buttons off his gray coat. Oh, sweet youth! oh, spring-time of life! with all your unconscious idiocy you never lose your charm! Your sunshine breaks into a smile as it splinters itself against the frosty past.

I love to see these young spoonbills so full of vernal susceptibility and so unconscious of their outward manifestations of it. In good sooth, their love will not amount to much, and their gentle dalliance is, in the main, but harmless by-play.

Yet their love is real love while it lasts ; and when it has passed and both of them have learned to smile at the folly of it, they can look back upon it without a pang ; and the quiet laugh that comes to their hearts because of it is not unaccompanied with a sigh—a sigh not of sorrow, with not one grain of bitterness in it, but merely the natural regret for days that have gone which while they lasted were full of sweetness and when they died left roses of remembrance to make their graves fragrant. Now alone of all times in their lives can these young students love without suspicion, and trust without the shadow of a doubt, and caress without the intention to betray. With a beautiful ignorance which is the highest innocence do they bare their transparent bosoms to the eye of every passer-by, so that he who runs may count their heart-throbs as he passes them upon the street, and the secret that they think hidden in the sanctuary of their souls becomes the property of every one who wills to read it. Unknown microcosms of Nature they are, and one with the April shower and the opening rose of May.

This thing of love is a mystery anyhow—the sweetest and the strangest of all mysteries—and in its very likeness the nearest to the heart of Nature. The man who seeks so ardently possession of the maiden whom he loves ; and who trembles with delight at the touch of her finger-tips ; and who would prefer the deep stake-pierced grave of the suicide to the loss of her, in a little while after she has yielded her sweetness to him bruises her cheek with his cruel blows and drives her crying, from his sight as he spurns her loathed presence from him. And the woman who to-day would give her heart's blood to ease the smallest pain that racks her lover's nerves, to-morrow turns away from him, though he encompass her with all the rich passion of an ardent and faithful heart, and waste her worship on some worthless rival who has bought her with a bauble and would sell her for a song. So stern Nature, fickle and unrelenting turn from us when we love her most ; and when she gives promise of most blithesome sunshine hurls the sharp sleet into our faces. When we seek her she avoids us, and when we would fly from her she environs us with charms.

To the man who waits for her blessings they never come, and upon him who can command them they are showered.

It is the province of us old chaps who have passed our day of action to sit back and moralize over these things, and they do afford us ample food for thought. The philosopher at best is but an anatomist who dissects the frame which has been the home of life without apprehending the suitable existence which eludes him. He can not lay bare his own being with the scalpel, and the nerves and muscles which he traces connect not with the impulses of his own intelligence. He can only know what is—the why and wherefore flee at his approach, and leave him in the midst of speculation.

So he sees that the young men and maidens give premonition of the spring before the spring has come—they thrill with the impulses of the world-soul before the sun has kissed the earth to sweet awakening from its slumbers. Why is it and wherefore he can not know: he only knows it is, and knowing that rejoices because the life he has felt and can feel no more does not die because his blood is cold. I mind me, too, that with all his wise philosophy he is not insensible to the coming of the vernal sun. The antic of these youngsters strangely interest him, and at times he almost wishes he were young again and gamboling among them. It takes a long time for the heart to die, and oftentimes when it seems dead there comes to it an unexpected waking. Then as the sun warms the chilled marrow in his old bones he is tempted to cry out:

“And the world-soul dare not harm me,
 For a heaven-soul is mine;
 And my blood in its flaccid vessels
 Foams like the yeasty wine.
 Yea, the winter of death but brings me
 Into a blither spring,
 Where the dewy stars are pansies
 In my garden blossoming.”

As I write these lines the storm howls outside my door and rain patters down from a welkin of unrifted cloud. Yet can I enter fully inter the feeling which prompted them? There is some suggestion of thunder amid the roar of the rushing

wind, and a faint flash of sheet lightning quivers with blue phosphorescence through the closed shutters of my window. I hear the down-pour from the gutters tinkle on the tin conduits which relieve the roof above me from its load of moisture, and the dull monotony of sound would lull me to a slumberous night of dreams were it not that the immortal mind is busy, pondering upon the universe and seeking some new application of its treasure to the cravings of mankind. The thunder rolls more distinctly, spectres of the lightning dart fitfully through the crevices of my window blinds. There seems little under the firmament to be desired, or to be expected or worth hoping for. It looks as if the Devil had the round earth in a sling, like one of David's pebbles, wherewith he might smite Chaos between the eyes and make a corpse of the fruitful but unguilded and unruled universe.

But as I turn in my revolving chair my foot strikes something on the floor. It is a leather top-string with a button on the end of it. The little beggar who is the owner of it lies sleeping in his bed upstairs. I remember when he coaxed me for the nickel to buy the top because the bigger boys had won the last top that he had in "plugging for keeps." Without going upstairs to look I can see him now, with the long curls of silken gold falling over his round cheeks, the color of a red rose, and his soft lashes shutting out both light and darkness from eyes blue as the heart of heaven and deep as the soul of eternity. He knows nothing of the storm, and if knew he would not care for it. He hears no thunder muttering in the night or in his little life, and the lightning has not pierced the soft canopy of sleep which environs him. He and his little brothers, shut up from the mischiefs and rascalities and numberless diabolisms with which small boys decorate the day, slumber like closed rose-buds, shutting in with their unconsciousness an infinitude of balmy dreams and fragrant fancies fresh from paradise.

This little top-string brings all the picture up to me, and in that vision I forgot the storm, and care not for the darkness or the thunder or the lightning. If this poor plaything of a child can so move me, shall there be no strong hope of man-

kind for whom God gave His only begotten son to die? The clear heaven lies beyond these rolling clouds, and deathless stars are shining there. Through all the din dun welkin the spirit eye can pierce, and behold beyond it the unshaken, steadfast firmament; for I know that the sustaining power of all the universe, that which keeps the great suns and all the viewless atoms each in its place, is first and last an all-prevailing love.

And so these unripe students who touch elbows sex to sex as they walk mincingly down the street, scarce knowing what they do, are part of this wide love which makes creation possible. The blind motions of their vague impulses which they think most ethereal, tend to that time when they, too, shall find a top-string on the floor of some yet unbuilt home, and dream, on finding it, of fair-haired boys who slumber in a room above. You make wise talk, my children, of your chemistry and algebra, each seeking to impress the other with the vastness of your knowledge: you chatter sometimes much inanity, but you touch elbows all the same, and bless the happy rain which lets you seek the shelter of some small umbrella, that you may snuggle closer to each other and lay your downy cheeks together. Then does your algebra exhaust itself in making sweet equations of your hearts, and all your chemistry is only the transfusion of your love. You do not look far into the future now, my little maid. You only think of touching arms and casual meetings of the finger-tips and stolen pressures of the hand at parting and lingering at the gate some limpid night in May, and possibly a half unconscious pressure of two pairs of lips together soft as the pressure of a butterfly's wing; quick as a flash but sweeter than the deep taste of the humming-bird when he does rob the honeysuckle's heart.

You see but this. I see beyond. Deep in your heart lies you unformed fortune. Some day—mayhap with the same stalwart youth; most likely with another—the kiss will deepen and grow sweeter and more frequent, the arm will rest about your little waist, and then the organ and the parson will take their share in your young life, and then—and then—the top-string on the floor and the little beggar with the wealth of

golden hair about his face asleep upstairs. Ah, little maid! go mincing on your way with all your dainty pretense to scholasticism and indifference! We old ones know you better than you know yourself. Your very walk betrays you and we smile at you, yet are we very thankful that you bring the spring to us long ere the winter dies.

J. SOULE SMITH.

Paderewski As a Student.

"When Paderewski came to Leschetizky, in Vienna, some ten years ago, it was as a concert performer who had already achieved success in Russia and mastered an extensive repertoire," writes Cleveland Moffett of "The Man Who Taught Paderewski," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Leschetizky heard him play for awhile and then said: 'You have some very bad faults, but you have talent. You have played too many things and nothing well enough. Your wrist is hard and stiff. If you come to me you must forget for six months that you have a repertoire; you must play nothing but exercises for technique, six hours a day of exercises and nothing else.'

"Paderewski thought the matter over and decided that he had the strength of will for the severe test, and put himself entirely in Leschetizky's hands. All day long for six months this finished concert performer worked away at the mechanics of piano playing, at exercises specially devised for him by Leschetizky, and some devised by himself with reference to peculiarities of his own hands. Every evening he took a lesson at the professor's house, this being a mark of special favor, for with ordinary pupils all lessons end at five in the afternoon. and one lesson in two weeks is the best that even the most proficient may attain. One hour, two hours, three hours these nightly lessons lasted, for Leschetizky gives no heed to time once his serious interest is aroused. These two men were together constantly; they took long walks; they played hard fought games of billiards, both being adepts at the game; they talked incessantly, for Leschetizky has a fluent tongue, and what the older man knew of the sounding art he gave freely to the younger man, and that the disciple has given to the world."

Spring Athletics.



"The secret of success in anything lies in full-preparedness." To be fully prepared we must continuously practice. Then let every boy as soon as the birds begin to chant their spring melodies, don his base-ball or track suit and go to work on the diamond or gridiron.

We all remember with pride the glorious record of the immortals who battled bloodily on the gridiron, and carried the old college flag so high that it came down sealed with the imprint of the gods and covered with celestial glory. All honor to those boys and that glorious past; but let us now turn our faces to the morning and our energies to newer, sweeter and blither work and when the season shall have ended we will have the pleasure of seeing the old banner high above all its competitors and of knowing that spring victories eclipsed even those of the autumn.

We can have a good, a winning base-ball team if the boys will just practice together, (as we believe they will)

Of the old men we have Ripy, Gilbert, Perkins, Wilim, Walter Campbell and Gibson. Many new men give promise of ability, and when they begin to practice, it will be strange, indeed, if out of the whole number, we do not get one of the strongest and most victorious teams that ever played for the college. Quite a great deal of interest is now being shown, and in a few weeks our beautiful athletic grounds will be covered by young aspirants for athletic honors. Under the captaincy of John Willim, the "brilliant but ill-starred" foot-ball player, we expect great things from the base-ball nine.

The Track Team.

State College is proud of her track team. How it won the laurels from the University of Center last year is still fresh in the memory of the old boys.

The outlook for the team this year is exceedingly flattering, and if the boys will just get out and practice, we can make a fine record. The track man more than any other must be developed and those who expect to enter for events, especially the long runs, had best practice every day from this time on. That was the way old _____ broke the mile record.

In the January KENTUCKIAN the talented young athletic writer, Mr. Sidney A. Smith, stated that we must sustain our reputation with the track team. After noticing some of the boys who will enter we need not fear. "Winn" Martin and John Kehoe the "shooting stars," of gridiron fame, will be with us for the dashes.

Syd and Soule Smith, who can vault literally "out of sight," will this year vault "out of sighter," besides Soule will be entered for the high-jump, low hurdle and hop-step-and-jump.

Old Stacy threw the hammer eighty yards the first time he ever saw it, (hurrah for the mountaineers!) we don't know how far he will throw it when he is trained. Mr. Stacy will also train for broad-jumping and hammer throwing.

John Vogt, the winner of the half mile at Cincinnati last year will beat himself this season.

Burgess will step the half and quarter in fine time.

Bob Allen can do fine work on the mile.

Clark can put shot farther than he can shoot it.

Marius Johnson (Capt.) will enter for the high jump and low hurdles.

Harry Lovenhart will sprint the 100 and 220.

Charles Blessing, (Capt. of the famous 2d) will enter the mile race.

Bear in mind that the above mentioned, save Mr. Stacy, are just the old timers. We do not know what these new men can do. Most likely there are hidden stars all around us and when the training begins look out for some unknown to come in and bear off the palm.

Let every boy come out and try. If you don't win it will be the finest thing in the world for your general health and will make you handsome, graceful and vigorous—nothing so good for mind, soul and body as vigorous exercise in the open air and sunshine, followed by a good rub-down. Every boy in college is invited to come out and see what he can do and what can be done for him.

We shall very much appreciate any interest which the faculty will take in spring athletics. Some records stand on our books that are too low; by proper encouragement they will be broken. Boys appreciate medals and will work like smoke for them. The merchants will take interest in the team and encourage by way of medals, gifts etc.

All in all we have an exceedingly bright future.

Let everyone work in earnest and the shouts of victory will be heard everywhere.

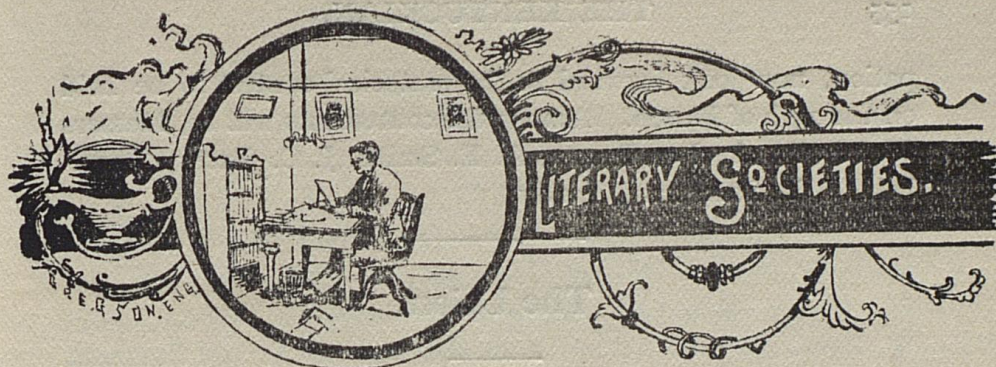
What's the matter with Old K. S. C.?

She's all right!!

Who's all right?

K. S. C.

Right you are.



The Patterson Society.

LESLIE HUNDLEY.

Though the weather of this month has been the coldest known, in Lexington since '83, the Patterson Literary society has never faltered—her member braving storms of sleet and snow, to meet in the old Patterson hall where all are soon comfortable, and enjoying an interesting literary programme.

Among new members, who have cast their lot with us are: Mr. J. C. Jones, nephew of Major Jones, with his rare and literary powers; Mr. Tandy well known by us all, as a deserving student of State College, is excellent members of our society; and Mr. L. W. Martin, one of the famous foot-ball players of '98." We extend out greetings to Mr Howard a member of last year who has returned.

The officers of the society for this term: President, Ed Taylor, who is a master of Parliamentary laws, and will hold full "high" the dignity of the society; Vice President and Attorney A. E. Smith, an able prosecutor, Secretary, Threlkeld, the jocky; Critics Hailey and Luten; Treasurer, W. V. Howard; Chaplain C. W. Saunders; and Martial, J. C. Berry.

Messers. A. E. Smith and Hailey have been elected to represent us in the "inter-society debate," to be held in the college chappel on the 10th of March.

The Patterson society will hold an open session next Friday evening (Feb, 24th.) The programme will be varied and entertaining. Among the participants will be Messers McDaniel, Threlkeld, Hailey, Crume, Graham, Saunders, Smith, Berry, E. E. Johnson, McCarty and Tandy. All with happy antici-

pation, now look forward to the oratorical contest to be held on the 25th of March. Among the contestants will be, Messers Walter Brock, Lee Ragan, A. E. Smith, J. C. Berry, Threlkeld, J. R. Sams, and Tandy

The Union.

Every one is sorry to learn that The Union Literary society will not favor the public on the 22nd with its usual interesting programme.

Two of the brilliant young men who were to speak in the contest are too ill to take part. We refer to Messers Hancock and Hestand. Mr. Hancock is confined to his bed in the dormitory while Mr. Hestand has been taken to St. Josephs hospital.

This contest we hail with much pleasure and hope to give a full account in the next issue of THE KENTUCKIAN.

As yet 'tis not decided when the public will be favored with the 22nd programme, but it is hoped that it will be rendered at an early date.

ROBT ALLEN.

What is Lacking in Normal.

The Normal Society should be ashamed of itself. It is the only society in which boys and girls are permitted to meet together. Yet the boys do not bring their sweet-hearts out. It can't be that those handsome, robust fellows like Stacy and Cornett have no girls. But the other evening when the Patterson and Union Societies adjourned to go down and visit the Normal Society (?), to their dismay not a girl was there. You Normal people must do better than this, else you will lose that grand reputation the old Normal has always sustained, of being the best and most practical society in college. You must, boys and girls, in convention assemble and have just a high time.

“Jim” Menifee Won.

“The Tell-tale Heart” is a medal winner.

The Midwinter Declamatory contest, held in Morrison chapel under the auspices of Kentucky University on the evening of Jan. 17th, resulted in a victory for Mr. James F. Menifee of Stanford Ky. who represented Georgetown College. No one disputes his right to it. The tell-tale heart is a thrilling piece and when delivered by the *young* Menifee of to-day in his matchless style and with his lofty eloquence, it was bound to carry the audience by storm.

The second medal was awarded to Mr. P. D. Porter of K. U. who died for it ; but rose again.

Mr. G. C. Faris of the State College was undoubtedly the most graceful speaker of the evening ; his gestures were beautiful and had he chosen to scream a ghost-story or the like would have won first medal. The other speakers did credit to themselves and their institution.

This declamatory boast must stop, if we don't want to ruin all the young talent in our commonwealth.

The average elocution teacher does infinitely more harm than good. She makes a machine out of the human faculties and while she may teach them to “exclaim” a piece, she disqualifies him for higher and nobler effort in *practical oratory*.

Of course they all say they are teaching the student to “be natural” : only go to one declamatory contest and you will see that they have only succeeded in teaching him *to be artificial*.

The best training on the earth for the future orator is for him, of his own accord, to take the masterpiece of the world's great speakers and go to the woods, field or seashore and give full expression to the inmost passions of his soul—for of such as these were Clay and Demosthenes.

Sensation at the Capitol.

On Friday evening a swell entertainment was given at the Capitol Hotel (Frankfort) in honor of Capt. Adj. R. E. Warren, Lieut. Quartermaster Robert Sams, Lieut. C. G. Cornet and Judge Harry Holt, son of Judge Holt, of Frankfort, who is chairman of the board of trustees of the Kentucky State College.

When the folding doors were thrown open and the distinguished guests began to file in, none were more handsome or conspicuous than our own young officers of State College, and when the dancing began no one was more graceful and glided with greater ease in those dear dreamy waltzes than did Judge Holt and Lieut. Sams. Capt. Warren did not dance, but his brilliancy as a conversationalist was soon manifest, drawing around him a number of literary artists and statesmen. Lieut. Cornett though often urged to dance, (for the discerning eyes of fair ladies soon discovered from his fine military bearing the "he just must dance divine.") Constantly declined to do so preferring to talk with Governor Bradley and Senator Lindsay about the grave questions that to-day confront us as a nation. Finally, however, when cupid landed a sweetly poisoned arrow in his heart, he allowed himself to be led away by a fair New Yorker, and he soon was seen standing by a window, the moon falling upon his handsome face. He looked down into beautiful eyes, his soul was on fire, his voice was low, soft and tremulous. We wonder what he said. The future alone will tell.

The sensation of the evening was when an Indiana girl seeing Sams and hearing him called Lieutenant,

THOUGHT HE WAS HOBSON,

and at once ran to him and cried joyfully, "why Lieut Hobson we are so delighted to have you here!" Sams was equal to the occasion however, and before they could stop him, kissed more girls in a few minutes than an ordinary man does in a lifetime.

Boys, distinguish yourselves at college and then you will be "good soldiers," and maybe you can go to the Capitol, if not as Hobson, perhaps as Governor

Our Birds.

We wonder how James Lane Allen would feel if he knew that the birds of Kentucky were frozen by thousands during the last cold spell. The author of "A Kentucky Cardinal" could not but be grieved that nature herself had been so unkind to his little loved friends.

The following from The Morning Herald will give an idea of the severity of the weather and its effect upon our friends in feathers :

JACKSON, KY., Feb. 17.—Persons coming here from the nearby communities report that the quail were about exterminated by the recent severe cold weather. Hundreds of birds flew to the barns and stables to hunt food and shelter, and so near famished were they that they ate with the swine and fowls in the barn-yards.

In one neighborhood hundreds of dead English sparrows have been found lying in the fields frozen stiff, and hunters fear the partridges have been killed out by the cold. One drummer saw thousands of birds near a frozen pond on the road side, where they had evidently been frozen while seeking for water. Several strange water fowl have been killed in the mountains since the extreme cold set in, and it is supposed that they were blown from their natural haunts by the gales from the ocean.

Then sea gulls were found in one strip of woods in an adjoining county by a man who rode through that way to shorten the distance while riding for a doctor.

The Pet.

The Philosopher is the pet of all our literary societies. Everyone loves the Philosopher individually and collectively—and why should we not—no reason on this great broad earth. It is the society of our girls—our brave, our energetic girls—those who meet at such a time as would worry the life out of boys. The faculty ought to give them a better and longer time for their literary exercises.

Would'nt it be fine if the boys and girls had a society together. They would be mutually inspired. It would be grand. A boys soul almost dries up when he is compelled to meet apart from girls. Sometimes there comes an inspiration, but who is there to respond—sometimes on sweeter theme he fain would muse but whom would it delight. Suppose before him sat a little girl he loves with all the breadth and depth of his soul—would he not sing a sweeter song? Can he not play on the string of a woman's heart with sweeter touch than he can a man's? In spring 'tis said the birds sing sweeter when mating, that when they are together the melody of their song is wafted nigh unto heaven and the angles are glad.

All work, all lasting work that is assimilated, must be done for the love of it. The soul must be opened as it were and truth let in.

We are engaged—the present generation—developing the mind to the hurt of the heart.

In this world never was a greater mistake made—this making of narrow-minded bigots. What we need is soul culture. Emerson says. "The free soul sees absolutely truth." Then let everyone, as he values his future, see to it that his spring's affection are all perennial that they may be eternal.

But the moralizing is not "Philosophic note." Yes, the boys and girls ought to meet together, and have more open sessions.

John Brisben Walker, the distinguished editor of "The Cosmopolitan" says that the ultimate purpose of all training is happiness. Then if happiness means "to be together," sometimes looks like we could steal a joint meeting and be happy just a little while.

Of course the modest girls whom we call Philosophians, would not propose this, but a Kentucky boy would. The first part of Philosophian means "to love"—and that is the proper business of a girl's life, they were never intended to be wise, but to be happy.

Happiness.

“Do you ask me love, with fond caress,
What seems to me perfect happiness?
A golden day and a sapphire sky,
An emerald earth and you and I
Roaming through woodlands green together,
That's happiness in summer weather.

And say 'tis winter; outside the snow,
And inside the fires warm, cheerful glow,
And we sit by it, cheek touching cheek,
Silent sometimes, and sometimes we speak;
So I find, in summer or winter weather,
Silence means—to be together.”

Somebody in the Argonaut (Oct.)

The Angel of the Cowgate.

There died, in Edinburgh, a few years ago, a cheerful, happy-looking old woman, who sold sweets to the children of the Cowgate, that wretched, squalid spot of the Scottish capital. Her whole stock was worth about a couple of shillings, and she once told me that when at the end of the day she had made six or eight pence pence profit she was quite satisfied. Alas, there are many children, in the Cowgate, who never felt in the hollow of their hands a half-penny or even a farthing, and who, on beholding the old woman's basket full of shiny white, pink and rose candies, would throw a side glance of envy and pass on, sad and dejected, or stop a few seconds, with their fingers in their mouths. Seldom was a child who could not afford to pay her, allowed to pass that basket without receiving one for love. One day, coming out of school, the children looked for the old woman in vain. She was dead. At her funeral, hundreds of barefooted little boys and girls in rags followed their departed friend down the Cowgate.

When that old woman arrived at the gates of heaven, there were more angels to meet her and take her to the throne of the Almighty than there would be for the arrival of all the dukes in Christendom. If there are social sets in heaven, I guess that old woman is a leader of fashion among the four-hundred there—or my idea of heaven is altogether wrong.—From “Studies in Cheerfulness,” by Max O'Rell, in “North American Review.”

Engineering News.

James W. Hughes.

There is one thing, however, of which we may all feel proud, and that is State College possesses in no small degree a course of study that has elevated the human family from the darkest stage of barbarism to the highest degree of civilization.

What was it that took man from the cradle of ignorance and superstition and turned his roaming and savage disposition into useful and industrial habits? Was it the oratory that fell from the silvery tongue of some barbaric chieftain upon the ears of his savage auditors that moved them to change their manner of living? Was it the study of nature in all its grandeur and beauty as it surrounded them that suggested the invention of utensils and tools? Or more rationally was it not the spark of engenuity that existed within the clever pioneer engineer, who invented the ax, which cleared the forest and constructed homes, as well as the glebe tool with which to till the soil and thus give birth to the first step of civilization?

The energy of the whole world depends largely upon the facilities devised by the engineer. Take from the world the telegraph system which belts the globe, the means of lighting it by night, all the methods of transportation and all the articles of commerce as designed by the engineer and we would find ourselves but very little better than our Aryan forefathers, who roamed the forest more than three thousand years ago.

Whenever you find an engineer that is an engineer you generally find a hustler. It has been but a few years since the engineering department of this institution was established and since then it has been brought forward to its present stage of development by the never ceasing efforts of the energetic Prof. Anderson, and during which time its progress has attracted the attention of every enlightened man of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

The whole school of Technology, is under the charge of men of highest ability. Prof. Faig, who graduated from this

institution in '94 and succeeded Prof. Wells in the fall of '98, promises to be the coming man of the institution. By his politeness and generosity he has made many friends and become very popular among both students and faculty, while his brilliancy as an engineer as well as his good qualities as an instructor has won for him the admiration of every student under his charge. Prof. Sturdevant who is assistant professor of Electrical Engineering, is a man well qualified for this work as well as a good teacher. He is an ardent admirer of hard workers and diligent students. Prof. J. R. Johnson, of the drawing-room and wood-shop, needs no word of praise to those who know him and we might further say that a better man for the position could not be found.

Mr. S. C. DeBow, '97, who is now in charge of the electrical laboratory, is a man in which a great deal of responsibility is placed. Visit his department and you will see that the manner in which he keeps things speaks for itself.

Messrs. Dicker and Saunders, who have charge of the foundry and engine room, respectively are great friends of the boys as well as the most efficient assistants in this department.

We next come to the Civil Eng. dept., which is of no less importance and which has been for the past two years under the charge of Professor John P. Brooks, who was formerly assistant Prof. of Civil Eng. at Lehigh U. Prof. Brooks is a man of great ability and by his gentle but firm methods of instruction he perhaps gets more work from his students than any other man of the institution could possibly do.

The graduates from the department of Mech. Eng., since it was first established, have with a few exceptions found positions that give credit to the institution. They are as follows:

CLASS OF '93

J. R. Johnson, Instructor in Mechanical Engineering and Mathematics, State College of Ky.

CLASS OF '94

J. T. Faig—Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering, State College of Ky.

N. A. Newton—Designer for Standard Oil Co. Oil City Pennsylvania.

U. A. Garred, Mech. Eng. for Swift Packing Co. Chicago Ill.

A. C. Norman, Second Assistant Engineer, Revenue Cutter Service, Savannah, Ga.

CLASS OF '95

J. M. Downing—Shops of Standard Oil Co. Oil City. Pa.

J. I. Bryan—Second Assistant Eng. U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, San Diego, Cal.

CLASS OF '96

J. I. Lyle—Shops of Cincinnati Southern, P. R., Ludlow, Ky.

D. M. Case—Foreman Electric Signals, Cincinnati Southern, R. R.

Henry Orman—(Farmer, Danville, Ky.)

E. C. McDowell, Designer, L. & N. R. R. Conington Ky.

CLASS OF '97

T. C. Kelly—Draftsman, Lane & Bodley Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G. F. Blessing—Draftsman, Jos. McWilliams & Co. Louisville, Ky.

B. W. Duck, Designer, Atlas Engine Co., Indianapolis Ind.

S. C. DeBow, Assistant in Experimental Laboratory, State College of Ky.

H. C. Anderson, Draftsman, Cincinnati Southern Shops, Chattanooga, Tenn.

S. A. Bullock, Shops, L. & N. R. R. Louisville, Ky.

CLASS OF '98

C. L. Straus—Post Graduate, State College.

T. S. Hamilton, " " " "

W. J. Cahill—(Farmer, Lexington, Ky.)

E. C. Lovenhart, Draftsman Choctaw & Memphis R. R. Little Rock, Ark.

P. S. Ward, Designer, J. H. Day & Co, Cincinnati Ohio.

W. T. Carpenter, Serg. Major 2nd Vol. Engineers, Havana Cuba.

LOCALS.

C. C. JETT.

Winter, winter, winter, winter,
 Soon away from us you'll wing,
 Then, O, then we will beginter
 Kinder, sorter, think it's spring.

Mr. Combest, of Bro. Watkins fame, is with us again.

Mr. Wm. Tarr, of Paris, has resumed his studies at the college.

Why is it that Grinstead and Miss Biggerstaff returned at the same time?

Mr. R. R. Reese has returned after a visit to Cynthiana.

Ask Stoner about the "Rough Riders."

A house divided against itself can not stand. So it is with the Senior Class. One side of the class selected a \$2 pin because it was priced \$5. The prevailing side having won only by a plurality, it was moved to be reconsidered, after which the opposing side won by a majority. But at the same meeting the question was again reconsidered and the above mentioned pin was selected. So divides the class.

Prof. Anderson, of Nicholasville, the instructor of the fife and drum corps, is getting the boys into fine shape, while Sergt. Hughes is giving instructions to the trumpeters.

Grinstead. "Why is the focus of a lens like a pig pen?"

Scholtz. "Why is it?"

Grinstead. "It is where they raise meet." (the rays meet.)

Dabney says that he gets older every day.

Joe Morrow and Charley Treas are still running the Y. M. C. A. to suit themselves.

Street car conductor, to Miss B. "Fare,"

Miss B. "O, flatterer, do you really mean it?"

Bronaugh. "I stopped at the best hotel in Cincinnati."

Pritch. "Pulled your leg some, didn't it?"

Billy. "No, I just stopped to look at it."

Deacon Warren. "McVean, what are yo doing out of your room this time of night?"

McVean. The Major gave me verbal permission to be out.

Deacon. "Let me see the verbal permission."

MCVEAN.

If "Judge" Holt don't get any demerits before the first of March he has the promise of a new suit of clothes.

The many friends of W. L. Bowling are glad to hear that he is rapidly improving after undergoing a painful operation at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Some one reports that the class in pedagogy had no music on the 13th as the "Harp" was not there.

Bright fortune has smiled on the Messrs Gibson, Faris, and McVean, they have secured permanant positions in the Major's office.

We are all sorry to part with our old friend Milward Elliott he will be missed on the track as well as the foot-ball team.

Murray used to come to the Normal society with his favorite light haired girl, but recently he has been coming by himself. What's the matter with Murray?

Job Jumer's favorite study is pedagogy, his favorite musical instrument is the "harp"—thats good music when you play it well.

Jum Bow is a priviledged charecter down town,—his best girl's pa is a "cop."

Mr. Jetts—"Call again gentleman."

Miss Meadow has promised to give one of the boys lessons in flirting,—we think he has a fine instructor.

Between classes Uncle Joe Morrow picks his cornet and Pslams (Sams) and repairs to the Normal department to weary the girls with his music.

Blackford says he will go down in a few days and have a uniform made like "Deacon's"—he has been promoted to 5th corporal—don't Forget to salute your superior officers.

"Birds of a feather flock together" Hogg has moved up on the 3rd floor next to Sholtz.

Reese spoiled Holts prospects for his new spring suit—How?

THE KENTUCKIAN seems to be without doubt one of the college monthlies gotten out here or elsewhere. The intention of the management seems to be not only to have splendid general articles, but to keep posted on and BE A LEADER IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS, and print the college gossip. Everything in the issue is good,—The Morning Herald.

When preparing articles for THE KENTUCKIAN, please write plainly and punctuate correctly.

Never too Old to Study.

The severest criticism ever made of our educational system is that it teaches young men and young women, by inference at least, that when at certain ages they complete certain college courses and secure certain diplomas their school days are complete and they are ready to engage in the activities of life. The man or the woman who ceases to study ceases to grow, and when growth stops dry leaves and seeds appear. Education is for all years as well as all classes.

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Lexington, Ky.

Prof. Mr. McVean name the different kinds of angles.

McVean. Right angles, straight and triangles.

Judge Holt Senior. Lieut. Sams what do you think of this expansion question?

Hungry. Sir, it is a good question please pass the ham.

Deacon. (seeing the streets sprinkled) They always sprinkle from above at S. C.

ELECTIONS.

At the recent dormitory elections the most popular boys were these.

Gibson, C. C. Clark, O. F. Smith (the poet,) Henry Cox, W. A. A. Kin, Johnson, Thomas, the two Finnerans, Howard and Dr. Elam.

All these gentleman are of the highest charecter and will make good officers. We are glad to know that all the sick boys are better.

Mr. Charles Saunders has returned to the dormitory from the Protestant Infirmary. Mr. Dave Maddox has resumed his college duties.

Drew Lutten still eats 16 biscuits.

Arch McMurry is still - at his work—heart-breaking.

Don't miss the Philosophian program Friday evening, March 3d. WE PREDICT that it will be fine.

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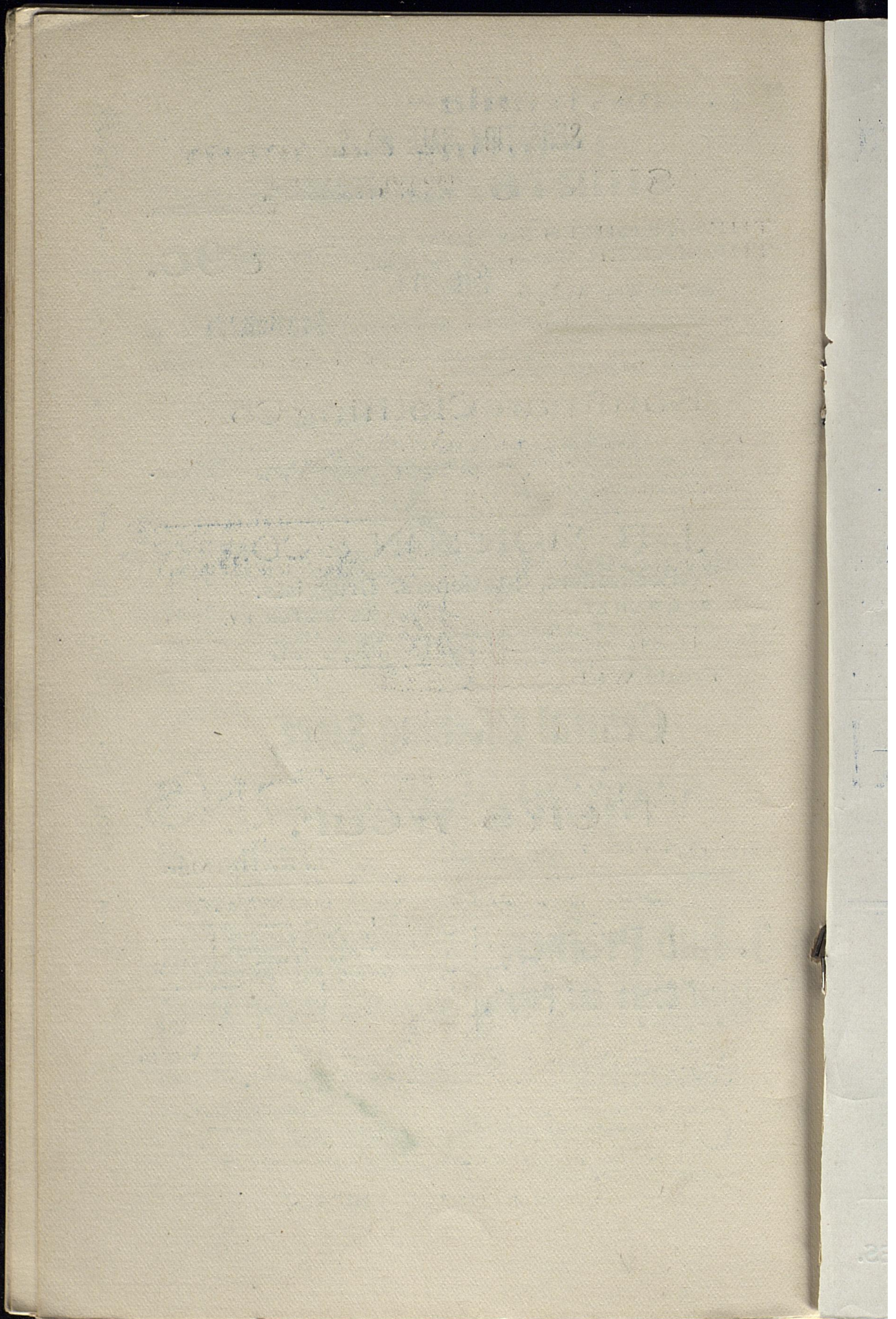
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