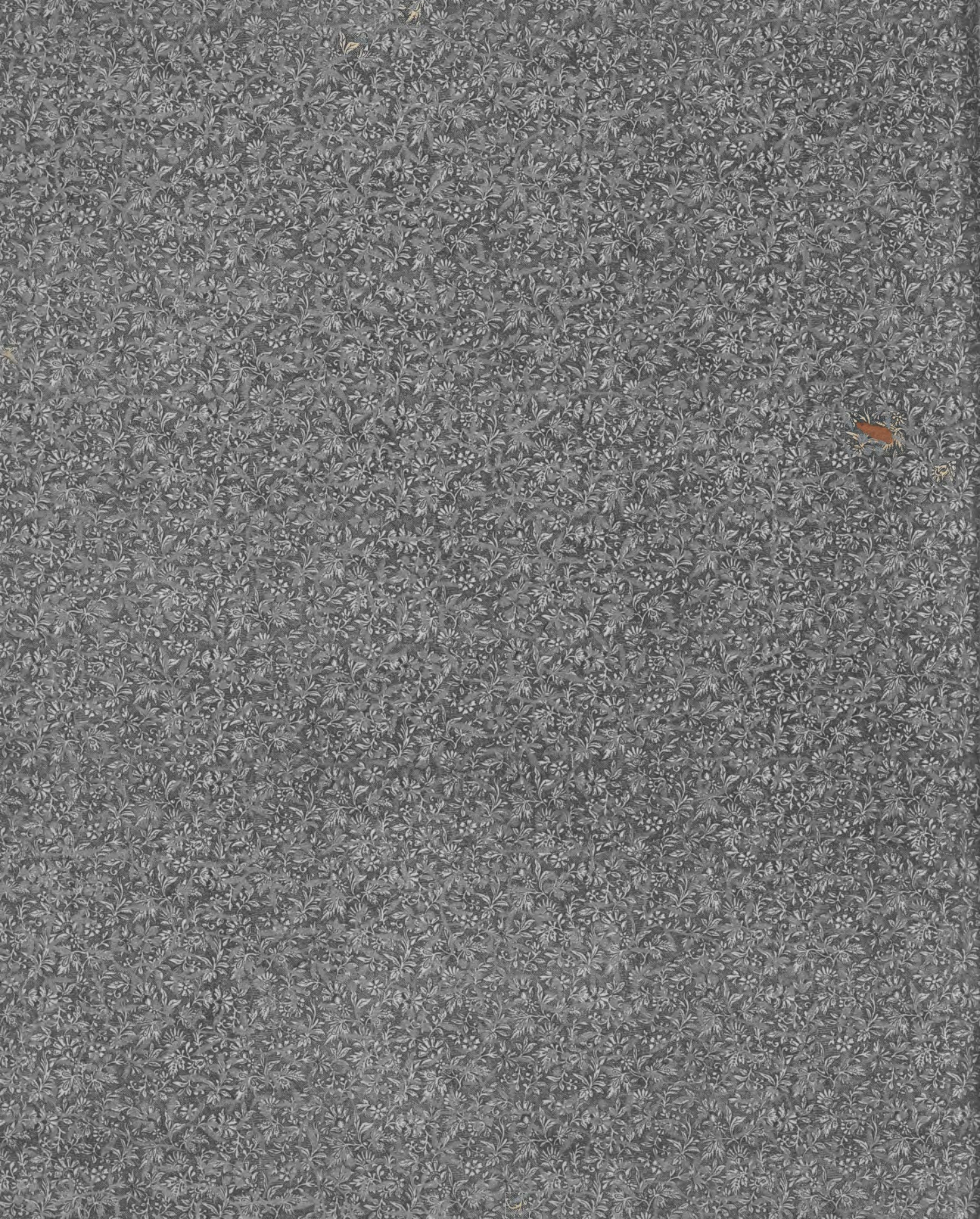


'98 ECENTRIC









THE '98 EC CENTRIC,

CENTRE COLLEGE,

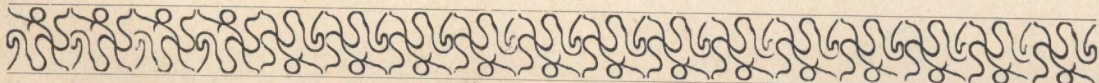
PUBLISHED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

ACADEMICAL DEPARTMENT,

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY-EIGHT.





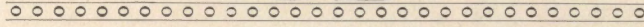


. . . To Our Sweethearts . . .

Whose bright smiles and words of praise
have been our inspiration

This Volume
is
Affectionately Dedicated
by
The Class of '98.

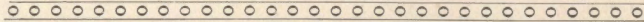




Dedicatory Sonnet.



L AUNCH forth into the world, dear book,
Thou who so long has been our anxious care ;
Go, and our kindest greetings bear
To friends who'll gaze on thee with kindly look.
We send thee forth, go sing our Centre's praise ;
Tell of her sons' achievements far and wide ;
And, whether good to us or ill betide,
Say we'll be true to her to end of days.
And to those maidens fair whose hearts so true
Cause tender hope and inspiration high,
Bear thou the message old yet ever new,
And say our thoughts to thee are always nigh.
So shalt thou aid in what we've tried to do,
And cause our work to live and not to die.





CLASS OF '98.

"We are The People."

Foreward.

IT is said that no one ever reads a preface, so we shall not be disappointed if this one meets that fate, but in deference to custom we place it here. We have no apologies to offer in presenting to you this, the second volume of THE EC CENTRIC. In it we have sought to please only ourselves, so if you find anything that is not in accord with your ideas of the eternal fitness of things, our Fighting Editor will be ready to receive you at any time. We have aimed to give to the outside world a glimpse of the daily life of Old Centre's sons, and particularly of the joys that animate their lighter moods. If we have succeeded in this we shall consider our task accomplished.

To those friends who have aided us with sympathy and advice, we hereby extend our hearty thanks. To those who have done otherwise, well — we will do nothing worse than the disappointed Irish beggarwoman, whose wish was “May fortune always follow ye — but may it never overtake ye.”

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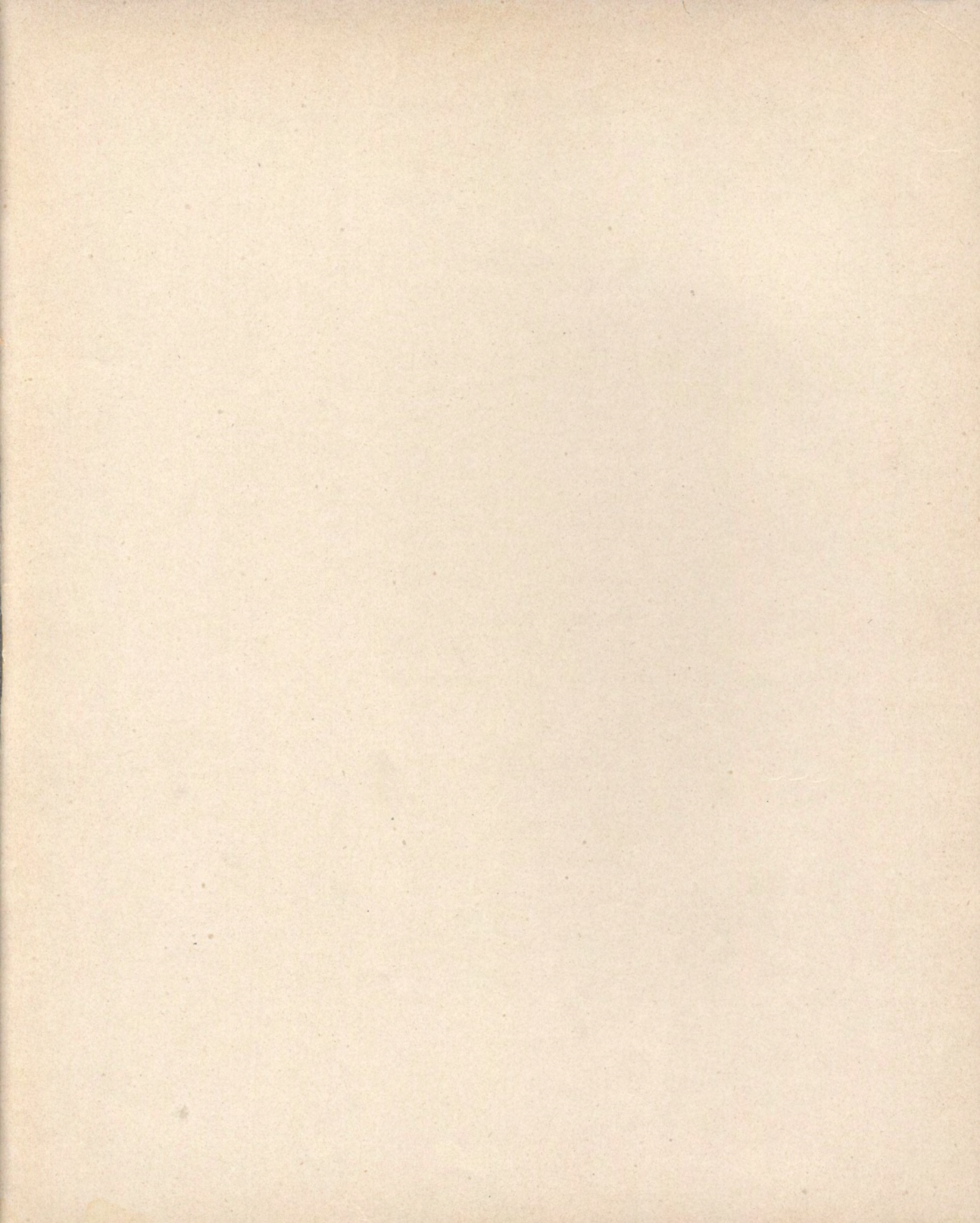
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College Calendar.

1898.

JUNE 3,	FRIDAY,	Closing Exercises of the Academy.
JUNE 5,	SUNDAY.	Baccalaureate Sermon, 11 A. M.
JUNE 6,	MONDAY,	Oratorical Medal Contest, 8 P. M.
JUNE 7,	TUESDAY,	Meeting of Board of Trustees, 9:30 A. M.
JUNE 7,	TUESDAY,	Address before Alumni Association, 8 P. M.
JUNE 8,	WEDNESDAY,	Annual Commencement, 10 A. M.

Summer Vacation.

SEPTEMBER 14,	WEDNESDAY,	Fall Term begins.
NOVEMBER 24, 25,	{ THURSDAY, FRIDAY, }	Thanksgiving Holidays.
DECEMBER 22,	THURSDAY,	Christmas Holidays begin.

Christmas Vacation.

1899.

JANUARY 3,	TUESDAY,	Winter Term begins.
JANUARY 26,	THURSDAY,	Day of Prayer for Colleges.
FEBRUARY 22,	WEDNESDAY,	Celebration of Literary Societies.
MARCH 17,	FRIDAY,	Winter Term closes.
MARCH 20,	MONDAY,	Spring Term begins.
MAY 19,	FRIDAY,	Senior Examinations concluded.
JUNE 14,	WEDNESDAY,	Annual Commencement.





Calendar Extended.

September.

6. Freshmen begin to arrive.
8. College opens. Every one back except Blayney and Shanks.
12. Sunday. Every one goes to church except Jim McKenzie.
14. Not prepared. "Prof. my book has n't come." Y. M. C. A. Reception in the Gymnasium. Great success. Greatest array of Wit and Beauty ever seen. Dempster does execution as usual.
16. Joe Faulkner declares the present Freshman class to be the finest he was ever in.
20. Blayney arrives with four trunks. Great commotion in society.
26. Union meeting of Young Peoples' League in College Chapel.
28. Kobert receives a check from home. Usual results.
30. Greeny attends the show. Unable to study for a week.

October.

2. Caldwell-Breck. Hall picnic to High Bridge.
3. Four Theologues discover Rice's Restaurant, and commit great havoc with his pie.
6. Seniors elect Board of Editors for the Ec Centric. Tame affair. No one shot, and His Dignity the only one seriously frightened.
7. Circus comes to town. Sixteen Seniors cut.
9. Centre defeats the Frankfort Sluggers on the gridiron.
11. Hatchett and McDaniel perform the knife act.
12. College Home Boarding Club has some real beefsteak. Every one sick as a result.
14. Gillam resolves to enter society, but is frightened back into cover by the onslaught of fair assailants.
16. Centre defeated by the University of Cincinnati.
19. Chapman discovers Caldwell College.
21. Clivette of the Black Art comes to town. Buchanan distinguishes himself for his fine bass voice. Owsley Brown learns that his future wife will be Mrs. Owsley Brown.
28. Dr. Phraner speaks in Chapel.
30. Centre walks over Winchester Athletic Association.
31. Hallowe'en. Caldwell College girls' taffy is not stolen.



November.

1. Gloré attends Chapel. Faculty overcome.
4. Ferran misses his trip to Harrodsburg. Sends special delivery letter.
8. Prof. J. dines at Miss C.'s—nit.
13. Centre defeats Catlettsburg Athletic Association to the tune of 18 to 0. Yeager upsets the cardiacal appliances of the young ladies of Ashland.
19. Greatest game of the season, College Home vs. Breckinridge Hall. The preachers, under Captain Bass's leadership, walk all over the lawyers from the Home, who go down in heaps before the improved step-ladder buck. Declamatory contest in the Chapel.
20. Centre defeats Miami University 20 to 0.
25. Thanksgiving. Centre defeats State College 36 to 0. Gray and Sharp receive a Thanksgiving box from Caldwell College—nit. Ask T. F. Marshall, Grant, or Wilkie about it.
26. Combative Senior calls at Caldwell and leaves, minus his firearms.
29. The English Professor and Greeny learn wisdom from the tramp orator.



December.

2. Death of Carey Nichols.
8. A horse invades the citadel of Breckinridge Hall.
10. A street roller performs the same marvelous feat.
11. His Dignity, passing McDowell's Park, meets the fate of Stephen.
12. Reception at Caldwell College. Theologues much in evidence.
17. The departure begins. '98 enters on her last vacation.
- 20-23. Unfortunates swelter in Exams.
24. All gone. Aching voids in many a fair heart. Gov. Hindman hangs up his stocking and prays for a nice little pony.
25. Staples eats a little Christmas dinner.



January.

1. New Year's. Six Seniors swear off smoking, and stick to it until January 2.
3. Prodigal's return. Every parlor in town brilliantly illuminated.
4. Grinds begin again.
8. General debating club organized. Brilliant display of oratorical pyrotechnics.
6. Miss Worrall's Shakespeare class gives Twelfth Night.
12. "Oh! I tilled a dreat big spider."
13. Professors Stilwell and Kobert electrocute a cat by means of chloroform and strychnine.
15. Staples recovers sufficiently from his Christmas dinner to return.
14. Inter-society debate contest.
17. Sharp naturalizes.
- 18-20. Dr. Luce lectures in the chapel.
21. Stofer joins a "frat." Who got the worst of the initiation?
24. Great robbery at the Big Four. Ask Hill Spalding for particulars.
27. Day of Prayer for colleges. Address by Dr. Elsy.
28. Seniors elect class officers. For a marvel, no scrapping.



"As he appeared the morning after the night before."

February.

1. The English Professor tells of marvelous changes of temperature.
3. Dr. Nelson gets off a bran new joke.
9. Baker comes near drowning, but declares the cause a worthy one.
10. The sunshine goes out of Grant's life; leaves on the 11:15 train.
12. Debating society holds open meeting.
16. Miss Fales entertains for Miss Van Vliet.
18. Vaccination ordinance passed. Carey, Arch Cook, and Baker submit—
and faint.
21. Staples goes to the Junction. Why? Chasse de Fees hop.
22. Washington's birthday. Oratorical contest. Goodloe wins. Supper by
Chamberlain Society at Rice's. Seniors dike out in mortar boards.
25. Grant goes to Hebrew. Professor overcome.

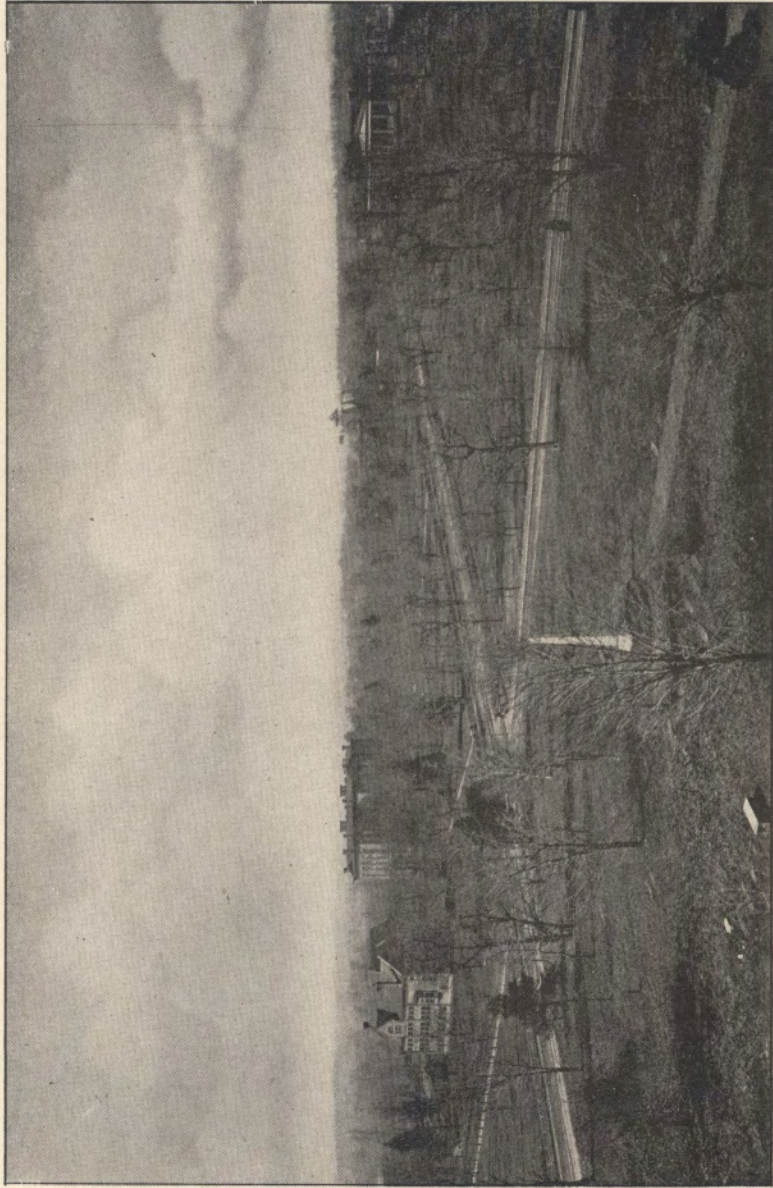
March.

1. '98 makes a brilliant recitation in English.
5. Pres. Bass invades the hallowed precincts of Caldwell with his Kodak.
8. Ethics examination. Professor startled at the results of the honor system.
9. Gov. Hindman makes a killing rush on the 400.
7. Second gym. reception. Very successful.
12. Pat Barrett visits S. Street. Result, — — — —!
- 17-19. Holman Taylor Art Exhibit in college chapel. Fresh., before picture of St. Cecilia. "I always did like that Madonna."
19. First ball game of the season. '98 walks over everything.
Bruce (at the game)—"What's the score?"
Grant—"2 to 2."
Bruce—"In whose favor?"
- 20-23. Spring meeting of the Centre College Derby. High betting on the favorites.
Handy Interlinear wins first money, with *Hinds Literal* a close second.
24. Exhibition by Prof. Flattery's gym. class.



April.

1. Prof. R.—“Where’s Kobert? Asleep again?”
4. Snyder—“Professor, we learned lots of German at Clay Clement last night.”
Prof. R.—“Well, you didn’t bring it here.”
5. Bell comes into Civics recitation on time.
7. Gov. Knott—“Now, suppose, Mr. Wood, that you should be elected to Congress”— but at this point Wood faints.
10. Reynolds discovered studying; unprecedented occurrence.
11. Grant attempts to knock the hind wheel off a farm wagon with his roommate’s bike. Bike proves unequal to the occasion.
14. Prof. Ewing lectures in the chapel on College settlements.
15. Contributions to the Ec Centric closed. Editor has a night’s sleep.



CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS.

GYMNASIUM.
LIBRARY.

MAIN BUILDING.

BRECKINRIDGE HALL.

COLLEGE HOME.



HISTORIES.

COLLEGE YELL.

Rackity, Cax, Koax! Koax!
Rackity, Cax, Koax! Koax!
Hooray! Hooray!
Centre! Centre! Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLLEGE COLORS:
White and Old Gold.





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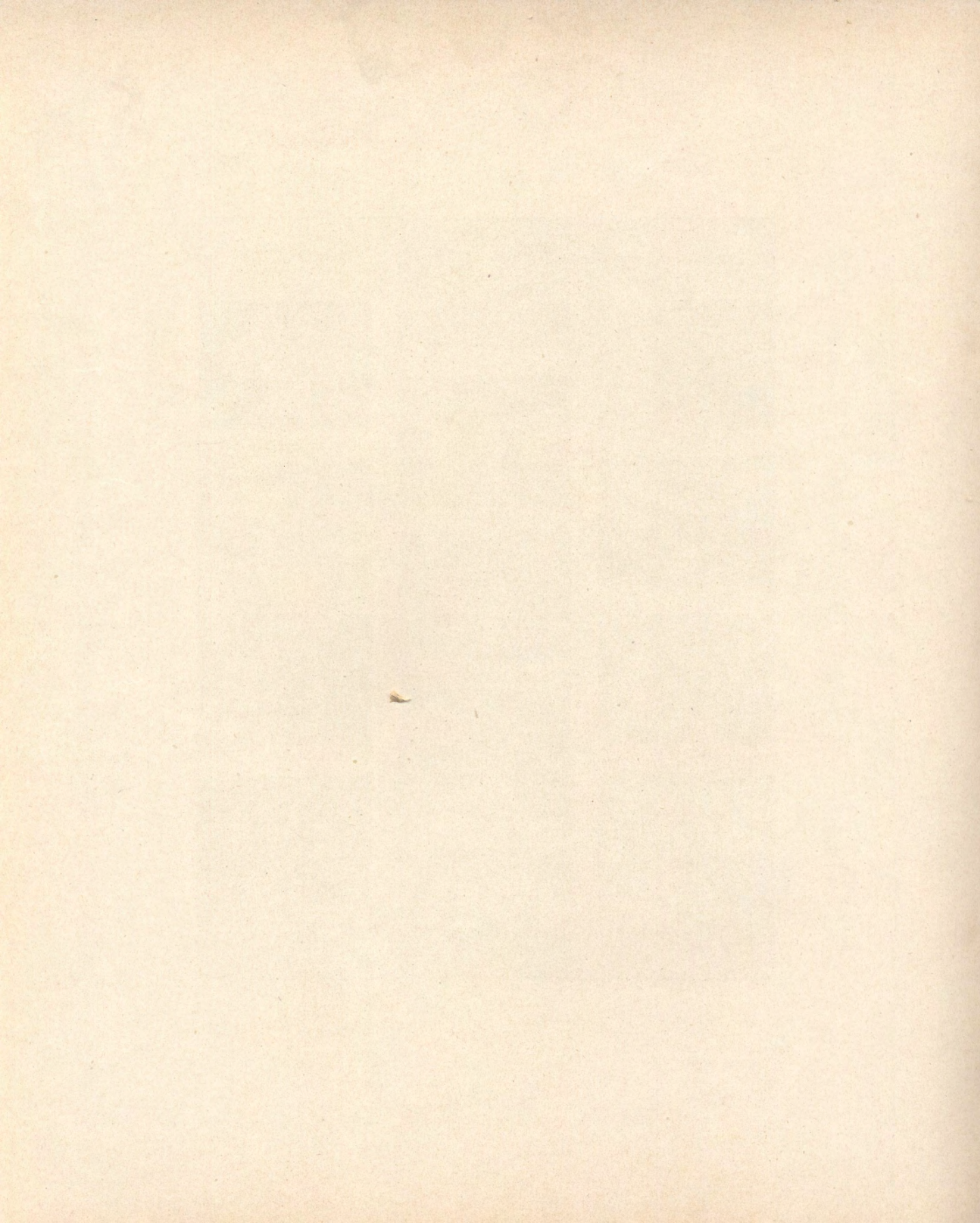
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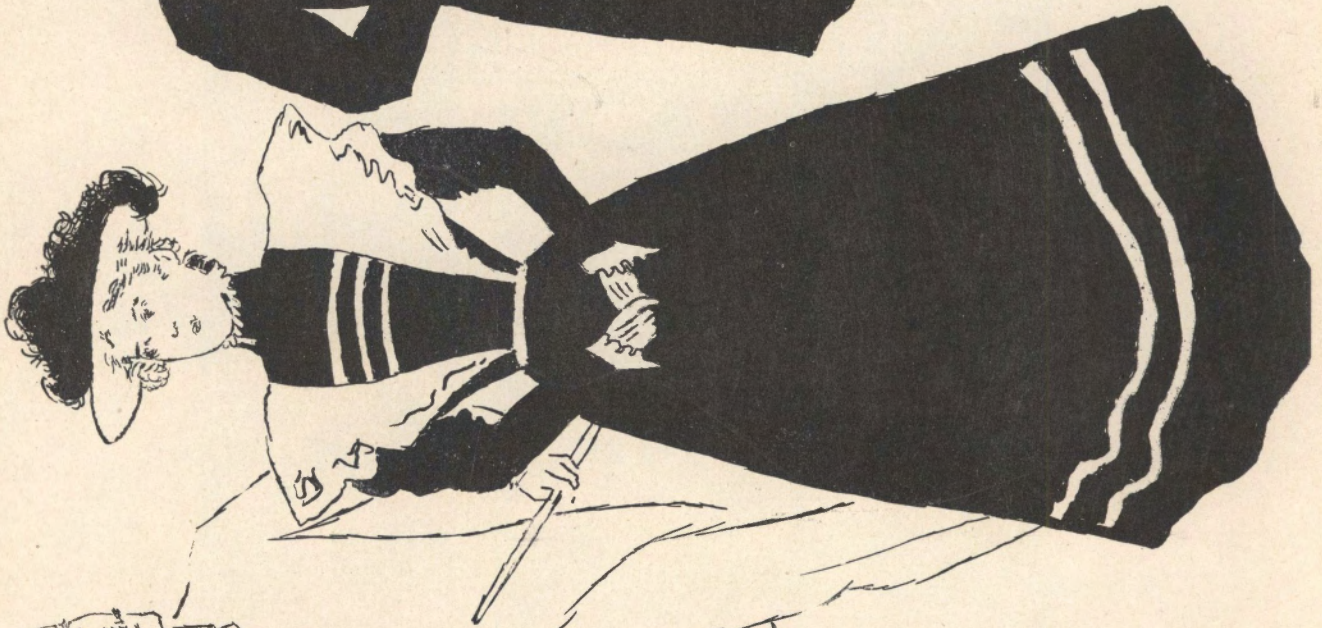
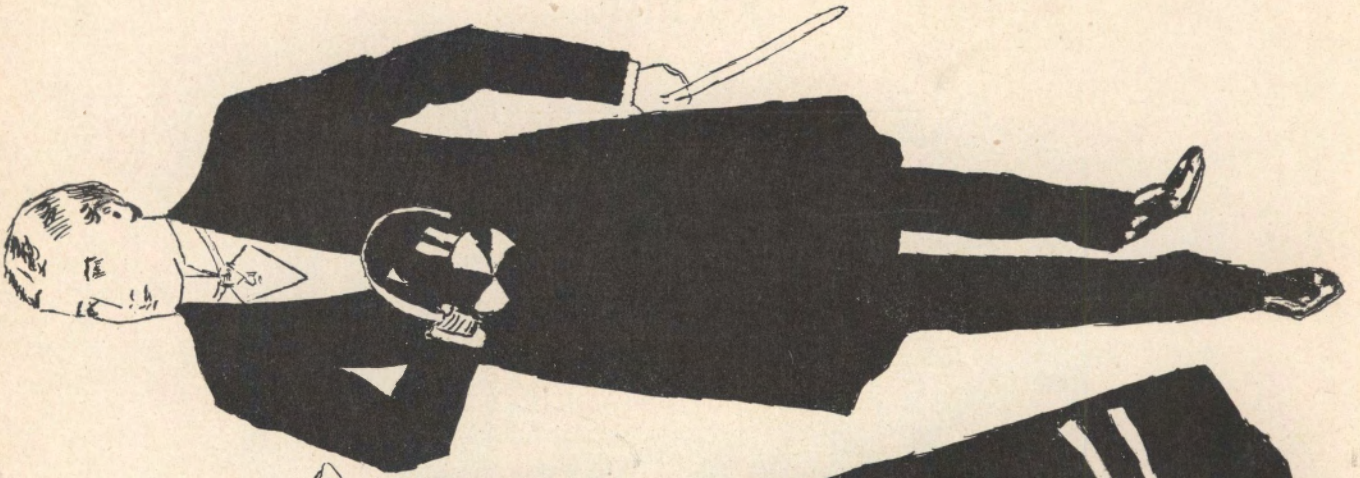


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C. Ninety=Eight.



E'VE struggled hard, we've struggled long some knowledge to obtain.

We've breasted both the winter's blight and summer's shine and rain.

Our toil has been unceasing, but our pathway has been bright,
For labor to "old ninety-eight" is nothing but delight.

Our conquests have been many and exceeding long drawn out,
But we've always been victors and our foes have put to route.
Each task that's been assigned us has met a glorious end
And which adown the ages to our name will virtue lend.

Our knowledge on all subjects is beyond the range of thought,
And with wisdom, wit and humor are all our battles fought.
Our virtues to enumerate would take a thousand years,
There would be another flood caused, dear reader, by your tears.

Full many a draught from the fount of classic lore we've drunk,
And never from duty's call has a man among us shrunk.
Onward, ever onward, we've pressed with naught of fear
Always chasing the longed-for joy through each succeeding year.

At last the days come when our work a fitting end shall crown,
And we'll show the world the way to victory and renown.
Amidst the shouts of anxious friends we'll launch ourselves with grace,
And christened with a jug of rye, we'll sally forth through space.

Then soaring onward we'll sail through the realms of dreamy air,
Conquering in our upward flight things beautiful and rare.
Then having subdued many worlds unseen by mortal eye,
Again upon our outstretched wings for mother earth we'll fly.

Then coming close with downy tread upon her shores we'll light,
And charging forth within the morn the throng we'll put to flight.
So "look out" schoolmates, little ones, before it is too late.
And don't get caught within the "rush"—the "rush" of "ninety-eight."

P. D. B.

Officers.

C. R. BASS, *President.* H. C. WILSON, *Secretary.*
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"Ohne hast, Ohne rast."

History of '98.



One unacquainted with college life the history of any particular class differs but little from that of others. The events of college history are interesting only in proportion as one has taken an active part in them, while to an ordinary reader they are unpardonable nuisances. Horace thought that certain poems would be all the better for being withheld from the public for nine years, while Talleyrand recommended that political memoirs be suppressed for two generations. Had either of these gentlemen been thrown in contact with class histories as they appear in the annuals of to-day, the period of literary reserve for them would, doubtless, have been extended to eternity, and then raised only in the realms of Pluto as a crowning punishment for lost souls.

However, now-a-days everybody has memoirs. Every one has recollections, which they think worthy of being recorded, and why should not the class of '98? "I will record the deeds we have performed together," were Napoleon's parting words to his old guard at Fontainebleau in 1814, and well were those deeds worthy of recognition. No less so are the deeds of '98, and it is not only the duty, but the extreme pleasure of the present historian to introduce this class to the reading public and supply them with some accurate information upon a subject of such vital interest and importance. It is a matter of just regret to the writer that so little space has been given to a work necessarily so elaborate, and that he will be obliged to pass by many items he would have been pleased to mention. Had he space the historian would give to every member his due praise and show the public, that, in raising up such men as compose this class, heaven had a special object. However, this is best repaired by submitting to the reader a rapid survey of its general characteristics.

With the permission of the reader, we will allow our fancies to wander back almost four years to a beautiful day in the early fall, when '98 was first ushered upon the stage of college life. The charge of inaccuracy has already been brought upon the ground that we have no trustworthy statistics as to whether this day was beautiful or not,

but let us rest assured, for Providence must necessarily have spread all its bounties upon the day, which heralded such an event. What different natures, tastes and aims were that day drawn together and welded into one cohesive unit! It is not a pleasant thought to think how quickly some of those natures were changed and those aims abandoned, much less to realize that of all, who composed that Freshman roll, only twelve remain. Death, sickness, temptation and matrimony have all combined to waylay the footsteps of those innocent, rural lads. But to return to our subject, let me say that some good old souls early detected in '98 germs of future greatness. This is an exceedingly enjoyable period in the life of a young man, when he becomes an interesting object to refined society and when he can set a few young ladies dreaming of his future glorious achievements. Still this does not last long and only comes after he has copied several essays and plagiarized at least one oration.

'98 entered college well equipped. All her members could read and write, and there were very few who had not read carefully the Anabasis and Proctor Knott's Duluth speech. Armed with these two weapons, they have faced the most trying ordeals with calm impunity. Little did they then realize what trials were in store for them and what perseverance, coupled with other methods, would be necessary to overcome them. During the Freshman year they had inflicted upon them the usual number of original and high-class jokes and they bore them with becoming patience. At this point in their career they even went so far as to have a deep respect for their beloved faculty, which in their calmer moments they can only attribute to the thoughtlessness of inexperience.

"Ye gods, if we had known,
We would have flown
From such a noisome pestilence."

The transition from Freshman to Sophomore followed as a natural sequence. It is always customary at this point for the historian to make some beautiful remark respecting the "wisdom of the Soph." and the "greenness of the Fresh.," but as truth is more sacred to the present writer than his reputation as a class historian, we will dispense with the beautiful remark. If there is any point in a person's college course when he is most likely to make a fool of himself, it is during his Sophomore year; and '98 proved no exception to this rule. Some of her members distinguished themselves splendidly along this line, but it will be best for many reasons to omit any personal mention.

From Sophomores we passed to Juniors, but that was not all the change. In our first two years we were renowned for the great amount of spirit we contained, but now how different; for that same lusty spirit was crushed out of existence by the delicate fingers of a gentle goddess, and was destined to appear no more.

From this state of meek and childlike bliss we emerged to find ourselves Seniors. Scorning the toys with which the other classes may be amused, we repose complacently surveying ourselves, and thanking God that we "are not as other men are." Four years have passed, and what a change they have brought with them. Only twelve of that Freshman class left, and who would recognize them; for over the characteristic tint of their country homes have been painted sterner hues.

When we think of the members who have fallen by the wayside, we can but be thankful to that Divine Providence which has enabled us to escape the snares that waylaid them. For some of us the past has been less fruitful than for others, but we all look back with both pleasure and regret upon the college days, with their joys

and sorrows; their small triumphs and tragedies; the hours of study, and the hours borrowed from study; their friendships and petty enmities; their freedoms and their follies. In spite of the many stormy sessions, the course of '98, for the most part, has been peaceful. Granting to every man the inalienable privilege of serving his own and his friends' interests, rivalry in class elections has quickly been forgotten, with the possible exception of a few poor unfortunate ones, whose abilities have not been justly recognized. But peace be with them, for truly has it been said, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

At times all of us have committed little indiscretions, for which in our calmer moments we have experienced some slight regret. But our sins, where we have sinned, have been the result of thoughtlessness, and as such should be pardoned. To those people of Danville who have realized that they themselves were not perfect, and who have not expected us to be, who have tolerated us with kindness and consideration—to those we would express our undying gratitude. To the other dear Christians we have nothing to say, for we owe them nothing; but for them all we will ever have the kindest memories, for in their midst we have spent our happiest days, and among them our characters have been formed for the better or for the worse.

Standing, as we do, upon the verge of graduation, it would be a superhuman task to analyze the emotions that stir the hearts of '98, but truly can we say with the old German poet:

"I know not what it betideth
That I am so sad at heart;
A tale of the past abideth
In my soul, and will not depart."

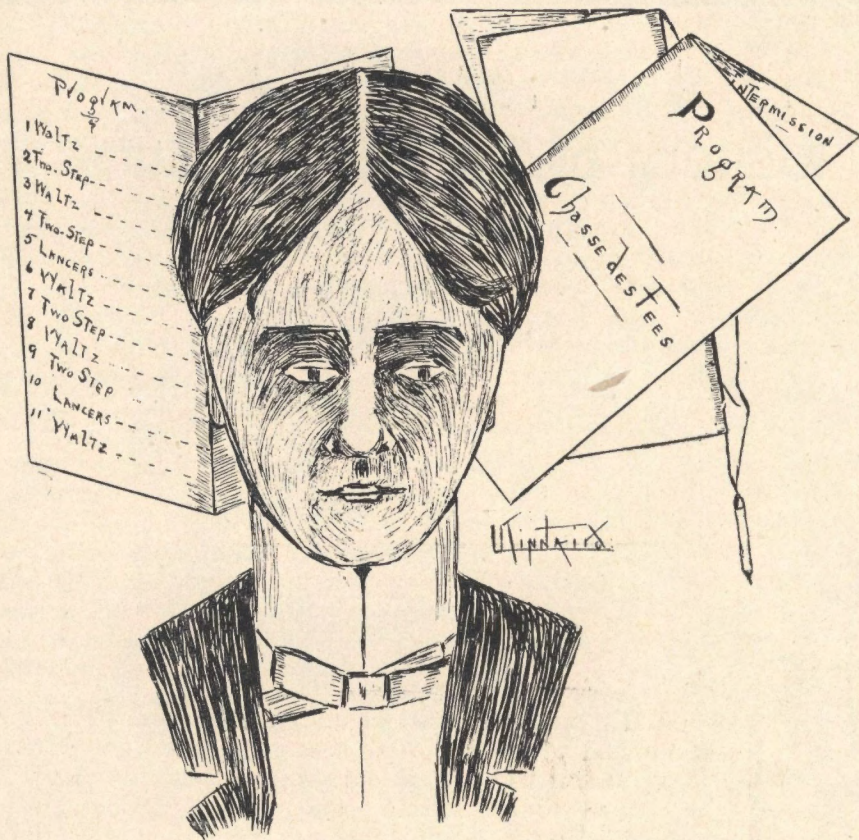
Our past has been but the preface to the story in which the romance of our lives will be wrought. The lamps we have lighted are but stars of promise—the faintest possible reflection of a distant sun. The deeds, that will win or lose for us renown, live not even in our thoughts, but for all.

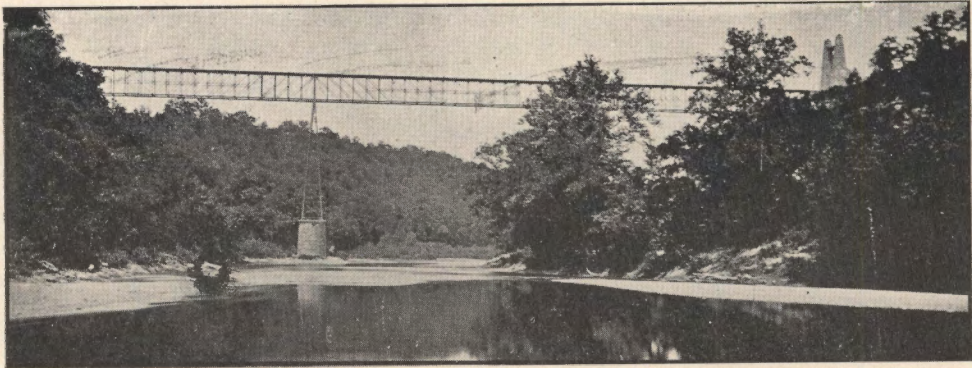
"The heart of earth has secrets yet withholden
That wait the dawning of some future day,
When angel hands, from sepulchre so golden,
Shall roll the stone away."

J. McCLUSKY BLAYNEY, JR.



JUNIOR.





History of the Junior Class, or Class of '99.

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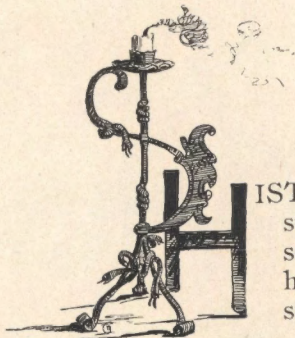
WALTER C. LEDYARD, *Vice-President.*

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HARRY C. ROGERS, *Treasurer.*

Class Yell.

“Rackety, Hackety, Wah, Hoo, Wah,
C. C. Ninety-nine,
Rah, Rah, Rah!!”



STORIES are produced for manifold reasons. The historian is stimulated to his task often because of a wish to protest against some inaccuracy or injustice, but more often from the fact that he can no longer refrain from proclaiming the glories of his subject. To this latter would the writer beg to ascribe himself.

The present subject being so eminently worthy of notice, there has never been the slightest apprehension but that some one would awaken and find his name immortal by handing down to posterity the character and deeds of so brilliant a crew. Appreciating this fact as well as the accompanying responsibility, the historian would only ask a brotherly forbearance.

In the fall of 1895, there assembled in the Fresh. section of the chapel, fifty most forlorn, yet hopeful looking lads. All extremely handsome with distinctly Grecian

features, betraying minds eager for the ideal and thirsting for a draught at the Pyrean Spring. The faculty was favorably impressed with the outlook. Congratulations were the order of the day. Messages were immediately wired to the leading institutions of the land. Elegant banquets were indulged in and merry rang the walls of "Old Centre." These were destined to launch upon a four-years' voyage of college life, to suffer the ignominy of the appellation applied during their first year, to struggle through the crisis of the second, and to accumulate enough momentum in the third to insure a safe entering into the harbor of rest. So at the present they are storing up momentum with the haven only a few leagues distant. The voyage has been freighted with thrilling experiences, relieving the voyagers from their "dreary monotony of toil" as the ship parted the "waters of the unplowed seas." Storms have arisen, sea monsters appeared, and mutinies developed, yet victory has ever been the guest of the sailors. But although the pilots have been merciful, the crew has suffered alterations. The half hundred that signed the articles have been reduced to a possible score and ten, who long to reach the Promised Land. Some, revolting, were pitched overboard. Others contracting homesickness were relayed for a season, but at the expiration of their furlough, word came announcing the fact that household cares prevented their return. Carefully considering the nature of affairs, no complaint was offered. Such exigencies demanding fresh recruits, barbarians were enlisted to service and smoothly again ran the ship of '99. And thus we could record each succeeding incident, but individual merit demands a few lines.

And indeed our class is not without its celebrities. For there is within our number a Remenyi, who by dexterous movements of the bow, calls forth sirenic harmonies from the sacred violin, uplifting the souls of College Home. Nor must we overlook our Charles Dana Gibson; for the æsthetic should always receive due attention, and besides, before many years we hope to reap the benefit of his continued labor. His sketch of one of the faculty, being far handsomer than the original, has gained much praise for the artist.

The years having rolled around for us to investigate the composition and change of substances, with what fear and trembling we entered the laboratory, lest some erring one, concocting an unheard of compound, should usher us into the unknown on fiery clouds of smoke, thus depriving Westminster Abbey of an additional collection of sacred bones. Among those who entertain hopes of becoming eminent chemists, we would briefly mention the twin prodigies, Dempster and Ogg. The former from the outset, revelling in the nomenclature of this branch of science and being the first to test the physical properties of chlorine, while the latter performed the remarkable feat of discovering rhombic crystals of molten sulphur, as they coated themselves on his desk-mate's head, all in one experiment (For further enlightenment, see the headquarters of "Musty.").

The athletes of our collection are wonderful specimens of human development, some devoting their attention to masterpieces in the gymnasium, rivalling in this art the ancient Athenian. Others breaking the bonds of restraint breathe the rural atmosphere for some score of miles on country cross-roads. Junction City being a popular "Half-way House." Twice, yea thrice has our class team tested the strength of her opponents on the immortal gridiron. Yet with Herculean strength and Ulyssian cunning we have scarcely experienced more than a practice "line-up." In base-ball, success has been bestowed in no less measure. Mystical curves, magnificent base running and phenomenal work behind the bat, tell the story of a successful season.

Poetry has thrived admirably under our invigorating influence. Already we have sent forth songsters who are warbling with success in other fields, yet we have in cultivation, at the present time, certain ones of even sweeter tones.

As to the whereabouts of our flock, little need be said. For the most part, the citizens of the town have the honor of entertaining the lads, while a silent minority inhabit the historic, battle-scarred dormitories. The inmates of these latter domiciles, uniting round the festive board of the celebrated "Entre Nous Club," there to indulge in gastronomical exercise upon the delicacies of the season. An occasional forage is made to replenish the individual cupboard. Those incarcerated in the aforesaid abodes, often enjoy the benefit of refreshing showers, even from the azure sky, called for and otherwise, while general mankind is perishing by the wayside.

So thus we labor onward, the voice of the "Noble Senior" shouting forward, the "Wise Soph." appealing for a delay, while seemingly from a far-away land comes a sound so soft and fine, that nothing could live betwixt it and a Freshman's sigh.

And now as that time draws nearer, when the events of '98 will have become history, it is with pleasure, mingled with regret that we anticipate the coming year. Pleasure, because we shall have passed on to higher attainments, and regret on account of separated friendships. When the aspiring youth in future years reads the scroll of Centre's illustrious sons, may there be found a due apportionment in the class which closes the present century.

HARRY CLAYTON ROGERS.



GOPEH,



Sophomore Class.

Class Officers.

G. C. GOODLOE, *President.* C. M. GARTH, *Vice-President.*

HEMAN HUMPHREY, *Historian.*



'T last the long-wished-for time has come and the erstwhile "Sophs." of Class of 1900 are rejoicing at the prospect of moving into the Junior seats. Often during the last two years have the members of this austere body looked forward to this time as one that would bring them much pleasure and their expectations are now about to be realized.

Early in the year a class meeting was held and after a hotly contested election Mr. Green Clay Goodloe was elected President, and Mr. Charles M. Garth, Vice-President. An election was held after Christmas for the purpose of choosing a representative to the Senior banquet and the honor was awarded to Mr. Dan Thomas.

At the beginning of the term a few of last year's "Fresh." were found to be missing, but their places were filled by the valuable acquisitions which the class received. In fact the Sophomore Class has been quite fortunate in the men who have joined this year. However, we sustained a serious loss in the person of Baird, the Historian of last year. He was with us the first of the school year, but was obliged to leave shortly after Christmas. He was a true and loyal fellow, and a hard student. Truly it was an honor to have had him for a classmate and a friend. However, we hope that he will return to College next year. During February we were pleased to receive among our numbers Mr. J. M. Miles. He has already made his mark in the class-room.

There has been much sickness in the ranks, for student after student has been stricken down by that dread disease "anchoylosis." In fact, one of our number, Jamison, was obliged to leave College and return to his home in Ohio. However, the rest and quiet of his country home restored his worn-out faculties and he was enabled to return in about two months. It may seem strange that nearly all the cases developed between the hours of 9:50 and 10:40 A. M. At this time the class is generally engaged in pursuing with eager and untiring zeal the study of mathematics. The doctor ably attended most of the sufferers and when the treatment was prompt the patients generally recovered. The doctor is such a good, kind man that he does not like to see his little ones suffer. The "Sophs." in their turn are willing to do anything to oblige their

instructor, and often have tearfully smiled at jokes that Adam used to tell to Eve. Indeed, it is said that some of the members of the class took off their hats out of reverence to the great age of these jocund remarks.

The class has shown great proficiency in many directions. Not only have we many brilliant students amongst us, but we have also several fine athletes. Hatchett and Lewis Green covered themselves with glory at the gymnasium exhibition. Our moral tone is aided by the several "theologs" who are with us, and in the line of scholarly attainments we are represented by a few of that hard-working class known as the elective. We have also a number of talented literary men in the class. They have never given any evidence of their great abilities; nevertheless, they are undoubtedly gifted in this line. Some day the Class of 1900 will be well known for the great writers who graduated from its ranks. Lewis Green is responsible for this statement, and he bases it upon a remark that Professor Law once made. Our instructor in English happened to say once that a taste for mathematics did not generally go with literary skill. "Greeny" immediately jumped to the conclusion that every one who was not fond of the study of mathematics must necessarily be a literary genius. In future years we shall watch "Greeny's" career with interest.

Our progress in Horace was not as satisfactory as might be expected of such a class. Professor Cheek informed us that we were entirely without appreciation of the beauties of this author. He said that when we reached our graduating year we should have trouble in finding a class-poet. However, it may be that our Professor, with all his learning, is mistaken in this.

There are several noted characters in the class. Garth never wearies in his self-imposed task of making poor puns. In analytics he is the Doctor's pride, and he can scan Horace with his eyes shut. We give the following as a specimen of his wit. It appeared in the Cento, but we will reproduce it here, as it is too good to be lost.

Professor Law—"Mr. Garth, what can you tell us of Macaulay's ancestors?"

Garth—"Well—er—er, he had a good many of them."

However, he has done nobly this year, as he worked his way through college by writing for the Cento. He besieged Fisher Bell all through the year with countless manuscripts, but only one was accepted. The price paid for this valuable piece of literature is not definitely known, but is said to have been in the neighborhood of twenty cents. (Cotton is quite an athlete. He delights in walking, especially to the dances. The hardest rain cannot deter him from his favorite pastime.) Hatchett is always ready to fight any one who will come down to No. 6 Breckinridge Hall. Among our other distinguished members, "the precocious" Chiles is well worthy of mention. Although we have many other worthy members, the Historian will have to refrain from telling of them, as he fears that when this sketch is printed and placed in the Annual, he will have made several enemies.

Our class, as a whole, has been always well thought of. Our popularity with the Professors is very great. It was said of us last year that we were less "fresh" than any Freshman class which had ever entered the college. In the future we hope to avoid that conceit and pompous self-importance so painfully evident in the present Senior class.

In conclusion, let it be said that, although the labors of the Historian have been very great, he will feel himself amply repaid if he has succeeded in presenting some of the principal characteristics of the ever famous class of 1900.

HEMAN HUMPHREY,
Historian of Sophomore Class.



FRESH.



Freshman History.

N. A. HARDIN, *President.* J. A. MONKS, *Vice-President.*

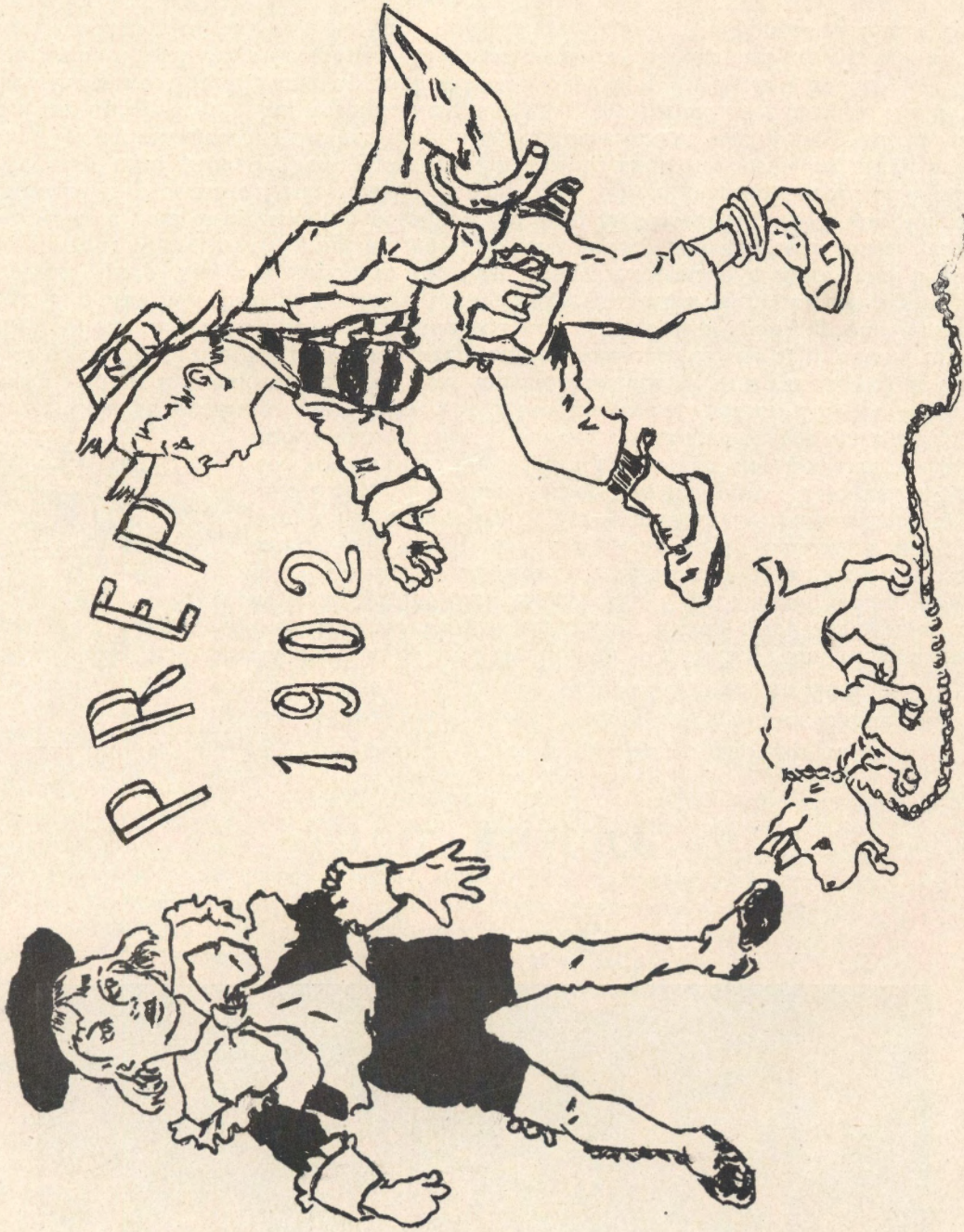
C. B. SPALDING, *Historian.*



LONG about the 8th of September you may see the Freshmen, fresh from their various country homes which at that time are about as green as they are, go slowly walking up through the campus as if each minute would be their last. When the Freshman gets within sight of the main building, he suddenly notices a crowd of boys lounging on the grass awaiting the arrival of each new man, and as soon as the crowd sees the new comer the air seems to be filled with an unearthly noise to the tune of "Fresh! Fresh!" with now and then, above the rest, a noise which seems familiar as the one they last heard in their father's barnyards at home. This noise comes from some loud-mouthed Law student. After he fully recovers from the shock, he proceeds up to the chapel and, as a matter of course, seats himself in the Senior rows, out of which he is kicked or thrown headforemost as the case may be. After a short spell of wishing he was at home hoeing corn, he goes to the various Professors and is classified. Then in this manner, one by one, we formed our class and proceeded on through the first term's work, with now and then a real funny joke from some one of the Professors about like this: "Please put down the window, everything is Fresh. in here," and, of course, we all laugh, and laugh heartily, for we can see the point. One of our important events was the election of class officers, which we did after a fashion, scarcely knowing when we got through, which one of us had been elected to either office, but finally, after a little hair pulling, loud talking, and voting for adjournment (as it was near dinner time), we found that we had elected two of our most worthy classmates, one to the office of President and the other to the office of Vice-President, to whom our class owes much, for its general speed, style, and endurance (in the recitation room). We all join in sorrow at the loss of our worthy President, N. A. Hardin, to whom we wish a speedy recovery in health, so that in the near future he may again join our ranks and help to bear up the honor of our down-trodden class. Don't say anything about it, for there never was such a thing in the history of the Freshman classes of Centre before, that is, we really have one smart man and it is the general opinion, if he keeps on as successfully in everything as he has so far in quoting from "Harkness," that some

day he will likely be President of the United States ; but in that event, we are all praying for the United States. He is a leader among men and some day he will be a great politician. He is the only man living, who was born with a knowledge of all things. We are proud to say that, in him, we have one man who doesn't use Jacks. He really is so timid on the subject that he would run even if he saw a loose one coming up the pike in broad daylight. So we all join in with heartrending love and affection for our leader, hero and model, in whatever he may attempt, whether it be immortal or not. Our class is the first class that ever read Horace in the Freshman year, and we are proud of it, for we can tell the Seniors, who look down on us with such scorn and contempt, and take a delight in telling us that it will take three long years to reach the place in life which they are now filling with so much ease and dignity, that we took Horace in our Freshman year, and that it was all that they could do to get through Cæsar, or some other little book. We have been well represented in Athletics of all kinds, and in the Gymnasium exhibition over half were from our class, also the Captain of the Second Foot-ball team, C. C. Nicholson, is of our class. If all of the Professors have as high an opinion of us as Prof. Redd has, we certainly must have an extremely good class, for he says that "he would rather maul rails any day than teach the Freshman Greek," and mauling rails is no easy job. Prof. Fales thinks that our class would be an exceptionally good one if it wasn't for the size of our feet, which very often he has to have taken down from the benches in front of him in order that he may see what else is attached to them. He frequently reminds us that he can see through some things but he can't see through a haystack. Several of our men are candidates for Holman's place next year as they have nothing else in view for that time. Taking our class as a whole, Danville, as well as Centre College, has a rare specimen of which it ought to be proud. There is not a man in it who does not cover himself with glory each day in some way or other. It has been said that Centre never turned out as good a class as the class of '98 ; but just hold your horses until the class of 1901 gets loose. We will give those whose duty it is to see to our welfare in every way something to talk about, for if we all are not on top, it won't be because we are not kicking every other fellow down to get there. Joy fills each man's heart when he thinks that he is nearing the close of the Freshman year and soon he will be able to look down on another class that is even lower than himself, and of course he thinks that he never could have been half so insignificant as even the best man in the class below him. We are now nearing the close of our most important year, and I don't think that you could find a man in the whole class, who would say, that he has not enjoyed this year, our first in College. We have had our ups and downs, as all other classes do, but at the same time friendships have been formed, and little things have happened which will never be forgotten, and we will in after years look back with pleasure on the good old days at Centre and especially so on those of the Freshman year. In conclusion, it can be said, and truthfully said, that there never was a better class in Centre than the class of 1901. We have no especially wonderful men, but our class is composed of steady, good workers, who in the course of time will come out in the lead, and rightly then can the Faculty and all others say, even if they don't think it now, that there never was a better class than the class of 1901.

C. B. SPALDING,
Historian.



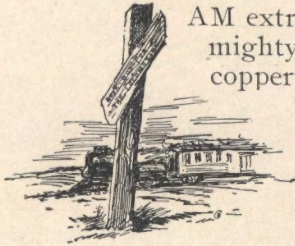
PREP
1902



Prep. History.

Danielville Ky. 87 days—5 ours—4 7-19 minits befour hollydeigh.

Mister Willkeigh,
Deer mr. Edditer.



AM extremely glad to have the honour of adressin' your most worthie mightyness, that is knot persunally, but through my stenografer who copperwrites this at my dicktasion. But it ain't much use fer me two have a stenografer, 'cause i have too tell hymn Howe two spel neerly evry wurd. If I did'ent he would make sum misstakes ann i verrie muchly deplor a misstake. thats why i never make eny. but this is knot two the pint. The reason i rite too you is this: One deigh i received the knowize wellkum infurmashion that i waz requested two righte Ann histry of Senter Coledge acadime. now how waz i too kno what Senter Coledge acadime ment; i dont kno eny moore what that means than one of thos rynecerees down at D'ics river. but i suppoes that the gentelman had reference to one of the meny innstitutions of lernin' with whitch i am konnekted, and as preP, that small, ignobel—i meen large & flurishin' schule is my favurit, I will give you a few statistiks consernin' her, it, or he. prep' was established, to the best of my rekolection, a short tyme beefour the addvent of Syrus, the yunGer, and has been rapidly increesin' evir sinse. it haz had no lesce than fore principuls of whom the most highly eduketed and also the most renowned is proffessor Lessee Bosly. in adition to bein' a teachir proF. bosley is a lawyer an' unmarried, tho' two show what his mind runs on: on beein' asked in his exam. for addmitance two the bar What a writ of attachment waz, he replied "a letter from my hunny-due." but i think he must have bin throne over because one deigh when the wurd 'jilted' came up in klass, he looked very guilty and had to leve the room two conseal hiz emoshions. The next in power is hour 2nd mastir, a hansome browneyed, striplin' of about 70, tho' he dont quight look it. Henrietta Funk *Ovopa* (greak for buy-name.) Hiz domanes down stairs and when the uninisiated yuth enters this 2nd paradice, for the first tyme, he seize nothing to exsight hiz feers or to fyre his imaginasion, but when the dimpled chin of the mastir is scene to move and

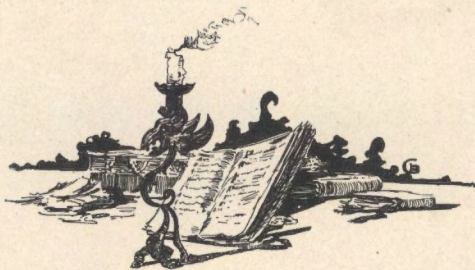
hiz beautifullie curved mouth two open and in a gentel (?) tone of voice he adresses sum questshun to a membre of the klass innstantly vizions of pirets and robbers, theves an' kannybuls rise befour hiz i's and he falls into a stait of unconciouness in whitch he is carryed from the room and returns in about six weeks after a serius attakt of brane-fevur. but after a few yrss. of konstant companyunshippe with this ogre he be koms used to this sound and it even at tymes sounds like musick (brass-band). but let hymn pass, he's two insignifikant to dwel upon. Now for a look around the chapell. Hear is a strainge konglommerration of Physiognumys. The quiet old biddy is hear, with her everlastin' kackle, kackle, kackle, an' alsew a crazie foul nown as the guinea, which can neather bee choked on grein "Maters", nor killed buy a chance kobb. Their is alsew hear a yung gentelman, who imagins that he is preS. of the u. s. A. Now if he cood onlie git ridd of this deluzion, an' be kontent with ann aufice like that of huckster he mite dew better. But let us haisten. Their preambulaits into thee schule room evry mornin' a cupple of baby elephants, lookin' as fierse as tew brazilyon tigeresses, but they can b eazily subdude ann renderd plassid, by a peace of dum otter staik or a few boyled "rabbet aigs". but we're perceedin' sloely. I hope you are not be komin' werie of this descriphun, but i wish to dew justise tew awl, injustise to nun. Their iz yet one moore karakter in hour schule whitch i wood like to menshun. this iz hour well belovd Spitty, the aknowlged champeon of hour schule, the defender of her writes, the avenger of he woes. One deigh the professur asked hymn, who maid hymn, "Mozes" sed spitty absentlie. "Who maid you." "O, Aaaron, I suppoze" replied the profesur, tryin' tew rivle hymn inn ignorance (a hard thing too dew, by the weigh) "Well I'll B darned," sed Spitty, thee biBel dew tel us that aaaron wonce maid a calf, but who'd a thought the kriter had got in hear." But I'll hav too cloze seein' as its about tyme for my metta physicks klass.

So-long

Your Hon. servant,

The rev. mister Y. Z. g. dewgooD, Esq. D. D.

(HARTWELL H. LINNEY.)



Class Register.

Law Department.

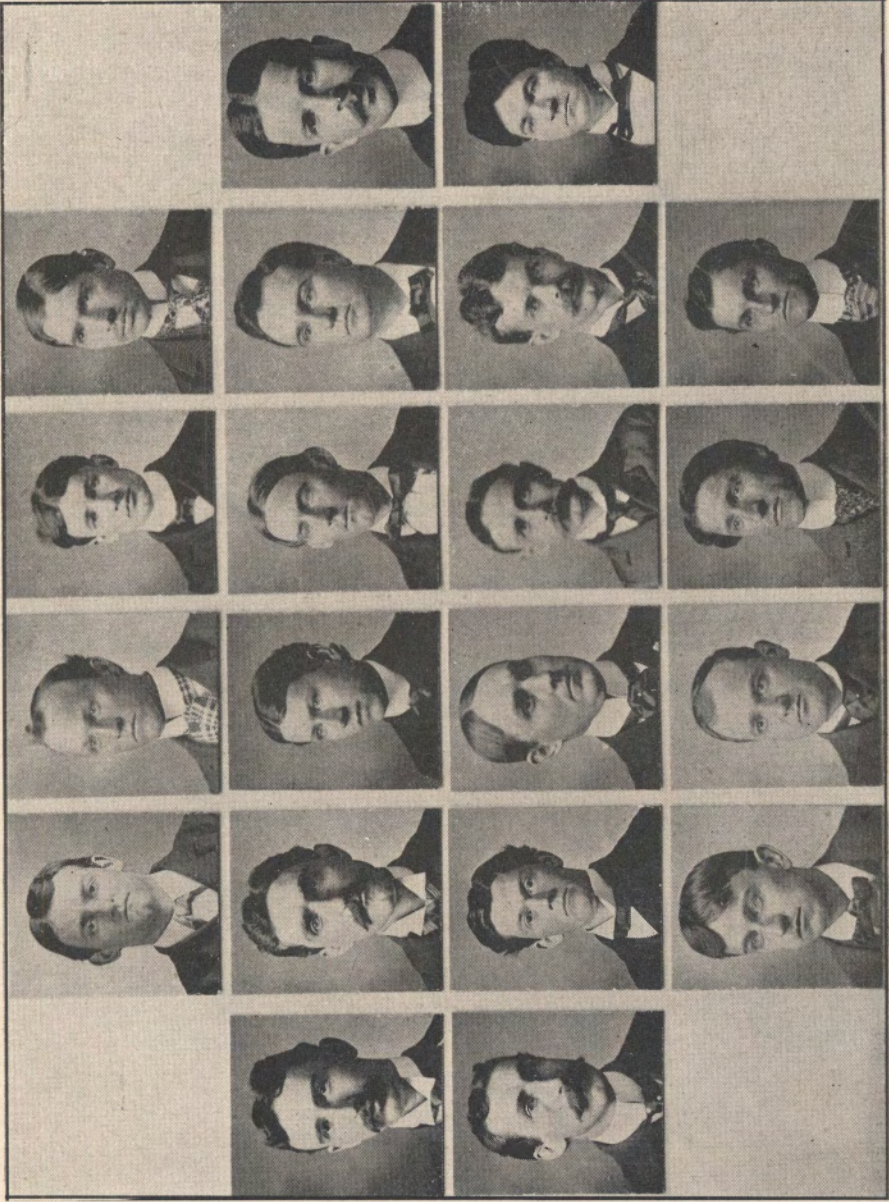
POST-GRADUATE.

Flattery, M. Douglas, LL. B., Boston, Mass.

UNDER-GRADUATES.

Allen, Bush, Harrodsburg.	[W. Va.	McDaniel, James Mott, Hickman.
Anderson, Harry McClellan, Charleston,		Moran, James Walker, London.
Baughman, Homer, Danville.		Nicholas, Cary,* Shelbyville.
Blaydes, Hubert C., Shelbyville.		Powers, Caleb, Barbourville.
Black, Pitzer Dixon, Barbourville.		Powers, John Lay, Barbourville.
Bosley, Leslie Carroll, Danville.		Puryear, Emmet Vance, Campbellsville.
Boyd, Robert, London.		Rose, Richard Sherman, Barbourville.
Clark, William, Marion.		Stanfield, Ralph Nugent, Mayfield.
Cook, Archie Rue, Danville.		Steely, John Sherman, Williamsburg.
Edwards, James Percival, Louisville.		Smith, Ernest Thurston, Danville.
Funk, William Henry, Danville.		Stodghill, Luther Bannister, Danville.
Glore, Walter Scott, Decatur, Ill.		Sulser, Alexander Gordon, Maysville.
Harlan, Charles, Danville.		Tate, Clarence Edward, Stanford.
Hocker, William, Stanford.		Thomson, Carl, Ripley, O.
Hunn, Robert Walker, Shelby City.		Welsh, George Winston, Danville.
Kinnaid, Lawrence, McGregor, Iowa.		Wilson, Samuel Elmore, Franklin.

* Deceased.



SENIOR LAW CLASS.

Law School History. (?)



Do you notice that bright and smiling array of beauty and chivalry, each feature stamped indelibly with the one fixed and noble purpose—to do nothing but others? Well, that's the part of the Law School that does the *harri-karri* this year. And the time for the above said performance cometh on apace. Already, in the language of a far greater than we, "The tocsin of the class of '98 has sounded." But a little while and they have left us, and the familiar haunts which knew them all too well will rejoice in the assurance that they will know them no more forever.

The last gun has been fired. No more will the sweet, soft, pleading and persuasive tones of Powers, Jr., fall like soothing music upon the expectant ear, as he enunciates, with the precision and regularity of a split-second chronometer, "Just one question, please." No more will the Governor say, with a twinkle in his eye, "Mr. McDaniel, here is a proposition which I know appeals to you personally: Suppose that a young man, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, should induce a buxom and pleasing young lady to promise to marry him," etc. No more will Prof. Ramsey heap Ossyus upon Pelion (so to speak), from 10th Bush, and 2nd Duval, and 3rd J. J. Marshall, and 14th Kentucky Law Reporter, and section 2163 of the Kentucky Statutes, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until the brain grows weary and the eye grows dim, and the note-book and the pencil fall from the nerveless grasp. No more will Steeley and his cigar lend the sunshine of their presence to the southeast corner of this hot-bed of legal knowledge; and Tate and his R. J. R. have, after the fashion of the Arabs, gotten a silent sneak upon themselves. Funk and his knowledge of the opinions of Chitty and Hale and Mansfield will ere long drift beyond the pale, and be swallowed up in the rush of hurrying events. And Thomson, the most widely experienced gentleman and most monumental truth-teller that ever came down the pike, will venture forth to new fields of conquest, presumably in the direction of Minnesota and Dakota. The stentorian eloquence of Rose, the Bloomer Girl, will be wasted upon the hill country where he hangs out (or, rather, hangs on), and Stodghill and his law book agency—an organized land piracy, an open-handed robbery!—nobody knows what will become of that establishment; but everybody has his own silent, fervent wishes upon the subject. Those thrifty, energetic gentlemen, Kinnaird and Smith, are firmly settled as to their future—they will continue with all their old-time zeal their study and research in Richard Henry Savage, and Archibald Clavering Gunther, and Rider Haggard, and Nick Carter, and Tales from Town Topics, and other refreshments of that nature. The present outlook seems to indicate that Bosley, until a softer snap turns up, will continue to teach the youthful idea how to shoot, occasionally aiding said idea in the shooting process with a judicial administration of the old-time encourager. Peace to the

martyrs. Boyd has, on several occasions, expressed an intention to "law in the mountains," if he ever gets over his "vaccinate." We might mention the others—there are some others—but why should we interrupt them on their swift journey toward a peaceful and contented oblivion.

The only good man in the Junior class, Black, found that he knew too much for the rest of the gang, and has joined Hocker on the other shore. And we almost overlooked Edwards! though how we did so without the assistance of a ladder isn't exactly apparent. Well, now that we've gotten to him, words fail us (it's mighty hard sometimes to say something about nothing).

The only things that can be said about the rest of that crowd belong to that general class of statements which are better left unsaid.

The class of '98 has set the class of '99 a fine and worthy example in every way—in non-attendance, in disability, almost in *nonentity*; and we of '99 have striven manfully, and with no small success, to attain to the standard thus held up to us. We have fallen somewhat short, we must admit, but it has not been through lack of effort—it has rather been through lack of numbers. Next fall, refreshed and invigorated by the summer's rest (you may be assured that it will be a season of absolute rest), and with our ranks swelled by the new arrivals, we shall begin afresh to tread "the flowery paths of dalliance," always bearing in mind that, as yet, we have not attained the standard of the class of '98, and directing every effort which we may happen to make, to that end.

The class of '99 takes this opportunity to express publicly its great sorrow and its keen sense of loss occasioned by the exit of the class of '98. We shall miss them all—their cheerful presence and part in our recitations, and their ready and accurate prompting (The last-named feature will be missed the most of all.).

'99 trusts that every member of '98 may have a long and easy life, with large fees and lots of them, and that they may in time come to be looked upon as the leading legal lights of the country.

GORDON SULSER,
Law '99.





SEMINARY.

Seminary History.



O give the history of a Seminary of Theological students were a task indeed—varied as well as difficult. When we reflect what different elements of character, of genius, of determination, and above all, of piety, constitute the sum total of five Professors and thirty-five young men under their instruction, all engaged in studying the Word of the living God, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the author and finisher of our salvation, we must needs pause and consider that whatever else may be said of the task before us, we may with assurance aver, at least, that it is an unusual one. And then, located as the Danville Theological Seminary is, in a border-State, midway between the North of cold winds, busy factories, and superenergetic minds; and the South of balmy breezes, partially undeveloped resources, and easy, though by no means stagnant life; between the safe, conservative East and the progressive and at times rash-counseling West, we hold within our sanctum a most cosmopolitan attendance, drawn from all these divergent sections. As we before intimated, our life is by no means monotonous. Even were our studies inclined so to make it, the quite opposite qualities of the students—though of course they are all good men, so were Brutus and his companion; but by this historical reference we would rather draw a contrast than show any comparison between those famous Romans and our *to be* equally famous “Theologs”—would ensure that such dire result would not follow.

Some are yet scarce out of their teens, and blush as modestly and sweetly as the gentlest maiden; but others, with the furrows of care roughly wrinkling their brows, with beards of many moons' growth, and with the most quiet and sedate walk and conversation, prove to us by signs unmistakable that many years have flown since they saw their gladsome boyhood days. Some seem to have seen much of this world, to have passed through many and varied experiences, and to have gleaned from these knowledge and wisdom of lasting value, while others have, from all appearances, not yet “seen life,” have not yet felt the stern reality of fighting life's fierce battle, and have yet to solve the first great problem of practical life.

Some love society, and, besides paying their respects to the fair damsels of Danville and vicinity, travel all the way to adjacent towns, and even to distant parts of other States (especially during Christmas time), to see those for whom their hearts go “pitter patter.” Others are more austere, or, perhaps, even stoical, and delight not in the joys of ladies' company, but, like hermits of the middle ages, make of themselves recluses, that they may the more certainly learn their delightful Hebrew and those very easy Catechism lessons which Dr. Martin at times gives the boys merely for recreation. Still others revel in the to-the-rest-of-us-unknown bliss of domestic life. Some

are witty and bubbling over with fun; others frown on such "ignoble" pastimes. Some worry their patient professors with numerous questions the point of which we expect most others often wonder at. Others are either satisfied with what the book and the instructor pronounce, or have so deeply meditated over the matter that it contains for them no unraveled web, no dark corner, no unfathomed depth. Heterogeneous in the extreme, therefore, is the make-up of our students. But in unity there is frequently found variety. So, with all our differences, even a few idiosyncracies severer critics may affirm we possess, I firmly believe that there is a most certain unity found among us in the purpose which fills our minds, rules our hearts, and predominates in our lives. While there may be a deeper piety in some than in others—and such we know would naturally be the case—while some may feel more deeply the realities of life and the importance of proper and careful preparations than others, still love for the Saviour, obedience to His will, and an ardent desire to serve Him here on earth among our lost fellowmen, are principles which I believe reign in the lives of us all.

From the ideal standpoint as we view it—and the prayer of every "theolog" in this instance is that the ideal were the real—the work for which we are here preparing ourselves is the grandest and the noblest that can engage the thought and time of an immortal soul. That even to our parting breath our lives may hold in its purity and ardor this ideal of unfeigned love to God and man and unreserved service to others, irrespective of this world's fame, renown and wealth, should consume our heart's best impulses and our minds' most earnest thoughts.

Like the wine of the feast at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, which our Lord graced with His presence, the best here also is reserved for the last.

In speaking of our esteemed Faculty we would use no words of fulsome praise, but at the same time we would not mention their names in mirth and laughter as we would those of the students. Their every encouraging word, their every effort to build us up in truth and manhood, and in the knowledge of our Lord, their every interest in our material and spiritual welfare we would repay with the gratitude of thankful hearts, with all the courtesy at our command, and with ever-ascending prayers to heaven for its richest blessings on them and theirs.

T. REYNOLDS BEST.



Faculty.

JOHN M. WORRALL, D. D.,
Biblical and Ecclesiastical History, and Church Government.

CLAUDE B. H. MARTIN, D. D.,
Systematic Theology and Study of the English Bible.

CLARENCE K. CRAWFORD, A. M.,
Old Testament Languages and Exegesis, and Biblical Antiquities.

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, M. A.,
New Testament Literature and Exegesis.

JOHN C. ELY, D. D.,
Homiletics.

Students.

BEST, T. REYNOLDS
BUCHANAN, ALBERT M.
CANTRALL, CHARLES
CARSON, LEMUEL L.
DEMPSTER, DAVID
HUDSON, LESLIE
KING, GEORGE W.
MARSHALL, THOMAS F.
MARTIN, JOHN S.
MCBRIDE, WILLIAM B.
SMALLEY, WILLIAM S.
BECKER, DANIEL J.
CHRISTENSEN, CHARLES
CORNELISON, JAMES M.
FERRAN, CLARENCE
GILLETTE, ORLAND M.
GRAY, GEORGE A.

MARSHALL, EDWIN S.
RYAN, KEENE
SAWYER, JOSEPH L.
SHARP, ALEXANDER
ARMSTRONG, JAMES H.
BARBEE, THOMAS
BARRETT, LEONARD A.
CHAPMAN, WILLIAM H.
COOPER, LOUIS F.
DANIEL, WILLIAM A.
GRANT, THOMAS P.
GILLAM, SYLVANUS M.
MCMURRAY, JOHN W.
RAINY, T. WALLACE
WILKIE, JOHN R.
SHEPARD, FRANK A.
ROBERTS, WILLIAM L.



SEMINARY FACULTY AND CLASS OF '98.

In Breck. Hall.

I.



ERE I sit by my blazing grate,
Watching the shadows on the wall ;
The night is still, the hour is late,
Erebus ruleth over all—
Save where some night owl is cramming his pate,
'Mid the silence of Breckinridge Hall.

II.

What a pleasure to sit and dream
Over some wondrous mythical page ;
Catching many a charmed gleam
Of a fabulous, bygone age,
With its knights so bold and its ladies supreme,
In the worship of warrior and squire and page.

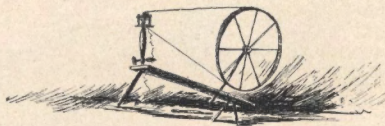
III.

What care we for the world outside—
That great wide world with its bustle and noise ;
Tell us not of its regions wide,
Of its beckoning hopes and alluring joys ;
For joys have we such as none beside,
In Breckinridge Hall with its merry boys.

IV.

Heap the fire, dispel the gloom,
While the shadows dance over the wall,
Cheer into brightness the dim old room,
Drive from its corners the gathering pall,
While we thank kind fortune and pity the doom
Of the boys who live not in Breckinridge Hall.

J. R. W.





FRATERNITIES.

The Kappa Alpha Order.

Omega Chapter.

Founded in September, 1883.

Colors:

Cardinal and Old Gold.

Flowers:

Red Rose and Magnolia.

Active Members During 1897-98.

O. P. BARNHILL, '00.

I. D. BEST, '99.

J. McCLUSKY BLAYNEY, JR., '98.

F. G. CARY, '98.

C. M. GARTH, '00.

N. A. HARDIN, '01.

HEMAN HUMPHREY, '00.

CHAS. B. KOBERT, '98.

NATHANIEL LAFON, '99.

JAMES A. MCKENZIE, JR., '98.

HARRY C. ROGERS, '99.

H. C. SHANKS, '98.

T. P. HILL SPALDING, '98.

C. B. SPALDING, '01.

J. N. STOFER, '98.

F. C. TAYLOR, '99.

D. L. THOMAS, '00.

Post-Graduate.

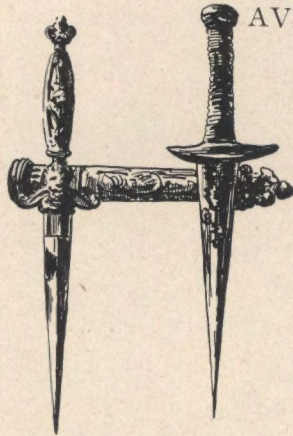
REYNOLDS BEST, SEM.

THOMAS BARBEE, SEM.

JOHN HUNTER, ELEC. ENG.

W. M. HOCKER, LAW.

The Kappa Alpha Order.



HAVING its origin at Washington and Lee University in December, 1865, the Kappa Alpha Order was the second fraternity founded after the close of the Civil War. Coming into existence at a time when sectional feeling was so rife, at an institution where southern ideas were so dominant, it is a meritorious fact that her character was colored so slightly by her environment. Our fraternity was the offspring of peace not of war and we are purely southern in geographical position alone.

The confidence of the founders of our order was based upon the fact, that the principles which they professed, and the ideal of fraternity that they sought, were but imperfectly expressed by the organizations by which they were surrounded and, by pursuing no model in the development of their constitution and laws, they necessarily erected one that was distinctly their own.

In origin, in purpose, in organization, in development, and in fact in every phase of her life Kappa Alpha is marked by a rare individuality.

Bound together for mutual assistance in the pursuit and furtherance of certain ideals of character, these dauntless and determined knights of the "crimson cross" started on a career unparalleled in fraternity history.

The success which attended their steps was most remarkable, surrounded as they were by old and long-established rivals, but possessed of an energetic spirit and complete confidence in the righteousness of their cause, they quickly arose to the position of prominence which they now hold.

"The aggressive spirit, which so quickly distinguished the young chapter and secured for it an enviable recognition, seems to have since formed a part of the general policy of the fraternity, for it has been noticed in the past that wherever a chapter has been instituted, no matter how thickly the field was occupied or how discouraging seemed the prospects, it has required but little time for it to assume a commanding voice in College affairs."

Realizing the value of conservatism and the dangers of ill-considered haste, Kappa Alpha early adopted and has ever held the policy of non-extension into the north, while she has made her future existence secure in the south by the location of chapters in all its leading institutions.

Her brief career has not been unattended by misfortune and mistake but every mistake has helped to raise her to a plane of greater perfection. Plans, that once would have been ridiculed as impractical, are now in process of actual fulfillment. Ideas at one time characterized as visionary are to-day the accepted standards of success. A development once thought impossible is already a matter of confident anticipation and in many cases practical realization.

Childhood and youth have passed, and with this our thirty-third anniversary we have fairly entered upon a vigorous manhood. The record of the past may be significant only as a promise of the future: the problem of endurance and final success may still be unsolved, but hope rules the hour and the strength and vigor of a dawning manhood are prophetic of the answer.

J. McCLUSKY BLAYNEY, JR.





Chapter Roll of Beta Theta Pi.

HOWARD, Cambridge, Mass.	UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, Cincinnati, O.
BROWN, Providence, R. I.	WESTERN RESERVE, Cleveland, O.
BOSTON, Boston, Mass.	OHIO UNIVERSITY, Athens, Ohio.
MAINE, Promo, Me.	BETHANY, Bethany, W. Va.
AMHERST, Amherst, Mass.	OHIO WESLEYAN, Delaware, Ohio.
DARTMOUTH, Hanover, N. H.	WITTENBURG, Springfield, Ohio.
WESLEYAN, Middletown, Conn.	DENISON, Granville, Ohio.
YALE, New Haven, Conn.	WOOSTER, Wooster, Ohio.
RUTGERS, New Brunswick, N. J.	KENVON, Gambier, Ohio.
CORNELL, Ithaca, N. Y.	OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, Columbus, Ohio.
STEPHENS, Hoboken, N. J.	DEPAUW, Greencastle, Ind.
ST. LAWRENCE, Canton, N. Y.	INDIANA, Bloomington, Ind.
COLUMBIA, New York City.	MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.
SYRACUSE, Syracuse, N. Y.	WABASH, Crawfordsville, Ind.
WASHINGTON-JEFFERSON, Washington, Pennsylvania.	HANOVER, Hanover, Ind.
UNIVERSITY OF PENN., Phila., Penn.	KNOX, Galesburg, Ill.
DICKINSON, Carlisle, Penn.	BELOIT, Beloit, Wis.
PENN. STATE UNIVERSITY, State College, Pennsylvania.	UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, Iowa City, Iowa.
LEHIGH, South Bethlehem, Pa.	UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, Hampden-Sidney, Va.	IOWA WESLEYAN, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
NORTH CAROLINA, Chapel Hill, N. C.	WISCONSIN, Madison, Wis.
VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.	NORTHWESTERN, Evanston, Ill.
DAVIDSON, Davidson College, N. C.	MINNESOTA, St. Paul, Minn.
CENTRE, Danville, Ky.	WESTMINSTER, Fulton, Mo.
CUMBERLAND, Lebanon, Tenn.	KANSAS, Lawrence, Kan.
MISSISSIPPI, University P. O., Miss.	CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Cal.
TEXAS, Austin, Texas.	DENVER, Denver, Colo.
MIAMI, Oxford, Ohio.	NEBRASKA, Lincoln, Neb.
	MISSOURI, Columbia, Mo.
	LELAND STANFORD, Stanford University, Cal.

Beta Theta Pi.

Founded at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1839.

COLORS: *Pink and Blue.*

FLOWER: *Red Rose.*

Epsilon Chapter.

Founded in 1848.

CLASS OF 1898.

Harry McClellan Anderson.
John Cary Acheson.
Roy M. Baker.
George Fisher Bell.
Robert Smith Dulin, Jr.
James Guinn Staples.
William Vernon Richardson.

CLASS OF 1900.

Maurice Ramsey Cotton.

CLASS OF 1899.

Howard Bruce.
Walter Crane Ledyard.
Chenault Huguely.
Walter Scott Glore.
Charles William Lindsay.
Charles H. Hoagland.

CLASS OF 1901.

Cory Corydon Nicholson.
George Thomas.
Strother D. Mitchell.

Fratres in Urbe.

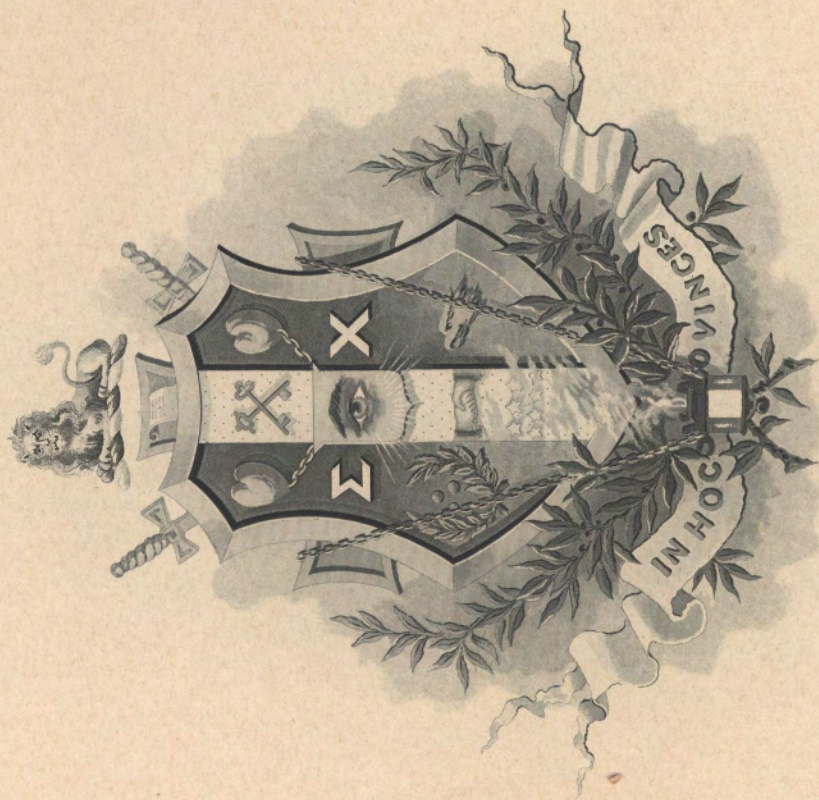
Rev. John Lapsley McKee, D. D.
Rev. James L. Allen.
Robert P. Jacobs, LL. D.
Hon. John W. Yerkes.
Mr. G. E. Wiseman.
Mr. Wm. Briggs.

Mr. Harry Briggs.
Mr. John Herron.
Mr. Henry Woolfolk.
Mr. George C. Bohon.
Mr. A. L. Denny.



BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

BELL,	BRUCE,	HUGUELY,	BAKER,	LEDYARD,	NICHOLSON,
STAPLES,		COTTON,	ACHESON,	DULIN,	MC ANDERSON,
MITCHELL,		RICHARDSON,	THOMAS,	GLORE,	



Dyckerhoff & Wideman



Zeta Zeta—Sigma Chi.



EVERY fraternity man can remember when coming to college of the peculiar sensations he had when first he heard of the mysteries connected with fraternities, of his desire to be connected with one of these mystic brotherhoods. Did he not swell with pride when spiked by a "frat." man? And when the time for his initiation drew near, what visions of butting billy-goats, skulls, trap-doors, coffins, burning sulphur, and a thousand other weird objects danced before his mystified brain. After being in his fraternity a few weeks he gets on to the idea of what a fraternity is for, and the good and enjoyment a man ought to get out of it if he takes the proper interest in it and does his duty to his chapter and his fraternity brother.

The Sigma Chi Fraternity was founded at Miami University on June 20, 1855. This first chapter consisted of seven men; since then it has spread until its chapters extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. The Zeta Zeta Chapter was founded in the Centennial year of 1876. The Fraternity is composed of fifty active chapters and five Alumni chapters.

There is not a prettier fraternity pin in the world than our white cross, and right proud should he feel who has the honor to wear this emblem on his breast. Even when the dark clouds of war hung like a pall over our fair and beautiful country, the members of Sigma Chi still remembered and thought of the sacred bonds which bound them together as with golden chains of friendship and love. One dark night in 1864, the Sigma Chis of the Southern Army held a meeting in a deserted cabin on the edge of the army and formed the Constantine Chapter.

Is there any other such example of devotion to a fraternity in history? Though these men saw their country in ruins and the cause for which they fought lost, still they thought of the fraternity which they had loved in college.

The men of Zeta Zeta have done much to make the name of Centre known abroad, on the foot-ball field, in field day sports and in oratory has Zeta Zeta shown what kind of men compose and make up her chapter.

Cast your eyes over the great men of the United States and you will find Sigma Chi on almost the top round of the ladder in the profession they have chosen for their life work.

There is a President of the United States who wears the white cross of Sigma Chi, Senators, Congressmen, Judges, Lawyers, Doctors, Clergymen and College Presidents.

The Sigma Chi Fraternity has its headquarters in Chicago; here the fraternity magazine, "*The Sigma Chi Quarterly*," is published in the months of February, May, July and November, also a private paper containing the secret work of the fraternity—*The Bulletin*. The last Grand Chapter was held at Nashville, Tenn., in August.

ERNEST T. SMITH.

Zeta Zeta—Sigma Chi.

Yell.

"Who, who, who am I?
I'm a loyal Sigma Chi!
Hip yi yi, Sigma Chi!"

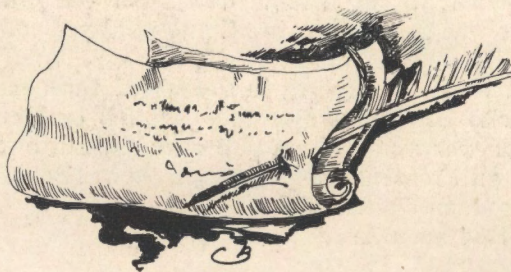
COLORS: *Blue and Old Gold.*

Names of Members.

Sidney Green,
Sam Chiles,

Ephiram Pennington,
William Berry,
Ernest Smith.

Waller Rodes,
Ernest Van Winkle,





SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY.

CHILES.

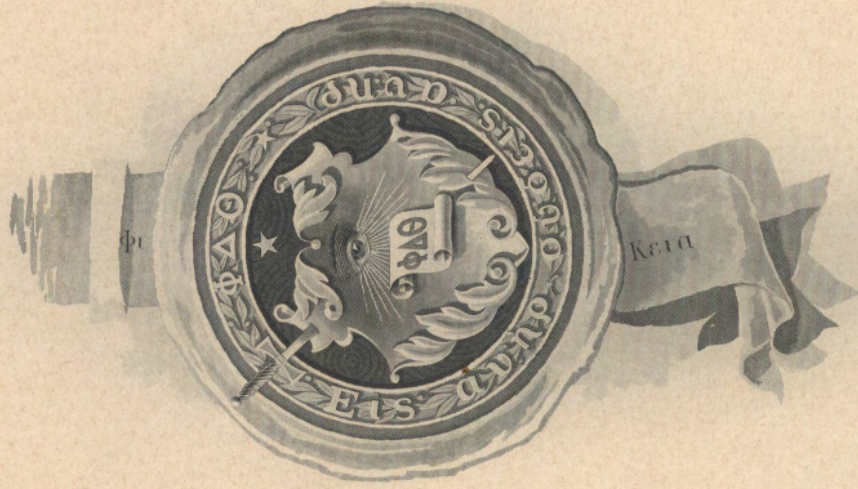
VAN WINKLE, SMITH.

PENNINGTON.

RODES.

BERRY.

GREEN.



Dreher, Pictus.

Phi Delta Theta.



IN the year 1848, at Miami, that mother of so many renowned fraternities, the order of Phi Delta Theta began its successful existence, and to-day stands among the foremost of all similar fraternal organizations.

The Fraternity was founded by Robert Morrison and five associates who, seeing the need of an ideal brotherhood, met and formulated the "Bond of Phi Delta Theta," the fundamental law of the fraternity. The founders of Phi Delta Theta intended that it should be extended to other institutions of high standing and well-established reputation; so, soon after its organization, it began to extend to other colleges, and since that time has established sixty-six chapters in twenty-seven States—from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas. Its rolls contain nearly ten thousand names, many of them being distinguished men, who have contributed much to the maintenance and upbuilding of our great and glorious nation. Records show that the membership of Phi Delta Theta is increasing more rapidly than that of any other fraternity. Its alumni, feeling the ties that bind them to their beloved brothers, have organized many alumni chapters, and are always ready to give a royal Phi welcome to every true son of Phi Delta Theta. They not only evince a very strong attachment for the fraternity, but can be depended on to perform any duty which the fraternity may require of them. The influence and strength of the fraternity in a large measure depends on its loyal sons who have left college walls, and it is a most encouraging indication that they are more numerous now than ever before.

The Fraternity publications are two in number. The *Scroll*, first issued in 1875, a bi-monthly journal devoted to the interests of the Fraternity; and the *Palladium*, a bi-monthly bulletin, devoted to the private interests of the Fraternity.

Phi Delta Theta has two open mottos: "We enjoy life by the help and society of others," and "All for one and one for all," both of which are faithfully lived up to by all brothers. Its objects are the cultivation of friendship between its members, the acquirement individually of a high degree of mental culture and the attainment personally of a high standard of morality. It is like a social organization, and seeks to throw around its members the influence of a home.

Kentucky Alpha, the third chapter of the Fraternity, was established at Centre in 1850. From the day of its establishment to the present day it has prospered; though being the third chapter of the Fraternity, it ranks second in regard to the number on its rolls.

Kentucky Alpha points with pride to the long list of names that it has furnished to help grand "Old Centre" to win her many honors. Every year it furnishes stars for both the foot-ball and base-ball teams, and has won its share of honors on the track.

Kentucky Alpha is also proud of the fact that no matter how far college days may be removed, it always lives in the memories and affections of its sons.

"From college halls to business marts
The clinging tendrils run,
And bind with bonds as true as steel
A thousand hearts as one.
And when from Alma Mater's walls
Reluctantly we've gone,
We'll not forget the Sword and Shield,
But joyfully keep on."

ROBERT F. DICKINS, '98.

Phi Delta Theta.

Open Mottos:

"We enjoy life by the help and society of others."

"All for one and one for all."

Hell.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Phi-Kei-A! Phi Delta Theta! Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS: . . . *White and Blue.*

FLOWER: . . . *White Carnation.*

Obituary Epitaph.

"In Coelo Quies Est."

Active Members of Kentucky Alpha.

Geo. W. Welsh, Jr.,

A. G. Sulser,

Henry S. Hale, Jr.,

Jas. E. Reynolds,

Robt. F. Dickins,

Owsley Brown,

R. M. Mayes,

Thebes Farthing,

E. B. Johnson,

W. G. Witherspoon,

S. L. Yerkes,

W. R. Huguely.



PHI DELTA THETA.



ATHLETICS.

1891

Athletic Association.

W. SCOTT GLORE, President.

CHAS. B. KOBERT, '98, Vice-President.

HENRY S. HALE, JR., '98, Secretary.

E. W. COOK, '92, Treasurer.

M. DOUGLAS FLATTERY, Physical Director.

Directors.

Jas. E. Reynolds, '98,

T. P. Hill Spalding, '98,

Maurice R. Cotton, '00,

Sidney Green, '00,

S. Lovell Yerkes, '99,

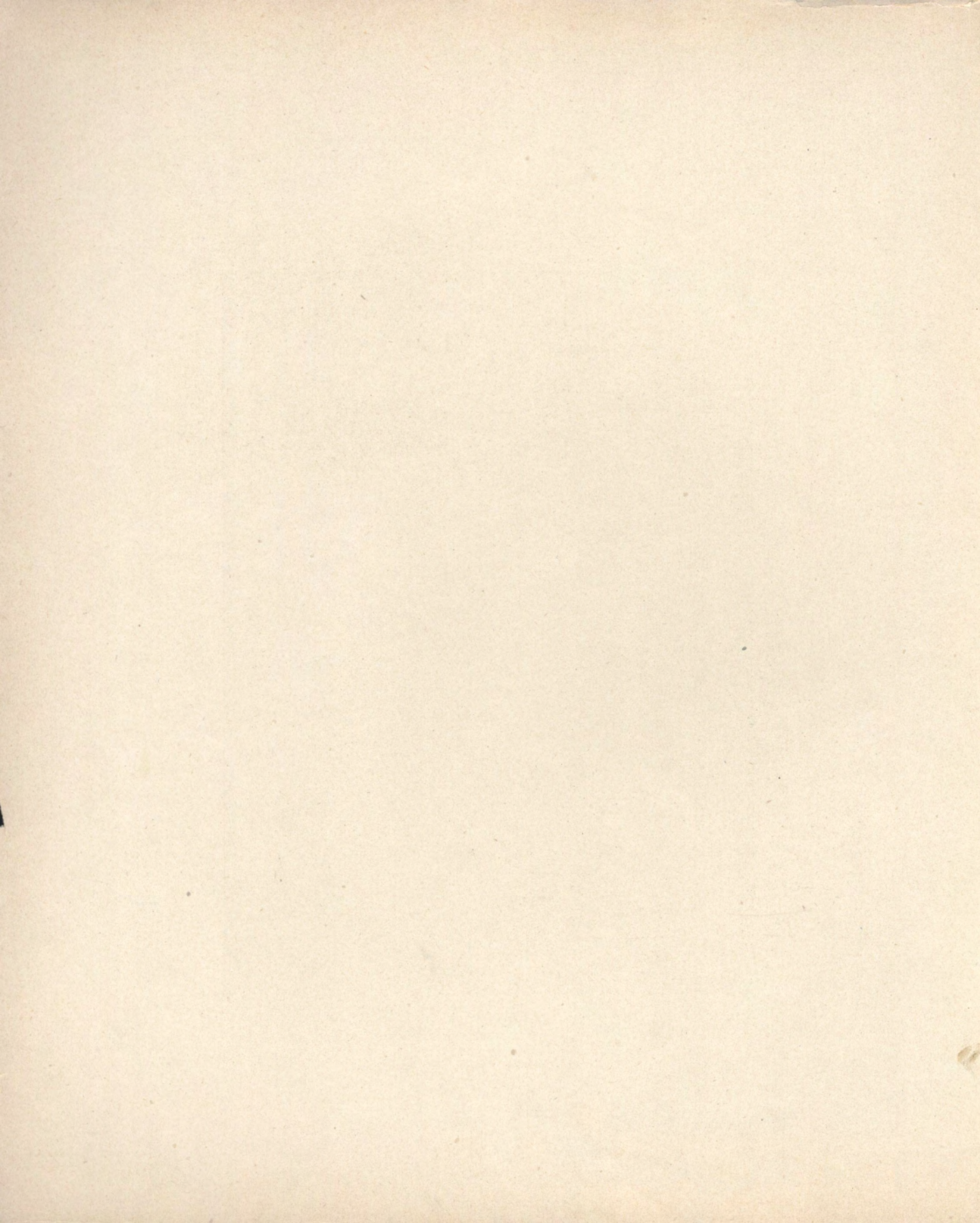
Frank C. Taylor, '99,

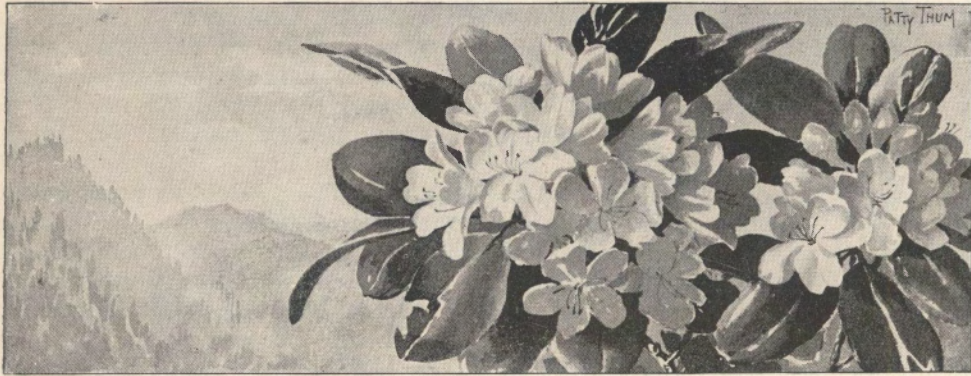
C. C. Nickolson, '01,

Clem B. Spalding, '01.



GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION CLASS.





Athletics.



THOUGH Athletics is thought by some to be of minor importance in all institutions of learning, yet "Old Centre" owes much of her wide-spread fame and good reputation to this particular branch of her curriculum. After so many years of thorough testing among our students, no one can justly doubt its great benefit.

This is a topic that will always be of interest to college men, and the remarkable fondness for it that was characteristic of the students in the earliest days of the institution, has been handed down to us and the records show that it has been preserved during the entire existence of Centre College.

Every year has its story to relate of some great athletic event, either the mighty efforts of two well-trained foot-ball teams, the one to gain the victory over the other, or some individual feat that called forth the admiration of every one.

If we will only look at the records we will see how often the hearts of the college boys have been gladdened by the victory of Centre's team over their opponents, both in foot-ball and base-ball. And we will also see that during the seven years since foot-ball has been introduced, we have thirty victories and two draws to our credit out of thirty-nine games played, while we have only two forfeited games and five defeats. That is a record that no other institution is able to boast of. Why is this? The reason is simply that we have

always shown a marked interest in our Athletics, and by dint of hard training, have developed and put forth the best athletes. Other colleges of our State have endeavored time and again to put men in the field that could cope with us, but their efforts have thus far been of no avail. So it is from this fact that we have gone out of the State looking for "big game," and in one or two instances we have found it to our sorrow, but in the majority of games out of the State we have been victorious.

Our Foot-ball team of '97 was composed mostly of new men, only five of the team of '96 "reporting for duty." They were: Arch. R. Cook (unanimously chosen Captain); Staples, Harlan, Blaydes and Nicholas. What is commonly called "a yellow streak" being entirely unknown to these men—they formed a wonderfully strong base upon which the team was built.

Staples exchanged his old place at right guard for right tackle, proving at once his ability to fill the new position by making phenomenal tackles at critical stages of the game. The others played their old positions with the exception of Cook, who played right half-back instead of his old place at right-end—the position at which he made himself famous. It is useless to say that he held up his splendid reputation at his new post, for he seldom failed to advance the pig-skin when he was called on. The new men, Baker, Cooper, Van Winkle, Brodie, Wilson and Steely developed into capable men, and were "in the game" at all times. The team as a whole was very strong, losing only two games; and if the team had not been sadly crippled up, there would be an entirely different tale told about those two games.

The Base-ball team of last year ('97), as the record will show you, lost not a single league game, coming out with 1000 per cent.—thus winning the pennant. The prospect for the coming season is very good indeed, seven of the '97 team returning and several splendid candidates now contesting for the two remaining positions. The candidates for the team met and elected Baker, Captain, a splendid man, and under his guidance we intend to add another pennant to Centre's numerous trophies.

It is reported that other colleges in the Interstate League have much better teams than they had last year, and that some of them will give us a good fight for first place. Central University has Cunningham, of the Louisville team, coaching them, so it is evident that they are "out for blood." Kentucky University is also said to be unusually strong, and are training hard for our special benefit. We sincerely hope they will all make things more interesting for us than they did last year.

Not only in foot-ball and base-ball have we excelled, but we have made remarkable records with our Track team, being represented the last two years at the Athletic Meet in Chicago, winning several medals. At the Meet last year we were represented by Messrs. Smith and Holliday, and their exploits show us how well they held up the honor of Centre. Smith took first medal in the quarter mile handicap in fifty-two (52) seconds; second medal in the quarter-mile scratch; and also second medal in the running broad jump, making nineteen feet and seven (19 ft. 7 in.) inches on bad ground. He added another medal to his string by taking third in the three hundred (300) yard run. Holliday won both third medals in the one hundred (100) yard and the two hundred and twenty (220) yard handicaps. This good work was done upon a board track, so they deserve even more credit.

Nothing as yet has been said of our indoor Athletics and Gymnasium work in general. To do this it is only necessary to describe briefly the work done at the Gymnasium Exhibition that was held on March 24, '98. These exhibitions (which are held annually), consist in tumbling, wrestling, boxing, fencing, single stick, and some splendid work on the horizontal and parallel bars, winding up with a very pretty

Indian Club drill. At our last exhibition, mentioned above, besides the unusually good work of the classes as a whole, the contest with the gloves between Harry Anderson, our foot-ball coach of the last two seasons, and "Jimmy" Reynolds was especially good, and the bout with the quarter staff, the instrument which "Little John" used so effectively, between Prof. Flattery, our Physical Director, and Anderson was enjoyed immensely.

Tennis still holds a very important place in our Athletics, but it has not been indulged in this year to the extent that it has heretofore. This is probably due to unfavorable weather. When the bad weather is over and the beautiful, warm and sunny days come to stay, I have no doubt that the courts will be kept "hot" by many eager contestants.

It was back in '90 and '91, when the tournaments were so popular, that the greatest interest was taken in tennis. At that time only fraternity men took part in the tournaments, and as the two representatives of each fraternity (they played doubles almost entirely) had the glory of their fraternity as well as their individual glory in view, the contests must have been extremely interesting and exciting.

Now, it may be seen that Athletics is one of Centre's strongest points, so let us, as loyal sons, maintain her honor and good name by keeping up and even bettering her past records.

It is the prayer of all college men that Athletics at Centre continue to hold its exalted position, so wake up ye undergraduates and show the public that you are still in the Athletic World.

HENRY S. HALE, JR.



Triolet.

THAT soft brown curl of my lady's hair,
Clinging close to her marble brow,
Nestling in witching coyness there,
That soft brown curl of my lady's hair.
What witchery lurks in its ringlets fair,
Some day it will be mine, I trow;
That soft brown curl of my lady's hair
Clinging close to her marble brow.

Track Records.

EVENT.	NAME.	RECORD.
50 yards - - - - -	Atherton - - - - -	5 2-5 seconds.
100 yards - - - - -	Holliday - - - - -	10 seconds.
220 yards - - - - -	Smith - - - - -	22 2-5 seconds.
440 yards - - - - -	Lawrence - - - - -	51 1-5 seconds.
Half-mile - - - - -	Cheek - - - - -	2 minutes, 10 seconds.
Mile - - - - -	Kendall - - - - -	5 minutes, 12 seconds.
Putting Shot - - - - -	E. W. Cook - - - - -	36 feet, 4 inches.
Throwing Hammer - - - - -	Pool - - - - -	96 feet, 3 inches.
120 yards Hurdle - - - - -	Hendricks - - - - -	18 seconds.
220 yards Hurdle - - - - -	Hendricks - - - - -	31 2-5 seconds.
Pole Vaulting - - - - -	Smith - - - - -	9 feet, 3 inches.
Standing High Jump - - - - -	Miller - - - - -	4 feet, 9½ inches.
High Jump - - - - -	Washington - - - - -	5 feet, 8½ inches.
Standing Broad Jump - - - - -	Hendricks - - - - -	10 feet, 2 inches.
Broad Jump - - - - -	Archer - - - - -	20 feet.
Hop, Step, and Jump - - - - -	Hendricks - - - - -	31 feet.



TRACK TEAM.



Foot-Ball at Centre.

DEPLETED treasury, an uncomfortable debt, few of the members of last year's team returning, together with a current opinion that there would be a marked decadence of interest in the sport on the part of the student body are facts calculated to involve the future of foot-ball at old Centre in some obscurity.

In the limited space allowed, it will be impossible to enter into details of history, so we shall endeavor to confine all references to the past, to such facts as we deem necessary to prove an assertion or explain some present condition. Fortunate shall we consider this endeavor if one suggestion be made which may prove profitable to future teams of our *alma mater*.

The inevitably first complaint—that increasing faculty strictures practically preclude success—may be dismissed, with the simple statement that while that body may not, during the past few years, have acted as liberally as circumstances seemed to require, still it has been at all times fair and just.

The second cause of our embarrassments is well understood by those who have watched the game closely since its introduction into the State. The seasons of '91, '92 and '93 saw four to six teams in the field. To the very end of the season the issue, as to which was the strongest, was undecided. Enthusiasm among the students and admirers of each was intense. Attendance was good and receipts, at least with Centre, were far beyond the expenditures necessary for the team. Large outlays were made in improving the athletic field and purchasing equipments which, it was supposed would be assets in the hands of future managers. This prosperous state of affairs prevailed until the fall of '94. That year Centre was the only one of the Kentucky colleges able to put up a respectable team, and among the colleges this has been

practically the state of affairs since that fall. L. A. C., to be sure, was, during that period, nearly always represented by an eleven individually good. Notably so in '96, when her team was one of the best that has ever gone out looking for the scalp of Old Centre. The interest in the contests with athletic clubs is never as great as when between rival colleges, and in the present instance proved unable to stir up the drooping enthusiasm. A glance at the financial standing of the association will show that the foregoing statements are accurate as regards ourselves, and I am told by gentlemen connected with the management of other teams in the State that this is equally true with them. Since '94 no team has been so fortunate as to make expenses, and despite donations by the townspeople and alumni, our debts have steadily increased.

Nor can we bring ourselves to agree with those who maintain that the decline of the game is due to a lack of appreciation of the *sport itself* on the part of the general public; that the secret of its early popularity was its novelty. Facts disprove this assumption. The fall of '93 was the last that saw more than one representative college team in the field. That season was far more profitable and successful, in every way, than any of its predecessors.

What surprises us is, *not* that the attendance has decreased, but that there still be so many who will torture their feeling and tax their patience by witnessing an exhibition which so frequently resembles more a foot race in which the contestants are weighted far beyond their strength than a game of scientific foot-ball. No! the public will patronize *foot-ball* if it is played.

The complaint that the undergraduate body lacks the intense spirit and loyalty, which was formerly our marking characteristic, is worthy of the closest consideration. The foregoing facts might palliate, but can in no sense excuse this attitude, if it really exists. Observations force us to the conclusion that that devotion which leads the student to sacrifice his time simply to help make the team a success, is a matter for abstract discussion, but not of concrete application at Centre. Do you question this assertion and ask the grounds on which it is based? Bear in mind, then, that not only the success of the present team, but the hope of future development depend in a large part on the loyalty and work of the second eleven. It is, of course, hard to work that another may reap the immediate profits, to suffer bruises and aches that you may hear some 'Varsity man landed as a hero by his fellows, while you, who have done almost as much and suffered more, are never thought of in the hour of victory. Here, however, is the criterion for determining the strength of college spirit. At no time during the season of '95 was there anything resembling an enthusiastic "scrub." The return of an unusual number of old men in the fall of '96 merely postponed the day of reckoning. In '97 the long-impending disaster fell, when, owing to the injury of several 'Varsity men and the absolute impossibility of recruiting from the "consolidated," the game with the University of Virginia had to be declared off.

Is then foot-ball, where a few years since it bid fair to flourish so famously, a dead sport? Is the prediction of her admirers—that "Old Centre" would one day rank as the leader of the game in the South—to come to naught? Until there is manifested a greater disposition to *work* for the team than discuss its prospects, to strive for future laurels than to contemplate the glories of the past, we must confess an unwillingness to hazard a guess.

Under these trying conditions, the managing board have done everything possible toward making the coming season a success. Feeling their inability to assume the burden of paying the salary of a "coach," the assistance of the college was requested. This aid was refused—foot-ball being no part of the *present* curriculum. A step was

then taken which we firmly believe will prove a great success. A committee of the association requested a number of old players to undertake the training of the '98 team.

By this move a most efficient corps of "coachers" (trainers) was secured, composed of "Gene." Cook, right half on the teams '91, '92, '93 and '94; Chas. Cecil, left end '95 and '96; Arch. Cook, right end and right half '94, '95, '96 and captain of team of '97, and several others of less note who will be equally as zealous for the success of the team. Even conceding the situation to be the worst possible—that we must again begin at the bottom—what's the odds? It is adversity that shows the temper and worth. Profiting by past experience and using her acquired prestige in a legitimate manner, for securing good games, and not as the fox that hid his weakness under a lion's skin, the name of "Old Centre" will always command respect from those who feel the weight of her metal.

ARTHUR C. VAN WINKLE,
Law '97.



Football Team, '97.

HARRY MC ANDERSON, Coach.

J. C. ACHESON, Manager.

Baker, 160 lbs.	- - - - -	Left End.
Blaydes, 170 lbs.	- - - - -	Left Tackle.
Harlan, 186 lbs.	- - - - -	Left Guard.
Nicholas, 180 lbs.	- - - - -	Centre Rush.
Steely, 192 lbs.	- - - - -	Right Guard.
Staples, 186 lbs.	- - - - -	Right Tackle.
Brodie, 150 lbs.	- - - - -	Right End.
E. Van Winkle, 151 lbs.	- - - - -	Quarter Back.
Cooper, 152 lbs.	- - - - -	Left Half Back.
A. Cook, 170 lbs. (Captain)	- - - - -	Right Half Back.
Wilson, 187 lbs.	- - - - -	Full Back.

FOOTBALL RECORD, '97.

Centre, 5; Frankfort 0.	Centre, 0; Cincinnati Univ., 10.
Centre, 0; Cincinnati Univ. 4.	Centre, 18; Catlettsburg A. A., 0.
Centre, 12; Winchester 0.	Centre, 18; Miami Univ., 0.
Centre, 36; Ky. State College 0.	



FOOTBALL TEAM.

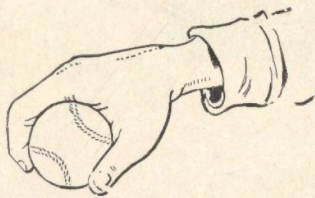
VAN WINKLE,
 STEELY,
 WILSON,

BLAYDES,
 BAKER,
 MC ANDERSON,

NICHOLAS,
 BRODIE,

STAPLES,

COOK,
 HARLAN.





BASEBALL TEAM.

Baseball Team, '98.

Baker (Captain)	- - - - -	Catcher.
Hindman	- - - - -	Pitcher.
Staples	- - - - -	First Base.
Dickins	- - - - -	Second Base.
Grinstead	- - - - -	Third Base.
Reynolds	- - - - -	Short Stop.
Hale	- - - - -	Left Field.
Sulser	- - - - -	Centre Field.
Anderson	- - - - -	Right Field.

SUBS—Barrett, Fry, Mannini, Van Winkle.

RECORD OF '97.

April 2d	- -	Centre, 17; Ky. State College, 6	- -	At Lexington, Ky.
April 10th	-	Centre, 16; Georgetown College, 0	-	“ Danville, Ky.
April 17th	- -	Centre, 10; Central University, 8	- -	“ Richmond, Ky.
May 8th	- -	Centre, 22; State College, 2	- -	“ Danville, Ky.
May 15th (morning)		Centre, 10; Ky. University, 6	- -	“ Lexington, Ky.
May 15th (afternoon)		Centre, 30; Georgetown College, 1	-	“ Georgetown, Ky.
May 22d	- -	Centre, 15; Central University, 8	- -	“ Danville, Ky.
June 5th	- -	Centre, 8; Ky. University, 7	- -	“ Danville, Ky.
May 29th (morning)		Centre, 3; Springfield, 4	- - -	“ Springfield, Ky.
May 29th (afternoon)		Centre, 13; Springfield, 9	- - -	“ Springfield, Ky.



CLUBS AND



ORGANIZATIONS

Y. M. C. A.

W. C. LEDYARD, - - - - President.
NAT LAFON, - - - - Vice-President.
J. W. NORWOOD, - - - - Secretary.
E. O. CLARK, - - - - Treasurer.

Committees :

Devotional.

J. R. Wilkie,
Edw. Page,
W. J. Alves,
O. P. Barnhill,
A. W. Gullion.

Membership.

J. W. Norwood,
I. D. Best,
Boyle Rodes,
R. Bacher,
C. R. Bass.

Bible Study.

G. F. Bell,
Prof. Johnson,
T. P. Grant,
J. R. Wilkie.

Reading Room.

L. Y. Redwine,
C. R. Ogg,
W. J. Alves,
E. O. Clark,
J. W. Brown.

Missionary.

Jas. Cornelison,
L. A. Barrett,
H. C. Wilson.

Social.

T. P. Grant,
J. M. McDaniel,
G. M. Thomas,
T. P. Paynter,
Graddy Cary.

Band Book.

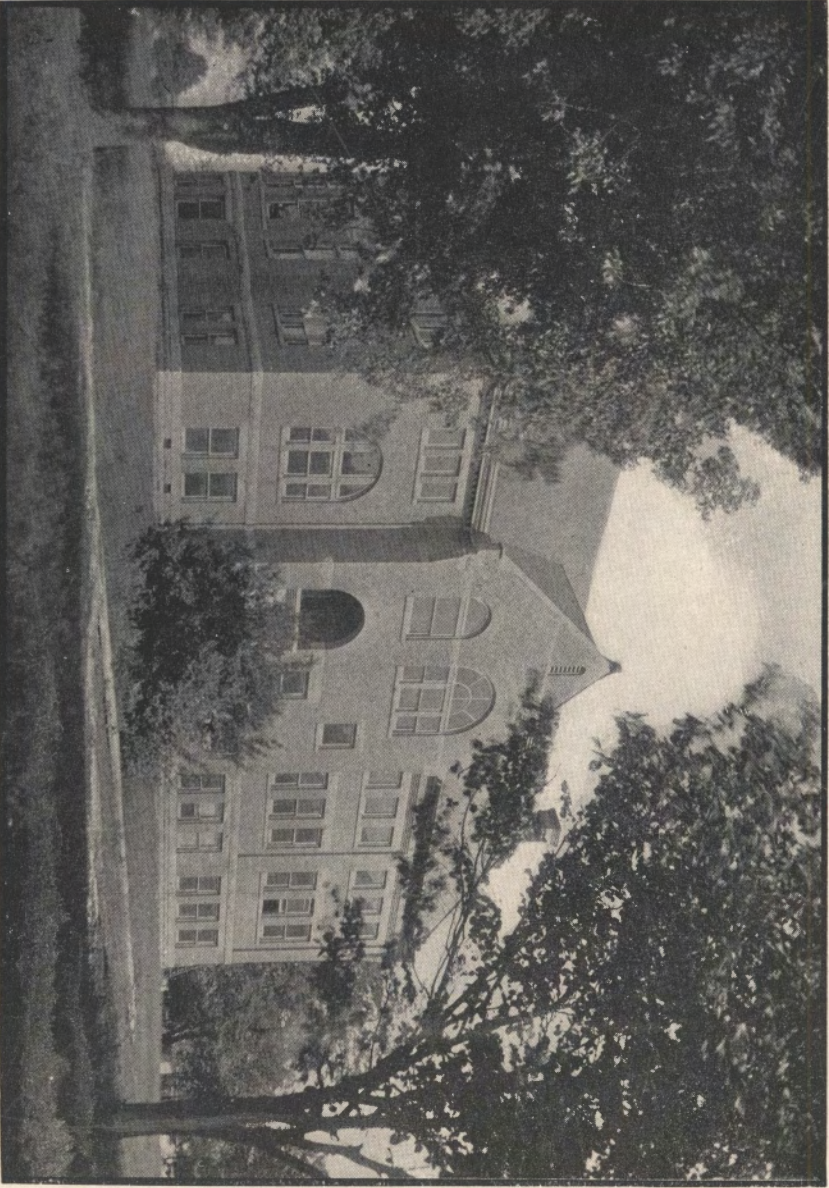
C. Huguely,
G. H. Bruce,
Nat Lafon,
J. W. Norwood.

Music.

H. C. Rogers,
J. N. Stofer,
Sam Chiles.

Finance.

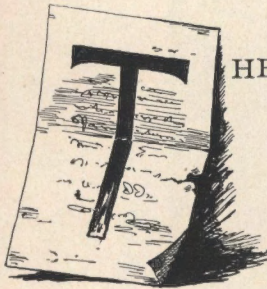
E. O. Clark,
I. J. Heizer,
C. B. Roberts.



BOYLE-HUMPHREY GYMNASIUM.



Y. M. C. A.



THE Young Men's Christian Association is an organization whose primary object is to win young men to Christ and to fit them for active Christian service.

One of the most important departments of the Y. M. C. A. is its college work. The future leaders of the country are now in the colleges, and if they can be won for Christ while in college, their influence will be on the side of Christianity when they take their positions of influence in the world.

While in college everything is done to make the student mentally strong and physically vigorous. But if these traits are developed at the expense of his religious nature, he goes out into the world a deformed man. For the fully developed man is one whose physical, mental and spiritual sides are all symmetrically proportioned.

The Y. M. C. A. meets this need for it provides the very means which are needed to help the student in his Christian life and to fit him for active Christian service.

It may be well to take a brief glance at the work of our Centre College Association during the past year. It has held religious services on Sunday afternoons, and during part of the year meetings were held in one of the dormitories on Saturday evenings. Four classes for Bible study have been formed which meet once a week and follow a systematic line of study. February 13th was observed by the Association as Y. M. C. A. Day, at which time Messrs. Wilcox, of Frankfort, and Baldwin, of Lexington, were with us. A hand book containing information about the college, the Y. M. C. A., athletics, etc., was issued by the Association and given to all students at the beginning of the college year. Two receptions were given by the Association in the gymnasium this year and as usual they were highly enjoyable. Centre was represented by four delegates at the State Y. M. C. A. Convention which was held at Maysville. They received a great deal of enthusiasm and much valuable information about association methods of work.

Upon looking back, although the past year has not been all that it might have been in Y. M. C. A. work, still we feel that something has been accomplished and that the Association has a bright prospect for the coming year.

The Chamberlain Society.

Roll of Members for '97 and '98.

G. F. Bell,	C. Huguely,	C. R. Ogg,
G. H. Bruce,	W. R. Hughey,	T. P. Paynter,
E. S. Beatty,	W. W. Roberts,	E. D. Pennington,
S. C. Chiles,	N. Lafon,	H. B. Roberts,
T. P. Grant,	J. B. Lee,	C. B. Roberts,
W. H. Goodloe,	S. D. Mitchell,	G. M. Thomas,
G. C. Goodloe,	J. S. Monks,	J. G. Wood,
N. G. Gholson,	J. W. Norwood,	J. R. Wilkie.
R. L. Hudson,		

Officers.

FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

President, J. R. Wilkie. Censor Morum, T. P. Grant.
Secretary, Chenault Huguely.

SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

President, Ward Goodloe. Censor Morum, S. C. Chiles.
Secretary, C. R. Ogg.

THIRD ADMINISTRATION.

President, T. P. Grant. Censor Morum, J. G. Wood.
Secretary, E. S. Beatty.

FOURTH ADMINISTRATION.

President, G. Fisher Bell. Censor Morum, J. B. Lee.
Secretary, E. S. Beatty.
Treasurer, Nat Lafon.
Corresponding Secretary, T. P. Paynter.
Janitor, Ward Goodloe.
Librarian, T. P. Grant.
Assistant Librarians, C. Huguely, Nat Lafon.

Declaimers.

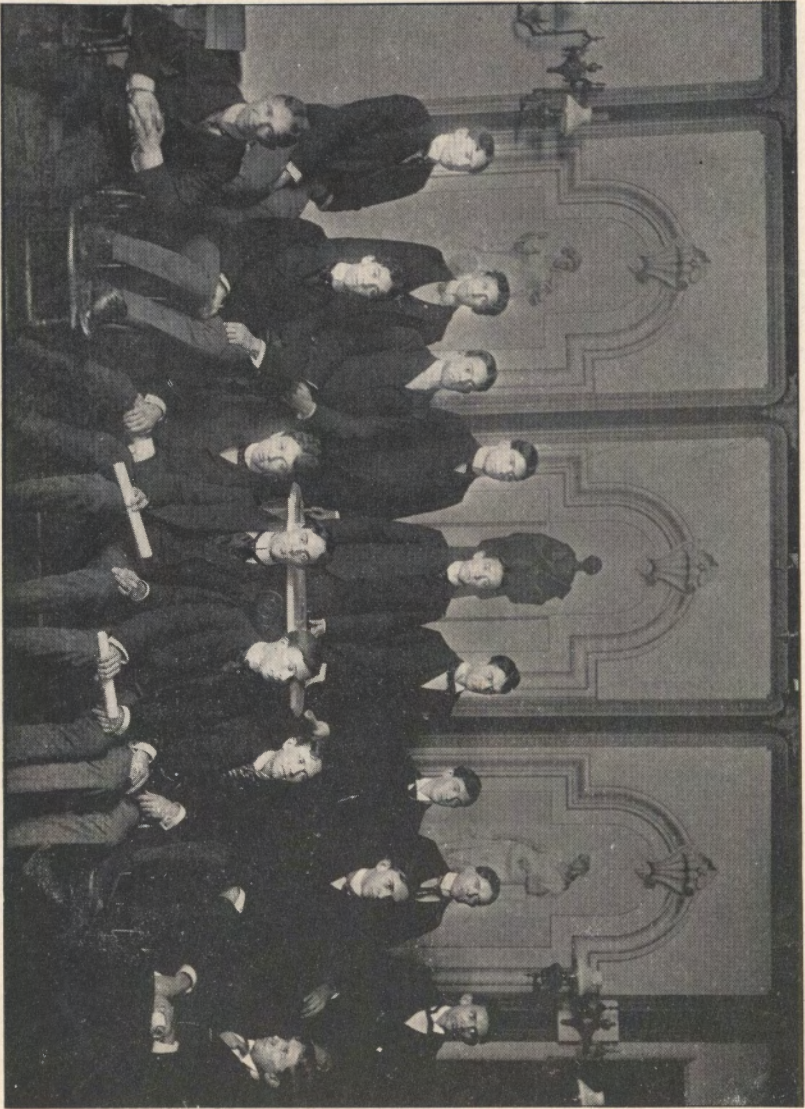
G. C. Goodloe, '00, W. W. Roberts, '01.
C. R. Ogg, '99, J. R. Wilkie, '98.

Twenty-Second Orators.

W. H. Goodloe, '98, Nat Lafon, '99.

Debaters.

J. W. Norwood, '99, W. H. Goodloe, '98, C. C. Huguely, '99.



CHAMBERLAIN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Song of Chamberlain.



THROUGH the campus of the College,
Up three flights of tiresome stairs,
Dear "Old Chamberlain" the mighty,
She the mother of many great men
Such as Blackburn, Harlan, Stevenson,
Boyd Winchester and Goochy Goodloe ;
Mighty sachems in the council,
Doctors, statesmen, lawyers, jurors,
Windy, strong-lunged sons of Cicero,
Of Diogenes and Washington.
Strong in brain and strong in all things
Are the famous braves of Chamberlain.
Twice a score and twice a hundred
Moons have waned and passed away
Since the great chiefs formed a council
And erected high a wigwam
Which has harbored Adlai Stevenson,
Which has harbored J. McCreary,
And other Governors such as Wickliffe,
Of the land Louisiana ;
Also Judges of Supreme Courts,
Viz. : Missouri and the U. S.
Many are the legislators,
Many are the business men,
Sharper than the edge of razor,
Sharper than the bunco-steerer—
Namely such as Welsh of Danville.
Also Myers and many other
Great and powerful medicine men.
All of these and many more, too,
Have issued from the mighty wigwam,
Doubtless risen, doubtless famous,
All because they once were C. P's—
Once were braves of Chamberlain Hall.
In the past year former splendor,
Pristine glory and enthusiasm
Did return and keeps returning.
Brave the warriors, brilliant intellects
Flashing meteors through the darkness,
Leaving fire-trains on the waters,
Blazing forth to the bewilderment
Of the awed professors gazing ;
Of the crowds of lesser lights.
In the early Autumn school-time
Gathered clans and formed a compact ;
Made a canvas, spiked the Freshies,
Scared the pale face nigh to death's-door,
Till a goodly number gathered
Round the sacred council board.
But, alas! some soon must leave us,
Reverend seniors, vale!—farewell.

You who toiled and struggled onward,
 Strove and won our laurels for us :
 Won for Chamberlain, the only,
 Won for wearers of the white badge
 The speakership to Lexington :
 Gave us suppers, gave us cake-walks,
 Gave us pleasures, gave us poetry
 And other things too numerous
 To mention in this—thingmadiddle.
 To all who come next Autumn school-time
 Hearken to the sage wise councils
 Of the great men herein cited ;
 Cast your lot with these good fellows,
 With the lovers of good feeling.
 Come and burn the pipe of peace here.
 Come where Wilkie wrote his poems,
 Father Wilkie, poet, lover,
 Loved like fire—loved like dynamite.
 Where Bell held sway like second Shelby,
 Twice elected—twice he tinkled ;
 Where the philosophic J. G. Wood
 And others are so calm in logic ;
 Where debates are warm, and warmer
 Are the flowing words of praise
 From the lips of oily speakers,
 From the lips of Mitchell, Lafon,
 Clay and James, of H. B. Roberts ;
 Where toasts are given for a white cake,
 Stories written, read and *listened to* ;
 Where the "Cento" is concocted ;
 Where the company is congenial—
 Is refined to snowy whiteness.
 Come where men of much importance,
 Those who run the queer "Ec Centric,"
 Lead in Classes and *et cetera*,
 Are ever ready, ever willing
 To lend a helping hand or foot
 To a striving, struggling brother
 Laboring truly toward the goal.

T. RIAL OBITE, JR.



The Deinologian Society.



THE history of Deinologian for the scholastic year of '97-'98 is a record of literary and financial prosperity enviable and inspiring. We point to the departed and departing days of our year with pride, and to the coming year with hopes for greater victories.

The following statements will serve to substantiate the above assertion:

1. The Declamatory Contest of November 18, '97, held in college chapel resulted in the following honors for Deinologian: First medal, J. P. Edwards; honorable mention, S. K. Baird.

2. As a result of the Inter-Society Debate, our society colors continued triumphantly floating, for the judges awarded medal for best individual debater to one of our men, and of three men chosen to represent Centre in the Intercollegiate Debate two were chosen from Deinologian ranks.

3. The two open sessions which were given this year to our friends were so enthusiastically received by those who attended as to assure us of the complete success of the experiment. These open sessions will probably be a feature of Deinologian during the coming year.

Our financial record is in close keeping with our literary work. The total amount in treasury for the past year was \$91.25. Of this, \$25.00 was given to Centre College Cento, \$10.00 invested in books and \$22.19 granted for incidental expenses.

Such is a brief summary of our work during the year. We approach its close with pain and pleasure—pain in contemplating cessation for awhile of a praiseworthy course and severance of the ties of a literary brotherhood both pleasant and profitable,—pleasure in contemplating Deinologian's glowing past, her enviable present and her auspicious future.

Our society at present is stronger than it has been for the last six years. Without any factions and with splendid working forces there is no reason why we can't approach within the next year the standard of literary excellency established in our college by the Knights of the Red Banner in the palmy days of our organization. May the ship of Old Deinologian continue proudly to sail through the tempestuous waters of literary strife. May the winds of prosperity fill every sail and waft her into the glorious haven of perpetual triumph. Sail proudly on illustrious bark!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee!—are all with thee!

H. C. W.

The Deínologian Literary Society.

Motto :

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

SOCIETY COLOR, Red.

Officers for the Year.

		FIRST ADMINISTRATION.	CLASS.
President	- - -	JAMES PERCIVAL EDWARDS	1898
Vice-President	- - -	HORACE C. WILSON	1898
Secretary	- - -	HARRY C. ROGERS	1899
Treasurer	- - -	J. H. ARMSTRONG	1900
Serg.-at-Arms	- - -	J. M. McDANIEL	1900
		SECOND ADMINISTRATION.	CLASS.
President	- - -	J. M. McDANIEL	1900
Vice-President	- - -	O. P. BARNHILL	1900
Secretary	- - -	EDWIN P. CURRY	1900
Treasurer	- - -	L. Y. REDWINE	1900
Serg.-at-Arms	- - -	JOHN W. BROWN	1900
		THIRD ADMINISTRATION.	CLASS.
President	- - -	HORACE C. WILSON	1898
Vice-President	- - -	EDWIN O. CLARK	1900
Secretary	- - -	WILLIAM P. HATCHETT	1900
Treasurer	- - -	L. Y. REDWINE	1900
Serg.-at-Arms	- - -	J. C. MENEFFEE	1900

Enrolled Members of '97-'98.

J. H. Armstrong,	Edwin P. Curry,	Heman Humphrey,	L. Y. Redwine,
S. K. Baird,	James Percival Edwards,	Walter C. Ledyard,	John Robinson,
O. P. Barnhill,	Leon Frankel,	J. M. McDaniel,	H. C. Rogers,
Harry Best,	O. M. Gillette,	J. C. Menefee,	H. G. Snyder,
F. M. Bourne,	Allen W. Gullion,	William Moore,	J. M. Stofer,
Herbert Bronner,	W. P. Hatchett,	W. W. H. Mustaine,	Horace C. Wilson,
John W. Brown,	I. J. Heizer,	E. V. Puryear,	Chas. Wright.
Edwin O. Clark,			

Representatives in Inter-Society Contests.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST, } Messrs. J. P. Edwards, Samuel K. Baird, Herbert Bronner,
FRIDAY, NOV. 19, '97. } O. M. Gillette.

DEBATING CONTEST, } Messrs. E. V. Puryear, Allen W. Gullion and S. K. Baird.
Jan. 14, '98.

ORATORICAL CONTEST, } Messrs. J. M. McDaniel and John Robinson.
Feb. 22, '98.

ORATORICAL CONTEST, } Messrs. Walter C. Ledyard and J. C. Robinson.
June 6, '98. } Herbert Bronner (Substitute).



DEINOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

General Debating Society.



THE General Debating Society of Centre College was organized January 8, 1898, and has attained a lofty and permanent place among the various literary associations which have flourished for many years past and proved such important factors in developing our students intellectually and socially.

The society was formed after mature deliberation in response to an imperative demand for an organization which would provide for special training in debate and parliamentary drill. With this original purpose in view the society has prosecuted its important work, won the popular approval, justified the faith of its founders, and paid splendid dividends to its members.

No dues are required and no fines imposed. All who are connected with Centre College or the Theological Seminary, together with the resident Alumni, are entitled to membership without fee.

Officers.

First Term.

Caleb Powers, President.
 J. P. Edwards, Vice-President.
 T. W. Raney, Secretary.
 H. C. McAnderson, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Second Term.

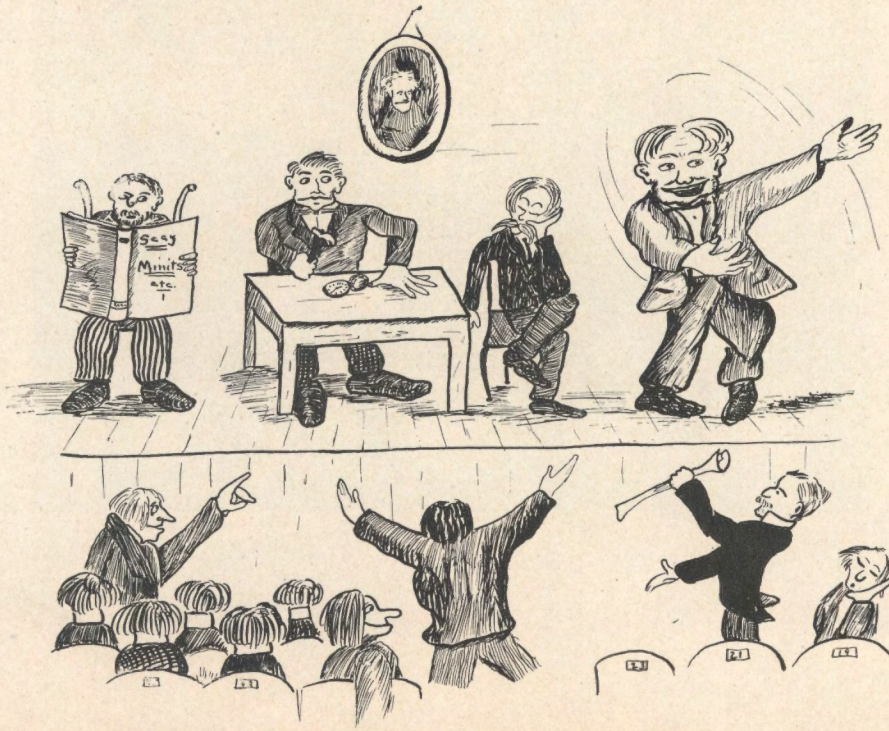
J. P. Edwards, President.
 J. L. Rose, Vice-President.
 W. H. Chapman, Secretary.
 Robert Boyd, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Third Term.

J. L. Rose, President.
 J. W. McMurray, Vice-President.
 E. S. Albright, Secretary.
 Caleb Powers, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Fourth Term.

J. L. Powers, President.
 T. W. Raney, Vice-President.
 J. L. Sawyer, Secretary.
 W. H. Chapman, Sergeant-at-Arms.



Banjo and Mandolin Club.

Mandolins.

G. H. Bruce,
H. S. Hale,
E. S. Albright,
J. E. Reynolds,
J. W. Norwood,
G. M. Thomas.

Guitars.

W. C. Ledyard,
S. J. Mannini,
E. T. Smith.

Violins.

E. P. Curry,
Fred. Grant.

Cello.

J. N. Stofer.

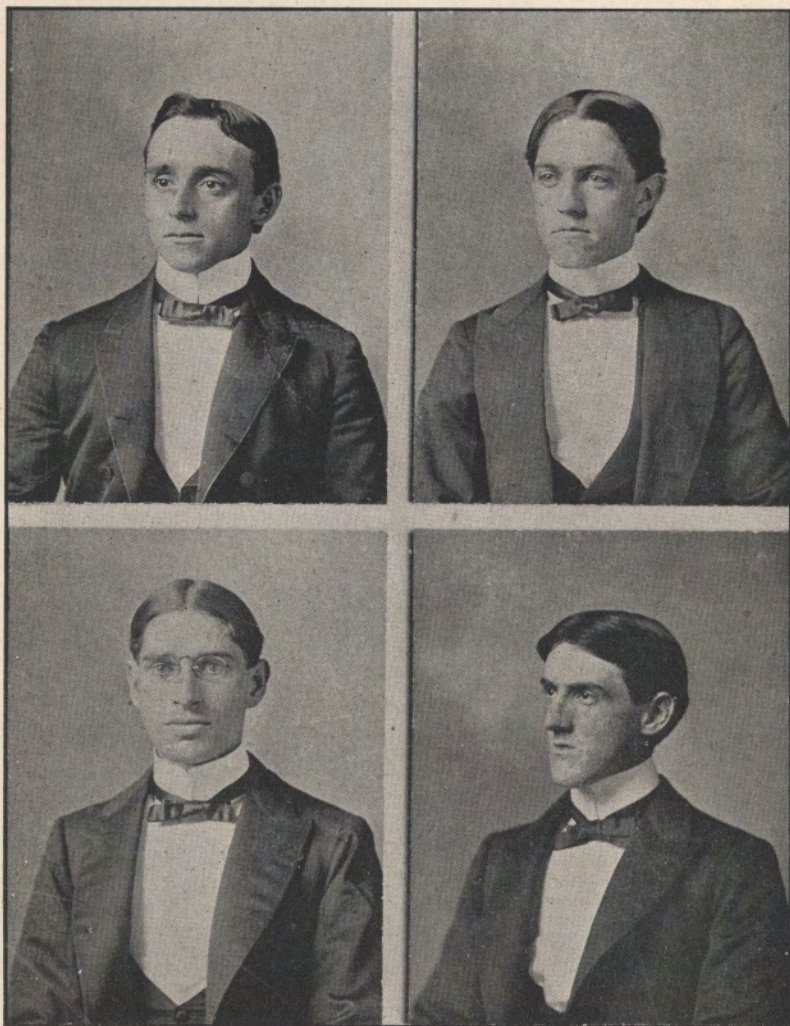
Cornet.

R. S. Dulin.



BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

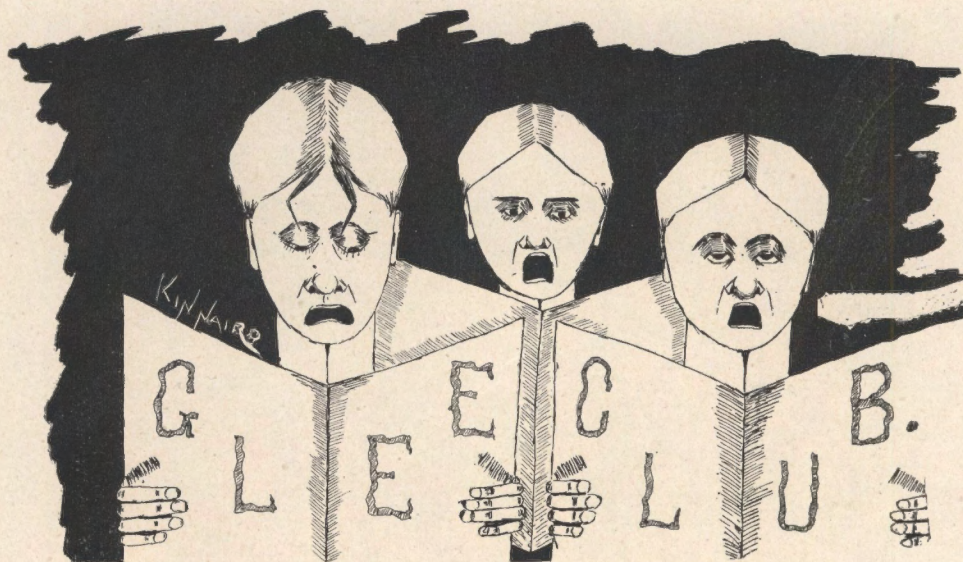




CENTRE COLLEGE QUARTET.

SHARP.
STOFER.

ROGERS.
MUSTAIN.



Centre College Glee Club.

A. B. SHARP, President.

J. R. WILKIE, Secretary and Treasurer.

T. P. GRANT, Manager.

First Tenors.

H. C. Rogers,
J. W. McDaniel,
W. L. Roberts.

Second Tenors.

C. H. Ferran,
H. B. Roberts,
E. S. Marshall,
T. P. Grant,
A. Sharp.

First Bass.

T. F. Marshall,
T. W. Raney,
W. C. Daniels,
O. P. Barnhill.

Second Bass.

J. N. Stofer,
H. H. Rodgers,
W. H. Chapman,
E. H. S. Page,
E. S. Albright,
J. R. Wilkie.





The Relief Club.



We are glad to learn that there is in the College a great sympathy for the overburdened, as an evidence of which this club was formed, for the purpose of relieving the residents of the community of their superfluous fowls.

Members.

Herr Von Wilkie, President.
T. F. Marshall, Vice-President.
Petes Bass, Chief Swiper.
C. Barrett, Dog Exterminator.
Grant, Chef.
Jamison, Chaplain.

Other Members.

Pedro Rodgers,
Sporty Guy Rodgers,
Stofer,
Sharp.

Any one wishing to join this august coterie must demonstrate his fitness by swiping at least one turkey and two chickens, before his name is voted on. Recent applicants: *Gillam, Chapman, L. A. Barrett.

* After securing his turkey and one chicken, Gillam lost his nerve and part of his trousers, but thinks after he recovers that he will have enough left to enable him to secure admission.



Siamese Twins.

THIS data is here given to the public gratis to illustrate the fact that affinities are sometimes met with, that wickedness goes hand in hand, that birds of a feather flock together, and that servants of the devil go in pairs.

Goodloe and Monks, Turkey Gobbler and Hen.

Dempster and Edwards, Loving Donkeys.

Dickens and Reynolds, Devouring Vultures.

McKenzie and Carey, Journalistic Buzzards.

Grant and Wilkie, Mink and Coon Dog.

Blayney and Kobert, Hooting Night Owls.

Wilson and Heizer, Twittering Canaries.

Baker and Staples, Lost Sheep.

Barrett and Bass, Laughing Lauras (Macaws).



The Tin Can Debating Club.



THIS is an organization composed of eight charter members, whose workings and intentions are little known to those not included in their number. In truth, the object of the club is, in senses, more than a few, very abstruse and mystifying. Our meagre knowledge of its inner life was obtained from one who took it upon himself to discover and make known concerning the mysterious body. Accordingly, in a secret hiding place, he was present at and overheard the proceedings of one of its sessions, and from what he heard and saw, he concluded thus:

That the one object of its existence is the development of the magnanimous talent of its members in extemporaneous debating, and that its meetings, all of which are secret, are held weekly in one of the dormitories. Further, that each member has to argue for ten minutes without any preparation whatever on the question chosen by the president, and that if a member fails to use his allotted time by producing and answering weighty arguments, he is compelled to sing until his time is up. Thus far Hindman heads the singing list, always singing eight out of his ten minutes. Staples is also a member worthy of much comment and investigation. It is said that he occupies his time by repeating over and over the words "Mr. Pres.—Mr. President." But Anderson with his wonderful physique and flaxen mustache, is the morning star of the club. His arguments are profound, his points *numberless*. While all other members are fairly good, they can in no wise challenge comparison with the comely Harry.

For further information we must await further developments.

The Tin Canners and officers, as far as ascertained, are as follows:

Hash House Heizer, President;	Pete Bass, Treasurer;
Flirting Baker, Vice-President;	Comely Anderson, Janitor;
Guinetta Staples, Sergeant-at-arms;	Montana Thomson, } Asst. Janitors.
Smiling Hindman, Secretary;	Pat Barrett,



Breck. Hall Fire Brigade.

THIS organization has for its object to quench the burning zeal and dampen the glowing spirits of the Freshmen on the first floor, and to extinguish the destructive consuming tendencies of any other inmates. Sometimes this can best be accomplished by the fumes of red pepper, again it can only be secured by liberal applications of aqua pura administered in copious doses from the second or third floor. Owing to the Brigade's valiant and efficient service the Hall has on numerous occasions been saved from disastrous conflagrations. It is composed of the following well-known volunteers:

BUCKET AND PITCHER BRIGADE.—Dempster, Ferran, Edwards, Cornelison, Barrett.

RED PEPPER CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.—Grant, Bass, C. Barrett, Huey, Gray, HOOK AND LADDER CO. (for gaining access to needy rooms)—Jamison, Raney, Chapman, Sharp.



Anti-Jack and Pony Club.

Or, Organized Efforts Against Cribbing.

This organization proves by its existence the falsity of Jack Falstaff's saying that there is no virtue extant in villainous man. The sincerity of this union will appear from the appended roll of members.

Snyder, Progenitor of the Cause.

Goodloe, Standing Monument of Club's Effect.

Hale, Pamphleteer.

C. Barrett, Mitarbeiter.

Kobert, Shanks, Spalding, Wood, Barrett's accomplices.

Robinson, Assassin-elect of Arthur Hinds.

Carey, Cremator of Jacks.

Reynolds, co-worker with Carey.

The Pony Club.

THE exhibitions of this organization are given at the end of each term in the German and Greek room. The pleasing antics of its members are received with unrestrained outbursts of applause by Prof. Redd. Betting on the favorites is usually very spirited.

Gatekeeper,	J. R. Wilkie.
Starter,	Jno. W. Redd.
Timekeeper,	Holman Jackson.
Judges,	{ Jno. Milton.
	{ J. Q. Erasmus.
Jockeys,	{ Hindman,
	{ Bell,
	{ Heizer,
	{ Blayney,
	{ Acheson.
Trainer,	McKenzie.
Trackscraper,	Lawwill.
Dead Game Sports betting on every heat,	{ Cary,
	{ Staples,
	{ Hackley,
	{ Wilson,
	{ Grinstead,
	{ J. Faulconer.
Grooms,	{ Dickins,
	{ Hale,
	{ Spalding.





The Co-Educational Club.

Tis the worthy ambition of this organization to bring about a closer relation between the two colleges in this place. To this end regular meetings are held in the parlors of Caldwell every Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday nights and at frequent other intervals. Membership limited to those who can prove their ability to leave when the bell rings.

REGULAR MEMBERS: *Sharp, Wilkie, Nichols, Faulconer. ASSOCIATE: Grant, Daniels, Stopher, Dempster. HOPEFUL ASPIRANTS: Norwood, Bass, Goodloe.

* Membership forfeited through inability to conform to the rule.



The Swells.

MOTTO.—“Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

COLORS.—Red, Green, and Lavender.

CHIEF SWELL, Justso Faulconer—“Ain't they a swell club though?”

WARD McALLISTER, Well Satisfied Glore—“I'm not handsome, but I'm the Swellest thing in the State.”

THE “WARMEST RAG” OF ALL, Heart Stealer Hale—“My! but I'm slick.”

LORD CHESTERFIELD, Just Mightily Contented Blayney—“What a sweep of vanity comes this way!”

CROESUS OF THE CLUB, Alexander The Great Sulser—“I got dough to burn.”

BROADWAY SWELL, Has been to Saratoga Shanks—“Oh, weally, I cawn't compwehend, doncherknow.”

SETTER OF STYLES, Fatty Dempster—The man from Cork.

BEAU BRUMMELL, Ward Goodloe—“Than whom there is none greater.”

Other Members.

“FRESH” COTTON.

“TURK” YERKES.

JERRY CALDWELL.

“PRETTY” BARNHILL.

LITTLE BERRY.

Resident Alumni.

UNCLE ED. ROWLAND.

H. B. ROWLAND.

G. C. BOHON.

A. R. DUNLAP.

There are many others who want to join, but are not admitted because they do not fill requirements. Among these are “Kid” Nickolson, Jimmy Monks, Clay Goodloe, Mitchell, and Oldham. The Kid says he would rather be a “Swell” and be like Glore than be valedictorian of his class.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST
OF
Deinologian and Chamberlain Literary Societies,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1897, 8 P. M.

College Chapel.

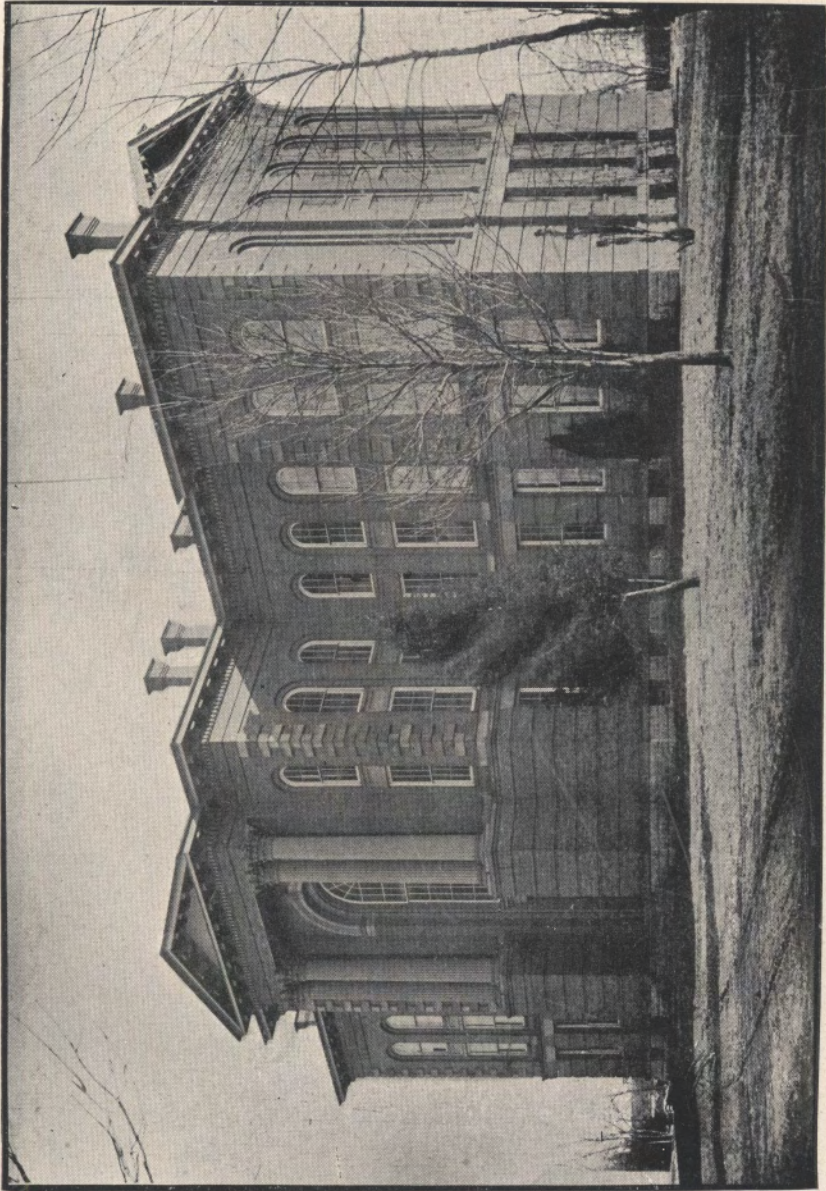
- | | | |
|------------------------|--|--------------------|
| MUSIC. | INVOCATION. | MUSIC. |
| 1. JOHN R. WILKIE | | Charleston, W. Va. |
| | <i>Gone with a Handsomer Man.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 2. CLARENCE R. OGG | | Mt. Sterling, Ky. |
| | <i>The Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 3. SAMUEL K. BAIRD | | Waterford, Ky. |
| | <i>By their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 4. HERBERT BRONNER | | Louisville, Ky. |
| | <i>Scene from the Merchant of Venice.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 5. J. PERCIVAL EDWARDS | | Louisville, Ky. |
| | <i>The Uncle.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 6. O. M. GILLETT | | Groveport, Ohio. |
| | <i>Battle of Bannockburn.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 7. WM. W. ROBERTS | | Danville, Ky. |
| | <i>The Rivals.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |
| 8. CLAY GOODLOE | | Danville, Ky. |
| | <i>The Cuban Refugee.</i> | |
| | MUSIC. | |

Decision of Judges.

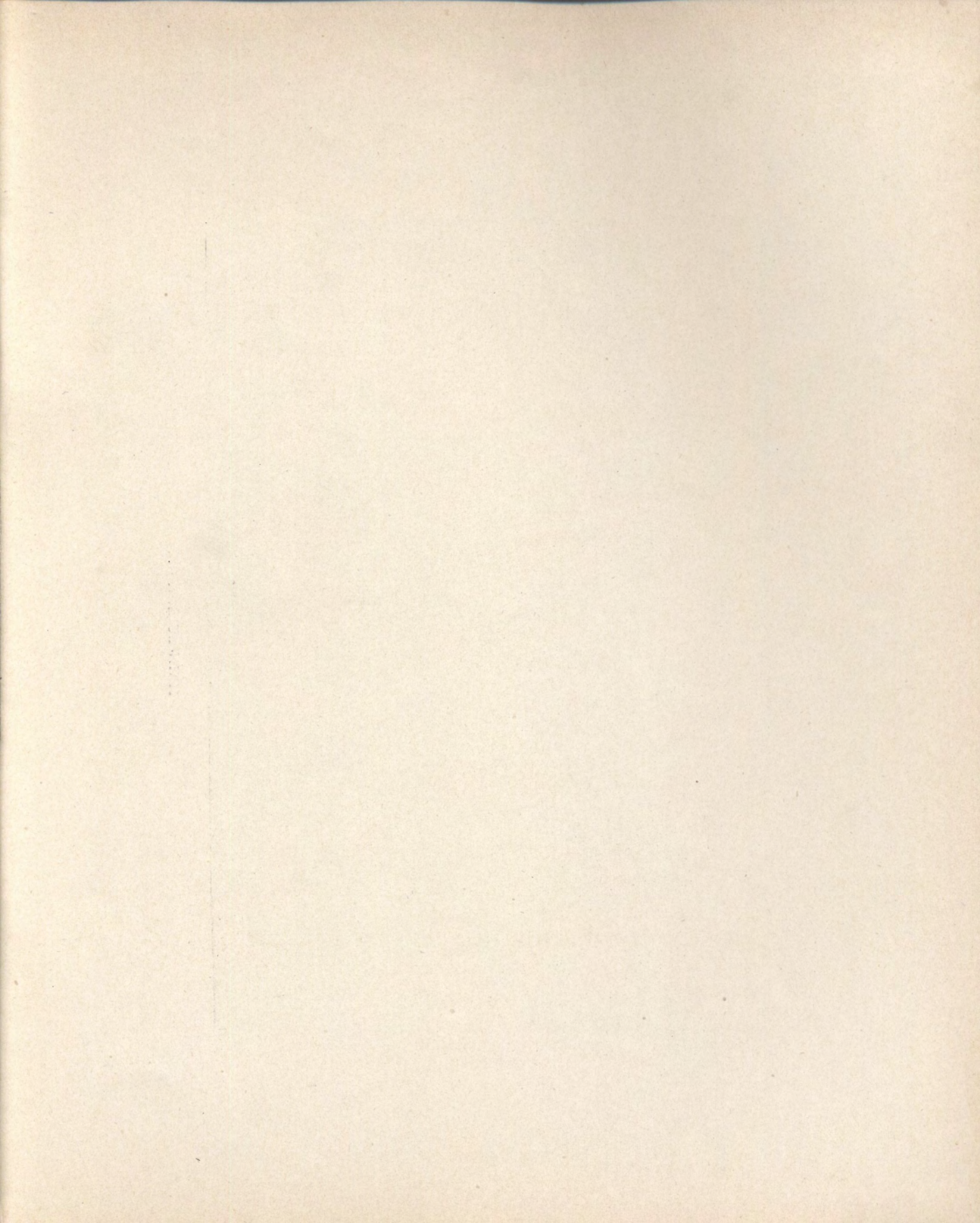
BENEDICTION. MUSIC.

CHAIRMAN—WARD H. GOODLOE.
JUDGES—PROF. JOHNSON, HON. R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, DR. S. P. GRANT.

COMMITTEEMEN.		
Deinologian. <i>Color—Red.</i>		Chamberlain. <i>Color—White.</i>
HORACE C. WILSON, E. V. PURYEAR, HEMAN HUMPHREY,		J. W. NORWOOD, J. G. WOOD, CHENAULT HUGUELY.
USHERS.		
T. A. HENDRICKS, J. M. McDANIELS, HORACE C. WILSON,	JNO. H. ARMSTRONG, T. P. GRANT, M. NATHANIEL LAFON.	R. L. HUDSON, JAMES A. MONKS.



MAIN BUILDING.



INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE

OF

Deinologian and Chamberlain Literary Societies,

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1898, 7:30 P. M.

College Chapel.



QUESTION.—*Resolved*, That the Hawaiian Islands be annexed to the United States.

Affirm.

Deinologian.

EMMETT VANCE PURYEAR,
ALLEN WYANT GULLION,
SAMUEL KELLEY BAIRD.

Deny.

Chamberlain.

JOSEPH WHITE NORWOOD,
WARD H. GOODLOE,
CHENAULT C. HUGUELY.

CHAIRMAN — HON. W. R. RAMSEY.

JUDGES — G. E. WISEMAN, ROBT. QUISENBERRY,
F. H. MONTGOMERY.

Deinologian.

Color—Red.

HERBERT BRONNER.
H. C. WILSON,
J. H. ARMSTRONG,

COMMITTEEMEN.

Chamberlain.

Color—White.

H. B. ROBERTS.
THOS. P. GRANT,
S. C. CHILDS,

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Chamberlain and Deinologian Literary Societies,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1898,

7:30 P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church.



- | | MUSIC. | INVOCATION. | MUSIC. | |
|----|-----------------|-----------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| 1. | J. C. ROBINSON | | | Danville. |
| | | <i>Power of Patient Thought.</i> | | |
| | | MUSIC. | | |
| 2. | J. M. McDANIEL | | | Hickman, Ky. |
| | | <i>A Harbinger of Love.</i> | | |
| | | MUSIC. | | |
| 3. | NATHANIEL LAFON | | | Danville. |
| | | <i>William, Prince of Orange.</i> | | |
| | | MUSIC. | | |
| 4. | WARD GOODLOE | | | Danville. |
| | | <i>The Hero of Emancipation.</i> | | |
| | | MUSIC. | | |

Decision of Judges.

BENEDICTION.

CHAIRMAN—J. PROCTER KNOTT.

JUDGES—DR. J. M. WORRALL, REV. J. R. SAVAGE, W. C. GRINSTEAD.

COMMITTEEMEN.

Chamberlain.

Color—White.

G. F. BELL,
T. P. GRANT,
J. G. WOOD.

Deinologian.

Color—Red.

W. C. LEDYARD,
W. W. H. MUSTAINE,
E. O. CLARK.

USHERS.

1. H. C. WILSON,
2. O. P. BARNAILL,

3. F. C. TAYLOE.
4. CLAY GOODLOE.

Supper served at Rice's under the auspices of the Chamberlain Society.



LIBRARY ALCOVES.

Class Day Program.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1898, 9:30 A. M.

College Chapel.

MUSIC.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, C. R. BASS.

MUSIC.

GRUMBLER, J. R. WILKIE.

MUSIC.

GIFTORIAN, J. A. MCKENZIE, JR.

MUSIC.

PROPHECY, JNO. C. ACHESON.

MUSIC.

ORATION, WARD GOODLOE.

MUSIC.

POEM, P. D. BLACK.

MUSIC.

Faculty Meeting.

Members of Faculty, Spalding, McKenzie, Staples, Shanks, Dulin,
Wood, Hindman, Reynolds, Baker, Heizer.

Centre College Cento.

Published Monthly During the College Year by the Chamberlain and
Deinologian Literary Societies.

The Staff.

Chamberlain.

Editor-in-Chief, G. F. Bell, '98.
Literary Editor, J. W. Norwood, '99.
Athletics, W. H. Goodloe, '98.
Alumni, Chenault Huguely, '99.

Seminary, S. M. Gillam.

Deinologian.

Business Manager, J. H. Armstrong, '00.
Ass't Business Manager, O. P. Barnhill, '00.
Associate Editor, H. C. Wilson, '98.
Locals, H. G. Snyder, '98.

Law, P. D. Black.



CENTO STAFF.

BLACK,
WILSON.

GILLAM,
BELL.

BARNHILL.

GOODLOE.

SNYDER,
ARMSTRONG.

HUGUELY,
NORWOOD.

LITERATURE



AND

LOCALS.





Sonnet.

MY soul one day was vexed with grief and pain.
Cold was the world and harsh—it chilled my heart.
“Oh, let me steal away,” I said, “and be apart
From this rude throng and rest my weary brain.”
When suddenly a clear, angelic strain
Of music fell upon my troubled ear
So soft and sweet that then I seemed to hear
Celestial voices speak to me again.
It calmed my soul and bade me onward go
To truer efforts and to nobler deeds.
Oh, Muse Divine, that comest in our needs
To cheer us onward and remove our woe,
We thank thee for thy presence here below,
Thy power to soothe—to heal the heart that bleeds.

J. R. W.

In Memoriam.

JOHN YODER BROWN,

CLASS '98,

Died February 27, 1896.

CAREY NICHOLAS,

CLASS '95,

Died December 9, 1897.



Prayer.

I GAZED upon the foaming sea
In awe and wonderment;
While from the starry heavens bright,
The moon its glory lent.

Lashing billows and foaming waves
Upon the shore leaped high,
And one could hear the noisy flow
Heaving its evening sigh.

Far out upon that troubled deep,
Cumbered and in despair,
A craft was seen upon whose deck
A form bent low in prayer.

Hours passed on and o'er all
Fell a sweet reign of peace.
From the moment of that prayer,
The storm's wild fury ceased.

Soon dawn lit up the Eastern hills,
Fair herald of the day.
And midst the shouts of anxious friends,
The craft sailed up the bay.

Thus while sailing life's dismal sea,
Whether in night or day;
The balm for troubled hearts and minds
Is without ceasing—Pray.

P. D. B.



BRECKINRIDGE HALL.

Snap Shots.

I.



CHRONICLE the following in order that you may see that a certain member of our class once lost his accustomed dignity, and another, once broke his characteristic snail's gait.

Late one evening, last autumn, when the leaves were falling fast and the little squirrel was beginning to scamper through the trees in search of his winter store, I chanced to stroll by the little graveyard next to the First Presbyterian Church, when a voice, seeming to come from the depths of some tomb, but in reality from behind a mulberry bush, called: "E—, come up here, we're going to have a barrel of fun." Being eager for fun, but still suspecting a trick, I very cautiously climbed up the embankment and peered behind the shrub. There I found the owner of the voice, and a few other seniors—for such they were—jealously guarding a pile of green walnuts.

"What's up?" says I.

"Wait and see."

I had not long to wait, for soon the dignified figure of our illustrious classmate, L. A., hove in sight. As he approached, my companions grew excited. Then the leader—none other than the unprecedented T. G.—commanded softly, yet firmly, "Ready! Aim!! Fire!!!"

The first volley brought the aforesaid dignitary to a halt and side-tracked his usual train of *deep* and *philosophic* thought. The second volley called him to himself by tapping him *gently* in several places. By the time the third shower reached him, he was using his arms in a way which recalled forcibly to one's mind Don Quixote's famous expedition against the Wind Mill. At the fourth volley, his pedal extremities came into play and off sped the Theologian to the harbor of safety afforded by No. 24 Breckinridge Hall. But this is not all.

Being so busily engaged in the onslaught, we did not notice the approach of one of those inexorable officers of the peace, a policeman. I, being an innocent observer, remained standing. I looked for my comrades, but the "birds had flown." T. G. led the van—cleared the embankment at one bound with his coat-tails freely flapping in the breeze.

T. G. still talks of the time he outran the "cop"—the only time he ever exerted himself.

L. A. doesn't pass "McDowell's Park," as he calls the graveyard, to this day, without giving an uneasy glance at the mulberry bush and mentally weighing his feet.

J. P. E.

II.

'Twas the peaceful evening of a balmy spring day. Sitting alone in his room, a Theologue mused thus within himself: "Why do I thus seclude myself in solitude far from the haunts of men? I am resolved what I will do. I will don my new spring suit and will betake myself to E. Main street, and there I will find sweet solace in the presence of the daughters of men." Straightway he attires himself in his finest apparel, and launches forth on his mission. At the door of the hall he tarries a moment, charmed by the mystic beauty of the evening. Suddenly there is a swish above him, a window is hastily closed, and in two minutes more that Theologue is seeking dry apparel, softly muttering curses to himself and calling down vengeance upon the man who "trowed dat water."

III.

Scene: A Theologue's room; time, midnight. Empty oyster cans and cracker crumbs on the floor; pretty girl's picture on the table; also open Hebrew grammar. With feet on the table and chair tipped back the Theologue is peacefully sleeping. In his dreams he has left the earth far behind, and is winging his way up to the beautiful Golden Gate. But while waiting to have his passports examined, a harsh jargon, reminding him of Hebrew recitations in the Seminary, floated out through the half open gate.

"What!" he exclaims in dismay, "Do they speak that language in there?"

"Certainly," comes the reply, "Why not?"

"Then excuse me," he falters. Slowly, sadly, he turns away and retraces the path by which he had come. The prospect of more Hebrew was too much for him.

IV.

'Twas the day of the High Bridge picnic. The party had alighted on the other side of the river, and of course had to walk across the long bridge. Of course a lumbering freight train had to meet them when about half way across, and again of course any girl would feel somewhat nervous under such circumstances, and, oh! well, the waters smiled as they looked up at the party, and the engine gave a low whistle as it went by, and the old engineer turned to the fireman and said, "I swow, Jim, did ye ever see the likes o' that?"

V.

He was a lad of some promise in the estimation of his brethren, carrying himself with the dignity becoming a senior; and I? well, I'm a senior, too, and I might as well here say that I'm both proud and glad of the fact. (Don't turn to the next page now, although I admit there are good things to follow, I may say some-thing before I finish.)

The dewy breeze of evening gently bathed our cheeks as we strolled out the avenue—which one? Why there's only one, properly so called, in Danville, you know that.

Says he, "I've been wanting a chance to talk over old times with some smart senior and you're my man." I hastened to acquiesce in the foregoing proposition.

Says he, "What do you think of Centre by this time?"

Says I, "A great institution!"

Says he, "What do you think of Danville and its people?"

Says I, "On the whole, good. Don't you think so?"

"Well, yes, but I'm inclined to say with Sam Jones that some of them need the broadening given only by travel." I never commit myself, so maintained a respectful silence. Presently I cautiously observed: "But you've made *some*—ah, *friends* among the fair sex in Danville, hav'n't you?"

"Well, yes," says he, relaxing into a broad smile indicating too well the state of the inner man, "one in particular. To be plain with you, knowing it will go no further, I'm a-goner."

"Tell me about it."

"Nothing much to tell, only that four years ago, I reached Danville an unsophisticated freshman—and, although I couldn't see it then, one of the freshest fresh. you ever saw. I had lots of confidence in the members of the senior class (lower class men should have) for I thought I knew considerable, and add to that the training and experience of four years, I thought a senior must be a 'big gun.'"

"So he is," I ventured to remark.

"Well, to go on," says he, "I asked one of the seniors to tell me how to act. How well he succeeded, Heaven and I alone know! To be brief, he taught me the 'gaits.' Among other things, he told me that I must pay decided attention to some young lady. Knowing only to obey, I thought I would do so just for a *blind*—not in earnest, for I had left a pretty fine lass down in our parts. I was made a fool of for a while, but then—well, as I said before, I'm a-goner, and—so is she." Here he drew erect his manly form and swelled with conscious pride.

Says I, "Any girl would fall in love with you."

Reader, my motto may be of help to you. "More flies are caught with honey than with vinegar."

Here we reached a gate, forming part of a low iron fence.

"Good-bye," says he, "I'll have to leave you here."

Notice, he didn't ask me in. Another case of "two being company and three being a crowd."

I turned upon my path lost in reverie of days of old, and as the moon softly peeped over a neighboring hillock, wended my solitary way back towards the "glorious city of Danville."

Said I, at last, "Every dog shall have his day and every pup, his afternoon; this is my friend's afternoon," and then turned my mind to other things.

J. P. E.





Life.

MOUNTAIN brooklet, gently flowing,
Ever onward, ever growing,
Every fount of earth bestowing.

Purple rhododendrons smiling,
All the rugged course beguiling,
Lonely hours always whiling.

Oxeye daisies shyly peeping
At the peaceful brooklet creeping,
Or in sheltered nook caught sleeping.

Yielding to the sunshine's kissing,
Shrinking from the serpent's hissing,
Never nature's music missing.

O'er a fall now gaily leaping,
Or through channel slowly creeping,
Golden sands, a treasure heaping.

In its bosom there is gladness,
Ne'er presaging aught of sadness,
Aught of dark despair and madness.

In the course there is a turning,
Whirlpools twisting, seething, churning,
As with hottest passion burning,

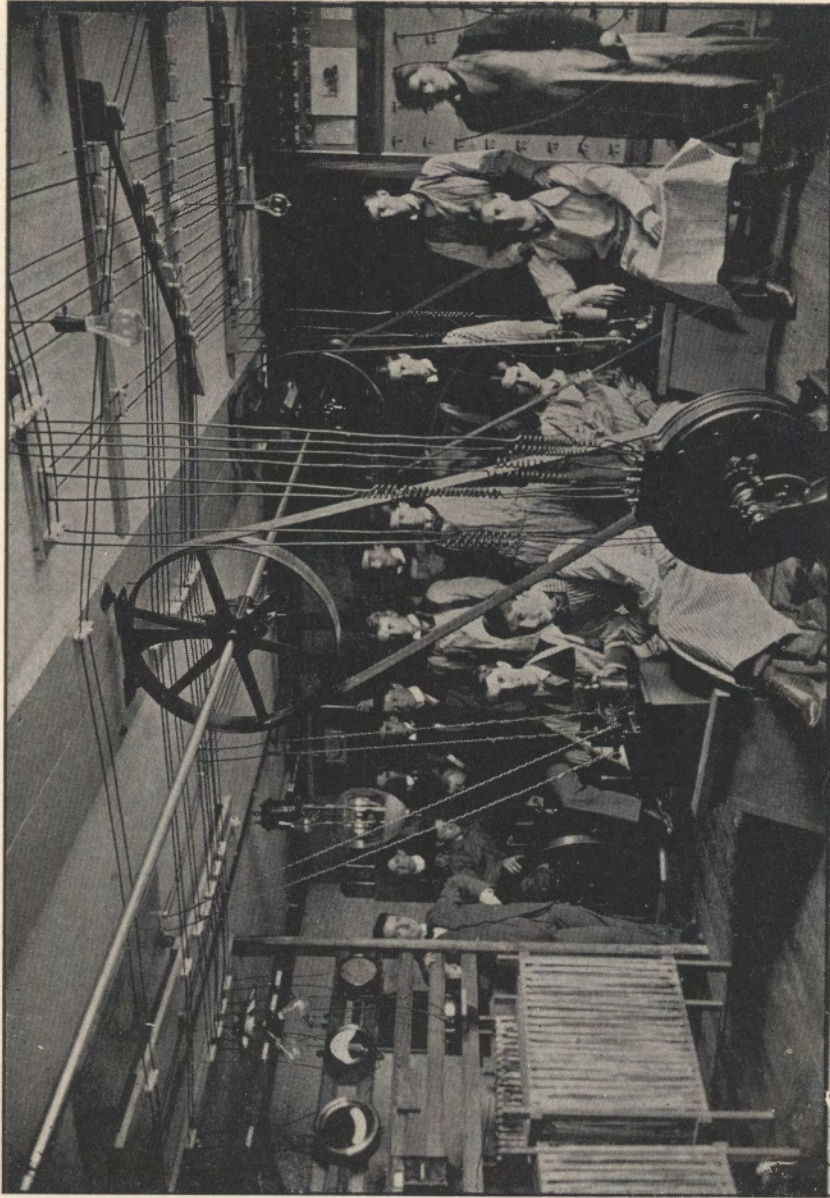
Cross the meadow now 'tis flying,
Shadows gather, daylight's dying,
South wind softly, sadly sighing.

Magic moonbeams gently glancing,
Or in ripples widely dancing,
Forms fantastic, new, entrancing.

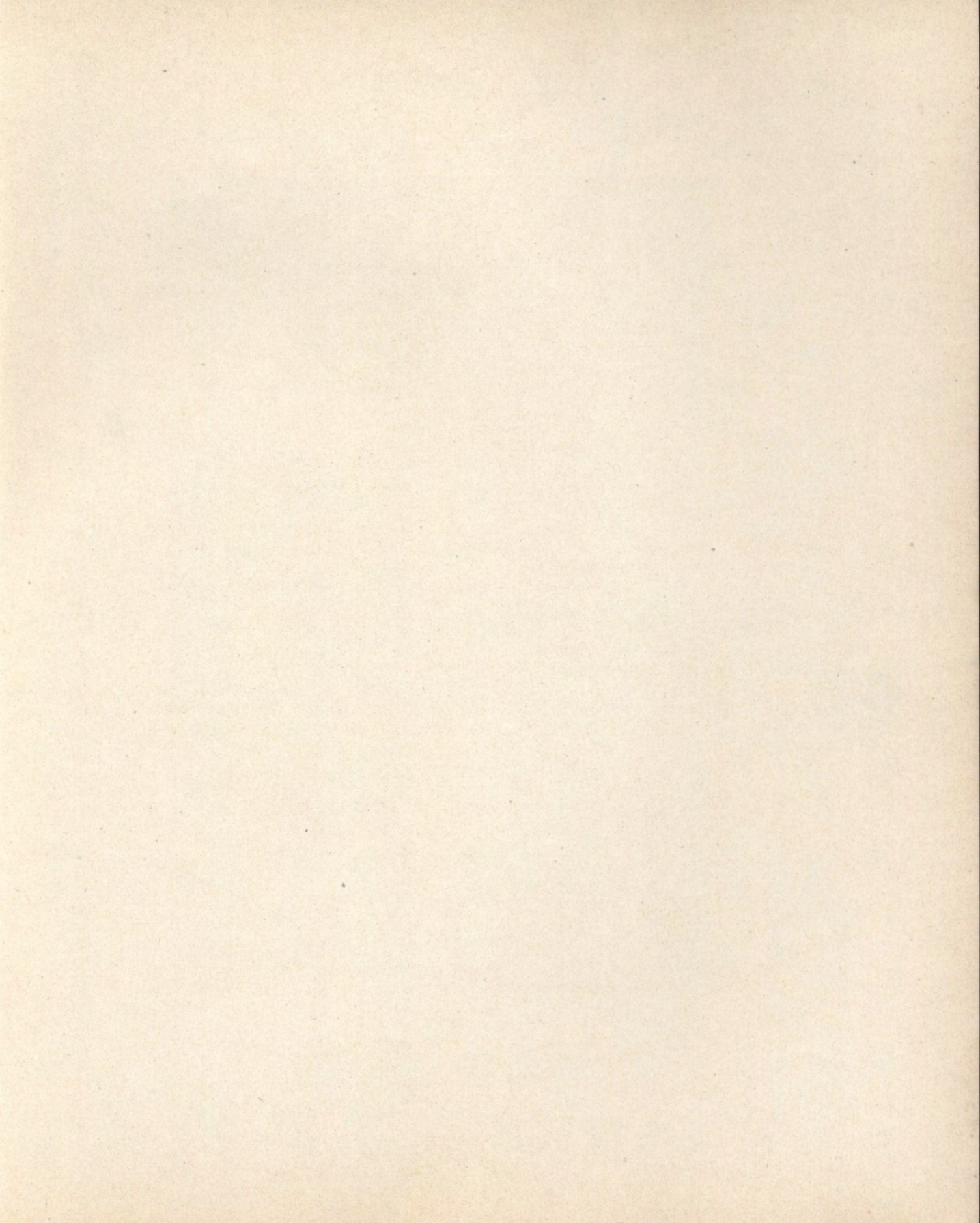
Soon its course will find an ending,
Soon its friendly ties be rending,
Soon with river's tide be blending.

So with life; 'tis transient, fleeting,
Soon will all respond to greeting,
Where the brook's the river meeting.

P. D. B.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY CLASS.



Queries and Quips.

INFLUENCED by importunate solicitations, THE EC CENTRIC has decided to open this department for the benefit of the indigent. Answers to all queries are made to order and guaranteed to fit perfectly. If you are displeased with the workmanship, call at the office and receive satisfaction. We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to "Butler's Analogy" and "Jones' Logarithmic Tables" for bright and sparkling suggestions.

GOOCHY G.—"Name the most appropriate music rendered at the obsequies of 'The Great Emancipator.'"

"It Is All Over Now" and "It's A Sad Trip Coming Back."

GRADY C.—"Please outline a post graduate course leading to a degree of Master of Hyperbole."

We are delighted to see this thirst for improvement. As a major we could suggest nothing better than Baron Munchausen; for a minor take Nye's "Forty Liars and Other Lies" five times a day.

C. G --- TH.—"What is a Blind Tiger?"

It surprises us to meet such glaring ignorance in a college man. The animal you refer to, is the only one not hunted by the Danville police.

CLAY G.—"What will beat a pair of Jacks?"

An Interlinear.

FIG V.—I. "Name the latest drink. 2. What is its effect?"

1. The "Resurrection Cocktail," mixed at the Boston, is the newest thing in this line. 2. Its effect is directly proportional to the amount of lunch absorbed before drinking.

JOE F --- NER.—"After five years of incessant toil, I find myself in the Soph. class, a nervous wreck, with no appetite—for books. What diagnosis can you give from these symptoms?"

You are afflicted with *Conditionum Comatoseorem*, a pathological indication of abnormal progressiveness.

H. MAC. A.—"Does Centre employ a detective?"

Yes. Mr. "Sherlock" Henson. He located the student who purloined the College Home cutlery, and prevented him from taking the small-pox also. "Sherlock's" specialty is in cases of mistaken identity.

I. J. H.—"Must students refrain from chewing tobacco in the class-room, simply because the Faculty does not provide all with cuspidors?"

Certainly K(not)t. What do you suppose the floors were built for?

ROSE OF YESTERDAY.—"Kindly give directions for becoming a good base-ball player."

Stay in the *out* field and practice knocking home-runs from the back of your neck with a coal-skuttle.

TURK Y.—"How can paternal authority be circumvented?"

By a rope to slide down from your window, and a friend to "boost" you back at 3 A. M.

JIMMY REY --- LDS.—"What is the latest mandolean music?"

"My Gal is a High-Born Lady."

RED WINE.—“How can a dull student acquire a speedy mastery of Greek?”
Put on a *riding habit* and take a hyperdermic injection of Jack-leaves.

PROF. L.—“Can any improvements be suggested in the English department?”
None. The department is *faultless*. Instruction is given here with as much euphony of expression, metrical exactness and perspicuity of thought as is comprehended in this beautifully pathetic lyric:

See the Phoenix wink her eye,
Star-dust turn to bumble-bees;
Non-corroding apple pie—
Shade of Banquo! Eat sweet peas.

J. MAC. B.—“Refer me, if you please, to a good work on Whist, suitable for side reading with Logic.”

“Aristotle’s Treatise on Whist,” a monumental work, published by R. M. Baker & Co. You will find most excellent.

J. C. ROB.—“State the most effective instrument for municipal protection.”

“A policeman’s corpse.”

G. A. TH-AS.—“How can I correct loquaciousness?”

Don’t express yourself so rapidly. Learn to talk by freight.

C. R. B--ETT.—“Is there any way to counteract the feminine charms at Caldwell?”

Call at the institution with a “gun” in your overcoat pocket. When the charming charmer becomes too-utterly-too-too, just “look in the gun to see the smoke go.” Others have found relief in this way.

PROF. C. K. C--D.—“Where can an early statement of the currency question be found?”

According to Dr. F. A. Shepard, in Genesis, where the dove brought the *green back* to Noah.

NEW COMER.—“If a man receives a verbal invitation to dinner from a lady whose identity he is in doubt about, how can he avoid embarrassment?”

Go to the nearest restaurant, eat heartily, and pay for the same. Detailed advice can be obtained from the Prof. of Sociology.

PRES. OF CALD.—“Please suggest a happy solution of the Theologue Problem.”

Construct a reservoir in the pasture lot, then invite the young gentlemen to “come up and drop in.”

C. O-GG.—“Is there anything new in eye lotions?”

Concentrated carbolic acid is not new, but effective. If relief is not instantaneous, take two ounces strychnine after each meal.

MARRIED THEOLOGUE.—“How can I quiet ‘baby’?”

Put the cherub under the receiver of an air pump and exhaust until the desired effect is obtained. Sound can not be propagated in a vacuum.

JUST WRIGHT.—“Kindly assist me in the selection of an appropriate summer costume.”

The following is unique and would give you a very *ladylike* appearance: A plaid Taffeta silk waist, in some howling design, made with a Watteau back, leg o’ mutton sleeves, with caps trimmed in cord passementerie, is among the new conceits. The front should be a Russian blouse with ripple revers and peplum. A proper collar is the Bonheur with tabs trimmed in real lace. Something else ought to be worn with this garment.

PROF. C-K.—“Suggest the most approved method of teaching Rhetoric.”

Mechanical methods produce the best results. We submit the following sample drill in the hope that it may be suggestive:

Professor to Freshman Class.—“Washington was the Father of his Country. This is a metaphor. You understand(?) that the late Mr. Washington was not our paternal sire. Only in a highly allegorical sense has this responsibility been thrust upon him. You are not, therefore, obliged to speak of him as ‘papa.’ Now what was Washington?”

Fresh. C.—“A father.”

Prof.—“Very good. What was he father of?”

Fresh. C.—“His country.”

Prof.—“Excellent. What figure of Rhetoric is this?”

Fresh. C.—“Hyperbole.”

H. SN-DER.—“When should a little boy begin to talk?”

Oh! A lon', lon' time 'fore he bedins to fink. Say, don't 'oo wants to tum to 'Fessor Tillwell's Tindergarten? 'Fessor dives boys marbles an' wattles an' tandy an' 'ittle balloons. 'Oo better tum.

ANXIOUS SENIOR.—“How can I get through final exams.?”

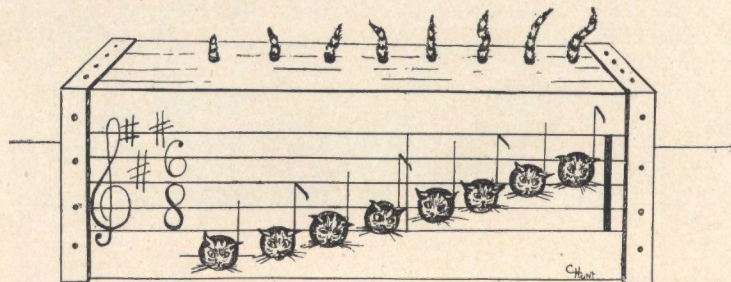
Sit by a Theologue who *doesn't* cheat.

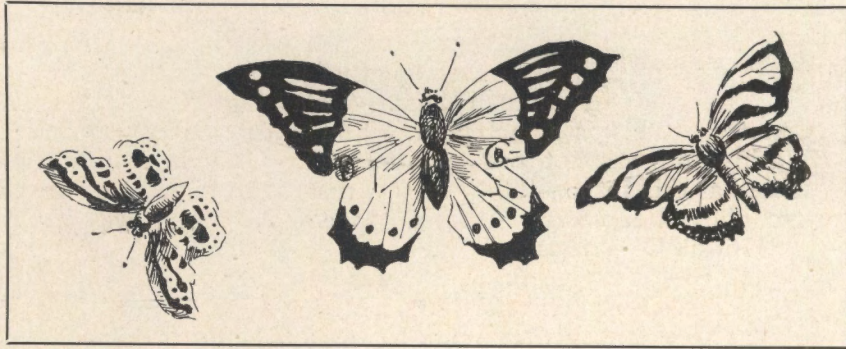
AL. VIS.—“How can a College Home boarder who has swallowed a knife be relieved?”

Heavens!—has it come to this? Don't try to relieve him, he can *cut* easier. If you must recover the knife, however, attach a large size laminated magnet to a log-chain and induce him to swallow a portion of this. By skillful manipulation, with the aid of Hatchett's *pony*, both knife and magnet may in this way be recovered.

ALL BRIGHT.—“Can you suggest a musical instrument (other than a cornet) that will delight the æsthetic taste of the boys at Breckinridge Hall?”

The Catoleon is exactly what you want. This is the latest instrumental novelty. It is portable, easily kept in tune and blends harmoniously with the human voice, cornet or other musical instrument. We take pleasure in presenting a cut of the Catoleon on a small *scale*. The operation is simple—just twist a tail; a feline does the rest. If motive power can not be furnished at Breck. Hall, job lots of Toms and Tabbies can be procured at the Old Sem.





Ballad to Centre.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)



OH! It's jolly life at Centre with its boys so gay,
With its scenes of toil and pleasure all the live-long day,
With its Profs. who are cranky and its Profs. who are not,
And its gay, glad students when their lessons are forgot.

All along o'exs, all along o'tests,
All along o'flunking out rather more or less;
Learn your P's and mind your Q's and let the maidens go,
See you get your exs and your crams jest so.

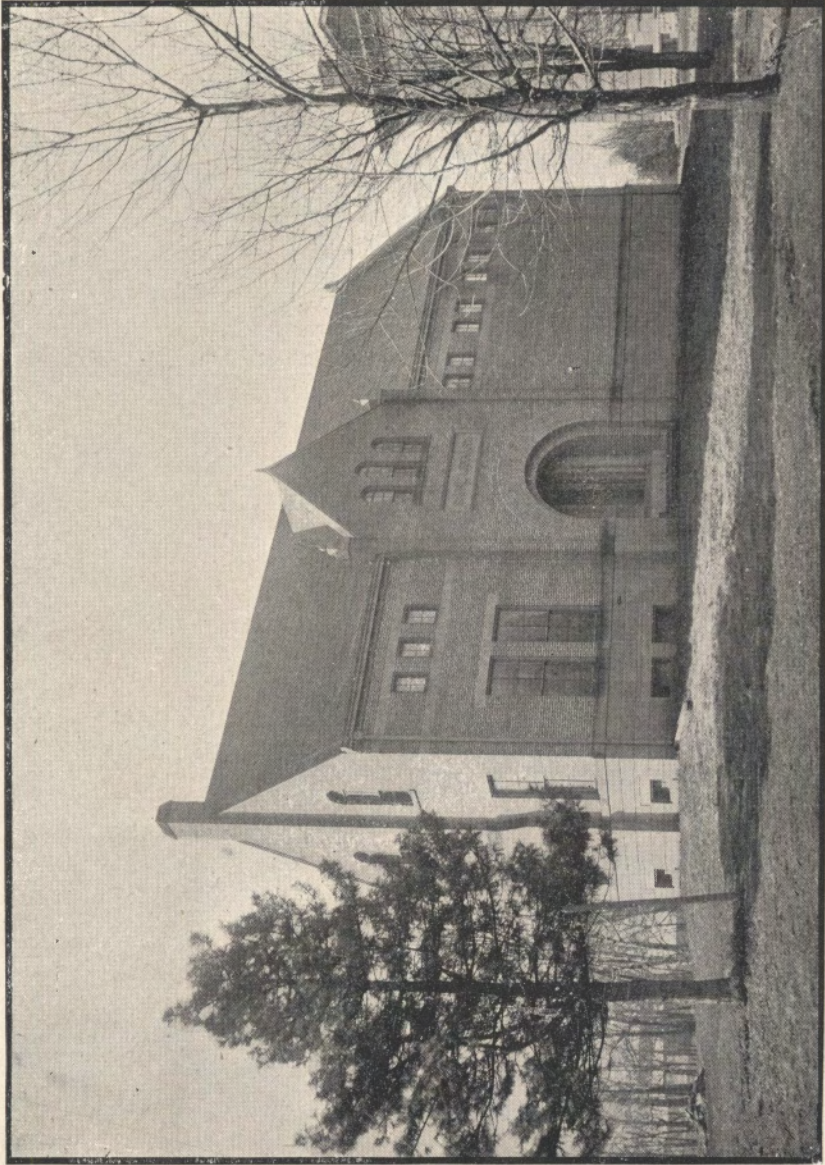
See the verdant Freshie with his books galore;
Lo! The mighty prowess of the valiant Sophomore:
Junior next is dead in love, good for naught is he,
But the Senior caps the climax, worse than all the other three.

All along o'absences, all along o'cuts,
All along o'broken rules full of dread results;
Don't trot o'er the campus when the cop is near,
Do your best and leave the rest and you need never fear.

Oh, its jolly life at College Home and boarding at the Club,
Wond'ring how 'twould make you feel to have some real grub,
Oatmeal for breakfast and your supper made of hash,
And a beefsteak for dinner that tempts to something rash.

All along o'biscuits cold, all along o'none,
All along o'comin in when the meal is done,
Don't be late at meal time or you'll surely miss your share,
Mind the gong and skip along and get you safely there.

J. R. W.



SAYRE LIBRARY.

The Danville Girl.

WE greet her in our daily walks—we see her in our dreams ;
She lingers in our memory like shadows o'er streams.
Fairer than the fairest nymph her beauty does surpass,
And she's sweeter than the daisy that peeps out from the grass.
She's a green spot in our school-life's monotonous expanse—

Graceful as a fairy in the mazes of the dance ;
Modest as a blushing rose that perfumes the summer air,
And "gentle as a cooing dove"—bewitching, sweet and fair.
She's tender as the golden rod 'round which the zephyrs blow
Or as the poppy plant resplendent in the sunbeams glow.
Innocent as a virgin shrouded in her spotless robe ;
Pure as the bleached snow that throws its mantle 'round the globe.
Her mirth is like the early days of Spring—without a blight,
Or like the rippling stream that breaks the silence of the night.
Her pensive mood is like the empyrean of the sky,
Or the bosom of a dreamy lake 'round which the south winds sigh.
Her voice is sweeter than the notes that sound from vesper's bell,
Or the music of whisp'ring rills adown the mountain dell.
Her lips are enticing as the water from limpid springs
O'er whose transparent surface the mock-bird gaily sings,
And far more lovely than the bursting bud of Maytime
When all nature is a-ringing with her soft, merry chime.
Her eyes are like the azure of dreamy, Autumn skies
Upon whose star-bedecked expanse the twilight gently lies.
Her hair is softer than the perfume-laden air of June
That sets the leaves in motion 'mid the glimmer of the moon.
Her beauty's famous from the Orient's renowned romantic lands
To where the setting sun casts his beams on golden sands.
Her dominion's from the Tropics to wild Niagara's whirl,
And she's more than worthy of it—long live the Danville girl.

P. D. B.



Personal Column.

WANTED.—All persons having any kick against THE '98 EC CENTRIC to call at my office. *Fighting Editor.*

WANTED.—The Profs. to realize how much I know. *Snyder.*

WANTED.—Some one to love. *Chapman.*

WANTED.—A pair of Stilts. *Staples.*

WANTED.—A Muzzle for Edwards. *Long-Suffering Public.*

WANTED.—To see the point to some of THE '97 EC CENTRIC's jokes. *Editors.*

WANTED.—Lady correspondents. *Hindman.*

WANTED.—To rent suite of suitable rooms for light housekeeping. *Wilson.*

WANTED.—A Co-Educational Annex. *Black.*

WANTED.—Something to cure "that tired feeling." *Wood.*

WANTED.—Copy of Police Ordinance regarding Biking on Sidewalks. *Heizer.*

WANTED.—Guide to Courtship. *Baker.*

WANTED.—Chance to be in everything. WILL PAY LIBERALLY. *Barnhill.*

WANTED.—Cure for extreme modesty and diffidence in class recitations. *Shepard.*

LOST.—One heart, slightly shop-worn. Finder will please return to Room 14, Breck. Hall and receive reward.

LOST.—Between the First Church and Breck. Hall, about 7 o'clock one night, my dignity. *L. A. B.*

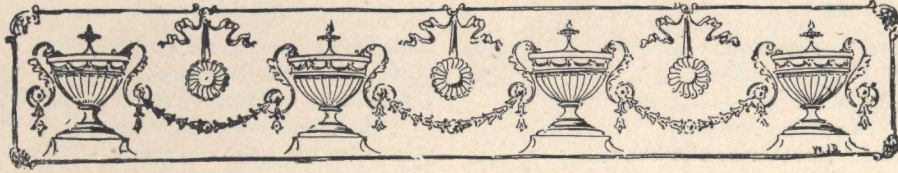
FOUND.—An original idea. *Robinson.*

FOR SALE.—Cheap. Unpaid subscriptions. *Cento.*

FOR SALE.—My stud of Ponies and Jacks. *Carey.*



LABORATORY CHEMISTRY CLASS.



The Scribbler Club.

Read before Special Meeting of the Scribbler Club at Mrs. R. Harding's.

I.

PERHAPS, dear friends, we harbor here
Within this magic circle,
Some future statesman, bard or seer,
Whose fame shall be immortal ;
Perhaps some listen as I read
This lay of simple rhyming,
Whose footsteps yet will surely lead
Them up Parnassus climbing.

II.

To fill the sounding trump of fame—
Posterity revering—
I'll mention here perhaps some name
Familiar to your hearing ;—
Some poet yet in embryo—
With brow no laurel wearing—
(But crown for whom, I almost know,
The Muses are preparing.)

III.

Perhaps there's some whose brain and pen
Shall weave a wondrous story,
And herding not with common men,
They'll tread the paths of glory ;
And as against the stars they rub,
Celestial plaudits winning,
We'll know that at the Scribbler Club
Was where they had beginning.

IV.

Just now the learnèd in their pride
May at their efforts smile,
And carping critics may deride,
And call their papers vile ;
But Fame at last will lend her meed
With constancy in wooing,
Or, mounted on the wingèd steed,
They'll catch her in pursuing.

V.

There's one whose name doth head the list
Who courts the mystic nine,
And judging from the past, I wist,
In future 'll sing divine ;
As gentle as a cooing dove,
With manners smooth and silky,
He thrills us with his songs of love—
The songs that's sung by WILKIE !

VI.

Then follows one whose nature good
His critics all disarm—
Whose startling stories, red with blood,
Have filled us with alarm ;
As page on page he spins them out
The hours simply fly on—
Yet all our heart-strings cling about
Our Secretary, RYAN !

VII.

And then with diction pure and good,
And language quite correct,
One makes his stories understood
With faultless dialect ;
And interested listeners all
Are sorry when he's done,
And loud the thundering plaudits fall
Upon our ACHESON !

VIII.

Ah! softly now—and gently, too,
We speak of one we love,
All pure and guileless, to our view,
As angel from above ;
His chaste descriptions lucid flow
With rounded periods nice,
And all our warm affections go
Toward matchless BILLY PRICE !

IX.

And then there's one not often heard—
 Regretful, I may state it ;—
 For months he hasn't penned a word,
 And all the members hate it ;
 In future, though, we'd have him know,
 Upon him we'll be callin',
 And pleasure on our cheeks will glow
 When listening to ALLEN !

X.

Oh, what's that? Was it "The Cat,"
 Now chronicled in story?
 Oh, Penciler! Where are you "at?"
 You've won your spurs and glory!
 Yes, proudly do we cherish you,
 With admiration holy—
 Give honor to whom honor's due—
 For this is GIOVANNOLI !

XI.

His mind is stored with legal lore—
 His mien is suave and courtly—
 There's no one that we honor more
 Than him I'll mention shortly ;
 Well chosen are the words he speaks,
 And none from blunders freer,
 And blanchèd are the Scribbler's cheeks
 When criticised by PURYEAR !

XII.

And then old England sends us one
 Whose head is always level ;
 We listened to her gifted son
 When BROWNING caught the devil !
 There's few, I ween, would care to storm
 His hot linguistic battery,
 For they would meet reception warm
 From MAURICE DOUGLAS FLATTERY !

XIII.

Now have a care! Tread softly here,
 And deal with circumspection;
 Speak every word with trembling—fear—
 Take time for due reflection;
 For undue haste I would repent—
 My Muse, remorse would rack her—
 If any word but compliment
 I'd speak of CALVIN FACKLER!

XIV.

And there are some whose names are new
 Accessions to our numbers;
 I'll name them, as is justly due,
 For in them genius slumbers;
 We bid them welcome, and we say,
 "Our worthy brothers, Forward!"
 We'll help to blaze old glory's way
 For HUGUELY and for NORWOOD !

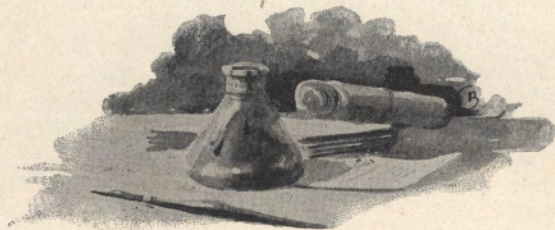
XV.

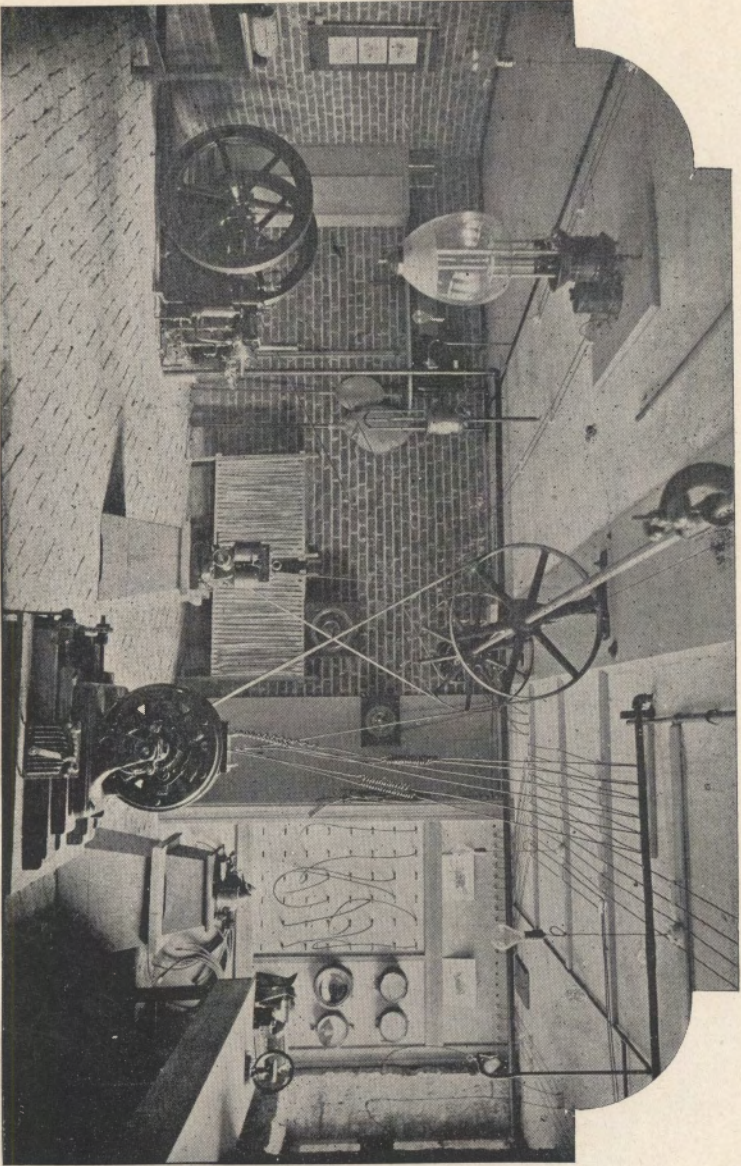
With modulated voice and word,
 His tones like music flowing,
 Our very inmost souls are stirred
 Like Summer zephyrs blowing;
 No Southern sky with cloudless night,
 Amid its gems that twinkle,
 Has orb that shines with clearer light
 Than does our own VAN WINKLE !

XVI.

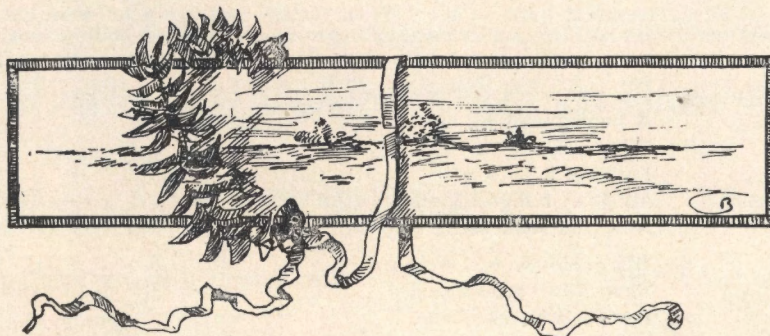
And last—not least—his modest worth
 To all we will proclaim,
 And prophesy that o'er the earth
 He'll spread the Scribblers' fame;
 Let critique from your able pen
 With admiration fill 'em,
 And numbered with our brightest men
 We'll find thy name, oh GILLAM !

GEORGE W. DONEGHY.





ELECTRICAL LABORATORY.



The Faculty and the "fresh."

Fales:—Let's now to business noble men,
 The sword's mightier than the pen;
 If the students our laws do break,
 Still harder ones for them we'll make;
 And if they those do not commend,
 The transgressor we'll sure suspend.

Redd:—Indeed, that is exactly what I say;
 Send one, send two, send all of them away,
 For a week, for a month, we'll make them stay;
 If that wont do—forever and a day—
 Preferring those who for their books don't pay.

(The blood-curdling tones of the Reddman grind the very heart strings of the delicate "fresh." and being a true representative of his race, the pale-face sobs aloud.)

Flattery:—Look, see ye this small fellow here?
 He's just now in his sixteenth year,
 And never took the "gym";
 The reason he's never been there,
 He's cut his class from year to year.
 What shall we do with him?

Fresh.:—"Like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash."

Mercy!
 (Proudly) "Give me liberty or give me death!"

(The "fresh." makes for the key hole in his attempt to escape, so enthusiastic was his young heart for liberty. But "the way of the transgressor is hard" and the "cold hand of law" clutched the "fresh." and standing menacingly over him, thus with his "leviathanic egotism, his profound and tenebrous ponderosity, his labored intricacy of the commonplace, his pedagogic moralizing and his oracular inconsequence" speaks the law:)

"What have you to say my little man?
 Say it quick! Be as quick as you can."

(The trembling heart of the "fresh." aches and again he sobs, but, believe me friends, his ponderous diaphragm was black with boiling wrath and his stalwart breast heaved forth that effeminate muttering: Mercy!)

Fates:—For this boy's evil deeds,
A punishment he needs,
What shall it be?
I decide it thus wise
My plan I highly prize;
Now you shall see.

His grade we will reduce
There can be no excuse
For what he has done.
If honestly he's made
This extremely high grade,
He'll lose what's won.

Thirty per cent take off—
I think that is enough
For one offense.
If cutting he repeats
We'll turn him in the streets
As recompense.

(Here the "fresh." breaks down completely. His spirit becomes entirely subdued. His tears flow freely as the brook by which he sported in his infancy. "The way of the transgressor is hard," said some one, and just then the college clock struck six and the great Corliss engines puffed away in the New Science Building as if nothing had happened. Such is life, dear friends.)

P. D. B.



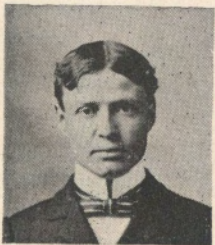
Historiettes of the Members of the Class of '98.

The following has been prepared with great care to say nothing but the truth about each member of the class of '98.

ACHESON—How grandly appropriate it is to head this list of illustrious warriors of intellectual conflict with this titian giant of suaveness. To describe his scholastic attainments were a task too weighty for the present poor scribe, who will have to content himself with simply pointing out a very few of his most distinguishing characteristics. Behold the incompleated list of his virtues! First I would mention that kind, benevolent and philanthropic smile which all the town knows so well, and which produces on one, when blessed with it, the same effect that the gentle and cooling rain does on the drooping heads of wilted flowers. This smile might be improved, however, if his teeth were better, as Robert Louis Stevenson says. His eye beams with the intelligence born of genius, and seeks to, and does penetrate that which is veiled from the vulgar eye of mediocrity. His daring spirit is second only to that of the valorous Knight of La Mancha; nevertheless it is not so disinterested and high flown in its motive as to be unable to distinguish a windmill from a company of knight errants. Volumes might be written concerning this demigod, but space prohibits such an indulgence to the benevolent reader; so beloved peruser of this fragmentary leaf from the book of a great life be content to know in conclusion, that, like Abou Ben Adam, he loved his fellowman. May his race increase.

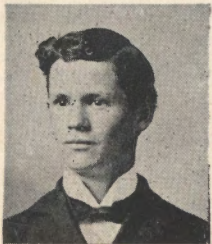


BAKER was younger when he came to College, for he has been here for several years.



When he came he purposed in his mind to make of himself either a professor of the ancient tongues or a preacher. Now, both of these aspirations are highly laudable, but how weak after all and pliable is poor mankind. The sequel is quickly known. Baker fell in love with Herr von Staples, right guard on the Y. M. C. A., and after this momentous event his entire mind turned to lyric poetry, to which may be added a decided tendency for physics. Baker is now dissatisfied with all linguistics because the stupid maker of the alphabet didn't make B come just after S.

C. W. BARRETT—This joy sprang up and grew in a cabbage garden in Ohio. His chief gastronomical pleasures are cabbage and Bass, both of which he enjoys to his heart's content at Breckinridge Hall and the College Home. He is fond, too, of vowel combinations such as I O U. Thirteen is his favorite number; Bass can tell you why. For further particulars concerning this interesting individual see Holman Jackson and Ward Goodloe's diary under the head of Prayer and Meditation.



L. A. BARRETT—Now here is food for the hungry soul to feed on. This glowing rosebud of endless delight, this active volcano of celestial inspiration, this rosy-faced analyzer of Theistic and Psychological entanglement came from—the clouds, did you say? No, Wooster gave him to us, good, kind Wooster; but, Wooster, its too much, take him back. We have tasted of his divine sweets; more would certainly make us sick, you see, so, back into your arms, O! Wooster, receive him, and there keep him forevermore.



BASS—This piscatorial phenomenon came from, tis rumored, the foaming headwaters of Clark's Run. His highest ambition is to look like Staples, be funny like George Gray, sing like Ferran, talk like Brodie, chew tobacco like Baker, and put on long pants. He occupies himself during the major portion of the day in killing spiders, by so doing he imitates a great model, at night he talks to any one who will listen about the World's Fair. At this last mentioned dangerous occupation it is thought he will finally meet with a tragic death at the hands of some irascible Freshman. Who knows but it may be that father of wisdom, Gullion?



BELL—Fisher was a nice little creature before he taught elocution and dancing at the Female Institute for Young Ladies, went fishing on Sundays, and vainly began trying to imitate Acheson's smile. I said he *was* good, but *now* he is not. He vitiates his mind by reading wild, blood-thirsty books like "Pilgrim's Progress," "Rollo at Play," "Little Ellen and Her Friends," "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr," &c., instead of studying his lessons. He will turn out to be a dancing master or teacher of the voice, don't you know.



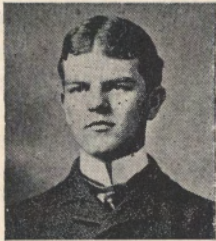
BLACK—The criticism made about a certain distinguished Kentuckian as to his personal appearance applies admirably to Pitzer. The gentleman above mentioned said he had seen thirty-seven different pictures of Judas Iscariot and none of them looked alike, but we can say Black looks like all of them. His head, on account of an overcrowding together of poetic ideas, has assumed the shape and proportions of an elongated five-cent watermelon. He is what DeQuincey means by an antedeluvian man renewed. His roommate is now an invalid, caused by a stroke of paralysis, which was brought on by discovering Black at study suddenly and without warning.



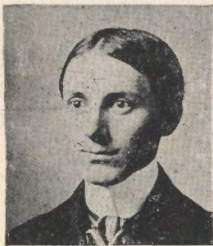
BLAYNEY is a modest, retiring, uninteresting individual, all of which can easily be surmised by a casual glance at his mug, which is fairly represented by this cartoon on the margin. He and Cary are too harsh in their outcries against dudeism and social pleasures. Blayney is particularly austere and puritanic in his ideas, and looks with scorn and horror upon the slightest departure from the straight and narrow path. He has threatened to leave College without taking his degree if he ever sees the slightest tendency on the part of any Senior toward self-seeking in class elections. He loves his neighbor and himself.



CARY—"Epaminondas never lied, not even in joke," is the motto of this distinguished pupil of Gibson. Now you can't expect me to describe this talented artist; you can easily guess that only Gibson would be up to a job like that, or Graddy himself. But I will say of him what Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, "Look at his book" (by which is meant here the drawing in this annual), and not at his picture—picture, mind you, not pictures. The only way you can keep your eyes off his ravishing countenance while you read this page is to keep your hand over it or shut your eyes. Graddy intends, together with Blayney, to lecture to Sunday-schools and sewing circles on the evils of dancing, whist, vanities of dress, neglect of studies, and the use of translations.



DICKINS—This sallow, malarial Mongolian comes from the classic swamps of Arkansas. He is chiefly characterized by his boisterous manners, loud, jeering laughter, his loquacity and the huge size of his pedal extremities. Bobbie's head has been turned by the many flattering remarks made to him by young ladies on the ravishing appearance he makes when booted and spurred in his baseball suit. Nobody will ever be able to say for what dark purpose Jimmie Reynolds brought this griffin of monstrosities to Danville.



DULIN—Brown, "why dost thou converse with this trunk of humors, this bolting hutch of beastliness, this swollen parcel of dropsies, this huge bombard of sack, this reverend manningtree ox, this reverend vice, this father ruffian, this vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning but in craft? Wherein crafty but in villainy? Wherein villainous but in all things? Wherein worthy but in nothing?"



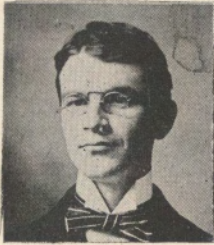
EDWARDS—This lineal descendant of Balaam's oratorical friend is on exhibition here in Danville through the kind permission of the respective shades of Mr. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Patrick K. Balaam. These above named gentlemen gave him to the Danville Zoological Garden, which is under the supervision of Prof. Fales, at the request of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Bangs is one of the founders of the Zoo here, and is very anxious to have it filled with the very best specimens of these interesting but noisy brutes, which Mr. Noah kindly and thoughtfully stabled for such purposes. Our Garden boasts in Edwards the very finest specimen now on exhibition in America.



GOODLOE—Ward, I think, will not be valedictorian of more than a dozen '98 classes this year. But if you give him a chance, there is one thing certain, he will tell you how "Old Abe" freed the "niggers." Ward has told this antiquated anecdote so often here in Danville, and other business centres, that the ennui produced by it has come to such a pass that the coons themselves have expressed a willingness to return to the state of bondage if Ward will give "Abe" a rest for a spell of six months. We sincerely hope he will comply with this appeal for mercy.



GRANT—This is the name of the loquacious ubiquitous being from Frankfort. A name synonymous with cuts and expeditions to the knobs, a miscellaneous, heterogeneous, undifferentiated compound of Theologue, and Epicure, and would-be desperado; one whose passion is at fever heat one day, and at -20°C . the next. Like Tartarin of Tarascon he has told tales of his marvelous achievements and thrilling adventures in the past until he has actually come to believe some of them himself, and like the prodigal son he is prone to waste his substance in riotous eating of oysters at Rice's at the midnight hour. His friends will follow his future with interest, but also with trepidation.

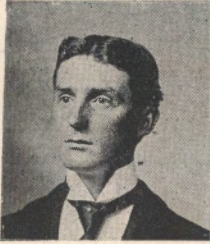


HALE—Thus mathematically described—



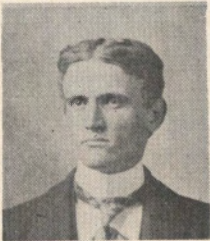
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HEIZER—Behold! A consummate product of the district school! Infallable savant! Inerrant wiseacre! Hizie was reared on the banks of Green River, in Green County, in the little hamlet of Greensburg. Knowing this we are prepared to hear the statement the place is celebrated for its gorgeous chestnuts. Ikey is probably the most versatile member of the '98 Class. He is a pedagogue, pharmacist, prospective parson, and Grub Collector of "Entre Nous Club." Feeling that an expression in English of our best wishes to Ichabod would grate upon his Homeric nerves, we have expressed them in Classic Greek:



*"Οἷς Κομπλιμεντ, Υγρατσιν ο τακε,
Υρε α Βρικ ανδ νο μιστακε,
Ενεμι το καντ ανδ Φυδγε·
Τιμε το θεε Ινεερ Βεγρνυδγε·
Ανδ Ι ὠπε το σεε υρε ναμε,
Φωρεμοστ ιν θε λιστς οφ φαμε·"*

HINDMAN—The subject of this sketch hails from that part of our mundane institute known as Columbia. In the fall of '94 Gov. advanced leisurely to College, was in no hurry to matriculate, has kept up a slow and even gait, and he enjoys the distinction of being the slowest man in the class of '98. To see Hind. coming from the sombre shades of College Home and treading the path of cinders that leads but to the Lab., one is reminded of "the measured tread of the grenadier." The only exception to Bob's slowness on record occurs at meal time. A few words from the great Lessing applies to Gov.'s case:



*"So slowly you walk and so quickly you eat
You should march with your mouth and devour with your feet."*

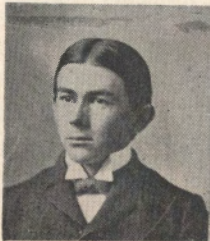
KOBERT—This stolid Teuton came to us from Kentucky's Nazareth, Lebanon:



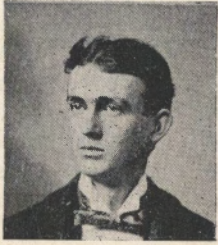
*"Such jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates, in Argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcan to Cedar'd Lebanon."*

One would think Kobe would like to exercise his genius expatiating on the beauties of far-famed Lebanon, but the churlish fellow prefers to spew out the literary oil of his great talents in effusive verses on wheat fields and Bacchanalian revelry.

LAWWILL—In the diversified panorama of human existence it has been my lot to meet an occasional oasis, but never before with one so green, so gushing as the present. He hopes some day to become happy in matrimonial felicity.



MCKENZIE—Words fail us when we come to the description of this nondescript nonentity from Oak Grove, this ardent apostle of prohibition and teetotalism. His contact with the Dons of South America and his association with the verbose Gillam have imparted unto him a fierce nature, whose great delight is to hurl huge volumes of Johnsonese words at the unsuspecting. One of his characteristics is modesty in class recitations, which necessitates great questioning on the part of the Profs. to elicit anything from his reticent mind.



REYNOLDS?—Well, now you have me! Like Dickins he hails from Arkansas, which is saying volumes. Since his sojourn in Danville he has developed a marvelous tendency as a society star—



“ Twinkle, twinkle, little bat,
How I wonder what you're at,
Up above the world so high
Like a tea tray in the sky.”

His leading characteristic is the mild, sheepish expression of his countenance. I would with him soar to greater heights, but space and resolution fail me.

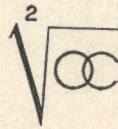
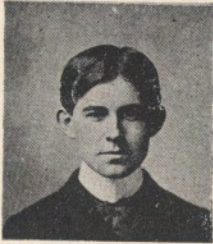
ROBINSON—Like Cincinnatus of old, this prodigy comes to us from scenes of rural felicity. 'Mid the quiet groves and peaceful lanes of Hubble he is wont to gather inspiration, that manifests itself in fervid outbursts of forensic eloquence. During his Junior Year he fell so deeply in love with German that now he thinks in nothing else, and we understand that he expects to make it and the study of Psychology his life's vocation.



SHANKS—This bipedal phenomenon vainly imagines that by a process of hydrostatics known only to himself he is able to compress within his own small area of person all of the subtleties of wire pulling and intrigue known to the civilized world. He has an idea that the delicate shades of beauty given by nature to the rose is but a crude piece of imperfection compared to the exquisite hues that go and come on his own divine countenance. In fact, he thinks he's pretty, but “where ignorance is bliss,” etc. His chief delight is to cause the tender and receptive hearts of Danville's fair daughters to palpitate at his every glance. When he leaves, the melancholy wailings of Rachel for her lost children will be nothing to the soul-rending shrieks of convulsive agony which will emanate from the throats of Danville's female population.



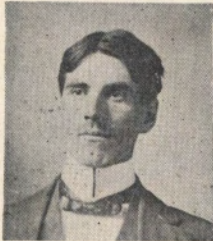
SNYDER—



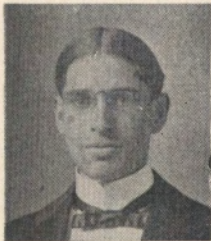
SPALDING—This lovesick enigma of attempted Hypochondria, this melancholy would-be Pessimist, this cabbagehead of Sophistry, vegetated on one, or may be two, of the Orkney islands. His mission here is to abolish the fraternity system, and ingratiate himself into the good graces of the shemale sex. Incidentally he goes up to the College grounds, where he divides his time discussing mediæval politics with Holman Jackson, the janitor, feeding pigeons, and charming snakes. This latter propensity he must have acquired while on the Orkneys. I think he expects to go to war against the Spaniards, where he hopes to get killed, and end this life of endless vexations. We ardently hope he will succeed.



STAPLES—See Y. M. C. A. Annals for 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1897.



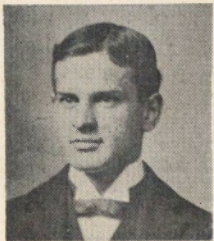
STOFER—This is the only thing in existence, whose nose alone weighs forty pounds. He was discovered by Stanley, on his first expedition, into the dark but interesting Africa. Stanley brought him to New York, where he sold him to a traveling museum. When the museum exhibited its rare specimens at Junction City, this daring Spirit broke his cage and took refuge, here at Danville. And he has been *nosing* about here ever since.



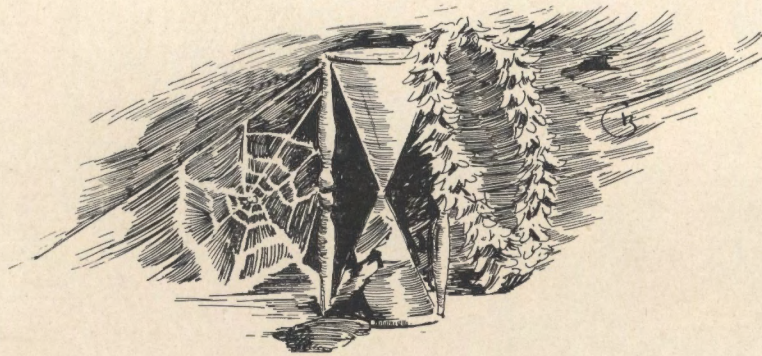
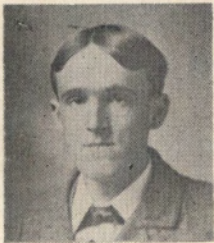
WILKIE—He, of the light hair and smooth manners, with an imagination that would have made his fortune in the Sixteenth Century. He is the grumbler of the class. He grumbles at everything, at the College, at the Faculty, the town, and was actually heard grumbling about the board at the College Home. He has a mania for writing love verses, and a fondness for sleeping during Hebrew, and going up Lexington Avenue to see Cary (?). His winning ways and unscrupulousness of character have caused many a heartache. When last seen he was dividing his attentions between his gallery of past conquests and the mirror. He is never seen without a fem.

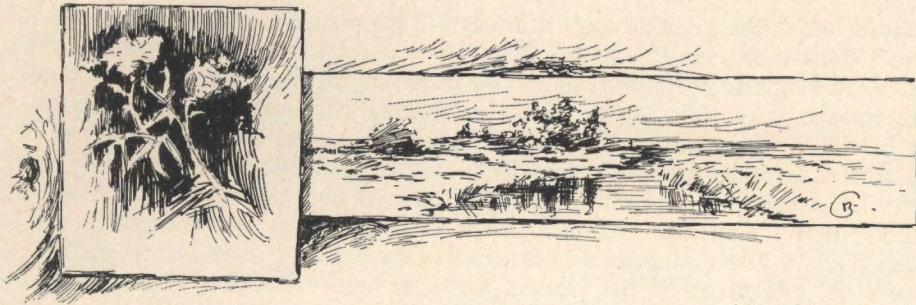


WILSON—This amorous youth hails from Maysville on the Ohio. An innocent youth he, with soft smile and gentle, winning ways, that never fail to win the hearts on which he has designs. His worst vice is reading German with Heizer and Hindman, and his favorite diversion is to patrol Lexington avenue as the evening shadows steal on apace. He is also given to frequenting summer resorts, but if you would know more, ask the summer girls who go thither.



WOOD—Last, but not least, Wood is mad because he was not created a snail instead of a hobby-horse. He has been known by the writer to find the place, when called on in recitation, in forty minutes; it usually takes $45\frac{3}{4}$. Wood expects to make a profession of watching an incubator. He declares everything else too confusingly rapid for his perception. Prof. Redd has advised him to place himself on a pedestal in Dr. Nelson's room, to illustrate the absolute inertia of matter. But I think Wood is wedded in his affection to the incubator.





A Letter.

Designed to Hoodwink the Unwary Paternal Ancestor, Containing
a Good Deal of Truth and Some Fiction.

DEAR FATHER:

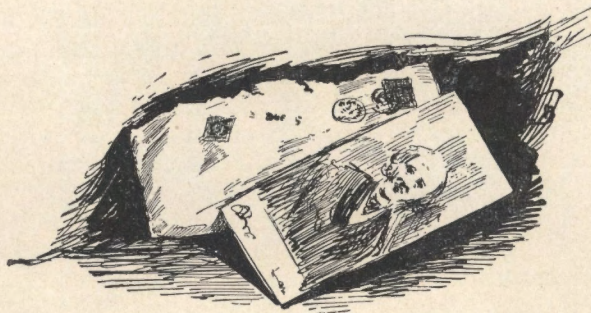
You can easily imagine how chagrining and unpleasant it is to me to be compelled through stress of circumstances to write for money again so soon. Indeed, it is unreasonable; I can easily see how you think Professor Redd a little high in his charges for books, but books we must have, you know, and of course, we must have the best, and the best cost a goodly sum of money. You see here the Professors are scrupulously careful about every student's book being as clean and neat as a new pin, and absolutely free from pencil marks; and, if you happen to get your book marked, say accidentally, when you are thinking about *something*, say about how good your father is to send you money, and thus give you the opportunity to buy these beautiful, though expensive books, why straightway you've got to go buy a new book, and pay a fine besides. Now this thing happened to your own unique male offspring the other day. The trouble is it wasn't my book; it was Ward Goodloe's, who is very scrupulous about such things; so you see I had to buy him a new book, and pay the fine, the sum total amounting to \$8.75. I have tried to do society with Cary, too, this month, so my laundry bill amounts to \$12.00. I thought you said in your last, that I might have me a new pair of trousers made, I may be mistaken, but I did have them made, and when you see how nice I look in them I know you couldn't blame me for paying \$11.00 for them. Tell Mother I will write to her soon, I've been so busy lately studying, and going out to see the boys practice base-ball that I haven't had time to do anything, hardly. The Seniors are going to get out a book this year, I understand it will be better than any of Shakespeare's books. I saw all of the Seniors down at Fox's Art Gallery the other day, all fixed up in little square caps and black night-gowns, and I tell you, they were as pretty a lot of men as ever I saw. I heard that I could buy a picture of all of them together, for \$4.50, I wish you would let me buy one or two, you would like to see it, wouldn't you? The amusements here in Danville are as various as they are delightful. An enumeration of these will amuse as well as instruct you.

First and foremost, is the athletic and intellectual organization immortalized under the name of the "*Chasse de Fees*." As I have not traversed the gilded paths of the Romance tongues, I can't enlighten you as to the meaning of the *Chasse de Fees*, but I know one thing about it, which is, that once a month its constituents assemble at "The Gilcher House," where they glide in the giddy waltz, to "Saxon's" divine strains, with Central Kentucky's fairest daughters. The most highly interesting thing at the *Chasse* performances is to watch George Welch, Gordon Sulser, Hugh Rowland, and Charlie Cecil, in the Lancers. What makes this feature of the entertainment so particularly pleasing is their delightful improvisations, which they afford gratis, in addition to the regular figures of the dance, such as the "Can-can," the "Hoochy-Coochy," and other Eastern conceits, fully as comprehensive as the above mentioned. Next in splendor and interest comes the Gymnasium receptions, given usually under the sunny auspices of the Theologues. Here one is transported into the courtly splendor of the time of Louis XIV. Here one sees the gallant Semi-Freshman and Semi-Theologue gladden the hearts of men and soften the hearts of maids. Papa, I do wish you and Mamma and little Sis could be present at one of these, then when "the time o' death is nigh," you will be able to meet the grim monster with much greater fortitude. I find Centre College particularly blessed at being situated in a town whose hospitable inhabitants make such repeated and successful efforts to entertain its students and make them feel comfortable and at home.

In this letter I expected to tell you something about the foot-ball and base-ball teams, but now have decided to send you an Annual, where you will find these subjects thoroughly treated.

Now please send me the money I ask for, and I promise you to be careful about the books, and go to Sunday-School regularly and read my Bible, as I promised when I left.

I am your devoted and doting Son,





Wormsley Squawmany.



He arrived in Burton on "de White Line Sleeper," which, the uninitiated may not know, is the bumper of a freight car. His real name nobody knew. He stoutly affirmed that it was Patsy Murphy. The Bicycle Club, however, ignoring the facial and linguistic evidences of Irish extraction, conferred upon him the sobriquet of Wormsley Squawmany.

This name was a sort of patent-thumb index to all departments of his make up, physiological, psychological and ethical. He was clad in a sack coat of spacious proportions, out at the elbows, frayed, greasy, with the back split in twain from the collar down; a pair of trousers (destitute of certain portions considered essential in polite society) tied around his waist with a string; an old dress shirt whose identity was well nigh lost in grimy uncertainty; a silk hat of antique pattern that had once stood a cubit high, and with shoes having nothing now left to justify that name save the uppers and the eyelets. His hair was long and unkempt, complexion delicate saffron, skin drawn and leathery and covered with freckles that made his face look rusty. He was not very tall, but alarmingly thin, gangling, and awkward in appearance, shuffling along as if all his joints were constructed on the ball and socket plan, with equal facility of movement in every direction. Such was the make up of Patsy Murphy, alias Wormsley Squawmany, undoubtedly the greatest parody on humanity extant, a "hobo" of the "hobos" and not yet eighteen years of age.

His first appeal for alms had been at the Burton Bicycle Club. Fortunately, the club stood in need of a mascot, and this incomparable specimen of the genus "bum" presented such satisfactory credentials that he was immediately accepted. Cleaned up and refitted with an obsolete coat and a superannuated pair of trousers, together with other essentials, he became at once the most popular and distinguished member of the Bicycle Club.

In his sphere, Wormsley was unrivaled. There was no nook or corner from the Bowery to the Golden Gate that he did not know; no Mecca for "hobos" that he had not visited; no person of note, from the President to "Denver Jim," with whom he did not have a personal acquaintance. Speaking of such personages as the leader of Tammany or the President of the Manhattan Club he would say, with a careless little gesture: "Oh, dey's pals o' de young 'un. See?" Wormsley could shake his "hoof" like a burnt cork artist, pick a banjo like a negro minstrel, sing bits of verse from the comic operas, shoot craps or shake dice "fer de drinks," work the three card monte or the shell game, give choice exhibitions in sleight of hand or contortion, in fact, from an inexhaustible repertoire he could furnish most any kind of a variety performance.

Seated on a barrel in Deacon Jones' carriage shed (headquarters of the Burton Bicycle Club), Wormsley, for hours at a time, would hold the members spell-bound with his recitals. His perils on land and sea had been legion. He was the hero of two or three railroad wrecks and a steamboat explosion; he had "scrapped" with the Hester-street Jew, the denizens of Soho, and the almond-eyed celestials in Chinatown; he had "picked the winners" at Sheepshead Bay and Oakley Park a half dozen seasons; he had "hit de pipe fer twenty times" in a Mott-street joint; he had held a reserved seat on the "bleachers" at Manhattan Field; he had starred in an amateur vaudeville "Over the Rhine," and last, but not least, he had been sent to the Island by one, Justice Smythe, for "liftin'" a loaf of bread.

That Wormsley might not again be adrift on the tender mercies of an unappreciative public, Deacon Jones was induced to give him a position as assistant groom, with the privilege of an extensive suite of rooms in the carriage house for his private apartments. This was a strategic position for Wormsley, it placed him in close communication with the house, and gave him an entree into the Jones kitchen where that charming bit of femininity, Mary Ann Crogan, reigned supreme. Through the good graces of Mary Ann, the gauntness of Wormsley's anatomy was replaced by a robustness menacing his peculiar charms. Mrs. Jones also became interested in "the poor orphan boy," and longing for his spiritual improvement, induced him to attend Sunday-school. The effort at moral reform proved a flat failure. Wormsley explained the circumstance to the Club.

"Youse see, cullies, when de big feller in front was talkin' wid his eyes shet, an' everybody had der heads laid out on de seats next 'em, some bloke jabbed me wid a pin. Did I scrap wid 'im? Bet cher life I did. I was puttin' 'im ter sleep, when de porters (he meant the deacons) fired us out 'n de street."

With a star of such magnitude as Wormsley in their midst, the Burton Bicycle Club decided to give an amateur minstrel performance for the benefit of the organization. Most all the boys of any dramatic ability were in the caste. The exhibition was billed to take place in Deacon Jones' carriage shed. "Features never before presented to the American public," were to appear on these boards. Berkley and Hay, the inimitable song and dance artists, the Rawlings Brothers in "unique and marvelous acrobatic feats," Keno, the king of jugglers, Monsieur Jucie, the world-

renowned ventriloquist, Cetewayo, the Zulu Chief, in native costume and dance, the kintoscopic exhibition of the Corbett-Fitzsimmon's "mill," secured at immense cost, all these were among the star attractions. The biggest hit of all, however, was the closing number, a farce in one act, suggested by Wormsley and entitled, "The Initiation of Dr. Crockus."

Wormsley had told us all about the Masons and Odd Fellows, how they send their trembling candidates through a regular Zoological garden; and he said, moreover, in substance, that the goat was no mythical personage but a real, live, active principal in all first-class up-to-date initiations. Accordingly, Charley Kern's goat, Billy, was put in training for this great act. Two canvas figures, the sometime property of a defunct show, were drawn from their hiding places in the attic. One was a pictorial representation of Mlle. Jevau, the Parisian snake charmer and sleight of hand artist, the other was Baron Von Hummel, the famous sword-swallower. Mlle. Jevau was accordingly stuffed with sawdust and taken to the carriage shed to furnish preliminary practice for Billy. Baron Von Hummel was likewise stuffed and reserved for the exhibition.

At first, Billy, who had been a quiet, ruminating, unobtrusive goat devoid of any coquettish tendencies, refused to take notice of the Mademoiselle. Wormsley's genius, at length, overcame his natural inclinations. A split hickory stick, fastened to Billy's tail had the desired effect. He worked like a charm. The caste of artists in the Bicycle Club would crawl up in the loft, take balcony seats and watch the practice game. Wormsley would lean Mademoiselle against a barrel and lead Billy in. Billy would back off, paw the floor, shake his little stump of a tail nervously, give two or three baas, as a signal of approaching hostilities, and then charge at full speed. Even an audience of mummies would have laughed themselves into hysterics, had they seen Billy toy with the snake charmer for hours at a time. Only after completely wearing himself out, with no perceptible injury to the Mademoiselle, could Billy be induced to postpone the display of his pugnacious ability until the following day. He became, at last, so misanthropic and devilish that nobody but Wormsley could touch him.

The minstrel rehearsals took place every day for a month. During all this time Wormsley paid most devoted court to Mary Ann Crogan. With him it was a case of love at first sight, and believing that women's affection is best won by lavish expenditure of this world's goods, he invested the major part of his week's earnings in lockets and charms and bottles of cologne and gloves and caramels and what not. Mary Ann was nothing loath to receive his attentions and his gifts; she had learned many years before that a pursuing is a distributing lover. Besides a bottle of lavender salts and a locket containing a coil of Wormsley's hair were sufficient grounds to make the other girls in her class green with envy, and this was a luxury not to be lightly waived aside. Mary Ann was also a shrewd diplomat. She was, at this very time, engaged to Tom McCarty, a freight brakeman, who came home only once in two or three months. This engagement, however, was no embarrassment to Mary Ann. She believed that two lovers could spend more money for her pleasure than one. She considered Wormsley a "mark," and when he declared that she was his "fairy" (her weight was two hundred) and that he couldn't go "tru life widout her," she promptly accepted him too.

The great day of the minstrel performance was at hand. The show made a big hit; every act was a great act. It was now time for the farce, "The Initiation of Dr. Crockus." Wormsley went to the coal shed for Billy.

Now just at that time Mary Ann happened to be emptying feathers from a bolster into a barrel near the kitchen stoop. While Wormsley was procuring Billy, Tom McCarty came around the house, caught sight of his adorable Mary Ann, and thinking himself unobserved, promptly kissed her.



Wormsley saw Tom. Mary Ann saw Wormsley, and to conceal her embarrassment stooped to empty more feathers in the barrel. Billy saw Mary Ann. He mistook her for Mlle. Jevau. His tail waved nervously, he pawed the earth, gave two little baas and charged at full speed. They dug Mary Ann out of the barrel with an ax.

* * * * *

"Why did you assault Mr. McCarty?" demanded Judge Thompson of Wormsley, next morning in Police Court.

"I'll give youse de whole lay, yer Honor;" said Wormsley with the lofty air of a conqueror. "I was bringin' de goat 'round de house for de boys, when I seed de big bloke, wat's got his head tied up over der, kiss Mary Ann. Now maybe he tinks he's a peach, but dey 'aint no feller got no right to kiss de gal but me. She's took. I done axed her, an' she said yis. I scrapp'd wid 'im hard, an' if I sets me blinkers on 'im agin I'll paste 'im one wid a club."

"Sixty dollars and ninety days," roared the Judge.

"Next," called the court bailiff, and Wormsley was led out ignorant of Mary Ann's duplicity.

J. C. A.



“Parting Thoughts.”

FRIENDS, classmates, the time is approaching
When we must say “good bye”;
June is coming and commencement day
Will bid us our own wings try.

The sea of life is spread out before us,
And our feet are on the brink;
Shall we fight our way bravely over the billows
Or fold our arms and sink?

“Life is real, life is earnest,”
And we will do our best
With the help we’ve received at dear “Old Centre”
To prove equal to every test.

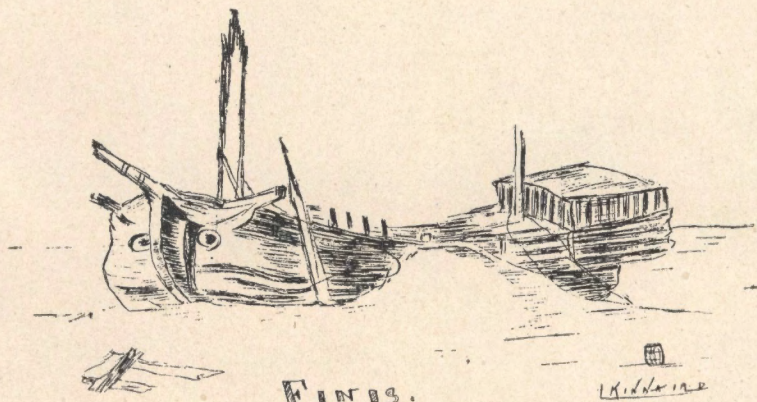
Hope gilds our way like the bright rainbow;
May she ever our hearts sustain,
Till we reach the golden mountain summit,
And youth’s dreams of glory attain.

Our days in College have been many and pleasant;
We love this dear old place,
And the friends who have kindly cheered and helped us,
How we’ll miss each familiar face!

But life is ever, like the seasons, changing,
Greetings and partings must come;
So we’ll treasure and cherish our love for each other
Amid the joys of home, “Sweet Home.”

Yes, when the long days and years are passed,
And we dream of bygone hours;
The thoughts of the friends that we here learned to love,
Will refresh like the breath of flowers.

HENRY S. HALE, JR., C. C., '98.

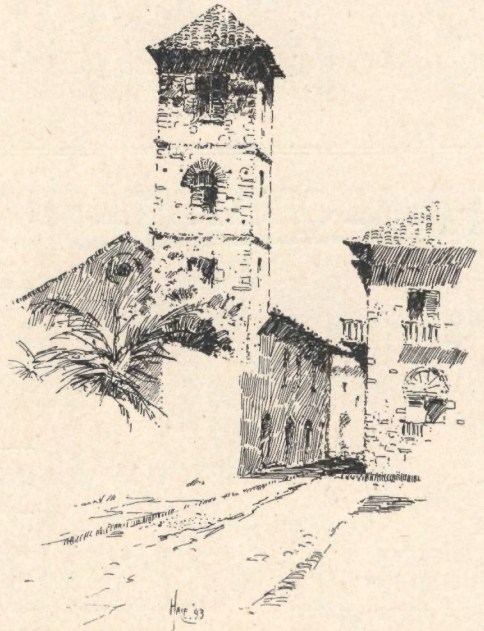


F I N I S .

Kidder




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

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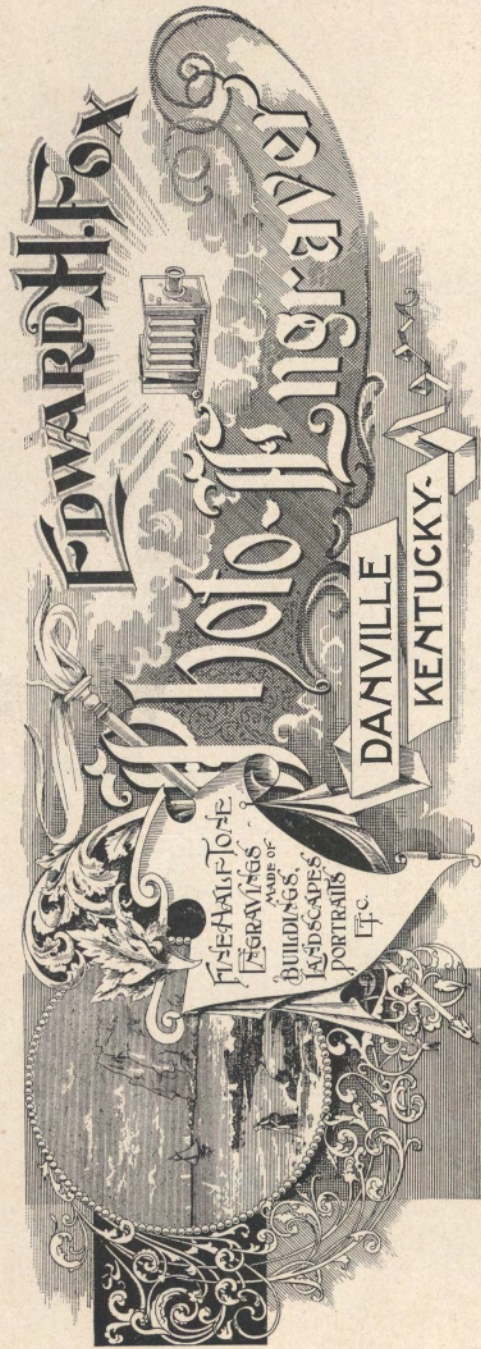
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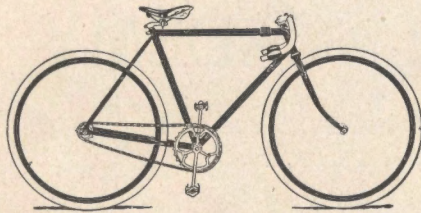
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