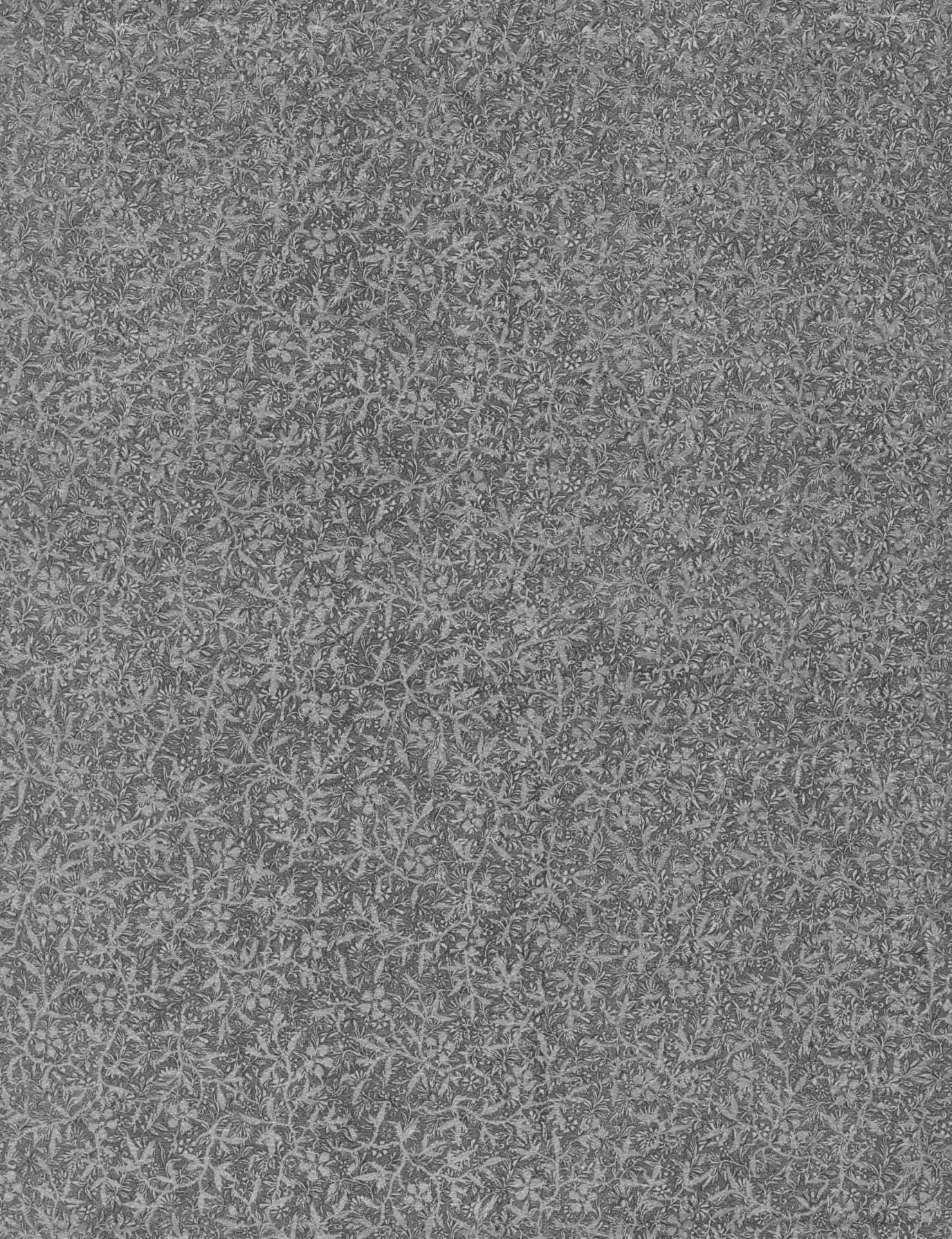
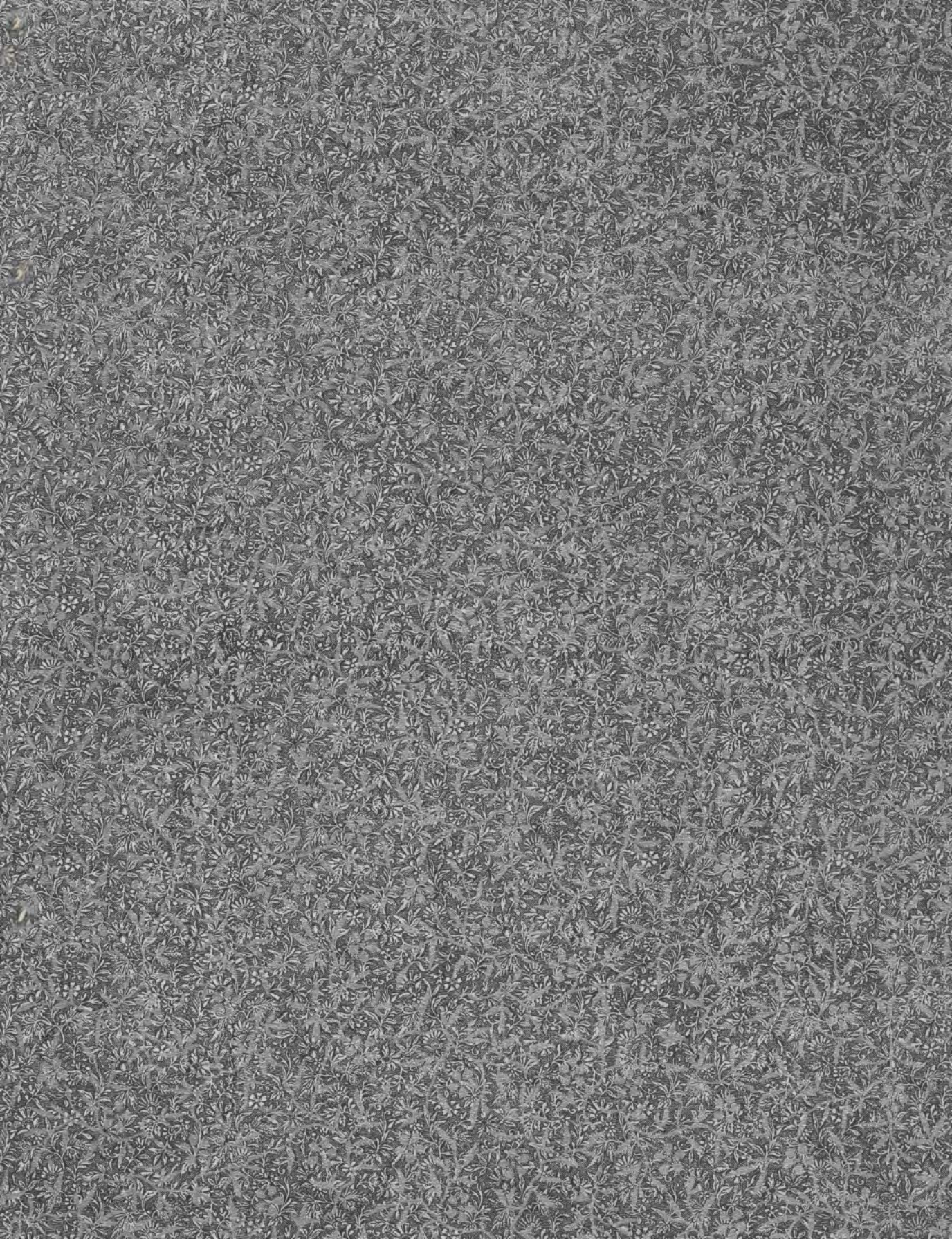


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HENRIE







...“THE ECCENTRIC”...



PUBLISHED
BY THE.....

SENIOR CLASS

....OF....

The Academical Department

....OF....

CENTRE COLLEGE.

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

1897.





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This Pamphlet

IS

GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

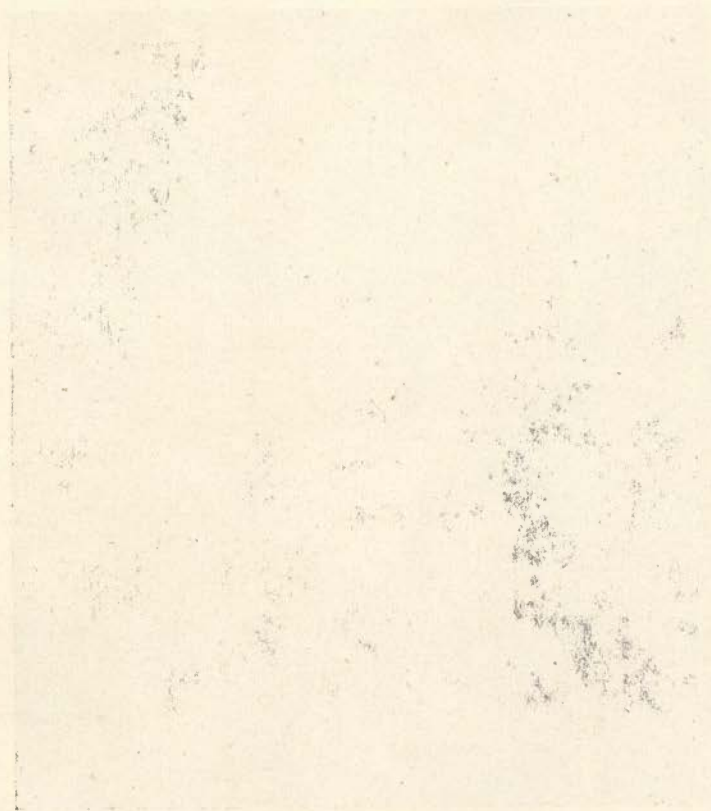
TO OUR

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.



MOTTO.

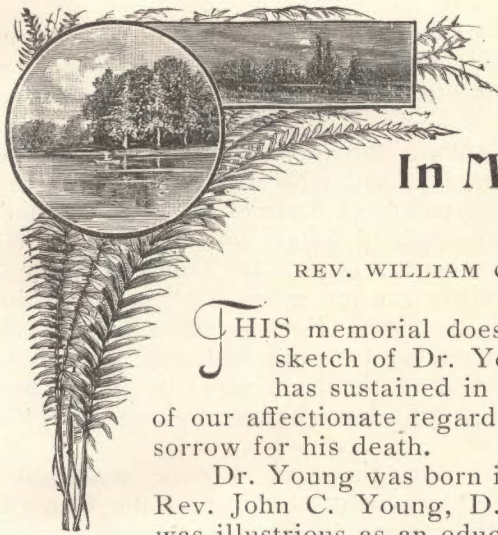
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's
name in print,
A book's a book, although there's
nothing in 't. —*Byron.*





ENGRAVED & PRINTED BY ED. H. FOX, DANVILLE, KY.

William Clark Young, D.D., LL.D.



In Memoriam.

REV. WILLIAM CLARKE YOUNG, D.D., LL.D.

THIS memorial does not claim to be an adequate biographical sketch of Dr. Young, nor an exponent of the loss the college has sustained in his decease; it is merely a simple memento of our affectionate regard for his memory and a token of our abiding sorrow for his death.

Dr. Young was born in Danville, Ky., April 23, 1842. His father, Rev. John C. Young, D.D., a former President of Centre College, was illustrious as an educator and as a preacher, and his name is still venerated wherever the College is known. His mother, in her widowhood, became her son's confidant and counselor, and her fine culture, gracious character and beautiful life made her influence a benediction to the community, and especially to the students.

Dr. Young graduated from Centre College in 1859, and from the Danville Theological Seminary in 1885. In the course of his ministry he occupied the pulpits of important churches in several cities. His first pastorate was in Covington, Ky.; thence he went to Madison, Ind.; thence to Chicago; and, finally, to Louisville, having been the first pastor of the Central Church. His eminent abilities made him popular as a preacher, and his ministry was correspondingly useful.

In 1888 he was called from Louisville to the high duties of the President's chair in Centre College. From the day of his inauguration to the hour of his death, the interests of the College absorbed the energies of his life. With a devotion at once enthusiastic and persistent, he gave himself to the work of more thoroughly equipping the College for an increased and ever-growing usefulness. His plans were far reaching and marked by a hopefulness that nothing could repress. He achieved much in enlarging the endowment and broadening the work of the institution; but, in the ordering of a mysterious Providence, he was not permitted to see his cherished purposes realized. The good he did accomplish will be long and appreciatively remembered by the friends of the College.

In fulfilling his various duties, Dr. Young's justice and firmness commanded the respect of all the students; while his kindness of heart and his personal interest in them won largely their confidence and affectionate regard. By sympathetic advice, and by wise assistance when needed, many difficulties were removed from the path and many burdens lifted from discouraged hearts—deeds of kindness these, that will be always gratefully remembered by their recipients.

In completing this memento, the writer can not do better than to use again the words spoken at the funeral of the beloved President, the service having been held in the Second Presbyterian Church, September 19, 1896. The address was, in part, as follows :

“As a minister, Dr. Young was easily among the foremost preachers of the age. Possessing many of the elements of oratory, and with a mind enriched by wide reading and trained by experience as the pastor of some of the most important churches, his pulpit ministrations were both popular and effective. His sermons were characterized by the most reverent regard for God’s Word and fearless fidelity in its exposition ; while forcible reasoning gave strength to the discourse, and felicitous illustration made it attractive. Perhaps the most marked excellence of his pulpit work was its earnestness—he preached with his whole soul in the subject! As a teacher of homiletics in the Seminary, he was a fine example of the science of sermonizing, and few who have heard him preach could ever forget the living lesson.

In the general affairs of the church, Dr. Young’s services were invaluable. Called to the moderatorship at one of the most important meetings of the General Assembly, his influence gave tone to the deliberations, and led, in large degree, to the right decision of questions of vital interest to the church. In the moderator’s chair, and as a member of many of the influential committees of the General Assembly, Dr. Young ever acquitted himself with distinguished ability.

“As a platform speaker Dr. Young had few equals. Having a memory stored with the treasures of history and general literature, with a ready tact to use these materials and a fire of eloquence that quickly kindled, he was ‘semper paratus,’ and almost never failed to produce telling effect.

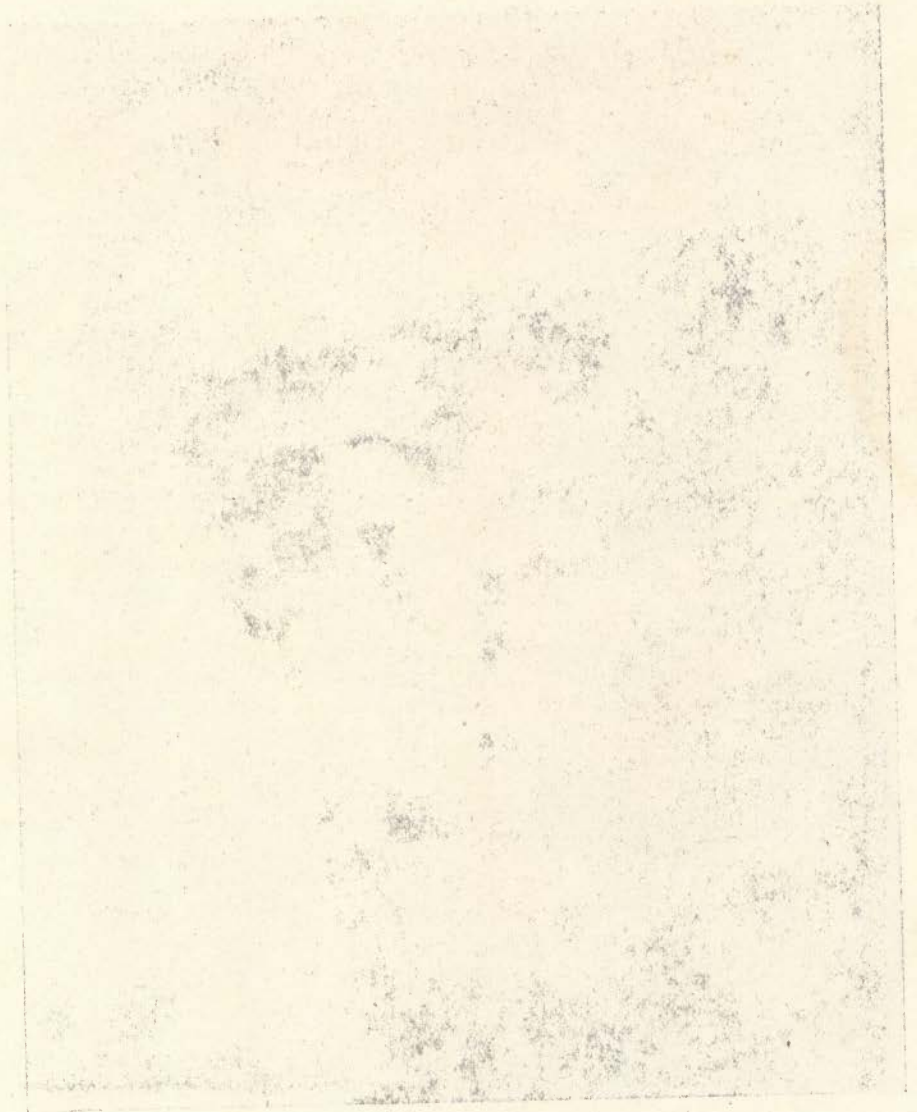
“And now, how shall I speak of the closing scene?

“Addressing the students, as it was his custom to do near the opening of the college year, Dr. Young congratulated them upon their privileges ; warned them of dangers that ensnare and ruin young lives for both the worlds ; urged them to fidelity in all duty ; and pressed upon them the claims of the gospel in reference to the Christian life, saying, ‘This is the most important thing of all.’ Then closing with impressive lines of poetry, which he knew so well how to use, he dismissed them, class by class, with the wave of his hand. Certainly no one present at that address can ever forget the earnestness of its appeal! Withdrawing to Dr. Nelson’s room, where the Committee of Synod was waiting to witness the recitations, Dr. Young took a chair to remain with them. In a few minutes, almost without a moment’s warning, the end came! Overcome by the strain of the address, the heart ceased to do its work—‘the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken!’ Thus, surrounded by friends and pupils, eager but powerless to help, God’s servant died at his post of duty—

‘Without a sigh,
A change of feature or a shaded smile,
He gave his hand to the stern messenger,
And, as a glad child seeks his father’s arms,
Went home.’”

So closed a life which, to our dim vision, seemed unfinished. But faith looks onward to “the glory that shall be revealed,”—there all earth’s enigmas shall be made plain, and that which is here “in part” shall be made “perfect.”

C. B. H. M.





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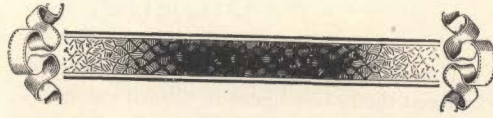
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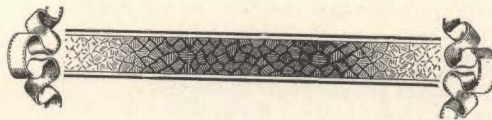
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Prologue.

Whan that the Senior Classe in council mette,
And solemly the question eek was sette,
Bifell it that, acordaunt to resoun,
An annual, it seemed, to send adoun.
They wolde for to tellen all of yowe
Just how in hand they mighten bear the bowe.
So then of all they chose seven and thrye,
To represent ther noble compaignye ;
And now er in this tale I ferther pace,
I wol to tell you each of them his place.

A Critic was ther, and a worthy man,
That, from the time his moustache first bigan,
Was wont to sleep all night, with open eye,
Attendant to the "little things" near bye.
Right sparsely grew his hair, but shaven new
He'd make old Chauncey think he'd met Depew.
Full well he bore him on the speaker's stand,
So many were his tricks by sleight-of-hand ;
For often whan he met-a-phord, with ease
He wende his way on 'bridged similese.

And thereto was One penning Historye,
A talle youngling with a keenes ye,
Who was most like a pyramid, with head
Y-pointing high, and feete broadly spread ;
With seven-leaguee boots and gangling stryde,
He stepped to the town in lytel tide ;
And smoothe as water from a duckes backe
The words fell from his tung withouten slacke.
This editoure, unless my earres errde,
Was cleped worthily by all Huberde.

A Local Man ther was of wyze lookes,
Who loved chivalrye and alle bookes ;
With lamb-like eyes and meek as any mayde,
'He never yet no vileinye ne sayde,'
And tho his faith was tried by smalle frye,
Ther never yet was anger in his eye.
He was a lusty lover of the daunce,
And full of spirits with his deerfoot launce ;
And loving LASSes from the heart to lippe,
He was a verray gentle scothing sippe.



A Ladde was ther, dwelling far by northe,
Who called Social Clubs and Fratdom forthe.
To musen loved he and eek to dreeme,
And sootheless for to speak, he slept a tyme;
For folkes say full oft he calmly nodded,
Tho in his side his girl at churche prodded.
And sweete singing, too, was his delight;
And for to see him at the dead of night,
With sleekly-parted hair and moonward gazing,
A-crooning mellow bass, was sight amazing.


A Little Star ther was, Athletic Sprite,
An honest boy in all his doings white;
And, dressed up in all his Sunday suit,
The maydens say he was the mostest cute.
At tumbling, wrestling, stealing knives and bases,
By all 'tis sayd he was the best of cases.
In tennis he would smilen wicked smyles
Whan saying "fortee love;" and oftenwhiles
Those near him heard him lispig like a dove:
"That stroke was a good one, for-thee love."

A Cook they had with them, an artist meete,
A stronge man both in his arms and feete.
Full faire and slyly could he play footba'le,
And calmly sat atop in everye falle.
His long, mid-parted haire kept his head
Erect and balanced, as the folkes sayd;
A merry minstrel was this luscious lad,
And oft a-serenading gay he gad;
But once, whan plying limbs and lunges quick,
He quit the court, and asked, "Who t'rowed dat brick?"

Three men ther war to mind ther business,
Who begged money (they were pennyles),
And by ther lowly walk and piteous cries
Ther were in college realms no smother guys;
And yet 'twas thought by some they once were tony,
For every one could knightly ride a pony.

These were the patriots that all forsook,
And bound themselves to fylle up this book;
And now, ye martyrs, read our stories welle,
Our Prologue ends; ther is namore to telle.

Requirements for Admission.

HE applicant for matriculation in the Freshman class must stand at least three feet in his shoes, (this is better than to stand two feet in the socks, for it is considered less painful to have the sole pressed than to have it ground.) His delight should be in paddling through muddy lanes; but, if he does not find this operation a pleasant pastime, he should be gifted in the art of blazing a new path, as the campus affords excellent facilities for the exercise of this faculty. The candidate must present satisfactory evidence of good moral character and manifest a consuming passion to obey the Trustee Rules of Order and to assist the faculty in brawn and brain to their proper enforcement. It is expected that his brain-pan be a boundless cistern draining every well-spring of knowledge in the universe; that his tongue be of burnished silver, socketed in unadulterated wisdom and oiled with the unrestrained flow of honeyed eloquence; that his arms be buttresses of steel capable of withstanding the onslaught of the combined forces of antiquity; that he should have cheeks of unalloyed brass, and an untiring constitution incapable of slumber; that he should be deaf, dumb and blind to feminine charms; that the professor's kick should seem a blessing, and the didactic desk his altar.

The candidate is requested to answer the following queries:

I. Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

II. How old are you?

III. Are you married? If so, why?

IV. Do you like your roommate?

V. Have you been homesick?

VI. Have you ever attempted suicide? If not, you will.

VII. Is your hearing good?

VIII. Are you color-blind? If so,

1. Were you ever greener than now?

2. Do you ever have the blues?

3. Were you ever red with shame?

4. Were you ever white with rage, or fear?

5. Have you ever shone yellow?

The candidate is expected to be prepared upon the following topics:

I. GRAMMAR.

The applicant must be able to detect the voice, mood, tense, number and person of any verb and of each professor. All of these are invariable, and the mood is directly proportional to the first impress; so that the case of the student is determined by the mood of the professor. It is also to be noted that the passive voice is more effective than the active, as it is in the former that all naughts are recorded.

The importance of cultivating the faculty of developing a single idea is to be insisted upon; for, if the student has but one, it will stand him in good stead not to decline this means of escape. It is also necessary to be able to form meaningless compounds out of simple and complex ideas, and to employ words of five or six syllables and jaw-breaking combinations.

II. ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

It is desirable that there should be a growing intimacy between the student and such principles as these:

The reduction of admanicular evidence on the part of the adolescent to a formularized statement of irresistible perspicacity and evident incontrovertibility, in order to substantiate the ephemeral allegation of inevitable, temporary indisposition, and incidentally and consequentially to disguise his auscultation to the enchanting bewitcheries of femininity, and to effectuate the peremptory devervescence of the professoriate.

The manipulation of unknown quantities in simple equations.

The ratio of interest displayed in the welfare of the professor's family, *before* examinations, to that manifested *after* them. It is something like this:

† Interest before: interest after : : ∞ : * ? ! !

Radical change in the conduct of a promiscuous Freshman, who imagined himself an exponent of wisdom and a coefficient of higher powers before the descent of a pail of $*\text{H}_2\text{O}$ from a second-story window upon his silken shreds, instilled into him the fundamental principles of liquid measure.

The profit and loss in using two-lip salve on boot-prints.

Solve the following problems:

1. What is the second college term in a decreasing arithmetical series when the first term is flunk and the common difference is degrees of vacuity? Ans. Trunk.

2. Common difference, one inch; middle term, five feet; number of terms, 38; find the extremes. Ans., Best Jack.

3. If A looks up the words and B does the translating, what is each partner's share in the mark gained? Ans., See Report.

4. A and B are two squares apart. A starts out to meet B at the rate of four squares a minute; B, seeing A coming, turns away from A and moves at the rate of three squares a minute. At the end of two squares, A becomes weary and stops to rest. B, seeing A resting, goes back toward him at the rate of four squares a minute till reaching him, and then moves on at the rate of two squares a minute. After A has gotten one square away, B resumes suit at the rate of five squares a minute. If, after catching up, they move on parallel at the rate of one square a minute, and at the end of five squares collide and rest, of what gender is B? Ans., Common (otherwise known as feminine).

III. GEOGRAPHY.

The topography of Center College is a subject of unvarying interest and deepest importance. Her broad, level plains, resounding with the tumultuous uproar of contending legions; her quiet, sequestered vales, wrapped in the swaying bluegrass; her peaceful nooks and crannies echoing with the rollicking laughter of the mischievous spring as its babbles its tale to the listening locusts;

† This is a proportion in which the third term is the sign of infinity. * The chemical equation of water.

her wide-spread lawns, fashioned with a lavish hand; her wooded parks, whose broad bosom swells to the harmonies of the full-throated songsters; her battle-scarred ramparts whose walls tell the mute story of a generation that's gone; her winding paths that creep around among the trees with the silent, unobtrusive tread of Genius, present but unperceived,—all, all whisper to the attentive ear that Nature was in a poetic mood when she passed this way. Oh, dull slumbering youth, is not thy fancy fired with the conception when thou thinkest of that pool and those walks and those new buildings that are to be? Ah, youth, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

IV. HISTORY.

The student must be thoroughly familiar with a complete and detailed account of the Rise and Progress of the Class of '97. He must be familiar with its essential characteristics, the fundamental quintessence of its superiority over all other classes, the causes of its phenomenal success, and the wide swath it has cut in local and national history.

The Rotten Egg Rebellion and Bombshell Fiasco of '95.

Fraternity Anarchism, including the Burial Scene in the knobs, the thrilling Race for Life, and the Torpedo Turncoat.

A brief summary of the steps toward liberty taken by the Senior Class of '97, including their German Petition, their Assertion of the Rights of Free Speech, and their Logic Farewell.

V. LATIN.

Jones' "Outdoor Amusements."

Caesar's "De Bello Gallico," or "A Scientific Investigation of the Advantages and Disadvantages of College and Class Yells for Girls."

Virgil's "I Need," or "Essay on Poverty."

VI. GREEK.

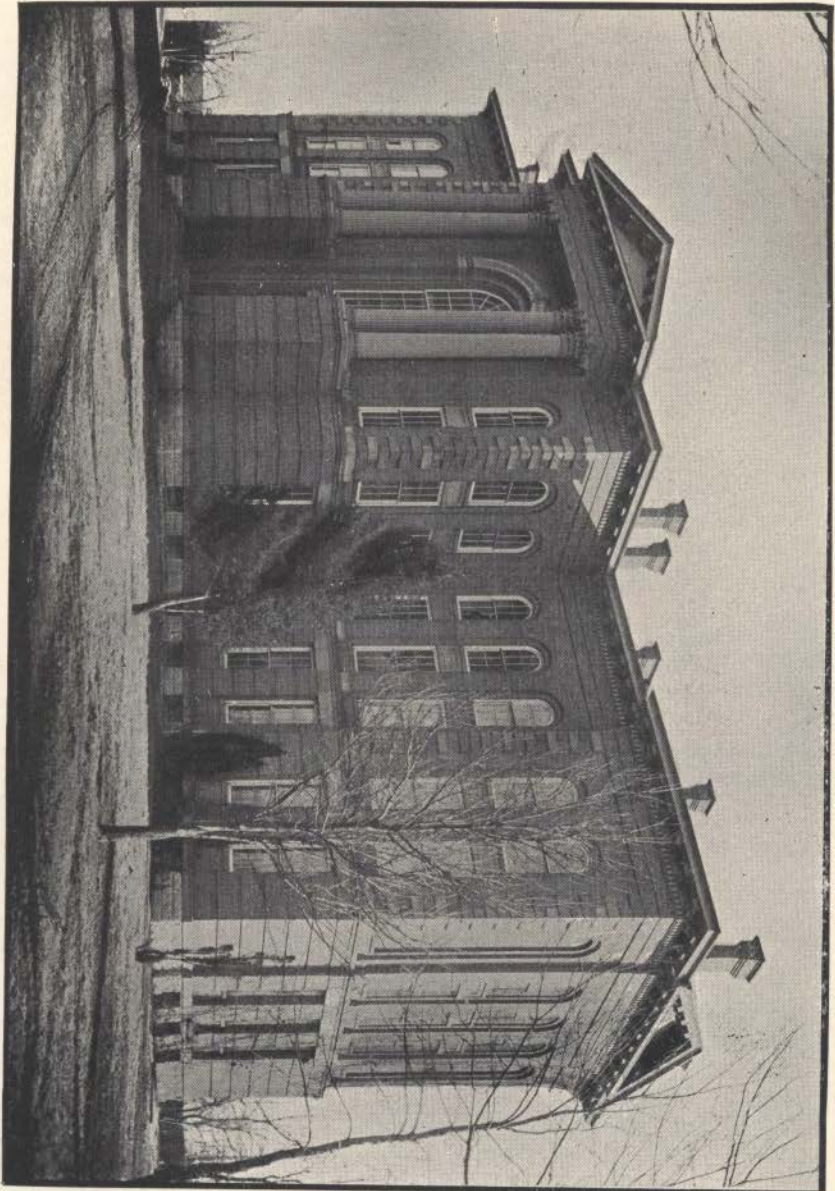
Grammar and composition, including brogue, or accent.

Xenophon's "Anna Basis," or "A Treatise on the Evolution of Common Feminine Names.

In V and VI are found splendid examples of oxymoron, "Dead Greek," being on the same order as "horribly beautiful," "bitter sweet," "cruel kindness," "laborious idleness." If this be not the explanation of "dead languages," then they are awful lively corpses,

"Who being dead, yet speak."





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MAIN BUILDING

Courses of Instruction.

I. ENGLISH.

MOTTO: "The true use of speech is not so much to express our thoughts as to conceal them."

It is confidently expected that the graduate in this department shall find himself capable of translating any ordinary passage of *Centriana* into English. It is, in fact, contended by many phrenologists that this is a dialect of English. On the contrary, it is urged by others that *Centriana* is the parent tongue, because:

1. The simpler roots are found in *Centriana*; *e. g.*:

gym=English, gymnasium.
chem= " chemistry.
exam= " examination.
lab= " laboratory.
nit= " not-at-all.

2. The literal is apt to become metaphorized in English; *e. g.*; jack, or pony-English, translation.

3. Onomatopoeia occurs in *Centriana*; as flunk (fail) which is suggestive of a bull-frog leaping into the pool of oblivion; cut ("The frivolous work of polished idleness") which might be called the heliotrope act, as the student "turns" his smiling visage toward the "sunny," sympathetic woodland.

The product of this department is the walking talking-machine, by whose trained action in opposition to feminine loquacity, a moderate degree of silence is attained.

II. MATHEMATICS.

SENTIMENT:

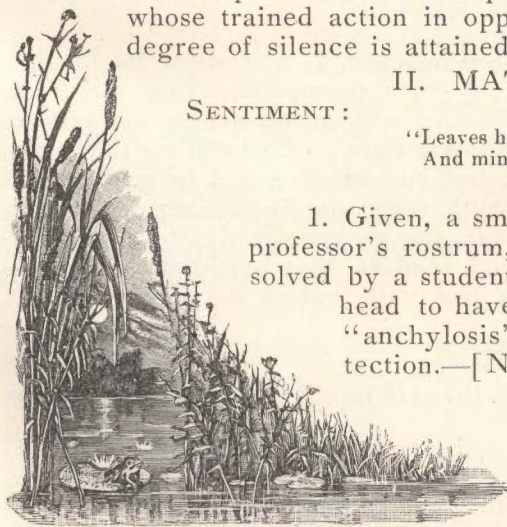
"Leaves have their time to fall,
And mingle with the dust along the trough."

EXAMPLES.

1. Given, a small bench, having the same height as the professor's rostrum, and also a problem in analytics to be solved by a student 5 ft. 6 in. high: supposing the instructor's head to have a lateral range of 3 ft., find the angle of "an chylosis" which will insure the student against detection.—[NOTE: Observe the plumbline rule.—ED.]

Only an innocent Freshman;
Only a winsome old maid;
Only a pocket-book blighted;
Only a "ship" in the trade.

Find the angle of depression.



III. GREEK.

ECHO: "*Silence is golden.*"

'Twas on a quiet September's eve. The twilight was just spreading its shadowy pinions over wood and water. The distant treetops down through long drawn vistas were swaying their dim outlines in gentle motion, like fairies in their fantastic Farandoles. Out upon the dusky bosom of the lake, that nestled among the hills, there floated alone among the broad, green leaves a white waterlily. The moon rose slowly. A gentle zephyr stirred the water into rhythmical waves. The spray from my oar danced and quivered in the soft moonlight. And as my bark glided slowly on, the stars twinkled, the moon shone, the lake trembled, but no sound of man or bird or beast then reached my ear. Midway I stopped and gazed upon the scene, and as I was watching the circles from my last stroke widening toward the shore, I descried in the dim distance a dark object floating aimlessly about. I resumed rowing and as I came alongside, I found that it was an unoccupied boat of two seats. As I was gazing at this mysterious vessel wondering what it meant, a strange sound caught my ear—the sound of a woman's groan. My breath stopped, my heart beat quick and fast, and as I listened it came again—and again, that gruesome noise! Presently my soul grew more assured, and, convinced that it was a woman in distress, I rowed in the direction of the sound. As I approached the shore, there lay a girl, young and beautiful. Her face was swollen, and a tear glistened on her upturned cheek. Her golden hair lay a disheveled mass upon the grass. When she saw me drawing near, she gave a shriek and fell into a dying swoon, muttering: "Perfidy, perfidy, 9, 11—'99!" At her last breath, her hand relaxed, and there fell out upon the ground a slip of paper which read:

"DANVILLE, KY., 9-11.

Dearest Helen:

I'm not prepared to-day. '99."

After months of research into this mysterious case, I, a reporter for the EC-CENTRIC, am enabled to make the following true statement: That maid was Greek. In that boat (called "Translation") she was rowed across the lake of the Freshman Year by the Class of '99. Many a time and oft during that year, that class had promised to wed fair Helen; but just as often had he put her off, saying, "I'm not prepared to-day." At length when on September 11 (9-11), he had come up with the same old statement, she gave up in despair, and perished before my eyes. And yet to-day, kind readers, that perfidious Class has the audacity to make sport of her remains, and calls out in devilish glee that, "Greek is dead!"

IV. LATIN.

MOTTO: "Samivel, Samivel, bevare of the vidders!" Cicero's Oration on the two pairs of breaches—

1. Using the library.
2. Walking on the grass.
3. Not laughing at jokes.
4. Having a private opinion.

Cicero's Love Letters, edited by an old sweetheart.

Cicero's "Am I a Kitty?" or "A Feline Soliloquy."
Livy's pamphlet on "How Not To Do It."
Tacitus on "How to Treat Your Father-in-law."
Horace's "Artistic Method of Dressing Skeletons."

V. PSYCHOLOGY.

Such pertinent questions as these are discussed:
Where is the Freshman's brain, in his heel or head?
Is the Sophomore conscious that he's not the only toad in the puddle?
Has the Junior two canceling brains?

VI. CHEMISTRY.

SENSE: "Here were two and seventy stinks and several well-defined stenches." The object of this course is to intensify the sense of smell, to inform the pupil how to dodge oval forms of H_2S (the chemical formula for sulphurous acid), and to enable him to hoax gullible farmers.

VII. GEOLOGY.

There never was a beginning. Evolution began. Molecules appearing evolved protoplasm, and rythmic thrills made light. Creeping things were evolved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion. A monkey lost his tail, and became Charles Darwin, and behold it was very good.

VIII. ASTRONOMY.

Unlike ordinary stars, the stars of the Class of '97 shine with brilliance that increases as the distance from the eye of the observer. When some are close, it requires a telescope to detect their light.

IX. GERMAN.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Das ich so traurig bin;
Ein Marchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

X. FRENCH.

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

The purpose is, to think accurately about everything by thinking accurately about nothingness; to talk indefinitely and entertainingly and say nothing in particular.

XI. CIVICS.

Such questions as the following are considered:

Fire, as a medium of ex-change.

The advantage of having wages and marks proportional to the heat of the sun, in springtime.

XII. LOGIC.

A SYLLOGISM: An undistributed middle produces a fallacy.

Fat men have an undistributed middle.

ergo—Fat men are fallacies.

XIII. PHYSICS.

Matter is inert, except around a hornet's nest.

If two forces act upon a boy, he loses no time in tracing the diagonal of the parallelogram—with heel dust.

Two girls on the string are an hymenial couple which produces capital and pecuniary rotation in the masculine wire-puller.

The moment of a hug is determined by the absence of others and the intensity of the arm.

XIV. ELOCUTION.

The only way to find out just what is accomplished in this department, is to fix up a lunch and some flowers, come at daybreak and get you a seat, open your mouth, eyes and ears, and watch "old '97" spread the eagle this commencement.







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HISTORY.

COLLEGE YELL.


Rackity, Cax, Coax, Coax!

Rackity, Cax, Coax, Coax!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Centre! Centre! Rah, Rah, Rah!





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ALFRED BRIERLEY NELSON, A.M., M.D.
Professor of Mathematics.

JOHN W. REDD, A.M.¹
Professor of Greek Language and Literature ; Secretary of Faculty.

SAMUEL ROBERTSON CHEEK, A.M.
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT, LL.D.
Professor of Law, Civics and Economics.

ROBERT POWELL JACOBS, LL.D.
Professor of Law.

JOHN WATSON YERKES, A.M., LL.D.
Professor of Law.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS WAGER, A.B., Ph.D. (Yale.)²
Professor of English Language and Literature.

RICHARD OAKLEY STILLWELL, M.E.
Professor of Chemistry and Physics.

M. DOUGLAS FLATTERY, M.G.
Professor of Physical Culture.

* Deceased.

¹ Acting Professor of German.

² Acting Professor of French.



CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

Boy, pull yo' chair up nigh, an' blow dat can'le out;
Jes' stir dat fire a leettle—shove yo'se'f about;
Go fetch dat pipe an' chair yo' gran'pap useter hab;
An' lemme drap a fac' or two, an' plug yo' gab.

De days ob miracules am gone, like all de pas';
Yo' got to take yo' grubbin' hoe, an' swing it fas'.
De time w'en possums, watermillions, an' de like
All rained an' fell, is trabbelin' down de tother pike.

Dar ain't a bit ob use in spekerlatin' how
Yo's gwine to get yo' milk, unless yo' milk de cow;
An' ef yo' sees a bull, with bizness in his eye,
Yo' better jump de fence befo' yo' argefy.

Dar ain't a bit ob sense in buttin' 'gin' success;
Yo' git dumphuzzled in de middle ob a mess;
Fur ef you see a snake a-stickin' up his head,
Yo' better 'low him all de road, jes' 'cause he's dead.

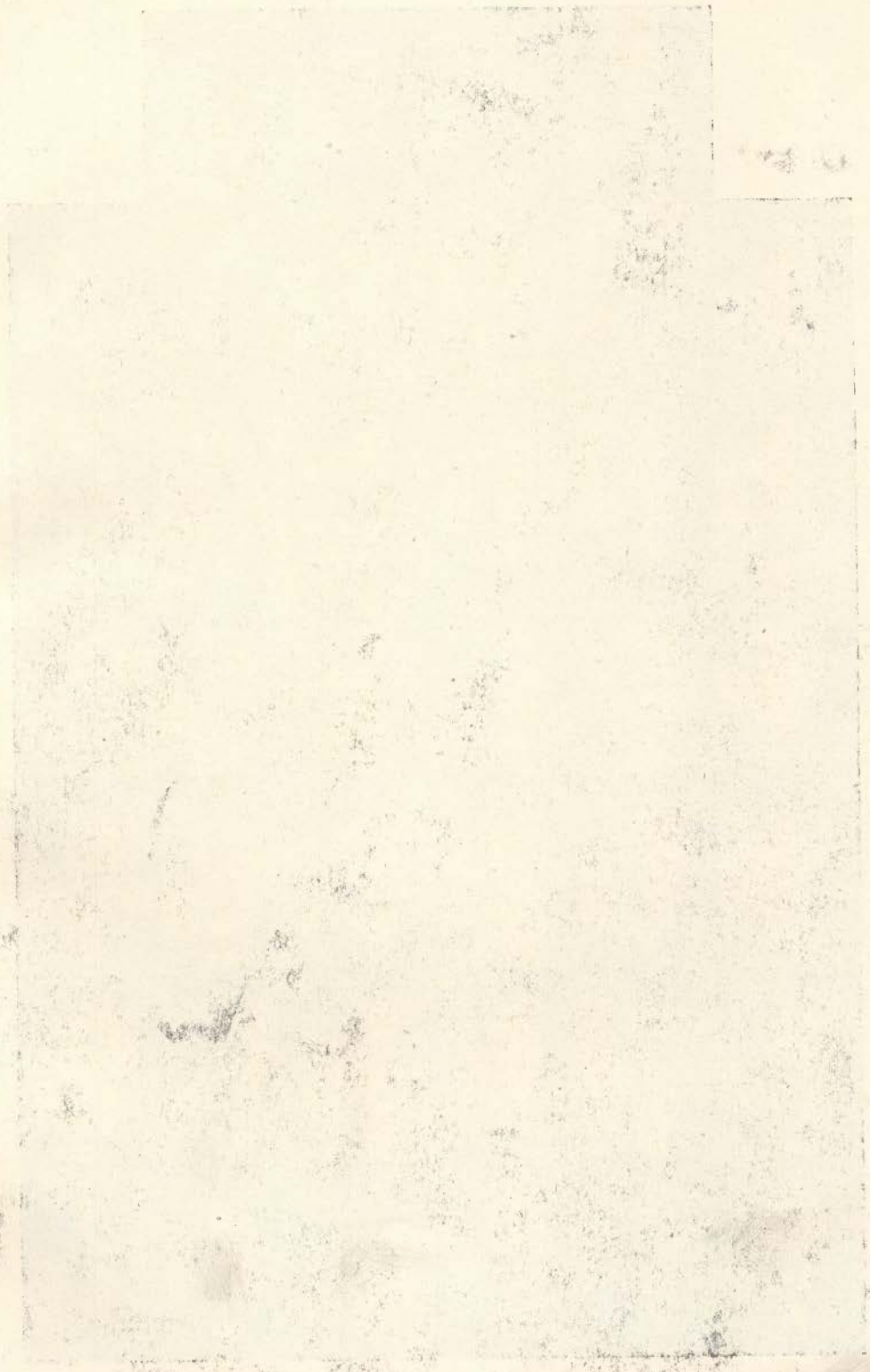
De man what's most obligin' sometimes leeb's his debts;
De foolish lookin' man don't allers lose his bets.
An' ef I had to mourn the death ob any mule,
I'd stan' in front ob him— not nigh his hindmost tool.

De man what shouts de loudest at de meetin'-house
Don't allers hab in Heben de seat dat he allows.
De maid what talks an' smiles so sweet, when you is *dere*,
Don't allers stop her talk an' smiles when yo' is *here*.

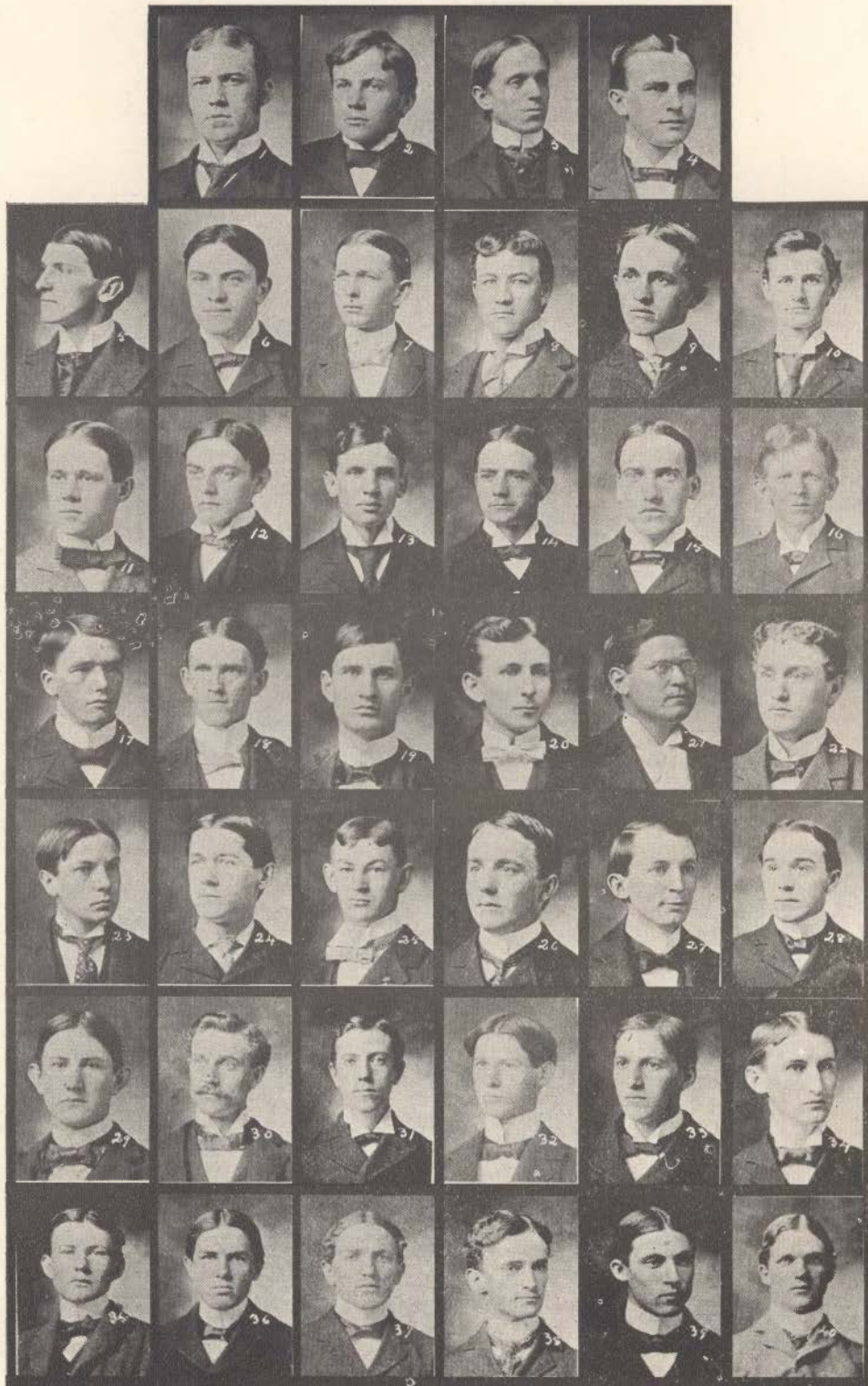
Now, ef you follow 'zactly what de ole man said,
Yo'll be a rich man—But de moon is oberhead!
I'll yank a big fat turkey; you kin hook a ham;
An' ef dat 44 don't hit—Law, chile, we'll cram!

M. L. R.

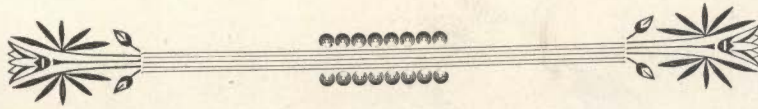




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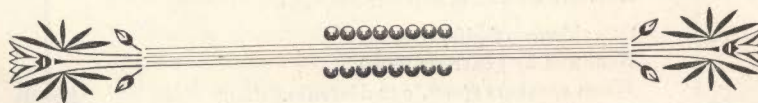


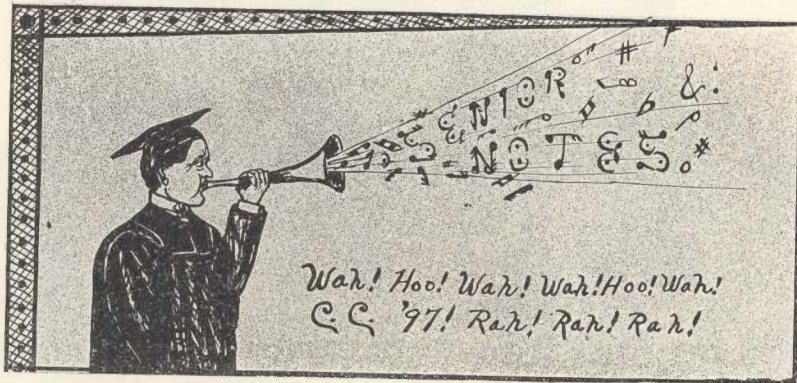
SENIOR CLASS.



Senior Register.

1. Elmer Allen Bess
2. Spencer Best
3. Peyton Bryson Bethel
4. Samuel Pointer Bradley
5. Archie Rue Cook
6. Hardin Craig
7. Daniel Jackson Curry
8. Lucien Brown Dickerson
9. William Reed Embry
10. Clarence Harper Ferran
11. George Kingsland Fisher
12. Edward Flaig
13. Sylvanus Macaulay Gillam
14. Hart Goodloe
15. Aylmer Brooks Gould
16. George Arthur Gray
17. Thomas Armstrong Hendricks
18. Leslie Horace Hudson
19. John Davis Jackson
20. Samuel Ross Kerr
21. George Walton King
22. Hugh Jackson Mann
23. Robert Emmet Mars
24. Joseph McAlister
25. Emmett Field McElroy
26. Carl Jacob McKnight
27. Carl Mize
28. Harvey Lucius Montgomery
29. Samuel Harding Nichols
30. Arthur McPherson Parrett
31. McKendree Llewellyn Rancey
32. Hubert Gibson Shearin
33. William Hereford Smith
34. Marcus Henry Spaulding
35. William Boone Stanfield
36. Lyne Starling
37. Alexander Gordon Sulser
38. Huston Taylor
39. Martin Nathan Welch
40. George Winston Welsh





Our work is done, our trophies won,
 The hunt for money for diplomas has begun.
 So the office I hold is to toot out bold
 Our various virtues manifold.

With Saxon blood we've oft withstood
 Rush-lines firm as Birnam wood.
 Music of the spheres has charmed our ears,
 As tennis, foot- or base-ball claimed our cheers.

On Field Day, too, we win the blue;
 At each hard trial our courage we renew.
 Pole-vaults' height and broad-jumps' flight
 Our champion clears with sinewed might.*

O'er Time and Space we gain the race,
 Till each humiliated hides its face.
 Old records break, laurels take,
 New ones and '97's glory make.

We've never fought more than we ought;
 Only once, when the Sophies thought
 To have some fun, and one by one
 They bucked us Freshmen, then undone.

But soon, not so, for in a row
 We fell like fury on our foe!
 "Triumph is ours, by the infernal powers!"
 We cried, as we poured on blows in showers.

Ere blood was shed, with stealthy tread
 Came Jackie, and victory was his instead.
 Now, take care, be only fair,
 And don't think brawn our only share

Of evidence of gifts of sense
 Bestowed by generous Providence.
 When speakers spout, our deafening shout
 Shows '97's man has won the bout

Copyright secured.



Where wreathed rounds of long-drawn sounds,
Though senseless oft, the victor crowns.*
In calm debate, as sure as fate,
We bind our foe at rapid rate

With logic's chain, that he may strain
Till his muscles burst, but all in vain.
All but a few society do,
And each will die, like a cavalier true,

For a single hair of his lady fair—
Though perhaps she's a thousand and one to spare.
I didn't tell all; there's *another* "ball,"
Played at night in the dancing-hall.

The stakes are hearts, which our wily arts
Can win without aid of Cupid's darts.
You'll doubtless say we pass away
Our time in nothing but pleasure and play.

To prove you wrong, I'll continue my song—
If it hasn't jarred your ears already too long.
For young and unbroke, and unused to the yoke,
My Pegasus wild will need Charity's cloak

The ruin to hide that our mad ride
In Poetry's garden has spread far and wide.
A warning word ne'er long deferred
Eight times our pocket-book nerves has stirred :

"To-morrow go to the Room Below;
The Treasurer will be there, so don't be slow."
(Scared Freshmen flush—an awful hush
Prevails.) "Come early, to avoid the rush."

We study, too; though strange to you
It seems, perhaps, 'tis only true.
Of course, not much—our tastes ain't such—
But just enough to get our clutch

On that sheepskin that we have been
For four long years at work to win.
Our course will do for '98, too;
We haven't worn it out—it's good as new.

We've acted right, and touched it light,
And haven't gobbled up with all our migh',
Like a greedy bear, more than our share
Of the sweet-meats of learning dainty and rare.

Now thirty or more at Commencement's door
We stand, presumably stuffed with lore;
All eager to show how much we know.
So look out in June for some pretty big "blow."

—H. G. SHEARIN, Tooter-in-Chief.



* "Solecisms are found on the pages of the best writers."—*Kellogg's Rhetoric*, p. 141



Class Officers.

I. J. HEIZER, President.

P. D. BLACK, Treasurer.

CLASS YELL.

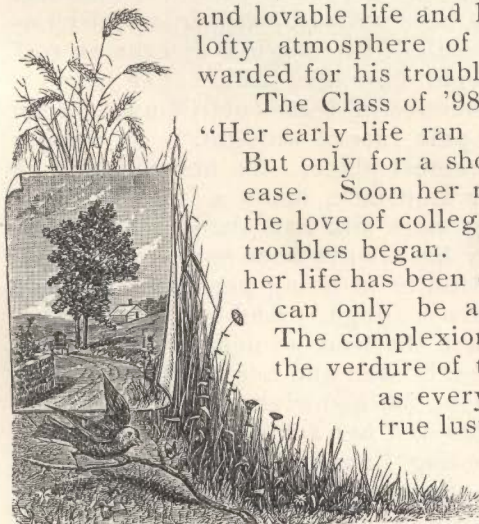
Hoop, Lah, Hah! Hoop, Lah, Hah! C. C. '98, Rah, Rah, Rah!

JUNIOR HISTORY.

Long established custom makes the appearance of some kind of preface an essential to any work of great public worth. Partly out of respect for this custom and partly as an apology to the reader for condensing so much matter into such a little space, a few preparatory words are written. As we recede from our college days and history takes the place of tradition, we treasure more and more anxiously all the seeds of information concerning the men whose names stand prominently on the records of those days.

The task of a class historian, while it is a labor of love, is a difficult one. To record the great events of history, or those involving communities or states, where there may be a common estimate or a general unanimity of sentiment, is an easy and agreeable work. But with the history of individuals it is different, as the niche every man occupies in the world is not so much a matter of general consent. Probably no college in the South is more interesting from an historical point of view than Centre, and certainly the Class of '98 deserves mention as one of the most distinguished and honored that has ever graced her walls. Could the writer, in so little space, portray the continuous chain of her loving and lovable life and lift the reader, for a time, into the pure and lofty atmosphere of her heart and mind, he would be amply rewarded for his trouble.

The Class of '98 was born on the 12th of September, 1894. "Her early life ran quiet as the brook by which she sported." But only for a short space of time was she destined to enjoy her ease. Soon her members began to be incited by ambition, by the love of college honors and notoriety, and from that hour her troubles began. From the first class election to the present day her life has been one of many vicissitudes, the gravity of which can only be appreciated by one who has witnessed them. The complexion of '98, at this period of her life, resembled the verdure of the autumn fields from which she sprang. But as every jewel requires some polishing to produce its true lustre, so the dazzling brilliancy of '98 was, at this time, hidden beneath its temporary veil. But under the action of the numerous influences brought upon it, her veil was suddenly lifted

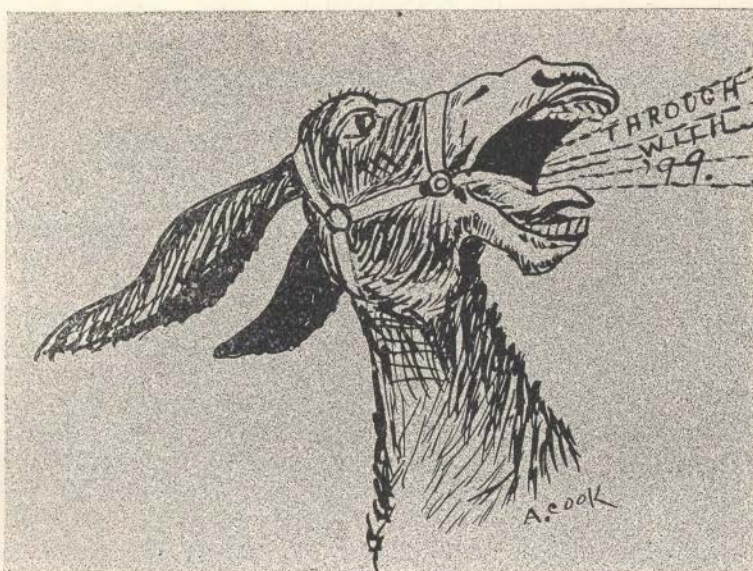


and '98 was presented to view in her true colors, an example for all and the pet of the faculty. Never since the Class of '55 has one been so distinguished in the classroom. Ever studious, attentive and gentlemanly, she was the pride of every professor. Never was a class so dear to the kind-hearted professor as the Greek Class of '98. Reduced to the lowest number ever on the roll, this small but distinguished wing of the class, gaining new strength after each rebuff, toiled through two years of unspeakable torture, only to emerge in the end victorious but much emaciated. No eccentricities of manner or vagaries of temper have ever been able to intimidate her. Early in her career she became overpowered by the many attractions of the Golden Rule and the "Golden Mean." With what patience has she listened, day after day, to those windy dissertations on the "little Sabine farm," or with an indulgent smile greeted the oft-repeated joke.

The moral character of '98 is equally as irreproachable. In spite of the fact that almost half of her members hail from the walls of the Seminary, her general character is above censure. It has been through her instrumentality that the moral atmosphere of Centre College is so pure, her code of honor so high. Without her aid the Y. M. C. A. could never have become what it is. The demure and Christian demeanor of her members has caused an unprejudiced onlooker to style her "an oasis in a desert of irreverence." Out of the eight oratorical contests held since her birth, '98 men have won four first and two second honors. She has had four men on the Varsity foot-ball team and three on the base-ball team. Her class teams have always been objects of envy and admiration to her opponents.

But as nothing is absolutely perfect, so '98 has her little defects. One of the most lamentable traits in her character is the pronounced inclination toward matrimony. Already she has lost five men through elopements, three of them with Danville girls. Needless to say this is the favorite class with the local matrons. Two men have left here for the stage, while five have strayed away from "circumstances over which they had no control." Over half the original Freshman roll has been dropped, and yet her number is larger now than then. The new recruits, as they came in, acting under the influence of their environments, soon became, like the others, "sicklied over by the pale cast of thought." In society circles, '98, as in everything else, holds the foremost place. On her roll may be found many a Ward McAllister, many a Beau Lovelace, many a Lord Chesterfield. Her members have the honor of wearing more silk hats than all the other classes in college. Her feeling toward the faculty has always been one of reverence. She appreciates only too well her golden opportunity in being permitted to study under such men as compose the faculty of Centre College. And it is her one regret that her college life is so nearly ended and the time so near at hand when those ties, so dear to every college man, will be broken and her members "scattered like chaff before the wind." In conclusion, the historian, while he regrets that space is lacking for a detailed history of '98 and her achievements, still will be amply rewarded if by these few unpretending lines he renders her name a little dearer to her friends or more honored among those that never knew her.

J. McCLUSKY BLAYNEY, JR., Historian.



Class Officers.

OMAR FAULKNER, President.

W. C. LEDYARD, Vice-President.

CHENAULT HUGUELY, Secretary.

H. C. ROGERS, Treasurer.

CLASS YELL.

Rackity, Hackity; Wah, Hoo, Wah! C. C. '99, Rah, Rah, Rah!

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.



The *wise* Soph! We of '99 do not maintain that this epithet is given to convey an idea of the profundity of Sophomorical wisdom, but are content, rather, to admire the use of this adjective, not so much for its truthfulness as for its value in strengthening the figure and bringing out on a ripe, yellow background, as it were, the native greenness of the Fresh.

Immediately at the rise of this most prosperous school year we gathered together for the purpose of electing a President, and Omar Faulkner was pointed out to the fates. At the same time the rumor was circulated that Harry Rogers was about to run for the office of Treasurer, and he was successful, for report does not always err; it sometimes even secures an election. The class also received as its Vice-President Walter C. Ledyard, a lad of rare ability, and Chenault Huguely as its Secretary. Under the leadership of these gentlemen we have spent the year most happily, as Joe Faulconer and the guying of the Fresh have daily increased the felicity of the times.

Not long after the election, as we entered Dr. Nelson's room, we found the windows wide open. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "I've been airing the room out—the Freshman Class has just been in here!"

One day as I approached a group of Sophs, among whom were Robinson, the Moore brothers and Mayes, I heard Joe Faulconer relating some of his experiences in the knobs. Said he: "One time I was travelling in the knobs. It's a fearful healthy country down there—they have to kill somebody to start a grave-yard. I met an old man who looked like he might be a thousand years old and weigh five hundred pounds. I asked him if it wasn't a healthy country. He says: 'You bet. I weighed only eight pounds when I came here.' Says I: 'Reckon that was a good while ago.' Says he: 'See that knob yonder?' I says 'Yes.' 'Well,' says the old knobite, 'that was a sink-hole in the ground when I came here!'"

With such pleasantries, together with regularly applied (more or less so in the case of some us) doses of learning, we eked out a meager existence till Christmas, when each one, picturing the days of pleasure in store for him, retired early, and, as he huddled up against the radius, ulna and phalanges of Morpheus, whispered in the darkness: "Joy, in company with the six o'clock train, cometh in the morning."

During the holidays Isaacs was often seen at the "Club House" (alias Palace Hotel), wandering about like one in a dream, weeping bitterly, and when requested to give an account of himself, exclaimed: "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!" Poor fellow, he was sadly feeling the lack of his prunes and oatmeal.

Returning to school after the holidays, we gave our various excuses for slight delays, and some said one thing and some another. And right here I might tell you what kept Frank Taylor at Carlyle, and the Lafon boys and Riker at Harrodsburg, but as they themselves found it by no means easy to explain, I find it still harder.

During the winter term some of us became powerfully athletic and frequented the "bar-room" daily. Among those especially athletic must be mentioned Daniel, Mustaine, Norwood and Shears. These Sophs, at the gymnastic tournament, electrified by the presence of the spectators, accomplished feats which they had repeatedly attempted in vain.

Almost daily at this season of the year might Dr. Nelson, with perfect propriety, have said, as he saw Yerkes' figure gliding through the door, soon followed by that of Minnich, "Nothing but leaves!"

So passed the winter away, and as the spring term approached, a meeting having been called in the gymnasium, Overstreet was elected captain of the Soph team, for he is, as Billie Reno observes, "evidentially" a mighty twirler. At the same meeting Scott Glore was chosen manager and Joe Faulconer superintendent-in-chief of the Rooter's Club. With Reno behind the bat, Overstreet in the box, Burbank short, Grinstead, Fairleigh and Fryer on bases, and Faulkner, Bocher and Rogers in the field, we have a good team of which we may be proud, and which has done manful battle on the diamond in behalf of the pennant.

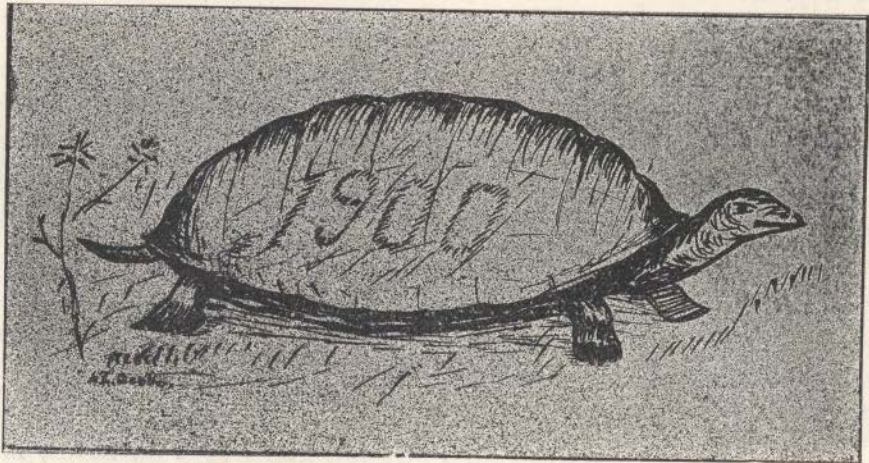
Thus, with many pranks, jokes, flunks, victories, defeats and yells, we have spent the year, and now the history of this Sophomore Class must be drawn to a close. Let us now allow the Fresh to come up and occupy our old, time-scarred benches, and wishing well to the Soph of 1900 who came here with the idea of becoming a "great man" and thereby causing a hitch in the solar system, let us bid our old books and recitation rooms adieu with a hearty—

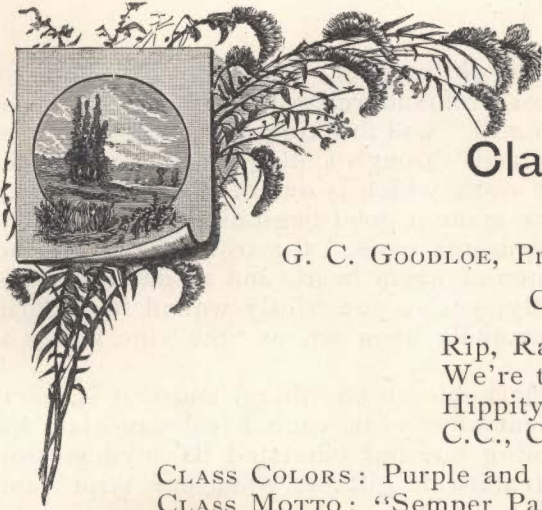
"Rackity, cackity, wah, hoo, wah,

C. C., ninety-nine,

Rah, rah, rah!!"

E. W. MILLS, Historian.





Class Officers.

G. C. GOODLOE, Pres.

S. K. BAIRD, Historian.

CLASS YELL.

Rip, Rah, Ree! Rip, Rah, Ree!
We're the class of the century!
Hippity, Hah! Hippity, Hah!
C.C., C.C., Rip, Rah, Rah!

CLASS COLORS: Purple and Gold.

CLASS MOTTO: "Semper Paratus."

FRESHMAN HISTORY.

When the long-wished for month of June shall have come, bringing its roses, vacations, gladness, and rest; when the echo of the last Rackety Cax of the term shall have died away, and the hundreds of boys shall have said good-bye to Centre and to studies, and, with light hearts, turned their faces homeward, happiest among the happy will be the Freshman.

I should say perhaps more correctly, the late Freshman; for they have now cast aside the appellation of "Fresh," as a well worn and badly fitting garment, and right gladly do they respond to the invitation: "Come up higher." While among those unfortunates who are doomed to another year of Freshmanhood, there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The Freshman is happy far more reasons than one. But perhaps the chief source of his joy is in the fact that he has left the Freshman year, with its trials and vexations behind him; for every man who has tasted the bitter and sweet of college life, whether he be still within its walls or a graduate of years past, remembers vividly the impressions of that year. It is the aim of most members of the other classes, especially of the Sophomore, to convince every Freshman that his class is a disgrace to the school and that it is a matter of kindness and condescension on the part of the others that he is permitted to exist at all; and even to hint that his feelings are entitled to any consideration is simply ridiculous.

The result is, many a promising youth, with a laudable ambition to drink deeply at the fountain of learning enters College only to have his warmth and enthusiasm extinguished by the cold showers of ridicule.

But not to dwell too long on the darker side,—“For the world is even as we take it”—let us turn to the other; for surely there is another and a brighter side for those who are not insensible to it.

Among the pleasant features of the year and those which memory will treasure with fondest care, are the acquaintances formed, true friendships, those bright threads which school associations weave into the warp of human life. Then there are the inevitable experiences of college life, new to the Freshman.

Then again, that great statesman and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, for whose opinions we all entertain the most profound respect, has said that "The road to success is as plain as the road to mill," and thinking men, successful men have unanimously agreed that that road leads through College. So we have the satisfaction of knowing that in the great work which is one of the best and surest guarantees of future success, we have made a good beginning.

There is sufficient proof that the pleasures exceed the troubles in the fact that there are men in our class, young men of warm hearts and tender affections, whose love has so gradually, so insensibly, yet so powerfully wound its tendrils around the Freshman year that they devotedly hang on, as "the vine clings to the mouldering wall."

The Freshman class of '96-97 is remarkable on one thing, and that is, being remarkable for nothing particularly. Year after year, each Freshman class has received its promotion, and each succeeding one has emulated its predecessors in claiming for itself some remarkable feature or gift; so when our term came the catalogue had been exhausted.

The Freshman class numbered at the beginning of the term about forty; of this number some five or six have already become discouraged and given up the task.

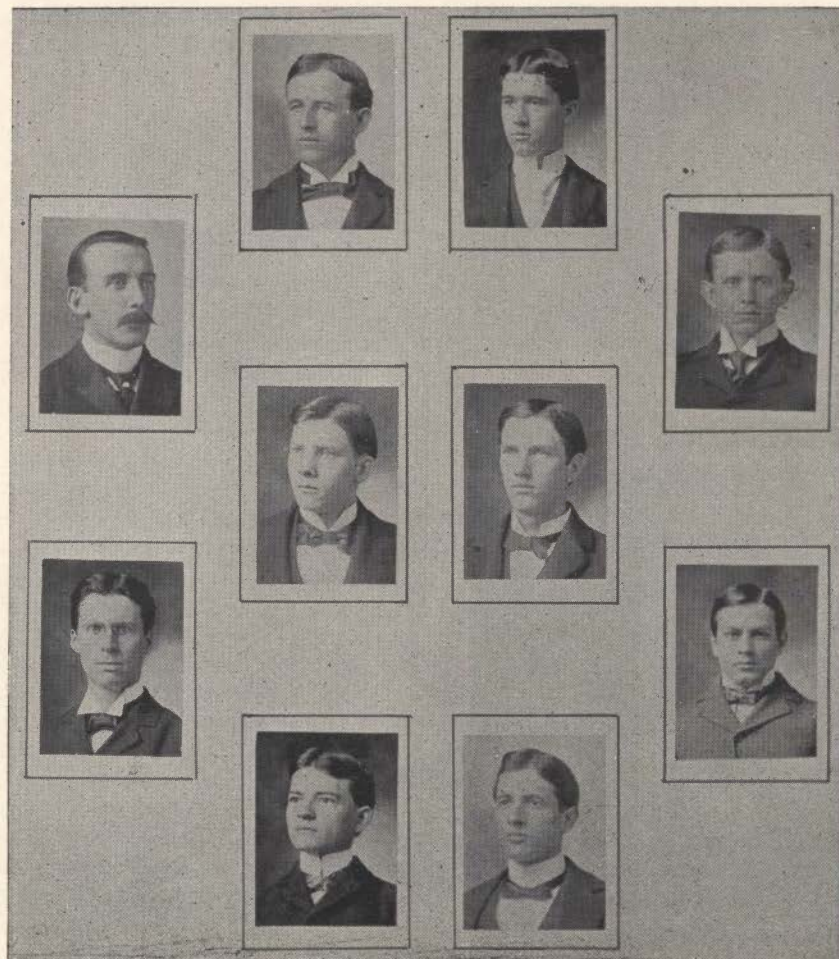
The class can boast of quite a variety along several lines; first, as regards age, they range from the aspiring youth whose beard is as yet only an unfulfilled promise to the sober Pater Familias whose "Expectant wee-things do a' his weary carking cares beguile."

Then as to choice of professions, almost every calling will receive recruits from our numbers. Some will enter the medical profession and will nobly devote their lives and their best energies to alleviating the suffering of mankind. To some the legal profession holds out the most alluring promises; others yet dream of meadows and clover bloom, and feel that life's highest charm is in living on a farm near to nature herself, and where his music will be the "Low of cattle and the song of birds," and his pictures, the "grass and flowers and trees." Quite a number have determined to become ministers of the gospel, thus early in life consecrating their talents to the service of Him who gave them. As one of the professors remarked, we have even an Archbishop.

As a class, we desire to extend our most heartfelt thanks to our honored instructors who have worked so earnestly for our advancement, and as far as was in their power, removed whatever of difficulties and obstructions we were obliged to meet, and we feel that it is unnecessary to offer any excuses for errors, blunders, shortcomings, etc., etc., for we are "Only Fresh anyway."

To the members of the class their Historian would say that it will always be a pleasure to him to note their respective careers in life and his joy will be in proportion to the measure of success which they achieve, and he feels that he can give utterance to no words whose sentiment is more likely to benefit them than to repeat their Freshman Motto, "Be Always Ready."

S. K. BAIRD, Historian.



SENIOR LAW CLASS

Flattery,

McElroy,

Claybrooke,

Holliday,
Richardson,

Dunlap,

Jackson,
Washington,

Mapp,

Van Winkle,

Law School Register.

Harry McClellan Anderson.
Homer Baughman.
Leslie Carrol Bosley.
Robert Boyd.
John Henry Byrley.
William Howard Carr.
Charles Perry Cecil.
William Durrett Claybrooke.
Archie Robertson Dunlap.
William Henry Funk.
Maurice Douglas Flattery.
Lewis Cass Gabbert.
George Judson Holliday.
Robert Walker Hunn.
Thomas Americus Isaac.
Henry Jackson.
Lawrence Kinnaird.

John Vimont Lyle.
George Walter Mapp.
James Mott McDaniel.
Henry Skiles McElroy.
Emmet Vance Puryear.
William Vernon Richardson.
John Sherman Steely.
Ernest Thruston Smith.
William Boone Stanfield.
Ralph Nugent Stanfield.
Luther Bannister Stodghill.
Clarence Edward Tate.
Carl Thompson.
Edward Morrow Waddle.
Alfred Rogers Washington.
Arthur Cecil Van Winkle.





Law History.

“We are the only pebbles on the beech.”—*Demosthenes*.

The Law Class of '97 is passing into history. Thus silent influences of destiny, directing the career of man and the progress of nations, decrees, dispassionately, the laws which shall blend the innate forces of this mighty few with those governing each pulsation of this great country's system.

Realizing then the niche of honor, which each one of this justly celebrated class is to occupy in Time's glorious arch of immortality, connecting the earliest dawn of authentic history—Aeons of conceptions, and cycles of calculation—we feel it our bounden duty to depict as graphically as it is in our power so to do, for a fitting memorial, its many virtues, its becoming modesty, its notorious ability, that they may be commemorated in that great periodical “The Class Annual.” To be preserved forever, a handy reference of “How to be a Model Law Student,” for ye tyro, within whose soul burns the hallowed glow of inspiration, and love of the dirty sheep-skin cover.

But, at multitudinous admirers, ye who have so urgently demanded this, the story of our many victories over reason and logic, while our duties to those who shall follow, are many and manifold, and while to “light the way,” but adds to the obligations of posterity, yet we grieve to note with our usual perspicacity, the occasion which necessitates this solemn duty. Some other great man, I forget whom, but it was not Isaac, nor Jacob, has said, that the world always awaits with eager expectancy, the last words of one of her great men. Consider then the difficulty of even a Webster, (who, by the way, expressed regrets, so 'tis said, for having appeared so previously) of finding words adequate to a proper narration of deeds accomplished in the short, but glorious career of the class of '97. Ulysses had his Homer, Aeneas his Virgil, but alas, '97 has no word, no English truthfully to memorialize here, for the generations yet unborn. Myth: made Greece and Tradition made Rome, but no myth nor tradition ever made the “10” of '97.

Handel has composed his “Messiah”—Wagner, his “Lohengrin Wedding March”—masterpieces in their way—but who has proclaimed himself to “note” the force surging for expression in the manly bosoms of his noble lot?

'Tis hard to die, when life is sweet; when every jay-bird warbles an answering ditty to every idea buzzing through a fertile brain; when all the pretty girls pay silent homage to superior knowledge, evincing thereby no little sense themselves. But console yourselves, brethren, we leave behind us an atmosphere, so pleasing to the senses of aesthetic Danvillians, that, when they mourn us—we shall let another great man who said: “To live in the memory is to live,” speak for us:

A word with you gentle junior. You have seen us daily in our researches for ye elusive legal principle, and it is to be hoped with attention that you and those to come may be benefitted thereby. Of this we have no fear, however, as one can readily discern by observing here and there an "air" whose original is to be found amongst their betters. You do well, dear junior, to aim for those shoes of '97. Another great man in a small book, perhaps as popular as the "Class Annual," called "Heroes and Hero Worship," has shown the advantages to be derived from holding high ideals. It is elevating, when noble and pure, and sought for in sincerity. Sincerity is the true source of success and may it conduce to yours.

And you, oh considerate preceptors, with whose assistance we traversed, rough-shod, the mountainous ranges of law, till at last we stand on Jordan's bank, with the promised land glistening with its golden sheaths beyond, we make grateful obeisance. The path was long and dreary, "blackstones and corporation" cast shadows of Egyptian darkness, but congenial hopes, the beacon light of the determined, at length reflected the sunshine of your juris prudential erudition and the accumulated knowledge of ages grovels at our feet—humbled.

For ye all, preceptors, juniors, and Danvillians, we feel the utmost commiseration. And for Danvillians especially our hearts go out, for when again shall a class of such social attainment grace the function of your palatial homes? When again shall the girls—tender buds in spick and spanery, compete for the delirium of the next round with artists of such terpsictorean accomplishments.

Yes, we are loathe to part, but time sears every wound. Besides we leave the gentle junior to beguile the dark days to come—go easy with him girls, is our last prayer.

And now fare-well, brethren in erudition. Our pilgrimage through the realms of Coda and Decisions, has been most beneficial; the intercourse sweet. We are now to separate each to seek his fortune,

"In pleasure's path or glory's bright career."

The humble beginning awaits the majority of us, but be patient and all will come in good time. Here's to the 'golden fleece.' Visions of future greatness rise before us—youth and confidence have enabled us to steer our bark through the shoals of opposition to

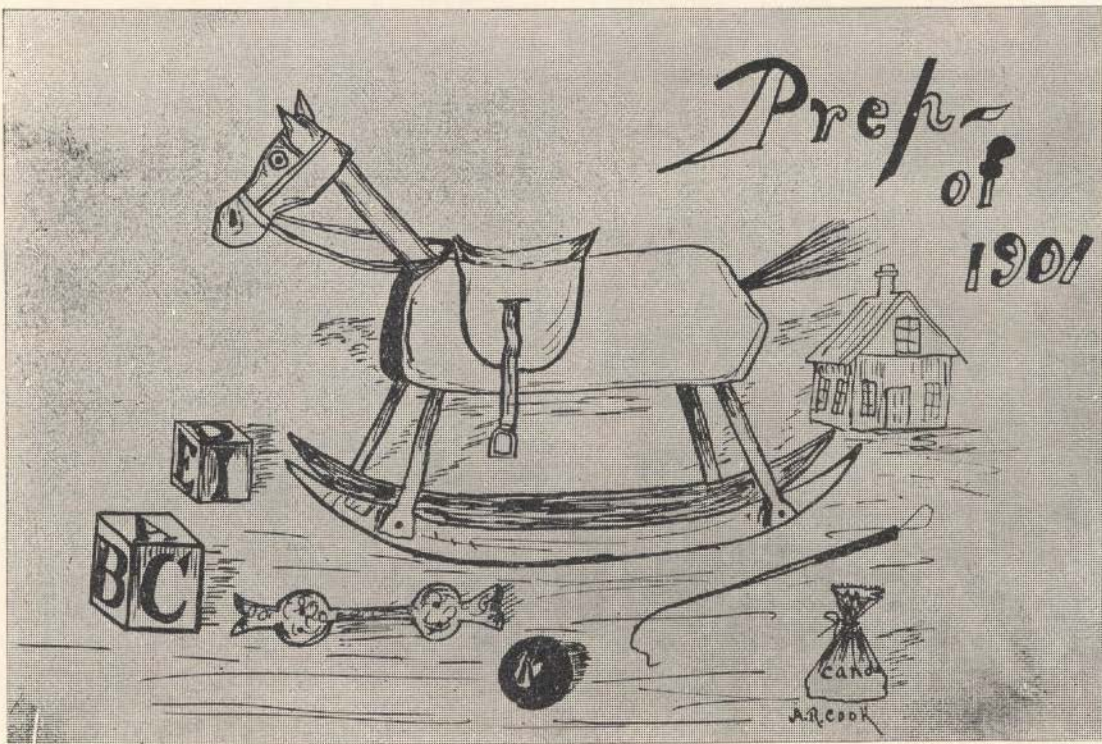
"Roam the boundless fields of fame,
Reeking with scalps of fee-less game."

Our tale now is done. We may, to give it color, have lent this inspiration of hope; yet, with due deference to your sense of appreciation, we offer this manuscript as a fitting monument to the "Triumph of Genius" and bid farewell to grateful associations and—

"The sun went down bidding the world fare-well
And Danville shrieked—as '97 fell."

A. R. WASHINGTON, *Historian.*

Prep
of
1901



Preparatory History.

About the first of September, 1896, the casual observer might have beheld a bevy of boys possessed of varied contours mounting two by two, the steps of grand old "Prep," made venerable by age, and famous for having been trodden in days of yore by what have proven to be the brightest stars that gem the literary sky. There were representatives from different counties of this state, and also from different states. Some of the boys wore sober faces, while others were rejoicing over the thought that they were starting in for a new year's work, and that they were going to be important factors in the class of 1901.

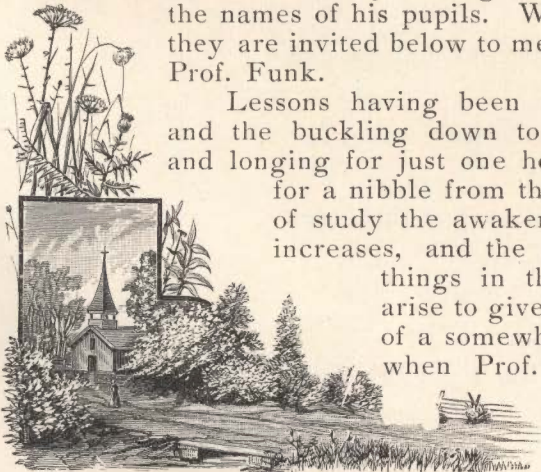
Occasionally, there might have been seen a boy passing by and shouting, "Prep" indicating the astute personage to be none other than a "Fresh."

How eager were the boys to reply, but the august Prof. Bosley forbade it, much to the chagrin of the "kitchenites."

And also there might have been seen a "Fresh," Junior or a representative from another of the collegiate classes, mountings the steps of "Prep" to find out if Prof. Bosley would permit him to "make up Greek or Latin in this grand old place. Oh, yes! "Prep" has representatives from Junior, "Fresh" and "Soph" classes; this just for the sake of variety and byway of encouragement to the toiling "Preps," not that it is at all necessary to his being better up in his studies. Pshaw! the very idea; he knew it all long ago.

Next we see Prof. Bosley coming around with his book in hand, taking down the names of his pupils. When the task of enrollment is completed, they are invited below to meet the handsome smiling, and ubiquitous Prof. Funk.

Lessons having been assigned, the studying cap is donned and the buckling down to hard work begins, with many a sigh and longing for just one hour beside the babbling brook, angling for a nibble from the finny tribe. Albeit after a few days of study the awakening interest in the pursuit of knowledge increases, and the aspiring youth begins to imagine great things in the future for himself; yet many things arise to give him occasion to look askance—the result of a somewhat perturbed sensation within, especially when Prof. Funk has one of his nervous attacks brought on by his futile efforts to hammer into the obtuse understanding of some youth the solution of a problem.



Methinks it would arouse the sympathy of a heart of adamant to behold the countenance of the timid and uncertain pupil whose acts seem to say: "Prof. Bosley, please display your kindness of heart by not being too "tough" on us this time." And oh, the agony depicted on his face when he has "flunked out" and he spies that little object of persuasion coiled up in the professor's desk drawer; with which object the professor toys carelessly, but which observation has proved that he can handle with remarkable dexterity! How it would gladden the culprit's heart if he could by chance relieve the professor of this nuisance.

After the first examinations the ball rolls more smoothly; the harness seems to be better adjusted and the expanding mind is rapidly developing under the most excellent tutelage of Profs. Bosley, Funk and Gabbert.

Prof. Gabbert, ("Gab" for short), is untiring in his zeal to impart oratorical knowledge to his pupils, and if they do not make Ciceros, the fault will not be the instructor's.

As we are nearing the close of the term we are beginning to feel our importance and we know that we can not fail to make a creditable showing beside the Seniors, for we are sure that we have been most ably instructed.

When we look forward to the close of this scholastic year, notwithstanding the fact that there is an exultant feeling, under the vest in the region of the heart, at the thought of wearing a spade tail coat and of sporting a cane; a sensation of sadness pervades our entire being at the thought of being separated from these faithful guides to our footsteps in the paths of learning; and we know that oftentimes our minds will revert with pleasure to the grand old times spent within the walls of old "Prep," and a sigh of regret will escape our lips when we realize that they "are gone glimmering as the things that were."

J. A. YEAGER, JR., *Historian*.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

I.

FRESH: A youth of high ambition to college came.

II.

SOPH: He strove for erudition to gain great fame.

III.

JUNIOR: But love was his perdition just the same.

IV.

SENIOR: He found but inanition his noble aim.

V.

And now his sad position I needn't name.

H. G. SHEARIN.



ENGRAVED & PRINTED BY ED. H. FOX, DANVILLE, KY.

BRECKINRIDGE HALL.

Seminary History.



Cowper has said: "Some write a narrative of wars and feats of heroes little known, and call the rant a history." How refreshing it is while realizing the solemn truth contained in these words, to feel that they can not in any sense be applied to the one whose duty it is to write this Seminary History.

When I think of the illustrious body of whom I am to write, I am overwhelmed with a sense of the utter inadequacy of any language at my command to give expression to the innumerable thoughts crowding for utterance. What varieties of size, age, weight, wit, genius and style of beauty we exhibit. A phrenologist would go into raptures over our craniums, and a Darwin would be able to write many learned and convincing treatises on his pet theory. Some of us are young and others are—well, not as young as we were a few summers ago. But what matters that? I do not deny that some may have seen the beauties of springtime with its verdant fields and budding trees; or with a feeling of sadness beheld the leaves fall oftener than others; some undoubtedly may have cleared a few more shadows from a troubled brow and wiped a few more scalding tears from saddened eyes than others. But shall we speak of the stream when it has passed through the meadows as older than when it first took its rise on the hilltops? It does not need a keen observer to note the fire of youth sparkling from our earnest eyes. Each passage of the earth in its orbit has only tended to brighten our faces and make our spirits younger. Some of us are married; we were unable to resist the wiles of the crafty Eve. But what of that? If we have found our "lucky star" and now shine with redoubled splendor and brightness, surely our attractiveness has in no wise been deminished but rather intensified.

The year is at its close, the noble Seniors have already stepped out to fill the pulpits that were so anxiously awaiting them; the Middlers and Juniors have advanced a step to make room for the newcomers.

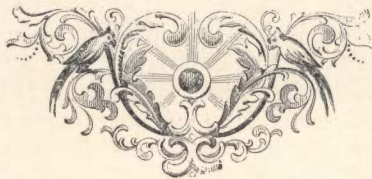
How short the time seems since we gathered on the tenth of last September to undertake the arduous and laborious duties allotted to a Theologue. And yet, how much has been crowded into those few months. Many of us who were unable to lisp a syllable of that gloriously ancient and fascinating language—Hebrew—now think in that tongue and take pleasure in expressing our thoughts to each other in the vernacular of the Patriarchs of old. We have also developed into philosophers of the profoundest kind, delving into depths unfathomed by our predecessors, Kant, Locke, etc. As historians we excell, at least our learned Professor undoubtedly thinks so. There is an originality about our ideas of events and dates which is unique. One of our respected Juniors having decided that the children of Israel were in bondage only ten years; another that Carthage was in Asia Minor, and that Rameses II. was the son of his father. These

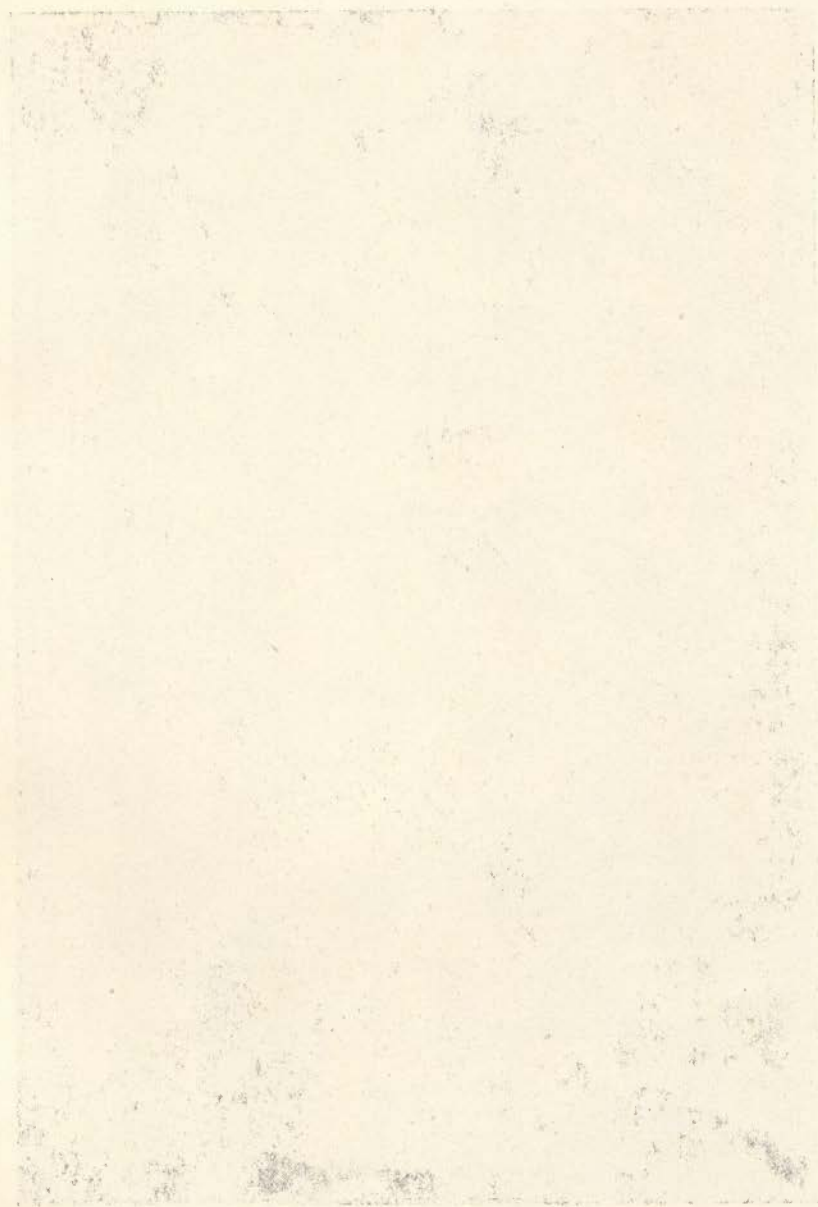
facts so diametrically opposed to the generally accepted opinions will undoubtedly surprise some; but as Galileo's theory was too large a pill for the world to swallow until it had made great scientific advance, so it can hardly be expected that these ideas so far in advance of the times, can during these days be appreciated. I might continue to expatiate on our intellectual advance and attainments of the past year, but I am afraid, kind reader, that we would appear formidable. It is well known that with excessive learning or great scholastic advance, are to be found, as a rule, various eccentricities. We are remarkably clear of such, however, for, with the exception of a MIDDLEY who abstains from all kinds of diet but saccharine essence and corn cakes, and another whose philosophical attainments have so inflated his cranium that it is now a dire impossibility for him to bend any portion of his anatomy that is in any way connected with his spinal column. (Many have mistaken this for pride but in his behalf I wish to state that such is not the case.) We are men of the most genial dispositions; affable and pleasing, gems of society and much sought after by the fair sex.

But time and space hurry me toward the conclusion. It is not without feelings of sadness that we bid adieu to those that leave us. But what a consolation comes to us when we remember that what is our loss will be the world's gain.

It has been only a little while since we met, many of us, for the first time. Some of us, as I have already said, very young and others very old. But day by day the oldest grew younger and the youngest older, as we walked side by side to the same class-room and drank in the same words of truth as they fell from the lips of our professors. This common life has made one out of many. It is the spirit of each to do all he can for humanity. This is the tie that binds us as a unit. Our duties will call us to serve in different parts of the world, but whether it be at home or in the dark land of heathenism, our esteem for our learned professors and our affection for those with whom we have labored side by side to fit ourselves for the grandest profession on earth, shall ever remain intact, and Danville with her lovely homes and hospitable, whole-souled citizens shall always remain a garden-spot in our memories.

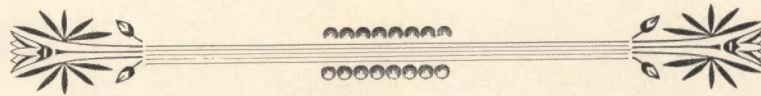
ALEXANDER SHARP, *Historian.*







THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



Seminary Register.

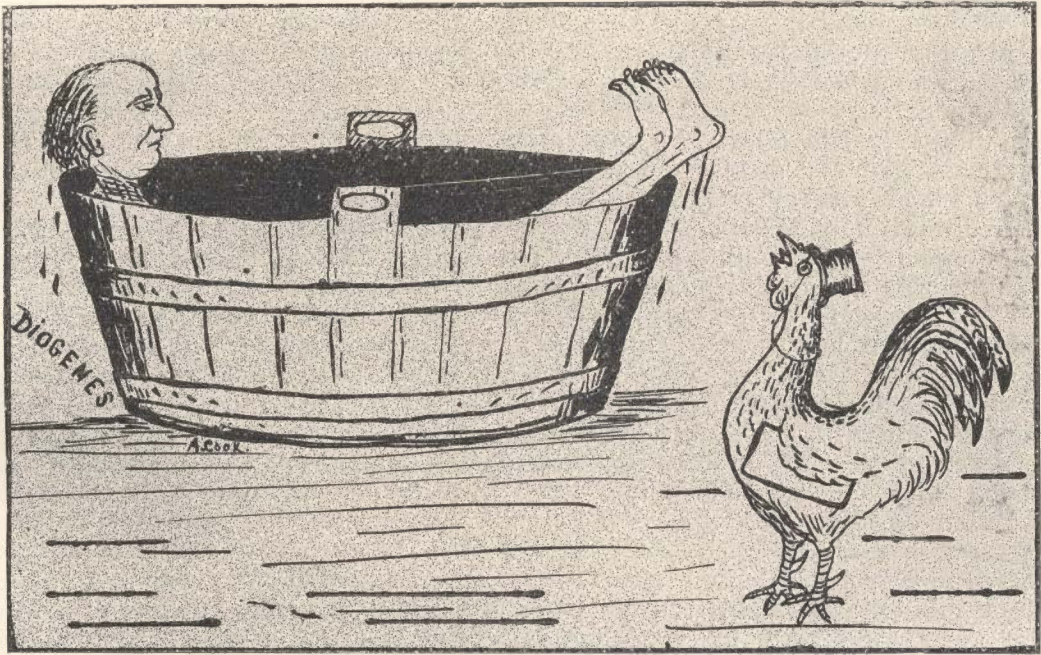
- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. G. A. Gray | 18. I. J. Heizer |
| 2. Alexander Sharp | 19. E. S. Marshall |
| 3. J. S. Martin | 20. A. P. Wilson |
| 4. G. W. King | 21. O. M. Gillette |
| 5. F. A. Shepard | 22. W. H. Chapman |
| 6. T. W. Rainey | 23. J. W. McMurray |
| 7. Charles Christensen | 24. John M. Worrall, D.D. |
| 8. T. F. Walton | 25. C. B. H. Martin, D.D. |
| 9. Leslie Hudson | 26. C. K. Crawford, A.M. |
| 10. A. M. Buchanan | 27. E. A. Bess |
| 11. R. C. Jones | 28. Charles Cantrill |
| 12. W. B. McBride | 29. J. M. Cornelison |
| 13. A. B. Von der Lippe | 30. H. C. Johnson |
| 14. David Dempster | 31. D. J. Becker |
| 15. L. L. Carson | 32. C. H. Ferran |
| 16. A. B. Gould | 33. J. R. Wilkie |
| 17. L. A. Barrett | 34. T. P. Grant |





The subject of the above sketch is the faithful old janitor who has served "Old Centre" for the past twenty-two years. He is now about sixty-seven years of age, and by his faithful adherence to duty and his unquestioned honesty, he has rendered himself indispensable to the College. His soldierly bearing still attests his three years' service in the army, for which he now draws a pension.

The ANNUAL wishes "Jack" a ripe old age, crowned with health and happiness.





Diogenes.

ELMER A. BESS, EDITOR.

I have seen the sunny isles of the sea; I have searched out the mysterious in Asia Minor; I have been sold as a slave in the market of Crete; I have taught the sons of the noble and wealthy, and have been so poor that I must drink from the hollow of my hand instead of from a cup, and I have had a tub for my palace, but in all my varied experiences I have never suffered such a shock to my philosophy as when going across the Campus of Centre College one day I met a certain peculiarly constructed chicken of uncertain age. You know there are some things in life I love and appreciate. My cynic philosophy will not apply to animals and the lower order of creatures. So when I met this particular chicken I took a fancy to him at once, perhaps because of his appearance of experience in life and general knowledge of the world; perhaps because of his cordial manner of greeting me when I met him. Having made a special study of the language of every creeping thing, I could readily understand the highly cultivated language of this polished chicken and could converse even fluently in this tongue, which is strange and meaningless to most people. I found his name to be Thersites, which he said had been given him by the fellows of the college after he had been about Centre for a year. When he first came to College his name was Innocent, but after he had been in the thick of several foot-ball games and received wounds on the face and head, the scars of which remained, and wrestled with George Welsh, and George being the stronger, had thrown him and fallen on him, and displaced one of his legs so that he was ever after bow-legged; and when he had got a broken nose from boxing with Lucien Montgomery, and when one day, while practicing in climbing the rope in the gymnasium, in competition with Isaacs, he had dropped from the ceiling to the floor below and broken his back, the hump from which he still carried with him, and, in general, when in many conflicts in college, he had become disfigured but "still in the ring," the boys had nicknamed him Thersites, because he was the ugliest thing that had ever come to Centre College. He said he came from a good family of Kentucky chickens, the members of which were noted for their bravery and brains. His mother sent him from home an ambitious and innocent chicken, cautioning him against too much hard study and too little recreation.

The first year in college he obeyed her even more than she desired, for he studied no more than he could help and made recreation his business. He spent more time in studying how to utilize "jack leaves" (things the boys of my time knew nothing about whatever) than digging into the depths and bringing up the hidden treasures of real learning. He played foot-ball, tennis and base-ball, took

part in field day exercises, played checkers, chess, and did none well. He learned to smoke cigarettes, to drink and swear a little, and got a *LITTLE knowledge* during that first year. In fact he was one of the "boys." He had got experience. He knew life. But he went home for the summer vacation, and that good mother thought he was the *only* boy on earth. The second year he came back with the intention of enjoying himself as greatly as the year before.

But the very first term the President of the College took him to his study and began to show him where he had failed the preceding year in the course he had pursued, and that any one trying to spend his days in idleness and dissipation would ultimately amount to nothing. He indicated that he had great capabilities, and could develop into a man of ability by hard, earnest work. This conversation with the President gave him new aspirations and caused him to determine to distinguish himself.

He began studying hard, sitting up late at night and getting up early in the morning to study. He refused invitations to spend every evening of the week among his friends (for the girls liked him despite his ugliness). He cut his athletics down to foot-ball and tennis and learned to play these well. But he found it hard work to change the impression the professors had received about his being a poor student, and he received below eighty-five per cent. in every study except in the rooms of the professors who had come to Centre that year. With them he ranked high. He recognized his position and studied harder next term, and very nearly wiped out all prejudice and got above eighty-five per cent. in everything. He went into the Society and developed oratorical ability and won the June contest. He had no "chums," but treated all politely and courteously. He was surprised to find that he had become more popular since he had stopped swearing and drinking, even with the fellows from whom he had received his first lessons.

He spent his summer vacation in reading interesting literature, and when I met him in the middle of the Junior year he was the most popular man in college, one of the best in his studies, one of the most brilliant in all-round ability. I said before, this was a shock to my philosophy as a cynic, for I had found one who might have been hardened and soured as myself, had he continued in the course he began, but who, after receiving a noble purpose, had become an optimist in life and had set for himself the task of educating his fellow-chickens in his own language. So I, Diogenes, have discovered that even the ugliest of his kind can attain grand things, if he *will*. He who reads may learn.



Diogenes' Side Talks with Boys.

DOCTOR BEST:—Yes; Diogenes thinks you would make a good fortune teller. You are popular with your companions, and seem to understand human nature. Make a thorough study of phrenology, palmistry and physiognomy, and they will aid you materially in telling the future of anxious humanity.

GENERAL LEE RANEY:—As you have said, the men who stand highest in their classes are not always the men who make the highest marks in life; but like Webster, who tore up his college diploma upon leaving college, you seem to appreciate the value of work. You will make a prominent professor, Diogenes prophesies.

BASILEUS KING:—You have the power to use what is either an influence for bad or good, i.e., the English language in its enticing form, as delivered from the platform. It will pay you to attend to the lecture platform, as well as the pulpit. If your health permits you will be a successful lecturer.

BROMO SULSER:—Your question, as to whether you will make a successful doctor, can be answered in part by saying you are popular with the women. But observe these three rules, and you can not fail: 1. Get something to make you prematurely bald, as a doctor's fortune is made when he has a bald head. 2. Give your patients the medicine of common sense, and you will cure them. 3. Get married and have your wife save your money.

SOLICITOUS KERR:—Certainly, Diogenes would advise you to marry. Your temperament is such as demands companionship, and you will make someone else happy, too. Besides, being a bachelor keeps too many good curious people on the anxious seat in wondering who in the world "that old bachelor will marry." And being anxious makes curious people unhappy, and Diogenes knows you wish to make people *happy*.

KID STARLING:—Yes, my boy, athletics have not hurt you. For you have learned the lesson that in order to succeed everything must be done well. This will be invaluable to you in the great game of life.

GAY ISAACS:—Some good rules to be studied for being a lawyer of note are: 1. Be a student of human nature. 2. Have common sense in application of the law; books are good, but nothing takes in the law like *common sense*. It might be justly termed *uncommon sense*. 3. Study *yoursel*f in relation to the world. And, learning these rules thoroughly, there is no doubt you will be a better lawyer than if you do not. But Diogenes prophesies you will be a *noted* character in the law even though you pursue the "even tenor" of your own way.

JAY GOULD:—Money is not the principle thing in life. You have chosen a grander object, and will, no doubt, be a power for good in the world by the very force of your own individuality. Go west, young man, and grow up with the country. There a man of your disposition can make his mark.

JAMES WHITCOMB WILSON:—Your question as to whether literature will be valuable in your line of work is answered by the very question. It will. But be careful of the attitude you take toward your favorite authors. Do not let them lead you, but make them your companions and friends rather than your masters. In other words, be *yourself*, and take no man's word as law until you have first tested it. Your enthusiasm is good and will help you in life.

SHAKESPEARE FAIRLEIGH:—Diogenes is no fortune-teller and can not say whether you will make a poet or not. But he has heard others say you have abilities along other lines, and he would hazard the opinion that if you pursued the study of literature or speaking you would make your mark.

MONTGOMERY AND MCKNIGHT:—If you desire to continue your companionship after college, why not form a law partnership in Butte, Montana?

FRANCO-PRUSSIAN GEORGE REVOLUTIONARY WELSH:—Does Diogenes think you have the qualifications for a successful politician? If scheming is necessary to the profession of politics, you ought to be successful. You could scheme a convention out of its wits, and get any man nominated you desire. You could scheme votes for your man when they were not in your party, and get your man elected. You could make a silver Democrat vote for a gold Republican, and he would think he was saving his country. You could steer a bill through a legislature as easily as you could steer a man through Physics examination and make him get a hundred when he confessed he did not know the subject. Yes, George, you have the qualifications to obtain what you are after. You would make a politician.

ARTIST COOK:—Never hesitate to risk your future to your pen. Your work in this book indicates a power which you should not throw away. You would love the work of a newspaper artist, and ought to devote your time to that line of work. Good newspaper artists are in demand, and Diogenes has no reason to believe you will not be a good one, should you elect this business.



Diogenes Catches the Measles.

I was out on the athletic grounds the other day and was yelling my best for the Freshman baseball team which was playing against the Sophomore team. I did this because I always sympathize with the "under dog" and the Fresh had been beaten by everybody except the Juniors, and I felt sorry for them. I was standing up close to the foul line on the catcher's left, and when I had my mouth open the widest, hollowing the loudest, the batter batted a swift foul which came in my direction. I tried to dodge and keep on yelling, but that ball "had it in" for me and struck me right in the mouth. It knocked me over and I was unconscious for a time. When I came to myself, I heard some impolite fellow say, "Ha! Ha! Old Diogenes has caught the measles, see how he is broken out all about his mouth." Although I had two teeth knocked out, and my lip cut by the ball, I was most cruelly hurt by the discourtesy shown toward me by that Sophomore. For I know he must have been a Sophomore, since I have heard they think, as a rule, they are the wisest people on earth. To say in the first place that I was old was a great discourtesy. You know people, mostly women, hate to have any one think them old. And although I am bald-headed it is no sign of extreme old age. Why I knew a fellow who lived in Crete, though an Athenian by birth, who was baldheaded before he was three weeks old. And that fellow told me that thirty years after he had as fine a head of hair as any one could want and did not use hair restorative either. And by the way, that hair restorative is a failure, (except financially).

When I landed in New York from Greece the first place to which I went was a barber shop, and before I left the barber sold me some hair restorative, several dozen bottles, and I used them all and could not coax out a single extra hair. But it did kill those which had begun to sprout. So when in a barber shop in Nebraska an impudent bald headed barber said he had the very thing to cure my baldness, I asked, "Did you use it?" and he remained silent during the whole time he was shaving me. That was the longest time I ever knew a barber to keep still. But to get back to that horrible Sophomore! When I get to talking about my baldness I forget where I am. Why even one of the Seniors was so familiar as to tell me I told a *bare-headed* lie. I took it as an insult and challenged him to a duel. But he would not fight with me because he said I was so near being a Saint, for there was not a hair's breath between me and heaven. But to return to that "measly" Sophomore.

I was cruelly pained by his insinuating remark about my catching the measles and saying that he was sure I had them because I was broken out about the mouth.

You know, or perhaps you do not know, that I have always been very proud of my teeth. If it were not for them I do not know how I could manage beaten biscuit, and I dearly love that deliciously hard-baked bread. It reminds me of the hardy food Sparta gave her young men in order to develop them into warriors. So when that Sophomore spoke of my broken teeth, I thought of the difficulty I would have to get enough to eat down at the Club near the depot.

And as I was going to my room from the ball game thinking about the impolite Sophomore, I met the English Professor and he stopped me with a most pained expression on his face and said, "Why Diogenes, has the English language been too big a mouthful for you?" And no sooner had I left him staring at me in wonder for not answering, than I came across the Greek Professor. When I saw him I said, "Oh, I shall now have some consoling words in my own sweet tongue!" But he only said, "Diogenes I can best comfort you by allowing you to utter the words of the German poet, "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten, Dass ich so traurig bin." I felt that this last was piling Peleon on Pernassus, and hurried away.

Next day I went into the Mathematics room and because I had my hand up to my mouth to hide my disgrace, the Doctor said, "Diogenes, I see you have symptoms of ankylosis!"

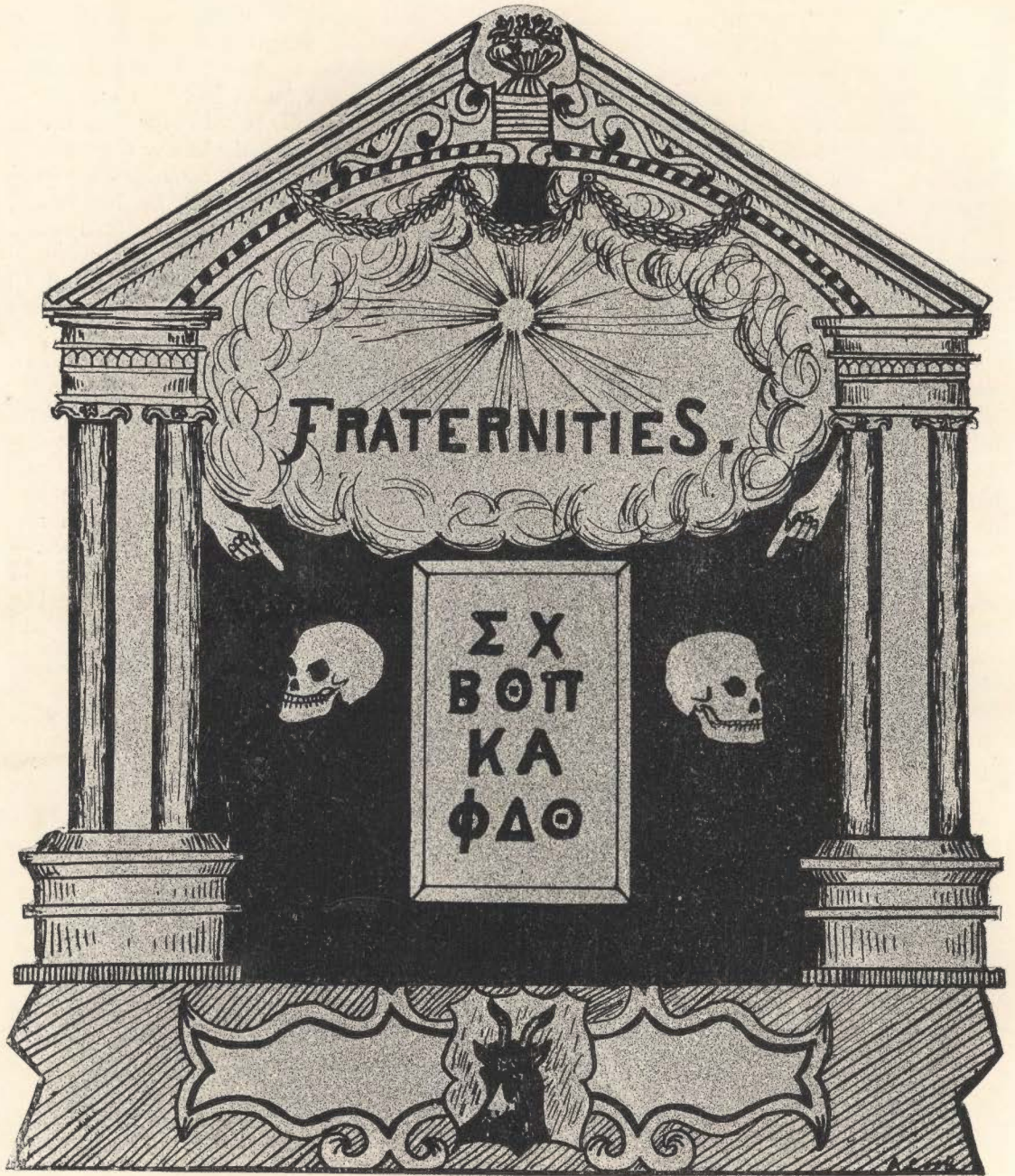
During the day I went down to the Library for some Greek literature to take me back, in books at least, to the dear old days when I talked with Alexander and had independence enough to bid him get out of my sunlight. When I asked for the books the Professor with that peculiar smile of his, which means the opposite from what he says, said upon seeing my swollen lips, "Diogenes, you are a puffed up man. Get out of here and don't bother me." But he got me the books. But I knew all the Professors and students sympathized with me in my trouble. We all sometimes say what we do not mean; but our hearts are good—we mean well. So after all I think I can forgive even the Sophomore. For old Diogenes must confess he loves every thing connected with the College. He loves the Professors, the students, the familiar buildings, the campus, yes and the very air which surrounds dear old Centre College. And when he sleeps once more in his own sunny land he will dream of her in pleasant ways and *still love her*. Good-bye.

A MOOTED QUESTION.

The Seniors are brimful of knowledge,
And think they know all about college;
But now let one tell this who can:
Is that merry mahogany man
Who cleans up things
And the hour bell rings
Jack Holman or Holman Jackson?

II. G. SHEARIN.







DRBKA, PHILA.



Beta Theta Pi.

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

COLORS, Pink and Blue.

FLOWER, Rose.

EPSILON CHAPTER.

Founded in 1848.

CLASS OF 1897.

Clarence Harper Ferran.
George Kingsland Fisher.
H. Lucius Montgomery.
Hugh Ross Adams.
William Reed Embry.

CLASS OF 1898.

John Carey Acheson.
Leonard A. Barrett.
George Fisher Bell.
Robert Smith Dulin.
William Burt McBride.

CLASS OF 1899.

Walter Crane Ledyard.
Walter Scott Glore.
Harry Hopple Young.

CLASS OF 1900.

William Young Bartlett.
George Curry Bohon.
Maurice Ramsey Cotton.

FRATRES IN URBE.

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

Mr. Robert Evans.
Mr. A. L. Denny.
Mr. Harry Briggs.
Mr. John Herron.
Mr. Henry E. Woolfolk.
Mr. Boyle Woolfolk.





Chapter Roll of Beta Theta Pi.

HARVARD, Cambridge, Mass.	MIAMI, Oxford, O.
BROWN, Providence, R. I.	UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, Cinti., O.
BOSTON, Boston, Mass.	WESTERN RESERVE, Cleveland, O.
MAIN STATE, Orono, Me.	OHIO, Athens, O.
AMHERST, Amherst, Mass.	BETHANY, Bethany, W. Va.
DARTMOUTH, Hanover, N. H.	OHIO WESLEYAN, Delaware, O.
WESLEYAN, Middletown, Conn.	WITTENBERG, Springfield, O.
YALE, New Haven, Conn.	DENISON, Granville, O.
RUTGERS, New Brunswick, N. J.	WOOSTER, Wooster, O.
CORNELL, Ithaca, N. Y.	KENYON, Gambier, O.
Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.	OHIO STATE, Columbus, O.
ST. LAWRENCE, Canton, N. Y.	DE PAUW, Greencastle, Ind.
COLGATE, Hamilton, N. Y.	INDIANA, Bloomington, Ind.
UNION, Schenectady, N. Y.	MICHIGAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.
COLUMBIA, New York City.	WABASH, Crawfordsville, Ind.
SYRACUSE, Syracuse, N. Y.	HANOVER, Hanover, Ind.
WASHINGTON-JEFFERSON, Washington, Pennsylvania.	KNOX, Galesburg, Ill.
UNIVERSITY OF PENN., Phila., Pa.	BELOIT, Beloit, Wis.
DICKINSON, Carlisle, Pa.	UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, Iowa City, Ia.
JOHNS HOPKINS, Baltimore, Md.	CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.
PA. STATE COL., State College, Pa.	IOWA WESLEYAN, Mt. Pleasant, Ia.
LEHIGH, S. Bethlehem, Pa.	WISCONSIN, Madison, Wis.
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.	NORTHWESTERN, Evanston, Ill.
NORTH CAROLINA, Chapel Hill, N. C.	MINNESOTA, St. Paul, Minn.
VIRGINIA, Charlottesville, Va.	WESTMINSTER, Fulton, Mo.
DAVIDSON, Davidson College, N. C.	KANSAS, Lawrence, Kan.
CENTRE, Danville, Ky.	CALIFORNIA, Berkeley, Cal.
CUMBERLAND, Lebanon, Tenn.	DENVER, Denver, Colo.
MISSISSIPPI, University P. O., Miss.	NEBRASKA, Lincoln, Neb.
VANDERBILT, Nashville, Tenn.	MISSOURI, Columbia, Mo.
TEXAS, Austin, Tex.	LELAND STANFORD, Stanford Uni- versity, Cal.





BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY.

- | | | | | | |
|-------------|---------|----------|---------|----------|---------|
| Montgomery, | Fisher, | Barrett, | Ferran, | Ledyard, | Dulin, |
| Adams, | Embry, | Acheson, | Glore, | Bell, | Cotton, |
| | | | | | Bohon. |



*Draka, Ethna.
(Copyright)*



Phi Delta Theta.

Founded at Miami University, 1848.

Semi-Centennial National Convention,
to be held in Ohio in 1898.

OPEN MOTTO.

'We enjoy life by the help and so-
ciety of others.'

YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Phi-Kei-a! Phi Delta
Theta! Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS.

White and Blue.

FLOWER.

White Carnation.

KENTUCKY ALPHA CHAPTER.

Established 1850.

Active Members During 1896-'97.

CLASS OF '97.

Peyton B. Bethel, Archie R. Cook,
D. J. Curry, Jr., W. H. Smith, A.
G. Sulser, Martin N. Welch, G. W.
Welsh, Jr.

CLASS OF '98.

Robt. F. Dickens, Henry S. Hale,
Jr., Jas. E. Reynolds.

CLASS OF '99.

Wm. F. Minnich, Wm. E. Overstreet,
Archie L. Smith, S. Lovell Yerkes.

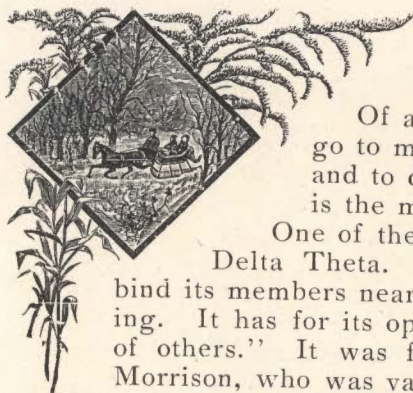
CLASS OF 1900.

Thebes Farthing, S. Hughes Mc-
Knight.

LAW SCHOOL.

Chas. P. Cecil, Jr., Archie R. Dunlap.





Phi Delta Theta.

Of all the influences that surround a college man and go to make his life happier and more useful to his fellows and to develop a symmetrical character, that of fraternities is the most noticeable.

One of the oldest and strongest of these institutions is Phi Delta Theta. Its purposes are of a lofty character and tend to bind its members nearer together, and to promote fellowship and learning. It has for its open motto, "We enjoy life by the help and society of others." It was founded in 1848 at Miami University by Robert Morrison, who was valedictorian of his class.

Phi Delta Theta was originally a Western fraternity, but, on account of its vigorous extension policy, soon became national in extent, and is now recognized as one of the largest and most influential. Its chapters are planted in almost thirty states, and with a roll of sixty-eight chapters it leads the Greek world. In point of numbers it is surpassed by only two other societies. In addition to the college chapters there are a large number of alumni chapters in our leading cities.

The fraternity maintains two publications. The *Scroll* is issued bi-monthly, and is among the foremost Greek publications, and the *Palladium*, issued during the alternate months, is an organ devoted to its secret work. The last issue of the catalogue of its membership is the most complete ever issued by any fraternity. Its pages contain many of our leading statesmen and other men of ability. Among others are a President and Vice-President of the United States, a Secretary of the Interior, a Past-Master General, several United States Senators and many members of Congress.

Kentucky Alpha, the third chapter of the fraternity, was founded in 1850, and consequently is among its oldest chapters. Although it was the second fraternity established at Centre, it was for years the only one in operation, and during that time became so well established that in after years and to the present day Phi Delta Theta is a synonym for prosperity. Kentucky Alpha is one of the few Southern chapters of any fraternity that remained in operation during the whole war. At no time in its history has it been forced to suspend or been disgraced by surrendering its charter. Its watchword has always been "Forward," and carrying out that idea it has made for itself an enviable name among its sister fraternities.

Kentucky Alpha is proud of its long list of distinguished alumni. It includes noted educators, college professors and men of high literary character among writers of the day. Its roll is graced also with names of distinguished clergymen, eminent jurists and judges and a Senator and Vice-President of the United States.

In recent years its prosperity has been equally striking, and among its present members are some of the ablest students and most influential men in college.

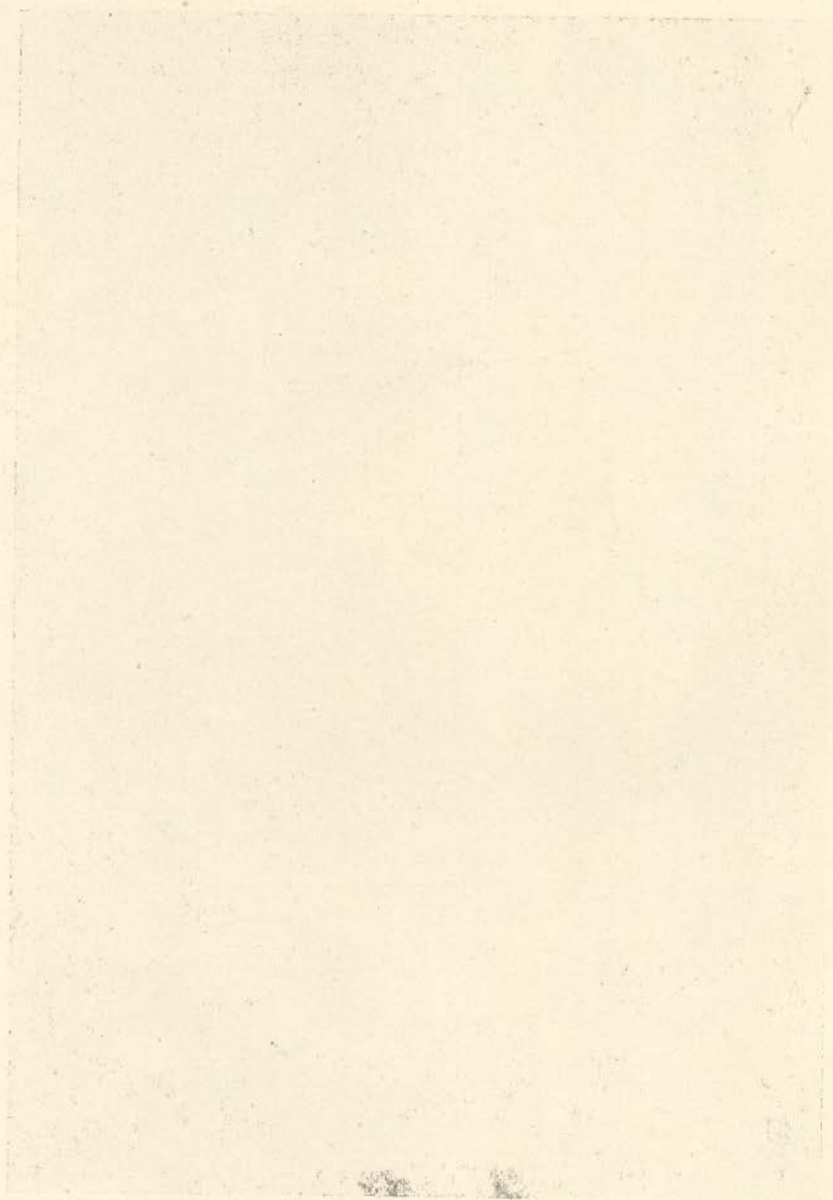
PEYTON B. BETHEL, '97.

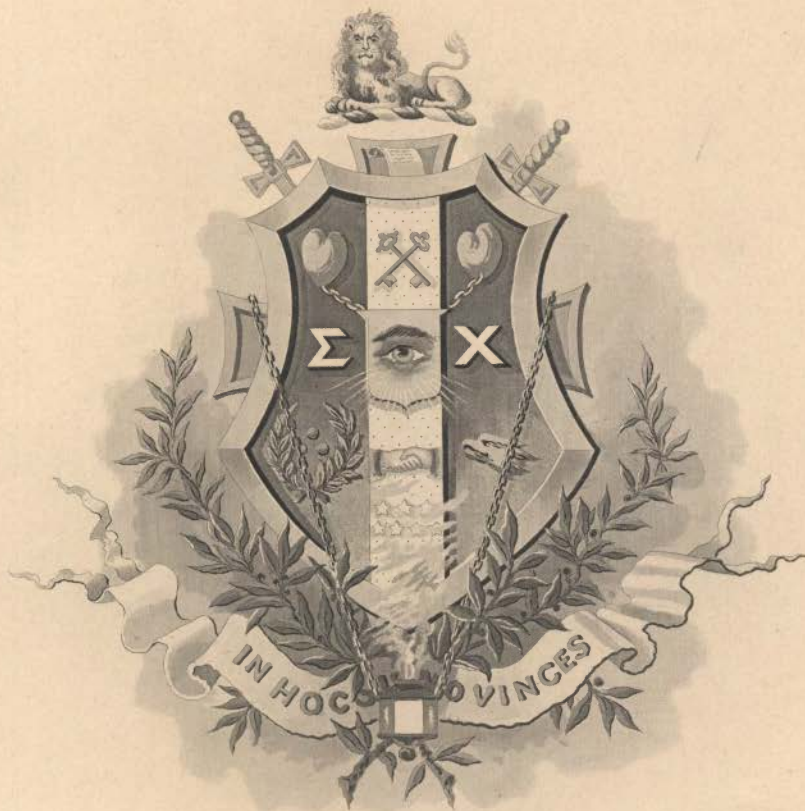


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PHI DELTA THETA, FRATERNITY.

McKnight	Sulser	Smith	Dickens	Farthing	Yerkes	Curry
Welsh	Hale	Overstreet	Cook	Reynolds	Bethel	





Drake, Phila.

Zeta Zeta---Sigma Chi.

History relates that at old William and Mary College in the Province of Virginia in 1776 the first secret Greek letter College fraternity had its beginning. This fraternity, the Phi Beta Kappa, lost its identity in Virginia during the Revolution, being transplanted to Harvard and Yale. Not until half a century later was the idea of an undergraduate fraternity conceived, and this was at Union College in New York State.

In 1835 there were only four fraternities with six chapters; these were all East of the mountains. That year one of the Eastern fraternities established the first chapter in a Western college—at Miami University, Ohio—then the first institution in that State and a pioneer in education. Here flourished the new fraternity idea; from the beech groves that fill the campus, and the old halls of the college, in time, issued three lusty orders—born in the very midst of old Miami—Sigma Chi among them, dating back to June 20, 1855.

Dissenting from a spirit of dogmatism in the other fraternities six men withdrew from one of them, added another to their number, then these seven formed the Sigma Chi. "They believed in manly independence and individuality, they required first as the only natural basis of organization, congenial tastes, good fellowship and genuine personal friendship. They honored self-esteem, but disliked arrogance and conceit." Such are the tenets—this was the spirit of the Sigma Chis in the beginning—it is yet. With this doctrine so fresh, in a constitution so new, it is written to the credit solely of the few Southern soldier members of the order, that, during the declining days of the Civil War, in 1864, they met one night by candle light in a disheveled hut on the outskirts of the camp and there formed the "Constantine Chapter," that the order might be renewed when war was done. This instance has no parallel in the whole history of the fierce struggle.

Now for rapid advances. They were realized. Sigma Chi in fifteen years was a national order. No section of this vast Union is now without her chapters. The early brotherhood is just as perfect—it is only more universal—but neither impaired nor diminished thereby. Many an old white head now wears a "White Cross." It is a badge of youth, manhood and old age, honorable in each, loved in all.

Sigma Chi came to Centre College in the good Centennial year of '76. Nine petitioners were initiated. The new chapter, designated by the letters Zeta Zeta, then began to make history.

Beginning with the renaissance of enterprising undertakings by the college about 1888 with Dr. Young's presidency, Sigma Chi has peculiarly kept in touch with the institution's progress, contributing a heroic share of brainy fellows with oratorical and scholarly powers and with sinews and grit mixed with it all—with burnished shield and ashen spear she has kept pace with the old in-

stitution in every avenue—encouraging her men to win honors first for the college, secondly for themselves and the honor of the “White Cross,” and right well have they done it! Need I call the names of Godsey, Hardin, Swango, Cheek, Atherton or “Dickey” Van Winkle? They have done much to keep the escutcheon of Centre College bright in the niche of both local and national recognition, and, when at last “Old Alpha” calls the roll of her daughters and Zeta Zeta’s name is reached, we believe she will step forward and place a chaplet upon Zeta Zeta’s brow with the benediction: “Well done! Well done!!

H. SKILES McELROY.

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 OFFICERS IN ORDER.

H. S. McElroy
C. J. McKnight

E. T. Smith.

E. F. McElroy
Carl Mize





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SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY

Smith

Stanfield

Mize

McKnight

Shearin

McElroy

Van Winkle

McElroy



Dreka Photo.



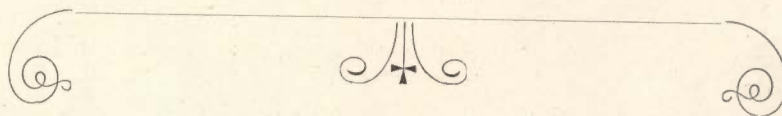
Kappa Alpha.

Fratres usque ad aram.

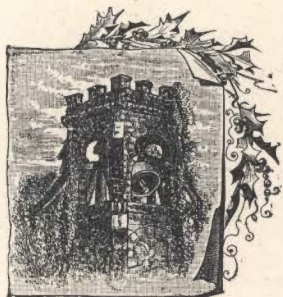
OMEGA 1897.

H. C. Shanks, '98.
L. B. Dickerson, '97.
Lyne Starling, '97.
J. McC. Blayney, '98.
T. P. H. Spalding, '98.
L. C. Gabbert, '98.
Spencer Best, '97.
J. A. McKenzie, Jr., '98.

W. H. Riker, '99.
Nathaniel Lafon, '99.
F. C. Taylor, '99.
O. P. Barnhill, '00.
C. B. Kobert, '98.
F. G. Cary, '98.
Hardin Craig, '97.
H. C. Rogers, '99.



Kappa Alpha.



Our fraternity had its origin in a society organized in December 1865 at Washington and Lee University, and it seems quite appropriate that the Kappa Alpha Order should have had the "Athens" of Virginia as its birthplace; for one of its principal aims has been to perpetuate in the characters of its members all that was pure and noble in the old-time patriotic sons of the Old Dominion. Some of the early members had worn the gray and they all seemed to appreciate the pleasures and profits of fraternal union, for it was not many years until chapters had been organized in most of the leading Southern colleges, and several hundred young men enrolled as members.

The order has confined itself to the South except the two chapters on the other side of the Rockies. This has not been done from prejudice; but from a feeling that the South best suits us and our aims and has, after all, most need of us. We have grown up with the New South, and we are proud of her prosperity; we hope we have contributed something to her rise; but we also hope that our order has done something, if only a little, to make easy the hard fate of the gallant "Old South before the War."

The names among our Alumni which we mention with greatest pride are all those of men still in active life, while the great body of Kappa Alphas are in the promising years of young manhood, and are yet to show the full capabilities of their lives.

We try to have a kindly inter-fraternity spirit and to be ready with soothing courtesies to serve our friends who are not fraternity men. In fact it is by
"Little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

That we hope to make our lives more happy and more useful, both while we pass these days at college and when we have taken up our cue in the drama of the world's life.

Omega was organized at Centre College in September 1883, through the efforts of Vanderbilt men. Although the fourth to come and unassisted by the influences of heredity, somewhat strong at Centre College, Omega has had a good membership and has maintained a creditable standing. We believe she has contributed something to the welfare of "Old Centre"; at least we know she has tried to do what she could; and, secured by virtuous principles and animated by noble aims, we are also sure that "The best is yet to be."

HARDIN CRAIG, '97.



ENGRAVED & PRINTED BY ED. H. FOX, DANVILLE, KY.

KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

Kobert	McKenzie	Dickerson	Cary	Riker	Barnhill	Shanks
Craig	Spalding	Gabbert	Blayne	Starling	Taylor	



Vertical text or markings on the right edge of the rectangular area.

The Chamberlain Society.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

J. L. Allen,	P. D. Black,
G. F. Bell,	C. D. Burbank,
G. C. Bohon,	G. K. Fisher,
D. J. Curry,	T. P. Grant,
W. H. Goodloe,	C. Huguely,
P. S. Green,	N. Lafon,
J. Lafon,	J. W. Norwood,
H. J. Mann,	J. R. Wilkie,
W. H. Riker,	S. L. Yerkes.
P. B. Bethel,	

OFFICERS.

FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

President—J. M. Blayney.* Censor Morum—C. B. Kobert.*
Secretary—G. K. Fisher.

SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

President—J. L. Allen. Censor Morum—P. S. Green.
Secretary—D. J. Curry.

THIRD ADMINISTRATION.

President—G. F. Bell. Censor Morum—C. Huguely.
Secretary—D. J. Curry.

FOURTH ADMINISTRATION.

President—P. B. Bethel. Censor Morum—G. K. Fisher.
Secretary—N. Lafon.

Treasurer—W. H. Riker.

Corresponding Secretary—W. H. Goodloe.

Janitor—N. Lafon.

Librarian—J. W. Norwood.

Ass't Librarians—C. Huguely, N. Lafon.

DECLAIMERS.

W. H. Goodloe, '98. G. C. Bohon, '00.
P. D. Black, '98. H. J. Mann, '97.

TWENTY-SECOND ORATORS.

D. J. Curry, '97. W. H. Goodloe, '98.

DEBATERS.

J. R. Wilkie, '98. J. W. Norwood, '99. G. F. Bell, '98.

* Not active.



The Chamberlain Society.

The Chamberlain Philosophical and Literary Society was founded in 1828 and named in honor of the first president of the College, the Rev. Jeremiah Chamberlain.

Fostered by the College authorities and enlivened by spirited rivalry and public demonstrations, the society in those early days possessed a degree of strength and an enthusiasm among its members with which we are not familiar. The membership at one time reached as high as sixty-six, and has been honored by such names as the Hon. Jas. B. McCreary, the Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, the Hon. Boyd Winchester, Rev. Willis Green Craig, the Hon. Robt. C. Wickliffe, the Hon. Jno. M. Harlan, and others.

Thus we look back with pride to our illustrious alumni and the history of the past, feeling that in emulation of their example lies the road to future prosperity. The advent of fraternities and the disturbing influence of the Civil War are among the causes which have operated to cause a decrease in the membership and make the literary society a less integral part of every student's life.

Though it has lost its prestige, it has not, however, lost its importance, nor should the lasting benefits to be derived therefrom be underrated.

In entering upon its sixty-ninth year, the Society had much to contend with; a scarcity of old members, debt, and oftentimes a woeful lack of interest. But happily a bad beginning sometimes makes a good ending, for the past session has been for Chamberlain one of success.

General improvement and progress is seen in the literary exercises and conduct of business. But it is in the annual public celebrations that Chamberlain has been peculiarly fortunate and shown that quality is ever superior to quantity, and that the time has not been spent without the mutual improvement of the several members. First of these victories was the First Prize in the November Declamatory contest, won by Mr. Ward Goodloe.

The Twenty-second Oratorical contest resulted in a greater honor—the representation of the College in the Kentucky Inter-Collegiate Association. Mr. Curry was highly complimented on the thought and forcible delivery of his oration.

Being stung by the partial truth contained in the assertion that she had been afraid to meet her rivals in public debate, Chamberlain next challenged Deino-logian to a joint debate.

The latter part of March witnessed this innovation in Centre's life and—another victory for old Chamberlain.

With a fair chance of winning the June Oratorical Contest, Chamberlain would say to the new students of the coming year: She hopes to show you a clean record of victories, a comfortable and commodious hall, a well-regulated library of 1397 volumes, and, if you will share her fortunes and aid in her progress, a bond of mutual friends.

G. F. BELL, '98.



Deinologian Literary Society.

MOTTO :

“Vita sine literes mors est.”

OFFICERS.

1st ADMINISTRATION	2nd ADMINISTRATION.	3rd ADMINISTRATION	4th ADMINISTRATION
Pres A. B. Gould, '97.	E. A. Bess, '97.	S. P. Bradley, '97.	E. V. Puryear.
Vice-Pres Huston Taylor, '97.	Hardin Craig, '97.	J. P. Edwards, '98.	W. W. H. Mustaine, '99.
Secy W. C. Ledyard, '99.	W. W. H. Mustaine, '99.	W. H. Shacklett, 1900.	J. N. Stofer, '98.
Treas. F. A. Hendricks, '97.	S. R. Kerr, '97.	S. R. Kerr, '97.	O. P. Barnhill, 1900.
Serg at Arms G. A. Gray, '97.	J. P. Edwards, '98.	J. N. Stofer, '98.	E. O. Clark, 1900.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| R. M. Baker. | W. P. Hatchett. |
| S. K. Baird. | J. F. Lawville. |
| C. R. Bass. | Jos. McAlister. |
| A. M. Buchanan. | J. M. McDaniel. |
| J. C. Burchett. | E. W. Mills. |
| S. J. Fryer. | J. E. Robinson. |
| L. C. Gabbert. | H. C. Rogers. |
| O. M. Gillette. | H. G. Snyder. |
| V. M. Gowdy. | H. C. Wilson. |
| G. A. Gray. | |

REPRESENTATIVES IN INTER-SOCIETY CONTESTS.

DECLAMATION.—O. P. Barnhill, S. P. Bradley, V. M. Gowdy, S. R. Kerr.

ORATORY. { 22nd Feb.—S. P. Bradley, H. C. Rogers.
 { 7th June.—H. C. Rogers, H. C. Wilson.

DEBATE.—E. A. Bess, S. P. Bradley, Huston Taylor.



The Deinologian Literary Society.



The object of this brief article is not to picture the Deinologian Literary Society of long ago. That society, its successes, its work and its members are of the past and belong rather to history than to current topics. The record of this Society is a part of the glories of old Centre; and the College today, when she points with pride to the men whose lives reflect honor upon their Alma Mater, calls our attention to her societies as being potent factors in making her graduates prominent public men.

Our subject, as before stated, is not of the past of the society, but rather of its present, of the work of the society today and its prospects for the future.

The total enrolled this year, 96-97, is thirty-five.

The work of the Society has been well done, the duties being promptly performed and the programs, for the most part, very interesting. A manifest improvement is found in the changes made in our Constitution by the Revision Committee, who presented us a constitution, in many respects, better than the last one.

The new By-Law as reported by the Committee and adopted by the Society, is a radical departure from the old class system, in that it places the power of arranging the program for the regular evenings exercises, in the hands of the Vice-President, and provides that he shall appoint for each evening's entertainment "two Orators, two Essayists, two Declaimers, two select Readers, and two Extempore speakers;" also six debaters. This has the effect of furnishing a varied program for each evening and of concluding the meetings at an earlier hour than was possible under the class system.

Other changes have been made of almost equal importance.

The prospects of the future are good, the indication for new members are promising and the Deinologian Society of the future will turn out men as good, and will make a name as enviable as the Deinologian Society of the past.





Y. M. C. A.

J. R. Wilke, President,
L. A. Barrett, Vice-President.
W. C. Ledyard, Secretary.
J. W. Norwood, Treasurer.

COMMITTEE.

DEVOTIONAL.

W. C. Ledyard,
J. F. Fairleigh,
J. H. Armstrong,
C. H. Ferran.

MISSIONARY.

R. C. Jones,
A. B. Gould,
J. M. Cornelison.

SOCIAL.

A. B. Gould,
T. P. Grant,
Nat Lafon,
J. M. McDaniel,
T. H. Spalding.

MEMBERSHIP.

G. F. Bell,
J. McClusky Blayney, Jr.
E. O. Clark,
H. C. Rogers,
W. H. Shacklett,

BIBLE STUDY.

L. A. Barrett,
R. C. Jones,
Albert Von Der Lippe,
T. W. Rainey.

MUSIC.

H. C. Rogers,
J. N. Stofer,
Alex. Sharp,
J. W. Norwood.

FINANCE.

J. W. Norwood,
I. J. Heizer,
R. W. Dupuy,
J. N. Stofer,
J. C. Acheson.

LECTURE.

T. P. Grant,
W. H. Riker,
H. S. Hale,
Spencer Best,
J. E. Robinson.

YEAR BOOK.

C. Christensen,
J. M. Cornelison,
G. F. Bell,
H. C. McC. Anderson.

JAIL WORK.

J. M. Cornelison,
H. C. Rogers,
H. Spaulding.

SUMMER SCHOOL.

R. C. Jones,
A. B. Gould,
T. P. Grant,
G. F. Bell,
S. M. Gillam.





Y. M. C. A.

An educated man is one who has been "led out" so to speak, along three pathways; the physical, mental and spiritual. And if he has been led for an equal distance in each his education will be perfect, so far as it goes.

The average college man is satisfied that he is having quite enough of mental training, and generally leaves it all to the care of the professors.

When it comes to training his body, his interest is more easily aroused and the immediate attraction of athletic sports insure its maintenance.

But in spiritual matters how different!

With no kindly care-taking professor to oversee, and with little or no interest within himself, his religious life is too often left like a helpless waif to struggle feebly for existence, and when the short four years of college life are over, many a young man goes forth to solve Life's problem apparently with a thorough education, while in reality he is only half educated. And who can estimate, not merely the vast amount of good left undone but the great evil that actually does result from such criminal neglect?

The organization which has done most to make good this defect in collegiate training is the Young Men's Christian Association.

Begun just twenty years ago under the leadership of a few earnest Christian Students, it has grown steadily until now more than thirty-three thousand young men in five hundred of our colleges are enlisted as members, all with this object in view, "the promotion of christian fellowship among its members, and aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students; to train them for Christian service, and to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, not only in distinctively religious callings but also in secular pursuits."

How near the Association at Centre College has come to the accomplishment of that object will be left for others to say. Of course, like everything else in this world, this organization has had its "ups and downs." These have not been equally distributed, however, if we may judge from the scarcity of "ups" in the last few years. Yet we knew that that condition would not last, it could not last, and indications are not lacking that next year will be the most fruitful in the Association's history.

In looking back over this year's history, four events especially merit notice; the Young Men's "Sunday," December 13th, conducted by Dr. Stuckey, College Secretary Ray, and Gen. Secretary Baldwin of Lexington; the State Convention of Frankfort, February 18th to 21st., when we were represented by seven delegates; the visit of Chas. T. Studd of England, and that of Gen. Secretary Wilcox, of Frankfort.

The key-note of these four has been "Personal Work," and in all our future work we shall try to keep in mind these words:—

"He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias."



Centre College Glee Club.

A. B. GOULD, President,
M. H. SPAULDING, Vice-President.
S. R. KERR, Secretary,
ALEXANDER SHARP, Treas.

Leader, M. DOUGLASS FLATTERY.

FIRST TENOR.
S. R. Kerr,
W. F. Minnich,
H. C. Rogers,
M. H. Spaulding.

SECOND TENOR.
J. P. Edwards,
T. P. Grant,
S. H. McKnight,
Alex. Sharp.

FIRST BASS.
W. H. Chapman,
E. W. Mills.
A. M. Parrett,
J. R. Wilkie.

SECOND BASS.
J. C. Burchett,
A. B. Gould,
J. W. Norwood,
J. N. Stofer.



College Publications.

THE "ECCENTRIC."

Senior Class Annual.

M. L. Raney.—Editor in chief.

E. A. Bess,
A. B. Gould,
H. G. Shearin,
Lyne Starling,
A. G. Sulser. } Associate Editors.

G. W. Welsh.—Business Manager.

Spencer Best,
H. L. Montgomery, } Assistant Business Managers.

A. R. Cook.—Artist.

CENTRE COLLEGE CENTO.

Published Monthly by the Students.

E. A. Bess..... Editor in Chief.
L. C. Gabbert..... Assistant Editor.
Hardin Craig..... Business Manager.
J. R. Wilkie..... Assistant Business Manager.
G. F. Bell..... Literary Editor.
S. L. Yerkes..... Locals.
Nat Lafon..... Athletics.
Huston Taylor..... Alumni.
Keene Ryan..... Seminary.
Vance Puryear..... Law.

STUDENT'S HAND-BOOK.

Published by the Y. M. C. A.

Chas. Christensen.

J. M. Cornelison.

G. F. Bell.

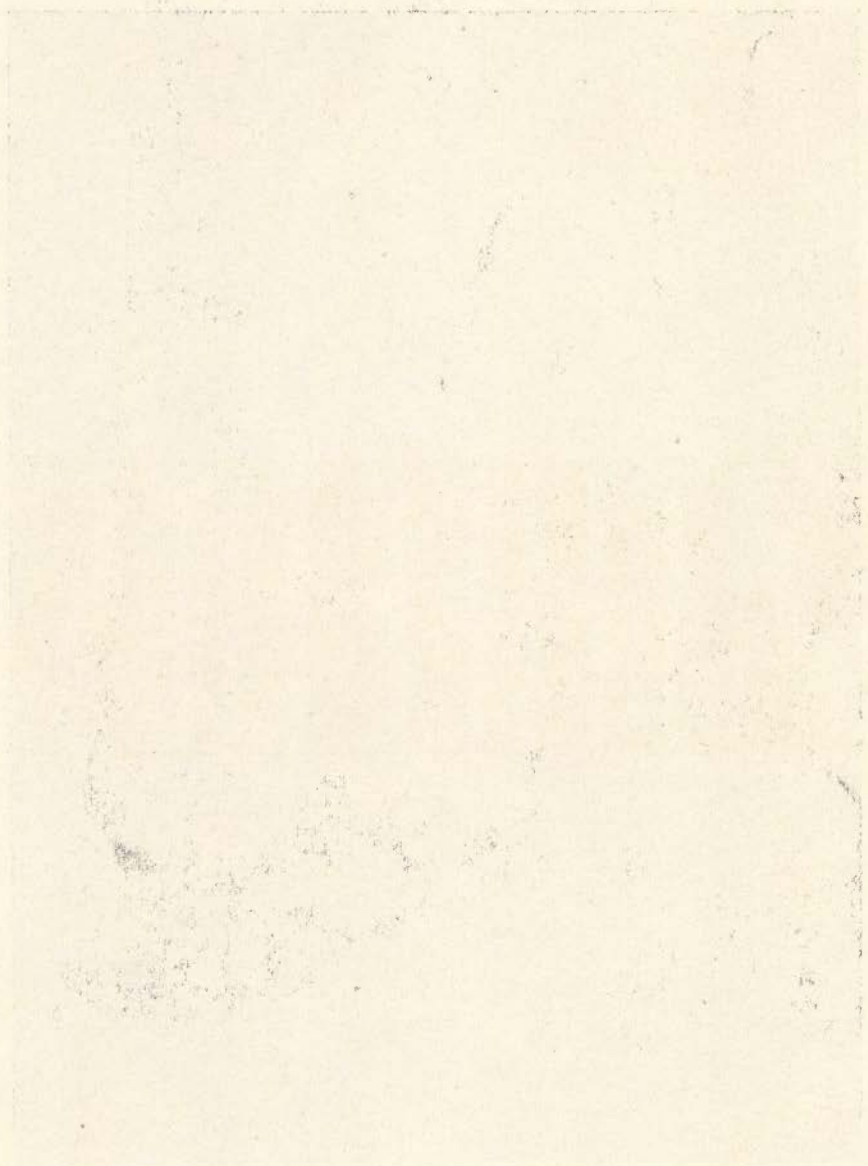


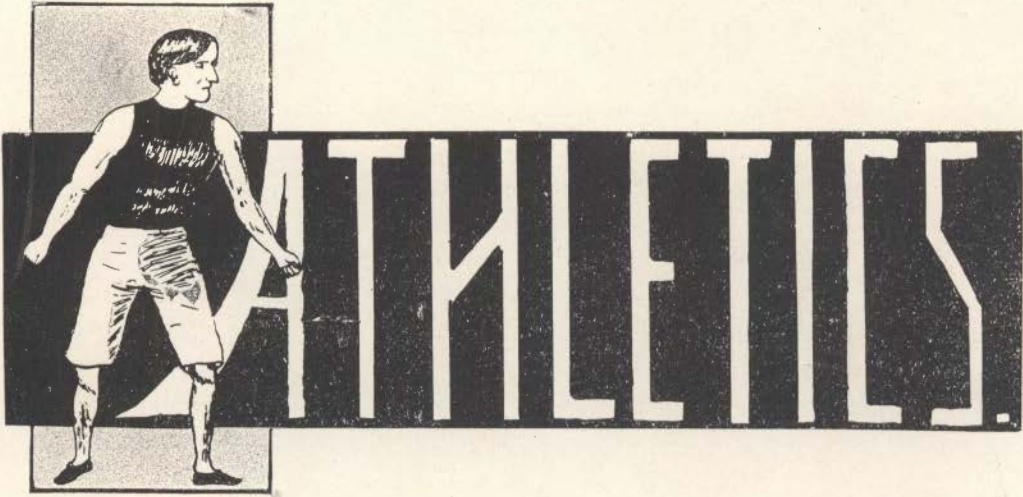


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CENTO EDITORIAL STAFF.

Yerkes,	Lafon,	Bell,	Wilkie,	Purveyar,	Ryan,
Taylor,	Craig,	Bess,	Gabbert,		







**

**

Athletic Association.

H. L. MONTGOMERY, '97, President.
GRADY CARY, '98, Vice-President.
E. F. McELROY, '97, Secretary.
E. W. COOK, '92, Treasurer.
M. DOUGLAS FLATTERY, Physical Director.

DIRECTORS.

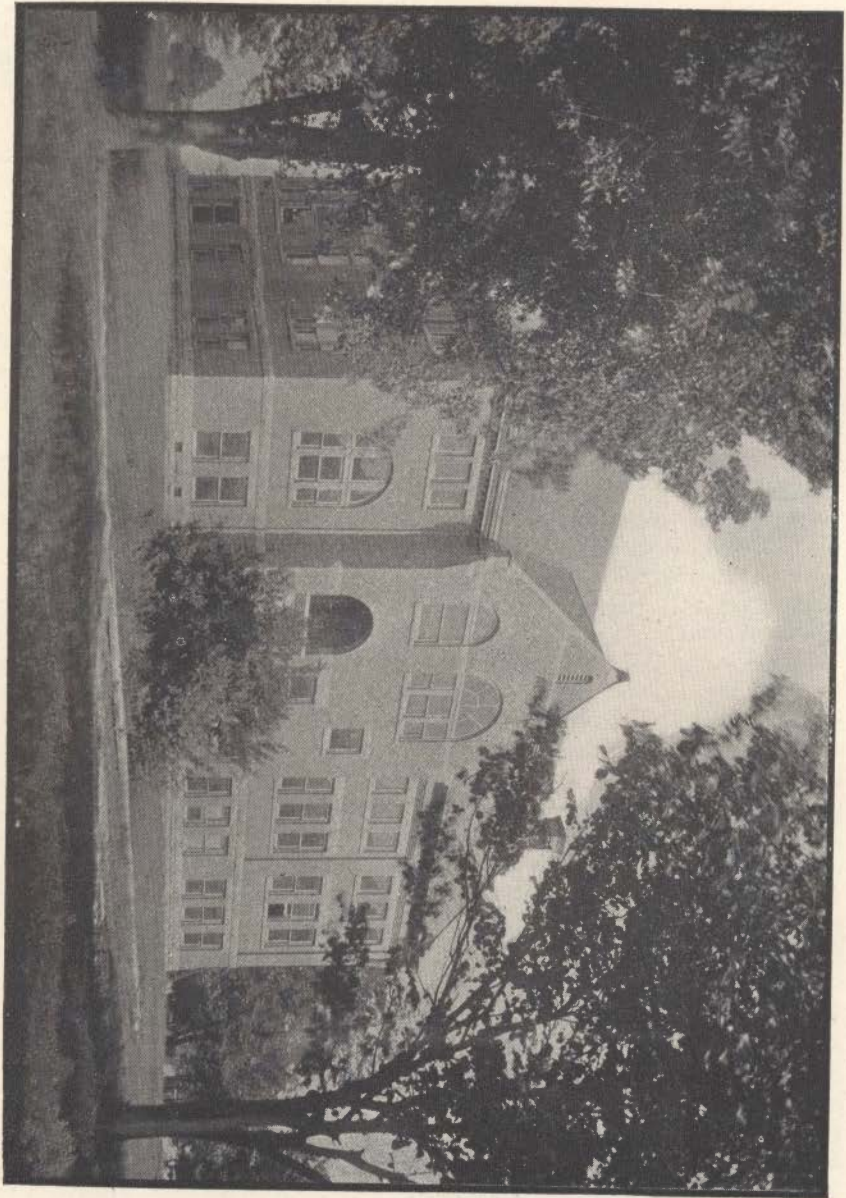
Carl J. McKnight, '97
Lyne Starling, Jr. '97
Nat. Lafon, '99
W. Daniels, '99

J. C. Acheson, '98
J. Vimont Lyle, '98
Dan Thomas, '00
O. P. Barnhill, '00

**

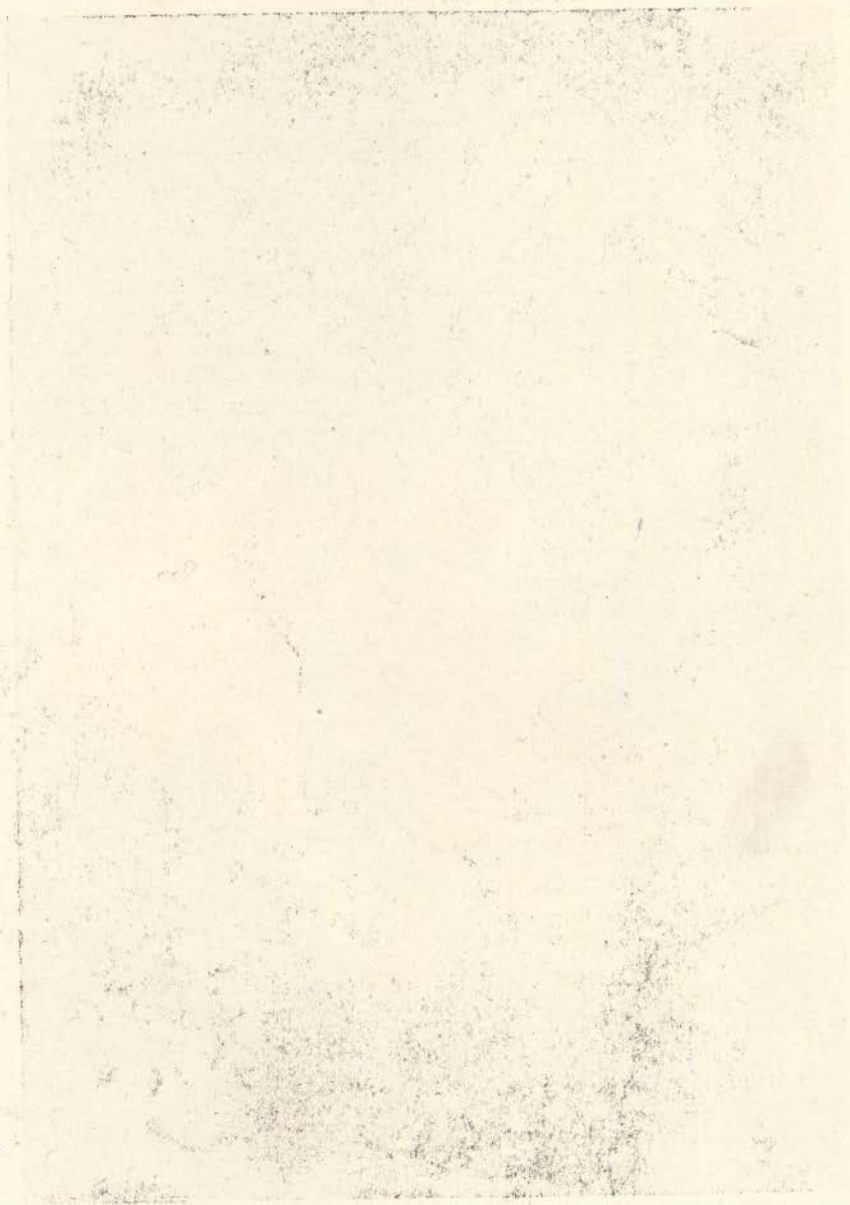
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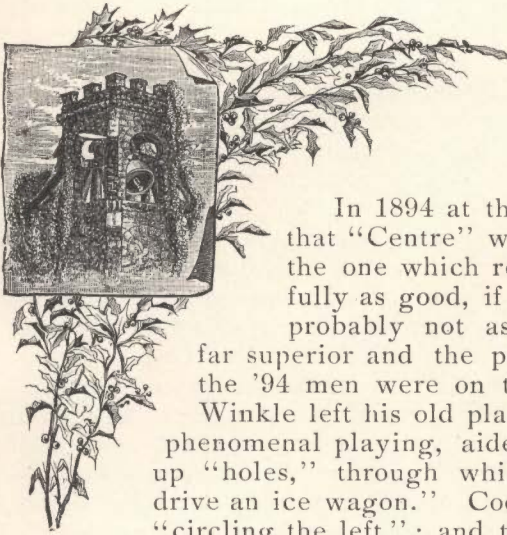


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GYMNASIUM.



100-100-100



Football.

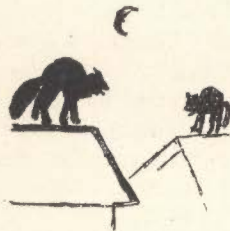
In 1894 at the close of the football season, critics said that "Centre" would never have another team as good; yet the one which represented her on the gridiron last fall was fully as good, if not better. The individual members were probably not as strong as in '94, but the team-work was far superior and the play was quicker than ever before. Five of the '94 men were on the '96 team and all had improved. Van Winkle left his old place at left end for left half, and did his usual phenomenal playing, aided considerably by Woodard, who opened up "holes," through which, as one of the boys said, "you could drive an ice wagon." Cook, at right end, was particularly good at "circling the left"; and the ease with which he avoided "tackles" and made touch-downs, was a source of admiration for the Centre men and awakened dread in the hearts of the enemy. Staples, at guard, was easily head and shoulders above any guard in the South. His two years' experience had wrought great improvement, and his position was invulnerable to any attack from the opposing backs. "Jimmie" was pretty sure for a substantial gain, whenever he was given the ball. Colvin captained the team splendidly, putting that "snap" into the play which Centre's teams have heretofore lacked. The only new man was Blaydes (Dickerson being a "sub" in '95) who was probably the strongest man at right tackle we have ever had, although comparatively inexperienced. He picked up the game quickly and played his position like a veteran. Nicholas held his place at center in good style, often breaking through the opposing line and tackling the runner in his tracks. Cecil, Harlan, Yeager and Dickerson, of the '95 team, had all improved and all played well. Yeager "backed" remarkably well for a light man and his end runs could not be beaten. He scored more touch-downs than any other member of the team. "Little Charlie" was good on interference work and made some long runs. He tackles strong and sure, and gains around his end were few. Harlan and Dickerson both did well; Dickerson's work being principally in interference, while Harlan "held his man" in good style. Casey took part in only one game and only a small part of that, but he made the most sensational play of the season; in the Vanderbilt game, with only half a minute to play, Cecil caught the ball on the eighty yard line and, made a splendid run of forty yards; then Casey took the ball for a touch-down. Mc. Anderson, our coach, to whom all the honor of the splendid team-work is due, is a Princeton man, and was a very promising candidate for full-back on the 'Varsity team. He had just recovered from a very severe attack of typhoid fever when he came

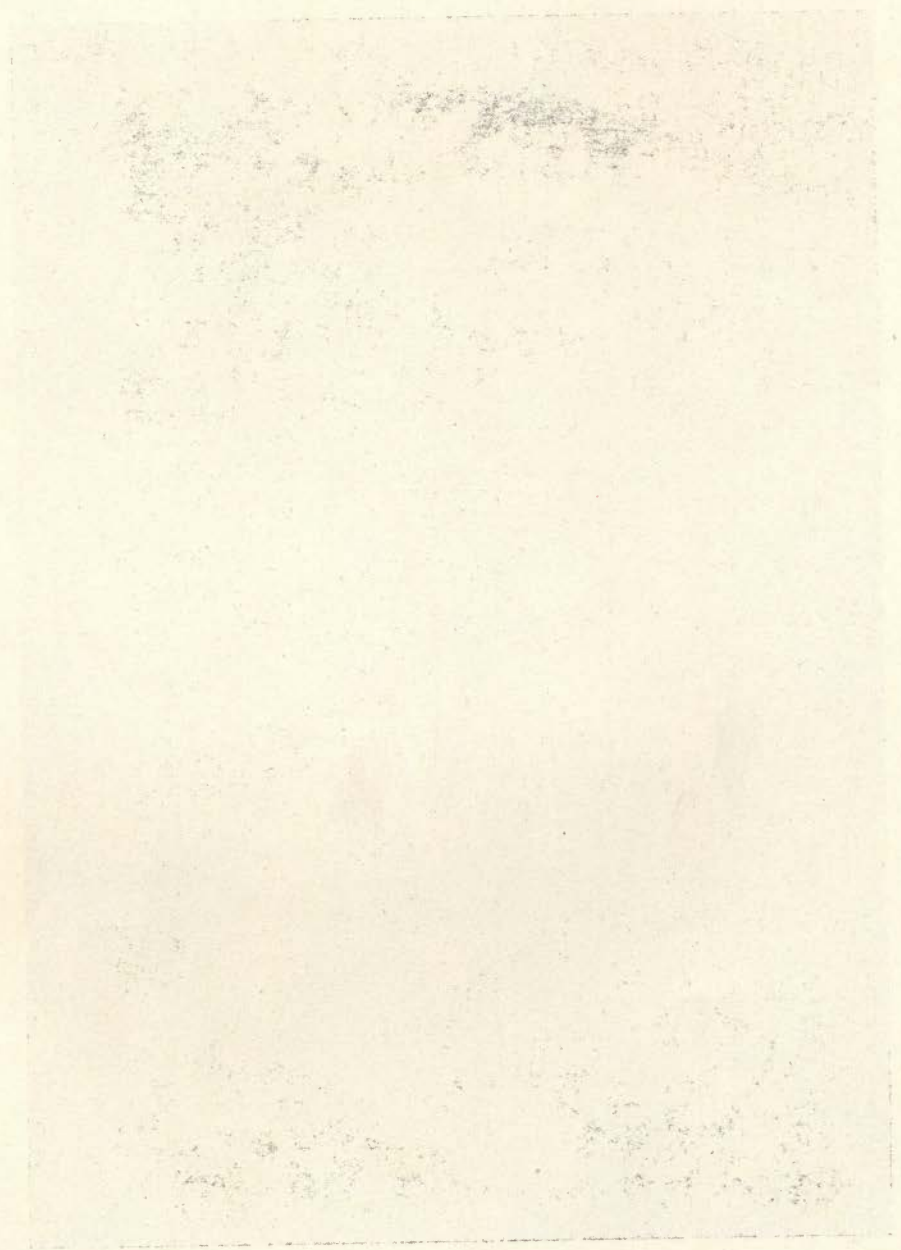
to Danville, and could take part in but two games, at Louisville and against West Virginia. He had not recovered fully in his first game, so did not play in his usual good style; but in West Virginia he played a very strong game, making the only touch-down. There are several good men on the second team who should show up well next year; Earnest Van Winkle and Brodie, particularly.

The first game Centre played was with Vanderbilt, whom we had never beaten, (except one forfeited game), but all past scores were wiped out when we beat them by the overwhelming score of 46 to 0. L. A. C. then went down for the eighth time to the "tune" of 16 to 6. State College was easily defeated twice, and L. A. C., not satisfied with eight defeats came to Danville to try conclusions again with their "hoodoos." After borrowing three Indianapolis Light Artillery men, they considered themselves invincible, but were defeated by the largest score Centre has ever "run up" on them, 28 to 0. On Thanksgiving Day our record was broken, Cincinnati University, who had given the Carlisle Indians such a hard tussle, tying us in a hard-fought game. Centre would have won the game but for two things: First, the ground was so soft that our ends and backs could not get a good footing for quick turns, especially as they were accustomed to the hardest grounds in the country, while Cincinnati was accustomed to the "soft going"; second, "Jimmie" Staples was removed from the game for alleged slugging, which no one saw, not even the man whom he was said to have hit. It weakened the team and took the heart out of them or we would have won anyhow. The last game was against the University of West Virginia's team, captained and trained by the noted Trenchard. They were beaten in a hard-played game by a score of six to nothing.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands"—of the gridiron.

—A. R. DUNLAP, '95.







FOOT BALL TEAM.

Cook,	Blaydes,	Staples,	Harlan,	Woodard,	VanWinkle,	Anderson,	Coach.
		Yeager,	Colvin, Capt.	Rowland, Mgr			
		Dickerson,	Nicholas,	Cecil,			



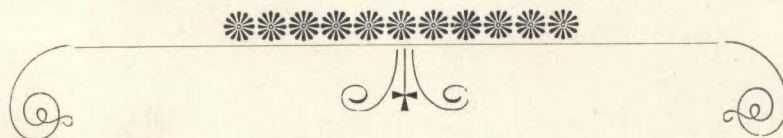
Football Team, '96.

E. S. ROWLAND, Manager.
H. McC. ANDERSON, Coach.

Cecil, 160 lbs.	Left End.
Woodard, 178 lbs.	Left Tackle.
Harlan, 186 lbs.	Left Guard.
Nicholas, 180 lbs.	Centre.
Staples, 186 lbs.	Right Guard.
Blaydes, 170 lbs.	Right Tackle.
Cook, 170 lbs.	Right End.
Colvin (Capt.) 165 lbs.	Quarter Back.
Van Winkle, 168 lbs.	Left Half Back.
Yeager, 147 lbs.	Right Half Back.
Dickerson, 165 lbs.	Full Back.

RECORD.

Centre 46, Vanderbilt 0, at Danville. Centre 28, L. A. C. 0, at Danville.
Centre 16, L. A. C. 6, at Louisville. Centre 12, U. of C. 12, at Cincinnati.
Centre 34, State College 0, at Danville. Centre 6, U. of W. Va. 0, at Charleston.





Base Ball Team, '97.

Anderson.....	Catcher.
Hindman.....	Pitcher.
Overstreet.....	Pitcher.
Dickerson.....	First Base.
Welch.....	Second Base.
Washington.....	Third Base.
Reynolds.....	Short Stop.
Dickens.....	Left Field.
Starling.....	Center Field.
Baker.....	Right Field.

SUBS—Grinstead, Fairleigh, Coakley, Hale.

RECORD OF '96.

State College 3, Centre 13.....	At Lexington.
Kentucky Wesleyan 16, Centre 12.....	“ Winchester.
Central University 5, Centre 8.....	“ Richmond.
University of Cincinnati 9, Centre 8....	“ Danville.
University of Cincinnati 7, Centre 8....	“ Danville.
Central Universtiy 4, Centre 7.....	“ “
Kentucky Wesleyan 5, Centre 8.....	“ “
State College 3, Centre 17.....	“ “
State College 10, Centre 10.....	“ “
L. A. C. 8, Centre 9.....	“ “
L. A. C. 1, Centre 4.....	“ “
L. A. C. 3, Centre 13.....	“ “
University of Cincinnati 7, Centre 4....	“ Cincinnati.





BASE BALL TEAM.

Anderson,	Baker,	Fairleigh,	Washington,	Dickens,	Grinstead,	Reynolds,
Welch,	Hindman, Capt.	Overstreet,	Dickerson,	Hale,		
Coakley,	Starling, Mgr.					



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TRACK TEAM

Edwards

Brodie

- | | | | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|----------------|----------|---------|----------|--------|------------|
| Grubs | Mustaine | Shacklett | Hatchett | Chapman | Clark | Gillam | Jackson |
| Washington | Shearin | Prof. Flattery | Cowherd | McElroy | Barnhill | Cary | Falconbury |
| McDaniels | Smith, Capt. | Tompkins | Holliday | | | | |



Track Records.

EVENT.	NAME.	RECORD.
50 Yards	Atherton	5 2-5 Seconds.
100 Yards	Smith.....	10 1-5 “
220 Yards	Smith.....	22 2-5 “
440 Yards	Lawrence	51 1-5 “
Half Mile.....	Cheek	2 m. 10 “
Mile	Kendall	5 m. 12 “
Putting Shot.....	Cook	36 ft. 4 Inches.
Throwing Hammer.....	Pool	94 ft. 3 “
120 Yards Hurdle.....	Hendricks	18 Seconds.
220 Yards Hurdle.....	Hendricks	31 2-5 “
Pole Vaulting	Smith	9 ft. 3 Inches.
Standing High Jump	Miller.....	4 ft. 9½ “
High Jump.....	Washington	5 ft. 8½ “
Standing Broad Jump.....	Hendricks.....	10 ft. 2 “
Broad Jump.	Archer	20 Feet.
Hop, Step and Jump.....	Hendricks.....	31 “



Tennis.

Notwithstanding the statement made by some doubtful authority that tennis has passed the zenith of its popularity in the Kentucky Colleges, at Centre it still holds, and from all indications, will continue to occupy a large share of interest.

As a matter of fact there is not as much enthusiasm manifested toward this branch of athletics as there is toward the two great college sports—foot-ball and base-ball, yet there is enough to keep all the courts crowded whenever the weather permits.

In the spring, however, tennis vies very closely in popularity with its great warm-weather rival, for in the latter part of May the tournaments are played, which excite as much interest with fraternity men, especially, as a foot-ball game.

The tournaments have been an annual event at Centre, almost from time immemorial. For various reasons, however, they were suspended for a few years, to be started again with renewed interest in ninety-six.

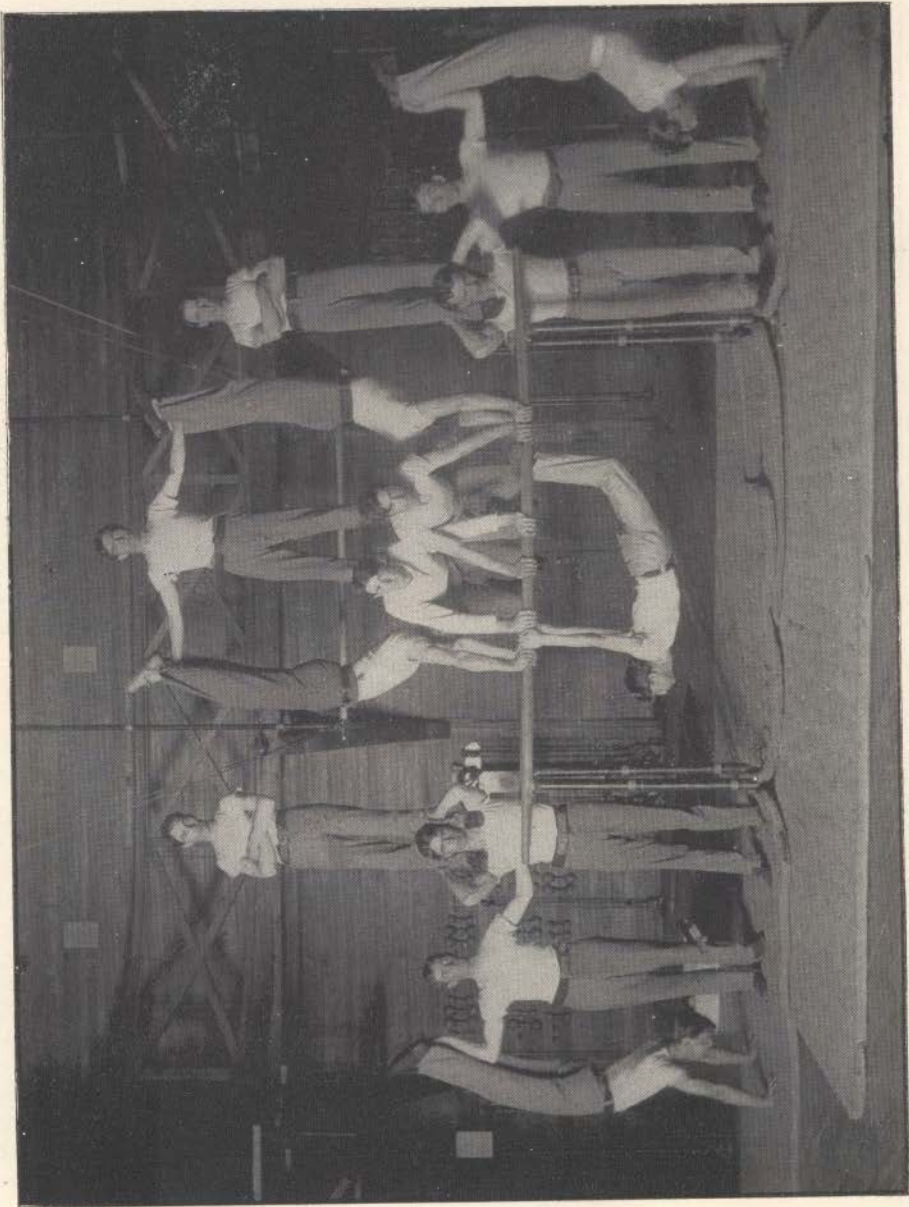
Heretofore it has been customary for only fraternity men to contest, each fraternity selecting two men to uphold its honor. Last year this rule was altered somewhat, and two other couples, one representing Breckenridge Hall and the other, the non-fraternity men, were permitted to enter. This permission indirectly led to the present condition, which allows any one who has matriculated to enter.

While no record has been kept of past achievements, it has been handed down by tradition and otherwise that in ninety and ninety-one were held the best tournaments that were ever seen in the college and very probably in the State. There was unusually good material in college at that time, and consequently good playing was the result.

In ninety the trophy fell into the hands of Messrs. Van Winkle and Brennan, who represented the Sigma Chi Fraternity in doubles. In the singles, Mr. R. C. Wycliffe carried off the honors. This was the only time singles were played in tournaments, having, for some inexplicable reason, never been as popular as doubles.

In ninety-one, Messrs. Scott and Curry, of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, came off victors. This was especially interesting for the reason that Mr. Scott was considered the best player in Kentucky. In the summer following, at the Chataqua meeting in Lexington, he proved that he justly enjoyed that reputation by defeating the best players in the State.

In ninety-six the prize fell into the hands of Messrs. Starling and Best, who represented the Kappa Alpha fraternity. The other contestants were Messrs. Curry and Dunlap, of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, Willis and Humphrey, of the Sigma Chi, Woolfolk and Glore, of the Beta Theta Pi, Bess and Ferran, of Breckenridge Hall, and Gould and Kerr, who very creditably upheld the honor of the non-fraternity men. Some very enterprising merchants opened their hearts and two very handsome prizes were given, one to the winners and one to the second best.



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GYMNASIUM CLASS.

Norwood, Heiser, Hendricks,

Daniels, Smith, Starling, Sharp,
Mustaine, Faulconer,
Goodloe,

Tompkins, Chapman, Kerr, Shears,

At present it looks very much like the tournaments of 1897 will eclipse all previous ones in good playing. There is an exceptional amount of good material in college this year. Men are here who have carried off honors at other colleges and training schools, where the title of tennis champion is not merely a nominal honor, but indicates that one has proved himself to be so in fair trial with other good players.

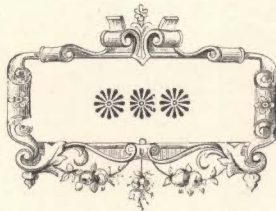
There are also men who were barred last year, for the reasons mentioned, but who will have an opportunity this year of showing what they are on the court. In the ordinary practice games some of these men, especially, have shown themselves to be very dexterous with the racket, and in the coming events will, no doubt, be quite a surprise to some of the tennis enthusiasts.

There have been about a dozen entries up to the first of April, and by the middle of May there will no doubt be as many more. If plenty of good playing is one of the qualifications for a good tournament, this ought certainly to be an extraordinary one.

It has been suggested, or rather there has been some little talk of organizing a league between the colleges of Kentucky. This movement is in the right direction, and if ever brought to completion will be a guarantee for the popularity of the game in the State. All that is necessary is for some one college to take the lead and Centre may as well be that one.

If some enterprising merchant or sporting goods firm, or some admirer of the game who is burdened with an unnecessary amount of shekles, wishes to make his name immortal among the tennis players of Centre, he would do well to establish a prize to be played for annually. Such an action would insure the patronage of the entire college for the business house, and to the individual who would perform such a philanthropic deed, I can only say that his name would be handed down with reverence and labelled with care to generations of tennis players yet to come.

SPENCER BEST, '97.





THE CONSUMMATE IT.

It is not a mental being,
It is not a quadruped;
Nose it has, but knows it nothing,
By papa its mouth is fed.

You will find it on the sidewalk,
Don't you know I think you will?
For weally, on the dead, fwend Cholly,
Of course, ah yes, you surely will.

It is not a harmful something,
In its cane no danger lies;
This is but to keep the dogs off,
And to scare atwocious flies.

On its nose it wears gold glasses,
On its hand a golden ring;
Golden teeth and golden buttons—
Gold enchains this brainless thing.

But in all this golden fabric,
There is none more unalloyed
Than the brass which gleams and glitters
In its cheeks, so cute and void.

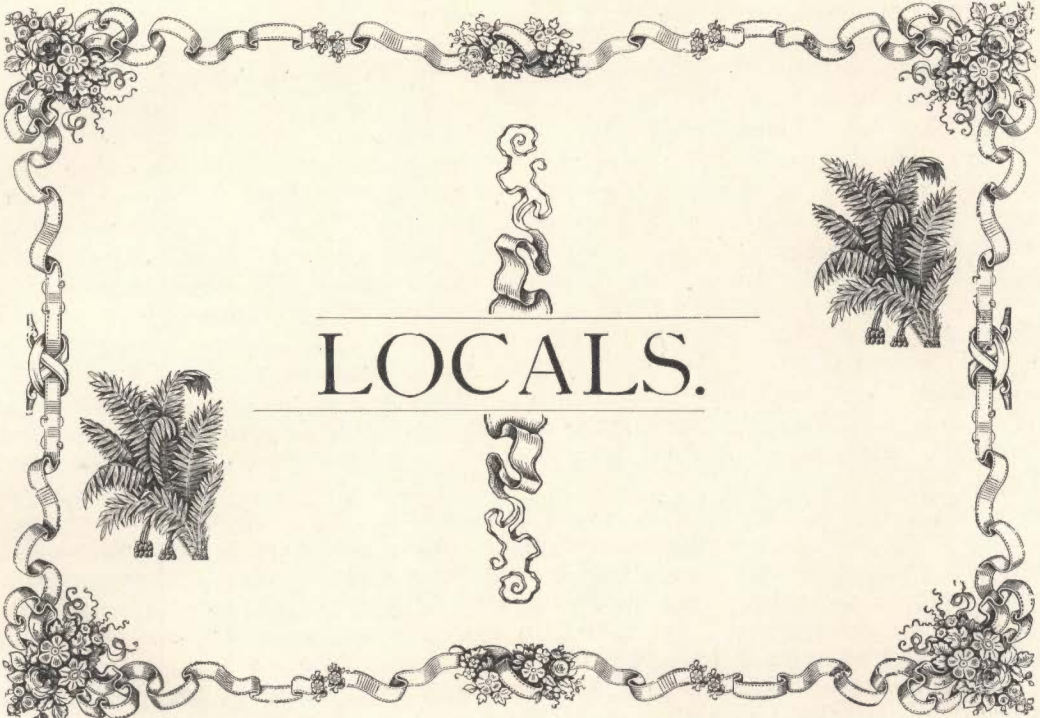
It was made to make girls titter,
In its hand no price it brings;
Oh, my dearest Miss Matilda,
Spare its heart and pocket strings!

Mock, my friends, not this lamented,
It kont stand your dweadful gaze;
Lull your irony to slumber,
Tune its soul to soothing lays.

Treat not lightly its affections;
Girls, don't call it bold or vain;
Tell it softly, break it gently,
That you can't love dudes inane.

M. L. R.





LOCALS.



Social Life at Centre.



Altogether the pleasant part of the average college man's life is the various social relations which he forms, and the various social events which, during the year, do so much toward making him in after years remember Danville most fondly. Nowhere in Kentucky, the home of hospitality, are the people more hospitable and cordial to everyone who shows himself worthy of their good graces than are the people of Danville. The student is welcomed to their homes, and made to feel that he is at home—to feel that he is not an outsider or an interloper.

And then the girls! They are the best part of it all. Nothing which can be said of them will do them justice. They are the "fairest, sweetest flowers" that ever graced a ball-room or bumped a "geezer's" head. It is owing to them, more than anything else, that Danville bears—and rightly—the enviable reputation which it does among the college towns of the South. The older people of the town do much; but it is the girls, after all, who deserve most of the credit for making the town what it is to the college boys.

This year has been a particularly gay and pleasant one. Not for a long time have there been so many fair visitors, and so many dances, receptions, card-parties and conversationales as for the past nine months. There has been an almost unbroken succession of entertainments, of one sort or another, from the time that college opened in the fall.

To begin with, the Y. M. C. A. of the college gives each year a reception soon after the college opening, where all the girls are present, and where, in the words of its president, "everybody has a jolly good time." Here are formed acquaintanceships which ripen into "the best of friendships;" and here is exhibited, "in its noblest form," the prevalent system of entertaining, a system which, though it may have its defects, is decidedly superior to any other arrangement for a like purpose. Thanks to it, everybody is kept moving, everybody enjoys himself, and "sticks" are unknown. This year we had two receptions, instead of one, which was decidedly more of a blessing than such sinners deserved; and, to make things better still, at the second one refreshments were served under the direction of Mrs. Wager and Mrs. Crawford.

Last fall, Professor and Mrs. Wager made a new departure, and one which the other professors would do well to follow. They tendered receptions to the Seniors, the Juniors, and the Sophomores, and if the other classes enjoyed themselves as much as the Seniors did, there is nothing better in store for them.

The Twenty-second season, with all its gaieties and all its visitors, almost made one think that commencement time was here. This Twenty-second was altogether the most lively one in the history of Danville. There were entertainments galore, and such a smashing of hearts (and pocket-books) was never heard

of before. The twenty-second ball, which is *the* social event of the year, was this year even more enjoyable than usual; and the bevy of inspired dancers, swaying to Saxton's perfect music, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. It was given, as usual, at the regular monthly dance of the *Chasse des Fees*, an organization which is composed chiefly of college men, and which is regarded by those of the boys who dance at the most prominent factor in the social life of the College.

When the Senior vacation comes on with its freedom forever from the restrictions of study and recitation hours, then, look out! The festive Senior idles away his days in thinking about "her," and spends his nights, arrayed in his best bib and tucker, in going to see "her." Everybody else stands back for him, and he is, decidedly, "monarch of all he surveys."

Commencement is the gayest, as well as the saddest part of the year. Everything winds up in a blaze of glory; but this, instead of reconciling us to our departure, only makes it the harder. Perhaps if we could

"Fold our tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away,"

it wouldn't be quite so bad; but to think that this is the last time that we shall ever participate in any of these pleasures is not the most agreeable thought in the world, by any means. However, we must grin and bear it, taking the present "goods the gods provide us," forgetful of the future.

The feature of Commencement is the Senior banquet, which is held on the night of and after the June Oratorical Contest, and at which is present a representative from each of the other classes. The one of last year was an unqualified success, and such promises to be the one of '97.

For several years past, affair has followed affair so rapidly that it has often been necessary to crowd two and three into a single day, thus scarcely leaving time for the driving, which is one of the most notable, and certainly one of the prettiest and pleasantest things about Commencement.

There may be changes, and new faces will come to fill the places so soon to be vacant; but the town and the gown will always continue to be closely associated in the most friendly and mutually profitable relations. We who leave shall never cease to look back with pleasure to our days in Danville as the brightest, happiest portion of our lives.







The Heart-Breakers.

MEMBERSHIP LIMITED TO WAR VETERANS.

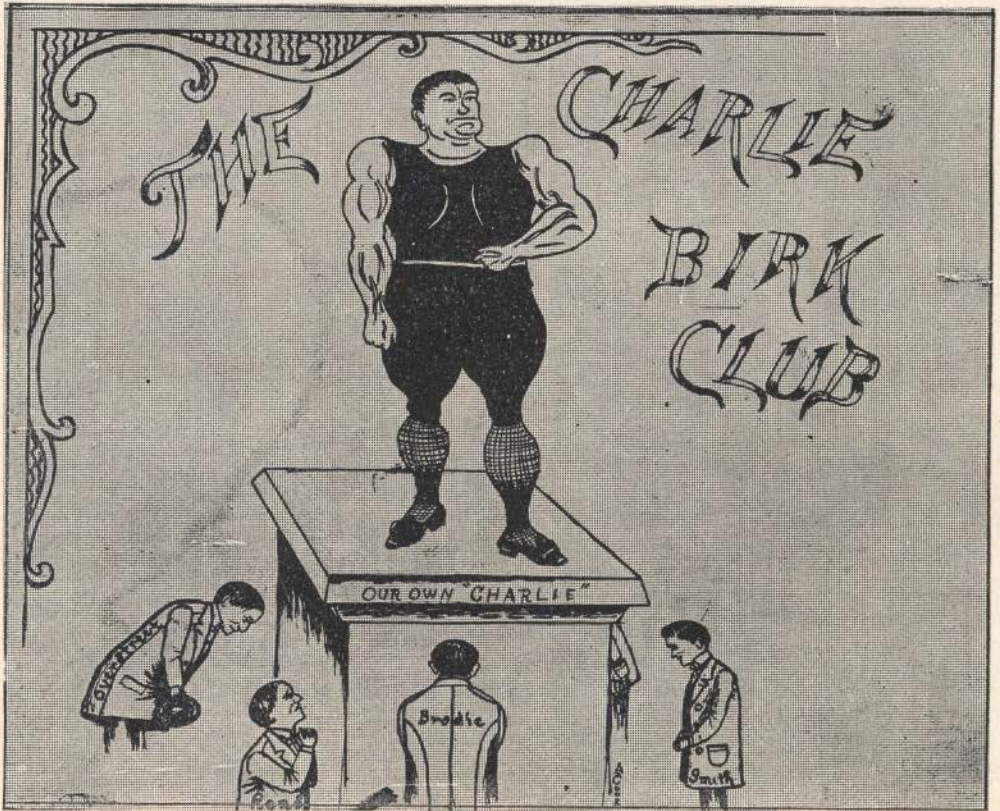
“He was only flirting, only playing a part—
Only a girl’s life blighted, only a broken heart.”

- | | |
|---|---|
| LORD HIGH SMASHER, - - - - - | Ah There Hohenstauffen Dunlap. |
| RUNNING MATE AND NOTHING MORE, - - - - - | Thos. Pinkney Hill Spaulding. |
| THE MAN WITH FOUR ON A STRING, - - - - - | Hot Stuff Hale. |
| “THE PRETTIEST THING I EVER SAW,” - - - - - | Little Billy Minnich. |
| THE SMOOTHEST DUCKS OF ALL, - - - - - | { George Windy Welsh,
Can’t Lose Me Cecil. |
| SWELLEST MAN IN TOWN, - - - - - | - Lawyer Isaacs. |
| HIGH-COCK-A-LORUM, - - - - - | - Dickey Logan. |
| HOPEFULS, - - - - - | { Delchie Welch.
Hughes McKnight,
Hugh Ross Adams,
Carey,
Scott Glore,
Billy Reno. |

There are lots of others—Bethel, Bradley, Yerkes, etc.—who think they ought to belong, but are excluded because they *lack the proper credentials*.

The object of this organization is to cause many a heart-ache and bitter tear, and, although it is yet quite young, the success of the movement has been phenomenal. For particulars, address Hill Spaulding, “of Lebanon, Ky.,” or Isaacs.







The Charlie Birk Club.

The sole object of this confederation is to make all those who are so unfortunate as to live elsewhere than Owensboro, Daviess County, Ky., thoroughly acquainted with the many virtues and accomplishments of one Charlie Birk, a resident of the abovesaid Owensboro. If its members are to be believed—(and why shouldn't they?)—so far as athletics is concerned, there's only one of her, and Charlie's it.

The members are: Billy Overstreet, *Billy Reno, *Arch Smith, Andrew Brodie and *John McLary.

(Craig also hails from Owensboro, but, as his opinion differs somewhat from that of his compatriots, he wasn't asked to join.)

Owing to the removal from our midst of so many of its most prominent factors, the club has temporarily suspended operations. The cause, however, is not dead; it only sleeps to awake again in the fall with renewed life and vigor.

*Gone to a better land—Owensboro.







The Boozer Club.

Much to the horror of ye Editors, they were made acquainted, not long since, with the doings of this company—heretofore a profound secret—and they felt it their duty to make them public. The meetings are held weekly, among the coal bins in the basement of Breckinridge Hall, and the Bacchanalian revelries indulged in have often awakened the sleepers above, but never before have they been able to ascertain the cause.

OFFICERS.

TOAST-MASTER,	- - - - -	Charlie Christensen.
BUNG-STARTER,	- - - - -	"Good Time" Wilkie.
SPUD-HOLDER,	- - - - -	Santie Wilson.
KEEPER-OF-THE-CORKSCREW,	- - - - -	Daddy King.
MIXER,	- - - - -	Pete Daniels.
SNAKE CHARMERS,	- - - - -	{ Claimed by McComb and Dempster as lineal descendants of St. Patrick.
POST GRADUATE,	- - - - -	
ORDINARY INEBRIATES,	- - - - -	{ Gould, Sharp, Gray, McCormick, Chapman, Johnson, Von der Lippe.





The Liars' League.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT, - - - - -	- - - - -	Sti' Fo' Overstreet.
VICE-PRESIDENT, - - - - -	Ikey Sulser (unanimously chosen).	
KEEPER OF THE RECORDS, - - - - -	- - - - -	Dee Curry.
OWENSBORO LIAR, - - - - -	- - - - -	Moonlight Smith.
IMPOSSIBLE LIAR, - - - - -	- - - - -	Slosh Welsh.
THE MAN WHO BELIEVES HIS OWN LIES, - - - - -	- - - - -	Googie Goodloe.
SOCIETY LIAR, - - - - -	- - - - -	Hugh Ross Adams.
GENERAL UTILITY LIAR, - - - - -	- - - - -	Carl McKnight.
SPONSOR, - - - - -	{	Francis Breckinridge Douglas, the biggest liar of all.

Candidates for membership must clearly demonstrate their capability before being admitted. All must lie by note and not by ear. The officers are elected by a competitive recital.

At the last election there was quite a struggle between Overstreet and Welsh for the Presidency, and it was only upon the 135 ballots that Overstreet was chosen.





The Color Club.

The object of the members of this club is to conglomerate with each other, and thus produce rainbow-like results. The operation of mixing is usually performed in Prof. Redd's room, and red is nearly always one of the component parts of the mixture.

Membership: Redd, Brown, Gray, Light Green, Dark Green, and Black.
Honorary Member: B. Pink, "Dealer in Clothing, etc."



The Minstrels.



THE performance given March 19th by the College Minstrel Troupe, for the benefit of the Athletic Association of the College, was one of the most enjoyable features of the year, and to say that Douglas "handled the coin" is an assurance that it was a success financially. Many of its features were new and original, and are deserving of special mention.

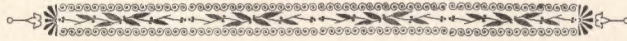
All praise is due to the Gibbs brothers, who were the bright particular stars of the aggregation. Time and time again they brought down the house by their witicisms and their skillful manipulations of the bones and tambourine, in both of which they were ably seconded by Sam Fox and Barker. Woolfolk, Welch, Richardson and Glore, who formed the second installment of end-men in the old-fashioned first part, also did well.

Some of the singing was particularly fine. The solos by Minnich and Tilden Cook, and the Cook Quartette, were all worthy of trained singers and might easily discount much that is done in the ranks of professional minstrel men.

The comic songs, though they were not quite up to the standard of the others, were still very good.

The music by Saxton's Orchestra during intermission was up to its usual standard of excellence, and the guitar solo by "The Only Saxton" was "clean out of sight."

Sam Fox made some hits in his "Remarks on Natural History," and Barker and Woolfolk in their musical sketch went beyond the ordinary amateur. The tumbling of "Shorty" Smith and "Kid" Starling showed what sort of material our gymnasium turns out, and was decidedly one of the best features of the evening, being in every respect worthy of professionals. The dancing of Richardson and H. Gibbs was splendid. We give the program as follows:



☀ ☀ Program, March 19. ☀ ☀

☀ Centre ☀ College Minstrels. ☀

PART FIRST.

BONES.

First Invoice.

George Gibbs, Sam Fox.

Second Invoice.

Boyle Woolfolk, Martin Welch.

TAMBOS.

First Invoice.

Fred Barker, Henry Gibbs.

Second Invoice.

Scott Glore, Vernon Richardson.

Interlocutor—Eugene Cook.

Grand Overture—"Black America"	Entire Company
Comic Solo—"Julienne"	Barker
Quartet—Selected	Cook Brothers
Comic Song—"Honey, Does You Love Your Man?"	George Gibbs
Tenor Solo—"In the Shadow of the Pines"	Wm. Minnich
Comic Song—"All Coons Look Alike to Me"	W. S. Glore
Baritone Solo—"Answer"	T. Cook
Comic Song—"There Will be a Hot Old Time in Town To-Night"	Woolfolk and Company

INTERMISSION.

Grand Concert by Saxton's Orchestra.

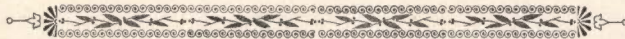
SECOND PART.

Remarks on Natural History	Sam Fox
Quartet—"The Baggage Coach Ahead"	E. W., F. A., and Tilden Cook
Comical Musical Sketch	Barker and Woolfolk
Dancing Specialty	H. Gibbs and V. Richardson
Guitar Solo	The Only Saxton
Expert Tumbling Act	Smith and Starling

To Conclude with a Laughable Farce Comedy, entitled

"One Night in a Bar-Room."

The cast including Eugene, Arch, Ernest and Howard Cook, Sam Fox; Fred Barker, V. Richardson, Scott Glore, Boyle Woolfolk and Gibbs Brothers.



Here We Are.

“Alas for him who drops a joke and picks it up again!”

BESS—This sage, with the dignified bearing and the Chauncey Depew whiskers, is the father of our class, in more senses than one. He once lived in Kansas City, but he now lives in blissful anticipation and expectation of the time when the Seminary shall turn him loose to terrify the timid Patagonian (or some other out-of-the-way people, it is to be hoped).

BEST—“Doc,” if not the first in stature, is at least the first in the hearts of his countrymen. If he had three feet more on top of him he would be about six feet tall; that is, he is nearly as tall as Eddie Flaig. His reputation is largely based upon his tendency toward and his proficiency in “playing scraps” and the large business which he carries on by means of registered letters. From lack of sufficient data we are here compelled to close our account of this pleasing person.

BETHEL—

BRADLEY—When “Pinter” landed from the hog-train in the bright September days of 1894, no one expected him to become the best man in the class, and he hasn’t disappointed the expectations of the class a bit. He is a lady-killer with a winsome manner and the general appearance of a South Sea Islander. If he has any excuse for living, we would be glad if he would drop us a line to that effect, stating reasons for the same.

COOK—“Hannah” is a long-haired veteran, with a remarkable resemblance to “The Last of the Mohicans.” He makes pictures—real pretty pictures; in fact, he is almost an artist! He “drew the pictures for this book.” If there is anything in the world at which we take greater delight in looking than at “Hannah’s” pictures, it is something else. There is something so free and easy and open-work-like about them that we stand and gaze in awed and silent admiration, and wish we could draw, too.

CRAIG is chiefly distinguished by his graceful carriage and his 12x20 bean-soup smile. So far as his general (dis)abilities are concerned he vies with Bradley, and but for the ease and grace with which, as master of ceremonies, he conducted affairs in Dr. McKee's room, he would long ago have been asked by the class to give up the musket. "Pat" absolutely refuses to disclose anything concerning the locality of the hot-bed where he sprouted, but, judging from appearances, he looks as if he might have come from Junction City.

CURRY—Dee comes from Pick Passmoresburg, and staggers under the heavy responsibility of the greatest honor which '97 can confer—that of acting as its much respected President. If Dee could only speak he would be something of an orator, for he has "the best diaphragm voice I ever heard." As it is, Dee, instead of following in the footsteps of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, must while away his weary existence as a dentist's assistant.

DICKERSON—"Heathen" is an active worker in the college Y. M. C. A. movement.

"His walk is peculiar, a song-and-dance stride ;
His voice is exceedingly loud,"

and when he chants a lullaby on the coach line one can close his eyes and imagine that he already hears "the ten thousand harps and voices." Nicholasville foisted him upon us, and everybody awaits breathlessly the time when he shall follow the example of Bo-Peep's sheep.

EMBRY—Reed is Captain-General of the Right Grand Division of the Second Relief of the Noble Sons of Rest. In other words, Reed is tired. He looks tired, he acts tired, and he is tired. We don't want anybody to think for one moment that Reed is lazy, for he's not ; he's only tired. He is worn out, weary, blase ; and then, in addition to all this, he's tired.

FERRAN—This gawky individual, who often "soars into the rose-tinted clouds of poetic fancy," was imported from Florida, whose sunny climate brings forth many strange things, but nothing stranger than Clarence Harper. Poor Ferran has suffered much during his forced (upon us) stay with us, from being the victim of numberless conspiracies ; but, thanks to the beneficent offices of his "guardian angel," he has evaded them all, and, unless he is mysteriously wafted away while on one of his flying trips to Harrodsburg, he bids fair to contaminate Danville with his presence for some time to come, as no one (not even he) expects him to get a sheepskin this year. If he would round off some of the corners and edges of his voice with a wood file, he might be able to sing some ; but until he can give good and legal proof that he has done so, for heaven's sake don't ask him to try it.

FISHER—Kingsland is pretty; there's no denying it. He is quite pretty. He is the prettiest man in the class, except Bethel. But then, he was raised on Mississippi river mud, (and it wasn't blue mud, either,) and what else could one look for? He is a placid creature, with the mild eye of a Jersey cow and the classic mouth of a hippopotamus.

FLAIG—"Peck" has but one failing—his irrepressible tendency to——a tendency which, when indulged, never fails to create a panic, especially in Stillie's room, where the faithful are most wont to gather. Eddie has the sprightly bearing and general demeanor of a bantam rooster, and his voice reminds one more than anything else of the brazen trumpet on the walls of Zion. He is a hard student, along with George Welsh, Hart Goodloe and that mob, and hopes some day to hold the heavy-weight championship.

GILLAM is a man of words, not deeds; a man of large-sized extensive words, with a ruffle around them, with which he is in the habit of overwhelming all those who are compelled, by stress of circumstances over which they have no control, to pause and listen to. Sylvanus is an incompatibility, something which looks like it had been sent for and couldn't come, and yet which was not sent for and did come. He came like the Assyrian of old, and he has been coming regularly and precipitously ever since, as soon as the gong starts the feeders at the Hash House.

GOULD rests and sleeps and dreams. That is, he dreams when it isn't too much of an effort, which is usually. At all other times he simply rests and sleeps. Nobody ever knew him to move fast. Not even the soul-inspiring strains of the dinner-bell at the Breckinridge Hall feed mill, nor the thrilling thought of what awaits him at the end of his nightly pilgrimage up Harrodsburg street, can make him do that.

GRAY—Four years ago last Christmastide George left his country for his country's good and journeyed northward by easy stages with the Florida division of the Coxeyites, reaching Danville just one year, to the day, before Bradley hit the burg. Shortly after his arrival, the dust and travel stain were laved from George by the process of an involuntary bath; in fact, the bath was so involuntary and altogether disagreeable to him that Georgie dear hasn't laved since. George, believing that "blessed are they who expect nothing," hopes only to go home and serve as alligator bait.

HENDRICKS—

Ne'er saw I a greater
Teacher upon earth than is one of us—
A pedagogue proper; this is a good one
Who sometimes wears glasses. His strength of mind is
To many well known, his prowess and wisdom.

Hard under his helmet his visage gleams outward
And inward and upward and downward and elsewhere.
He is a leaper, a hop-skip-and-jumper,
The one with a record. Thus speaketh Beowulf,
The kinsman of Adams: "I am of Pulaski,
The long-drawn-out county, the land of few people,
The jumping-off place."

HUDSON is a why and wherefore, an absolute mystery. *He is a Theologue.* That terse description is more eloquent and expressive than a lengthy treatise could be.

JACKSON—So far as could be ascertained, the snows of 400 winters have whitened "Lengthy's" existence, and the suns of as many returning summers have melted him out into his usual muddy form and color again. Jack undoubtedly has the best understanding (19 z last) of any man in the class, and when he trips lightly forward (or backward, as the case may be,) the ground trembles, as beneath the tread of iron-shod legions. At present Jack passes the plate and cuts for deal with the sexton of the Episcopal Church, but he hopes to succeed his papa, who owns a vineyard, in brewing the cup which cheers and inebriates, too, if taken in sufficient quantities.

KERR—See Parret.

KING—The careful investigation instituted by the Board of Investigation failed to decide whether "Daddy" hails from Greenland's Icy Mountains or the Land of Free Silver, but there is not the least doubt in the minds of the Board that he came from one or the other of these places. "Daddy" travels for the College, and is a drummer right. By his skillful pleading and misrepresentation, backed up withal by his general guileless appearance, he has succeeded in enticing many an unwary youth to put aside the arm maternal on the threshold of his all comprising home and mingle with the maddened throng of poor, overworked unfortunates.

MANN—"Mike"—the beautiful boy from the banks of the Shannon—is a famous youth with frizzley locks and an inane expression which is altogether indescribable. As to nationality, he's a Hottentot, in religion he's a Brahmin, and in politics he believes in free lunch and free whiskey. Mike intends, if he ever does get through college, to shovel smoke and bottle climate for a living.

MARRS—Behold Ward McAllister, Van Bibber and Lord Chesterfield all in one. Emmet is our pride and joy, and as a society leader and ladies' man we will back him to our last dollar against all comers, regardless of "race, color or previous condition of servitude." He sets the pace, we but follow, and all those who contemplate new garments are earnestly advised to notice with care the habiliments of the "only one."

MCALISTER—Jodie has been so much engrossed for some time past with the ticklish business of raising a very fine, large mustache, that he passes his best friends by without taking the least notice of them. His eye is haggard and his gait unsteady, and unless some one takes the matter in hand and interferes, Joe's brain will most certainly give away under the strain. We are glad, however, to be able to report that the mustache itself is well and doing well. At the last examination (two minutes before going to press) seven and one-half hairs were found, and mixed with them were several uncertain quantities, which may, in due course of time, become hairs.

MCELROY—"Sunol" has a sad, sweet grin which suffers much through want of a new coat of varnish; his tender eyes have in them all the colors of an Italian sunset, and his hair—it beggars description! It's a cross between lemon phosphate and a dark December day—a wild, weird, unkempt mass, much like George Gray's, which will turn shears with the same ease with which a duck's back turns water. This explains why "Sunol" was seen late one evening with a hemp hook, and on the following morning turned up with some of her chopped.

(We are compelled to mention MIZE and GOODLOE, but here the obligation ceases, and we hasten to let oblivion's gracious curtain fall.)

McKNIGHT—Mc. lives there when he don't live here or some place else. The hair on his fetlocks is three feet long, and he ought to know better, but he don't. He wears a petit larceny bonnet, a gracious smile and a horse collar. Mc. is an amen-corner church member, and is consequently so much too good to live that we are momentarily expecting him to die (and most of us will be seriously disappointed if he don't).

MONTGOMERY—Don't say a word! We found out accidentally that Montie is a Jew! A *bona fide* Sheeny, a regular weeping Rachel. He is the scraggiest, roughest looking man in the class. His friends have implored and argued with him in vain. He's a natural scrub. At the present writing Montie frequents the company of Archers. He was caught studying on the 13th day of last October.

NICHOLS—Anybody who is so heartless as to deceive an innocent, unsuspecting person like Prof. Redd deserves to be classed with the fiends of the pit, and yet "Skinner" does this very thing. He smiles and smiles that soft, insinuating smile of his, and is a villain still. But there is a day of reckoning coming, and when the smoke of the battle has cleared away, "Skinner" will be found to be a ∞ quantity (which he is now, for that matter).

PARRETT—

Should you ask me whence this blower,
With the dainty, dapper carriage,
And the shining, brassy cornet,
I would answer: He's a Buckeye,
Come from home because he had to.
Come to torment and annoy us
With his blasted, beastly tooting;
When the shades of night have fallen;
Tooting on with gross indifference
To the nerves of all his neighbors,
'Till they rise in indignation,
Thirsting for his very life's blood,
Longing to commit a murder.
With him came one SAMMIE ROSS KERR,
He who trifles with a flutelet,
Blows it hard, and then still harder;
And the screamings and the shriekings
Of this instrument of torture,
Far exceed those of the victims
Of the Spanish Inquisition.
He and "Polly" camp together,
In the stronghold of the preachers.
There they bide and there they let loose
Duets which are most terrific;
Duets which will some day cause them
To depart, like Hiawatha,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter.

RANEY—We had an elaborate and authentic treatise arranged on this particular subject, but, unfortunately, the gentleman under consideration happens to be the editor-in-chief of this pamphlet, and he positively refused to let it appear.

SHEARIN—Hubert Gibson wears a pleasant expression, a 22 hat, a 15½. 2πR² shoe and a life-size collar, and, like John Gilpin, he "rides at 14 stone." Hubert is a country lad, and if he breaks hemp and mauls rails with the same vim and vigor with which he breaks mathematics and mauls O. E., he must be a corker. He strides with a seven-league stride, and he and Jackson usually run a dead heat up the Shakertown Pike.

SMITH—This, to distinguish it from the other multitudinous members of the same name, tribe and species, is called "Shorty." Shorty is a runner. He runs in the Field Day events, and "also runs" in Prof. Redd's room. He used to be a good boy, but association is everything,

and "Shorty" frequents the company of "Skinner" Nichols. However, a relief expedition is being fitted out for his especial benefit, and we ask the prayers of the good people of the community for its success.

SPAULDING—"Chinch-Bug" is the only man in College who can juggle a cannon ball, an ostrich feather and a sassenger at one and the same time. Marcus is the Riley Grannan of the class. He is a plunger from the word go. He plunges in everything, from the shower-bath at the Gym to a Corbett-Fitzimmons arrangement, and when it comes to chicken-fighting, Marcus Henry is thar or tharabouts. He practically ruined Pete Knott by his unabridged toughness and inebriacy. In fact, Pete's papa was compelled to remove him from such a baleful influence, and unless Dan Thomas's people do likewise, another soul will be lost forever.

STANFIELD is a petite blond from the Pennerile. He has the terra cotta hair so much admired by the ancient Greeks, the eagle eye of a Napoleon, and the general slick appearance of a greased pig's tail. "Stannie" is a Populist politician with a pull like a porous plaster, and if the game continues to come his way, he hopes some day to set old Ireland free.

STARLING—This fallen angel, with black hair and a blacker soul, divides his time between base-ball, Walnut Street and the commission of impositions upon his mild and harmless room-mate. He claims that he comes from the Mississippi mosquito country, but Hill Spaulding and Hale swear that he came from the sulphur pools of the abyss, and is purely and simply an invention of The Enemy. Unless he serves to stop a crevasse in the levee, no one knows what he will do when he shuffles off this Danville coil.

SULSER—Aside from Ikey-Bromo-Nit Eddie-Biddie's strict and reckless regard for the truth and his adoration for femininity in general (and more especially in particular), there is nothing much to him. Some evil-minded persons go so far as to accuse him of having an appetite, but any one who has seen the dainty, mincing manner in which he partakes of the bountiful repast set forth within the "battle-scarred ramparts of the College Home" will hasten to refute the testimony of the base calumniators. Ikey is a shy, bashful youth, and just at present he worships at the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday night, though there was a time when he didn't do so.

TAYLOR—cf. Bethel.

WELCH—"Delchie" has nothing in particular to recommend him except the aptitude and skill with which he continues to keep Billie Overstreet and Co. in hot water, and the utter abandon with which he gives himself up to the soul-absorbing occupation of cutting and of formulating "plausible falsehoods in exculpation thereof." "Delch" divides first honors with Ferran and Spaulding.

WELSH—"Slosh" is a quiet, reserved person, with a failing for Sunday-school (and Christian Endeavor) and almost as great a regard for the truth as his friend Ikey. Where'er the gospel's joyful tidings are heard, there is George heard also, and always shall be heard until the sense of hearing ceases to be a characteristic of animal life, or until he, weary of this world of sin and strife, goes to join the rainbow round the throne. Once there was some hope for George, but of late he has announced his determination to enter the ministry, and we of the laity groan inwardly (for the ministry). One thing alone deters him—he can't make up his mind whether he wants to be a Mormon and with the Mormons stand, or whether he will do the Juggernaut act.





== SACRED ==

To the memory of the following white
souls, who, since September, have
joined the ranks of the didn't-
know-it-was-loaded Angels.

TUB WADDLE,
BILLIE BARTLETT,
FITZPATRICK,
BILLIE RENO,

HARRY YOUNG,
ARCH SMITH,
JOHN McLARY,
COMSTOCK.

Requiescant in pace.



VIVE LA '97.

Through thick and thin we've been together,
The battle's brunt we've braved ;
And now the smoke of conflict's clearing,
We've won, the day is saved.

The struggle has been stern and tedious,
The issue veiled in mist ;
O'er plains and slopes our path has led us.
Both cloud and dew we've kissed.

And yet in all our toils and perils,
We've had our pleasures too,
As 'round the camp-fire we have gathered,
And formed our friendships true.

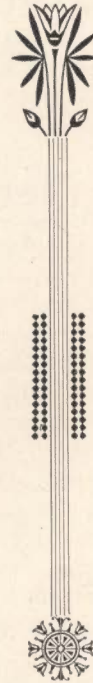
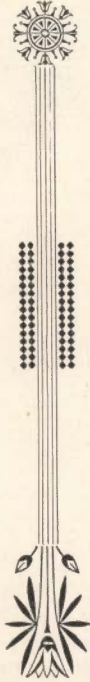
Our characters were as we took them ;
We gave just what was asked ;
So if one showed himself a groundling,
He found the others masked.

Say not we've broken rank forever,
And sheathed the sword we've borne ;
And that the chain that held our phalanx
Is now asunder torn.

Nay, nay, the chain is never broken,
But only lengthened out ;
Some day the links will slowly gather,
As we pursue our route.

We've fought our way but through the pickets,
The citadel's guarded strong ;
Our martial tread must never slacken
If we would rout the throng.

So keeping step with Truth, our Captain,
Our colors flying high ;
Let's push the fight, though not together,
And join us in the sky.



CONTRIBUTIONS

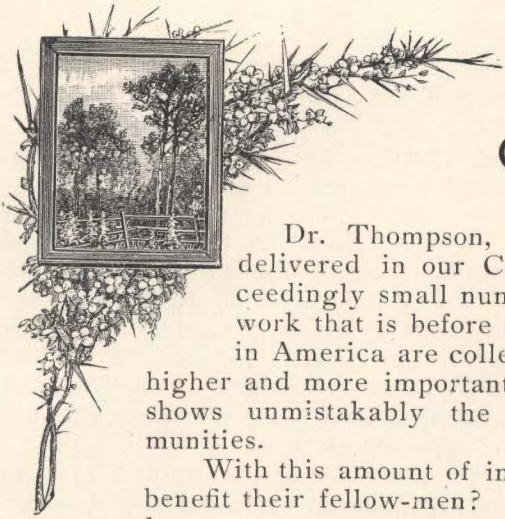


BY

Members of the Senior Class



OF 1897.



College Men.

Dr. Thompson, of Miami University, in a short address delivered in our College Chapel, called attention to the exceedingly small number of college graduates, and to the great work that is before them. Only one out of five hundred men in America are college graduates, and yet sixty per cent. of the higher and more important positions are held by college men. This shows unmistakably the standing which they have in their communities.

With this amount of influence, is there not a great obligation to benefit their fellow-men? They do not receive college training to become ornaments of cultivated society; but that they may raise the standard of intelligence and morality. Though college life has its daily routine of duties that may grow dry and irksome at times, it is also one of comparative freedom from care. The true meaning of the Campus and Athletic Field is seen clearer and clearer as Commencement Day approaches.

A thoughtful college man is bound to have his attention drawn to the important and complex problem of sociology. He sees that the strength of America lies in her mighty class of mental and manual laborers. But he also observes that this class is being rent by misunderstandings as well as abused power. There is a constant tendency to get up class feeling which is foreign to the ideal of American Democracy. Capital, when rightly used, is the friend of labor. Labor unions must be educated and governed by moderation. It is folly to think of abolishing them for they are as real and powerful as capital. The improved machinery should give the laborer time for improvement and recreation—not a recreation which means degrading dissipation, to be spent in drunkenness. It is time that this monster, which has one hand in the working-man's pocket and the other on his throat, were banished from the realms of civilization. Homes are provided for fallen woman. Would it not be wiser to see that factory girls have honest wages? The law should reach the stock-watering millionaire as quickly as it does the midnight burglar and for exactly the same reason. Strikes should be put down no sooner than crushing combinations of capital.

The college man must remember that he is an intellectual and moral missionary. His work is to reconcile and uplift society. He should be the friend of both the rich and the poor; the cultured and the ignorant. He should strive for purity in Church and State. He should ever encourage the work done for the poor and ignorant. College settlements show that he is in earnest; and also successful. The pulpit, the bar, the halls of mechanical and commercial industry are calling for him. Legislative assemblies are waiting for his best thoughts. Vacant chairs in institutions of learning are reserved for him. Happy for his country if he be true to his trust.

G. A. GRAY, '97

THE LOST GOLD MINE.

There was always a breeze going on the mesa; add to that an extended view and all in all it was my favorite walk. Before me lay the fertile Rio Grande valley, a broad band of green, hemmed in by mesa lands hospitable only to the cactus and mesquit. To the East these lands continually ascend in rolling undulations until they meet the rugged peaks of the Aguilas Mountains. Westward they are bounded by the horizon. Just beneath and almost at my feet was the squalid Mexican town of San Pizarro, which for the most part was situated among the sand hills leading to the elevation upon which I stood.

It was now mid-day and I must return to my lodgings. I took a random course among the mud-plastered houses, stupidly alike in their individual structure, but with reference to one another, arranged in any order you please, and trudged wearily through the hot, glistening sand toward the piazza. On the open spaces half-nude Pueblo children were busied in trials of skill with the bow and arrow, and scavenger dogs, at times agreeably associated, again in savage contest for some carrion morsel, scurried ceaselessly to and fro. Upon a sudden turn in the way I came upon a Mexican, wearing a bright-colored blanket and a high-peaked sombrero with a silver cord. I recognized him as the man, whom I had a few days before taken with a camera for the sake of his gay attire. In accomplishing this, I used every precaution that I should not be observed by him, as many of the natives attribute to photography an occult influence and will not knowingly be taken.

He stood now as he stood then, by the door of his house, listlessly smoking. Two things I marked about his features on approaching nearer to him, the prominent, jutting eyebrow and the eye itself, iris and pupil; deep, deep black, surrounded by a yellowish, rather than white, orb. As I came opposite to him, he gave me pleasant greeting and stepped forward as if to detain me. I stopped.

"Very hot weather," he said. I gave assent. More remarks followed and we were soon in fair conversation.

"Enter, Senor, enter," he said, "'tis cooler within."

I was glad to escape for a few moments the glaring heat and accepted his invitation. I had gotten but one or two paces inside, and had barely time to glance around the room, when, from the near corner on my right to the extreme one on my left, a rattlesnake glided before me. Startled, I jumped back and collided with my companion almost knocking him over.

"Harmless, harmless," he said, but the cynical laugh which followed did not altogether reassure me. The detestable pet—for such I now realized it was—having reached the corner, coiled up and became motionless.

My host closed the door behind him and what light could come through the little window near the ceiling was just enough to give one within a grateful sense of twilight. The only chair in the room he offered to me. As for himself

he was content to squat facing me, upon the floor, with his back to the end wall. On one side of him were a few blankets which served as a bed, on the other side, on a low perch, another pet, a magpie, sat blinking with great impertinence. Strange pets!—this man, I reflected, what is he? His features are well-formed but I do not fancy his laugh, and his eyes are inuendos of crime. For some time he said nothing, but watched my face intently, while at intervals he puffed at his cigarette. I confess, I became uneasy. Then he broke the silence:

“You have seen the ore-pits at the foot of the Aguilas Mountains?”

“Yes,” I said.

“There must have been a gold mine some place near there?” he continued, questioningly.

“Without doubt,” I replied.

“I shall tell you something,” he proceeded. “Many years ago, when the Spaniards settled this country, they discovered gold in the Aguilas Mountains. A mine was opened up under the direction of a Priest or Padre. This Padre had working under his charge a number of Indians. When the Padre became old and realized that he had but little longer to live, he caused the mine to be closed and an outline of himself to be cut on a perpendicular wall of rock overlooking the workings. This done, he bade the Indians never again to open the mine, and forwarned them that the person disregarding the command would suffer instant death.” He paused.

“Does no one now know its locality; has no one ever seen the figure?” I asked.

“Si, Senor, a few descendants of the Indians who worked the mine are now living in this town; but they fear to reveal it, they are afraid of the avenging spirit of the dead Padre. And no Mexican has ever discovered it. It is far back in the mountains. But one night, one moonlight night—listen, Senor, listen, (he lowered his voice as if fearing to be overheard)—one of these Indians, Antonio Rael, consented to go with me to the place. After entering the mountains, we travelled through a maze of gorges, and at length came to a granite crag. ‘This is it,’ said Antonio, and he pointed to the face of the rock. Yes—there it was—the image of a monk, who with partially shaven head, was dressed in a flowing gown, drawn at the waist by a twisted cord.

“We had brought pick and shovel and were prepared to dig. ‘Quick, let us be at it,’ I said. Antonio did not heed my words. Stolid and unmoved, he stood with folded arms before the figure, and lost in revery as if he were communing with the spirits of his ancestors. I examined the ground around me. At no great distance before the rock I noted a flat stone, almost covered with earth. I tapped upon it with the pick. It gave back a hollow sound. At the same time Antonio uttered a deep groan. I ran to him. ‘O, Senor, let us get away; the countenance of the image frowned, its whole body trembled, we shall die!’ he cried. Then I heard a rumbling noise as of distant cannonading which seemed to come from somewhere deep in the earth. We were now both of one mind [at this point in the narration, the Mexican rose to his feet,

presumably the better to express his excited feelings] and to escape—that was our sole aim. And we did escape, but we got no gold, no gold”—again that devilish laugh—“aha, no gold, but I shall get something now, Señor!”

Heavens! what had come over the man? From the folds of his blanket he drew a glittering hunter's knife. His face, foreboding and sinister before, now openly showed the demon. How those black eyes gleamed. They exulted, they gloated over me, their anticipated prey. It seemed they would engulf me. I sat stupified; I could not shake off the horrid spell he was exercising over me. A fortunate incident served to give me control of myself. The magpie swooped down from its perch, and, circling around my head, kept up an incessant chatter. My attention was drawn from the Mexican to the bird, and at once thought was at my command. I sprang from the chair and rushed for the door. An ominous sound made me instantly recoil. The cursed rattlesnake had stealthily exchanged its position in the corner for one before the door. I was lost. I grew sick and faint. I saw the hideous grin on the part of the Mexican as he witnessed my discomfiture. He drew one step nearer, just one; he enjoyed my agony and would prolong it.

Then there came to me, like a flash, an idea. I reached in my pocket—it was there! The photograph of the Mexican! I made a few mysterious passes over it and thrust it out at arms length before me, where he could not fail to recognize it as a likeness of himself, and coolly said:

“Wretch, I have you completely in my power. If I tear this likeness up, you will immediately drop dead.”

He looked at it a moment dumbfounded, and was seized with the most abject fear. He fell on his knees and begged me to have mercy on him.

“Call that reptile away from the door,” was my answer. He did so. As I went out I said to him: “Remember that while this is in my possession, I can at any time subject you to disease, torture and death.”

At this he was in a frenzy of terror. Thus I left him, and I am persuaded that my admonition has had a salutary effect on his subsequent behavior.

S. M. GILLAM.



LIBERTY.

Liberty! What a word! What a sentiment! How it thrills the soul! How it animates the heart! How it arouses the spirit! In all the vast vocabulary of speech there is not another word so pathetic, so significant. Liberty is the greatest boon of the human race, freedom the supremest good, to be free the noblest purpose.

Liberty was man's primitive possession. In the words of the immortal Milton he was made

"just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

And of those immortal spirits and powers he said:

"Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell."

This idea of liberty is as old as those eternal spirits themselves and found its first expression in the battle of the angels on the very "plains of heaven."

But why need we go beyond the realm of earth in search for the idea, or to find examples of struggles for liberty? The world's history is only the record of such struggles. All conflicts, all bloodshed, all arbitrations, all thought, all action which unite in making history, center about this thought. Liberty is the central idea in all history. Take it out and you remove the theme, and deprive it of its charm.

Liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of action constitute the trinity in unity which is fundamental to human welfare and progress. Take liberty out of the world and from among men and human life and activity will be forever paralyzed. Remove it only in part and you curtail man's efficiency for fruitful labor and abridge his capacity to enjoy his life. If humanity is to advance in civilization it must be unimpeded. If man is to increase and multiply physically, intellectually and morally, he must breathe a free atmosphere, think free thoughts, and worship without restraint. Liberty is the condition of all progress. Without it progress is impossible; but where it lives and flourishes, there advancement is greatest and civilization purest and best.

The present age stands preeminent among the ages of the world's history as the age of activity, of invention, of thought, of science and of religion. It is also preeminently the age of liberty. Our civilization is not due to our greater capacity to think, to act and to investigate. There is nothing peculiar in our physical construction and mental constitution. Men of past ages were men such as we. They were made of like flesh and blood. They were equally endowed with mental and physical strength. They lived in the same world, were subject to the same natural laws, beheld the same sun and the same starry heavens. No, we are not naturally more richly endowed than were they. The superiority of the present over previous ages is not due to greater natural endowments, but to a better environment. It is because we are free that we advance. In former times men were occupied in executing the commands of their kings. Egyptian

Pharaohs compelled their subjects to spend their days in erecting the grand but worthless pyramids. Ambitious rulers sacrificed their people to gain glory in war. Such were the pursuits of the men of former ages. There was no opportunity, under the tyranny of the times, for the development of those things which unite in making civilization. But with the dawn of liberty the darkness of despotism fled. Men became free to think, to speak, to act, and out of this freedom has grown the grandest civilization that has ever blest humanity.

And nowhere, in all the world, do the principles of liberty prevail more extensively than in our own country. This is the theatre of the most significant action for human freedom. Here was first conceived and expressed the sublime thought that all men are, by nature, free and equal. Here the orator first exclaimed: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Here was born a nation conceived in liberty. Here has been tried the greatest experiment in human government, and this experiment has forever sealed the doom of despotism. Here all meet upon a common level. Here is neither noble nor commoner, neither tyrant nor serf, neither absolute monarch nor dependent subject. This, and this only, is the explanation of American progress and prosperity.

While we think and boast of our liberty, our minds wander unconsciously back to the time when liberty was not. Not only was political liberty absent, but also liberty of thought. Socrates, one of the world's greatest philosophers, was persecuted and put to death. Roger Bacon was cast into a dungeon for his scientific views. Galileo was suffered to waste in prison for holding that the world moved. Columbus was abused for sailing westward in search of the coast of India. It is strange in view of such tolerance that the world was so slow to rise out of the dust?

The progress of the world has also been held in check by religious intolerance. Italy, Spain and France sealed their doom by proclaiming against the Reformation, while England and Germany, being the first to accept its doctrines, moved on to power and greatness. It was hereditary belief with fear of the Pope that caused the former nations to cling to Catholicism. To make the Catholic religion universal was the purpose of the Spanish Inquisition. What would be the condition of the world, but for such men as Huss, Luther, Wycliffe, and William the Silent? The Inquisition would have triumphed; the world would still be in the toils of Popery; progress would be impossible; and in all the world there would be nothing of that which we prize so much—toleration.

But what was the price of liberty? What did it cost? To us indeed it is a gift, a rich legacy bequeathed to us by our fathers. Except through the medium of history we know nothing of the pains, the privations, the sufferings and sacrifices, that it has cost to secure this "pearl of great price." But when through the eye of history we view the past, we see for what consideration liberty was purchased. It was not for silver or gold or diamonds or precious stones, but blood, noble, heroic, human blood. Life was the price paid for this priceless jewel.

It has been committed to us with the charge that we preserve and enhance it. It is the richest bequest to which we could have fallen heir. Are we able to keep it? Our ability to preserve and enhance liberty depends upon our concep-

tion of what it is and in what it consists. Liberty consists in obedience to law. Man in his primeval state was free until he transgressed the law of the Divine Legislator. Then he sacrificed his freedom and

“Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat.”

Law is the condition of liberty. Without the one the other cannot exist. Where there is no law there is no liberty. They must exist together. Liberty is not license but only the application of that golden rule which says, “Do unto others as you would have them do to you.” And to make the practice of this rule universal laws must be enacted, recognized and obeyed. When we strictly adhere to law our liberty will be complete and lasting. We shall then be able to keep the charge that has been committed to us to keep. And then, if those eternal principles be true, we shall be able to meet with unblushing face those “who toiled and suffered and died that we, their children, might inherit the promise.”

G. W. KING.



EVENING MEDITATIONS.

I.

When the silver's on the cloud top,
And the gold is in the sky ;
When the mocking bird is singing,
As the evening colors die,
And the whispers of the zephyrs,
Breathing fragrance from the dell,
Cause the mind sweet retrospections,
Like the magic of a spell :
It is then I love to wander,
When the shades blend into night ;
At the sad, sweet hour of gloaming—
Soul attuned to fancy's flight.

II.

From indulging retrospections,
Fancy bears me in her flight,
Through the long and checkered vistas,
To ambition's sunlit height—
There I see the paths of peril,
Faith that mounted, hopes that fell,
Virtue, valor, wisdom tested,
Gloom of failure ; love's sweet spell.
Love that flushed the paths with rose hues,
Lifted thoughts and purged the heart ;
Breathes of peace in yonder mansions,
Built in God's celestial art.

III.

But the Night has pinned her curtains
With the stars athwart the sky,
And the moon has tipped the wavelets
With her silver beams that lie
Over all the realms of nature,
Wrapped in sleep, a moveless scene,
Save, when vernal zephyrs breathing,
Stir the water's liquid sheen.
All the reveries of fancy
Glide beyond my conscious thought,
And I sink to peaceful slumber
In the arms of Morpheus caught.

—C. H. FERRAN.

NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

In taking a retrospect of receding ages for the purpose of drawing from the past lessons for our guidance in the future, as well as of viewing the varied forms of political corruption, we find that the empires of antiquity have employed three important agencies in the prosecution of their designs; the Purse, the Sword, and Priestcraft; the first operating upon the animal nature of man, the second upon the physical, and the third upon his moral nature.

Of these the purse is not the least effective. "Money is power" is a familiar and often repeated adage. Avarice or the love of money for itself alone, for the gratification and the pleasure which its mere possession affords, is one of the most ignoble passions of human nature. It is this lust of gain which has led men to barter the sacred right of suffrage. It is this which has prompted the impostures of the astrologer and of the fortune-teller, and that has packed the cards and loaded the dice of the gambler. It is this same inordinate passion, of which Government has readily availed itself in order to win to its support those whom its power could not intimidate, and in order to make its way, under the command of men like Benedict Arnold, into fortresses which had proved impregnable to the most powerful engines of war. It is this which has induced freeborn men to sell themselves to the minions of power. Let young America beware of the influence of grasping after the Almighty Dollar. It was only when Greece has reached the height of her glory, and Rome had attained the summit of her grandeur, that the minds of their men became possessed of the idea of opulence and of luxury, and that the germs of their decay began to ripen.

Nor are the uses of the sword confined to the support and maintenance of a righteous cause. It has been the favorite instrument of tyranny in suppressing the voice of patriotism. Under the protection of mercenary soldiery, conquerors have been accustomed to engage in wars—wars not waged for the restitution of a right, nor in reparation of a wrong—wars not provoked by oppression, nor enforced by necessity—but wars prompted by ambition and the lust of conquest.

But what matters it to the military chieftain that millions are sacrificed to his ambition? That cities are destroyed? That kingdoms are devastated? Still onward he stalks from victory to conquest, till perhaps the world lies humbled at his feet. Upon his return from "fields misnamed of glory," he is welcomed with joyous shouts of popular approval. Laurel decks his brow. History records his deeds, and graves his name with her iron pen, upon the walls of fame.

One might suppose that, with a diadem of a universal empire upon his brow, this military despot is satisfied; that he has attained the summit of his ambition; that his happiness is complete. But search the pages of history. Were *such* the feelings which swelled the bosom of the mighty Alexander? Or rather, when

his last foe was conquered, did he not feel, with a sad heart, that, henceforth, humanity had "no foeman worthy of his steel," and life no hope on his side of the grave? Did he not heave a bitter sigh as he realized that now he stood "monarch of all he surveyed," cursed by the very possession of all that his ambition had coveted?

Had it been otherwise, he might, in restoring peace to the nations that he had conquered, in re-establishing the kingdoms that he had destroyed, and in consolidating the power that he had gained, have found a task that would have proved too difficult even for Alexander himself. He would have discovered that it is a much greater exertion of power to create than to destroy.

But I would not be understood as disparaging the merits of military genius when properly employed. The proper conduct of war requires a combination of valor with some of the rarest endowments of human intellect. War is frequently indispensable to the just maintenance of right, and to the attainment of an honorable and a lasting peace. It is not too much to say indeed that all the accessions to human liberty, all the additions to human freedom, and all the advancements of human government have been wrung from the reluctant hand of power by military prowess.

But the purse and the sword are not the only agents employed by government in the accomplishment of its illegitimate designs. Priestcraft has also played an important part. The Delphic oracle professed to interpret mysteries and omens, to deliver the decrees of the gods, to foretell the fate of men and nations. While the power of the sword was being employed in controlling the outward conduct of men, the assistance of priestcraft was called in to fetter their minds and their wills. Hence the alliance between Church and State—an alliance, which, in the Middle Ages, was so potent a factor in destroying the liberties of mankind. The crafty, unprincipled and ambitious demagogues of all ages have availed themselves of the superstition and idolatry induced by unscrupulous priests, in order to advance their personal interests, and to attain their selfish ends.

A politician, to whom has been entrusted the reins of power, is but too apt to forget that it is not for the gratification of ambition, nor to satisfy vain aspirations for renown, that governments have been established, but in order that the moral and social condition of humanity might be bettered. But there is another kind of power which the statesman should eagerly crave—power over himself; power to control his own passions; power to direct his ambition; power, in short, "to resist the corrupting tendencies of power."

Such are the vile and despicable agencies employed in sapping the foundations of liberty and in destroying free institutions. If reforms are to come, if these wrongs are to be righted, if these evils are to be banished, if this darkness is to be dispelled, it will be through the influence of Christianity. In the past this has been the moving spirit of reformations; it has "sounded into the ears of despots and dynasties the fearful moanings of coming storms, has crimsoned fields of blood, has numbered troops of martyrs, has aroused the hopes and energies of oppressed nations." Already are the corrupt and time-worn institutions of despotism mouldering at her touch. Already are new institutions, leav-

ened with the spirit of freedom, springing into existence under her influence. She no longer speaks, as of yore, in timid undertones, fearful of calling down upon herself the avalanches of political power. Conscious of her influence over universal man, and of her position in holding the world's destiny in her hands, she has undertaken, as her own proper work, the reformation of all nations, all the millions of humanity. Already she is in occupation of the seats of power in every nation of the world, and speaks to its swarming multitudes in every language of the many-tongued earth. She has dispelled the gloom of dark superstition from the Orient, and has thrown a belt of moral light into the realms where Brahma and Mohammed once reigned, supreme.

Nations have been born and blotted out: monuments of human greatness have been reared and have passed away; religions have been introduced, have become disseminated, and have died; inventions have been made, have continued for a time, and have been superceded or neglected; in short, while all else was changing, Christianity has stood strong and inflexible, unchanged by the opposition encountered, controlling circumstances, and shaping the course of human events. We have seen it cherishing with tender care the growth of liberty, and administering to the various wants of a free people. We have seen it everywhere securing to mankind these invaluable blessings, and increasing its own strength and effectiveness.

And now it must go forth "as a bright angel of light, to unbar the prison door, to succor the needy, heal the sick, relieve the distressed, and pour a flood of light and love into the darkened intellects and dreary hearts of the sons of men."

S. P. BRADLEY.



BLUE LICKS; A SKETCH.

In the oldest portion of the Lexington cemetery, one may see two old-fashioned gravestones exactly alike. They have both been in their places for fifty years and the stains of the weather render almost illegible the inscriptions carved upon their faces; but upon one of them can still be made out, "Richard Kenedy, Indian-fighter and Soldier of the Revolution, born 1759, died 1840;" and upon the other, "Susan, wife of Richard Kenedy and daughter of Rev. Jeremiah Mason, born 1762, died 1837." No longer ago than 1781, that minister declared, solemnly and seriously, that such a thing as the daughter of Rev. Jeremiah Mason's being the wife of Richard Kenedy should never be; so in the face of this evident contradiction it is almost a matter of duty to know just how it came about.

At this time, Mr. Mason and his family, consisting of a wife and three daughters, Susan being the oldest, lived in Albemarle County, Virginia, as did Miss Susan's suitor, Richard Kenedy. This young man had just returned from the army, and was considered such a scapegrace that when he asked Mr. Mason for his daughters hand, that pious gentleman told him he had as soon see her married to the Arch Fiend himself. But Kenedy was not to be got rid of so easily. He renewed his suit whenever opportunity presented itself in spite of the minister's refusals and even threats. Some people believed that Kenedy did it just to annoy the good man; but it seems a much more probable explanation of the matter to say, that from Kenedy's seat in the meeting-house one could, now and then, get a glance from some pretty brown eyes that belonged to the fair Miss Susan.

About this time, Mr. Mason, like many other ministers of that day, formed the idea that he was more needed in the West than at home; and in the spring of 1782, notwithstanding the rumors of danger, he set out with his family and a small party of emigrants for the wilds of Kentucky. They arrived about the first of April and built some cabins at McConnell's Station, near Lexington. For several months all went well at the minister's new home. His little crop was flourishing and the neighbors were pleased with his industry and good sense; but there was little more peace for Kentucky in 1782. News came that the peculiar smoke of Indian council fires had been seen by scouts on the lower Licking, and that Indian rafts, without anyone on them, had floated down the Kentucky River past Boonesboro. An account of the hard-fought battle of Little Mountain and the death of the gallant James Estill was given by a horseman who came to warn the settlers of their danger, and, about August 10th, another rode into the fort, in breathless haste to say that Girty's army of Shawanese and Wyandottes, six or seven hundred strong, was around Bryan's and Coy's Stations. All the men in the vicinity of Lexington were soon under arms and, by the 17th, Boone, Todd, Trigg and other leading pioneers had collected about one hundred and eighty men at Bryan's Station, the capture of which the Indians had abandoned several days before.

The preacher, Jeremiah Mason, decided that though his hand was not experienced with the rifle as was that of his fellow-minister, Joseph Proctor, it was nevertheless his duty to go; for, said he, as he overcame the objections of his wife, "I can bind up the wounds that an Indian may inflict, though I may inflict but few upon the Indians," so, leaving his family at McConnell's, he joined the command of Col. Boone.

As is well-known, the Kentuckians advanced in pursuit of the Indian army to Lower Blue Licks on the Licking, where, upon August 19th, was fought one of the most disastrous battles to the whites that the history of Indian warfare records. When they came to the river, Girty had just crossed; in fact, a few Indians in the rear of the party could be seen leisurely climbing the steep bank on the opposite side of the stream. The trace which the pursuers followed descended the south bank by a difficult path and led up the bare wall of rock, which forms its northern shore, at a point midway between two ravines. A short distance from the river these ravines almost converge, and it was here that the Indians chose their battlefield. The warriors were ambushed in the thick shrubbery on either side, and, as the scouts from the army of the pioneers advanced, they quietly withdrew to a greater distance from the trail, but resumed their places before the advance of the army itself. The pioneers stopped on the south bank to consult. Boone and his veteran officers advised a halt until the arrival of Logan with reinforcements; but the rashness of McGary caused the Kentuckians to disregard this counsel. He rushed into the stream, calling upon all who were not cowards to follow, and the whole body dashed across the stream to the attack. Within half an hour the cracks of rifles, warwhoops, scalpyells and the cries of wounded men were echoing up and down the rockwalled stream. The whites were routed and sixty of the best and bravest pioneers were slain.

As the fight was beginning Richard Kenedy might have been seen to ford the stream and join the struggling Kentuckians. He fought bravely and skillfully; he was one of the dozen pioneers who made their last stand and was seen helping some poor fellows, who could not swim, to cross the river. One of these was Rev. Jeremiah Mason. Mason had been carried along with the crowd as they rushed across the river; he had been in the thick of the fight and was at the time of his rescue, in very imminent danger from the tomahawks of the savages.

At noon the next day Logan's command arrived at the spot where the battle was fought and began the melancholy duty of collecting the mangled bodies of the slain. In that scene of carnage, where savage warfare had done its worst and fathers and brothers were striving to find and identify their own; there was no one kinder and stronger than Richard Kenedy. He was tireless in labor and sympathy where both were sadly needed.

Rev. Jeremiah Mason had been looking on all through that sorrowful afternoon, and at last, his heart began to soften a little toward the young man and he got an opportunity to tell Kenedy that he had behaved like a brave man and to thank him for the rescue on the day before. "That's all right, Parson," said Kenedy; "but just wait till you get home."

In truth there was still greater revelations in store for the minister, for after he and most of the other men had left home, a party of Indians had surrounded McConnell's Station; and it was by the activity of Richard Kenedy, who had

recently come out from Virginia, that the inmates were saved from captivity and perhaps death. With a few men he had driven the Indians off from McConnell's and had conducted the garrison of women and children in safety to Lexington. He had then ridden away as fast as he could to join the pioneer army, having faithfully promised the fair Miss Susan to let nothing happen to her father.

Two weeks after this when the Masons had returned to their cabin, Richard Kenedy presented himself at the cabin door, where he was met by the Rev. Jeremiah Mason with outstretched hand, and this is how it came about that the same woman might be wife of the one and daughter of the other.

HARDIN CRAIG.



The Fraternity System.

We must acknowledge that the Fraternity system as it was originally conceived has not always been carried out entirely. In some colleges it has no longer the high aims and purposes for which it was founded. But for that reason should the whole system be obliterated or the fraternities at those colleges be abolished? No. Our best plan would be to investigate the fraternities themselves and endeavor to discover just what it is in them that prevents harmony with college life, and then try to reform, rather than destroy them.

The opponents of the system offer a number of reasons why fraternities should not be admitted into our colleges. Most of them object simply because they know nothing at all about the system, and, not being fraternity men themselves, are not in a position to appreciate the vast amount of good they accomplish. Some of the most plausible objections to fraternities are the following: It is asserted that they tend to undermine the Literary societies and to lessen the interest in them, and have almost completely taken their place in a number of institutions. The fact is that a large majority of the fraternity men to-day are members of Literary societies and are their representative men. Even if they should not take an active interest, how would that lessen the interest of the non-fraternity men?

It is said that the system creates jealousy among college men, and in so doing frequently causes personal differences which would not otherwise occur. These jealousies sometimes arise in athletics and the objector will say that they destroy college spirit, and weaken the different athletic teams, because the positions are filled through choice rather than because of merit. We acknowledge that these jealousies do occur, but they are advantages rather than drawbacks to the college. This existence of rivalry stimulates all the men to work harder for a position on the teams in order that they may be an honor to their fraternity as well as to their college. Therefore they have a greater incentive to work. The sentiment which should inspire a fraternity man is, "My college first, my Fraternity afterwards." No man is worthy to be a member of any fraternity who would sacrifice the good of his college to the good of his fraternity, and any fraternity would be low and mean which should expect it. A man would be very weak who should give way to any such petty jealousies. A man's fraternity spirit grows out of his college spirit and it's perfectly natural for him to wish his Alma Mater, the home of his fraternity, to live long and prosper.

The greatest objection offered is that the system creates a spirit of exclusiveness and selfishness. That its members are inclined to be very reserved and care for the company of no one except their own brothers and consequently become narrow and selfish. That idea is most erroneous and has less foundation than any yet advanced.

When a man first goes to a college he will naturally find his associates among men who are most congenial to him; and they, whether bound together by any specified bonds or not, will be together continually. Is there any reason why a body of men, who feel that they are thoroughly congenial should not bind themselves together into a society, secret or otherwise, for their mutual advantage.

A true fraternity man ought not to have an enemy in college. The fact that he is a fraternity man ought not to keep him from having particular friends in other fraternities, or among the non-fraternity men. It is a fact that the fraternity man knows more men and has more friends and influence in college than any other man. Moreover, he is prevented from growing selfish, for instead of having nothing or nobody in particular to live for at college except himself, he has the welfare of all his brothers at heart, and in exercising this faculty of his nature, which would not otherwise be aroused, he becomes more and more unselfish, not only toward his own brother, but towards all his acquaintances.

Do not understand me to include in the category of fraternities, whose advantages and virtues I am about to advance, those fraternities in which membership is merely honorary, and in which is not inculcated the true fraternity spirit. Such societies are the one-year fraternities which exist at some institutions, and the societies to which no one can belong except men who are already members of other fraternities. They are organized for a different purpose, and although it is oftentimes a great honor to be a member of one of them, yet their aims are different and the same feeling does not exist among their members.

The fundamental principle underlying the whole fraternity system is indicated in the very name. The brotherly spirit and congeniality which exists between its members is the tie that binds them heart to heart and makes the interest of one the common interest of all. The system was conceived to unite men of like natures into a society for the furtherance of their common weal and the promotion of learning. Their aims and purposes are noble and serve to make better and nobler men of all with whom they come into contact.

The new student on entering college and cutting loose from his home influence is apt to make a wanton use of his newly procured liberty. As regards his personal responsibility he is amenable to the college regulations only for neglect of college duties or for misconduct, so that his life outside the class-room must be controlled entirely by himself. He has no affairs of family or business which demand his attention. The consequence of this lack of personal interest has but too often been the ruin of a man. It has doubtless happened in the experience of every college man that students have followed allurements, have surrendered their manhood and become debased, only because in the void between study hours and recitations there was nothing to engage their attention—nothing to do but kill time. An ideal fraternity supplies this deficiency. No sooner does a man connect himself with a good fraternity than a new sense of duty comes over him. He feels that he has something for which to strive. Something like the family relationship is renewed, for he feels that his neglect, his failures, his

shame must bring humiliation to his associates, just as his promotion and success bring a reward in which they share. His college life assumes a new aspect, and he finds a hundred little missions of love to perform—here a brother to assist, there one to advise and all to exhort and encourage to the attainment of nobler ends. In its highest sense it offers to him a home and its influences. It takes the untutored Freshman, unused to the customs and requirements of college life, and ignorant of the allurements and temptations to which he will be subject, and by a careful training makes of him a good student, a popular man, and a symmetrical character. He is completely under the influence of his older and wiser brothers and from them learns how best to meet the questions which confront him. He is induced to do better and harder work in college, and to strive to be a better man.

Nothing is more helpful to a young student than to belong to some good fraternity. By it, he, who under other circumstances might never have the opportunity, is introduced into society. By it, he is assured the same social position that any of his older brothers have, and obtains a certain amount of confidence, necessary to his success. He always has some one with whom to advise and on whom to depend in time of trouble. He is surrounded by an atmosphere of kindly criticism and affectionate interest, so that his faults are corrected and his plan of living so guided that he may prove an honor to his chapter. College life would be an unbroken desert, were there no close fellowships; were there not social relations of such a nature as to enlist the worthy regard of the student. Not that friendships would not be formed if fraternities had no existence at a college, but the fraternity enlarges the field and forms closer and more lasting relationships. It places brothers in sympathy with one another, and often in college experience the most serious want is not aid but sympathy.

In periods of depression, when some misfortune or little disappointment weighs on him, when his spirits are fallen and life seems dark, there is no voice so cheering, no words so comforting as those of a trusted brother whose life has been bound to his in a common cause.

The fraternity may also be, as it is in some places, a disciplinary measure. Through its agency the college is often saved a great deal of annoyance and the man is kept from disgrace and, in some cases, from expulsion.

The truth of the contention that the fraternity represents the home is proved by the fact that the logical outcome of the fraternity idea is the Chapter House or common home of the members. A well regulated Chapter House is the climax of the perfected fraternity organization. It offers as nearly as any other place can all the advantages of a home. The men living together have a better opportunity for knowing each other, and are brought into closer touch, thereby feeling a deeper interest in the well-being of their brothers.

The fraternity idea has not been better expressed than by Chancellor Upson in the following words: "I believe most sincerely," said he, "in college secret societies. I believe that the Greek letter fraternities are invaluable in the good influence exerted upon the members by each other, in the unselfish ambitions they encourage in each other, and in the ennobling friendship formed within,

which last forever. My conviction is deliberate, not altogether ignorant, but founded upon considerable experience, that these societies largely promote a loyal and enthusiastic interest in the college or university where they are; and that in college government and in university affairs they can be legitimately used to promote good order and manly ambition and honest work. If I were in a university faculty I should be the last to vote for their exclusion. I should rather be the first to urge their introduction."

PEYTON B. BETHEL, '97.

YOUTH'S CHRISTIAN PURITY AND ITS
EFFECTS ON OLD AGE.

Sweet gem of the golden,
Retained by the gray,
In memory's casket
As years fly away;
Impressions of youth's dew,
That brighten the eve
Of life, and give joy
To those who believe!

C. H. FERRAN.



TRUTH.

The distant soughing of a boundless sea
Has called me from the rounded drop of dew
To seek the Truth in its infinity,
The cause of this uneasy sense to view.

This strange uneasy sense—to find the Truth—
Has followed Consciousness to dire extremes
Has bowed at Reason's shrine, in boastful youth,
And left it for the Fancy's mystic dreams.

Though conscious of the scent of orange bloom,
Aroma of a kiss, and glorious dawn,
Yet sensual joy, becomes encircling gloom
When hidden surges moan, and call me on.

The Reason's craft may weigh the breakers foam,
Display the grand procession of the stars,
And fondle lightning in its mysty home,
But where is truth upon its calendars?

And Fancy, from her pantheistic dreams
Awakes to grope in superstitious might,
She stands above each stumbling block, which seems
To her a god, and cries to it for light.

The melancholy cadences of doubt
Are ringing like the sighing of a sea.
What Voice, What Beacon will but lead me out
And on Truth's primal rock, will set me free?

Oh, Awful Book of God, so full of charms—
The Bethlehem star for man is recognized.
My inner self springs gladly to thy arms,
My theories fall, my dreams are realized.

Thou art a light which casts a steady beam
On Truth's immortal Self—the fabrics' end,
To whom the shreds of life, without a seam
All lead, to whom all other truths ascend.

HUSTON TAYLOR.



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