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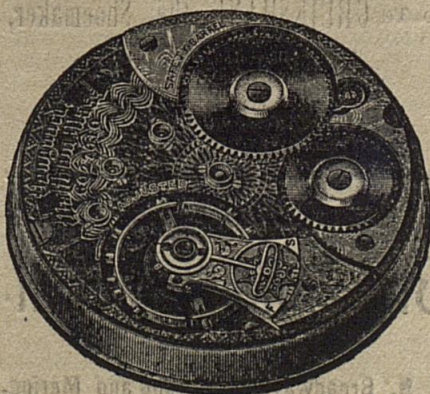
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Vol. 7.

LEXINGTON, KY., MAY, 1897.

No. 8.

VALEDICTORY.

FRIENDS, TEACHERS, CLASSMATES:—To-day places the crown upon our scholastic labors, and bids us go forth from the halls of this Institution into the great world's battlefield to endure the toils and to enjoy the pleasures that await us.

As I look into the faces of those about me, their countenances reflect the mingled rays of the closing days of our school life and of the dawning morning of that realistic life that lies beyond the confines of college walls. Let us not, therefore, hasten on into the darkness of the impending moment of our departure, but while standing upon this border land of the historic past and hopeful future, let us look abroad and see to what fair country we are bound, and take a view of the great advantages that are at our command.

In the olden time, the Egyptian sorcerer essayed to portend the future with a single drop of ink, which indeed, unlike the attribute of mercy, resulted in grave disappointment to all concerned, but we are proud to say that in this age of enlightenment and activity, edu-

cation claims for herself a specific search whereby man is elevated to higher planes than those of the tepid Nile.

The environment of man to-day is such that with the reminiscence of the past, with a careful and an economical employment of the present, he can fairly disclose his future in so far as earthly goods are concerned, and if he center his affections upon the Author of his existence, "when the earthly house of his tabernacle shall have been dissolved, he will have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In the great field of competition to which we are moving, many careers are open to us, and one we must select. Our fortunes will be various though our merits be equal. If fame, wealth, and power recoil from the touch of our feeble hands, still shall we be consoled in realizing that these are vain ideals, that these are not the end of life.

This strange word life we cannot define, but we do have some knowledge of its laws, and it is said that we spend it like a tale that is told, that the great bell of Time swinging in the dome of illimitable space is tolling away our years as they ring out upon the breeze and float away into Eternity. Is there one in all this great age of ours who fails to see that this century is one of action, and that if we are to keep pace with the onward march, we must grasp the many opportunities which are presented to us, free as the gift of the god of fruit that hang ripening from the bough?

When I look back into the profound depths of antiquity, and when I look forward with expectant eye to the immeasurable eternity to come; when I behold the past with all his revolving years as a dim spot far out in Nature's ocean; when I meditate upon the boundless space of the ethereal sea; when I view the tiny stars as they steal forth one by one from their distant hiding

places, my mind is filled with wonder, and I am forced to exclaim, "what hath God wrought?" When I consider that man is a flower that grows by the wayside soon to wither and decay, and that perhaps in the revolutions of eternity, he will dwell in other lands, associate with other beings, pass through varied scenes and novel changes in another world; when I realize that his relation to time must be severed and his connection with eternity commence, then methinks we need men and women of quick decision, sound judgment and pure hearts.

Childhood has been called by some the happiest portion of our lives. Its innocent gayety, its confiding sweetness, its gushing tears, its returning joys, throw around it an indescribable charm. But with us this period has passed, and while there is much enjoyment during our youthful days, yet, every stage of our journey has its hopes and its fears, its disappointments, and its cares, its alleviations, and its sorrows.

We are now to enter upon life's work with the stern conviction that what is real, is beautiful, good and true and that the unreal is useless and vain. Perhaps when we were borrowing the hours of sweet and peaceful sleep in order to master some difficult lesson in the language or science, the idea was not then manifest that we were laying in store a supply from which to draw golden maxims of practical wisdom and truth. It has been our aim while at college to obtain that which we call an education, and which is best defined by saying that it is that development which makes us conversant, not about some particular order of phenomena, but which brings about a conscious participation in real life, and which evokes all the powers of man, and makes him responsive both to the visible and to the unseen.

What then has the fruit of education done for the civ-

ilization of the world and the improvement of mankind? It points out the errors of the past and discloses the dim prophecies of the future. It rids us of the narrow self and broadens our conception of the life that we are now to begin. It teaches us the charm of music, the awe of the surging ocean, the majesty of the towering mountain, the sublimity of the starry heavens, and the solemnity of the tomb. With it there is twilight in the world, without it there is night.

Education is a gem not worn by the ignorant and a treasure to which they have no key. Its diadem is large enough for all our jewels, among which the learned will shine the brightest.

He whose mind is steeped with valuable lore will find lessons of profit and beauty painted by the gratuitous hand of Nature.

Go to the mountains and there you will find that nature has molded her choicest gems and left them unveiled for man's enjoyment. It is their rugged crests that show forth the temper of the day. They smile in sunshine and frown in storm, and in great creases of their rugged faces lie the deep shadows of the night while yet the noon-day sun is high. There is nothing else in nature which inspires one to purer thoughts or so truly marks the insignificance of man, and the omnipotence of God as do the mountains.

The pen of the poet, the chisel of the artist, and the brush of the painter, may surround the rich with all the magnificent grandeur of man's handiwork, but great as these are, they are lost in the night of oblivion when compared with that gorgeous canvas of nature which hangs unveiled, not within walls nor tinted with gold, but suspended from the arch of the skies, it is open free to every artistic soul.

These lessons, education teaches man to learn. He

will see beautiful pictures in the fleecy clouds as they gently float from clime to clime.

He will listen to the music of the warbling birds as they flit from bough to bough. He will hearken to the ripple of the sparkling founts as they send forth their incipient waters to swell the vast sea. But all these lessons will vanish as the morning dew drop melts before the noon-day sun, when we shall have learned the lesson of lessons—fear God and keep His commandments, for the fruits thereof are eternal life.

Shall we not, therefore, learn and make this choice, that we may follow "The few, the immortal names, that were not born to die?"

Then of the path where now we trod some vestige will remain when we sleep silently beneath the sod. This we know by the fate of those gone before, whose footprints time's swollen stream has vainly striven to obliterate.

Our college career has been but the fair spring days of a golden harvest if we will only endeavor to do more than we have done; to win greater victories than we have won.

We are not to go forth to-day with our diplomas, thinking that the last lesson has been learned and that our course is complete.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blessed."

When Archimedes had learned the mode of determining the relative quantities of gold and silver in Hiero's crown, did he rest contented with this one lesson? No. The ecstasy which he felt when he ran through the streets of Syracuse, crying "Eureka," soon subsided, and he hastened on in quest of greater gain.

There should ever be a motive, an incentive, urging us

on to the accomplishment of our great and noble mission.

Even the poor Indian, with his untutored mind, was not without his goal.

He believed that beyond the most distant mountain there was a wide river; beyond that river a great country; beyond that country a world of water diversified with islands, streams and trees, where the deer grazed on the mountain side, or ruminated the low, receding valleys, and that the "Great Spirit" would conduct him to that happy hunting ground.

We who are about to quit these walks to continue the great task which here has but begun, do not enter the contest as pioneers, and our forthcoming years are to be more fruitful than our past, which is but our inheritance.

Could we but look back upon the plains of the departed, then would we appreciate the grandeur of our own age.

Primitive man had but few incentives to lead him from out the darkness of his surroundings to that eminence where he could transcend the dim horizon of primeval times and gaze upon that fair land of science, literature and art.

For generations, mountains, streams and seas were fortresses behind which the savage and the civilized entrenched themselves against their foe. But man has tunneled the mountains, bridged the streams and tamed the seas. The lightning that once played listlessly in the skies has been captured and adapted to the use of man.

Man has converted the darkness of night into the brilliancy of day.

Man has opened to our view the regions of limitless space and revealed that which the imagination of inspired poets could not attain. Man has lived to see his fellow-

man walk on the ocean's bed and ascend to heights beyond the reach of human habitation.

Man has penetrated the hearts of the hills and brought therefrom the rich ores of God. Man has lived to see the transformation of the embryonic state of the earth into the abode of his race. Man's inventive mind has made the material globe a ceaseless and expanding miracle, and now he has before him the language, philosophy and religion of every clime. He has at his command the biography of great heroes at whose signal splendid mansions and stately palaces crumbled down to dust, and upon the bones of their occupants he beholds a new empire of the mighty conqueror. There lie before him the poems of bards of whose song the branches of the trees and waves of the sea grow calm.

No other age can boast of such a wonderful era as ours.

Our astronomers can penetrate abysmal night and view the suns of other systems.

Our chemists have looked on Nature's brow, have labeled the elements of air and soil and transformed the old into the new.

Our geologists can read the beautiful stories that are written in fossiliferous type and proclaim to all the world the battles of the myriads of ages passed.

But in all this what do we see but the one great purpose of our great Preceptor, urging us on to the completion of a higher and nobler life?

Kind classmates, we are now about to enter upon that life which, to us, four years ago, seemed but a vision in fancy, but which, as each succeeding day passed by, became brighter and brighter still until to-day it is before us as a stern yet beautiful reality.

As they who look upon the ocean think of its vastness; of the many shores and climes visited by its waves; of

cities and empires that rose beside its waters, flourished, decayed and became a memory; of others that shall rise and also pass away—so we to-day, having met for the last time at Kentucky State College, stand on the shore of life's unresting sea and think of the joys and sorrows, of the perils and adventures that await us on our great voyage.

Doubtless in many a weary hour, when all nature was hushed in silence and there was naught visible but our books, nothing audible but the nocturnal strokes of the great horologue of time, we longed for that period when we should bid our Alma Mater adieu.

During this seemingly long but really fleeting interval, we have met those from whom we are to depart, but never to forget—the friends of our college life.

No more are we to share the arduous toils and joyous pleasures of the recitation room.

No more are we to frequent this goodly spot where knowledge sits enthroned.

No more are we to listen to the familiar class-call as it rises from the verdant campus to be wafted by the breeze over this beautiful city.

Of all other days, this, which marks our separation, has a peculiar significance.

There is a feeling of gratification within us; there is an incumbent duty awaiting us; there is a sadness which we can not express.

May each of us prove faithful to the task that awaits him, and may we all enter that fair country to which we are bound; where we shall displace the earthen cup by the golden chalice; where we shall turn our feet from sterile moors to fragrant groves; where we shall open up to our vision fruits that never become tasteless, and a source of happiness that shall never cease.

To you, dear school-mates, who, in the near future,

are to occupy our present places, we desire to say a word. Your associations have made our stay most pleasant at State College. For you we have kindest feelings. Accept the assurance of our loving remembrance, and may you never falter, but move onward to the accomplishment of noble deeds. And to you, beloved teachers, we must also say good-by. Your patient kindness and valuable instruction we shall keep in everlasting memory. Your vocation is high and noble. Your ideals are lofty. May rich blessings shower upon your pathway. To you we owe a debt of gratitude which, to express, is a vain attempt. But He who knows the hearts and feelings of everyone will record them in His book, and on the grand Commencement Day of eternal bliss in the Valedictory to every sorrow they shall be read.

To one and all a long farewell.
Barboursville, Ky.

R. L. POPE,

“MEMORIES.”

Oh, I have a sweet little sweetheart,
With eyes brown and curling brown hair,
With cheeks like the tints of the morning,
And lips than the angels more fair.

She wrote me a letter last evening,
And in its snow whiteness was there
A bloom from that fragrant white geranium,
That grows with her flowers so rare.

I remember the spot where she plucked it;
I remember the old rustic seat;
There oft we have sat in the evening,
And watched the bright starlight's first peep.

And there, 'neath the heavenly starlight,
I've gazed in those brown beaming eyes
Where brilliancy, milder than moonlight,
Shines forth from the one that I prize.

The time of hard studies will end soon,
And then, oh, how soon I'll be home,
And again, 'mid those roses and daisies,
Together at twilight we'll roam.

For me there's a smile on those dimples,
A kiss on those sweet ruby lips,
As rare as the God given nectar
That Venus from Cupid's hand sips.

Oh, she is as fair as a lily,
As sweet as the roses in June,
As pure as the snow on the mountains,
Is dear little sister at home.

“INEZ.”

TRUTH'S VICTORY.

In every department of human investigation there has been progress.

The lightning still illuminates the heavens with its lurid flare as in the time of Noah, but it has become subservient to the will of man to bear his thoughts from continent to continent. The waves of old ocean still beat as furiously as in all ages past, but upon its bosom nation vies with nation for the mastery of commercial interests. From wigwam to palace, from first trail to palace car, from the birchen bark canoe to the Trans-Atlantic steamer, all, all acknowledged the mastery of his power and bow in humble submission to his will.

As to whom and how came man upon this sphere, geologists may discuss and theologians may differ, but it is not within the scope of my subject here to deal. How oft the long eons their cycles run, and the new began, no man has ever been able to contemplate. Since no history can write its own beginning, the beginning of man was cradled in obscurity away back in the misty morn of time.

The first pages of human history open upon an advanced civilization.

No pyramids like unto those of Egypt have ever pierced the ethereal blue above. No city like unto Babylon has ever startled the world with the magnificence of its splendor.

Yet there has been progress. Over the tomb of Egypt's greatness Babylon shown in triumphant glory, and from the proudest temples of Grecian art gently furling the symbol of Roman tyranny.

That there must have been a cause, even the most casual observer cannot deny. That throughout all the ages the tendency of humanity has been upward is but the record of history.

The great underlying principle of human progress is the desire to know the truth. There is inherent in the nature of man a desire to know the mysteries of nature's ways which, when accomplished, but plunges him more deeply in the labyrinth of the unknown.

This instinctive, simplifying tendency of the mind, this ceaseless craving to bring all chaotic elements under one grand unity of government is the ringing keynote of all progress, the foundation of all civilization.

It does not necessarily follow that the beginning of human progress was coincident with the evolution or creation of man. Countless generations have come and

gone, leaving no trace of their existence save in a few monuments or crude implements of stone.

The great ocean of humanity, with the energy of its ceaseless flow, has oftentimes no doubt obliterated all traces of previous generations, save here and there a footprint upon the sands or an empty shell upon the shore of time.

But when man awoke from this instinctive routine; when he viewed the heavens above him and the earth beneath; when he realized in nature some great hidden truth and in himself the power to know; when he learned the one great axiom that "knowledge is power," then the binding claims of animal instinct were loosed and the grand onward march to civilization began.

Man is not a mere accidental combination of mechanical or chemical forces. Self-conscious knowledge alone distinguishes him, and therewith a power not only to accumulate facts, but to generalize them into truths as far reaching as infinity, as endless as eternity.

That progress must be slow and by easy stages, is a physiological and psychological necessity. The child cannot immediately become a man, and the savage is driven to insanity by the mazy whirl of higher civilization.

As the plant slowly grows, gradually accumulating its force until the flower stands forth in all the majesty of its pristine beauty, so progress is but the gradual growth from lower to higher ideals.

Truth, the spirit's atmosphere, has filled space from all eternity, but man, like a little plant springing from the dust and darkness of the earth, can absorb but so much as his earthly mind can hold.

Slow and painful have these stages of absorption been. Idea wars began as soon as ideas took shape. Antagonism has been the lever of advance. Every new

truth was ushered in as an ungodly innovation. The old was sacred, the new profane. Copernicus pronounced his theory of the solar system and the world was astounded at his heresy. Galileo overthrew the Aristotelean philosophy and yielded his life on the altar of superstition. Columbus ushered a new era into history and died in a Spanish dungeon. Every apostle of the Savior was a martyr to the truth, and when Luther broke the galling chains of ecclesiastical tyranny the world stood breathless at his fate.

Yet humanity has ever been advancing, keeping pace with its martyrs. The silent, irresistible growth of truth in the human heart is bursting the bonds of accursed superstition and ignorance and pressing onward to higher ideas, and purer, grander and nobler conceptions.

Man has been drawn nearer to man and by that act drawn closer to God. Nations have come to realize that physical distance no longer makes them strangers nor political divisions make them enemies.

The growing complexity of civilization is ever demanding newer and broader ideals,—yet in the narrow arena of the mind a great struggle between orderly truth and chaotic fanaticism has ever been waged.

In matters of government this conflict has been well exemplified. Guided by the love of personal freedom man has ever endeavored to formulate a like system of ruling. The founders of this Republic were statesmen well tutored in the civil history of the past. They believed that in the popular representation of the masses existed the only stable government. Selecting from all preceding nations the brightest gems and purest gold of law and order, which had been refined in the fiery crucible of experience, they sought to construct a jewel of government whose light of freedom should shine through all succeeding ages. Rome bequeathed to us the secret of

her greatness and Athens the underlying principle of a triumphant democracy. Babylon whispered the story of a centralization of power and all history answered to a record of blood. Slowly moving through valleys of trial, doubting not in the triumphant vindication of right, gathering strength and power with each successive conflict, born not of chaos but carefully builded by master minds, we stand today the realized ideal of man's perfect government.

But not alone in matters of government is this triumphant vindication of the truth to be noted. In matters of religion this grand onward march to higher ideals is far too great to pass unheeded.

There is inherent in the nature of man an instinctive desire to worship some power beyond himself, and whether he worships gods of his own creation or a God of immaculate mercy, the desire is ever the same, to span the distance from mortal to immortal. In no domain of human thought has the journey of truth on the highway of progress met with more stubborn resistance. On every hand the truth was handicapped by superstition. Ignorance, always the mother of mystery, made man the slave of his fears. Superstition became so deeply grounded in human minds as to become matters of sacred religion, and ignorance offered insurmountable barriers to the advancement of truth. When from Judea's plains Christ proclaimed to awaiting humanity the glad tidings, "I am the truth"—he announced the grand climax of all religions to which all nations must ultimately bow and every tongue confess.

Yet as soon as this great truth was born into the world fusilades from every rampart of hellish fanaticism were against it. The flames of its persecution alighted the campfires of the great struggle for religious freedom, and from the tombs of its martyrs sprung the undying spirit

of its warfare. Through all the revolutions there has been an evolution, and all religions are moving heavenward on the King's highway of progress. Witches are gone and heretics relics of barbarism; slavery is dead, war is abhorrent, and cruelty to animals a crime. Civilization instead of barbarism, peace instead of war, Christ instead of Morloch, vengeance yesterday, love to-day, and heaven to-morrow.

But nowhere in all the realm of human progress has the struggle between truth and ignorance, between intelligence and skepticism, been more fearfully waged or the victory more gloriously complete than in the domain of science. Copernicus touched the mystic key and out of heavenly chaos came order ringing to the music of the crystal spheres. Galileo watched the swinging pendulum and counted the ebbing pulse beat of dying philosophy. Newton planted the germ of truth which should grow into a great tree of knowledge, withstanding the storms of abuse and the tempests of opposition hurled against it by a Dogmatic Theology, beneath whose sheltering branches this selfsame theology should ultimately seek protection. The astronomer catches the truant light of the stars and the chemist decomposing it compels from it the secrets of their structure even to the direction in which they travel. The geologist rives the strata asunder, disclosing their succession and contents, and from its fossils, the hieroglyphics of the dead ages the paleontologist reads the record of time. Man with his marvelous inventions and discoveries has conquered the elements and led them captive to his will, training them to do his bidding with a docility and exactitude surpassed only by their power, revolutionizing the whole system of labor by their adaptations to human industries. Such has been truth's inglorious conflicts, such her glorious victory.

J. HARRY HENDREN.

 TO STATE COLLEGE.

From old Kentucky's hunting ground
 Come students brave and true
 To join the grand, triumphal throng
 Of queen o' the Blue Grass, blue.
 Then sing, gaily sing, gladsome hearts, to-day.
 Let joy, glad joy, fill sparkling souls for aye.
 Let patriots fill her learned halls,
 Before her shrine of knowledge bow,
 And view from ever hallowed walls
 Perennial springs of wisdom flow.

Then hail, all hail Kentucky's stately queen,
 Her lamp of learning brightly burns.
 Honor and love immortal themes shall be,
 Her students shall be leaders of men.
 She's queen, the pride of small and great,
 She's guardian angel of our State.

O! see her grand, majestic dome
 Mount high in freedom's air,
 Her campus, rich from nature's loom,
 Spreads beauty everywhere.
 Then praise, sweetly praise the college of our State
 Hurrah, O, hurrah! her fame we gladly make.
 Let bard and poet string his harp,
 Immortal praises sing,
 For her whose wisdom, science, art,
 The richest treasures bring.

We rally round her banner, boys,
 Defend it with our might,
 Where greatness and where virtue lay
 We make our hardest fight.
 Then cheer, loudly cheer, ye sons who study here.
 O, yes; sweetly sing ye girls we hold so dear.
 "The Southland" shall our watchword be,
 In freedom's holy strain.
 We'll sing, "Our Country 'Tis of Thee"
 Till we shall meet again.

—C. '98.

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The year of 1896-97 is now closed and passes into history. Some of us can look back upon it with pleasure, while others say, "I have not realized much." We all have progressed just in proportion as the amount of work we have done. But taking everything into consideration the past year has been one of moderate success to the whole student body of State College. There is no reason why it should not have been the most prosperous in all the history of the college. The number of students has been larger this year than ever before, and better interest seemed to be manifested throughout the State in the College. But there are many improvements that could have been made. Among these may be mentioned a stricter adherence to military rules and regulations. If we are to have a Department of Military Science why should it not be as thorough as at West Point? Why should not this department be on a par with the other departments of the college? We venture the assertion

that not a single young man who took his degree at college this year would not be able to stand anything like a creditable examination at West Point. When some of the boys in the artillery were asked to name some parts of the pieces they were entirely ignorant. This was no fault of theirs, for they had never been taught. Even the boys in the infantry fail in the setting exercises. The inspector asked the Sergeant Major if he had ever drilled before. In fact the whole inspection proved that nothing scarcely had been done during the past year. If we are not very much mistaken the aim of this department is to train the young men of Kentucky to become competent officers if they should ever be called into military service. Why is it that State College at one time rivalled all her sister colleges in the Southern States for excellency in this department, but to-day she is almost unknown? This department was once the pride of our college, but how is it to-day? All interest in this department among the boys is lost. If the rules and regulations were carried out according to strict military discipline there would not be such a tendency to "skip drill." If we are to have military let's have it right. We can't afford to be behind in these closing days of the 19th century. This is our policy.

We earnestly urge the appointment of an assistant professor of English. It is not our intention by saying this to criticise Prof. Shackelford in his work. Taking everything into consideration, we commend his work. But it seems that anyone who is capable to observe can see that the chair of English is the most important in college. Every student who expects to take a degree must go through a course in English. There are as many students in this one department as there are in all others combined. Yet there is but one teacher in

this department of the college, while in other departments of less importance that do not have one-fourth the students, have from one to two assistant professors. The course is not taught as it is given in the catalogue. We do not know the reason why, unless it is because the lack of professors in that department. We have heard of no reason given. So long as these conditions exist the standard of State College can never be raised above those of her sister colleges in the South. We believe in advancing every department as much as possible, but let all departments have a share in the "pie." Of all branches that go to make up a collegiate education, a thorough and accurate knowledge of his mother tongue is the most important to an American student in all vocations of life, whether he be a lawyer, doctor, minister or a mechanic. Therefore, since the Legislature has appropriated a large sum to the college, we think one of the very best uses that can be made, possibly, is the employment of an assistant professor in English.

We have just arranged the papers of our office for an extended vacation. Though we may view other and varied scenes, yet the memories of our journalistic career will linger with refreshing pleasantries. We have not soared, nor do we feel that we have groveled, but we do feel that we could have done more had we received full co-operation from the college. It takes college spirit, in a financial way, to make a college paper what it should be.

We wish to thank all the firms of the city who have patronized our CADET. Our list of advertisers reached its highest limit this spring, and as a result we changed the form of THE CADET. The words of approval received

on every hand seem to fully justify the change. Again we thank our advertisers for their liberal support.

THE CADET has just awarded in this number the handsome prizes which it offered at the beginning of the year. The contest, though lively, was not entirely satisfactory. We do not complain at the material of the contest, but it seems that too many good writers did not enter. The articles handed in showed high and noble conceptions and portrayed the poetic mind. But we need more such contestants.

It is quite likely that THE CADET will give a handsome prize for the best article written by any student next year, and we hope all the old students will take notice of this and enter the contest.

PRIZES.

According to our offer we will award the prizes on Commencement day. The judges have given in their decision as follows:

"Calm," W. J. Grinstead, \$10.00.

"Night Blooming Cereus," Jameson, \$5.00.

"October," W. J. Grinstead, \$2.50.

We are glad to make over the prizes to them and to encourage them in future efforts. They won by no large per cent., and the other contestants may feel proud of this fact. Those who did not win may rest assured that they deserved high rank and that much praise was bestowed on their articles. We thank all for the interest they took in THE CADET and hope they will enter our contest again next year.



The
Last
Day
Of school.

Commencement.

Home. Vacation.

The exams. are over.

And others also failed.

The campus is very beautiful now.

Messrs. Carnahan and Dunlap lent their presence to our Commencement.

The trustees held their regular meeting on June 1 and 2.

A fine crowd of excursionists went to Natural Bridge on May 31. The day was an ideal one and everybody had fun to waste.

The Philosophians gave their annual banquet Tuesday evening, June 1. The affair was quite elaborate and enjoyable. The young ladies entertained in their own charming way, much to the pleasure of all present. The Philosophian Society has been quite successful this year, and has more than once elicited public praise.

It is quite likely that a Science and Natural History building will be put up this summer on the campus. This is much needed and will cost about \$25,000.

The professors will travel some this summer in interest of the college. Last year this plan was pursued and with good results. Each professor will take one Congressional district.

Prof. Miller, who is always on the lookout for good

things, will go to Russia this summer on invitation of the Czar, who will pay all expenses. This, we know, will be a fine trip and will be duly appreciated by our worthy professor.

In a local Field Day on June 1, the following records were broken :

Mile, Kempster.....5 minutes, 8 seconds.

One-half mile, Kempster.....2 minutes, 18 seconds.

High jump, Shaw.....5 feet, 2 inches.

Pole vault, Smith.....9 feet.

The Professors kindly gave a pretty gold medal for each record broken. A nice crowd was present and seemed to enjoy the evening very much.

In the preliminary Chautauqua contest Mr. Geary won first place and Mr. Woolton second. Besides having the honor of representing the College at Chautauqua, Mr. Geary also received a scholarship of the Lexington Business College. Mr. Woolton received a copy of Depew's Select Orations. Mr. Geary is booked as a winner at Chautauqua.

UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Union held its last meeting of the year on Friday evening, May 22. This closes our second year's work since the reorganization of the society. We organized last year with no money and only a few members, but by the energy and enthusiasm of this faithful few a good membership was secured and the society set on firm footing financially. We look back over these two years with pride. Our members have been faithful in their attendance, diligent in the preparation of their work and ready and willing to perform their duties at all times. Woe to one if, in a moment of

weakness, he yielded to the evil promptings of his nature and failed to attend a meeting. Arraigned before the bar of justice, Mr. Sugg, our vigorous attorney, in thundering tones and with scathing rebuke, hurled at his head such a prosecution as made him feel that he was an object of mercy to get off with a small fine. We are glad that Mr. Sugg was elected prosecutor for next year. So long as he holds that position I feel sure that the society will have no drones.

We are proud of what we have done, and still prouder because we have done it ourselves. We have no outside help and want none. We realize that the best help is self-help. During the past year we have had some of the best contests that have been held in the chapel. We paid the expenses and bought the medals with our own money. We have no props placed by other hands to hold us up, as has our self-lauding contemporary, the Patterson. But it is well for them that they have, for "It is beyond the peradventure of a doubt" that they are not able to stand alone. Our good friend, the enemy, of the Patterson, in his last letter, assumed a very boastful spirit, for reasons best known to himself.

Its weekly meetings are the only criterion to judge of the merits of a society, and we are sure if our good friend of the Patterson will consider the weekly work done by the two societies his vaunted feeling of superiority will be somewhat mitigated. But when it comes to contests, they have very little reason to boast. It is true that they represented the college in the state contest, but our representative gave them such a close contest that they had little reason to be proud of the victory, if such it might be called. Their prediction that they would win the Chautauqua contest proved true. But in order to win they had to use three men, with old speeches, against our one representative.

In their fit of ecstasy over this victory they may forget that in this contest last year we had two representatives, they had four. We got first and second places. They got ignominious defeat. There was a declamatory contest last year that we might speak of, but we hate to interfere too sadly with the good opinion they are now entertaining of themselves. We have the utmost good will toward our Patterson friends, and when they get to soaring too high we will kindly remind them of it.

Our wishes are that the eloquent Mr. Geary will win at the Chautauqua. As our college representative, we are proud of him, and feel sure that he will there carry off honors for himself and for his Alma Mater as he did at the Opera House.

A. L. HICKS.

ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL.

The base ball team has some good players on it this year. The team started out to win, was given material aid to the neat sum of \$100, and seemed to be fairly well supported by the students. Some nice games were played at first and some of them won, but the actual reason why base ball has become so inferior at S. C. is because a certain clique influence prevailed in the team and other players were not welcome even in practice games. What is the result? Everybody knows. Bad base ball games, light attendance, and S. C. steadily maintaining the tail end of the league. Such detestable partisanism will kill any part of college athletics.

THE TRACK TEAM.

The track team has been mostly under the same management as the base ball team but by dint of hard individual training it has made a reputable record, in-

deed has done a glorious work for grand old S. C. Two men, Smith and Campbell, went to Nashville to the Southern Intercollegiate meet and both showed up well. Smith especially won the applause of the crowds by setting a star record in pole vaulting at 10 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The former record was 9 feet 7 inches.

A sort of preliminary field day was held on the grounds on May 19, and few good records made. The track was not in good condition and not a medal was there for any event. Last year we had a hustling president, who procured nice, pretty gold medals for each event. However, one word of commendation is due the manager for helping to get medals for Intercollegiate field day. Otherwise render praise to whom praise is due, and that is to the men who trained hard enough to win.

On May 24, the track team, composed of Elliott, Campbell, Kempster, Slade, Asher, Smith, A. E., Smith, S., Shaw, Bryan, Vinson and Richmond, met the teams from C. U. and K. U. and completely worsted their contestants in the Intercollegiate meet.

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