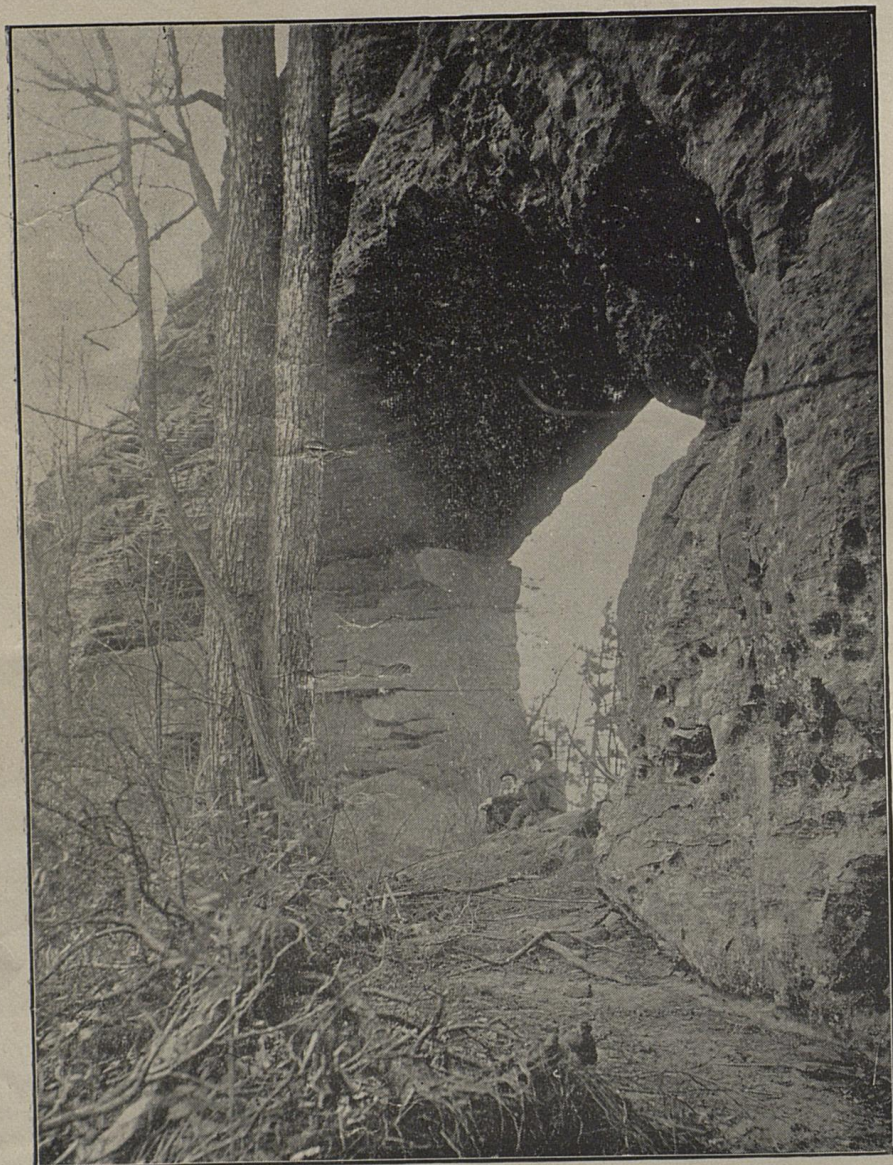




APRIL, 1896,

Vol. 6.

No. 8.



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# The State College Cadet.

Vol. 6.

LEXINGTON, KY., APRIL, 1896.

No. 8.

## EVOLUTION OF THE REPUBLIC.

J. T. GEARY.

Our republic is the result of a long process of evolution. Step by step, this slow unfolding process has continued through all the ages, each revolving century drawing nearer the perfect plan. The biologist places before us the tree of life, tracing thereon the successive stages of its progress, from the simple unit cell, until man stands revealed, crowning the summit of the structure. The highest types of life are preserved by the rejection of the less developed ones. In like manner the sociologist, in reviewing the growth and decay of societies, sees that the fall of one institution but makes way for other associations of men of greater social efficiency. The death of one institution records the birth of conditions favorable for the further development of the new. Our civilization is then the result of the ceaseless changes of the centuries, of the countless nations that have perished in the struggle for existence.

Is it not then interesting and instructive to gaze back through the mists of antiquity, and behold man as he starts on his long and painful journey of progress? But little better than the brutes, he wanders over the earth in vast hordes. Thousands of years pass over him, years of ignorance, degradation, and illusion, that have never been recorded in the annals of human history. A great change has taken place. His social capacities have been developed. He forms clans, tribes—and at length great civilizations spring up,

the result of his changing conditions. Civilizations that mark the far sunrise of history, and indicate an advancement in the higher life of the race. But scarcely had the new order been ushered into existence, when man encountered the problem that has been combatted in vain, from the dawn of history to the foundation of the Republic of the States. It was the problem of government.

From the time when human voice first rang out upon the cold, still night of time, through all the vicissitudes of the world's existence, there has been a ceaseless struggle for a better government. The civilizations of the past—varied at different epochs—have been based upon principles as different as the fruits they have borne. The civil life of a people is fashioned upon the conception which men entertain of their mutual duties and rights. The interests of the individual, and the social organism to which he belongs, are not the same; hence the great problem of the ages has been the erection of a stable government, so constructed as to allow the fullest possible scope for the development of the individual man. The ancients did not grasp the true philosophy of government. Their systems, contrary to the laws of nature, were founded upon the inequality of men, systems which placed in the hands of the few the lives and destinies of the many.

The State was supreme. We find no recognition of individuality, or personal liberty. The individual was an ephemeral, brought forth and lost in the twinkle of an eye. As an individual he had no value, as a particle in the the fabric of civil life he counted for naught. Hence, we have what we call ancient civilizations, and the fate of these nations may serve as a striking proof that a government not united by a common principle of loyalty and patriotism, resting upon the sympathy and interests of its subjects, cannot long survive. If experience—that great teacher—throws light upon any question, it tells us that a stable government must give to the governed an interest in its preservation, and not in its destruction; must be based upon principles recognizing the rights of the individual, for the individual is the one eternal element in society.

A people may train the intellect, develop the arts and sciences, rear a

literature and exist in seeming prosperity, but if the underlying principles of their government are false, sooner or later it will crumble and fall.

I appeal to history! Where are the nations that were once "rich with the labors of ancient art and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldy?"

Where Babylonia, the earliest cradle of human culture? And Assyria, her conqueror, the terror of nations? Back across the ages comes their impressive answer. I oppressed my people and fell by my own injustice. Egypt, like her mummies, sleeps in death. The once proud and potent mistress of the Nile, has fallen, and her very monuments are silent witnesses of her injustice and cruelty. Her sombre pyramid—the watch towers of eternity, rising majestic and colossal—the most impressive monuments ever reared by the hand of man, were wrought by thousands of bleeding, suffering slaves, as an enduring resting place, for the tyrants who oppressed them. A sad commentary on man's inhumanity to man. But such is the story of human progress. Dynasty after dynasty, government after government, are born in obscurity, reach a maximum development and then fade into the realm of forgetfulness. The history of them all, each in its own language, is but a rehearsal of the same story—the crimes, passions and conflicting interests of men. Each is influenced by the one that has gone before, and in turn gives valuable lessons for the guidance of its successor. We pass over the history of sluggish India, despotic Persia and conservative China—the worshiper of a past—and read the stories of nations that have left a more immediate impress upon our civilization of to-day.

We turn to another chapter of history and are led into that beautiful classic land, the haunt of the muses, the birthplace of eloquence, the mother of arts and sciences, the peerless queen of intellect, that country whose landscape has inspired the human mind to its loftiest flights of poesy, whose art has evoked the wonder, admiration and envy of each succeeding age. Greece, too, erected a government and called it a republic. But it was a "libel upon free government." A confederation of States, having no principle of political unity. An oligarchy in one city, a democracy in another, unable to rise from the conception of the city to the higher conception of the unity of the

nation, this gifted people was ever engaged in civil strife. Having no bond of union, no common interests, they fell an easy victim before the arm of the Macedonian tyrant.

And yet another chapter, and Gibbon traces the final, political experiment of that country, which sprang from a cavern of banditti, existed as a monarchy for two and a half centuries, a republic for five, an empire for a longer period, and then passed into the dust of history. The monarchy became obnoxious, and an incensed people abolished the kingly office. The revolution which expelled the Tarquins, gave birth to the Roman republic. But it was never a free representative government, rather a series of Plebeian and Patrician revolutions, where despotic consuls ruled under the mask of liberty. Yet with all its imperfections and tyrannies, it was during this period, between the expulsion of the Tarquins and the re-establishment of monarchy, the period when the people were nearest self-government, that the Roman intellect reached its highest fruition, the Roman soldier was bravest, Roman virtue purest, and Roman honor held in highest esteem. It was in the better days of the republic, that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. But class hatreds and personal feuds occasioned the loss of public virtue and prepared the way for the empire, that most corrupt, yet dazzling picture painted upon the canvass of history.

We do not wonder that the empire fell, we wonder that it existed so long. It was ruled by the sword instead of the sceptre. The debauched emperors had not a pulsation in common with their subjects. Their vassals were serfs, ground to the dust by imposts in peace, by military conscriptions in war. The Roman empire was a stranger in its own land. The foundation of its greatness lay in an insatiable thirst for universal dominion. It could be nourished only by victories, and victories but ripened the principle of decay. With a conquered world at its feet, it no longer had soil whence to draw sustenance. It stood as a mighty statue on the verge of decadence—the enemy within greater than the enemy without. Unable to withstand the successive waves of humanity from the barbarous North that clashed against it, the tottering fabric fell, a mass of ruins, and disappeared from the stage of history. The empire of the Cæsars performed its destiny. It conquered the world, but it could not trans-



form it. It left man with object lessons for his future guidance. Its fall marks a transition period in human progress.

From it we descend into the great plain of the middle ages, the seed time of the modern world. Still there is no cessation of progress. The forces of evolution are performing their ceaseless work. Man competes with his fellow man, nation competes with nation, but under different conditions, from all previous time. No longer does one mighty empire dominate the civilized world. Humanity is dreaming of equality, and the experience of all former time had proven that it was not to be found in a government of the sword. The ten toiling centuries of the middle ages was a period of rapid changes. Changes that were preparations for the grand plan, which had been plotted in the council halls of Eternity. The Saxon Heptarchy was formed in England. Limited monarchies were created on the continent. The Empire of Charlemagne arose and disappeared before the advancing strides of Feudalism.

But the pulse of liberty, throbbing in the heart of humanity, achieved its crowning triumph in the destruction of that oppressive system. Norman and English nobles, hitherto irreconcilable enemies, united in a common cause, and forced from the tyrant, John, the Magna Charta of English liberty. But the climax had not yet come.

Humanity was singing the pæans of freedom. It was the love of liberty that alienated a loyal gentry from the house of Stuart, that burned in the hearts of Pym and Hampden as they stood out against the unlawful exactions of a tyrant king that caused the death of Charles the First, and the banishment of his son. 'Twas the love of liberty that sustained the grand old Pilgrim character who, guided by the shadows thrown from the fires of European persecution, directed his frail bark towards the setting sun, and founded the American refuge of civil and religious liberty. 'Twas thus a continent was dedicated to Freedom. Thus the curtain rose on the final act in the drama of the ages.

Since first the pilgrim fathers touched New England's shore, until the bright dawn of yesterday, the republic has passed through periods of storm and trial, but she has survived them all, and her progress has indeed been "one constant expanding miracle." Cradled in a cruel war, she emerges victorious and establishes a republic, the antipital

of all ancient governments. Before its establishment, the science of government had been the State itself. Our system reverses the order. The end of the science of government is to be henceforth the welfare of the individual. Marvelous has been the political evolution that has raised man from the creature to the creator of governments. The founders of our republic, selecting the purest principles that had been winnowed from the experience of all previous time, erected a federated representative system, based upon the grand triumvirate of political virtues—liberty, fraternity and equality. Hardly was it established before eminent statesmen at home and abroad began to look upon it with distrust.

They doubted the sufficiency of popular intelligence, and believed that our system was so framed that the flood tides of Democracy would rise up and break down the weak fabric. But the trial of popular government stands vindicated by its results. Under its benign influence we have advanced from a few straggling colonies to the most stable and liberal government ever created by the mind of man. Like every nation that has achieved greatness, we have been involved in foreign and domestic war. When "the uplifting force of the American Idea had penetrated the crumbling thrones of Europe," the glittering sword of despotism was eager to sever the life cords of the young republic. But foreign wars developed the strength and patriotism of our people. Yet they had just passed away, when the diverse civilizations of North and South were gathering forces for the great fraternal conflict destined to bathe the land in the blood of her noblest sons.

The conflicting interests of a manufacturing North, and an agricultural South, could not be harmonized, even though championed by the greatest statesmen the world had ever known. It was a question that demanded blood. The soldiers of the North poured into the beautiful, chivalrous South, and the awful conflict was on. The implements of peace became implements of war. Every hill became a fortress. Every valley a valley of death. Every rivulet a rivulet of blood. Nothing was seen or heard, but the desolating hand of war the clamor of battle, the thunder of cannon as it laid low the noblest heroes ever offered to the god of carnage.

But the clouds of civil dissension passed away. The negro was

freed, the Union saved, and the "American people stood so near the thin veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God," they could almost see through its parting folds, the republic's half million heroes, walking in the elysian fields of the just. Again the angel of peace spread her wings upon a reunited country, which was purged and purified in the fiery furnace of civil strife. To-day we recognize no sections, no geographical lines, and a man's patriotism is measured by his love for the entire Union. A Union comprising within its mighty sweep seventy millions of people, with no restraint, save the just laws that are the same to all.

Believing an educated public opinion to be the fountain of law and progress, and social growth, possible only through the survival of the socially fit, we have dotted our land with schools and churches, that train the mind and heart, and teach every man, however humble, the importance of his own kingly character. Thus guaranteeing an intelligent ballot, which is to-day the great bulwark of our national life.

Already pessimists believe we have reached a maximum development and the downward journey has begun. Social alarmists hurl their accusations at our institutions, and predict from the arming of labor against capital the downfall of our government. But the careful student of our condition views the union of labor as the outgrowth of intelligence, and believes that the co operation of these unions bids fair for an ultimate solution of the gravest problem that has ever confronted our people. We believe that our republic grows better with each revolving year, and that all the great problems that are before us to-day will receive a just solution. Not by means of violence or revolution, but through that higher and grander medium—an organized intelligent ballot. We believe that future laws will be enacted that will take from the power-holding class, the exclusive privileges they enjoy to-day, and that every individual will have the same opportunity for the development of his own personality.

We are far from believing that our republic—the highest realization of man's struggles for the rights of man—is destined to an early fall. On the contrary, we believe we are on the threshold of a wonderful future. While standing upon the last decade of the grandest century "ever measured by the flight of worlds."

"I have dipped into the future far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Saw the whole continent of America united in the grandest confederacy ever formed. Saw it, the great sun in the solar system of nations, around which all revolve, giving life and liberty to each, and preserving the prosperity and happiness of all; saw its ports alive with the argosies of commerce, "its brow blooming with the wreath of science;" the breath of heaven blessing its flag; yet in the vigor and bouancy of youth, scorning pessimism and decay, moving onward to the accomplishment of its grand and glorious destiny.



### HOW TO BREAK DOWN YOUR COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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Say that anybody (including yourself) can edit and manage a college journal better than the journal of your own college. Never subscribe for it, but have the cheek to ask the editor or manager to give you a copy of each issue just as it is printed. Such college enthusiasm will so inspire the editor that his ideas will be smothered in the bud. We have a very tender sympathy for such low forms of human life; so tender that whenever we see such littleness and narrowness exhibiting itself we feel so sorry that people say we look suspicious—we never doubt what they say.

Tell your fellow students that you are in favor of having a good college journal, but because the journal does not think and act as you do.

Never read the advertisements in the journal; most college journals are supported almost wholly by their advertisers—this one is.

Never trade with any one who has an "ad" in your college journal; and if you do, don't mention the journal or another "ad" may be placed in it.

Never give any aid or assistance to the editors. The zeroes the editors will get in their classes, together with having so much work to do for nothing, may reduce the ambition of the journal.

If you have a notion to subscribe for it, wait till you are asked. It inspires the journal for one to subscribe without being asked.

If every student will follow these directions ois college will have no journal.

### HOW TO BUILD UP YOUR COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Subscribe for it.

Read the "ads" and trade with those who advertise. Perhaps they look upon the journal and college with more pride than you do. They are your friends; trade with them.

Write for the journal; write poems, stories, historical and political sketches; write anything and everything that is good; students in other institutions do. "Can't!" Quit school then. The world don't need any more drones.

Take pride in giving the editors bits of college news, the editors can't do without this aid.

Write something good, sign your name, or just your initials if you prefer, and the year you graduate. Other schools, colleges and universities do this; it is the fashion. Let us not be afraid of criticism. Persecutions, criticisms, trials and tribulations make us strong and great.

\* \* \* \*

This journal is a success. It is by far the best the college has ever had. This is the verdict of the faculty and students. THE CADET has had more able and proficient editors and managers than the present corps, but their environments were different. The present staff went in for success. No help, no promises; we put our time and money into this enterprise. A few (only a few) of the most ardent of the faculty helped us financially. They have stood by and watched us sprint, thinking, perhaps, that we had not muscle enough to keep our pace. They see we mean business and are coming to our aid. The Alumni are supporting us some. The college is aiding us. THE CADET is a success. The students, faculty, alumni and advertisers have made it so. We don't claim one bit of the honor. The four factors mentioned above have been piping for a respectable journal for years; we were charmed with the music, have fallen into line, and now we are keeping step in the march.

# The State College Cadet.

Published monthly during the collegiate year by the students of State College, Lexington, Ky.  
Subscription price \$1 per year, payable in advance. To students 75 cents.

## Editor-in-Chief.

T. L. CAMPBELL,

CLINTON, KY

## Associate Editors.

|                                                                 |                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY,<br>MISS NELLIE REYNOLDS, - LEXINGTON, KY. | MECHANICAL SOCIETY,<br>E. C. McDOWELL, - CYNTHIANA, KY. |
| PATTERSON SOCIETY,<br>JOHN T. GEARY, - LEXINGTON, KY.           | ATHLETICS,<br>J. H. FRAZIER, - LEXINGTON, KY.           |
| UNION LITERARY SOCIETY,<br>J. H. HENDRON, - SPEEDWELL, KY.      | SENIOR CLASS,<br>T. R. DEAN, - LITTLE HICKMAN, KY.      |
| NORMAL SOCIETY,<br>J. S. FITZHUGH, - SULPHUR SPRING, KY.        | JUNIOR CLASS,<br>G. F. BLESSING, - CARROLLTON, KY.      |

## Business Manager,

T. G. ROACH,

FULTON, KY.

## EDITORIAL.

ONE of the many good conditions noticed at other colleges, through their papers, is the fact that credit in his course is given the editor or editors of the college paper or magazine. Indeed, as it is, his remuneration is small, little encouragement, much abuse, lots of work, no money, many zeros, and no one knows what else. Should credit be given for college magazine work? Let us see. The paper is a great advertisement of the college, in that, it not only sets forth the advantages of that college for obtaining an education, but also gives a true insight to the condition, socially and religiously, of the student body. It shows the standing of the students of that institution. It portrays the character of that institution. It shows the different kind of work done in the different societies and organizations, the prizes and incentives they offer—advantages—and the avenues to honor that are open to the ambitious. The latter especially can seldom be entered in the college catalogue. These facts are all potent factors in the decision of any young man who contemplates attending college. He can get these facts no where else except through the college paper.

Again the successful editor must necessarily spend time and effort on the composition of his paper, he deals much in English composition, all of which in a year's time equals a moderate course in English. Credit and recognition by the college would be incentives to attain a higher standard in English, and in college journalism. All this

must necessarily add to the reputation of the college and to its attendance.

We offer this as a petition to our faculty to give us such credit as they deem proper.

IN view of the fact that other States can afford a College Press Association (notably among them the State of Indiana) at which meeting subjects pertaining to the interests of the college magazines are discussed and much help is gained in lessening the difficulties with which the editors of such publications may meet, we hereby propose to the various boards of editors of college magazines in the State of Kentucky that measures be taken looking to the establishment of a College Press Association for the State of Kentucky and that a meeting be called in the near future. Who is willing? What say you Brothers Atlantis, Georgetownian, Cadet—and the rest?—Blue and Gold (April).

Our attention was especially called to the above, which is self-explanatory and in the outset we say that we most heartily approve of such a course. And since three of the magazines live in Lexington, (our neighbors willing) may we not invite the other magazines or papers to take action, suggest a time for meeting and meet in this city. We think the association should be organized and put to work this scholastic year, so as to be fully prepared for active work next year. Let us hear from all the State publications and take some steps immediately.

ALTHOUGH beginning not so early as some of our contemporaries, yet we are at work and have determined to publish a special edition of THE CADET in June. We have not determined all of the subject matter yet, nor all the pictures or illustrations, but we can assure every student, member of the faculty and friend of the college that the special edition will be something handsome. We ask the co-operation of the whole college and her friends in making this venture a success. We contemplate publishing about five thousand copies. The distribution will be mainly in Kentucky and is calculated to increase the attendance next year.

NOTICE TO ALL THE STUDENTS.—We shall divulge plans in our next issue by which students contributing to THE CADET will be offered the greatest inducement ever known at State College, Do not fail to watch for it.

## LOCALS.

Happy springtime has come,  
 The gayest of the year,  
 When boys and girls are lounging round,  
 And courting far and near.  
 The flowers with their sweet perfume,  
 And birds with music fill the air,  
 A note, meeting, osculation 'neath the moon,  
 Oh, my! another courting couple there.

Oh! my State College!!

! Rats! Isn't this April? Ah there?

Since the warm sunshine has come, the freshmen, similar to natural plants, are looking quite fresh and green.

The good weather has called forth some of our "farmers" and being old hands at the business "dey hose de corn" and "pulls de bell cord" admirably.

Hushed and silent are the eloquent strains of the orator, for since State College has won he can well afford to feast on the spoils of the enemy.

The flower beds around the college are beginning to look pretty with blooming flowers. Pansies and tulips (2 lips) are much to our taste. Other improvements on the lawn are being made continuously.

A full report of our base ball team will be given in the next issue. We say right now that our team is doing good playing, and has been beaten but once out of four regular games.

Professor Miller gave quite an interesting lecture on the evening of the 17th. He presented the Geology of Kentucky and some of her scenery. Not a large, but an enthusiastic audience, was present. Many beautiful Kentucky scenes were shown by means of the stereopticon. They were much admired. The lecture was instructive and entertaining throughout, and increased our love for old Kentucky.

Certainly every one enjoyed the literary entertainment given by the Philosophians, on the evening of the 11th. The large and appreciative audience, was furnished delightful music by Saxton's popular band. The young ladies were, of course, looking their best, and the



boys appreciated their efforts, on this occasion, as was evidenced by the profusion of flowers the girls received. The audience complained of but one thing, and that was low and indistinct speaking of some of the speakers. With this exception, the affair was quite a success.

I have seen

"A boat without a rudder,  
A ship without a keel,  
But the funniest thing I ever saw,  
Was Grinsted on a wheel.  
Downfalls come in business,  
Reverses we sorely feel,  
But the funniest of reverses,  
Was Grinsted under his wheel."

Those who have wheels now take a pleasant spin most every evening. Several of the boys from town ride their wheels to school every day. Kelley very often rides over to his home at Georgetown. Slade and Reese went over to the Cynthiana contest on their wheels, and came back with our party on the train.

---

#### FALL IN FOR NATURAL BRIDGE! A GALA DAY!

Let every body go. Students and friends in the city. The Lexington & Eastern R. R can't be excelled for scenery. All who went last year, know that the trip was far superior to expectation; since then, the Railroad Co. have spent thousands of dollars, and now have the best place in the country for picnic parties and pleasure seekers. Go!

Tickets for the roud trip and admission to the grounds \$1, for sale by A. S. Reese and R. F. Severs, at college, and J. W. Moore of the city. Train leaves C. & O., Depot at 7:30 A. M., May 2, and returns from Natural Bridge at 4:40 P. M. See ad. on second page.

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#### PHILOSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

The annual open session of the Philosphian Society was held in the college chapel Saturday, April 11. The stage was decorated in the society colors, red and black, and a profusion of potted plants lent their beauty and fragrance to the scene. The programme was well rendered, the original duties being especially good. The first

on programme was Miss Margaret King, who read an excellent character sketch of "Marcella;" Miss Gunn followed with the recitation, "Dot Leetle Poy of Mine." Miss Lucas' original story, "Fifty Years Hence; or, The Tragedy of the New Woman," was truly original, as well as very humorous and entertaining. Miss Leila Graves' narration and Miss Willmott's reading were both well delivered. The "Star," read by Miss Cassidy, was certainly one of the first magnitude and its light was thrown upon our college life with a penetration equal to that of the X-rays. A large and appreciative audience was present and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Miss Florence Simms, College Secretary of the International Y. W. C. A. visited the college on Tuesday, April 21, and addressed the young ladies concerning the purposes and work of the association. Miss Simms was successful in organizing a branch of the association in our college. A permanent organization effected, officers elected and the committees appointed, so as to begin work immediately.

### THE PATTERSON CONTEST.

On March 27 the Patterson Society held its annual contest in oratory. Five brilliant orators breathed forth eloquence, while "The Spectator" made fun for the large audience. Saxton's band furnished music for the occasion. The stage was prettily decked with flowers.

T. L. Campbell presided and presented the following program :

|                   |                                  |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| T. R. Dean.....   | "The Favorite Daughter."         |
| J. T. Haley.....  | "Supremacy of Love."             |
| J. T. Geary.....  | "The Evolution of the Republic." |
| W. B. Wooten..... | "Reward of Obedience."           |
| W. J. Craig.....  | "Life is Long Enough."           |
| J. J. Dunlap..... | "The Spectator."                 |

The contest was quite a success. The orations were excellent in every particular, and well delivered. Mr. Geary was awarded first honor and Mr. Dean second honor. President Patterson gave a fine gold medal to the first honor man, and Mr. G. W. Crum, of Louisville, gave a gold medal as second honor. A fine boquet was presented President Patterson by the society.

Mr. Geary represented the Patterson Society in the college contest

against Mr. Sugg, from the Union Society, and Mr. Dillon, from the Normal Society. He went straight through to the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, where he won his greatest victory.

### THAT INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL!

"Past 10 o'clock and State College wins" was the watchman's joyful cry on the night of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, held at the Opera House, April 3. Amid enthusiastic shouts and college yells and with colors streaming in the air, the S. C. boys went to the support of their champion and to guy their opponents. That they succeeded in both is admitted by any one who was present. Our confidence was unshaken and our orator did not disappoint us. A full house added inspiration to the orators. None of the colleges went beyond the privileges of the occasion, except that some of our boys in their wild enthusiasm broke some chairs, for which we pay. Round after round of yells greeted our orator, Mr. John T. Geary, when he appeared upon the stage to deliver his masterly oration, "The Evolution of the Republic." During his delivery he received a bursting shower of applause from every quarter of the audience, and on finishing his grand peroration a mighty burst of applause from the whole audience betrayed the verdict of popular opinion—that he was the winner.

As a token of their appreciation for his great effort in behalf of them and the college, the S. C. boys presented their orator with the handsomest bouquet of the evening. The beauty and fragrance of the flowers lent inspiration to the occasion.

Mr. Geary's speech was logical and especially creditable for its excellent composition. He certainly ranks with other orators who have captured this much coveted honor. It took the judges but few minutes to decide the winner of the contest. The prize was a handsome gold medal set with pearls and a diamond. State College has cause to rejoice and feel proud of her son and orator.

Before Geary had finished his oration, the throes of defeat began to play upon the countenances of the opponents. Hope waned and despair haunted the "brethren." The flag that died (dyed) so many times almost perished again and was furled to sleep. It is said that

some one thought they saw the Salvation Army (K. U.'s) parading the streets with a red flag and wearing uniform caps just before the contest. After the contest they wilted.

Following the contest several business houses were prettily trimmed in college colors, most notably among them being Brower, Scott & Frazee, corner Main and Broadway. The window was draped in State College colors and fitted with a fine set of furniture, decorated with beautiful violets. We respectfully tip our hat for the compliment.

On the night of the victory the boys brought out the cannon and fired a salute in honor of the defeat of the other colleges. On the following day quite a crowd of boys and girls assembled on the campus to congratulate our orator and do him honor by firing a salute of twenty charges from the cannon. Every one was happy and wreaths of smiles played carelessly upon every face as compliments were being paid Mr. Geary.

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#### AGAIN AT CYNTHIANA.

Well, the contest is over, and we did not win at Cynthiana. "Whatever is, is ——," we will say *sometimes* right." The Mollie Long Declamatory Contest was held at Cynthiana, the 10th inst. Being invited by Mrs. L. C. Brock, the able manager, to send representatives to the contest, the Normal Society immediately selected Miss Minnie Horton, Mt. Sterling; the Philosophian Society selected Miss Frankie Douglas, and Professor Brown, from his elocution class, selected Miss Nina Cartwright, Albany, Ky.

These young ladies all recite beautifully, and as soon as selected, went to work with a determination to win. Each one selected an excellent recitation for such a contest, and their preparation was good as was evidenced at the contest. An excursion train was procured to take the crowd from Lexington. Quite a jolly crowd of State College boys and girls, together with some of their friends, went from here. With yells in the air and college enthusiasm running high, and colors flying, we felt quite confident. When the curtain went up, and as we saw our three girls looking so —, but pardon, we will pay

compliments more privately, well, we thought we were sure to win.

But

"Some must toil, and some must spin,  
And some the laurels wear,  
And tho' we strive, yet fail to win,  
Defeat brings not despair.

The other contestants did excellently, and the diamond ring was awarded to Miss Nellie Hendren, of Nicholasville.

### EXCHANGES.

The most important of our new exchanges is "The Thistle," of Highbury House, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Eng. The present issue is well edited, quite literary in its contents and filled with interesting things for the student. "Great Preachers" is an instructive and interesting article. The other articles are good. We noticed the foot ball notes also and gleaned from them that their playing is quite different to ours. Welcome is our big cousin across the sea.

With race horses hitched to the hearse and driven by three drivers amid the boom of cannon and the roar of the drum corps, attended with music and much jollification, the funeral of descriptive geometry was celebrated in the last issue of the "N. H. College Monthly." Besides this needed factor in an education another "needed factor" in college life and history was well handled.

"The William and Mary College Monthly" in last issue very ably handled two propositions of national import, viz: Extension of Territory and the Monroe Doctrine.

"The Butler Collegian" is especially to be commended for her portrait and sketch of the grand old poet, James Whitcomb Riley. "When She Comes Home" is a beautiful poem from his inspired pen.

#### FOUR EPIGRAPHS.

Deep wisdom—swelled head—  
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior.

False fair one—hope fled—  
Heart broken—he's dead.

A Junior.

Went skating—'tis said—  
Floor hit him—he's dead.

A Sophomore.

Milk famine—not fed—  
Starvation—he's dead.

A Freshman.

—Ex.

"The Tattler," Port Huron High School, Port Huron, Mich., is a finely edited paper. It is interesting throughout. It is a new exchange and welcome all the time.

"The Mephistophelean" of last issue (March) is extremely meritorious in its literary department. The department is filled with a varied literature, interesting in every particular. It is, we think, up to date. This is one of our best magazines.

Should Paderewski play Tchaiwiski,  
 'Twould make me feel sofriski,  
 I'de have to leave the operhouski,  
 And take a nipofwhiski.—[Ex.

"The High School Independent," of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is one of our new exchanges that deserves meritorious mention. Its writings are quite interesting. A welcome visitor you are.

"The Critic," of Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn., paid us a compliment by publishing one of our poems. Thanks "Critic."

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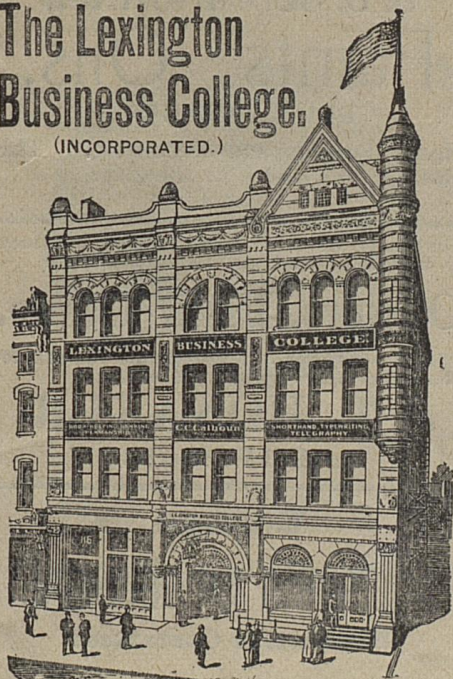
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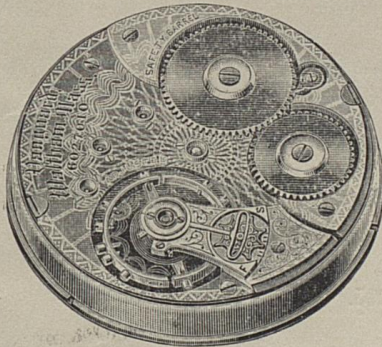
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