

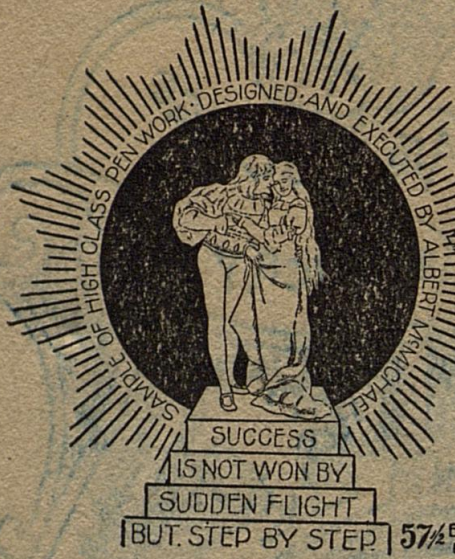


No 7.

VOL. 7.

**APRIL, 1897.**





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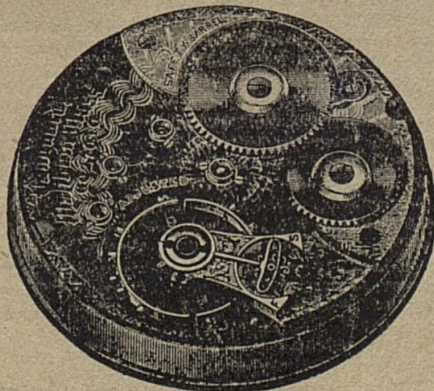
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# The State College Cadet.

VOL. 7.

LEXINGTON, KY., APRIL, 1897.

NO. 7.

## EASTER TIDE.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,  
And sweet as the violet's breath,  
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,  
A triumph of life over death ;  
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin soft petals  
*To carpet a path for our King.*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the countless green blades of the meadow,  
The sheen of the daffodil's gold,  
In the tremulous blue on the mountains,  
The opaline mist on the wold ;  
In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture,  
The river's strong sweep to the sea,  
Are signs of the day that is hasting  
*In gladness to you and to me.*

So dawn in thy splendor of lilies,  
Thy fluttering violet breath,  
O jubilant morning of Easter,  
Thou triumph of life over death !  
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin soft petals  
*To carpet a path for our King.*

—Dumb Animals.



## THE CADET.

---

### THE WAY IT ALL HAPPENED.

---

It was a serious question, and long and seriously I pondered over it. I am a professor of mathematics and astronomy and am generally considered an earnest and thoughtful young man, but it was no question of shifting stars or the hypotenuse or legs of a triangle which now so engrossed my time and attention. No, it was my own legs I was thinking of; I was considering how I should best clothe them; whether I should wear the aged and rather dilapidated suit which had done me service in the school-room and out of it for the past six months, or don the natty spring costume which my tailor had just sent home. It was enough to perplex the wisdom of a Solomon. I let my folding bed down and spread the suits out, side by side, as an aid to judgment; then the only available spot being the coal bucket (my room is not the largest), I stood in that to get a good view of them. The one was an old friend, *quite* an old friend, in fact a little *too* old, for clothes, like people, do not always improve on acquaintance. I was so familiar with it that I could tell where every button (of which, by the way, there were no two alike) came from, and could repeat the history of each stain and spot. There were the shiny elbows and baggy knees, and the large dark spot half way down the coat, that was where one of my pupils, a fair young girl, had, in a spirit of innocent and gleesome sport, hit me with a piece of buttered bread. This last decided me. I could not propose over the ancient remains of bread and butter. I had forgotten to state that the cause of my unwonted interest in matters of dress was that I had determined to let this night settle my fate. I dressed with great care, giving to the selection of my tie, the consideration due a matter of such importance, and finally, arrayed in my glory, I sallied forth.



As I strolled along, I went over in my mind as I had done hundreds of times before, exactly how I would address Dulcie. I would make a few knowing remarks about the occurrences of the day, and then, in an adroit way, I would turn the conversation into the channel I desired it. I would not get excited and I would not go down on my knees, such things merely serve to make a man ridiculous; I would move my chair near hers, or better, I would set beside her on the sofa, and gently, very gently, so as not to frighten her, I would take her hand in mine (she has a soft, pretty hand, I reflected complacently), and then in a calm and dignified manner, I would tell her of my love. I didn't know what she would say; if it was "no," well—I'd take myself off somewhere and blow my miserable brains out, for life would not be worth living without her. But if she blushed and looked down and said "yes," *then* I would——. A glow of intense satisfaction pervaded me at the idea of what I would do if that happy time should come.

I awakened from this blissful reverie with quite a start to find myself at the gate of my Dulcenea's home. I walked slowly up to the front door with rather an odd sensation somewhere in my anatomy as I rang the bell. A neat maid informed me that if I would walk in the parlor Miss Dulcie would soon be down. I went into the parlor and waited, still with that peculiar feeling of sinking. It seemed to me that I waited for hours, but the afternoon sun still shown brightly outside, so I suppose it was not that long.

Finally, Dulcie appeared in the doorway and I started up to meet her, with a most wretched effort for ease and dignity. She greeted me in her usual kindly manner, and after we sat down I waited for the easy flow of wise



comments on current topics, which I had so confidently expected, but for some unknown reason, they refused to flow.

I said one or two things in a manner remarkable more for its imbecility than anything else, and then relapsed into a silence that bade fair to last as long as my call did, but Dulcie's surprised expression at length forced me to summon my last expiring atom of sense, and I said, "Miss Dulcie, I came to see you this afternoon to ask you—to ask you—a question. Will you—won't you—will you go walking with me this afternoon, such glorious weather, you know," I finished with suspicious celerity.

Dulcie gave a funny little half laugh, but assented readily, only saying as she put on her hat in the front hall, that we had better take an umbrella, for April weather was not to be trusted. We chose a quiet street that leads into a country road which is very little frequented, and as I had not yet collected sufficient mind to say anything, Dulcie discoursed at great length as to the peculiar advantages which her umbrella possessed over any other umbrella. It seemed that it was a new patent; it worked with a spring, you touch the spring gently and it opens, touch it again, it shuts.

During this thrilling conversation, in which both of us seemed to take as lively an interest as though it were a matter of vital importance, an opportunity was given for an exhibition of the phenomenal powers of the umbrella, for it began to rain. I touched the spring; it did not open. Perhaps I had not been gentle enough with it. I touched it again. It remained stubbornly closed. I must confess that this conduct puzzled and grieved me. I would not have thought it of that umbrella. Some umbrellas might have taken a mean spite in seeing my new suit gradually shrink into the sem-



blance of an old one. But that this umbrella should be so base! It cut me to the quick. However, something must be done. There stood Dulcie, regarding me with scorn as a man who could not even open an umbrella that opened itself. Cautiously and very gently, with the spirit of a man resolved to do or die, I went at it from behind. Thus taken by surprise it could no longer resist, but sprang open with a melancholy wail. I felt the flush of victory mount my brow. I was conquerer! But the conquest was not complete; the umbrella still possessed spirit enough to be exceedingly spiteful. It flapped around in apparent aimlessness, but this was only apparent; each flap had a dark and deep significance. First it knocked Dulcie's hat off, then it gouged me in the eye, then it rolled around so as to allow the rain to slide gracefully down our spinal columns and promised ruin to the suit I had so recklessly donned, and so on in a series of playful pleasantries. We looked around us for some place of refuge and saw a little deserted flagging station at a little distance down the road. We started for this as quickly as we could go, all the while the umbrella wobbling tipsily until finally, with a loud bang, it closed altogether and utterly declined to open again. Dulcie gave a little gasp. "Come," she said, and, catching up her skirts in both hands, she sped like Atalanta down the sloping road. I tore after her and in a few minutes we stopped, flushed, laughing and triumphant at the door of the little shed. It was little, rickety and very crowded, but both of us possessed noble spirits, above such slight discomforts, and did not object at all.

While we were running down the hill I had in some way gotten hold of Dulcie's hand, and now that we had reached our refuge I did not relinquish it. I sank down before her (somehow it did not seem at all ridicu-



lous, now) and pressed her soft, cool palm to my heated brow, and gathering courage from the touch, I told her how I loved her, and longed for her; told her in stumbling, incoherent words that borrowed eloquence from my passion. Then I arose to receive my sentence. There was a moment's silence and then, to my surprise, I heard a little laugh, and her sweet voice said, softly: "Silly boy, why did you wait so long to tell me?" I did not answer her; I only opened my arms in the blissful twilight and—I won't say what happened then.

DOROTHY DEAN.

SPRING.

(FROM THE CENTURY.)

Fair Spring, sweet messenger of summer joys,  
 We hail thee!—(Quick, my handkerchief, my dear.)  
 Bright harbinger of kites, up-gazing boys,  
 May's smile, and April's irridescent tear!  
 All hail! All hail! We bow before thy train  
 Of—(Where's the sun? Don't tell me that is rain!)  
 Beneath thy rosy feet the flowers blow  
 Their fragrant breath, while southern zephyrs tune  
 The air—(My dear, I'm catching cold, I know;  
 Pray shut that window.)—to sweet songs of June;  
 While birds' delightful warblings from above—  
 (What *is* the matter with the furnace, love?)  
 These joys of thine, sweet springtime, fill the breast  
 With gladdest ecstasy and bliss divine!  
 From valley, hill, and distant mountain crest  
 The air pours like a draught of un-iced wine,  
 As warm, yet sparkling; from the balmy glen—  
 (At-chew-w! Oh, must I, *must* I sneeze again?)

—LOUISE MORGAN SMITH.



HEAVEN.  

---

Sitting by a small but cheerful glowing fire ;  
Wherein I saw untold thousands of clear, fantastic  
dancing and fitting visions ;  
Which seemed as real as those of my last night's dream,  
In by-gone days of boyhood.  
I saw, or seemed to see,  
That place celestial and divine,  
So high, so grand and elevated.  
And thereon sat many generations, within the golden  
circle,  
Lighted by the king of day, which shone  
Like ten thousand sceptors polished.  
'Twas in structure like a cathedral, but for one thing,  
the o'er hanging clouds.  
And circling around its lofty peak were thousands of  
richly covered,  
Highly polished and softly cushioned Christian chairs.  
Within this circle was another twenty cubits in diameter,  
Like unto a throne,  
Whereon stood angels of the first degree of that ever  
glorious place,  
Playing on golden harps which poured forth  
The concourse of sweet tones without cessation.  
Thirdly within this circle of angels I saw them like an  
orchestra ;  
On a centerless, circular stand,  
Which transported the secondary angels, who trans-  
mitted the melodious and borrowed tunes  
From the throne of the mothers of earthly yore,  
Who sat in peace, silence and free from cares,  
By having now an abode eternal.



Their minds could not to the cares of the wicked world  
return,  
Where there's conceit, selfishness and non-sociability,  
Keeping pace with the fast growing wickedness of this  
world.  
Yes, 'tis growing deeper in the hearts of unchristian  
men.  
From the flinty, never heeding and worldly consciences  
there's no response.  
While 'tis the intoxicating mankiller who does much  
evil,  
'Tis not him alone, for, hand in hand, move he and im-  
moral knowledge.  
Further in was seen a diamond-shaped chair,  
Bestrewn with roses red and blue.  
Engraved thereon a sea of knowledge wide and deep.  
Sitting by them a memento of temptations in yon  
mighty valley.  
Long, deep, wicked and worldly cared.  
But they are now o'er the long yearned for, universally  
dreaded Styx.  
And in pleasure untold, which falleth as the gentle rain  
from heaven upon the spot beneath.  
They are twice rewarded.  
For 'tis for merit and 'tis in supremacy  
That ye sit, Paul, Peter and John.  
Oh, melting to my heart, is the virtue of thine eye.  
Sitting surrounded by generations innumerable—  
Thou lookest not half as thou art great and virtuous,  
Thy wisdom is to Solomon's, like unto the shadows  
Of the unpretending great, to that of the arrogant little.  
In thy throne of grandeur thou sitt'st alone,  
Unenvied and uncoveted  
By all of heaven's mighty host.  
Forever rule, most virtuous queen,  
Ye, the mother of Christ; our Virgin Mary.



**PAGE(S)  
MISSING**



## HOW JOHN SHOWED OFF.

I sent my son John off to college,  
In hopes that he would gain some knowledge.  
That boy was always like his Pap,  
Oncommon sharp, fer a country chap,  
And I felt that the skule would make of John,  
Something worth spendin' my money on.  
In jogify he'd be quite smart,  
His spellin' book he'd know by heart.  
In figgers he would be so quick,  
Ray couldn't tech him with a stick.  
The comin' home of John would be,  
A grand and glorious thing to me.  
I could hardly wait for the moment when,  
When he'd be with me on the farm again.  
And so, on a sultry day in June,  
He rushed in on us just at noon,  
With stripes down his pants, and buttons ashine,  
Jumpin' and wavin' his cap all the time,  
And yellin' with all his youthful force,  
Loud enoug to make an Injun hoarse,—  
"S. C. Ky., Ky., Ky., S. C. Ky., Ky.  
Hip hi, hip hi, I yell, I yell, S. C. Ky."  
Then he he took the rifle down from the wall,  
And without even speakin' to me at all,  
Cried, "Company halt!" then he raised the gun  
higher,  
Present arms! Carry arms! Ready! Fire!"  
Then he started off walkin' with measured tread,  
And every step that he took, he said,  
"Hep, hep, hep, hep,  
Too many beans and can't keep step,"  
And sein' his mother so scairt and pale-faced,  
He twisted his strong arms around her waist,



And such huggin' never before did I see,  
Since I asked my wife for to marry me.  
Next he up and kicked the ball of yarn,  
Out in the lot, and over the barn.  
"What is the matter?" his mother cried,  
To which the impudent boy replied,  
"Hippety huss, hippety huss,  
What in the Devil's the matter with us,  
Nothing at all, nothing at all,  
We're the boys that play foot ball."  
I looked at wife, she looked me,  
We stared at John . and then, sey she,  
"Perhaps its French, or Latin, or Greek,  
That the college boys all learn to speak."  
"John, what have you turned into?" I cried,  
"Rubber neck, rubber neck," her replied.  
Then I ketched him by his rubber neck,  
And it didn't stretch a single speck,  
Though I hauled him over the kitchen floor,  
And into a room, and fastened the door.  
"Now, when you explain what you're talkin' about,"  
Sez I to him sternly, "I'll let you come out."  
On a sudden the rusty hinges creaked,  
And out at the door jumped John, and shrieked,  
"Come seven, come eleven,  
Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,  
Hurrah, hurree, rubber neck, rubber neck, K. S. C."  
Then I grabbed that boy and held him fast,  
And made him tell on himself at last last.  
"Don't you be scared, I was just in fun,  
They're the yells at college, I learned every one,"  
And is that is all you larn at college," I said,  
I can teach you that much myself, come ahead,"  
And we took a walk to the hickory tree.  
And a new "yell" I larnt him before he was free.

PAP.



# The State College Cadet.

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**T. L. CAMPBELL, Clinton, Ky., Editor-in Chief.**

**W. H. SUGG, Clinton, Ky., Business Manager.**

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## EDITORIAL.

Springtime is the season of bud and bloom, when life, irrestrainable, performs her mission. The flowers decked in beauty, the warbling songsters on leafy boughs, earth's variegated carpet of verdure, all speak in lowly whispers to mortal man. Youthtime is freighted with blossoms bright and is the season time of life when energy brings to light the nobility and grandeur of the man.

Our next issue will be larger and more attractive than any hitherto. We ask co-operation with students, faculty and advertisers. We want you to help us.

Commencement week will be interesting to all the students, and especially to the patrons and friends of the college. Be sure to attend. June 1-4.

We make this our last call for articles in THE CADET contest. After May 10, no article can be entered in the contest. The successful competitors will be published in the May-June issue. The prizes will be awarded during commencement week.



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 LOCALS.
 

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Spring.

Measles.

Welcome, Springtime.

"I love but you."

Three things to love—birds, flowers and girls.

What boy is it that is fishing so much recently?

A blessing has recently been added to the White family.

One of the leading boys of college is Saunders—leading Captain's cow to pasture.

The prettiest boys you ever saw—we measley fellows.

Should not a reformation period be instituted in some of the classes?

*This is just a little guy for the girls.*

Ask "Jaybird," Jr., if he went down last night.

Prof. S. to M.: "What is the matter with Greece today?" M.: "It is all soap."

Wanted to know—Why "Hungry Sams" goes with his girl only at night.

An Ann Harbor student says they have just two rules, viz: students must not burn any of the college buildings nor kill any of the professors.

Contest! May 14, by Elocution Class. Handsome prize will be given by Mr. Bogaert, the jeweler. Miss Frankie Douglass will preside. Everybody invited to attend.

A new order of things: Gibson wants all the States square, all the rivers straight, lakes and oceans round, mountains perpendicular and numerals to only twelve.



"The Golden Gate" is the subject of one of Mr. Geo. Bain's *best* lectures, which he will deliver in State College chapel on May 10, 8 p. m. He comes under the auspices of the Philosophians and should be given a magnificent audience. He is a fine orator and is too well known here for further comment.

On to K. U. May the victory be ours.

Subscribe now or never for the June CADET. It will be extra to non-subscribers.

In a recent history examination Miss Bishop was asked to name three of the greatest orators of Kentucky. She answered as follows: Henry Clay, W. C. P. Breckinridge and W. H. Sugg.

Some of the young ladies have been very enthusiastic over base ball—at least over some of the players.

Some of the boys were badly fooled on April first—suckers generally bite.

It is said to be advantageous to have the measles when young. Of course the girls who have had the measles appreciate this.

Who says Trooper does not know how to court ——?

Miss B., who had recently lost her heart, was heard to repeat:

My heart is sad and silly,  
From the daily rough of life,  
No longer have I a Willie,  
Nor he a loving (?) wife.

David and Goliath are finely impersonated by Hammock and Sasser, and they bear their appellations with becoming dignity.

Fresh spring smiles, all sizes, sure to please. Apply to The Girls.



"Sim" to Miss H :

Meet me there on the stair,  
We will have a picnic fair.

For next year's German class. Ponies for sale, first-class, reliable. They put me through O. K. Apply to Morgan.

Miss C—— stands the highest girl in all her classes—just 5 feet 12 inches.

A fine excursion was run to Natural Bridge on May 1 especially for State College students. Messrs. Severs, McElroy and Morgan had charge. The rate was \$1 for the round trip. It will be delightful to stroll along the mountain side decked in nature's loveliest garb or up the ravine to the bridge, where she has performed a deed worthy of a master mechanic. From the top of the ridge you can see mountains in the distance rising in majestic grandeur. How delightfully cool, how shady, what an ideally romantic place for lovers! But then, having gathered your arms full of flowers (and other things), descend the slope to the lake and then take a boat ride and let your fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love.

The trees and grass are putting on their green verdure, and even down to the freshmen there are visible signs.

What a blessed hope for the Juniors—the present Seniors will soon be no more.

Messrs. James and Peak and General Buel have been here for one week inspecting the different departments of the college. They also inspected the dormitories, noticing everything that was in the rooms. It was the pleasure of the dormitory boys to have the gentlemen take dinner in the mess hall, where General Buel made some appropriate remarks. Mr. Peak also gave the boys some valuable advice.



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On to the Declamatory Contest! State College must win. Boys, take your best girls, and girls, do not refuse to go. Yell for State College.

Ask Roach if his girl isn't a "lulu" (Loula).

Montgomery is the brightest fellow in school.

Military has been lively for the past few weeks, preparing for inspection. The drilling has been fairly good. The cadets made a very good showing before the inspectors.

The picture of the battalion was taken recently by Prof. Wells.

Uncle Sam's army inspector will be here during the latter part of May. Everything must be ready for him.

Y. W. C. A.—Our association is growing and we feel that it is in a better condition than it has ever been. We were glad to have present at our last missionary meeting Miss Petit. She is very much interested in the "Eastern Kentucky" mission, and gave us some new ideas as to the great needs of this country. Workers are always needed in this field, but never more than now. We find our meetings very interesting and helpful.

TENNIS CLUB—Lawn tennis is now flourishing under good management and with a fine court. The officers of the club are Green, President; Hiatt, Secretary and Treasurer, and Shaw, Manager. A number of fine players belong to the club, and much interest is taken by each one. It is the purpose of the club to arrange for a tournament between some of the other college clubs. This will probably be the latter part of May.



## PATTERSON SOCIETY.

R. L. GORDON.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Such is the melancholy strain in which our Union correspondent comments on the recent oratorical contest. And while, after due consideration, we fail to see how they could have won under the circumstances, we will acknowledge that "the result might have been different" if Patterson had withdrawn from the contest. But our friends are wisely endeavoring to "forget those things which are behind and push forward to those which are before," and have already notified our readers to see who represents State College at Chautauqua. We would also prophesy a little; not, however, as to the Chautauqua contest, which (to use an expression familiar to all chemists), WE will win "beyond the peradventure of a doubt," but as to the declamatory, which is right here at hand, watch for the winner here; it may be one of our Union friends, and if it is we will certainly support him. "Why should we not?" for if they beat the Patterson as badly as Patterson usually beats them, they will certainly obtain the support of everyone who knows anything of the difficulties through which they passed, of the horrible Patterson Charybdis, which usually makes shipwreck of the airy hopes of our ambitious young Unionists.

Patterson is now under the control of Mr. Robert Lee Pope, who was born to be president of our Union, and his present position is certainly a long step in that direction. Ever since Mr. Pope came to college he has been one of the most valuable members of the Patterson society, and as a debater he has no superior and few



equals, while his success thus far as president of our society shows him to be a man of exceptional executive ability. At a joint meeting of the Normal, Union and Patterson Societies, Mr. Pope was chosen to preside at the inter-society declamatory contest, to be held April 30.

The Patterson declamatory was held on the 23d, and much interest was taken. There were eight declaimers and each did himself honor. They will be college winners in the future. The successful contestants were Messrs. Elliott and Campbell, who met the enemy from the Union and Normal and made their banners trail in the dust. The following is the programme of the Inter-Society contest held on April 30:

R. L. Pope, President.

L. Ragan, N. S. . . . . . The Dumb Savior  
 T. L. Campbell, P. L. S. . . . . . The Tell Tale Heart  
 O. C. Crooke, U. L. S. . . . . . The March of Mind  
 M. Elliott, P. L. S. . . . . . Selection from Last Days of Pompei  
 J. J. Bonnyman, N. S. . . . . . The Surrender of Granada  
 S. F. Taulbee, U. L. S. . . . . . Pyramids not all Egyptian

Judges, Dr. Felix, J. Soul Smith and C. C. Calhoun. Music was furnished by Meiler's Junior Orchestra. The Patterson again won the victory, and Mr. T. L. Campbell will represent the college in the intercollegiate contest to be held in Morrison Chapel May 7.

The other contestants are as follows:

T. H. Ballard, K. U., "By Their Fruits ye Shall Know Them."

L. S. Bonta, K. W., "The Convict's Soliloquy."

L. P. Evans, C. U., "The South's Memorial."



## ATHLETICS.

The Intercollegiate base ball is in full blast and interesting games are played each week. With the exception of Centre the scale of percentage is rather fluctuating. Centre is steadily maintaining first place. The games are quite interesting and arouse much enthusiasm. We give the standing of the teams, April 30 :

Teams.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Centre.....	3	3	0	1,000
Georgetown.....	3	2	1	.666
Kentucky University.....	3	1	2	.333
Central University.....	3	1	2	.333
State College.....	4	1	3	.250

Good wings and spring foul are co-associated in base ball lore.

A slide isn't bad if you make it on a safe basis (base) .

Is stealing your base legitimate?

The Class League at Centre is keeping up an interesting series of games.

K. U. is improving in her playing.

A partial umpire got in his work against S. C. Georgetown.

The S. C. diamond has been put fine condition. The team will practice hard from now until school closes.



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THE TRACK TEAM.

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The track has been worked and will be in fine condition soon. The men have not stopped training on account of the rough track, but have persistently kept up hard practice and will be ready to do a thing or two on local and intercollegiate field days.

Alford is training for the 100-yard dash, broad jump and 220-yard dash. Campbell will enter the 100-yard dash, 220 hurdle race and the two jumps.

Newman is training for the quarter mile run and possibly the 100-yard dash.

Kempster is training for the mile run and hurdle race.

Richmond is training for the mile and half mile.

Smith leads in pole-vaulting and is a winner.

Vinson puts the shot well and is a record-breaker.

Many other athletes who, we know, are training hard, will appear when the contest comes, and will surprise somebody. They mean to win, and shall.

It is highly probable that State College will have a team at the Southern Intercollegiate Field day at Nashville. The men are training hard and can break some of the records made there last year.

See programme as below, taken from Crimson-White :

SOUTHERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

April 9, 1897.

DEAR SIR:—The second Annual Field Day Meet of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association will be held Friday and Saturday, May 14 and 15, 1897, at



Nashville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Vanderbilt University Athletic Association. The list of events will be as follows :

1. 100 yard dash.
2. 220 yard dash.
3. 440 yard run.
4. Half-mile run.
5. One mile run.
6. 120 yard hurdle race.
7. Pole vault for height.
8. Throwing 16-pound hammer.
9. Putting 16-pound shot.
10. Running high jump.
11. Running broad jump.

The trial heats in the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes and hurdle race will be run off on the afternoon of Friday, May 14, and the finals on Saturday, May 15.

Gold medals will be presented to the winner of each event. Silver and bronze medals will be presented to the second and third contestants, respectively, provided in the opinion of the judges the records are creditable.

One half the net proceeds of the gate receipts will be prorated among the contesting colleges according to mileage, each team being allowed to send only eleven men on this basis. If the track is suitable, there will be a 220 yd. hurdle race.

Games Com. { PAUL M. JONES, Vanderbilt, Ch'm'n  
M. G. JOHNSTON,  
C. H. ROSS.



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LITERARY NEWS.

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"Does Modern College Education Educate, in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" is one of the most important inquiries that could be set on foot. This discussion, which is to be taken part in by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins, President Dwight, of Yale, President Schurman of Cornell, President Morton, of the Stevens Institute, Henry Thurston Peck, of Columbia, Bishop Potter and others of the most distinguished men of both the United States and Europe, is begun in the April Cosmopolitan by a radical inquiry into the educational problem along the lines of Herbert Spencer. President Gilman will follow in a direction almost equally searching. Altogether there is promised the frankest possible expression of opinion, and it seems probable that it will be the most thorough comparison ever made of educational methods with the needs of every-day life at the close of the nineteenth century.

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The editor of the Review of Reviews declares that the charter of the Greater New York, as passed by the Legislature, is "a practical impossibility." "Its object purports to be a transfer to now York of municipal business which has heretofore been done by the State Legislature at Albany. But immediately after passing the charter, the state legislature took up and proceeded to endorse several enormous jobs, erecting special commissions of politicians named in the bills—one to carry out a boulevard system in the upper part of New York, and another to control a great trunk sewer scheme in the new northern district of the city. The charter definitely provides for the carrying out of just such project by the regularly



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constituted machinery of the city government." The limitation of the Mayor's power of removal to six months makes the charter, in Dr. Shaw's opinion, a huge piece of folly. "With that limitation removed, objectionable as the instrument would remain in many respects, it would not be---what it now is for practical purposes---a self-evident absurdity."

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The Manual of the Southern Teachers' Bureau, Louisville, Ky., explains several plans of registering and locating teachers, and contains a complete \$500 story, a true and charming love story of college days. The story is written by a Southern woman, but the scene of the story is laid principally in one of the Northern educational centres. The book will be sent to any address for ten cents, silver or stamps. Address Rev. O. M. Sutton, Manager, Southern Teachers' Bureau, Louisville, Ky.



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