

The Kentucky Club.

YOU are about to read of some of the most efficient members of this society who now pass from the somber corridors of O. C. D. S. out into the busy world to bask in her sunshine; men who are able to pierce the veil of coming events which cast their shadows before them, and portray to our versatile "Buckeye" brothers the mysteries of the future in moving pictures "upon the canvas of the imagination." On November 21, 1900, a band of thirty-five chivalric sons of Dixie assembled in Taylor Hall, purposing to organize a society, to be known as the "Kentucky Club." But the one thing to be deplored was the "hellishness" displayed by the Ohio boys—to see how low they had fallen. At that eventful meeting the quiet was hushed, and we could hear the "Boom!" "Boom!" "from their celebrated works on the ventilation of the human system."

Those sin-polluted Ohioans were firing, prompted by no other motive than of ill-contained jealousy. Dead, indeed, must be the heart of that man, who, as he reviews their former displays of etiquette and their manners, at present "varnished" by association, and feel no burning spark of gratitude within.

Go back for a moment to those well-remembered days, and be thrilled with the eloquence that echoed from the platform of Taylor Hall, and sit in amaze and drink the words of eloquent instruction, decanted with the fervent love of a poet from the depth of Collier's mental lore.

I feel myself inadequate to enumerate all the achievements of these experienced orators. The most luscious fruit of knowledge could be appropriated, for we have held commune with the cultured minds of Webster, Gladstone, and Demosthenes, that we might obtain some of the results of their toil. We have reached the gallery—the highest pinnacle of intellectual greatness (?) crowned by the lofty title of our toil—the foremost orators of the College, not to be unmentioned, are men of our number whose intellect is even felt by the Faculty, shining as intellectual diamonds of the first water. Men who are able to breast the waves of the Atlantic; hush the winds, and to whose oratory the leaves would cease their trembling. Embryonic (speci)mens we have whose voices are destined to be heard in the halls of Congress; even one of our worthy representatives may grace the Presidential chair and cause a reflex action to traverse the cerebro-spinal column of the world.

Entering these responsible positions unveiled by the "misty bond of prophecy," he begins to feel that his garnered wisdom has received what only Kentucky orators merit—the highest laudations. Well may our illustrious ancestry be fired with zeal to be relative to such "Spooch Spokers," as we from whose masticatory apparatus a "leakage" of such forcible words are spent, that even the old College weaves to and fro in speechless applause; the Dean steps down from his exalted position in all his greatness and proclaims: "You are heir to all the praise due those who have so diligently toiled in the 'mental field of action;' you have touched with a thrilling rapture my heart, and as your productions echo and re-echo through my mind, it serves as the antidote to all melancholy thoughts." Such are the beneficent results that have been honored with recognition.

No selfish motives do we cherish, but those applicants from States whose representation is in the minority, whose hearts are animated with the ambition to be associated in our bright galaxy, and to have their minds expanded by such association, that they may be qualified to win, one by one, the hearts of their auditors, should they enter another society, we accept as honorary members. Plato, Clay, Calhoun, Johnson, Cicero, Socrates, and Dr. Cassidy are honorary members of this society.

We truly believe that the people of the future will be greater, because they are the inheritors of our thoughts.

As the time has come to say farewell, it is with a sincere regret that I relinquish the quill. As we approach the diverging roads, we can not recall all those hours made pleasant by dear friends met without a feeling of regret. The hospitality we have enjoyed; that memorable evening of Bowling, which strengthened our "Deltoids;" the entertainment so much enjoyed at the home of our permanent Honorary President, Dr. Cassidy, but not Gray's Anatomy, will frequently return to our minds as treasured memories.

When we together depart, the College will cease to rock; the Dean, after visiting us on the highest pinnacle of fame where we will be cementing on crowns [gold], will return to his throne.

And, in conclusion, I wish to express the sentiment of a patriotic Kentuckian, and also the sentiments of every present member—may they all achieve a most magnificent victory in their chosen profession, and in any subsequent one that they may enter. And when my eyes shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dismembered fragments of a once glorious order; on members discordant; on a club drenched with disappointments; but may I rather see him still shedding his cheerful rays on the gorgeous ensign of a still glorious group, not a single stripe polluted, not a single star obliterated, and still having for its motto: "United we stand, divided we fall!"

And now may the members of this grand old society forever, forever, and forever shine with the constellation of their contemporaries like a bright light amid the blue canopy of the heavens!