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Minions of the Moon

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OCTOBER, 1913

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The Eureka

ON Friday evening, October third, the members of the Eureka Literary Society assembled in room 106 Main Building, to elect officers for the first half of the ensuing year. The shaking of hands which preceded the opening was conducted with as much enthusiasm as we imagine the Pilgrim Fathers displayed when first they sighted the New World. The house was called to order at 8:30 p. m. by Mr. A. B. Koger, Vice President of the Society. After offering of prayer by "Teddy" Miner, and the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the Society proceeded on the election of officers. Mr. Koger in a brief, but excellent address, welcomed the old and the new members, and commended them on the number of the attendance. He reminded them of the fact that the success of our Society depends principally on those whom they should elect to the various offices; he took care to emphasize the fact that men should be elected because of merit and not popularity. The election which took place immediately after, resulted as follows: C. W. Preston, President; J. A. Brown, Vice President; B. R. Latimer, Secretary; T. A. Lemons, Treasurer; T. B. Nelson, Critic; W. E. Hagler, Asst. Critic;

O. W. Winters, Journalist; H. W. Chandler, Sergeant-at-Arms; A. B. Koger, Contributing Editor to the University Journal. During the nomination and election of the officers the lofty adjectives of Milton and the persuasive arguments of Cicero were lavishly indulged in. At eleven o'clock the meeting adjourned. According to custom the boys assembled outside, gave the famous Eureka yell and departed to their respective homes, with a feeling that the evening was well spent, and with the belief that the corps of elected officers were those, who, with the co-operation of the earnest and serious minded young men, would make this the greatest year in the history of the Society.

The Society invites all new students to attend its meetings every Friday evening.

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Minions of the Moon

Elfins of the autumn night,
 Gather! gather! work's to do;
 There's the toadstool, plump and
 white,
 To be lifted into view;
 And the ghost-flower, like a light,
 To be dight,
 And washed white with moon and
 dew;
 While the frog,
 From the bog,
 Watchmans us with "All is right!"

Ouphes, come help the spider spin
 Stretch his webs for mist
 and moon;
 Rim with rounded rain, or, thin,
 Curve into frosty lune;
 Lift the mushroom's rosy chin,
 Help it win
 Through the leaves that lie aboon;
 While the cricket
 In the thicket
 Makes it faery fiddle din.
 Brim the lichen-cups with rain;
 Blow to feather the golden-
 rods;
 Help the touch-me-nots, astrain
 To explode their ripened pods,
 Sow their pattering seed again;
 Help to stain
 Every freckled flower that nods;
 While with glee,
 In its tree,
 Chants the owl its wild refrain.
 Drop the acorn in its place;
 Split and spill the chestnuts'
 burs;
 Trail the weeds with pixy lace
 Of the moony gossamers;
 And with tricksy colors trace
 Form and face
 Of each leaf the wild wood stirs;
 While the fox
 Mid the rocks,
 Barks, or times with ours his
 pace.
 Elfin, ouphe, and imp, and gnome,
 Ye who house the bumblebee,
 Ride the slow snail to its home,
 Wrap the worm up silkenly;
 Ye who guard the wild bee's
 comb,
 And the dome
 Of the hornets in the tree,
 Hear the call—
 One and all
 Gather! gather! autumn's come!
Madison Carwin in Youths Companion

Echoes From the Middlers

We have returned in large numbers and with good health to do a year of good conscientious work. We have come back with fresh inspiration and newly gathered zeal to press forward to the mark of a higher calling to take the coveted place of the outgoing middlers. So much for one determination. After a lavish exchange of hand shakes and smiles and "glad-to-see-you," we met in class meeting on Friday, October the tenth and elected officers for the first semester as follows:

President, Mr. J. A. Brown;
 Vice President, Mr. J. Lacey Doss; Secretary, Miss Hattie May Harris; Assistant Secretary, Miss Carol Washington; Treasurer, Mr. S. D. Brown; Chaplain, Mr. Luke Williams; Journalist, Mr. J. Hewlett; Parliamentarian, Mr. F. Swan; Critic, Mr. L. B. Capehart; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Marshall Ross.

After the numerous speeches of acceptance, which had they been written would have made Miss Barker's blue pencil work over time, the members of the class separated full of keen spirits and best wishes for a successful year's work. Oh! I forgot to mention that we all returned with more or less cash—mostly less.

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Let every loyal member of the Academy subscribe to this paper. It always is the last word.