

4-1914

## UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. V. No. 6

Western Kentucky University

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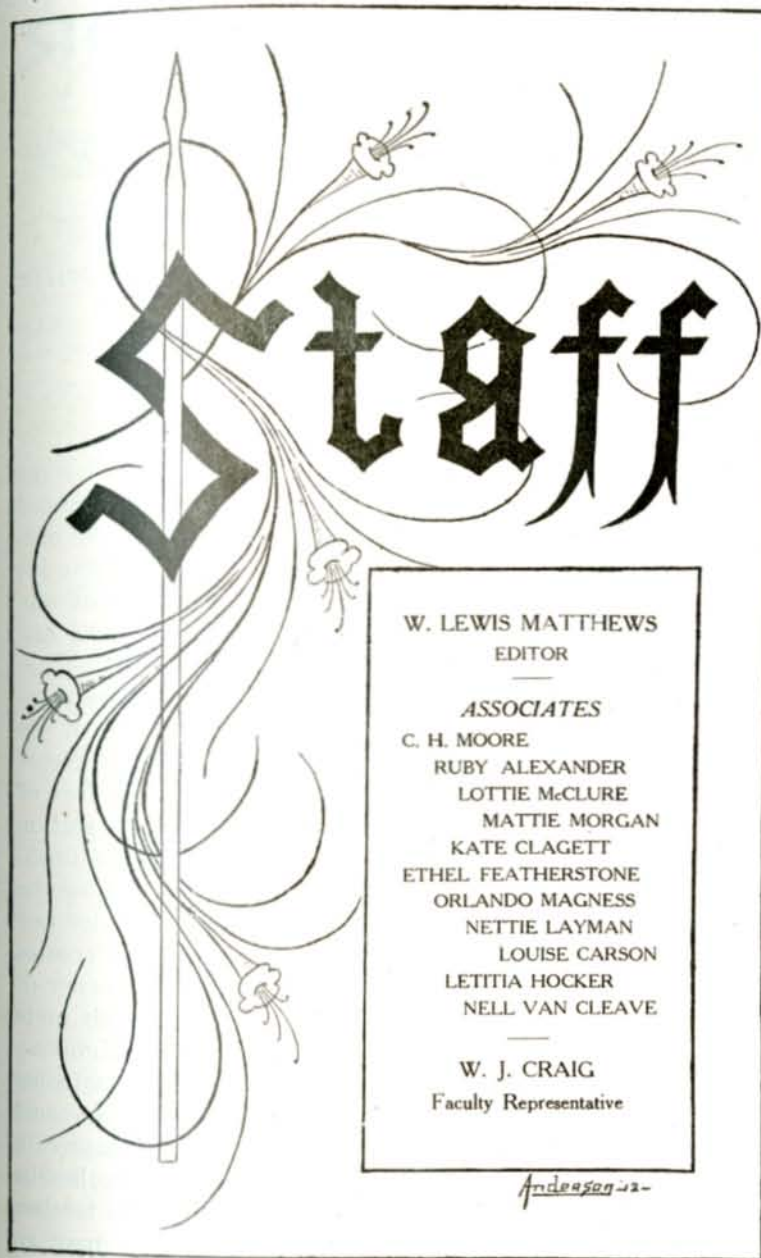
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# THE ELEVATOR

## GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION: TWELVE MONTHS, FIFTY CENTS; THREE YEARS, ONE DOLLAR

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1914

NO. 6

### Concerning

There are many paradoxes in life. Things are not what they seem, which oftentimes is to the credit of the aforesaid things, and oftentimes to their discredit. We look at the outside of a platter, or a life, and say it is clean, but the inside—well, read the Scriptures! Or, if the object of our loquacity happens to have incurred our disfavor, we say it is evil—and yet, who are we that sit in judgment!—This little diatribe being to the effect that appearances are rather deceptive anyway. If we may judge from the art of the artists and photographers, Abraham wore about as pleasant a countenance as one would expect to see on the face of a Mormon elder being sued for alimony by a quarter section of his wives, and yet this same wearer of lugubrious lineaments was the most prolific jokester of his time. Or, on the contrary, take the clown in a circus. He scatters quips and merry jests on every hand. His every movement creates merriment. He lifts an eyebrow, and lowers the corner of his mouth, and we weep tears of joy. He smites his mate a resounding whack on the solarplexus, and straightway we go into convulsions. Quite naturally we come to assume that the clown simply revels in risibilities. In most cases he does not. There is more pathos than pleasure in the life of the average clown. I know of one who laughs and makes others laugh in order that his widowed mother may live, and his orphaned brothers and sisters may go

to school. Appearances are only skin deep. Otherwise C. T. Canon, Principal of the Mayfield High School, would frequently be misjudged. Superficially, he is as giddy as a schoolgirl, as pertinacious as a St. Louis drummer, as adept in the shaping of a joke as a court jester, and as boisterous in the execution of one as a village wit. Furthermore, any



attempt to make him the butt of a joke will be sadly in vain, as the promoters thereof will discover to their discomfiture. One time Ezra E. Baucom, the noblest Romeo of them all, called together a number of individuals who had been bullied unmercifully by Canon, to devise means whereby to get even. After a long conference they agreed upon a plan.

Then with deep-laid stratagems they set the stage for the great handing-it-back act. They convened a number of friends who would particularly appreciate any embarrassment that could be inflicted upon Canon. Also, they called in some young ladies whose presence they considered quite fitting for the purposes in hand. The meeting was held out in front of the old Normal building. Lastly, a man strolled up incidentally as it were, bringing Canon in tow. All things were ready. Those in on the plot loosened their belts preparatory for the rude guffaws that were to follow.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," announced Baucom, "I have quite an interesting story to relate. A tale that will bring deep and lasting satisfaction to the heart of everyone present save one"— Here Canon cast a quick glance about him. "You all know," continued Baucom, "that our friend Canon makes frequent visits to Frisbie Hall. Well, last Sunday night"— Canon perceived that things had gone far enough. He emitted a roar of laughter that startled the sleeping bricks in the building. "Did you hear what he said?" he gasped. "Oh, did you hear what he said? Oh, did you— Wha! Wha! Wha!" he roared. Baucom got confused, essayed to continue, stammered, gave it up miserably, and wondered what it all was about. The company went away, a chastened and wiser bunch. Notwithstanding that Canon will turn anything into a joke on anybody, or will commit any sort of prank whatsoever from pinning a flowered bandana handkerchief on the coat of a gallant en route to the shrine of his lady fair, to stealing the clothes of some boys in swimming, yet is just as substantial as he appears frivolous. As efficient as he appears desultory. His work and achievements stand for the veracity of these statements.

He was born in Tennessee in 1875. He wasn't a particularly robust child, and had a chill every day during the first three years of his life. "Father," he would ask, "may I go out and play with Johnnie Jones and the red calf?" "Sure." would be the answer, "but if you don't get back in time to have your chill I'll skin you." After a while the family be-

came somewhat vexed by the monotony of the daily chill, and the increasing cost of quinine, and moved across the state line into Calloway County, Kentucky. Now, this isn't a paid advertisement boosting Calloway County as a health resort, but the fact is, that when he had inhaled a few hundred cubic feet of the ozone supplied free to the residents thereof, the chills evaporated like Atlantic City vows in September. He got well, and grew to be perfectly round like a globe, with a scant tuft of white hair on the northern hemisphere.

The story of his boyhood days is replete with outlandish pranks, hair-lifting feqts with young mules, Texas ponies and balky oxen. When nothing more exciting offered, he would pry apart the rural school to see what made it run. He was unanimously voted the scape goat for the community. If a rapidly moving canine escorted a tin can along the highway, Charlie Canon's handiwork was universally recognized. If a team ran away, the driver would turn the incident aside by saying, "I met Charlie Canon in the road." When a sedate old bachelor vigorously denied having written a letter of proposal to a giddy young girl, they did not call in a hand-writing expert; they turned young Charles over to the ministrations of his father. His sole ambition at this period, so we learn at first hand, was to drink his fill of strawberry pop.

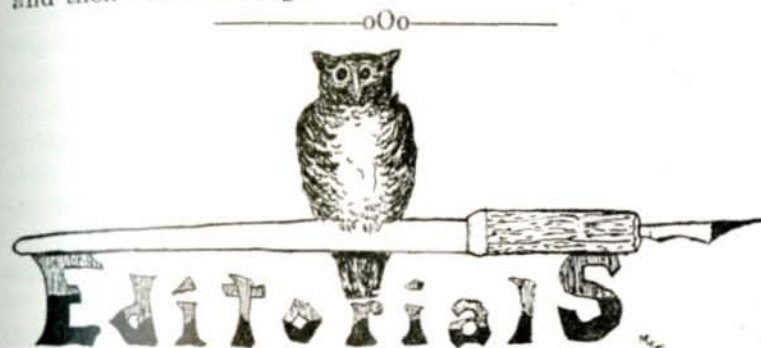
About eighteen, a serious element seems to have become fused into his nature. He re-entered school with a reorganized purpose. True, he had nothing to offer the Advanced Standing Committee but the multiplication tables and the completion of the second reader, but he went at it with a zeal that was surprisingly at variance with his former activities. For three years he sandwiched terms in school with terms in tobacco factories, where he would class wrappers ten hours, and run an engine until midnight. Then, he taught a school in Tennessee, which he insists was "a miserable failure." This was followed by three terms in Calloway County at salaries ranging from \$25 to \$38.

Between terms he attended school. He was elected to a position in Murray Male and Female Institute in 1903, which place he held for five years. "At one time," he writes, "ninety per cent of the teachers of Calloway County were sitting at my feet while I guided their feet in the paths of History, Grammar and Pedagogy." Now, what do you know about that!" Can you get a mental picture of that scene? I've tried, but there are so many feet in it that it is too much of a feat for me. Whatever pedal complication may have developed, Canon had come to be a leader in Calloway affairs. A report of his good works spread abroad, and early in 1908 he was elected Superintendent of the Graded School at Benton. About that time the "broader culture" germ bit him, and while under the influence of the inoculation he entered the Normal. Immediately after matriculating he resigned his position and burned all other bridges behind him. He remained in the Normal during the next two years, a year of which he was a member of the faculty, having in charge coaching in various departments. He graduated in July, 1910, and in September of that year assumed charge of the public school of London, Ky. For a year he held the educational helm of the city which once upon a time competed against Frankfort. Then, the officials at Mayfield got wise and handed him the High School of that place. He took it, and still has it. Furthermore, he has it *going*. It really is one of the best High Schools in the State. It has recently been equipped with all the latest editions of Back-to-the-soil paraphernalia such as: milk testers, seed testers, soil testers, etc. Also, and in addition, they frequently test the pupils in the matter of the fundamentals to such an extent as to render the Mayfield curriculum one of the best proportioned in the State.

Canon doesn't lose any time: when the High School students of Mayfield emit the gladsome whoop of liberty sometime about the First of June, he hikes along to some university, where he alternates his time between delving into the fundamental laws of existence and playing practical jokes

on his schoolmates. Through this outlet he relieves pressure that otherwise might prove dangerous during the rest of the year.

Let's condense the peroration to about like this. Canon has sufficient definiteness to know what he wants, and why he wants it; he has sufficient ability to get what he wants, and then—it is to laugh.



Here is the Senior issue of THE ELEVATOR. We hope you will like it, because the two issues gotten out by the Sophomores and Juniors have received nothing but favorable comment, and we, too, would like to be numbered among those who have made success.

—o—

*Advertisements.*

You who read THE ELEVATOR be sure to read the advertisements in this issue. It will be money to you. Which advertisement do you find the best offer in?

—o—

*Chapel Speeches.*

This year—as never before—there seems to be a friendly rivalry between the different literary societies as to who shall make the best speech, when the chapel hour is given over to the student-body. All of the societies have been represented in the splendid one-minute-speech programs which we have all enjoyed so much.

Self-expression in any legitimate form tends to call out



what is in an individual, his resourcefulness, inventiveness; but no other form of self-expression develops a person so thoroughly and so effectively, and so quickly unfolds all of his powers, as expression before an audience. All the students seem to have realized this, and as a result we can truly say the chapel speeches this year have been the best we have ever listened to. No doubt—as it has been expressed by some one—the power to stand up and express one's self clearly and logically before an audience, is the severest test for measuring an individual's ability to meet and solve problems of life. The writer has the advantage of being able to wait for his moods. He can write when he feels like it; he knows he can go over his manuscript, improving it if he chooses, or even burn his manuscript if it does not suit him. The writer does not have to stand upon the scale of every listener's judgment as does the speaker.

For these reasons and others, public speaking is a development of one's mental power, which cannot be brought out in any other form of expression. The effort to express one's ideas in clear-cut, concise, telling English is an accomplishment.

---

*The City or the Country.*

It has been said by some great writer that the only emotion which does not tend to its own destruction is that which is self-poised. The great question then is, in which environment—the city or the country—is it possible to have the highest self-poised emotions? The emotions which stir the soul and inspire the mind to higher, nobler, purer thoughts and ideals.

By those who have given the matter attention, it is claimed that people living in the city have brighter faces than those dwelling in the country. If this be true, there must surely be a reason. Is it because, not of natural environment, of human association and the consequent mental activity in the multitude? The town boy or girl sees more, hears more, feels more—at least, a wider variety of seeing, feeling, and

hearing—and so the face responds accordingly, but is not the country, the more natural place for uplift of feature so far as environment is concerned?

Contrast the bare walls of the town with the clouds and sky in the country. Contrast the rushing crowd with the waving of the grain-fields. Contrast the noisy rattle of wheels with the musical click of the sickle; the dusty street with green country lanes in spring; the electric lights with the stars; the cooped-up city life with the wild freedom of the rural life. No one can doubt that rural life has advantages over the city if the dwellers there would increase the custom of study and reflection upon the many objects in nature. If they would cease to envy their urban cousins, and learn to love their own world, and to draw from nature her beautiful lessons, and mingle more in the social life of their neighbors and flowers and brooks, Rural Life would soon come into her own.

There are compensations for the country as there are disadvantages for the town. Does not the country hold the moral ballast of the world? If the city face is more brilliant, perhaps the country face is more artless. If the city face is more flexible, perhaps the country face is more tender, more sincere.

But, whether in the city or in the country, it is the individuality of every creature that must maintain its integrity and defend itself against the encroachments of evil. There is truth in the old legend that the walls of Paradise were removed from around man in order that he might have the protection of the strong walls of his own personality. Then he who has the self-poised mind need not fear, for self-poised thoughts and deeds will spring therefrom.

## THE ELEVATOR.

## "LIFE MORE LIFE."

(With a sincere apology to Mr. Longfellow.)

The shades of ignorance were falling fast,  
As through a Kentucky village passed  
A man who bore 'mid woe and vice,  
A banner with strange device—  
Life more Life.

His brow was wide; his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of this Hero's tongue.  
Life more Life.

In happy fields he saw the light  
Of pleasure fires gleam warm and bright.  
Above the gleaming visions shone,  
And to his eyes appeared a throne.  
Life more Life.

"Not that place," the public said;  
Dark lowers prejudice overhead.  
The reactionary spirit is deep and wide."  
Loud that Hero's voice replied:  
"Life more Life."

"Oh, stay," Inaction said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon my breast."  
A spark stood in the Hero's eye;  
Still he answered, from on high:  
"Life more Life."

"Beware that Legislature's glance;  
Beware the awful avalanche,  
Of public opinion's powerful might."  
His voice replied far up the height:  
"Life more Life."

## THE ELEVATOR.

At break of dawn a century hence,  
Another race of Kentucky's men  
Will utter the oft-repeated prayer  
Which the Hero carried through purple air.  
Life more Life.

And nations looking up, will see  
Unhidden, beautiful and free,  
Gleaming from the topmost heights  
The banner with that strange device,  
Life more Life.

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
And joyous morning bright and gray,  
Out from the sky sublime and far  
It still will shine, like a silver star,  
Life more Life.

—oOo—

## The Egg Man

March banged noisily at the window shutters, and like a bad boy pushed his playmate tree-boughs against the window to poke their fingers in derision at the lonely room and the lonelier figure by the fire.

Every detail of the dingy little sitting room—so they called it in Weston—seemed to write Miss Lucinda's name in large, aggressive letters. So much a part of her did it all seem, that Miss Nettie looked up imploringly at the busy little clock, as if expecting its frowning face to change into that of its absent owner, and the clacking voice to deliver some caustic comment or stern advice, while it stared disapprovingly at her indecision.

She was gazing fascinated at something she held gingerly in her hand—her expression that of a naughty child before discovery.

"It would be so improper," she sighed, wistfully. "I know Lucinda would disapprove if she were here."

The little clock ticked assentingly.

"But she isn't," she retorted, spiritedly to the accusing clock; "and she said she wasn't coming back any more, and she has discouraged so many perfect gentlemen—that one selling aluminum ware really seemed"—Miss Nettie drew around her the soft cloak of unborn Romance and sat glorying in its warmth.

It was blown away rudely by the breeze of Youth that came in with the high voice behind her chair:

"Why, Miss Nettie! Why are you sitting up here with the fire most out, and that egg in your hand? Were you going to cook it, and did you go to sleep and forget?"

At the tolerant tone of youth, Miss Nettie stiffened, replying with dignity:

"I believe I had thought of it, Betty, but I sat down here to consider"—she peeped guiltily at the egg in her hand—"to consider some matters of importance," she concluded lamely.

Betty held out her hand for the egg. "I'll cook it now," she said, unsuspectingly.

Betty's soft blue eyes and tender mouth promised sympathy. Betty was engaged. After all she was not exactly a servant. Miss Nettie smoothed her hair consciously.

"You may sit down, Betty," she commanded.

Though Betty had been Miss Nettie's sole companion since Miss Lucinda's wrathful departure a year past, this was the first time she had ever been asked to be seated in the "company room." She sat down shyly on the edge of Miss Lucinda's uncompromising, rockerless chair.

"You know, Betty, my life has been one series of heart disappointments," sighed Miss Nettie, sentimentally.

"Yes'm," answered Betty, cheerfully.

"Lucinda did not believe in love," tearfully this time.

"No'm"—Betty was always agreeable. "Some folks is that way."

Miss Nettie clutched the egg tightly, looked at Betty doubtfully, then thrust it into her hand.

"Do you imagine he's handsome?" she breathed.

Betty's eyes grew very round. She had never heard an egg so spoken of.

"Why, yes'm," she stammered, "it's—he's right good-looking—nice and white."

"Do you know him?" shrieked Miss Nettie.

Betty rose in haste. Her whirling mind was trying to decide whether to call the police or lock Miss Nettie in till she could get John—or both—when Miss Nettie's request to read it, caused her to see what in the dimness of the room had escaped her frightened eyes. Holding the egg to the fire-light she read slowly the awkwardly traced letters on its white surface:

"I am single. Write me. M. H. Gallaway, Irvington, Ky."

"Why, Miss Nettie," she gasped.

"Isn't it romantic?" murmured Miss Nettie, delightedly, recovering the precious missive, and caressing it tenderly. "Do you think I might answer—just for a pleasant pastime? You know, since Lucinda"—genuine tears quivered in her voice—"I miss her," she finished simply.

Sympathetic Betty's heart overflowed at the slightest touch. "Of course, you do," she said. "I'll ask John, and if he says it's all right, you can go on and write and have a nice time till Miss Lucinda gets over her stubborn fit. The idea of leaving you here all by yourself just because you wanted flowers in the garden 'stead of vegetables. Anybody with any sense"—

"Betty, you forget yourself," interrupted Miss Nettie. "My sister Lucinda is a woman of principle, and when she made up her mind, she could not change. I, too, have principles," she ended, proudly.

"Yes'm," sympathized Betty; "but nobody'd ever know it, Miss Nettie." She turned to go. "I'll ask John when he comes," she called back.

Lucinda's clock ticked sternly on, but Miss Nettie, heedless of its warning, was already writing her first letter in

her mind. Should she say, "Dear Mr. Gallaway?" No, that was much too intimate. "My Dear Sir"—that was very formal, but perhaps the best. Lucinda would say so.

When Betty called her to her solitary supper, she broke the rule—Lucinda's rule—of never conversing with the servants, and after much hesitation, inquired what Betty's friend thought.

"He said," Betty hesitated; "he said, 'Tell her to go it's the last chance,'" quoted Betty, honestly.

Miss Nettie's plain little face grew pink to her straw-colored hair at the bareness of the words.

"I don't think your friend is very genteel," she said primly. "He doesn't understand that it's merely a friendly correspondence that I contemplate. After all, I doubt if it would be wise," and she dismissed the subject in a manner that would have done credit to Miss Lucinda.

The light burned so late in her room that night, that John saw it when he left. At last, after many erasures and re-writings, she surveyed the finished note with timid pride:

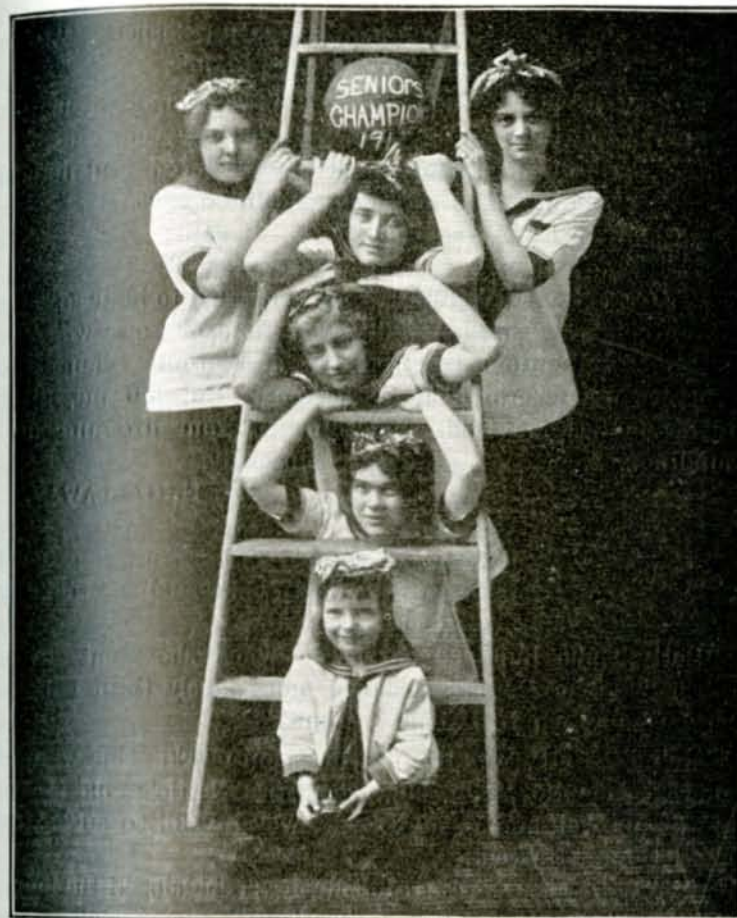
MR. M. H. GALLAWAY, *Irvington, Ky.*

MY DEAR SIR: Chance has sent your egg into my hand. I, too, am single, and since I am sometimes lonely, I fancy that we might exchange a few views on Art, Literature, and the World. (She was particularly proud of that sentence.)

Sincerely,  
(MISS) NETTIE MAYFIELD,  
*Weston, Ky.*

A week of trembling impatience went by. For the first time Betty found her mistress irritable. At the postman's whistle she would fly to the back of the house, where she received the mail from Betty as one taking a lighted giant-cracker in his hand. One morning Betty sought her with excitement and curiosity pouring from her eyes.

"It's come, ma'am," she shouted.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

From bottom to top—Bess Leiper (mascot), Pennebaker, Davis, Bryant, Lovelady (on the left), Hampsch (on the right).

"An important letter you were expecting, Betty?" inquired Miss Nettie, coolly, her pale eyes stretched with terror and delight.

"Lord, no, ma'am," giggled Betty, unabashed. "John ain't away. It's yours from that egg man."

Miss Nettie tried to look disapproval and indifference at the same time, but failed. Only Miss Lucinda could do that. She reached out a shaking hand for the letter and fled to her room, followed by Betty's disappointed eyes.

The hand-writing was bold-black. It said:

MY DEAR MISS MAYFIELD: I am very glad to hear so soon from my egg. I am also glad it was found by one who understands and enjoys the meaning of Platonic friendship. I foresee many enjoyable discussions. But tell me, first, my dear Miss Mayfield, something of your life and surroundings.

Sincerely,

M. H. GALLAWAY.

"A perfect gentleman, though a little abrupt," exulted Miss Nettie. "If Lucinda were here she would see that my judgment is sometimes good."

"Betty," she inquired carelessly when she went downstairs, "you have been to school more lately than I have. Do you know what 'Platonic' means?"

"No'm"—Betty was one big question-mark. She wanted to suggest asking John, but since Miss Nettie's cold reception of his well-meant advice, she was afraid, so suggested the dictionary instead.

"Oh," said Miss Nettie, a bit flatly as she closed the book. "Still, that would be very interesting," she consoled herself as she went about her dusting, "and quite proper."

She began her next letter with a discussion of "Ivanhoe"—Lucinda had said all those things, but that did not matter. Soon she found herself telling him of her garden, her maid, Betty—even of the loneliness of her heart.

M. H. advised the reading of Emerson's "Essays" rather

than a silly romance like "Ivanhoe." He insisted on the careful watching of the maid, Betty, as to family silver, china-ware, and so forth. "How did he know I had it?" wondered Miss Nettie. Hangers-on, according to Mr. Gallaway's opinion, should be discouraged—forbidden—as often turning into thieves. Miss Nettie thought of John, and shuddered. In fact, the egg man, as Betty persisted in calling him, was soon advising Miss Nettie about every detail of her daily life.

Miss Nettie's days never went so fast. Mrs. Tomlin's, across the street, thought it "plum" indecent. Not but two years since her pa's decease and Miss Lucinda just the same as—and her a-laughing and talking at the missionary like that Betty she sets such store by.

Betty and John grew uneasy, but Miss Nettie was serenely unconscious of both. And so a month passed by.

Mr. Gallaway discoursed so feelingly on the beauties of friendship and the pitfalls of love, that Miss Nettie decided he'd been disappointed. She wrote him of her trouble with Lucinda. "Vegetables were much more profitable," H. M. answered; "and flowers were foolish." Miss Nettie was hurt, disappointed.

Two weeks later as she was relentingly composing a letter on the beauty of the flower, Betty burst into the room with startled eyes.

"Miss Nettie," she panted, "may John speak to you?" Miss Nettie remembered H. M.'s disapproval of hangers-on.

"I am busy, Betty," she frowned.

Betty eyed the letter paper as if it were a death sentence, and did not move.

"Very well, I will see him," said her mistress, coldly.

As John stood awkwardly before her in the flickering lamplight, she examined him for the ear-marks of a thief, and finding none, felt relieved. Betty interrupted his stammering preliminaries:

"Hurry, John; he might be watching the house this minute."

John seemed struck dumb, so Betty burst out: "Miss Nettie, Mr. Brown's little boy heard his father tell his mother that a man *paid* him to put that egg in your basket."

The little body in the big chair grew tense with fright; but a glow of excitement sent away the chill. He had seen her, then, and had used this way—

Her dreams were shattered by Betty's shrill voice: "Do you think John had better guard the house?"

"Why, how ridiculous, Betty," Miss Nettie laughed scornfully, but fear lurked around the corners of the laugh. "He's a perfect gentleman."

"Perfect gentleman nothing!" cried Betty, forgetting her place in her exasperation. "Mr. Brown said—you tell John," but John locked and unlocked his fingers and shook his head.

"He was awful rough-looking," Betty went on, nothing loth. She had thought Miss Nettie a bit selfish not to tell her about the letters. "Great big, and black, and he chewed—yes'm, he did. Some folks do—and said he raised hogs."

"Pigs, Betty," implored Miss Nettie, weakly.

"No'm, hogs," reiterated Betty, with delighted horror.

"If Lucinda were only here," wailed Miss Nettie. "I knew it wasn't proper."

"Yes'm, so did we," put in Betty, righteously. "We was shocked, me and John."

Miss Nettie sat quite still, a pitiful figure in her tattered rags of romance. She saw Mr. Brown's little boy—he was such a talkative little boy—whispering the story to a dozen other little boys; and she watched them run home and tell their dozen mothers and then—"I'll never live through it, Betty," she sobbed.

The night was fearfully spent. The next morning Betty brushed up some shattered egg-shell from Miss Nettie's hearth.

The postman's whistle sounded shrilly at the door. In solemn terror Betty brought the expected letter, and together they read the boldly scrawled lines:

MY DEAR MISS MAYFIELD: Not having heard from you for some time, I have decided to pay you a visit in the next few days. I still have my suspicions of your maid and her friend, and want to see for myself if they are respectable characters. Watch your silver.

H. M. GALLAWAY.

"He wants it himself—the old hog-raiser," shrieked outraged Betty, and her sobs deprived Miss Nettie of her last support.

After three days of tense watching, John staying nights, regardless of impropriety, and Miss Nettie sleeping with a pistol under the middle of her bed, pointed toward the door, the strain relaxed. The grocer's little boy had been sworn and paid to secrecy; his father merely chuckled and said Miss Nettie needn't be afraid. Miss Nettie had almost decided that H. M. had repented of his wild plan, and was sitting down to read "Child's History of England"—romance having been quite killed—when the door bell pealed like a fire alarm.

Miss Nettie fled to the kitchen, where Betty stood horror-stricken. The second ring sent her scuttling to the back of the garden where, with a terrified sob, she threw herself down on the damp spring ground—and prayed; but Lucinda's name kept getting mixed into her prayer, till she didn't know just to whom she was praying.

Determined steps came down the garden path. Nearer, nearer, and stopped, with a crackling laugh that pulled open Miss Nettie's tightly-closed eyes.

"My land," snapped a tall woman, curiously arrayed in a green hat, blue veil, brown coat, and spectacles. "You'll take your death of cold. Scared of H. M. Gallaway?" she rattled with laughter; but her face softened as she looked down at the worn face, too astonished and relieved to lift itself from the ground. "Knew you couldn't take care of yourself; knew you'd get some good-for-nothing girl wit' "

hangers-on to take care of you. Couldn't even answer the door-bell. Told you in my last letter to watch after her. Bet she's taken"—

"In your last letter!" gasped Miss Nettie, startled into speech at last.

In Miss Lucinda's face shame and pride mingled in a dull flush. "Well, I just had to know if you were falling in love with any of those peddler fellows—never could trust you out of my sight. That was real bright of me to think of that egg, now, wasn't it? Mr. Brown promised he wouldn't tell, and I sent it by a man. I boarded with. I thought 'twould catch you."

"Oh, Lucinda," sobbed Miss Nettie, finding a rather hard refuge against the brown coat.

"Shucks," said Lucinda, impolitely. "Got your garden in, Nettie?"

"No," shivered Miss Nettie, apprehensively.

Miss Lucinda surveyed the yard. "We'll have our potatoes on this side, and beans and peas and tomatoes over there"—

Miss Nettie stiffened, and prepared for fight. She, too, had principles, as she had said—

"And," Lucinda ended with a jerk, "I guess the flowers had better go in the south corner."



SAINT PATRICK'S DAY PARTY.

Saint Patrick's Day, that day the Irish set apart for the Senior's celebration, has come and gone. That smile, which for two weeks had been playing hide and seek on the dimpled and the non-dimpled Seniors' cheeks, and was finally spied by one Junior and two Kit-Kats, has also gone. With the going of that day and that smile which wended their way together to "the Elysian Fields of Delight," there were whispered among the lads and lassies present, sweeter notes than were ever sung by those who did not catch the following:

"It's the Senior Society  
itself as do be  
envitin' yez to spend  
Saint Patrick's evenin'  
with them, March seventeenth.  
Eight-thirty o'clock,  
Training School Chapel."

That place, of course, was where we met. But you never could have guessed that it was the Training School Chapel; for when those "Honey-suckle Boys" with the desire to work, and the "Paper Girls" with the money to spend, had completed their many changeable schemes, it looked more like a place where the angels of light had pitched their tents, where the jewels of nature bedecked the sighing palms near the ever-flowing fountains.

The color scheme, white and green, worked out by Mary Obannon (Miss Hocker) suited the occasion and happily blended with all present "except a few"; the drooping palms, the lady ferns, the smiling carnations with the warp and woof of green and white lighted from overhead, united into one happy bond of holy wedlock, shedding a radiance like unto where:

"The splendor falls on castles' walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataracts leap in glory."

As we entered this theater of beauty, strains of sweetest melody seemed to linger everywhere. Soon we located the orchestra as it gave forth from time to time its rapturous music for our enjoyment.

By eight-forty-five all who were not moving or standing, were seated in groups from one to more. Then the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Mikel D'Hortery (Mr. Finley Grise) in his pleasant way, took the program in hand, and started the "Potato Race" which like "Home Rule" caused a strong fight. But here might overcame right and the lads won what the lassies lost. Then each couple tried their skill on the "Magic Pig," by tossing potatoes through its eyes and mouth. This contest resulted in a tie among four competitors just like our girls' basketball games did, and when the contest was ended, Kate Hooligan (Miss Harriet Bryant) won the box of Lowney's best. This, too, was won

just like "Miss Kate" won the championship for the Senior Girls' Basketball Team. Next each boy was hypnotized and led to kiss the "Blarney Stone," which graciously left its signs on each passer-by, but the strange thing to me and to some of the girls was, why that redness was on other faces the next morning. As these red-faced boys returned to the white-faced girls, they (the boys) gave a compliment to suit the situation. "Ikie Moorley" (P. G. Shemwell) responded with the following, and won the honor of being the biggest Blarney there:

"All the glory that the others got, I missed,  
For it was not a girl that I kissed."



Just here we took a few moments' intermission and sought our affinity by the number on our shamrock. When these were finally found, each one grew quiet as Mr. Mikel announced that Miss Jerry Nolan (Mrs. Crume) would give



us a vocal solo: "If All the Young Maids." This was followed by another: "An Episode." Words fail to describe those sweet, inspiring, melodious notes as they echoed and re-echoed ere they were wafted upward and away on the swelling tides of harmony. When all these notes had been carried away by the fairies, Miss Mary Ohara (Miss Surmann) caused us to rise from the finite and transient to the infinite and everlasting by the indescribable tones of her violin solo: "Humoresque." While we lingered betwixt heaven and earth in that realm of celestial music, the bonnie lassie, Rose Donan (Miss Clagett) tickled our fancy with her Irish jokes. Just now Miss Jerry Nolan sang "Kil-larney," pleasing everyone. So, when we had feasted on singing, music and jokes, John Grady (Mr. W. L. Matthews) gave us a reading: "The Soul of a Violin." The words may be forgotten, but never will the manner in which he did honor to self and to our class.

After our souls had been nourished with music, reading and jokes, some one whispered that something else was to follow. But ere anyone had taken one thought as to what it might be, Peggie Mulvaney (Miss Annie Lee Davis) and her never-failing followers had prepared and were serving the two-course menu of "Salad and Ice."

*First Course.*

Onion Sandwiches	Shamrock Sandwiches
	Chicken Salad
Punch	Pickles

*Second Course.*

Brick Cream  
Cakes a la St. Patrick

Miss Peggie said that it made her happy to see the daintiest appetite pleased, and then they brought some more. Then the possessors of those dainty appetites said that it made them rejoice to see Miss Peggie and her aids smiling

so sweetly. Then they brought some more. By this time smiles could be seen and whispers could be heard as some one told a new joke. Just then Miss Mollie Ann Brown (Miss Reid) and Miss Nellie Oflanagan (Miss McLean) cried because they had eaten so much supper that they had to refuse to eat another bite when the girls brought some more.

As soon as those tears rolled away, and the two were freely forgiven, every Irishman and every other man caught his breath as our much-beloved Premier (Prof. Green), Mr. McMulligan, told in his own good humor how a new day was dawning; how the present Legislature was ending; and how glad the Premier was to have so many come and enjoy themselves. Then, as that peculiar feeling of midnight came upon us; as each began to whisper those words of endearment that only come on separating; as each turned his way homeward, quietness settled down over that beautiful scene where the Seniors and their many guests had spent "the happiest eve ever given on the hill as a student entertainment."

—————oOo—————  
IF I HAD TEN DOLLARS.

I'd buy a brush,  
I'd buy a comb,  
And lots of looking-glasses, O.  
For fair or plain,  
The men are vain,  
As are the Normal lasses, O!

I'd buy a quart  
Of good hair oil,  
My pompadour to christen, O.  
*Inside* my head,  
It's dull, 'tis said,  
*But my pompadours shall glisten, O!*

J. C. DAVIS [with apologies to Burns].

## THE ELEVATOR.

She sat upon a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye;  
At first she thought she was alone—  
But a spider sat quite nigh!

She lived unknown, and few could know,  
When she had ceased to be  
Upon that mossy stone—but, oh!  
What curds she left for me!

*According to Tennyson:*

Grass to the right of her,  
Grass to the left of her,  
Grass all in front of her—  
Little Miss Muffet!  
A spider came in the rear,  
Gave her a friendly leer,  
Goggled his eyes so queer,  
Congealed her blood with fear,  
She dropped her curds and whey—  
Fell from the tuffet!

*According to Longfellow:*

It was in the glow of evening,  
In the glow half sun, half star light,  
On a day long since forgotten,  
Came a maiden named Miss Muffet,  
She, the curd-voracious maiden.

She was "canning" all the viands  
E'er the family came to supper,  
When a fat and fearsome spider  
Sat beside the greedy maiden.  
"Oh, I fear you have the hook-worm,"  
Said the kind-intentioned spider.  
Then the maiden gave a war-whoop,  
T'arried not to smoke a peace pipe,  
Fled in terror from her tuffet.  
Thus it is with greedy mortals.

## THE ELEVATOR.

## SENIOR PRAYER.

Father, we thank Thee that we are one note in the grand symphony of life.

We thank Thee for God in us.

We thank Thee for our visions and ideals beautiful, which are a part of Thee.

Wilt Thou with Godly love recompense our weary earthly bodies.

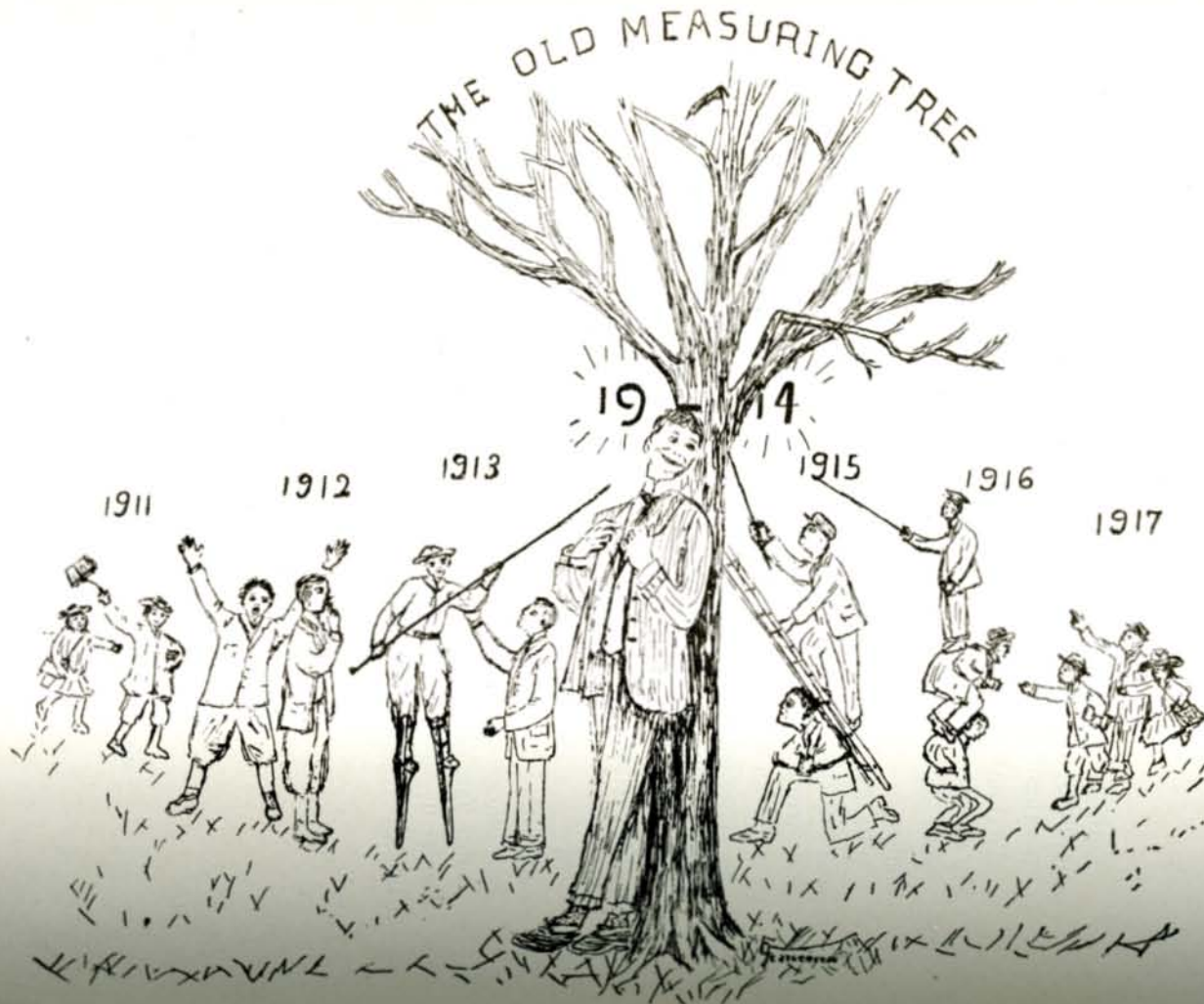
Wilt Thou from thy Godly essence strengthen God in us; that we may be patient in weariness, sweet in trivialities and strong mid temptations.

Thou knowest how deeply many of us are entranced by the lure and the glitter of the Great Left Highway: and Father who made us as we are, wilt Thou keep us close in our Highway with Thee?

Father, remember our quivering inner souls, and place Thy firm hand in blessing upon them.

We ask that Thou wilt forever and ever keep open our sometimes small souls to the vast throbbing brotherhood and glorious pulsating mankind.

For Thy great love's sake forgive our transgressions and wrap us about with the loveliness of Thy presence, and breathe into us the essence of Thy being. AMEN.



### BEHIND THE CURTAIN

NAME	DISPOSITION	ADMIRER FOR.	WANTS TO BE.	LIKELY TO BE.
Ora Pruden.	Pessimistic.	Sincerity.	A circus performer.	Buried young.
Erma Porter.	Coquettish.	Brown eyes.	Champion gum-chewer.	Proficient.
Carrie Pennebaker.	Dainty.	Two curls.	Star actress.	Mrs. Hen(ry) Peck.
Belle Potter.	Placid.	Modesty.	Writer of romance.	Heroine in a romance.
Murah Pace.	Winsome.	Decisiveness.	Politician.	Senator "Wot's-er-name,"
James Randolph.	Sunny.	Side-burns.	Somebody's darling.	"Lord Chumley." [from Ky.
Leslie Shultz.	Blunt.	"Hoss sense."	Great mathematician.	Near-great, etc.
Maude Chambers.	Silent.	Earnestness.	Trained nurse.	To marry a Dr.
Anna Lee Davis.	Impulsive.	Culinary art.	Domestic Science teacher.	Just a good cook.
Orme Doolin.	Tempestuous.	Charming voice.	Musician.	Motion-picture actress.
Ruth Eubank.	Staid.	Demureness.	Poetess.	Married to a farmer. [tive.
A. L. Cole.	Choleric.	Oratory.	Lecturer.	Candidate for Representa-
J. C. Davis.	Erratic.	Smart sayings.	Orator.	Animal trainer.
J. W. Compton.	Versatile.	Pretty ways.	Loved by all the girls.	"Tango" teacher.
Bert Smith.	Loving.	Dehaired head.	Demosthenes II.	A vaudeville star.
H. M. Yarbrough.	Dignified.	His red hair.	A chemist.	Blown up.
J. N. Witt.	Retiring.	His learning.	An artist.	A scholar.
Maude Shultz.	Sweet.	Her eyes.	Good.	Better.
W. L. Matthews.	Hilarious.	His Roman nose.	Let alone.	Criticised.
Essie Myers.	Happy.	Her giggles.	Married.	Just as she is.
C. H. Moore.	Ambitious.	Mixed figures.	Talked about.	Misunderstood.
Clara Moorman.	Whimsical.	Her pristine beauty.	Prima donna.	Chorus girl.
Jessie Northington.	Pensive.	Intellect.	Suffragette.	A-suffering yet.
Andrew Parker.	Cheerful.	Activity.	Artist.	Artless.
George Page.	Sad.	His dignity.	Preacher.	Clog dancer.
J. W. Snyder.	Talkative.	Melodious voice.	Famous.	No one knows.
Della Combest.	Merry.	Curls.	A good cook.	Anything.
Jeff Smith.	Quiet.	His modesty.	A bachelor.	One.
Ethel Featherstone.	Skittish.	Her beaux.	A "Mrs."	A Mormon.
Edith Hampsch.	Lovable.	Everything.	A schneider (Snyder).	What she wants to be.
D. B. Lutz.	All-knowing.	Colossal conceit.	Greatest of great.	Lowliest of lowly.
Heber Lewis.	Sentimental.	Musical qualities.	Educational star.	A music teacher.
Ruth Meek.	Meek.	Disposition.	"Window smasher."	Window washer.
Lizzie Glenn.	Helping.	Literary ability.	Teacher of elocution.	Actress.
Anna Lee Adams.	Whimsical.	Infinitesimalness.	Lovely.	Horticulturist.
Charles R. Bell.	Pessimistic.	Majestic ugliness.	Politician.	Weather prophet.
Estelle Bullock.	Timid.	Earnestness.	Domestic Economy instruc-	A good cook.
Alta Barnhill.	Haughty.	Dignity.	Old maid.	Suffragette.
C. S. Brown.	Blustery.	Chapel speeches.	Orator.	Financier.
Harriet Bryant.	Smiling.	Stateliness.	Papa's girl.	School ma'am.
Louise Carson.	Pleasant.	Suffrage views.	Comical.	Poultry raiser.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

EDGAR SANDERS,  
President of the  
"Kicker Klub."  
Rates Reasonable.

LETITIA HOCKER,  
Dealer in  
Styles (Stiles).  
Imported from Russellville.

See  
FINLEY GRISE!  
Professional Girlologist,  
Love Letters a Specialty.

Notice!!  
See  
MADAME KOLTINSKY'S  
Window  
For Bargains in False Hair  
and Toilet Articles.

MRS. BLAKEMAN'S  
Art and Expression Studio,  
213 Broadway,  
Louisville, Ky.

MISS SHEMWELL,  
Information of Mathematics,  
Algebra Problems Solved  
While You Wait!

BEAU BRUMMEL  
ROBERTS,  
Lecturer on "How to Be  
Neat."

JOHN WADE,  
Athletic Director,  
Y. M. C. A.

GERTRUDE COX,  
Teacher of the Lost Art of  
Holding One's Tongue.

THE ELEVATOR.

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SENIOR ART EXHIBIT.

Mary Edmonds—"Mother's Darling."

Grace Vass—"Grace Before Meat."

Beulah Lovelady—"The Smile."

Lottie McClure—"The Angel of the Sun."

Otis Taylor—"Portrait of a Bachelor."

Laef Sheffer—"Sir Galahad."

Omar White—"Simplicity."

Velma Neville—"Joan of Arc."

Mayme Paris—"A Helping Hand."

Hattie Richardson—"The Sheperdess."

Ruby Alexander—"Curiosity."

Kate Clagett—"Age of Innocence."

Edyth Allen—"Feeding Her Birds."

Carrie Davis—"Summer Evening."

Ruth Campbell—"The Primary School in Brittany."

Huel Larkins—"Can't You Talk?"

Marie Crow—"The Gleaner."

## The Spirit of Room J

Some of Nature's most divine melodies have never thrilled the musician's soul; some of the choicest fragrance of the daintiest flower has never gladdened the heart of man; some of the rarer, richer tints of the dawn were seen by no mortal eye; some of the animation of happy, joyous springtime has caused no heart to leap in ecstasy; some of the tenderest and most holy of the emotions have never been manifested in outward act; some of the noblest deeds of heroism and some of the most unselfish acts of devotion have never been heralded abroad; yet are they lost to the world? No, they live again in the poet's imagination and in leaves imperishable have been preserved for the ages, for all mankind.

Poetry is the music of the soul expressed in music of language. Its spirit is everywhere; in the gentle winds that blow under the laughing skies of Italy, the land of romance, and in the zephyrs that play in the moonlight over the shining sands of the great Sahara, it steals alike. The limpid waves of every stream dance to the music of its melodies and sparkle in its brightness.

Every man, some time in life, receives into his heart of hearts the true spirit of poetry; with some, it soon glides away like the passing of a gentle thought; with others, it tarries, broadening, strengthening and keeping ever youthful the soul, and imbuing all about with its ennobling influences. Near to such characters does it delight to linger, and their habitations are its favorite haunts.

And this is why the spirit of poetry hovers especially close about Room J on the Hill, and enters the life of everyone who chances that way, revealing the loveliness and infinite beauty of the great out of doors, awakening and strengthening interest in human nature, deepening our sympathy for our fellow-man, and in the brightness of its prophetic vision, expanding our outlook upon life and affording a surer glimpse of the Great Beyond.

And where, pray, is there spread a feast of spiritual things more sumptuous than that the students daily enjoy in Room J? So potent is the magic spell of the spirit residing there that even the boys mathematically inclined lose sight of theorems, formulas, equations and principles; the Domestic Science girls forget recipes, burned biscuits and washing dishes; the poor, jaded Latin student feels the awful burden of ablative absolutes, indirect discourse and conditional sentences fall away; the scientific minds are called away from subsoiling, corn clubs, general unknowns and Wheatstone bridges; the practice teachers see no more dread visions of red ink criticisms, refractory pupils and probable N. P.'s; and for one brief hour all revel at will in the enticing gardens of Poetical Fancy.

What are some of the delights in store for those who fall under the influence of the spirit of Room J? From the dawn of English literature come tender idylls of love, chivalry and religion; dainty little lyrics like "Springtime"; the melodious measure, the smooth rhythm, and the appealing, imaginative touches of Chaucer. Then there is the marvelous beauty and the delicate idealism of Spenser; the moral sublimity and grandeur of those mighty passages from "Paradise Lost," and from "Lycidas." The invigorating songs of Burns comes as fresh and welcome as is the cadence of the returning birds in the springtime. The gentle sympathy and artistic grace of Goldsmith's lines soothe our trolbled spirits and remind us of the far away dimly echoing murmurs of a cascade.

But it is with the great nature poets that we like to linger. First there is the great trio: Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. Intoxicating it is to follow Shelley in his wild flights of marvelous genius, to feast upon his magnificent images and raply listen to the wonderful harmony of his lines. Supreme among the lyricists, his perfect inspiration is visible in the rush of rolling song, the glory of wild, fantastic color, the music of the sublime emotions that fill his soul, afire with poetic fervor. Wordsworth, in moments of

inspiration, unites, in majestic verse, a lofty strain of poetic thought, a superb delineation of nature and a half-concealed, puzzling mysticism; the weird doctrine of his Ode on "Immortality," and his sage advice in "The world is always with us," will linger long. Keats loves beauty for her own sake more than does any other poet, and he has linked her inseparably with truth in the "Grecian Urn." How reluctantly we bid Keats adieu!

Tennyson, the sweet singer, in melodious lines appeals to the youthful minds that enter Room J, in his incomparable "Idylls of the King," and deftly touches the deepest chords of our hearts in "In Memoriam" and "Crossing the Bar." Browning half-conceals nuggets of priceless value in the ore of brusque, uninviting verse.

But the spirit of Room J seems thrice potent when the matchless Shakespeare is approached. All the joys and sorrows of mankind; all the great philosophy of life; all the marvelous power of great characterization, is before us, a feast, indeed, for the soul. 'Tis joy unspeakable to feel the contact with such characters as that of Hamlet, doomed to melancholy, a man of sorrows; of romantic Romeo, the world's highest ideal of chivalric love; of jealousy-crazed Othello, who exalts true, faithful love above life itself; or even to study the wondrous beauty of Iago, the most perfect villain ever conceived by the mind of man. How fascinating are Portia, a glorious union of intellectual strength and true womanhood; tragic, fragile Ophelia, too dainty for this cold, hard world; Miranda, modest, untutored, possessing ethereal refinement and delicacy; clinging, trusting, confiding Desdemona; or Imogen, a veritable angel of light, "shedding a halo about all like a consecration, a holy dream."

The above is but a jot, the merest tittle, of the joys and delights accorded to those who enter Room J. Were it not for the spirit there, it would not be so. 'Tis unnecessary to say, that in such an inspiring atmosphere, noble ideals are born, new resolves and higher aspirations spring into

being, dreams are dreamed, the appreciation of the beautiful develops marvelously, the emotions are deepened and softened, hearts are made tender and above all, character is built.

But the spirit of poetry would not linger in Room J, were it not that a modest, unassuming man who has kept the poetic fires of his soul brightly burning all these years, teaches literature there. He has utilized a God-given talent of true poetic appreciation to the utmost and, as a result, is now giving an enriched, full life to others that they may have life, more life; joy, more joy; ideals, nobler ideals. The hundreds, who have heard the call to bigger, better manhood and womanhood as they sat intently listening to this quiet man's powerful interpretation of the great thoughts of the masters, will some day rise up and call him blessed. May the spirit of Room J never have occasion to depart, but continue in its great work of inspiring young lives to greater, nobler achievements.

—oOo—

#### THE LILIES.

She stood before him in the gloom of the book-lined walls. Great clouds of mist seemed to roll into thick curtains, hiding all but the motionless figure in the chair. Her eyes, like frightened birds, flew wildly against the impenetrable wall—always to return hopelessly to the crutch by the chair, and to the great outstretched hand. He had called her in out of the sunlight to choose. His glowing eyes were calling her now to choose—and why, after all, should she tremble to choose between the two lilies he held out to her? One was pure and chastely white; the other gloriously red, splotted with black. She swayed toward the cup of white—an unseen hand seemed to push her away, toward the spotted glory. The hand that held them was unwavering. She chose and slipped back to the waning sunshine.

Dawn's grayness found in his hand a lily, white, blood-stained.

## WILL OF SENIOR CLASS OF 1914.

We, the Senior Class of 1914, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills heretofore made by us.

Item first, To our beloved Alma Mater, the Western Kentucky State Normal School, we will, bequeath and devise all of our surplus cash, after our just debts have been paid, to be used and enjoyed by her for her own support and benefit; but should said cash exceed thirteen cents, the excess shall be used for the support, education and rearing of the Kit-Kats and Freshmen.

Item second, To Prof. J. R. Alexander, we bequeath all of our false assumptions in geometry, but reserve the right to retain all our algebra answer books for future use in our schools.

Item third, To Miss Florence Ragland we will and bequeath absolutely all the notes we have written in the Library, recommending that the same be published in book form and the proceeds arising from the sale of the aforesaid book, be set aside for the organization and maintenance of a permanent Law and Order League.

Item fourth, In attestation of our desire to reimburse and compensate Prof. J. H. Clagett for all his trouble, care and kindness in leading us through the flowery meads of English Literature, we bequeath to him all of our mixed figures, our term themes, and our original sonnets, to be used and read for his sole pleasure and enjoyment, that his days may be long in the land and his declining years spent in peace and contentment.

Item fifth, To Prof. A. M. Stickles we will and bequeath all of our indefinite statements, the same to be held in trust for the Kit-Kats until they reach the age of discretion.

Item sixth, To Prof. Franz J. Strahm we bequeath all of our copies of the Chapel Hymnal, provided they be used in

singing "Blest Be the Tie" not less than five times in the same week, nor more than twice in the same morning.

Item seventh, To future practice students we bequeath the supreme ecstasy that teaching in the Training School alone imparts.

Item eighth, To the Juniors we will and bequeath all of our weak passes and our discarded themes, but reserve the right to keep all of our note-books, for all of our knowledge is contained in them.

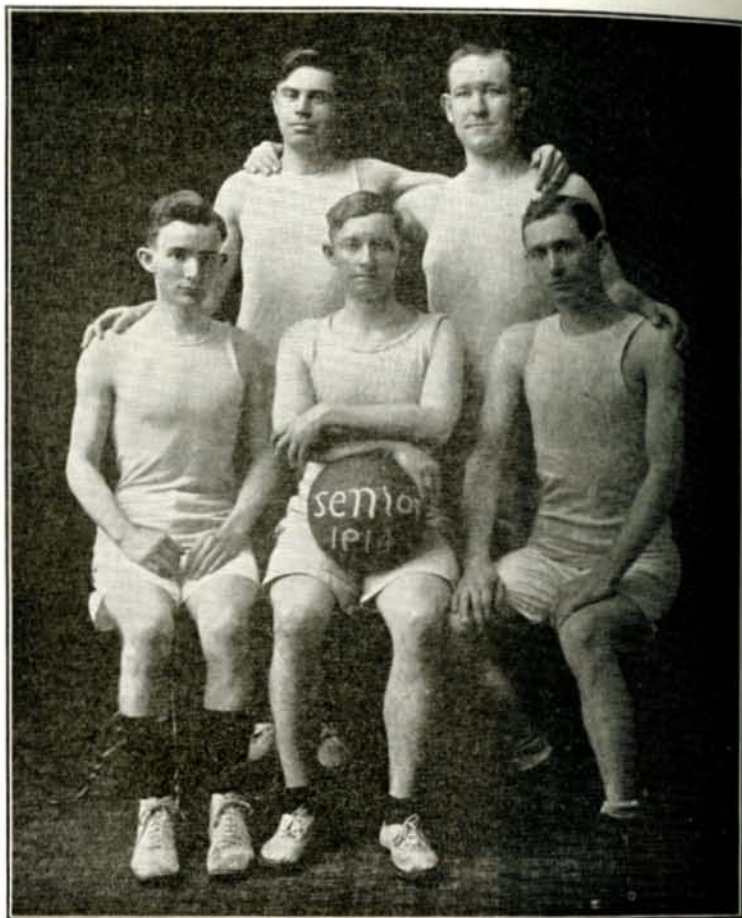
Item ninth, To all future students of the Western Kentucky State Normal School we bequeath our illustrious examples to have and to hold throughout all the ages.

It is our desire that Prof. W. J. Craig be executor of this our last will and testament, and direct that no bond be required of him as said executor. In testimony whereof, witness our hand this first day of April, 1914, and signed by us in the presence of the attesting witnesses.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS OF '14.

Witness: A. J. KINNAMAN, *King*.

Witness: R. P. GREEN, *Premier*.



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM  
 Sitting (from left to right)—Davis, Cole, Lutz  
 Standing (from left to right)—Schultz, Smith

## News

### *Plan of War.*

The old maxim, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is not true of the Normal baseball team; for not more than four years ago it was born, and one might think it was still in infancy; but on March 12, 1914, if one could have heard the gigantic combustions roll on the athletic field they would be forced to say it was no longer the small "rolling stone," but a huge mountain whose summit no other school in the State could reach. While there is but little said, there is much thought and felt. As each person came on the field to try his hand at the science, there were many traits which gave us to understand that there would have to be more done than mere talk for one to secure a position in the final contests which were to follow. Of course, one could not say the best material in school was there, but we must admit that better material is hard to find, even in the Normal.

As things now point to us, this year's team will go down in history as one among the reformations in athletics, for predictions have already been made that we will not lose a single game this year. Accidents may happen, and time proves all things, but the one consolation is, when one is wounded and drops out of the ranks, there is another ready and willing to march forward in the midst of conflicts, take up arms and fight to the very last for the good cause.

On April the 4th, we meet Bethel on their own battlefield; but our strength will make equal their position, and the first conflict will be settled ere the sun goes down. Next, on April 11, the Elkton team makes an invasion and forces its way into our very capital; but only to be driven away or annihilated under the steady courage of the gray and maroon. April 17 and 18 finds Murfreesboro making an invasion in holy territory, on which no team can ever expect to come out victorious. After those victories have been won, Captain Jones plans an invasion on April 22, and lead-



ing his gallant band to Elkton to penetrate their stronghold to the very core and raze their wall to the ground. By this time the conflict will be making great headway, and the steady mountaineers from Richmond conclude to humble our pride. They besiege us in our fortifications on April 28 and 29, and by the co-operation of our fellow-students with our brave defendants, we are sure to win. St. Mary's, seeing the fate of Richmond, makes a similar attack on May 4 and 5, thinking they will have a chance to win if they move upon us before we can rally from the chase we have given Richmond. But there is no doubt this will be the bloodiest conflict of the war; and when St. Mary's have to withdraw from our city, Captain Jones will hang on their flank and force them to battle on May 14, on their own territory; then, after destroying their last hope, will move on to Richmond, the 15th and 16th of May. By this time his force will be invincible, encouraged by example not less than by words. Returning home for supplies we will find Bethel and take them prisoners on our own grounds on May 20, completing our line of destruction at Murfreesboro on May 28 and 30, thus rounding up the empire, after which the grand old guard will be disbanded.

Our motto shall be: Meet them, greet them, and defeat them.

Those who heard Leland Powers last year in "David Garrick," can sense the public appreciation of his return engagement. His rendition of "Lord Chalmondeley," a most difficult play in three acts entailing the representation of some nine or ten characters was perfect in every detail.

The School of Music has been offering attractive Saturday afternoon music recitals at stated intervals, to which the public is cordially invited. These have displayed the proficiency of the pupils and have been the source of much pleasure.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable chapel hours of the year was the morning on which Miss Wood's French classes gave a little play, "Cinderella." It is doubtful whether even in our childhood days this classic gave more pleasure than on this occasion.

A great number of new books have been added to the library, many of them being standard works on American and English history.

Two Shakespearean treats have been provided for the future. For the first, Edward Howard Griggs, who was here during the last Summer School, will give a series of lectures on Shakespeare; for the second, the Ben Greet Players will render three Shakespearean performances in the open air on June 29 and 30.

The annual May Music Festival will occur on May 8 and 9, when Sir Arthur Sullivan's famous Oratorio, "The Light of the World," will be given under the direction of Prof. F. J. Strahm. The Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, consisting of forty-six pieces, has been secured for the occasion, and the following widely-known soloists have been engaged: Mr. William C. Hall, tenor, of Chicago; Mr. Gustav Holmquist, bass, of Stockholm, Sweden; Mrs. Frances Morton-Crume, alto. Announcement of the soprano will be made later.

The championship won by the Senior Girls' Basketball Team adds another step to our 1914 ladder of success.

Mr. and Mrs. Onagawa, gifted Japanese musicians, delighted the audience with their beautiful folk songs and dances. The scenery and costumes brought from their country made it all the more appreciated.

The Dunbar Operatic Company pleased the student-body

by giving the Garden Scene from Faust. This was followed by other musical numbers, which showed skill and mastery of their voices.

On Friday, March 13, Mr. A. L. Cole was selected to carry the Senior banner of oratory in the coming Annual Oratorical Contest, to be held in New Vanmeter Hall, June 8. The other contestants for this place were Mr. Chas. R. Bell and Mr. Jno. C. Davis. All the speeches were able and reflect credit upon the young men who prepared them.

With a smooth, easy-flowing voice, a clear enunciation, together with an excellent poise and bearing, Mr. Cole makes a forceful impression, and is to be considered one of the ablest representatives this society has ever put forth in these contests. His prospects for success are very good.

But what means all this unusual stir and talk on the Hill? Why, the election is near at hand. The Moot Commonwealth of Kentucky is to be organized, a Governor and all the other State officers are to be elected, the General Assembly is to be organized, and a platform embodying the principles and policies of all these young electors and statesmen is to be constructed.

Already many candidates are trying their wings upon the political atmosphere with a view to entering the contest in the great State Convention to be held April 10. Also one hears discussions upon the varying types of needed legislation that are to come up for passage in the House.

Because of its practical and highly educative value in learning the governmental machinery of our State and in studying the great problems that are before the people today for solution, the student-body is looking forward to this work with interest and enthusiasm. The prospects are good for the best session the House has ever held on Normal Heights.

## SENIOR GOOD TIMES.

There dwelled in the land of Kentucky, which is to say Dark and Bloody Ground, a tribe known as Western Kentucky State Normal School.

Now, it happened in those days that there arose among them two prophets, called Kinnaman and Green; and there was gathered around certain followers who received the name Seniors, both for the time they had dwelt in the land, and the mighty works they had wrought therein.

Now, it came to pass that these followers of Kinnaman and Green came together on divers occasions for the purpose of having a Good Time.

Accordingly, these Normalites followed their prophets into the land which is called Glen Lily, which had been shown to the prophets in a vision as a place wherein a Good Time could be found.

So, these Normalites stretched themselves under the trees, which were exceedingly tall, and sat themselves down before the fire on which they cooked meat, for it was in that season when Jack Frost nibbleth on the heel.

And there they found a Good Time.

After thus it came to pass on Hallow-e'en, the Seniors went into the house of Kinnaman, the prophet.

And lo, here they related divers strange dreams that had visited them.

And they partook of meat and drink set before them, for verily they had hungered and thirsted.

Accordingly, in the house of Kinnaman the Senior Normalites had a Good Time.

But it came to pass in those days that the Senior youths said among themselves, Lo, we will give a feast of the Chafing Dish to our maidens who have made our name mighty in the land by their wonderful works in the Game of Basketball. And so these youths and maidens came together in the place which is called Training School Chapel, and here they made merry in the name of Good Times.

But it came to pass after this that the followers of Kinnaman and Green said among themselves, Let us show unto our friends that even we have dreamed a dream of a Good Time.

And so they, with their prophets and certain other dwellers in the land, assembled in the place called Training School Chapel on the day set aside to Patrick, Saint of the tribe called Irish.

And behold many wondrous things, like unto which no man's eye had ever beheld were performed in that place.

And the guests drank a green draught which made them straightway forget everything save this one feast to Patrick, the Saint.

And, verily, it was a Good Time.

Eut, lo, there have been signs greater and more marvelous, for some among the Seniors say they have seen visions of a play; some, a banquet of all manners of milk and honey.

But this we know, that it shall come to pass in those last days that the Seniors shall be gathered together and take unto themselves a Sheepskin and shall hear the words, Go ye forth into all the State, inflicting on all men what we have inflicted on you.

And they shall have a Good Time.

—oOo—

BOOK REVIEWS FOR APRIL.

*The Beacon Primer*, by James H. Fassett, Superintendent of Schools, Nashua, N. H. Large 12 mo., cloth, 120 pages, illustrated in color; price, 35 cents. Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

*The Beacon First Reader*, by James H. Fassett, Superintendent of Schools, Nashua, N. H. 12 mo., cloth, illustrated in color, 160 pages; price, 35 cents. Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

*The Beacon Second Reader*, by James H. Fassett, Superintendent of Schools, Nashua, N. H. 12 mo., cloth, 192 pages, illustrated; price, 40 cents. Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

All of the above-named books are part of a new system of primary reading which combines the best of the word and sentence method of teaching with a sane and sensible method of phonetic instruction.

The Primer contains simple, easy phonograms and word lists for drill at intervals throughout the book, in connection with the reading by the word and sentence method while the child is gaining phonetic power.

A Phonetic Chart and a Reading Chart greatly facilitate the work of the teacher and lessen the blackboard work. Perception cards are furnished with the charts.

This system is simple, because there are but seventy phonetic groups to be learned by the child and the natural method of blending the vowel with the initial consonant is followed.

Every selection in the First and Second Readers of this series is a classic, and children are introduced to the choicest literature from the beginning.

—oOo—

NODS, AND BECKS, AND WREATHED SMILES.

Mr. Sanders (rising to point of order in the Senior Society): "Mr. Chairman, what stands before the Society now?"  
Chairman: "Nothing at all."

Prof. Stickles: "Class, I shall not attempt to explain how the earth was created out of nothing—and no one else knows."

"The Junior girls," said Mr. Magness, "can certainly sing."

"They sho' can," replied Mr. Shaw; "why don't they organize a girls' male quartette?"

Ask Miss Burks if anyone ever requested her to be Still.

Prof. Turner (at hotel): "I want accommodations for my wife."

Clerk: "Suite?"

Prof. Turner: "You bet she is!"

Mr. Byrd, in applying for a position, presented the following reference:

"This certifies that Mr. Byrd has taught for us one month and we are satisfied."

Beware of Callis', Mr. Roberts. Remember Cæsar died of too many Roman punches.

Bill Sadler: "Aw—y' know, Miss Davis, I passed your house this morning."

Miss Davis: "Thank you, Mr. Sadler. Thank you very much."

Mr. Craig (in Chemistry): "Oxygen is an invisible gas, some of which you can see in this tube."

Mr. Matthews: "All extremely pretty girls are vain, anyway."

Miss Layman: "Oh, I don't know! I'm not."

Why do the boys all sigh and moan,  
When anyone mentions the blarney stone?!!

*How's This for Argument?*

Miss Clagett (conducting a debate in the eighth grade): "Why do you think Jamestown was a better place in which to live than Plymouth colony?"

Lucien: "One reason is that in Plymouth you couldn't

kiss your wife from Saturday night until Monday morning, while in Jamestown you could kiss her whenever you wished."

Joe (on opposing side): "Oh, that's nothing. In Jamestown they bought their wives with tobacco, and I'd like to know who would *want* to kiss a wife you could buy with a pound of tobacco."

*Luminous, Lyrical(?) Limerics.*

Said a careless young lady named Anna,  
When she stepped on an empty banana,  
"Now, what do you see,  
That you laugh so at me?"  
And the bystanders cried, "Hosannah!"

When a jolly young Senior named Carrie,  
Was asked if she wanted to marry,  
She tossed back her head,  
And blushing said,  
"I really hope Cupid don't tarry."

A Matthews boy, Roy, by name,  
In the Kit-Kat roll-book of fame,  
Worked hard on a speech,  
But 'twas out of his reach,  
And the Seniors won, just the same.

There's a nice little maiden, named Cole,  
Who cried, when a kiss *some one* stole,  
" 'Deed you must be good,"  
And he said that he would,  
But he didn't, so help my soul.

There was a young fellow called Snider,  
Who fell in a barrel of cider,  
When he drank all he could,  
He knocked on the wood,  
And yelled, "Gee! but I wish I hadn't tried 'er."

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Allow us to say—very modestly—that we have the handsomest drug store in Kentucky—probably, in the entire South.

We carry most everything usual to a first-class drug store, and give special attention to our *soda fountain*, just as we do our *prescription department*.

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