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VI

THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP!



BOWLING GREEN, KY., OCTOBER, 1914

THE NEW YORK STORE } **LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR**
Millinery, Dry Goods, Shoes, etc.
HEADQUARTERS FOR { Park Row. J. E. BURCH, Prop'r.

The Bazaar
BOWLING GREEN'S DEPEND-ON STORE

Dependable Goods and Popolar Prices
Prevail at Our Store. Give Us a Trial

**Dry Goods, Shoes
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear**

GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

Bowling Green Laundry Co.

The Most Modern Equipped
Plant in Southern Kentucky

OTIS TAYLOR
Normal Representative

IT ADDS TO
YOUR TRADE
TO "AD"
IN THE ELEVATOR

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF A

Coat Suit, Dress, Dry Goods or Shoes

GO TO

440 Main Street

NAHM BROS

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT,

Call at the Savoia Cafe

316-318 Main Street. Opp. Baptist Church.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

We Serve SPECIAL MEALS for
Parties at All Times.

R. L. MORRIS

The Jeweler Who Pleases

It is the Popular Place

408

MAIN STREET

The Palace Confectionery

WHERE STUDENTS GO

To Enjoy Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets
Park Row and State Street

STUDENTS CAN FIND A FULL LINE OF
New and Second-Hand Books and School Supplies

Of All Kinds at Lowest Prices

427 Park Place. **T. J. Smith & Co.**

Students !

Have you noticed the pictures of the K. K. K. Basket Ball team, made by us, in this issue? We specialize on fine photographs, individually, and all kinds of groups. See us before having pictures of your ball teams, county delegations, etc. We sell Kodaks and Kodak Films, and do Kodak finishings.

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Home Phone 212

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Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Co.

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LARGEST DRUG STORE !

STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

THE SEASON OF 1914 HAS BEEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ONE
in our NINETEEN years experience

It is a mere matter of History now, but emergency calls
will continue to come in each month throughout the year.

"Let's Keep in Touch"

CONTINENTAL

Teachers' Agency (Incorporated) Bowling Green, Ky.

W. O. TOY | **S. B. DUNCAN**

THE PARK ROW

BARBER!

Everything Sanitary

Students Welcome!

The Grocer

Thirteenth Street

Good Clean Groceries

See Him

Miss Flora Ray, of Graves County

Miss Ray graduated from the Bowling Green Business University last July and was offered two good places in Ohio high schools. She started on a salary of \$80 a month for the first year, with a promise of a liberal increase for the second year. Miss Ray is well known in Graves county, and also here in Bowling Green. She is to be



congratulated upon her brilliant beginning in her new field of activity.

J. S. BROWN
EDITOR

ASSOCIATES
LOTTIE McCLURE
NETTIE LAYMAN
M. E. HAROLDSON
LUCY BOOTH
ORLANDO MAGNESS

W. J. CRAIG
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Anderson

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.

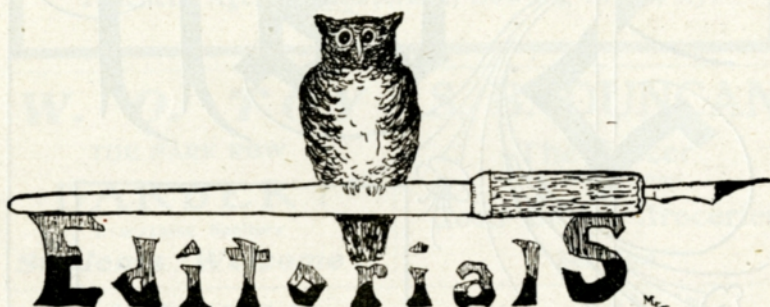
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VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1914

NO. 1



HOWDY

After a vacation which we hope was a joy and delight to every weary and careworn soul, THE ELEVATOR wishes to shake hands with all its old readers and say, How do you do? Glad to see you looking so well! That pale, wan face you wore last spring, after that year of "strenuous and conscientious" work has now changed to the ruddy glow of a July peach—that great big peach way up in the top of the tree with his smiling face toward the morning sun. And we are glad after this refreshing vacation that so many of you have taken up your work with that ever-conquering determination to turn over bricks that have never been turned, to tear up old stumps that have long hindered progress in your various fields of action, and to create and maintain the sentiment for higher ideals and better living.

We know you are doing these things all over the State,

THE ELEVATOR

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and THE ELEVATOR is coming to you once each month with as much of the old-time enthusiastic spirit of loyalty and good-will as may be conveyed within its covers.

OUR PAPER

"Behind every great achievement is a great human soul."

This is no new statement to readers of THE ELEVATOR, but may we now take the privilege of modifying that statement so as to make it read: Behind every great student paper is a great student-body, lending not only its moral and intellectual support, but also its material aid.

THE ELEVATOR has always had a very great number of the most loyal and enthusiastic supporters—such support as none other than Normal people can give; but the "Push THE ELEVATOR Spirit" might be greater. It should be unanimous. Any student who fails to subscribe for his school paper does himself an injustice, for if the paper fails, he receives his proportionate share of the disgrace or, if it succeeds brilliantly, he receives a proportional part of the credit, either case being an injustice to him.

It is the purpose of this article to direct a part of the great unanimous spirit of Normalism toward THE ELEVATOR, which is the one in-taker, unifier and out-giver of the highest sentiments expressed by the great student-body of which it is a product.

We know that THE ELEVATOR has progressed with the progression of time, since its beginning, but, we also know that Normalites will never be satisfied until our paper is undisputably the best school paper in the Southland. That's the goal. That's the ideal. Shall we reach it? We have the ambition, we have the intellect. So let's all get aboard THE ELEVATOR and when the goal it reached and the victory won, we shall all share in the glory.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

It is the purpose of the managers of THE ELEVATOR to add a new department entitled "Echoes from the Field." In

this department we hope to publish a number of short, compact, unified paragraphs from Normal students who are in the field, and know something they would like to pass around to the other fellow.

The purpose of this new department is to keep intact and keep alive that great spirit of brotherhood which is so magnificently manifested among students of the Western Normal. As a secondary reason we know that many good and unique things are being done by Normal people all over the State, and we trust through this department in THE ELEVATOR to spread these good things broadcast. So it is to be hoped that no one will allow their modesty to prevent them from giving us the benefit of any good thing they are doing in the field of education. It is only a matter of co-operation. So let us hear from you.

—○—
OUR ADS

It is to your interest to read and note carefully the advertisements in THE ELEVATOR.

—○—
DISCOVERED

The most mysterious and yet the best known thing in all the world is that something which makes one individual a success, and the lack of which makes another individual a failure—all other things being equal.

We are sure that Pres. Cherry has searched the heavens above and the earth and the waters below to find a name for that peculiar, individualistic possession without which one is doomed to failure, and yet the closest he has ever come to it is "That other thing."

Of course, we all know what he means by "That other thing," yet we have long yearned for a definite name—a name that we can understand as we understand the word "character," or "morality," or "courtesy." But until recently we have yearned in vain. Necessity is the mother of discovery, however, as well as invention. So, while searching the unknown fields of Western Kentucky during

vacation, Prof. R. P. Green discovered the undiscoverable word of the centuries.

How he restrained himself until the opening term of the Normal, we do not know, but we suppose that he desired to make known his great discovery to Kentucky's greatest audience, and so at the second chapel exercise of the year—mid the rapture of souls and the clapping of hands he announced to the world that henceforth and forever "That other thing" should be known as "Spizzerinktum."

—○—
OPENING

It is said that a good beginning is half the fight. If that is true, the Normal has just begun its most successful year. The term opened with an enrollment a little over that of the same term last year, and with the greatest school-spirit we have ever had. It makes no difference if the dogs of war do devastate the plains of Europe, or if crops are short and the cost of living high, or, if pessimists do stand around the corners and growl at the world, the Western Normal still goes marching on along the road of progress.

—○—
WE'RE BACK

There's something doing on Normal Height,
We're back!
Don't ask *why*, but trust to your sight;
Follow us in our upward flight,
We're back!

There are standards to raise a peg or two,
We're back!
Don't ask *how*, but that we will do
Soon you'll see it flash into view,
We're back!

With an earnest throng that will keep the trust,
We're back!

Don't say "new"—they're now one of us—
Clay like our clay, and dust like our dust;
We're back!

And the best, the teachers with fire are here;
They're back!
They are ones to love and to cheer
As they start us off in our career;
They're back!

NETTIE LAYMAN.

—oOo—
The Earthling
—

One day an earthworm was crawling along in the dust in his earthworm way, thinking his earthworm thoughts, when a lark sitting in a rose-bush overhead began singing. The earthworm looked up. It was the first time in all his life that he had ever looked toward the sky, and when he saw the blue heavens, the glorious sun, the green trees and the beckoning flowers, he was dissatisfied and discontented with his lot. He longed for the heights where the skylark soared, and he said in his earthworm soul, "I will gain those heights. I will. I will. All of my friends go through life with their feet upon the earth, their eyes blinded by its dust, but I was born for higher things. I will fly as the lark does."

Now, it happened that he had heard of an earthworm school several days' journey away, and thither he went.

"Can you teach me to fly?" he asked the professors. They held a consultation. They taught science, history and literature, but never before had there been a call for the subject of flying. "Yes," they told him, after much debating, "we can teach you to fly."

So here for four long earthworm years the earthworm strove diligently to master the rudiments of the science and art of flying. It was slow work, though, for the professors taught on by precept.

At last came a day when the professors said, "You are now ready to fly," and led him up a tall blade of grass, placed wings upon him and told him to fly. The earthworm leaped, and fell wounded and bleeding on the ground below.

"The foolish fellow did not follow directions," cried the professors. "We told him to flap his right wing, and he flapped his left. Serves him right," and they left him.

As the earthworm, after moaning and gasping for several hours, arose and turned his face homeward, a lark flew by overhead. "Ha! dreamer," she called, "still trying to fly?"

"No," said the earthworm, "I have found wisdom. If I were a bird, I would fly; but though in my dreams I soar in ethereal heights, I am earth-born and must forever crawl."

—oOo—



LITERARY.

—
*THE THIRTY-SEVENTH DEMISE OF HERLOCK
BONES*
—

Herlock Bones and Batson were together in the weird little room on Baker Street. Outside, the traditional London fog (see any page of any book by an English author) fogged ahead. From the street came the monotonous call of a fish-monger, "Fresh 'alibut from 'Alifax." Inside the room a gas light flickered uneasily. Batson was reading a monograph from the Bureau of Public Health published under

the caption of "Quinine versus Chills." Bones languidly thumbed the pages of a current magazine. Suddenly he brought himself together with a jerk.

"Doggonit!" he exclaimed. "Look here, Batson, what the Era has done; sandwiched my Critique on Cross Sections of Cigarette Smoke in between Bribery at the Polls, and Sam Johnsing's Last Stand, instead of running it as a headliner, like they promised. They shall rue this, Batson, and dearly."

Walking nervously across the room he opened a cabinet and took out a violin from which issued presently the exotic strains of Alexander's Rag-Time Band. After the third stanza he put away the instrument.

"Batson," he commanded, "compound me some dope, and load up the needle. I am distraught."

"Si, Senor," acquiesced Batson, getting busy.

The hypodermic soothed Bones' ragged nerves, and he settled back in his chair with a sigh of contentment. "This is fine, Batson," he said. "My wits are working, now. For instance, a man has turned from the street into the stairway. He is fat and pompous, and has one sock on wrong side out. Also, he is in trouble. He is now at the door. Let him in, Batson."

Batson had become so accustomed to this sort of thing that this time he did not exclaim, "Wonderful!" but opened the door without a word. There stood a man.

"Come in, Your Lordship," invited Bones without turning around. "Batson, rustle up something alcoholic. It was a long cold drive from Perkins Castle here, not to mention having had to repair a puncture on the north side of a muddy hill, and running over a brindle dog belonging to a red-headed farmer who runs a dairy."

"Absolutely unbelievable, but true!" gasped the visitor. "How could you tell?"

"Easily, easily," replied the imperturbed detective. "The system of deduction I employed in this instance is fully described in my recent book, *The Seventeenth Method of Rea-*

soning Out Things. But sit down, Your Lordship, and relate your tale of woe. Is she really woozy about the young buck?"

"Zounds!" ejaculated the man, his eyes bulging. "But I shall tell you all. I am Sir Ethelred Strathmere of Perkins Castle. I have a daughter, Sibylline, eighteen years old. She is a senior in Brier Cross Academy. In her class is a youth of twenty, Broke Boling. You will recall that recently a troupe of American ball players exhibited in England. The country is now all agog over baseball. The senior class of Brier Cross attended one of the games, and my daughter has developed a case of idiotic fanaticism over the sport. Young Boling has been chosen pitcher for the team which was recently organized at the Academy. This blessed couple seems to have become filled with the conviction that they are soul mates, and you can guess the results. For certain reasons I disapprove of Boling, and have tried with all means within my power to break off the match, but to all appearances I have utterly failed. I have heard of your wonderful ability, and have come to London to solicit your assistance in bringing this affair to an end. Can you, will you help me?"

"You have acted wisely in coming to me. Return on Friday, the Thirteenth, and we shall see what we shall see. Come at 3.13 p.m., and bring with you a small bottle of oil of cloves."

"Thank you, thank you! With your help everything will be well. In the meantime, here is a thousand pound note."

Haughtily refusing, Bones ushered his visitor out. "Batson," he demanded, when the door had closed, "pack my disguises and microscopes in my portmanteau, and run over and rent my favorite bloodhound. This case attracts my attention." So saying, he stepped behind a screen from which he emerged shortly, a living picture of Hans Wagner.

At 3.10 p.m., of Friday the Thirteenth, Bones and Batson again sat in the little room. The detective's face was

seamed and furrowed as with deep care. His expression was that of hopelessness. At 3.13 he looked toward the door. "Hist!" he said.

Batson histed silently. "He is coming," continued Bones. "He has had a tooth filled, and has changed laundries." The door opened and Lord Strathmere strode into the room.

"Tell me, have you succeeded?" he asked of Bones.

Bones winced visibly. "I am afraid I have not. I have tried all the systems from Bertillon to Montessori, and all of them have failed. This is one thing that can't be done, eh, Batson?"

"Well," said Batson, meekly, "perhaps you could bribe the Coach to leave Boling off the ball team."

With a wild whoop of joy Lord Strathmere broke for the door, reaching toward his hip pocket for his wallet as he ran.

Haggard of countenance, Bones took a bottle of clear liquid from a shelf, and charged his hypodermic. Then baring his arm he shot the needle home.

"Batson," he said, with reproach in his voice, "that was distilled water, the deadliest poison known to modern science. I cannot bear the disgrace of being foiled, and by you, Batson."

The great detective fell lifeless to the floor, and, *for the time being*, was no more.

—oOo—

In the Realm of Fancy.

THE MIND THE KINGDOM IS

On the island of Now, that lies in the ocean of Eternity halfway between the continents of Yesterday and To-morrow, is located the kingdom over which I am ruler. This kingdom is divided into three provinces, and in each I have had a palace built by that most famous and skillful of all architects, Imagination. In the territory of Hope, which stretches along the eastern shore, is situated the Tower of

Fancy; in the adjoining state of Thought, which lies in the central part of the island, is erected the Fortress of Resolve; and in the province of Memory, which borders the western sea, stands the Castle of Reverie.

These palaces are sumptuously furnished, but the Tower of Fancy surpasses the others with rare and costly grandeur, for its pictures, vases, statues, musical instruments, books, and everything contained in its vast halls, were imported from the land of To-morrow. Yet I love more the Castle of Reverie, although its curtains and tapestries are worn and faded, its portraits and silver candlesticks are aged-dimmed and tarnished (for they were brought over years and years ago from the ancient country of Yesterday). I seldom dwell in the Fortress of Resolve, for there is too little luxury and splendor in it; only when my empire is threatened by foes do I retreat into its stronghold.

Scientific folk tell me that a storm may overthrow the lofty Tower of Fancy; that the white fogs which blow in from the ocean about the Castle of Reverie are unhealthful; and advise me to remain ever in the Fortress of Resolve, where alone, they say, is safety. But I scorn their counsel; and I will watch the sunrise from the high windows of my eastern tower, and behold the twilight mists and evening stars from the balconies of my western castle, as long as I rule over the kingdom located on the island of Now, that lies in the ocean of Eternity halfway between the continents of Yesterday and To-morrow.

—oOo—

THE GARDEN OF THE GOLDEN BEES

LUCY H. BOOTH

In the center of a limitless wood,—where the shadowed, cool, everquiet forest heart had been plucked out—there was a garden of light. Yellow roses rioted in it, the air above it was clotted with swarms of golden bees, a bird of yellow sheen sang through its silence, and a girl with hair

of drifted sunlight walked in its paths. One day a masked robber rode through the wood, and his flying horse's hoofs cut the moss from the rocks and struck out fiery sparks. Flames sprang up and clutched the trees with red hands. When night came, a slow, sorrowful rain beat out the fire,—too late.

The robber came back in gray winter, when snow was swirling through the trees, wrapping a white shroud about the blackened forest. There, where the garden had been, where the yellow roses had scattered petals, where the golden bees had winged their flight, where the nest of the bird of yellow sheen hung empty, he knelt upon a grave. And the snow fell and a shudder on his dark, bowed head, while the wind cried aloud among the dead, maimed trees.

—oOo—

THE AFTERGLOW

LUCY H. BOOTH

When the wimpled water-mirror .
 Holds the after-glow of sunset,
 When above the rippled river
 Gleams the high, white star of evening,
 Burns the lovers' star of twilight,—
 When the nomad wind comes, restless,
 Up the dimming sunset river—
 Up the shadow-woven river
 Like a shimmering scarf of silk—
 Shimmering scarf of rose-stained silk;
 When the twilight grays the cornfields—
 Grays the river-cliffs and cornfields,
 When the restless, nomad nightwind
 Loiters, and a lone wild dove's cry
 Thrills the tranquil dusk with yearning,
 Rises, plaintive, pensive, longing,
 To the wistful, tremulous star,—
 (Oh, the dove-call and the starlight!)
 Then—ah, then—I remember you!

Nathan Zwick

In the little town of Auburnville, on the Scioto River, where I visited some years ago, there was nothing extraordinary—just the common little town—save one spot—one pair of congenial souls. Old they were with heads silvered by the passing decades, but as they slowly walked out in the cool shades, late in the day, to watch the last robin of the evening as he flitted hither and thither o'er the little meadow just back of their home or, as they sat in front of their vine-clad cottage door while the shadows of night gathered round them and the perfume from the honeysuckle and the rose drifted in the stillness of the twilight to stimulate the pervading atmosphere of love, they were one.

As I saw more of them, my interest grew. What was that "accident"? and how had it affected these now old but pleasant companions?

It was only after a week's persistent effort that I gathered the threads for the following story:

It was on an evening when the soft rays of a shivering moon sifted down through the branches of a dark tall pine, and through the little openings of the full-blown maple trees, when the sturdy pine was unshaken by the cool, gentle breeze that set the maple leaves to quivering, and sprinkled the dark earth below with spots of silvery light from the dancing moonbeams, that Zola Zwick sat upon the doorstep of her cottage, waiting for the return of her husband. Zola was a splendid and beautiful girl. Her long, wavy, golden hair, her large, loving eyes, her pearly teeth, her easy, erect form, her clothing spotless as snow, and her plain but dignified conduct won for her great admiration and respect. But now as she sat in the tender light of the evening moon, and the twinkling stars looked down upon her quiet form, she dreamed only of him, his happiness, and her soul yearned only for means to please him. Just a word of love, just a word of praise—even a look of appreciation, from

him, was to her a sweet compensation for a day of toil and loneliness.

His step she heard, and quickly skipping out to the little gate, she took his coat and dinner pail, and as she slipped her arm through his she exclaimed: "I am so glad you have come. I have been waiting for a long time. You must be a little late."

His only reply was, "Is supper ready?"

Now, Nathan Zwick was a strong, sturdy man, with an earnest, determined face, black hair and dark brown, somewhat dull eyes. His friends called him a plain, practical business man. He had risen from the owner of a little saw mill to a considerable dealer in lumber, and he took great pride in the fact that he was not nonsensical, fadistical, nor cranky.

As this was Saturday night, Zola had made a special effort in the arrangement of the supper—suffice it to say that in the middle of the small dining table, she had placed a large bouquet of beautiful roses—her husband's choicest flower—and to give him a little surprise she had put under Nathan's plate four little cookies prepared with greatest care. But Nathan made no comment on the bouquet and he gulped down the cookies as though they were the commonest, everyday things, while Zola, appearing unconcerned, placed the rest of the supper on the table. In her disappointment she did not speak for some time. Nathan seldom talked save when spoken to, so that the only conversation during most of the supper hour was the occasional mew of Nathan's cat under the table, and his reply by dropping the squawler something to eat. But toward the end of the meal Zola asked, as though a new idea had come to her:

"Nathan, are we going to paint our house this spring? All the neighbors are, and ours will look bad if we don't paint it."

"I guess some of these neighbors had better be putting something in their houses instead of so much on the outside," replied Nathan, rather coolly.

When supper had been cleared away, Zola went into the little parlor to find her husband, as usual, very much interested in the newspaper, so that the only word spoken was at bedtime when Nathan said:

"I see the Milwaukee Lumber Company is in need of a large shipment of stuff. I think I shall make them an offer."

The Sabbath morning brought a warm sun, a clear blue sky with here and there a bit of floating cloud, while the green leaves nodded in the passing zephyr. The long-drawn-out ding-dong of the church bells floated away on the gentle breeze and the echo from the distant hills returned to mingle in confusion with the outgoing sound. Zola was to sing in church that day, and Nathan knew it, but when her sweet, captivating voice stirred her audience to an ecstasy of love and deepest sympathy, and the soft, sacred tones of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," drifted out of the little windows to blend with the music in the trees, she knew that the one, for whose admiration she lived, was not there.

But something occurred just as she was leaving the church that filled her with enthusiastic hope, and she could hardly wait until she reached home to tell Nathan. She found him dozing in an easy chair, with the Sunday paper across his lap.

"Oh, Nathan," she said, joyously, "you can't guess what I heard at church a moment ago."

"You heard the preacher, I guess," yawned Nathan.

"Oh, yes; but I heard something else," continued Zola.

"What?" he asked, with more interest.

"Why, Mrs. Marshall told me that two or three families on our street were going out to Lake Hereford about the middle of August for a week's outing, and she invited us to go with them, and we'll go, won't we, dear?" suggested Zola, as she seated herself upon the arm of his chair and placed her soft hand on his shoulder.

He sank back into the chair, and without looking into Zola's longing eyes, he answered:

"I have an order to fill about that time, and I'm afraid I can't go."

"Well, may I go for a day or two? Brother Charlie is going, and we could have such a nice time," Zola inquired, as she pressed a little harder on his shoulder.

"Can't you wait till next year?" he asked. "Maybe I won't be so busy, then."

She made no reply, but soon slipped away into the kitchen.

The monotonous grind of the next few weeks seemed to tell somewhat on Zola, but her persevering devotion was ever the same, and on one Friday morning after a restless night of dreams, a morning when a warm mist hid the landscape round about, and dark clouds hung low to drape the distant hills, she felt a peculiar sense of fear or dread, and as she handed Nathan his dinner pail she said softly:

"Be careful, to-day, dear. You know the logs and lumber will be slippery."

But Nathan took the pail without seeming to hear. He was always rather daring and careless.

On this morning he was told by his men that a certain large stack of lumber had settled in the soaked earth on one side and was likely to fall. The lumber must be thrown from the top to prevent a crash, but the men wavered, and Nathan rather impatiently started for the top himself, and in his rashness he did not feel that great stack quivering and giving way under his weight.

Many days later he opened his eyes to find Zola, with all the tenderness, beauty, and love of an angel, bending over him. He closed them again, fell into a deep sleep and the old physician shook his head doubtfully. But when the Eastern horizon, emblazoned by the approaching light of day, heralded the first morn of August, Nathan with bandaged head and pale, thin cheeks, sat propped in his bed, and as his long, bony arms found their way about the shoulders of Zola, he drew her nearer him as he said, in words full of tenderness and love:

"Sweetheart, when I am a little better, we are going out to the Lake for a *whole* week."

He drew her close to his heart—a red ray of light burst in at the open window, and all darkness disappeared from the little cottage near the Scioto.

—oOo—

THE TO-MORROW, A MIRAGE

A stranger paused at my lonely home
And a wonderful story told
Of a land that was not distant—
It was marvelous to behold.

For this fair land of the heart's desire
He had traveled the weary miles,
And he'd thought he'd found it often
In the beauty of sunny isles.

But then the sunlight grew faded
Or a frost chilled the laughing air.
He had failed in the past, but surely,
He was reaching that land so rare.

He left as twilight approached the woods,
And I thought I'd see him no more;
But when years, slow, had passed away,
Why, he rested again at my door.

"I'm searching still for that magical land,
For it lies just beyond that mountain,
To the left of that leaping, dancing stream,
And the path winds around to that fountain."

News

FROM A FLOURISHING HEATH

September 7, 1914.

Christopher Columbus, alias W. L. Matthews, left the mother shore of the Normal for the new continents of education, with all hands on deck ready for action. Crew as follows:

Miss Minnie Mae Sweets, First Mate.

Miss Grace Vass, Second Mate.

Mrs. Mary Tanner, Boatswain.

Mrs. Clara Crowe, Boatswain.

Miss Kate Clagett, Cabinboy.

Miss Mattie Edmunds, Chief Musician.

The Normal colony is flourishing, and if Dr. Kinnaman could enter the chapel door, like the old woman in Mother Goose, he would rub his eyes and cry, "Lack a mercy on me, this is never I," for the chapel is a miniature of Vanmeter Hall, even down to the bulletin-board. The Dean would feel a pang of home-sickness on hearing the after-chapel calls, or "Do not stand in the halls," and the strains of "America" limping half a yard behind the director's beat.

As for work there is just as much, and some more, as there is at the Normal. Mr. Matthews was heard to tell one of the teachers that a well-known business man of Livermore had requested that the present faculty be hired three years straight, whereupon this teacher remarked dryly that she was sure it must have been the undertaker.

But really and truly "cross my heart and hope I may die" things are just splendid here. There was enough inspiration in Mr. Matthews' first chapel speech to last eight months.

You know our Principal is one of our crew, and the others are better than the ones you know, but I'll tell you one thing right now, you don't know our board. Livermore has the best, finest and most enthusiastic school board in West-

ern Kentucky. If I should give you the complete category of the good things we have here, including our beautiful building, nice patrons and brilliant pupils, you would all be so homesick for teaching you would do something awful—well, cut chapel, maybe.

Remember us as a hardy, flourishing branch of the Normal, and of course we are striving to be that type of branch that shall bring forth good fruit. ONE OF THE CREW.

The readers of THE ELEVATOR will be delighted to learn that Prof. A. L. Crabb, of Louisville, has consented to continue his "Concerning" articles to THE ELEVATOR, and his first article will be in the November issue and continue throughout the year.

"Training School News" will be a regular department beginning with the November issue.

Well, Glasgow Junction is on the map. The Normal spirit is in the air, and J. W. Vance and B. C. Walton are the cause. The boys put their heads together to get a library. They gave an entertainment and cleared sixty-two dollars. J. W. gave ten and B. C. five, making seventy-seven dollars in all, enough to start a good little library.

Well, what of it? We knew Vance and Walton would do just such work.

—oO—

FRIENDSHIP

Who has not heard some pessimistic grumbler complain that friends are hard to find in time of need; that true friendship exists only in some one's dreams? Of course, we do not believe it is true, but let us consider for a moment what it is. Whose fault is it? Simply that of the one who has failed us?

First, we must distinguish between friends and acquaintances. Probably you and Mary Jones have been exchanging

Christmas gifts for years. It may be, and often is, one of a dozen reasons other than friendship that prompts you to do it. You may gossip together, shop together, be members of the same "set" at school, or share the same room, and yet be nothing but mere acquaintances.

And that, you say, is a friend? A friend is so many things that it would be impossible to name them all. A friend understands you, trusts you, is ready always either to sympathize or praise, is equally willing to give help or to receive it, loves you for your faults and not in spite of them.

To get all these things—of inestimable value, all of them—you must pay for what you get. Not with dollars and cents must you pay, not with outside attentions, not with outward show and public demonstration; but, of yourself, of the best that is in you. If one whom we have considered a friend fails us, let us look within, for there may lie the cause.

To him who gives to others, that which he hath given shall be returned to him, increased in value an hundredfold.

N. VANCELEAVE.

—oOo—

HE CAME; HE DARED; HE CONQUERED

These are trying days for the fellow that has very marked propensities for athletic feats, and an insatiable desire to place high on fame's gilded scroll his name as one who came, and dared, and conquered. The days are of that quality, sometimes, for reasons long buried beneath the antiquities and traditions of the good old times, designated as Indian Summer. The good old earth has lost much of her heat and passion aroused by the sun asserting in a very positive manner his right to drop his perpendicular ray upon the poor, defenseless old Tropic of Cancer, and to investigate the existing labor conditions of the ice plants in the polar regions. The cool, crisp air possesses an element unknown to chemical science that sets the blood tingling as

it courses its way through the veins, and the mind thinning of a time hidden behind a veil of future's impenetrable mysteries when another name will demand the homage and respect due the hero of the hour. From a field not far away comes a call with such force that to resist its voice would utterly distract the most matter-of-fact, accept-it-as-it-comes, mind, this side of the Great Divide. Such are the forces that beard the would-be aspirant to athletical fame in his most solemn sanctuary and escort him out the back door, and across the commons to the park, where many laurels have been won and lost in the past. Here he finds congenial companionship, and here is the beginning of this—story (?).

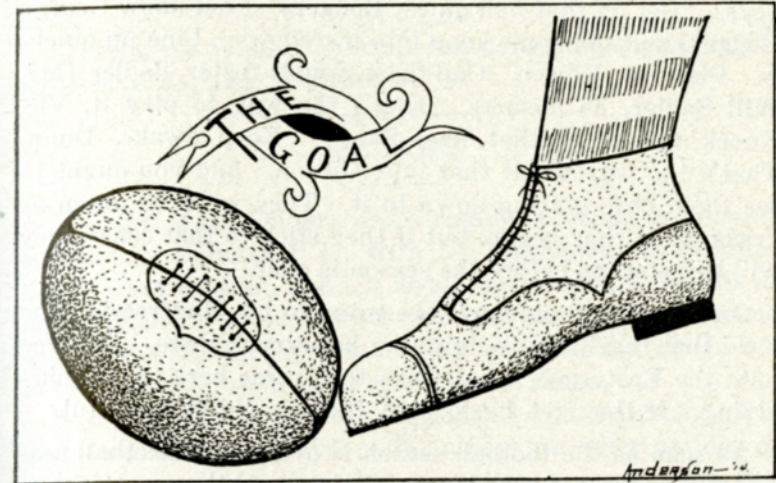
To begin with, he came. Nothing so remarkable in that, oh, no. But leap not to a hasty conclusion, ye who have no faith in the intricate problems involved in the process of logical reasoning, for there is eminent danger of your being precipitated upon the rocks of an imperfect syllogism. He came. Impelled by a vivid imagination that deserved shorter working hours, and a pair of legs that disdained the acquaintance of mere fatigue, he dashed upon the field. Something to his coming, oh, yes. There was much of the spirit that impels men to dare to risk their all and defy the enemy to destroy their fortifications of strength and self-confidence and wrest the laurels from their grasp.

He dared. Oh, yes, and had he not dared he might have justly been branded as a sort of hypocritical coward that had not the grit and backbone to make good his false pretenses. He dared and in daring proved that he had had instilled into him that spirit that leads men to dare anything and everything to accomplish through honorable means the feats of strength and genuine manhood that will win for his team the much-coveted laurels. Fearless to the heart, he dare to flaunt the flag of defiance before his teacher of rhetoric and then accept unflinchingly and without the faintest sign of a protest his grades at greatly reduced rates on the theme counter. Being so thoroughly imbued with the spirit to excel he, by his daring and persistent and determined ef-

forts to achieve renown and glory, he has won the admiration of all who delight in the achievement of the well-rounded athlete.

He came; he dared; he conquered. Not he alone, but as one of his fellow-athletes, he conquered. Hurrah! the foe is vanquished, the victory his. But it isn't his alone, for while he was daring, and while he was conquering, he was ably supported by an invisible though powerful influence, the spirit that dominated his companions. His victory was their victory, and their victory, his. Each was bound to the other with a spiritual chain that was absolutely unbreakable. This is the thing that makes the success of the athletic team so nearly the same as success in every other field of endeavor. It is that which brings the grandstand to its feet when one of its friends has scored a feature play and inspires silent admiration for the opponent who succeeds in defeating its favorites. He came; he dared; he conquered. His was a spirit of fairness to all and favors to none. It was a spirit that led him to fight with all his might, but to fight fairly and honorably. True to the spirit of pure athletics, he detested all that might be tainted with unfairness or dishonor. His was not the spirit of the athlete alone. It was more, it was the spirit of life.

*Have you read the "Ads" in The Elevator?
If not, read them now.*



Athletics

He's little, but in the language of us country lads, "He's around here." It's the new Physical Director I'm speaking of.

There is always something new and up to date happening here, but we Normalites never know much about it until it is just ready to happen. So it was at the opening of the term, there was a new somebody way back on the last seat of faculty row. We were all wondering what it meant, but when chapel was over, President Cherry informed us that it was the Physical Director. But coming to the point, the thing I wish to say to the readers of THE ELEVATOR is, that there never has been such a spirit of athletics in this institution as at the present time.

The football is on in earnest, and the tennis courts are swarmed in the afternoons with girls and boys. To watch the football practice is to gain inspiration. Listen to the coach talk to those big fellows (coach is what the football boys call the Physical Director). The members of the faculty call him Mr. Arthur. Here's the way he talks to the

boys: "Get on that ball quick, Rodgers" (you know George Rodgers). "Get some snap into it, fellows. Line up quickly. Play low, Vincen. Call them signals faster, Sadler (Mr. Will Sadler, he means). That's the way to play it, Vic. Knock a hole in that line, Sandy. Keep awake, Dunn. That's the way to hit that line, Gibson," and you ought to see them boys getting down to it. They were all green as grass when they began, but if they stick to that coach they will be veterans before the season is over.

On October 10 our boys are going to hit Murfreesboro so hard that they'll think lightning has struck them. But woe unto the Eastern Normal when they come here on Thanksgiving. If they get away alive, they *should* be thankful.

As soon as the football season is over the basketball season will begin, for both boys and girls, and the coach is predicting great interest and activity in this game.

A large supply of gymnastic equipment has been ordered. Indoor exercises are to be given at regular hours, and soon we expect to see some great gymnastic classes. Besides this, our coach is to organize a class for all who desire instruction in games suitable for schools of all kinds. We are beginning to realize that a great factor in school work is the play-ground, and it is expected that this class will be attended with great interest. Also, quite a supply of play-ground equipment has been ordered for the Training School, and Mr. Arthur will give a great deal of instruction in these playground activities.

Probably the greatest athletic feat of the year will be field day, which is to be held in the spring. Mr. Arthur is a specialist in track athletics and has won a number of medals in this line. He expects the greatest field day in the history of the institution next spring.

In regard to baseball, a number of our old players are already here, and that always looks good to us. Jimmie Jones and Atherton would make a pretty good team by themselves, and with the Director that we have, it is to be expected that

the Western Normal will wallop everything it meets this year.

All told, the Western Normal has never had such a bright outlook in the field of athletics.

—oOo—

SENIORS

The ship of the Seniors was formally launched in Room H on Friday, September 11, with Dr. Kinnaman as captain; Prof. Green as pilot, and the loyal, hard-working Seniors as passengers and crew, and we feel that our ship is safe and will be steered through the shoals and shallows of N. P.'s P. W's and land with all at graduation's morn.

Believing that it was the high ideals of the Greek people that enabled them to rise so far above the other nations of her time; and realizing that no nation or people can rise higher than their ideals, the Seniors have determined to "establish bonds of closer fellowship, enlarge our education and economic usefulness, encourage exact and unified thinking, give opportunities for higher social enjoyments, prepare for certain victory in all mental and physical contests, to maintain the standard set by all previous classes, and to set the standard for all future classes."

Following are the names of the Senior Class:

C. W. Anderson, Carl Adams, I. L. Arnold, Vivian Brame, Leslie Brown, Mary Barret, F. G. Burd, Lelah Bowen, J. S. Brown, Mary Brown, Eva Belle Becker, Lucy Hays Booth, Louise Carson, Cassie Cotner, Josephine Drake, Estelle Drake, G. H. England, Addie K. Eskridge, Mary Watson Green, Jessie Hawthorne, J. B. Hutson, Eulah Hester, Beulah Hester, Nell Chloe Hardin, Cassie Hammond, Mary Holton, Martha Holton, Nella Hancock, Nannie Hicks, Margaret Henderson, Pearl Jordon, Lela Keown, Nettie Layman, J. H. Lawrence, Bradley Logan, Mrs. J. H. Lloyd, Emma Luttrell, Jennie V. Leake, Lyda Mae Lewis, Heber Lewis, Orlando Magness, Lillie Meador, Metta Mathis, F. V. McChesney, Anna McCluskey, Essie Myers, Lottie McClure,

THE ELEVATOR

Belle Potter, Otis Mae Procter, E. N. Pusey, Mabel Percy, Herbert Rebarker, Guy Robertson, Lily Mae Rogers, George T. Robinson, Will Sadler, Lizzie L. Shaw, Goldie Shanahan, Victor Strahm, Mary Lee Smith, Lizzie Sertell, Zoma Lee Scearce, Ruth Stephens, J. H. Sweeney, I. S. Vau Casovic, W. P. White, Estelle Woosley, Nellie Wand, Pattie Allen, Ivie G. Walker, Haskel Miller, J. D. Falls, Edna Akers and Emily Barry.

—oOo—

THE JUNIORS

The Junior Society has been organized, with Prof. Craig as leader, and we hear from authentic sources that they are as usual, a very strong body of students. The Juniors always give the Seniors a hard fight for the honors in all contests, and it is expected that they will maintain their high standing and go a little beyond during this year. All it takes is the spirit, and the Juniors have it.

—oOo—

THE KIT-KAT KLUB

The Kit-Kat Klub, one of the live elements in the Literary Society circles, of our school, organized on September 11th with an enrollment of forty-six. Miss Reid, the director, was encouraged in her vision of the year's work by the large number composing the Sophomore Class; by the evidences of "good material," and by the enthusiasm manifested. Each year the Kit-Kat Klub does a definite line of work in a characteristic way. This year will be no exception. The ideal, for this work, is for the *best* in each member to be developed through sympathy, loyalty, enthusiasm and work; and for this *best* to express itself through effective speaking, attentive listening, and gracious manners. As the enrollment, at the beginning of the year is, usually, not one-half that of the mid-winter term, it is gratifying to anticipate the growth and development of thi class.

The present members of the Kit-Kat Klub are: Misses

THE ELEVATOR

Grace Anderson, Bertha Allen, Emma Allbritten, Louise Adams, Vera Brewer, Pearl Basham, Frances Covington, Nell Dixon, Mellie Dixon, Emma Daughtry, Maggie Ellis, Jennie Gibson, Edith Garst, Sarah Hendricks, Ira Jackson, Naneye Johnson, Addie Leet, Sue Layson, Gertrude Mason, Beulah Morgan, Nina Murray, Ethyl Morton, Eva Morton, Vera Russell, Joe Wood, Anna Brown, Martha Randall, and Mrs. Hodgencamp; and Messrs. Arthur Bell, Homer Farris, S. S. Hodgencamp, Jerry Hudnall, C. Livingston, Clarence Likens, Jess Runner, Ray Stewart, Freeman Salmon, Rhea White, Carlie Winchester, Garnett Bryan, Matthew Vincent, Graham Hollis, O. L. Chaney, and Misses Beulah and Nina Reeves.

—oOo—

THE LOYALS

The Loyal Society, under Prof. Connor Ford, has been organized, and is doing some splendid work.

—oOo—

THE APPEAL TO THE CLASS OF '15

In the English tongue there is not a symbol which signifies more than the word regret. When we think of our former friends who have graduated from the W. K. S. N. S., we experience a sense of sorrow that lingers long and painfully in our bosoms. There are none who have not felt its potency; no age escapes it, and such will ever be the case as long as it is human to err. But as pain and grief are the sentinels which guard the life and health of the body, so it is regret which keeps conscience alive in man and sustains the moral faculties in the discharging of duty.

We are sot responsible for the mistake which all former classes made in graduating before the class of '15, yet for them we feel the keenest sense of regret because it is not theirs to enjoy the richness, the enthusiasm, the loyalty and the genuine flow of a most highly developed class spirit coming from the aspiring hearts of seventy-five noble young

men and women who have already enlisted in our ranks. No human being recognizes and appreciates more thoroughly the merit and efficiency of former classes than we, but it is to be regretted that they are not able to be a part of this epoch-making class of '15.

In the language of the philosopher, "A word to the wise is enough." We wish to make an appeal to all those in the field, who have any aspirations of completing the Normal course, to enlist with us and become a part of this distinguished class, otherwise you will not avail yourselves of the greatest opportunity that has ever presented itself.

Regret is the heart's sorrow for past offenses and negligences, the soul's prompting to better actions. Have you ever stood by the grave of a misspent life, and been compelled to remember how much happier that soul might have been which is now asleep to opportunity?

Let us remember that those who are now living may soon be spiritually dead. We need you. You need us. Stop, think, decide, come and be one of us.

—oOo—

THE FRESHIE'S GROANS

Everything is strange and lonesome,
All I do is sigh and moan;
Such a mux-up in the buildings
I ist wish that I wuz home.

'Fesser Green talks "spizzerinctum,"
And I hear "That other thing,"
Till my brain goes whirling, whirling,
And my poor ears simply ring.

But I don't get no sense from it,
Nor the rest of all that trash;
But the worst wuz that big feller
When he made his awful crash.

I had heard that great wuz music,
And I'll never doubt again,
'Twuz so great it really *grated*
As cold shivers o'er me ran;

Some one said that it wuz "classic,"
What they meant I'll never know,
I'll soon hit the sandy roadway
Where the sass'fras bushes grow.

And the work they put upon me
Make^e my spirit sadly groan,
Reading ne, Gram. one, and Writing,
All too much—I'm off for home.

NETTIE LAYMAN.

—oOo—

A RIDDLE

Said a pest to his friend as they sat one day,
In the regions of digestion, where they love to stay,
"I've news from without, much pleasing to hear,
And if you would be happy, just lend me your ear:

"The Kaiser of Germany, and Nicholas the Czar,
And some of their neighbors are making much war.
They gobble up food-stuff, narcotics and drugs,
And brighten the peace of some of us bugs.

"That blasted old Thymol, which silly men take,
With thorough intention to give us the shake,
Has gone to such heights in price and expense,
That for us to fear it would lack of good sense.

"Let us now away, and call up our kind,
And tell them such news as we're able to find;
That it can be seen as plainly as aye,
We'll not be molested for many a day."

The Grinnery

Murray Brown (in Physics): "Professor, is vacuum pressure from the inside outward or the outside inward?"

Prof. Craig: "Why, it is from the outside inward. Your own observation should teach you that."

M. B.: "But Professor, if that is true, how are we to account for a swollen cranium?"

Mr. McChesney: "Say, Walker, this is imported cheese you have bought."

Mr. Walker: "How can you tell?"

Mr. M.: "It's shot full of holes."

The Kaiser says his heart bleeds for Louvain; but the Belgians are hoping to make his nose bleed for the same reason.

Prof. Stickles (in History): "This European war may result in the complete destruction of houses of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern and Romonon."

Mr. Lawrence: "If those fellows were to tear down a house of mine they would certainly pay for it or build me a new one."

In the wee silent hours, Herman McDonald's vocal cords began vibrating, and out of his window there floated, in tones low and melancholly as the voice of a far-away owl on a lonely night: "Open wide thine arms of love, dear Lola; I'm coming home."

LOST.—Between Cabell Hall and Room Five, two fly-swats. If found, please return to Miss Scott.

Prof. Stickles (to Miss Otis Porter in the History class): "Miss Porter, are you a Democrat or a Republican?"

Miss P.: "Why, I'm not either one. I'm a Baptist."

LOST, STRAYED OR RUNNING WILD—Fifty kittens (Kit-Kats). If seen, please notify Miss Mattye Reid.

In Physiology Prof. Ford said: "Mr. Sweeney, is typhoid fever catching?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Sweeney, "but it's awful contagious."

In the Normal class at Sunday School recently the teacher said: "There are two kinds of wisdom; one kind comes from above. Who can tell me about the other kind?"

Leslie Brown: "It is wisdom teeth."

Prof. Craig: "Any question about to-day's lesson?"

Georgia James: "Yes; where was it?"

Mr. Walker: "Did you ever take chloroform or ether?"

Mr. McChesney: "No; who teaches them?"

Freshman: "Oh, what is the matter with me? Do you see two girls alike there—over there, too?"

Old Student: "Sure; Holton twins and Hester twins."

Freshman (relieved): "Oh."

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TAKE A LOOK!

"Who was Virgil, anyway?" asked Mr. Leiper.
 "Why, Virgil, oh, yes; she was Cæsar's wife," replied Mr. Chaney.

—————
Freshman's Prayer

"Now I lay me down to sleep
 Upon my little bunk.
 I hope and pray that I may die
 So I'll escape the flunk."

—————
 "I didn't know you were in school," said Murray Brown to Miss Hendricks."

Miss H.: "I—yes—my second year—I'm in the Sycamore Class."

—————
 Mr. Arthur (in Training School): "When I say 'Halt!'"

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put the foot that is on the ground beside the one in the air and remain motionless."

—————
 What would you say if you saw:

Miss Ragland chewing gum?
 Miss Reid coming down the banisters?
 Prof. Alexander in a hurry?
 Harvey Sweeny playing football?
 Jess Drake serious?
 Leslie Brown with his mouth shut?
 Prof. Burton look at the floor?
 Prof. Stickles at a picture show?
 Grover Burd with his hair plaited?
 W. P. White, blue.
 Prof. Green with yellow hair?
 President Cherry smoking a cigarette?
 Miss Rodes flirting?

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