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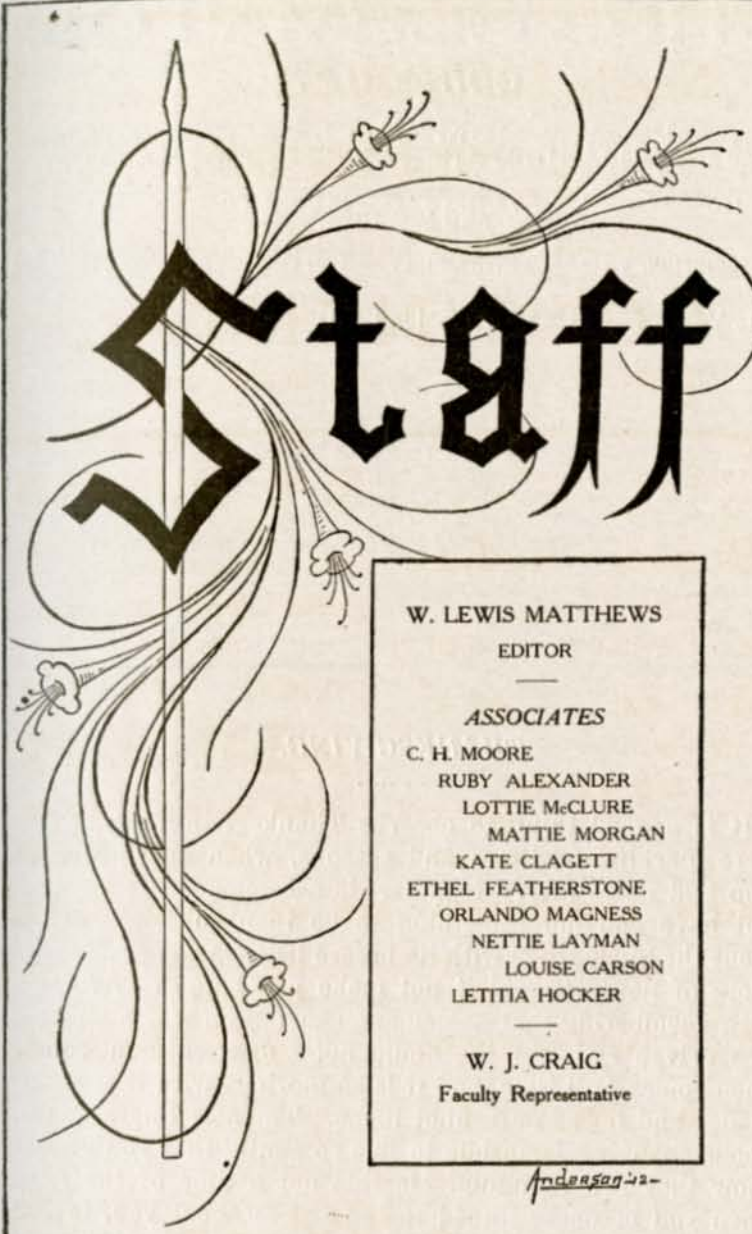
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THE ELEVATOR

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.

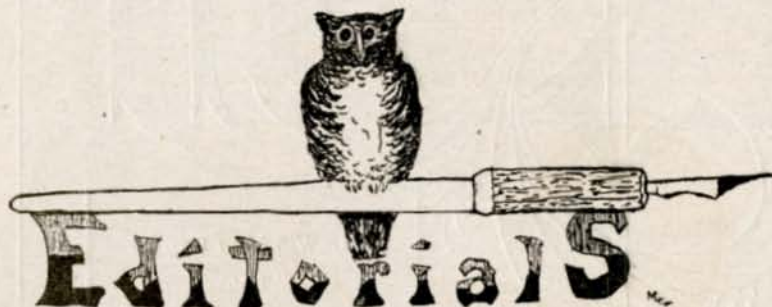
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NO. 1

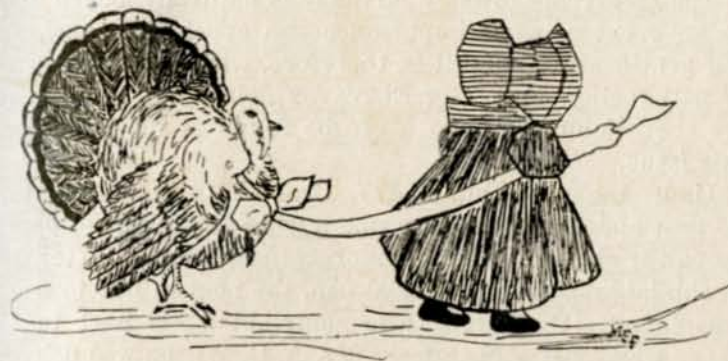


THANKSGIVING.

It is a good thing to observe Thanksgiving Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop and make merry together, is a commendable custom. But have you not something to be thankful for? What about the Springtime with its breeze laden with the sweet odors of new life, did it not make you happy? Are you not remembering that golden summer day in which all care was driven away by the liquid notes of a cheerful song? Then comes Fall time, and it is so glorious with its million shades and hues you cannot name. The soft colors of the woods changing from hue to hue so gently that you do not know they are changing. Is this not a time of the year when you become attuned to the scenes about you, to the wavering leaf, to the silent world? Are you not thinking

of the fields which have yielded so much fruit and wheat and corn, and all the earth's rich gifts strewn along your way? Have not the flowers of success blossomed along the paths of your labor? Yes, all these and thousands of other blessings are ours to be thankful for.

As we look back into the long, long ago and try to fathom the mysteries of the dark ages through which mankind has had to pass we feel that it is a glorious day in which we live. No one can say that life is not worth living. It may not be worth the while to live as some people do live; but it is the kind of living and not the life that is to be condemned. This is a day of opportunity. There is no millstone about the neck of manhood or womanhood dragging



it continuously and hopelessly down. When the eaglet begins to fly, the mother-bird coaxes it from the crag and then spreads her own broad tips beneath the untried wings. Likewise whenever the spirit of man would rise, it does not beat the air alone. The soul has never been shorn of its power, nor has access to the oracles of God ever been forbidden. As there is no tree so dead but the woodbine will cling to it and relieve it of its bleakness, so there is no human soul but the Divine One may twine about it the love-vine of protection. Just stop a moment and think—your heart will be glad—and you will love your own little world better; you will be better prepared to draw from Nature her beautiful lessons, and to mingle more in the social life

of your neighbors, and be better prepared to enjoy the stars and flowers and brooks.

If you have never before, use a part of this Thanksgiving to think—reflect, reverently. And remember it matters not whether you be a prince or a peasant, to the earnest soul who feels thankful as he looks down the years beyond with faith in what he is and yet may be, life is an ever-widening perspective of grandeur.

Just be thankful.

FOUR YEARS AGO.

The recurrence of one's birthday is naturally looked upon as an event of some importance—an epoch, somehow, for self-gratification—and it is, therefore, with a peculiar sense of satisfaction that THE ELEVATOR points out to its readers the "Volume V, No. I," to be found at its front page this issue.

Under the editorship of A. L. Crabb THE ELEVATOR made its first appearance and became a wide-awake school paper, though it started under unfavorable conditions. After Mr. Crabb laid down the editorial pen, the next in line to use it was Mr. G. C. Morris, who contributed his part to the paper well. After Mr. Morris, Mr. A. G. Wilson was ushered to the editor's chair. Here, as elsewhere, he made himself equal to the occasion. After Mr. Wilson came the present editor.

Just how far THE ELEVATOR has been instrumental in bringing about these improved conditions, found in the Normal School, is not for us to say. However, we might call attention to the fact that no opportunity has been lost, either by former or present editor, to advance the interest of the school and the State in every way possible. During the time the present editor has had control of the paper he has put forth every effort to keep THE ELEVATOR up to its former standard. How well we have succeeded we leave the subscriber to judge. So we send this issue forth to its

large list of readers with renewed hope for the future and having no great cause for regret of the past.

BLUFF.

Frequently we hear people say this is an age of bluff. In a way, no doubt; that is true, but I am inclined to think that the men and women who are making real success are not in the class who bluff. Of course, there are scores of men and women bluffing their way into all sorts of business, but they do not stay long.

In like manner we find a certain class of students who feel that they are able to bluff their way through college; but sooner or later the *test* comes; and when the day of reckoning comes, as it is sure to do, then truth and truth alone will avail.

Sometimes it comes sooner, sometimes later; but it always comes—the test. The test is a significant thing not in what it is, but in what it means. It is that terrible event that tries your honor. When the test comes and the fellow who has been bluffing fails, as he must, he may attempt to console himself by saying, "I don't care," but that will do very little good. Or, he may say, "I will forget it," and that may seem to do a little good, although it really doesn't. Nothing will answer for consolation; for those who bluff must taste the bitters of loss finally.

Sometimes it comes sooner, sometimes later, but it always comes—the test.

ALUMNI NUMBER.

It is the purpose of THE ELEVATOR in the near future to appear as an alumni number. Now, the editor and his associates appeared upon the scene of action at the Normal at a very recent date and therefore must confess they do not know of the works or the whereabouts of many of those who were in the limelight earlier in the life of the school. So we appeal to every former graduate who reads

this to make a contribution immediately to the Alumni Number, and so help us "Go up." What about that young man who shone in all his classes and carried off all the forensic laurels in the literary society? Did he succeed? Sure! Then tell us about it. And all you know about the others, all a splendid lot of whom Memory now presents tender and pleasant recollections.

Not only to former graduates, but to everyone, whether present or former student, who knows anything of interest concerning our alumni, do we appeal for assistance in making the alumni issue the best yet. Nothing cheers the weary laborer more than a deserved word of commendation, and nothing inspires the struggling, despairing student so much as the splendid examples of those who have gone before and blazed the trail. So help them and us, without delay, by giving the much-needed information, and if you do so, we will have an issue well worthy of our illustrious and highly honored alumni.

—○—

We are indeed glad to have a report from the Training School in this issue of THE ELEVATOR. It is for such work as is being done in the Training School, under the efficient leadership of Miss Frazee, that THE ELEVATOR stands.

—○—

Under the present law, we cannot mail ELEVATORS to anyone whose subscription is not paid up. So we hope you will write us as soon as your time expires, because we believe you want to keep in touch with the Normal and its many students, and this you cannot do unless you take the school paper. If you are not already on the mailing list, subscribe at once.

—○—

Professor Strahm had just been giving Miss Blank a piano lesson, when a student met him in the hall with the question, "What is a rest in music?" Remembering the last hour, he replied: "That's the time when my ears are not distracted."

Concerning

To say that you don't know T. A. Humble is to confess yourself illiterate in the affairs of the Normal. Illiteracy is a bad thing. Nothing else perhaps, except the tariff, creates such a demand for uncalled-for statistics. Therefore let's stamp it out. Terry Alonzo Humble, such, I believe, are his entitlements in full, is a large, sturdily erected gentleman, standing, in artistic phraseology, about four square on any moral or physical proposition that may happen by. His general color-scheme is in the neighborhood of florid. He wears a coat in winter, and doesn't worry himself about school affairs on Sunday from 10 to 12 a.m.

Getting down to biographical hard tacks, T. A. began life on a small but vigorous scale in East Tennessee, December, 1882. Shortly following his arrival, the family moved over the border into Russell County, so T. A. calls himself a Kentuckian according to every interpretation of the word. However, passages after this fashion will likely appear in the leading Tennessee publications some years hence: "It may be interesting to know that T. A. Humble, Chief Dispatcher of the double-tracked system of Schools in Metropolisville, was born in Taylor County, Tennessee. In recognition of this fact, Prof. Humble has kindly consented to deliver the Annual Address at the County Baby Fair, which convenes during the ensuing autumn."

—Let a hiatus occur covering the period up to his eleventh year. At this time he terminated his irregular attendance at the county school and began his career as saw logger and farmer. The change was well chosen. The life in the open reddened his blood and hardened his muscles. The operation of the mechanics involved in his work cultivated his judgment and inculcated a sense of the fitness of things.

At nineteen, having had a call to higher service, he left his oxen standing in the furrow, so to speak, and entered a preparatory school at Columbus, Kentucky. The Committee on Credentials having delved into his case, shook its head

doubtfully, but decided to try him. He didn't know the multiplication table. He didn't know George Washington from George Cohan. He didn't know how a transitive verb may become intransitive. In brief, he just didn't know *anything*. They tried him, but in the course of time he tried them. He learned all they asked of him and kept on demanding more. When he was twenty-one he taught a small country school. For the following session his services were in demand all over Russell County. January, 1905, he entered the S. N. S. at Bowling Green, and took up the study of Law. During the period that followed, a strange new desire crept into his mind, and remained there, and grew. He wanted companionship—official, marital companionship. He looked the list of available over. Every case exhibited a startling lack of mutual desirability. He hunted up other lists, but everywhere the "Nothing Doing" sign frowned down upon him. Cynicism attacked him, he came to regard womankind as his natural enemy, but constantly there was the desire to send out the message "I have met the enemy and she is mine."

He graduated from his course and started for Oklahoma, away out in the huskings of that state where, as the Irishman said, the hand of man seldom trod. This was the cue for the hitherto inactive Mr. Cupid to get busy arranging the stage for the great getting acquainted scene. . . . Behold a newly wrecked train, coach piled high upon coach, debris strewn everywhere. Out of the wreckage springs our hero, coatless as usual, but master of the situation. He rushes down the track, stops at a badly dismembered coach, lifts it up and hurls it far into an adjoining field, and thereby rescues a young lady who gazes trustingly up at him. That young lady was from Ohio. Her name at that time was Maggie Adams—but surely I can trust your imagination for a few items.

T. A. remained in Oklahoma two years, then he and Mrs. T. A. came back to the Normal School. He graduated in 1911 with distinction, and a recommendation to the School

Board at Leitchfield. The Leitchfield Board accepted his credentials at face value, and he has abode there ever since. In the capacity of Superintendent of its school, he has given Leitchfield an enviable standing in educational affairs. By bringing into line the reactionary element of the town he has given to school interests that unity and solidity which results in highest efficiency. He has developed one of the cleanest, most aggressive athletic teams in the state. He has established a Saturday Extension Course in his High School—a feature which other schools will promptly adopt.

He is wholly and solely a School man, but emblazoned on the Humble coat of arms is not a public school with flag flying and children playing, but the crush and turmoil of a wrecked train.

—oOo—

Hallowe'en

A pale moon, dimmed by misty vapor, gives a faint tinge of silver to a few straggling gray clouds scattered over the heavens, and sheds just enough light on earth so that the trees and bushes are shadowed in grotesque and weird outlines. A chill, piercing wind comes around the corners with a long-drawn-out oh-oh-h, then sweeping through the dry leaves, starts them to whispering mysteriously, one to another. Black cats lurk in the shadows. Hallowe'en night it is.

Up the slope of Normal Hill, steadily tread a host of sinister-looking beings. Here a figure shrowded in ghostly white, here one in black mantle clad, with pointed cap and flowing jet locks, a broomstick in hand, here a ghastly corpse with grinning teeth; mingled with these a motley throng in gay attire, the gleaming pumpkin showing his face, and the bejeweled gypsy girl mingling with the rest. The spirits of the Normal are abroad.

On they come, even to great Vanmeter Hall itself, but a new Vanmeter Hall, clothed in the brightly-colored leaves,

the trailing vines and yellow cornstalks of October, and lighted by grinning autumnal pumpkins.

There are songs to be sung, there are palms to be read, there are tales to be told, there are delicacies to be eaten; and these beings, once so silent and mysterious, now enter into the fun and frolic with all the zest of true Normal humans.

Yes, and there is another hill astir this night, for up toward the Reservoir there comes another, though smaller host, the spirits of the Seniors, it is whispered, who come to enjoy the Dean's entertainment and hospitality, in response to the following invitation:

*All ye yonge men and maydens of ye
Life Certificate Class
Attyred in ye moste deceptive wayse
Are besoughten
To joine in ye weirde sportes
of ye witches
And in ye dreame tellynge and magtk.
Mette on ye houre of
seven-thirty Friday evenynge
October 31
In ye yere of 1913.*

Here all manner of mysterious beings, witches, ghosts, "hants," goblins, and shades, with masked eyes and muffled sounds, faintly resembling voices, issuing from depths unknown, stop before the Dean's door, for a rope there is, and by the sign of the yellow pumpkin, one must follow where'er it lead. Through mystic realms of icy cold, lured by direful, faint and mournful sounds, these spirits move, until ere long, they find themselves under the safe shelter of the Dean's roof. And then there comes a master spirit, beckons them forth two by two, and by the touch of his magic wand, his vassal shades become mere flesh and blood, till soon the room is alive with jolly Seniors, ready for the games and

fortunes, the stories and tricks, but best of all, the sweet cider, the pumpkin pies and fat doughnuts, the Dean and his good wife have in store for them.

Ere the toll of midnight peals forth on the crisp air, descend from both the heights these spirits, changed to students once more, to seek their homes for rest; but with blithe and quickened footsteps do they come, for there is a foreboding in the air, and on the wind is wafted warningly, "Be ye wary and be ye quick, or the goblins'll get you if you don't watch out."

—oOo—

News

The athletics in the W. K. S. N. S. is becoming a very interesting feature this fall. The football boys are creating quite a bit of enthusiasm and interest by the remarkable skill they are exercising on the field in their practice and match games. Boys, we are expecting great success of you this fall in your games with other school teams. You have our heartiest enthusiasm, greatest encouragement, and loudest boosting.

The girls' and boys' basketball teams have been organized and they are now enthusiastically working and planning for the most interesting season they have ever had.

Read our advertisements.

Great improvements have been made on Normal Hill, the last few weeks. The northwest side of the hill has been sodded, and concrete walks leading to the main entrance and connecting the different buildings have been laid.

Read our advertisements.

Arrangements have been made to hold five one-day Chautauquas in different sections of Warren County. The citi-

zens of the county are manifesting much interest and enthusiasm in the preparation of these Chautauquas, and great success is expected to result from the instructive and inspiring programs which will be rendered by a number of noted men, not only from the county, but from other sections of the State, also, and from other States. The central thought for discussion at each Chautauqua will be education, agriculture, and good roads.

The musical programs which are being rendered by the School of Music almost every Monday morning, are being thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the faculty and student-body.

Patronize our advertisers.

We are very fortunate in being able to have Mr. LeRoy, the famous cartoonist, with us for a while. He is giving us quite a few interesting and entertaining talks and cartoons at the chapel hour.

Read our advertisements.

The following report we get from Science Hill, where Mr. E. E. Bratcher is doing very successful work:

"The Science Hill High School gave an excursion to Frankfort on October 12, for the benefit of the Greek History Class' study of Greek Art. There were twenty-eight in the party. After seeing the Capitol building, the party was received by the Governor at the Governor's Mansion."

The following is a partial list of the names of those who are in the Normal for the first time:

Grace Morris, Dawson Springs.
Ewing M. Smith, Halfway.
R. P. Burnes, Eddyville.
Malinda Price, Rockfield.
Ruth Moore, Bowling Green.

Effie Smith, Bowling Green.
Anna Rehm, DeKoven.
Rhea White, Bowling Green.
Ruth Lacy, Crofton.
Hubert Jones, Riverside.
Eddith Duth, Hartford.
Mrs. O. L. Shultz, Bowling Green.
Schuyler Powell, Bowling Green.
Soletus Mardis, Hardin.
Mason Rudd, Hanson.
Roy Stewart, Madisonville.
F. E. Towery, Piney.
Mamie Jane Moseley, Owensboro.
Murray Stephens, Martinsburg.
Lillian Watts, Claypool.
Constance Casey, Bowling Green.
Samye Metton, Poole.
Charlotte Gregory, Bowling Green.
Mary Holton, Bowling Green.
Martha Holton, Bowling Green.
Ruth Roll, Paradise.
Isabel Hermon, Owensboro.
Lucile Tubb, Bowling Green.
Alice C. Lewis, Bowling Green.
Catherine Young, Campbellsville.
Carrie Willan, Glensfork.
Elizabeth Carson, Bowling Green.
Josephine Cherry, Bowling Green.
Adelena Nelson, Bowling Green.
Mai Jesse Morris, Hopkinsville.
Fred Hayden, Salem.
Carmen Belcher, Greenville.
Polly Lee Shirley, Lecta.
Louise Farnsworth, Owensboro.
Ocey Epperson, Roy.
Buma Mason, Bowling Green.
I. M. Banker, Jr., Franklin.

These folks are of the very best sort and make a valuable addition to the student-body. THE ELEVATOR congratulates them upon the splendid opportunities that are unfolding before them as they progress with their work, and sincerely hopes that they will stay long enough to obtain sufficient equipment "to go out and possess the land."

—oOo—

Oratorio and Lyceum Course

The first meeting of the regular Oratorio, instructed by Prof. Strahm, was held October the thirteenth. The attendance on that evening far exceeded that of the first in any preceding year. From the wonderful work done by this society formerly, we feel sure that the result will be truly a great success, as the interest manifested by the school is greater than ever before, while numbers of the residents of the city are attending and contributing much interest and encouragement by their enthusiastic work. Judging from the splendid opening and the numbers who join each meeting, we predict even greater things for this chorus than have ever been achieved. For it seems that not only in number is it great, but in quality of work as well.

The first number of the Lyceum Course was given by Joe Wing, "The Ohio Farmer," of world-wide reputation. He gave an interesting as well as instructive address, and not only those interested in Agriculture enjoyed it—as his own adventures were told in a way pleasing to all.

A very delightful lecture was given October the twenty-third by Capt. Jack Crawford, "The Poet-Scout." We believe it is not saying too much, to say he is one of the most original and magnetic entertainers on the American platform. By his optimistic nature, spontaneous wit, fascinating stories and recitations, together with his picturesque personality, he captivated and inspired his audience.

In November, Hon. Robert M. La Follette, United States Senator from Wisconsin, will be here. He has a hold upon the interest and confidence of the American people enjoyed

by few men in public life. His eloquence has for its highest object the triumph of principle, of justice, of right. Earnestness born of a deep conviction in the everlasting righteousness of the cause presented, is the basis of Mr. La Follette's commanding position on the platform.

On December 19th, Ross Crane, the great Sculptor, will lecture here. He is Painter, Sculptor, Humorist and Philosopher—and is sure to please. He is called "Ross Crane, the Incomparable."

March the second Leland Powers, the Interpreter, is expected. The art of Leland Powers is that of a master. He thoroughly knows the Drama and presents it in its best light to an audience. He holds the mirrors up to Nature so that the audience sees people and things as they are.

We are to have as one of the Lyceum numbers, though the date is as yet unknown, the noted Edwin Brush, a Magician and Illusionist. By his marvelous sensational powers he has won a reputation as the "Wonderful Man of Mystery."

The date is as yet unknown on which the Dunbar Operatic Quartette will be here. All look forward to this as a particularly delightful number. The company presents opera in costume with scenery, from the standard works.

Many other numbers will be given in this course, of which we have not as yet been able to obtain definite information.

—oOo—

Good Roads' Day

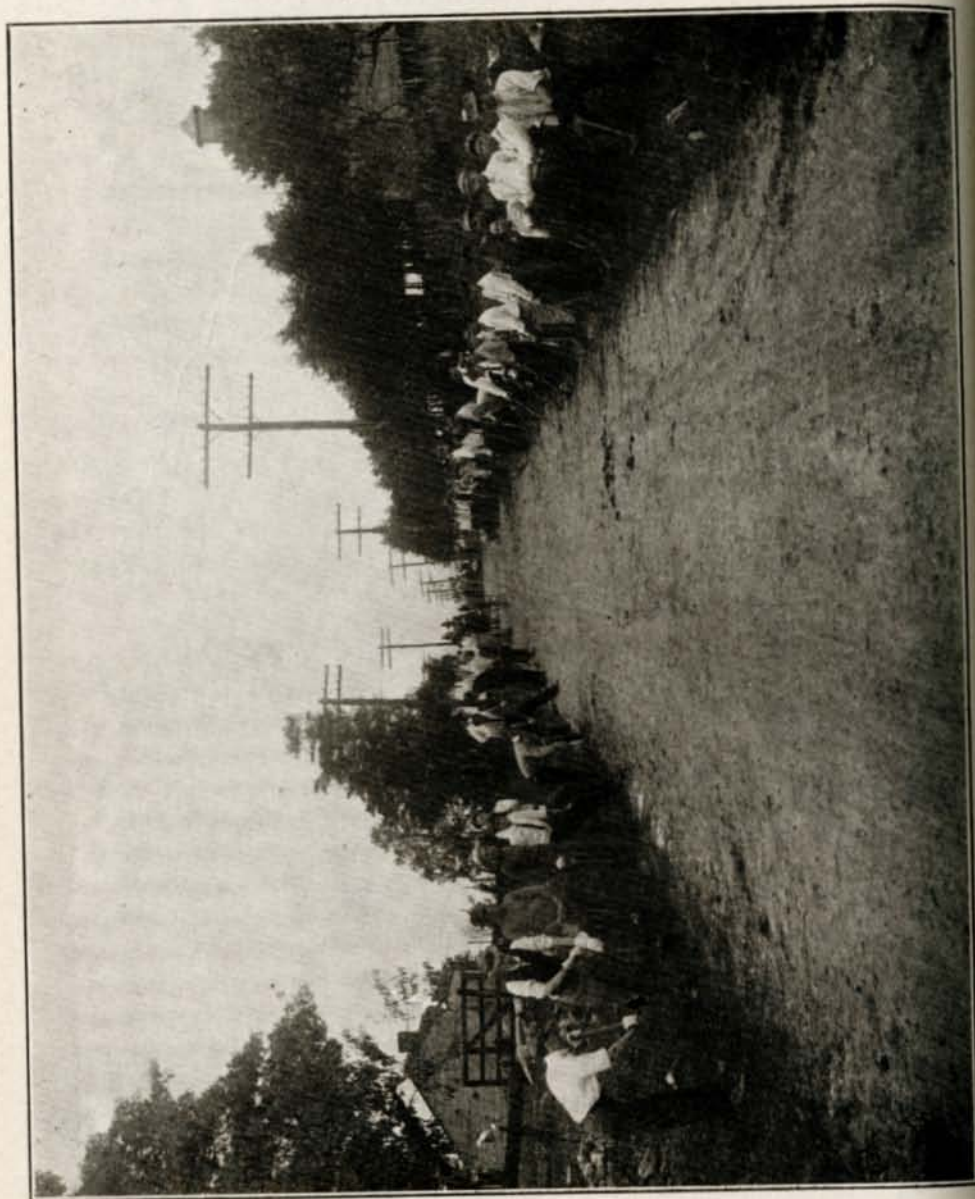
"The old order changeth, all things becometh new." In the new order of things, Friday has in the year of our Lord 1913, lost forever the evil significance that has clung tenaciously onto it throughout the fleeting centuries, and has now become a day of uplifting deeds. For Friday, October 24, was Good Roads' Day in Kentucky; and the Governor's clarion call for universal, gratuitous, patriotic service rang mightily from the shores of the mighty Mississippi to those of the turbulent Big Sandy. Nowhere was it answered more

enthusiastically than at the Western Normal. Every husky youngster of the institution (and this includes the faculty, to be sure) was on hand promptly at eight o'clock, armed with some sort of dirt conveyer, either antediluvian, sub-historic, ancient, mediaeval, or modern. The Russellville Pike was the scene of operations, and Mr. Arch Wilkins, a road expert, was in charge, while Prof. Craig acted in the role of vice imperator. For many years the road had been sorely in need of ditches, so to the remedy of this fatal defect the energies of most of the company were turned. Wagons and teams had been procured for the purpose of treating faulty portions of the pike with elaborate dressings of crushed rock.

But the story is only partly concerned with the exploits of the heroes with the pick and shovel. We believe that the only people in Kentucky more enthusiastic about the good roads movement, or any other movement for that matter, than the boys of the Western Normal, are the girls of the Western Normal. Under the leadership of Miss Scott, Miss Reid and the other ladies of the faculty, these heroines had purchased and prepared a lunch for the laborers. That lunch! We make no attempt, gentle reader, to describe it. If you had been there and witnessed the zest with which it was received, or heard the hearty cheers given at the conclusion, you could easily recognize the futility of mere words to express any adequate appreciation either of the lunch or the spirit behind it.

Then, in the afternoon, notwithstanding the fact that a slow, cold, drizzling rain was testing the mettle of the workers, the girls came down to the road and cheered and inspired them. Yes, they were the heroines of the day. No wonder the cheers for "our girls" given with a hearty goodwill, accompanied them on their return!

The faculty, too! Side by side with the students, they labored throughout the day. No shirks among them! 'Tis but an example of the democratic spirit that pervades the institution and makes it a power abroad.



NORMAL STUDENTS AT WORK GOOD ROADS DAY

Kentucky's great common people's philanthropist, Mr. John B. McFerran, was represented in the work by a substantial check. The oversight of the work by Mr. Wilkins was a valuable contribution.

About three o'clock, the elements, which had been looking all day on the work with a jealous eye, took a hand and stopped the toil. However, quite a stretch of road had been materially improved. But the greatest thing coming from the day's work is the crystallization of good roads sentiment among Normalites. Indeed, bread has been cast upon the waters that the rural communities all over the State will reap in the near future.

—oOo—



LITERARY.

FROM TWO P.M. TILL SEVEN.

"One, two," said the deep, mellow voice of the old grandfather clock in the corner, and Aunt Mandy drew a weary but a happy sigh, as she went to the door to look once more down the road. No one was coming. "'Pears to me like it was time they was gittin' here," she said, aloud. Then her gaze left the road and fell upon the meadow around the little log cabin, brown and sere in the November sunshine, wandered over the worn-out hillsides with their offering of stunted corn, and up past the horizon to a rift in the leaden

sky where the sun, half-heartedly, as though he knew the hopelessness of it, was trying to gladden the dying earth with his beams. But to Aunt Mandy the day was perfect. "Law sakes," she said, as she turned back to her work. "Law sakes, what a purty day. I b'lieve there's three suns a-shinin'."

Perhaps the sun did shine a little brighter there over the little log cabin among the hills than anywhere else that Thanksgiving Day. Certainly the little brown home was looking its best, both inside and out. It had never before had such a scrubbing and sweeping and cleaning in its lifetime. Now all dustless and resplendent it stood ready to welcome the expected guest—Jim, the only child of Uncle Hiram and Aunt Mandy, who was coming home after an absence of fifteen years. Jim, little, mischievous Jim, who had gone away and become a great man and owned a big store in Chicago.

He had promised to come home to-day. True, he had promised six times before, and Uncle Hiram had led old Doll out to the station six times to meet him and six times he had led her back again without him. "Business" detained him. He was such a busy man. And the old folks waited with a longing in their hearts. But he was certainly coming to-day. "Business" had called him to Louisville, and it would take little time for him to run down to his old home. So once more Uncle Hiram led old Doll out to the station.

Aunt Mandy turned from the door to look critically over her one room, which wore its most company's-coming air. Everything was ready. The big four-poster was resplendent in a white and blue "Tennessee trouble" coverlet; a jar of yellow chrysanthemums nodded upon the old cedar bureau; a cheery fire glowed in the old-fashioned fire-place which extended almost the length of one side of the room; the turkey was in the stove; the only silver knife and fork was at Jim's plate, and even the blue china bowl which wasn't used once in three years, was on the table. All of the things that Jim liked to eat were being cooked. Every-

thing was ready. There was nothing more to do except to keep the dinner warm and wait.

Aunt Mandy put a stick of wood into the stove, pulled off her blue cotton apron and put on a white one, smoothed back her silvered hair, picked up her knitting and sat down. The gray calico dress covered a slender form, bent with the unceasing toil of sixty-eight years. Her kindly, wrinkled old face was suffused with happiness. She had been alone a great deal, and to relieve the loneliness she had developed the habit of talking aloud to herself. She was saying now:

"Jim always was a likely lad. His teachers always said he was the smartest boy in school, and I always told father he'd make a great man some day. He was a good boy, too," she mused. "Of course, he was full of mischief. All boys are," she hastened to add, as she thought of the many times Jim had deceived her and Uncle Hiram, of the numerous petty thefts he had been accused of by the neighbors, and of the hundred other boyhood troubles of Jim. A little cloud of fear, a foreboding of impending evil, drifted across the sky of her memories, but she smiled it away with the Eden-old statement, "Boys will be boys."

"One, two, three," chimed the clock.

Aunt Mandy gathered up her knitting and went to look again. "My sakes, if they don't hurry, dinner'll all be sp'iled," she said. "If Jim didn't come—but, law, I'm not a bit juberous but what he'll come." She shaded her eyes with her hand and peered more intently. Surely—no—yes. Some one was coming through the "holler." Was it one or two. Up to the top of the hill into plain view came the object. Yes, it was father—and—and he was leading old Doll.

The clouds closed over the rift in the sky and hid the sun. From horizon to horizon a dull, gray sky arched over the little brown cabin. The happiness died out of Aunt Mandy's eyes. A heaviness came upon her heart. She went down to the gate to let Uncle Hiram through. He came up and passed inside. Not a word was spoken. Both were of that

rough, rugged, pioneer stock which considers it a weakness to show the deeper emotions. Each knew the keen disappointment of the other. Words were useless.

Aunt Mandy went back to the house and Uncle Hiram took the horses to the barn. In a little while he came in and drew his chair up before the fire. Aunt Mandy put the blue china bowl back on its shelf, removed the silver knife and fork and placed the dinner on the table. Uncle Hiram continued to gaze into the fire. "Father, don't you want no dinner?" quavered Aunt Mandy.

"I et at Joe's as I come by," he answered. She knew it wasn't true, and he knew she knew it, but not for worlds would he have said, "I don't feel like eating."

"Hand me my specks, mother, I want to read the weather fo'cast." She took them from the mantel, gave them to him and sat down by him to listen.

Uncle Hiram droned along in a monotone, spelling some of the words, misspelling many, and mispronouncing many more.

Nothing unusual was going on in the world. "C-a-p-t-u-r-e," he spelled, "Capture of a noted crook."

"Chicago, Ill., Nov. 23.—Jim Edwards"—Uncle Hiram stopped. Aunt Mandy leaned forward in her chair. "Go on," she commanded, and her gentle old voice sounded almost fierce.

"Jim Edwards, leader of the most notorious gang of thieves in this city, who has eluded the police for years, was captured by Sheriff Day in Louisville last night as he stepped from the train. He was presumably on his way to his old home in the western part of the state when taken into custody. The police are elated over his capture, and hope to soon bring the whole band to justice."

"One, two, three, four," sighed the clock.

A long silence followed. Uncle Hiram gazed out of the window away to the twilight-tinted hills and his face grew old and sad. Aunt Mandy gazed steadfastly into the fire without seeing it and a great sorrow came into her eyes.

They sat thus while the dinner cooled on the table and the minutes passed with weighted feet.

"One, two, three, four, five," murmured the clock, sadly.

They were both thinking of four little graves up on the hill and one of them wished there had been five. There were things worse than death. He was the youngest and the only one left. Perhaps they had been too easy on him. His babyhood, his boyhood, and his early manhood passed before each in review. This was where they had failed and that was where they had made their mistake. They thought long and deep and the minutes passed.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," called the clock, gently.

Down behind the meadow bars, Brindle was lowing to be let through. The chickens came chirping and cheeping around the door crying for their supper and then went away hungry. Shep left his corner by the fire and brought his master's cane and laid it at his feet. There was no word of praise for him.

He placed his head upon the old man's knee and looked into his face with his pleading brown eyes. No kindly hand was laid upon his head. Feeding-time came and passed. Milking-time came and passed. Supper-time came and passed. When the moon was rising above the pines on the hill, Aunt Mandy, who was an old woman now, rose feebly from her chair, saying: "Father, this is Thanksgiving Day. The Lord knows best. Let us give thanks."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven," cried the old clock, joyously, as they knelt.

—oOo—

Geometry Teacher: "Class, what is a pyramid?"

Mr. Sheffer (with hand raised high): "Wy—wy, Professor, that is a solid with a base and an apex for a top."

Prof. Green: "Why are so many fish found near the coasts of New England?"

Miss Casey: "The chief reason is that people look for them."



THANKSGIVING.

"Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays
And these grow slant and slender.

"Why, it's the climax of the year—
The highest time of living!
Till naturally its bursting cheer
Just melts into thanksgiving."

—oOo—

WE THANK THEE.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shades of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love and father-care,
 For brothers strong and sisters fair;
 For love at home and school each day;
 For guidance, lest we go astray—
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms,
 That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
 For blessed words of long ago,
 That help us now thy will to know,
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

—Selected.

—oOo—

Some Hill Happenings Under the Moon

(BEING CHIEFLY CONCERNED WITH THE LOCATION OF THE
 SACRED PLACE.)

It was a still Sunday evening and Normal Heights was brimming over with October moonshine and star-shine, from the mist of trees below, which was all that was visible of Bowling Green, came the silvery summons of church bells, calling to all mortals to come and save their souls. But the fairy folk have no souls to save; as everybody knows, after his seven thousand allotted years of existence, a fairy withers away, and having no more immortality than the wild flowers, to whom he is close kinsman, he never need worry about a trip to the undiscovered country. So, while virtuous mortals were wending their way church-ward, the fairies came from their hiding place under the hill and settled like a rainbow-cloud on Normal Heights. In the lead, danced Puck; this article, not being a treatise on international politics, but a simple and veracious account of fact and incident, will not go into the whys and wherefores of his presence on American soil; sufficient to say, he was there, and had left none of his native mischief in the old

country. By his side floated the Most Beautiful Fairy, clad in a robe of sunset cloud jeweled with star-dust, and if the beauty of Helen of Troy, Mary, Queen of Scots, and other leading ladies of history, could have been mixed together and boiled down to the size of your little finger, the result would not have been one-twentieth part as lovely as this little creature; yet she was no lady of leisure, but the busiest little body in the world. When Cupid found he could not attend to all the love affairs at the Normal—and do justice to the rest of the world, he appointed the Most Beautiful Fairy to look after this end of his job. Not all the fairies were either good or beautiful, however. There was one fearsome little sprite called the Green-eyed Golydile, the special fairy of examinations, and he it is who tortures the poor to-be-examined soul with dreams of the fourth dimension, and the Peloponnesian War. Even more remarkable than the Golydile was Snuffins. Snuffins, being so ugly his own mother never looked at him when she could help it, and not being gifted with brains or an eye for art, by the law of compensation developed an extraordinary sense of smell; he could smell a drop of rain when ten miles off, and never had to learn to read, as he knew each word by its own peculiar odor; his nose had become so marvelously long and razor-like, no fairy ever dared to come near Snuffins when the latter was cross for fear of being cut in twain and having to run about for the rest of his seven thousand years in two pieces.

These elves, and a myriad others, now began to disport themselves in a manner that would have caused indignation in every true Normal heart. They flocked through the library windows and scandalized that dignified Temple of Silence with whoops of laughter; they walked on the campus, they pulled the flowers, they did a barn-dance on the undried concrete walks. The Green-eyed Golydile found a black-board groaning under a weighty harvest of examination questions, so with a grin of delight, he put a foot in each ear and made himself at home. This is the favorite

position of the Golydile; his ears are very long, and when he props them open with his toes he can hear for hundreds and hundreds of miles—for it is only when listening to the groans of an examination-ridden populace that the Golydile has any pleasure in his cold, green heart.

"Things have changed hereabouts," said Puck to the Most Beautiful Fairy, as he mixed up the library slips in order to give some employment to the idle(?) hands of Miss McClure and Miss Delaney. "Now, there's the bell. I used to take a good deal of pleasure out of putting rocks in Mr. Magness' path on those occasions when he found himself disconnected with the bell by two hundred yards and wanted to make some poor soul late by ringing it on time. And then I've had many a good dry grin by making some luckless student ask, 'Has the bell rung yet?'" in the presence of the Professors; but now they've cut the bell rope and shut the noise up in that little black box on the wall. I heard the black box go off once, and had the earache for a week."

Having vandalized this portion of the Heights, the wicked elves now turned their faces toward Vanmeter Hall, some pausing long enough to take a peep in Cabell Hall, but they flew out in a hurry, a ferocious rat had met them at the door; domestic science girls never drop crumbs, and that poor old rodent was simply starved to death and almost willing to eat the Golydile.

"Yes, you are right," agreed the Most Beautiful Fairy, as they floated along; "things *have* changed in some respects; but my business still flourishes; now, last year I married off two members of the Faculty and two Seniors, and these being the two most stony-hearted classes of people, I feel quite satisfied."

"How are prospects for this year?" queried Puck.

"Well, said the Most Beautiful Fairy, as she pulled her thistle-down scarf more closely over her shoulders (for you know, every time a fairy sneezes a mortal takes a bad cold, and she was a *very* kind-hearted fairy and didn't want to circulate any germs), "well, there's Clardy Moore and E. A.

Sanders and Walter Compton (he's really in a very gone state), and several others, all Seniors; from the symptoms I think I have them all well started on the Road to Matrimony."

"How about the Faculty?" Puck slyly interposed.

But the Most Beautiful Fairy only smiled wisely to herself.

By this time the band had arrived at Vanmeter Hall; the great doors opened, groaning, and the Spirit of the Institution stood forbiddingly in their path.

"Fairies," quoth the Spirit in a croaking voice (it was only a few days since road-mending day and he had not fully recovered from his stupendous exertions), "I haven't the power to forbid your entrance here, but I must give you one warning: There is one *Most Sacred Place* within this building, and whatever prying fairy dares to enter there must die," and the Spirit vanished.

"How will we know the Most Sacred Place?" queried the Green-eyed Golydile.

"I'll fly in front," volunteered Snuffins, "and the minute I get a whiff of the Most Sacred Place I'll let you know." So, following Snuffins' nose they came to Mr. Byrn's office.

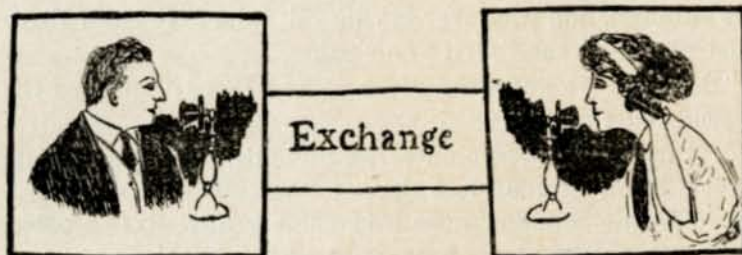
"There is no Odor of Sanctity about this," proclaimed Snuffins, and in they swarmed. What villainies those fairies didn't commit are not in the rogue's calendar; under Snuffins' leadership they invaded President Cherry's "most privatest" office; Puck even dared to put on a pair of glasses, which he had gotten from nobody knows where, wrinkle up his nose, solemnly read an announcement and then proclaim: "Please avoid these after chapel meetings!"

Now, really, I don't know why the earth didn't open and swallow the blasphemous sprite when he thus lightly uttered these time-honored words. In the meanwhile the Most Beautiful Fairy had spied a little door and become very curious to know what lay beyond; she never could abide that nose old Snuffins, so without deigning to ask his advice she rashly opened the door and bounded in—thus jus-

tifying the tradition of her sex from the time of Bluebeard's wife. Now, this unpresuming little door was none other than the entrance to THE ELEVATOR Office, and no sooner was it opened than Snuffins gave a great howl and proclaimed that the Most Sacred Place was found and was too close for safety, and with that the fairies scampered away, almost with the speed of a hungry Normal student when the noon hour sounds—they scampered—all but one.

The next morning, when the Editor entered his den he stepped on a little brown leaf. Now, our Editor is nothing if not a gallant soul, and if he had known the facts in the case, his chivalrous spirit would have been deeply wounded, to discover that he had planted his foot on the sole earthly remains of the Most Beautiful Fairy.

—oOo—



Exchanges are necessary factors in the growth and development of a paper, in that they furnish standards of comparison; give well-meant and helpful criticism; afford interchange of ideas; and offer news of work in the field. Exchanges are, therefore, always welcomed by THE ELEVATOR.

The Spectator: *The Spectator* has an excellent literary department and athletics enthusiastically edited. Nor is school spirit lacking.

The Echo: A few cuts would add to the attractiveness of your paper.

Nesika Wawa: Well-written stories and attractive cuts augment the value of your paper.

The Toltec: A pleasing paper, full of originality and interest.

The University Echo: This is a newsy paper, with a spirited athletic department.

The Record: *The Record* has certainly established a record in the exchange field. You have an exceptionally fine literary department and cuts of a high order. Your editorials are excellent.

The Purple Pennant: We congratulate *The Purple Pennant* upon its initial appearance. A few cuts would add to this enterprising paper.

The Crucible: We are especially grateful for news from other normal schools. *The Crucible* is a live-wire paper, full of interest and entertainment. The "Man with the Cane" is an admirable short story.

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Training School

(BY MISS BIRDSONG.)

The opening of the Eighth Grade in the Training School enables students to do observation in all grades below the High School.

The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Grades have been organized departmentally, Miss Graves being the teacher of English; Miss Jeffries, of Geography and History, and Miss Birdsong of Arithmetic and Manual Training.

Four new teachers have been added to the corps of the School: Miss Laura McKenzie, of Louisville; Miss Nell

Moorman, of Glendean, Ky.; Miss Inez Ellis, of Bowling Green, and Miss Aletha Graves, of Indianapolis.

Miss Flora Stallard, who has been absent on leave for the past year, is in Bowling Green on a visit, and is a frequent visitor to the school.

Miss Sue Proctor, teacher of Third Grade, who has been unable on account of illness to resume her duties in the Training School for the present, is sufficiently improved in health to visit her sister in Baltimore. Miss Proctor will return about Christmas.

Latest letters from Miss Belle Caffee, who is absent on leave for a year's travel and study in Europe, tell of interesting trips through France, Germany and Switzerland. Miss Caffee will spend the fall months in Italy, and will later go to England.

The new Victrola which was bought with the proceeds of the Training School garden, is proving a source of profit and pleasure. A course in musical appreciation and study of operas throughout the grades is illustrated by records of the best voices in grand opera, and the finest of orchestras in the country.

The first of a series of teas given each term to the members of the practice class was held in the beginning of the Fall Term.

The first Civic League meeting of the Civic Improvement League, consisting of all the pupils of the school, was held October 2 in the chapel. Inspiring reports were heard from individual children as to the work done and to be done along the lines of Civic Improvement. Mr. Ford, of the Department of Agriculture, was present and made the children a short speech.

An Awakening in Kentucky

[Clipping from *Southern Planter*, which we think will be of interest to the readers of THE ELEVATOR.—ED.]

Editor Southern Planter:

Kentucky always has been and perhaps always will be the target for the humorist. It is impossible to tell the yards of yarns that have been spun at the Kentuckian's country toddy. And in case one should be so indiscreet as to admit that his home is in Kentucky some wag would remind him that Kentucky is the State "Where the corn is full of kernels and the colonels full of corn." In my earliest recollections my father propounded this conundrum: "What is the abbreviation of whisky?" The answer of which was: "K-y, the same as Kentucky." The professional humorist pictures the typical Kentuckian as a bad man with a big shooting iron which he uses with as much abandon as he does his bottle, with his affections divided between politics, the turf, the tippie and shooting affrays.

It is true, whisky is made and drunk in Kentucky, so is it in Kansas, but it is also true that four-fifths of the counties of the State are dry counties. Despite the attempt of the so-called humorist to give the impression that the Kentuckian is not given to serious thought on moral and religious questions, yet in the little city of Bowling Green two thirty-five thousand dollar churches have been dedicated within the last six weeks with two more in the process of erection. He is also as wide-awake on some of the serious economic problems as his neighbors. Kentucky now has eight government farm demonstrators, with a prospect of several more by the first of next year. He is coming to realize that the Kentucky public school system is not the best, that the country boy and girl are not getting a square deal, that the country church is no longer fulfilling its mission and that the farmer is not producing all that his land is capable of producing.

The burden of these conditions had long rested on the

heart of one man who knew them better than anyone else, having been born in the country and having struggled for an education against most heavy odds, and later from the class-room seeing more clearly the difficulties the country boy and girl encountered, determined to better them. This man was H. H. Cherry, President of the Western Kentucky State Normal.

Knowing the popularity of the modern Chautauqua, President Cherry devised the scheme of inaugurating a Farmers' Chautauqua, the like of which had never before been attempted. This Chautauqua differed from the modern one in many respects. The modern Chautauqua is always held in a town or city, the purposes of which are, to furnish amusement to the audience, money for the promoters, to enable our public servants to promulgate their doctrines on the unsuspecting public and to incidentally help keep the wolf from the door of those whose salaries are insufficient to permit them to live in keeping with their positions. President Cherry's Chautauqua was to be taken to the door of the farmer. It was to instruct as well as to amuse. Not one cent was given to the promoter. On the contrary, he devoted weeks and weeks of his time in securing speakers, arranging programs and holding meetings in different parts of the county to arouse enthusiasm. When it is remembered there was no precedent to go by and that everything had to be worked out anew, and that in many cases the farmers were reluctant to take up the proposition, one can form some idea of the work before him. In most cases the speakers, instead of receiving large salaries, gave their services gratuitously.

Believing his native county (Warren) was a good one to make a beginning, a tent with a seating capacity of 750 was accordingly rented and three Chautauquas of four days each were held in different parts of the county, one following the other. The attendance at each place varied from 600 to 1,500, and it was noticeable that in every one of them the attendance grew larger each succeeding day.

In every case the meetings began on Sunday, when the question of the rural church was discussed from every standpoint. The astounding fact was brought out that very few of the country churches had resident pastors, in most cases the pastors living from twenty to sixty miles from their congregations and in many places meeting their appointment no oftener than once in four weeks. In the round table discussion, the cause of deterioration varied from "too many automobiles" to simply "lack of religion," but all were united in the belief that there were too many churches, lack of training on the part of the class of farmers into towns and cities, inadequate pay of the minister and general indifference on the part of the congregation.

The question of consolidated school was thoroughly discussed at each Chautauqua. Miss Jessie O. Yancey, Superintendent of the Mason County Schools, told of her struggles for consolidated schools and the opposition brought to bear against the building of such schools in her county and how those most strongly opposed to them at the beginning are now (since their inauguration) her most loyal supporters. An example was brought out of a farmer who had vigorously objected to consolidated schools but whose ideals had been entirely changed. Some one asked him if it were not true that he had opposed the consolidation, and he replied, "Yes, but I was blanked fool. I have been feeding cattle for years and knew it would never do to feed three-years-olds, two-year-olds, yearlings and calves in the same trough, but that is what we have been doing with our children in the little one-roomed schoolhouse." President Cherry gave a graphic description of the large barn and the commodious house with its fine lawn and shade trees, while just across the road in the glaring sun, stood the little unpainted, un-homelike schoolhouse which was open from July until Christmas and closed the remainder of the year. Is it wonder that the Kentucky boy as he trudged along the road to the schoolhouse on a hot August morning on seeing a drove of hogs on their way to market, was prone to remark: "Why

couldn't I have been a hog so I wouldn't have had to go to school?"

At each Chautauqua there was what was known as "Joe Wing Day," when Joe Wing was the "whole show." As a public speaker he is in a class to himself. His favorite topic is "Lime and Alfalfa," but he manages while telling how to grow alfalfa to tell how to live and to get the most out of life. He tells of an actual experience how a poor, wornout, undrained Ohio farm was made to produce 5,100 bushels of corn from fifty acres, and 300 tons of alfalfa on one hundred acres from two cuttings, by the use of drainage, lime, phosphorus, manure, and good management. He can tell in an interesting way how the three requisites of a home are a bathroom, one or more fire-places and a sleeping porch, how his father bottled up enough air in the fall to last, as he thought, until the next spring, and how as a result Joe had to go to a ranch in Colorado to regain his health. Here is where he got his inspiration to grow alfalfa. The secret of his success as a speaker is his simplicity of speech and from the fact that what he says comes from his own experience.

The question of good roads was given a prominent place on the program. Mr. D. Ward King, originator of the famous Split-log Drag, lectured on the making of good roads and demonstrated the working of his invention. The State Board of Health gave lectures and demonstrations on the hookworm, the use of the septic tank, the analysis of drinking water and causes and prevention of many diseases. The State Experiment Station furnished speakers on poultry and hog-raising, and gave a demonstration of inoculating hogs as a preventive of hog cholera. The United States Department of Agriculture contributed several speakers who talked on corn-raising, fruit-growing, judging a good cow, the use of the Babcock test and many other topics. Mr. A. O. Nelson, of Willmar, Minn., told us how co-operation was carried on by the farmers of Sueve, Minn. The Commissioner of Agriculture gave interesting talks on better

farming. Space will not permit telling of the other speakers who took part and added much to the interest of the meetings. Probably the most profitable time spent was when the farmers themselves discussed various topics on the program.

The question that naturally arises, Where did the money come from to pay for such an enterprise? Here appears the most interesting part of the story. In the first place, the expenses were not as great as were expected. The farmers responded by hauling the lumber for the seats and helped to put up the tent. The use of a piano was donated, the Bowling Green Band contributed one evening to each Chautauqua, local musicians, ministers, and entertainers gave their services. The citizens of Warren County contributed liberally in money and talent, but the man who made it possible for these Chautauquas from the financial standpoint was "Kentucky's grand old man," John B. McFerran, of Louisville, who had spent his boyhood days in the county and afterwards moved to Louisville, where he had made considerable money as a pork packer, but who for a number of years had given up active business and devoted his time to the betterment of the rural schools.

It came about in this way. One morning he read in the Courier-Journal that Kentucky was forty-second in illiteracy in the United States. "I was angry," he said. "It's a lie, and I'll make that paper suffer for such a statement. Now I'm Scotch-Irish, and the Irish said 'fight,' but the Scotch said 'investigate first.' I investigated and found the half had not been told." Since that time he has devoted his time to the betterment of the rural schools of Kentucky.

Mr. McFerran, although seventy-seven years old, attended every session of the Chautauquas and added much to their value by his presence and talks. He told of one school he visited where the schoolhouse was located on a marshy spot while just above it was a beautiful site. He was informed that more favored land was worth \$150 an acre, but the marshy land was too wet for crops, so was given to the

school for educational purposes. Mr. McFerran is making it his business to see that the children of Kentucky have a square deal.

We value any project by the results it produces. Now, what are the results of these Chautauquas? Time alone can tell. As one travels through the country he sees evidence of improvement already. Several farmers are preparing the ground to sow a small acreage of alfalfa and are doing it after the manner of Joe Wing. One extensive farmer remarked that one of the speakers had said that when a farmer's gates were off their hinges it was a good sign that he has hookworm or some other disease, and added: "I'm too healthy-a-looking man to be afflicted with hookworm, so I'll have to have some new gates," which he proceeded to buy.

Already the farmers in the locality where one session was held have made a permanent organization for the purpose buying fertilizer and lime more cheaply and to develop a better social relation in the community. As one man put it, "We live to ourselves so much and speak to our neighbors so seldom, and that over the 'phone, that we have become selfish and self-centered and it is now time to become more neighborly." Already contracts have been let by the organization referred to for one hundred and fifty tons of fertilizer and several car loads of lime at a saving of about \$500 from the usual price paid. In two neighborhoods they are talking strongly of building consolidated schools.

President Cherry expects to call a "Greater Warren County Convention" later in the fall for the purpose of consummating some of the ideas proposed in the different Chautauquas. Those who have seen the good results attained by the good work done in these Chautauquas are ready to help President Cherry achieve the purpose he has in view as expressed in one of his addresses: "If Warren County is not the best place on earth, we'll make it the best place. We are going to erect a guillotine for the reactionary."

Bowling Green, Ky.

JOHN E. NICHOL,
Farm Demonstrator.

BOOK NOTICES.

Buffum and Deaver's Sixty Lessons in Agriculture. By Burt C. Buffum, M.S., formerly Director of the Wyoming Experiment Station, and Professor of Agriculture and Horticulture, University of Wyoming; and David Clement Deaver, Practical Farmer. Cloth, 12mo, 272 pages, illustrated. Price, 80 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This is an easy and interesting book for the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades; both in subject matter and in language it is well within the grasp of pupils of these grades. The lessons cover such a wide range of topics that the book is adapted to every section of the country. The treatment is by no means technical, and consequently the book can be used even in schools whose teachers have had no special training in agriculture. The book aims to present useful information which will increase the efficiency of farming operations and improve the general character of farm life. The questions at the end of each lesson relate to the text and the local agricultural conditions. The practical exercises, which can easily be performed without any special apparatus, provide a large amount of laboratory work for the home or the school, which affords a good knowledge of the fundamental facts and an excellent training in scientific methods. Numerous illustrations are included, showing farm products, machinery, and agricultural methods.

Conley's Nutrition and Diet. By Emma Conley, Director of Domestic Science, State Normal School, Oshkosh, Wis. Cloth, 12mo, 208 pages, illustrated. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This volume for secondary schools is devoted largely to a study of foods—their composition, structure, nutritive value, digestibility, and place in the diet—showing the particular foods which contain the various elements needed by the hu-

man body. The composition and functions of the human body are first taken up, followed by a classification of foods according to their elements; digestion; the nutritive and fuel value of foods—digestibility; the practical value of balanced meals; suggestions for the planning of meals; and many specimen menus, with tables showing the quantity of food required for each person and the amount of each element contained in each food. In the latter part of the book, foods are taken up at greater length in groups. Their composition and structure, nutritive value, digestibility, the effect produced by heat, and place in the diet, are brought out in a very helpful manner. Many of the tables used in the book are taken from the bulletins and publications issued by the United States Government.

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After the football game, Mr. Byrn found Victor in a secluded spot giving vent to his feelings in manful sobs. Thinking to comfort him, Mr. Byrn said, "Never mind, Vic, you can beat them next time."

For a while there was no answer, but finally Vic said: "Pshaw! I was only trying to wash the dirt out of my eyes."

Prof. Turner (to Mr. W. L. Matthews, in Geometry): "Why don't you work harder, that you may achieve fame?"

Mr. Matthews: "Because, Professor, 'The path of glory leads but to the grave.'"

Mr. Mayhew had finished his speech, but Mr. Sears was still listening eagerly. Mr. Hodges asked him, "What are you expecting to hear?"

Mr. Sears: "Tick, tick."

Mr. Hodges: "Why?"

Mr. Sears: "Because he reminds me so much of the balance wheel of a watch."

Mr. Leiper (in Latin): "Miss Heber, tell me something about the Romance dialects."

Miss Lewis: "Really, I don't know much about them; but I think, 'I love you,' is a characteristic idiom."

Mr. Farris: "Are we going to have a week test?"

Miss Acker: "Not at all. There may be some weak answers, but depend on it, the test will be in good health."

On Monday morning the Latin class was reviewing the accusative case. Prof. Grise: "How is the limit of time expressed?"

Mr. Iglehart (whose mind was lost in retrospection): "Usually by 'bed time.'"

Miss Effie Duke was learning to play tennis. During the game she asked, "How is the score?"

Mr. Lutes: "Thirty-love."

Miss Duke (to Mr. Ford, who also had asked): "It is thirty."

Prof. Green (in Geography): "Mr. Towery, tell me something that happened on Lake Erie."

Mr. Towery: "I cannot remember anything at present."

Prof. Green: "What! don't you know about Perry?"

Mr. Towery: "Oh, sure. He was the chap that discovered the North Pole."

Mr. Witt (very slowly): "How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night."

Miss Reid: "Oh, Mr. Witt! Can you hear a bell?"

Mr. Witt: "No, ma'am, not now; but for the last twenty minutes I have been wishing it would ring."

Miss Rodes (teaching Mr. Chaney the notes): "Say the alphabet to H."

Mr. Chaney: "I don't know it very well."

Pres. Cherry: "The most serious thing in this life is"—
"Writing a joke," yelled the editor.

He: "If you were a dew-drop and should stoop to kiss a red, red rose, I would not want to be another dew-drop, and stoop to kiss the same red rose."

She: "Why not?"

He: "I would want to be the sunshine and kiss the dew-drop."

Every man knows when he marries that he is unworthy of the girl he gets. But it takes her years to find it out.

Miss Acker: "Queen Elizabeth was masculine in some respects and feminine in others. In what way was she feminine?"

Miss Manning: "Because of the way she liked men."

Miss Cornell Clark to Mr. Irvin Walker: "Which do you like better, winter or summer?"

Mr. Walker: "Winter, because in winter you can keep putting on clothes to keep you warm, but in summer there is a limit to what you can take off to keep you cool."

We Want You

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