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Western Kentucky University

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



**J. S. BROWN**

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*Anderson-2-*



# 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.

DECEMBER, 1914

NO. 3

### Concerning

History is a substantial item on our educational menu. It is an account of What Happened, when, where; and tells of the disposition of the remains of the innocent bystander. Some history is true, and some is interesting, but whatever may be said about it, it has its uses. For instance, when a political campaign is on, an anointed democratic spellbinder can rise on historical pinions like this: "My fellow-countrymen, does not there recur to your minds the melancholy recollection of the hard times of 1907, when money was so tight that tunes could be picked on it? Who was to blame? The pages of history toll out the dirge-like reply—"the Republican party.'" Then, there is a choice list of incidents which republican hot-air specialists are wont to mention in the act of producing discolorations on the democratic optic. Nowadays, we have dinner speeches, which by some queer philological quirk are called "toasts." The philosophy of the matter is something after this kind. Since the food served at such occasions is usually rendered unfit for human consumption by the absence of major premises and the presence of a misplaced attempt at landscape gardening, something needs be done to divert the attention of the guests from the badness of the fare, and so they put on a lot of bad speeches. That works fine; the food is so bad that no one notices how bad the speeches are, and vice

versa; so everyone laughs heartily and goes home much rejoiced. One of the necessary ingredients of these speeches is an excerpt from history. In the language of the poet, "What is a toast without a historical reference?" One like this, for instance: "History tells us that on one occasion Napoleon Bonaparte remarked to Ali Baba in dis-



cussing the Chicago White Sox, 'beyond their scalps lies ivory.'"

Sweet are the uses of History. From its pages we learn of many interesting men. There was William Penn, who came over here on a date and landed at a place, and settled down as a missionary and real estate dealer, which combination illustrates the sadly changed conditions of to-day. Wil-



liam was a calm, imperturbable, fat man, as patient as a calendar, and as friendly as a candidate minus the effusiveness. Why, if you had slapped him on the cheek, I imagine he would have smiled, and said in a soft, pleasant voice, "Truly is thee some smiter; come in and have a bottle of sody pop." How different are the personages of history! Just imagine, for variety's sake, the response that would have been made had the indignity been offered to Roosevelt, or Andy Jackson, or Nero. So suave and beneficent, we learn, were Penn's methods that he was instrumental in the conversion of many Indians, and did a land-office business in his land offices. Once, he made a treaty with the Indians which was the only one never sworn to, at, or broken. As the Seventeenth Century apostle of peace, good-will, and general trustworthiness, Penn lands the pennant. But this isn't about William Penn. It's about J. E. Lane, Superintendent of Ballard County Schools.

Lane is a man of strong, sturdy, constructive ability. His whole career exemplifies the truth of that statement. His work has been of a man's size. In the history of his life there is told on every page of achievements that could not have been the products of a weakling. And Lane's methods are those of Penn, merely modernized to meet these days of politicians, predatory interests, and psychological progress. He goes about the duties for which he goes about clad in a smile of broad acreage, and yet deep beneath his benign exterior there is a case-hardened fixity of purpose. He knows his course, and he knows his goal. Also he knows, as Penn knew, that a smile scientifically generated has more voltage than a frown. He is one of the few who have learned the great lesson that aggressiveness ought not to officiate where it doesn't function. Let us suppose a case. Lane is Superintendent of County Schools, and therefore concerned seriously with the personnel of his teaching force. There are vacancies to be filled. An applicant enters soliciting Lane as a reference. A short, pleasant conversation ensues. Meanwhile, Lane, without appearing to

do so, makes a rapid but comprehensive survey of the applicant and finds him lacking. Then, he smilingly engineers the exodus of the undesirable, who goes away with a sort of feeling that he has been favored by being turned down.

J. E. Lane was born in a rural district of Ballard County, February 21, 1884. He was a fat, cherubic youngster, who had friendship for all, but who skillfully steered clear of any entangling alliance whatsoever. It is a cinch that whenever puerile depredations were committed in the Blandville neighborhood Lane's value as a witness on either side was considerably below zero. He had even then all the earmarks of a Hague delegate.

He attended the rural schools of his county as much as the unwritten law applying then permitted, and followed that with two years in Blandville College. This brought him to the age of pedagogical discretion, and so he engaged to teach a session in one of the wayside edifices of Learning. The bad boys of the deestrick observed developments in high glee. "I done seen that guy what's goin' to be teacher here, and believe me, he's easy," said one of them to an audience of cohorts. "Yassir, you fellers just watch me get playful like, and swipe that little old schoolhouse and run off with it right afore his eyes." During the testing-out period that followed, his voice never lost its Quaker-like benevolence of tone, and the schoolhouse remained unswiped. The boys held another meeting. Again spoke the leader, "I passed my word to the teacher to-day that the whole bunch of us would have that mult'plication table by mornin', and, believe me, it's goin' to be got, too. Tadpole Johnson, stand up and recite."

Lane entered the Normal School January, 1907. His attendance bore fruit from the first. "This institution's getting altogether too peaceful to suit me," observed Dixie Hollins one day. "I can't find it in my heart any longer to criticize even Yankees or republicans." Lane remained in the Normal until June, 1909, plugging serenely away, and es-



tablishing a record of which anyone might be proud. Then he went home and entered the race for the Superintendency. Smiling urbanely, he canvassed his native heath from Bandana to the Carlisle border, and on election day Peace had a great victory.

Shortly after getting elected, he got married, which was far better. The bride was Miss Gertrude Nichols, of Princeton, and she has been a tower of strength in the regime of Peace. There is at present, a third member of the family, a Miss Lane of one summer, who is also a potent factor in the affairs of the House of Lane.

Lane is now on his second term. Under his care the schools have flourished. They have developed—well, from what they were to what they are, which is saying much, very much.

All of which goes to prove that the methods of the Penn are mightier than those of the sword.

—oOo—



## LITERARY.

### The Christmas Ship

The child stood outside the window gazing into the Place Wonderful. No one understood the child. Her mother confided to her friends that she was queer, not like the other children; her teacher, at whose feet she could have wor-

shipped, thought her stubborn, even stupid. But the child did not care. Her soul abided in stately, many-roomed mansions, where all was so wonderful and bright, that she could not even see the shadows of the world without.

As she stood now, lost in the Wonderland within, one of the Bright Angel Ladies came to the door.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

Shyly, silently, the Child entered. Wide-eyed and motionless she stood among rows and rows of dolls and dishes—all the most marvelous creations in the world.

"They are for the 'Christmas Ship,'" explained the Bright Angel Lady, "that is going to all the little children that the cruel war has hurt."

The Child clasped her hands tightly, while a radiant glow filled the deep, brown eyes. Then, turning, she ran out.

"That's a talkative child you picked up, Anna," teased another Angel Lady, busily unpacking a basket of dolls.

"She was a queer little chicken," returned Anna, thoughtfully. "She didn't say a word; and but for the wonderful light that came to her eyes when I told her what the things were for, I should have thought she was stupid."

"Maybe she was dumb," suggested the other.

"Perhaps so—poor baby!" and with that the Child was forgotten.

But the Child did not forget. Her feet scarcely touched the ground as she hurried home through the darkening streets. "For the children hurt by the war." Did that not mean her, and her sister and brother? Had she not seen her father come home, night after night, weary and hopeless and worn, and heard him curse this war that threw him out of work? Had she not heard her mother tell her best friend that there could be no Christmas for the children this year, because of this war? Of course—and now there was to be this "Christmas Ship," just for them and the other little children the war had hurt. She would not tell them, she decided. It must be the Big Surprise.

So bright were her eyes, so rosy her cheeks when she en-



tered the house, that her mother stopped work a moment to stare at her and remark: "Why, you look almost like the other children!"

The Child said nothing, but took her accustomed seat by the window, the glow still radiating from her little face.

So it went on—each day after school her feet would hasten toward the Place Wonderful, where she would stand and look, and look; then hurry home to her chair by the window.

It would be a white ship, she decided, all glistening, shining white like the one on the cake in the baker's window. Only big, very big—bigger than their house, perhaps. In the very front would be the tree, for of course a Christmas Ship would have a tree, and this would be gleaming with millions of candles and all the other bright sparkling things of which the child did not even know the name. On board the ship would be many, many of the Bright Angel Ladies—only their dresses would be even more shining white than ever; for this was the Christmas Ship where everything must be bright. And high up on all sides would be piled the gifts—hundreds and hundreds of dolls, and rocking horses, and dishes—everything. The ship would come sailing down the street, stopping at every door where there was a child the war had hurt. At last it would stop at theirs, and *her* Bright Angel Lady would gather up a great armful of gifts and come in. Then the Child would run and open the door and the Angel Lady would give her the things. The other children would shout with joy and at last she, too, would be able to talk, to tell them all about it; how she had known all the time, and how the ship was sailing on to all the other little children—

So she dreamed; and her hands would clasp, and her breath come quickly until the mother would look startled and tell her husband at night, "It's uncanny. If she would just talk more."

At last came a day when her mother said: "You are not well. You mustn't go to school to-day." But the child's

eyes widened so pleadingly, so insistingly, that the mother shrank before them. "Very well, then, if you must," she sighed.

The sun had wrapped himself in thick gray blankets, while underneath, the earth, too, had a coverlid of heavy gray drifts, as if both were trying to shut out the bitter chill. After school the Child stumbled through the snow, the slush sobbing under her feet, to the Place Wonderful. As she stood outside, it seemed ten times more beautiful than ever before. Her Lady caught side of her through the window, and coming to the door said, smiling: "They will be packed day after to-morrow."

How long the Child stood there she did not know, but as she turned homeward, Quaker day had changed to Widowed night. The fierce wind clawed angrily at her coat and hood, but she did not feel the cold. Within her many-mansioned heart burned the fire of joy and anticipation, bright and warm.

The next morning even the imploring eyes could not overrule the mother's decision. "You are sick," she said. "You cannot go out to-day."

So the child assented, and spent the day in her world of wonder. That night, when the father returned, a little wearier, a little more hopeless than the night before, the mother said: "She's sick."

The Man took the Child tenderly into his strong arms and whispered to her brokenly: "And daddy can't buy his sick baby any Christmas."

The Child did not speak, but laid her cold little hand against his face. She must not tell him, even yet. It was to be the Big Surprise.

The days hurried on, but the Child did not go out again.

Christmas Eve night she prayed that Christmas might be a golden day; for the ship would shine so wonderfully on a golden day—and such it was. The Child's cheeks burned so with fever and her breath came so hoarsely that the mother entreated her not to leave her bed. She begged



so piteously, however, that at last, swathed in blankets, she was in her little chair by the window. Eagerly she strained her eyes up and down the street. It must surely come soon. She wished she had asked the Angel Lady just what time it would come, for the bed was so soft and warm;—all day she sat there, silent, her hands clasped.

Towards evening she fell asleep. When she awoke darkness had shut her in. The Christmas Ship must have come and gone. Oh, why did they not wake her? How could it have come without her to open the door and let the Angel Lady in? Where were the brother and sister that their shouts of joy had not roused her? No, it had not come. There were so many children. It would be coming directly, all lighted up— But the fever-wearied brain would not picture it. All was blackness.

"I can't see it," she gasped, piteously.

Instantly the figures by the fire started up. A strange man lifted her tenderly and placed her in her bed. She saw her father and mother dimly. Then darkness again.

The flickering light of the low-turned lamp deepened the furrows in the father's face, and cast a shadow veil over the mother's head as they sat together at the bedside. By the window stood the doctor, gazing sternly out into the Christmas night.

"She never did rightly belong to us," said the mother, dully, "and I guess she's going to those that'll understand her better."

The father's hands clenched. "But she is my baby, and"—the words choked him.

Suddenly the still little figure roused. The Child sat up, a wonderful light in her eyes. Her hoarse voice shattered the stillness of the room.

"Oh, Daddy, it's coming! My Christmas Ship—all white and shining—and, Daddy,"—stretching out her arms—"they want *me* to go along, too; to sail on the Christmas ship."

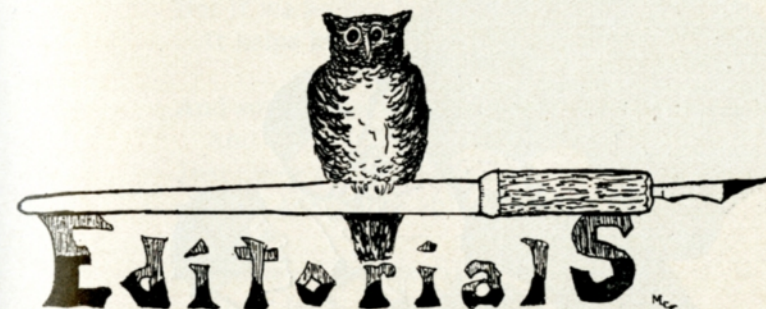
So, with its one passenger, sailed the Ship of Christmas, into the peaceful waters of the Eternal Sea.

BELLE POTTER.

—oOo—

If you wish to know the best business houses in Bowling Green, read the ads. in THE MESSENGER.

—oOo—



Home

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view."

As the shining spirit of the Christ-day draws near, our minds wander, inevitably wander, back to the days of Santa Claus. Ah, Santa Claus! Santa Claus! there is no Christmas since thou art gone. No Christmas since round the old fireside the unbroken flock with hearts aglow, chatted of what the morrow and Santa Claus would bring. No Christmas since mother hung our little stockings from the nails about the old open chimney, down which Santa came. No joy of Christmas since the joy that came from the last filled stocking, that hung by the old fireside, of the old home, the dear old country home.

Those glorious, innocent, joyous days of childhood we can never again know, but when on the current of the holiday tide, the home-ship passes by, we can all-aboard for that most wonderful of all destinations, "Home, Sweet



Home." Our stockings will not hang from the nail this time, old Santa is sure not to come, but we know 'tis Christmas, because we're home.

If the good ship Home should pass by, and leave poor us



to look yearningly in its wake, we can at least spread the sails of memory's ship and drift back into the realms of the past and live over again as best we can those happy days of yore.

Just go where'er you want to,  
The old home is the best;  
And no folks like the homefolks  
When you want to rest.

But some folks have no homefolks,  
We're sorry it is so;  
But if we be like homefolks,  
It helps lots, we know.

And sometimes we get lonesome,  
And we feel mighty blue;  
Just cheer us up a little,  
Then the smiles shine through.

But these folks seem like homefolks,  
Their faces are so meek,  
Just like the dear old homefolks,  
Down on old Wolf Creek.

Still, there's no folks like the homefolks,  
Now they are always best;  
And no place like the old home,  
When you want to rest.

PATTIE ALLEN.

## Christmas Time

LUCY BOOTH

Snowing on Christmas Eve! Oh, to be out in the storm while we gather the evergreens, tramping through soft drifts and whirling white fogs of falling flakes, exulting in the Christmas tingle, the Yuletide rapture, of the air. With mosses and ferns from under the ledges of the cliff, with bunches of mistletoe that knot the boughs of the giant o'



walnuts, with the crown prince of the young cedars on the northern hillslope, heap the sled and merrily, merrily bring it home through the swirling storm.

Before the lamps are lighted, ere the afternoon is gone, when the half-light from the snow-blurred windows and the glowing flames in the wide fireplace intermingle in a warm, rich gloom that fills every corner and flickers across the ceiling, that is the time to decorate the room where the Christmas tree is to stand. Wreath its walls with ever-green garlands and red bells, and opposite the fireplace, where every gleam of light will flash and glisten upon its splendors, trim the radiant tree.

When the night has come, as softly, swiftly, silently as the snowflakes falling, and all the house is in readiness for the glad morrow, then creep close to the hearth where the red embers are dying, and listen. Is there a rustle, a scraping, a stir somewhere up in that great, wide, black chimney? Or a sound of trampling of snow and gingling of harness upon the roof? Then hurry to bed,—oh, quickly!—for the jolly old red-cloaked visitor will never come down the chimney while you are awake and watching!

—oOo—

#### A CHRISTMAS EVE

The snow is softly falling  
And the wind is faintly sighing  
And the boughs are slightly drooping  
And, 'tis Christmas Eve.

In a little brown thatched cottage  
Sits a mother with her baby  
Cuddling closely to her shoulder,  
And she sings to him this lay—

"Long ago in the old Judea—  
'Twas this night long years ago—

Christ was born—our blessed Saviour—  
And the angels sang his praise.

"To the shepherds on the hillside,  
Where they watched their flock by night,  
Came a voice, 'On earth peace,  
Good will to men,' and a heavenly choir

"Filled the sky with hallelujahs;  
And the shepherds found the stable,  
Found the baby in the manger,  
And they bowed and worshiped Him."

Now the mother quits her singing  
And she smiles as Virgin Mary  
Smiled upon her sleeping baby  
As He lay in the rude manger.

And the snow falls softer, softer,  
And the wind sighs fainter, fainter,  
And the boughs droop slighter, slighter,  
For, 'tis Christmas Eve.

NETTIE LAYMAN.

—oOo—

### Christianity and Civilization

This is the month of Christmas, a day long celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the Saviour of the world. For ages poets of all lands have sung of this most glorious of all days. It is a day of joy and gladness because of the coming of Him who was to redeem a world to the Creator against whom they had so ungratefully rebelled. It is the anniversary of the birth of Him who, through death upon a cross, might win the souls of men to the God who created them. While the religion of the Prince of Peace is the most beautiful ever conceived in its relation to the



future life of the soul in a heaven of perfect bliss and happiness, it is not only in such relation that it is the most beautiful religion the world has ever known. In its relation to the development of the present life of man, social, political, moral, and spiritual, it is the greatest factor under whose influence the life and development of the world has progressed.

Although the religions that grew up with the various ancient civilization were, many of them, of a spiritual nature, they were not adaptable to a worldwide growth in human culture. Each grew out of the myths that were the product of each individual people, and the ideals that each typified were the ideals of a distinct and peculiar people. As such, they could not be embraced by other peoples whose conception of religion might be radically different. Hence none of them bore such a relation to human activities that they might become a world-wide religious faith.

The birth of Christ was the beginning of a religion whose teachings were so lofty in conception, so pure in ideals, that, aside from its teachings concerning the eternal life of the human soul, it represents the highest ideals possible for human conception. Beginning with His personal ministrations to the weak and erring in and near Jerusalem, its effect on social, political, moral, and spiritual life has been more or less obvious throughout all subsequent ages. Old ideals of selfishness and vengeance for wrongs inflicted by another have been outgrown and are no longer regarded as the safeguards of human culture. In their stead are the ideals that beget forbearance and sympathy, love for that which is right and desire to see another excel in whatsoever he desires to accomplish. Men who submit their lives to the enactment of Christian principles into real living witness of Christian influences, are esteemed by their fellow-men as the richest blessings that can come to a people. As a result of such lofty ideals, Christian culture and civilization have endured two thousand years and have yet a great work to accomplish.

The promulgation of the teachings of Christ has been a very effective means of spreading the highest degree of culture and civilization over the entire world. Men imbued with the Christian spirit have, without hesitancy, given their lives for the advancement of the faith first given the world by the Saviour Himself. What more beautiful or more inspiring to nobler lives can the human mind conceive than the heroism and unselfish sacrifice of the martyr who without fear or hesitation surrenders his life into the hands of savages to be given up at the stake in order that these uncivilized peoples may be given an opportunity to embrace the blessings and beauties of Christianized civilization? There is something in the lives of these men that cannot be burned at a stake. The spirit that enables them to endure the tortures of a burning death has penetrated the lives of the lowest of savages and caused them to seek the influence and the blessings of Christian culture and refinement. To these men who so heroically pursue their course in carrying the influence of civilization into the wildest wastes in the world, a debt of gratitude and appreciation, that can never be cancelled, is due.

The greatest achievement that is directly traceable to Christ's life upon earth is the development of a world-wide Christian culture that had its beginning when the Western civilization of Rome was at its highest. The religion of Jesus Christ is an evangelical religion, and the commission to disciple the world was the greatest commission ever given to man for both human and spiritual development. Having its beginning in the home of God's chosen people, it began to grow, and though rejected by them, it was readily accepted by the Gentiles of the Holy City and surrounding territory and was carried by missionaries to all the inhabitable world. It has substituted the pen for the sword as a means of advancing the development of Christian culture to all parts of the earth. In this work lies its greatest achievement for humanity, from the material point of view. In every nation where some other than the Christian is the



prevailing religion, and where the curse of ignorance rests upon the people, the missionaries have gone with the Bible in one hand and a school text in the other, to minister to the intellectual and spiritual needs of the people among whom they work. Through their work the school, the medical science, and the church, the three most indispensable means of building up a civilization, have been given to the ignorant, the weak, and the unchristian the world over.

Then in celebrating the birth of Jesus, we celebrate not only the birth of the Saviour of human souls, but also the birth of freedom, peace, and happiness to all mankind.

M. E. HARELSON.

—oOo—

Don't fail to read THE ELEVATOR ads, it adds to your interest.

—oOo—

## Helping Santa Claus

I have Christmas "in my bones" and on my mind; no wonder that I dreamed about it. Makes me think of Scrooge, but Holly Berry Claus, the jolliest little old fellow, who said he was a friend and near relative of Santa Claus, was my guide. He was dressed in red flannel, white fur, and tinkly bells which, he said, are always in good taste at the North Pole.

The night was clear and bright, with the sparkle of the stars on the snow, the air was crisp and tingling. It was just the night for a lark; so when Holly Berry Claus came by in his sleigh loaded with bulging packages of all sizes and asked me to go with him to take some presents Santa had asked him to deliver, I hopped in without urging and snuggled down under the buffalo robe.

He took up the reins, cracked his whip, and away we went with the jingle of bells; but a heavy rock-crusher-like thing was hitched on behind, and I could not help speaking of it.

"Oh, that is nothing for these reindeers to pull, but I'm

glad you reminded me. We will just drop by Professor Craig's now and leave that. Ever since Guy Byrn got his motor, Craig has been pestering Santa Claus with letters begging for something to ride.

Next we went out on the Nashville Pike.

"Ah, here we are at Alexander's. Hand me that package there, please."

"What, that?" I cried. "Why, it is nothing but a hoop."

"It is Giotto's Circle," he answered, solemnly.

"What do you have for Professor Stickles?"

"He will appreciate his gift. It is nothing less than the iron crown of the Lombards. It will be awfully becoming and easy to slip on to wear to seven-thirty classes, but hand me that bag."

I picked it up and found it so light that I fingered it curiously and, at a nod from him, I peeped eagerly within. I caught my breath. There were soft, shimmering folds, pale, rich, bright, elusive, wonderful, gorgeous in colors.

"For whom?" I cried, hoping that he would let me have even one small piece.

"Professor Clagett," he said, "'tis the stuff of which dreams are made—a rare gift given to only a few."

A few minutes later we soared upward at a dizzy rate and then stopped on the roof of a house. Holly Berry took out a monocle and some long black ear-bobs.

"For me," I laughed, looking at the ear-bobs. "I like—"

"Sorry," he broke in, "but I have instructions to leave these with Miss Reid. Now that package next, I believe. See what is in it."

"Little frilly aprons—how darling!"

"For Turner; he gets chalk dust on his clothes."

There was the queerest thing on that sleigh that I had been wondering about for some time. It was red, and every time we went over a bump it went blab—blab—blab. He took it down Professor Leiper's chimney, and when he returned said, "I am glad that's off my hands. Santa told me to be particularly careful with that *Mother Tongue*."



"Haven't you anything for Miss Van Houten?" I asked.

"This," he answered, pulling something flat from underneath a lot of other things. "It sure is a humdinger of Mutt and Jeff. I suppose you haven't even heard of the early romance between her and Jeff. She would not marry a man that she could not look up to, but she still appreciates him in an artistic way."

Later, when Holly Berry stuck his head out of Professor Burton's chimney, he was chuckling to himself.

"That man has had his head sodded," he choked.

Then he handed me a small bag of warm, wiggly, squirming things to hold.

"Oh, ouch—goodness, Holly Berry, what is in there?"

"Germs for Connor Ford," he answered, cracking the whip.

"Is that all you are going to give Mr. Ford?"

"Well, a little antitoxin."

"Kinnaman's and Cherry's and then home you go; you are getting sleepy."

"No, no," I protested, stretching my eyes as wide open as I could. "No."

A little while later I was starting gingerly down my own chimney when my foot slipped and then—I awoke.

A. M.

—oOo—

Don't forget THE ELEVATOR ads mean something to *you*, Mr. Student.

—oOo—

### A DIRGE

LUCY BOOTH

We must hollow a narrow, shallow grave,

The old year is dying to-night;

Robbed of royal robe and crown, he lies wrapped

In snow for a winding sheet white.  
And the aged stars shall the watchers be  
When the soul of the year is fled,  
And the wind will sing a funeral hymn  
As we bury the unmourned dead.

—oOo—

### The Soldier's Rest

The fight is over. Evening broods over the valley and a thin, stinging snow is falling. The last thundering echo of the conquering hosts has died away. Silence reigns.

Close by yon whitening clump of sumachs, there lies a soldier. His boyish face gleams wan in the twilight. His stiffening fingers still clutch his shattered rifle. Soldier, why tarriest thou? Thy comrades are gone. Their far-off shouts faint in the distance. They are rejoicing in their triumph and you are not there. At noon you were foremost in the charge; at eve you linger here. Death, forgetfulness, oblivion, are around thee. Arise, soldier, arise.

The shadows deepen. The dishevelled clouds obscure the wan moon's face. Hark, soldier! faint as the whisper of duty, the sound of victorious guns calls to thee. Thou hearest not. No peal of triumph can pierce that listless ear. Those lips, stilled with a half-finished prayer upon them, shall speak no more. Last night the moon rose fair on thy young hopes; to-night thine eyes shall see it set from another shore. Thy life, soldier,—it was given needlessly. Thy patriotism—it was narrowness. Thy flag—it was the emblem of selfishness. Thy duty—it was a delusion. Oh, the tears! Oh, the pity! No earthly tumult reach thy soul! No burning tears bedim thine eyes! Sleep, soldier, sleep.

Lo, the night is come. The owl whirrs by on screeching wings and the wild wolf howls in the glen. The cry of the night disturbs thy rest—not. Rest, soldier, rest. Thy warfare is over. Whither thou goest, private and general are one. Rank has no precedence. Honor has no charms. Rest,



soldier. The snow shall be thy winding sheet. - The wind shall moan thy requiem. When morn her eastern eyelids opens, thou shalt not know. When spring trips radiant through the valley, thou shalt not care. Flowers will bloom for thee; birds will sing from a hundred trees, and thou shalt hear—silence. Soldier, you obeyed the voice of your country. Your reward—it was death. You followed the call of patriotism. Your guerdon—it is forgetfulness.

Rest, soldier, rest.

LOTTIE MCCLURE.

—oOo—

### THAT SENIOR CONSTITUTION

Oh, that Senior Constitution,  
What a perfect piece of art,  
With its many "rights" and duties,"  
Dear to every Senior's heart.

Calm and serene the beginning,  
And at first the sky seemed clear,  
But after the "second reading,"  
There were signs which we did fear.

There were signs of a coming struggle,  
All about a little word,  
That seemed to have lacked a subject  
(Of such things we'd never heard).

So the battle began in earnest,  
Bombs flew wildly through the air;  
We held our breath while waiting  
The "decisions" of the Chair.

"I move you, sir, an amendment,"  
Brown's lusty voice chimed in,  
"I rise to a point of order,"  
Oh, dear, oh, what a din!

And of speeches there were plenty,  
Some original, some "made,"  
That bombastic speech of Miller's  
Laid "Old Patrick" in the shade.

Oh, such bursts of oratory,  
We know not from whence they came,  
But the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes"  
Would have hung his head in shame.

Some members got obstreperous,  
And some did not deem it fair,  
To always be abiding by  
The "decisions of the Chair."

Then one, Miss Henderson, arose  
And said, "Now, where are we?  
Like a ship without a rudder  
Drifting far, far out at sea.

For ten long weeks we've struggled,  
We're no nearer to the end."  
Was it righteous indignation?  
Who can answer that, my friend?

And so the fight raged on and on,  
But no scenes of bloodshed dire;  
Yet, still from out the statesman's eye  
Flashed flames of living fire.

You'd have thought 'twas "The Chicago,"  
So loud was the din and roar,  
When the wise and crafty Chairman  
Put the "steam-roller" o'er.

Now, a great and solemn statesman  
Arose to ask by what "process,"



But the "con" went through a rolling.  
Just how? Go and ask McChess.

At last when the battle ended,  
Shouts through the hall did ring,  
All hail to our crafty Chairman!  
All hail to Premier and King!

PATTIE ALLEN.

—oOo—

## Training School News

The following splendid articles were contributed by the children of the Training School. The contributions show a high grade of work on the part of the Training School, and an excellent beginning for the boys and girls in the realm of journalism. Keep up the good work.—Ed.

### Alumni Notes

Our Freshmen in the High School—all girls except one—report that the first eighth grades to be sent from the Training School stands high in the estimation of the High School teachers. Indeed, it is whispered among the girls themselves that they are Prof. Sigler's "pets."

We hear less of the boys, all of whom except the one above mentioned, went to Ogden. They, perhaps, just don't tell all the nice things said about them. But we know from the spirit they showed last year, when even the "infant" advocated "that we take Mexico," that they are doing well.

Miss Graves: "Try it, Kenneth; all 8-a's should be able to pronounce that." (Diedrich Knickerbocker.)

Kenneth: "Uh—er—Died rich—"

According to the explanation of one 8-a, Ichabod Crane, instead of instructing the fair Katrina in the uplifting art of "psalmody," was giving her lessons in the more "engaging" one of "palmistry."

The 8-a's have acquired one young gentleman—Mr. C. M. Passmore.

### The Christmas Ship

A ship has been sent by the women and children of the United States for the benefit of the stricken children of Europe. The ship was so called the Christmas Ship, which sailed under an American and Santa Claus flag. It was hoped that by sending this ship that the European children would have some sort of a Christmas. It sailed November 7, 1914, and is to arrive in Europe two weeks before Christmas.

The Woman's Club was appointed by the New York committee to send the offerings from Bowling Green. Miss Emanie Nahm came to the Training School and made clear to us why this ship was being sent, and asked that the ones who felt able would give a party or entertainment for its benefit.

The Seventh Grade of the Training School decided to give a tea for this cause. We asked permission of Miss Hatcher to use the Chapel on Thursday, October 29. We charged ten cents admission, and served tea and sandwiches. Later in the afternoon there was a Mysterious Auction. One of the Bowling Green boys raffled off the packages. From this and the admission fees we made six dollars.

SHELLY RODES,  
CORYNNE LIVELY,  
ELIZABETH FITCH.

### The Pine Mountain School

Instead of sending Christmas gifts to the children of Belgium and other European countries, the Eighth Grade decided to do something to help the Pine Mountain School, in which, ever since last Christmas, they have been much interested.

It was decided that the most promising way of obtaining



the money was to give two basketball games—one by the girls, the other by the boys. Accordingly, on Friday night, November 6, the teams met for the fray. The girls played first, completely outshining the boys by the number of “fine, new” tactics they introduced into the game. Annie Pence and others demonstrated that the ball *can* be thrown with the eyes shut tight, that it can be thrown backward, and that the goal can be missed if a small forward, like Ray Searcy, aims directly in front of her nose.

Ray and Annie, it is true,  
Fell down, as most small girls do;  
They didn't hurt themselves at all,  
Because they didn't have far to fall.

The boys, the present Eighth Grade, against some of last year's pupils, no win Ogden, played only their usual fine game.

“Jimmy” Jones kindly refereed the games.

The evening proved a very enjoyable one, one patron declaring that she wanted to get into the game herself. These games may become a regular feature of Training School life.

#### *Moving Picture Shows Are Not Beneficial*

Many people's favorite amusements are the picture shows. Although there is some good in them, it seems to be that “Moving Picture Shows Are Not Beneficial.” They damage the eyes by their quivering motion. The effect of pictures is not only on the eyes, but also on the head, that sometimes aches after straining the eyes at a picture show. This straining weakens the eyes, and the result is that many of the children of this generation have to wear glasses at an early age.

Many times the pictures present the wrong views of life; especially to children. In many cases children are led to burn each other at the stake while playing Indians, and

sometimes, especially boys, have started out to seek their fortunes, as some one in the picture did.

The picture show is considered a cheap amusement, and a way in which many people see much of the world that they would not see otherwise. This, perhaps, is true to a certain extent, for the picture show is a cheap amusement; but the habit grows. If you go once, perhaps you will want to go again soon; so thus you get in the habit of going every day. You may not realize it at the time you spend it, but five cents for three hundred thirteen days—not counting Sunday, of course—will be fifteen dollars sixty-five cents wasted in one year. At this rate you will find it not so cheap as it seemed. And as to the educational part, there are but few educational ones. On the other hand, the novels, adventures, etc., decidedly overbalance all the good received by the few pictures that are helpful.

There are many things which have not been mentioned that we come in contact with at these shows, such as objectionable companions, bad ventilation, waste of time as well as money, etc. I hope, however, from what I have said, that you will see that “Moving Picture Shows Are Not Beneficial.”

#### *Are Motion Picture Shows Beneficial?*

Of all the popular amusements of the present day, I think Motion Picture Shows are the most harmful. It is true, there are some educational pictures, such as Pathe's Weekly, but the majority are bad for one, especially boys and girls in school. Pathe's Weekly comes only once a week, and what is on the rest of the week? Sentimental love stories and western scenes of murder. This is not the influence that shows should have on children. In one instance some children had been to the shows to an Indian scene, where a white man was burned at the stake. The children went and painted their faces. Seizing a little boy whom they did not like, they bound him and piled the wood around him. An old negro man hearing the child's shrieks, prevented this



horrible murder. You may judge for yourself whether such shows as this are beneficial.

Many people think they can go to the shows to rest. A tired or over-worked person would not find much rest in thrilling scenes of love and war. They are loitering places for undesirable companions. Many a time a drunkard or thief comes to the shows, also, for rest. Would not your children be better riding horseback and playing out-of-door games? And there is such bad ventilation! In a certain theater there are no windows, but only a skylight in the top; where there are many people, good fresh air is needed.

Many people go because they say it is an economical amusement. But could not the five or ten cents be spent for a better cause? The child should be taught to save, and giving him an allowance, and allowing him to spend it all, is not teaching him to save. The "Motion Picture Allowance" would make a good capital for a child to start on.

When people begin to attend regularly they have formed a habit that it will be difficult to break. When this stage is reached they neglect other duties, all because some advertised picture is on.

And lastly, they are injurious to the eyes. I have heard many people complain of the shifting and glimmering of the light. When I am tired and go to the shows, my eyes hurt, and I am convinced that the shows injure them. Ought a person who is tired and has been using his eyes, go and strain them over something that injures him both physically and morally?

I think we would be better off without the shows. Children would stay at home more and spend their leisure in wholesome games and good books.

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#### *Our Chestnut Hunt*

One bright October afternoon we started on our long-promised chestnut hunt with our teacher, Miss Graves. Right after school we all piled on the comfortable hay wagon

and started with yells and cheers and hearty appetites.

The woods were very beautiful, having changed their costumes from green to gorgeous ones of yellow, crimson and red. The bare walnut trees sobered the brilliancy of the golden hickories and the scarlet maples and sumach.

After a ride of several miles, we came to a sparkling creek over which was an "iron bridge." Along the banks like sentinels were the stately silver sycamores. Stopping on one side of the creek, we unpacked the lunches and greedily devoured them. We then went down to the creek and some of the girls went in wading. Finally they were persuaded to leave the tempting water. Meanwhile the boys had gathered giant reeds for themselves and necessarily for the girls. These were put to good use later. We then mounted the hay wagon and drove to the Burton Memorial Church. Near the church were many golden oaks looking fully their title, "Kings of the Forest."

After leaving the church, we drove to a woodland, where we stopped and played many interesting games, such as, "I Spy," "Three Deep," and "Fox and Hounds." After this last exhausting game, and as it was growing dark, we started for home, tired but happy.

On the way home the boys used their reeds constantly on the girls, who immediately pitched into the fray. The battle raged all the way home, neither side victorious, until as we were entering the city limits, we were forced to stop. The air was then rent with our school yells.

We reached home, as the moon was just rising over the tops of the trees, and all declared that—"We'd had the best time ever on our chestnutless chestnut hunt."

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#### *The Mystic Seven's Picnic*

On Wednesday after Domestic Science, a party of girls of the Training School, called the "Mystic Seven," gathered on the sand court to give a picnic for the benefit of the Christmas Ship. The guests present were: Miss Hatcher, Miss Graves, Miss Warning, Miss Jeffries and Miss Ellis.



The girls brought lunches consisting of fruit, sandwiches and cakes. Some of the girls brought presents for the ship, and the teachers gave money. Everyone enjoyed herself very much and the teachers gave money. Everyone enjoyed herself very much.

—oOo—  
THE SURPRISE

On or about November 21st, President Cherry announced that the Vice President of the United States was to be in our chapel hall that evening. Of course, everybody was anxious to see the Vice President, as we had never had such an opportunity before. We went to see, and when we saw—lo, and behold! it was only a man—a *man just like other men*.

But the Vice President made a great speech, which everyone enjoyed. He impressed his audience as a true, honorable and sincere man, well fitted for the great office which he holds.

His address was on the subject of "Peculiarities in American Life." The following are some of the most striking sentences from the address:

"One of the greatest evils in American life is too much dependence on man-made laws."

"If I had my way I would repeal nine-tenths of the laws in America, and find men to enforce the other one-tenth."

"There's too much prejudice in American life."

"There are only two callings in America where fools are at a premium; one is politics, and the other is jury service."

—oOo—  
THE LATIN EXHIBIT

The Latin exhibit recently prepared by some of the students under the direction of Professor Leiper was interesting and instructive. There were some of us, perhaps, who could not have told why we study Latin; but since we have seen that display showing among other things the per cent of Latin words in English and in foreign languages, the

light which it flashes on law, terminology, mythology and literature, and the stress placed upon it by men successful in various walks of life, we have a clearer idea of its value both practical and cultural. We feel glad that we have studied Latin and that we cannot teach it in a more purposive way.

The exhibit has been pronounced one of the best ever seen, and does high credit to the Latin department.

—oOo—  
Echoes From the Field

*My Moonlight School in Muhlenberg*

The night of October 3, 1913, is one I shall never forget, and I feel that it will long be remembered by the eleven enthusiastic men and boys of the Biven's School District, who, as my pupils, helped me organize the first Moonlight School in Muhlenberg County.

These eleven anxious students, after toiling all day, some in tobacco patches and others at a saw mill, walked from one to three miles, in order to attend the opening of this night school for men and grown boys. They were so eager to learn to read and write, and "figure," as they called it, that they forgot all about their hard day's toil. They were the most earnest and obedient students I have ever had under my care. When I asked them to do certain things that seemed beyond their power, each would smile and say "I'll try."

They were so anxious to begin to study that they scarcely gave me time to tell about the great work that Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart and her teachers had started in Rowan County in September, 1911. I showed them some of the Rowan County Moonlight School scenes, and briefly told them of the rapid progress some of her students had made. One of the men then rose and said: "I'm 'most sure if we try we can do the same thing right here at Biven's"—and we did.



After enrolling the pupils, taking their ages and number of days they had attended school in boyhood, I found that I had students ranging from nineteen to fifty-five years of age, and that a number who had come were in a schoolhouse for the first time in their lives as pupils. One man told me had never seen a school in session; but in less than a week he visited my day school and heard, for the first time in his life, his children recite their lessons and in the very same schoolhouse in which he was attending my night classes. What a sympathetic, encouraging and inspiring sight it was to see fathers bending over the same desks their children used during the day, struggling to gain knowledge so that they might be able to better look after their business affairs, get a taste of the intellectual life, and be more independent; in short, be what every Kentucky citizen should be.

. . . . .

I found that my day pupils became more earnest and enthusiastic in their work. The children whose fathers and brothers attended night school, took great delight in helping them with their studies. One boy frequently came with his father that he might help him with his arithmetic.

The school grew rapidly in interest and attendance from its beginning. We had not met many evenings until we had enrolled thirty farmers and saw mill hands. We had regular classes two evenings a week, in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. On a number of occasions we had encouraging talks by distinguished visitors. Their visits were a source of inspiration to both pupils and teacher.

Every class made rapid progress and every pupil did his best. The arithmetic class was one of the most interesting, not only to the pupils, but to me, also. They took great delight in finding the value of their tobacco crop. It was only a few evenings until each one was able to "figure" the value of his half or third as accurately as anyone could. When they delivered their crop, they were not only able to

check up the itemized bill of sale, but were able to endorse the checks they had received. One pupil said he would not take anything for what he had learned at the night school, because he no longer had to make his mark, and take what might be given him. Some learned to measure land, which was a great pleasure to a number of them, especially those who had been clearing land during the school season.

One pupil remarked to me: "I would be satisfied if I could only learn to read my Bible." By the time school was out he was able to read well enough to lead at prayer meeting. If I had not accomplished anything other than teach this man to read his Bible, I would have felt fully paid for my night school efforts. Life will mean more to him and he will be more to himself, to his family and to his associates by being able to read the Book of books.

One man forty-three years old, who had never been inside of a schoolhouse during school hours, and had never tried to write his name, learned to write it in three nights, and it was as legible as the average business man's signature. His children were as proud of his progress as he was. They no longer had to bring me grade cards with their father's mark scratched on them.

Does night school work pay the teacher? Yes, a thousand times, yes! It pays nothing if you value your teaching in dollars and cents. MONEY CANNOT repay a true teacher for training a mind and thus putting the better things within its reach. It pays in a way that is far better than a reward in dollars and cents; your pay is the pleasure and satisfaction of knowing that you have made life better and brighter for these poor illiterates. In less than four months every one of the fourteen illiterates enrolled learned to read, write, and count well enough to keep a record of his expenses and crops and to better understand the superior mind. They now realize that they had been getting very little out of the many possible pleasures of life that can be enjoyed only by a receptive mind; no money could



induce any of them to sell their knowledge of the "three R's," no matter how limited it may be.

Teachers, shall we allow the next census report to give Kentucky as black a name as she now has? Let us of Muhlenberg do our duty in our county. We will gain the victory by 1920. Then the shadow of gloom and despair will no longer hover over us as it has in the past. We can still see the darkness of ignorance, but it is the purple glow of dawn and not the dusk of twilight. From every rural district we can see the glittering sign of a greater Muhlenberg and a greater Kentucky. Teachers, should we allow illiteracy and its disease, vice and corruption to flourish as it has in the past, it will not be long until our State will lose her greatness. Let every teacher and all other good citizens who are worthy the name, enlist in this great fight for a greater State and a better county by 1920. If we strive, we shall capture every illiterate. Then, and not till then, will "the star that glittered over Judean hills" fulfill its mission in the heart of every Kentuckian. ELGAN CAREY.

#### *From Stearns*

Mountain air, mountain scenery, mountain roads, mountain eats, mountain people, and mountain customs cause one to have a wonderful supply of energy. The above-mentioned things also cause one to have a great desire to put that energy into use. The fresh air, the beautiful scenery, the good eats, and the agreeableness of the people certainly make one feel like doing things; the backward customs, illiteracy, and rough roads cause one to feel the need of doing things, and the last-named causes one to feel it sorely after riding a few miles on a mountain omnibus (which is generally a road wagon, or a cart with a yoke of oxen furnishing the propelling power). Then realizing that to increase our store of energy we must use the unused, surely no one could have any desire other than to hustle.

Anyway, Stearns, Ky., is on the list with those mountain towns and communities that are waging not merely a battle but a lasting campaign against civilization's greatest foe—illiteracy. The people here are realizing that if illiteracy wins in one home, the whole of Kentucky is affected; that the greatest luxury in the market is relief to those who have not yet conquered this foe, and that any other luxury sacrificed for this one is well disposed of. So, with the thought of a more pleasant home, a better school, and a more highly developed county as a stimulus, McCreary County will probably have as few illiterates when her first census is taken as any county in the state at that time will have.

With an earnest effort from the teachers and loyal support from the parents, Stearns is striving to lead in every educational movement in the county. C. E. BANDY.

#### *From Nelson County*

The educational interest of Nelson County, influenced by that peculiar spirit found only in the Western Normal, is higher than ever before. We have a corps of live teachers who are striving to raise the standard of education, and who are, with no slight degree of success, putting into practice those principles which stand for a better State and greater efficiency. The influence of the Normal School is penetrating every nook and corner of our county and soon we hope to be in the front rank of progress, carrying the banner of education that will eventually lead on to our one coveted goal—"Greater Efficiency." J. W. S.

—oOo—

Nora had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house called her to account.

"If such a thing occurs again, Nora," said the mistress, "I shall have to get another servant."

And Nora said, "I wish yer would—there's easily work enough fer two of us."





First Row (left to right)—Vincent, Salmons, Andy Jackson (Mascot), Taylor, Sadler, M. Brown.

Second Row—Singleton, Skaggs, Lyttle, Bell, J. S. Brown, England, Jones.

Third Row—Arthur (Coach), Strahm, Shultz, Dunn, Rogers, Lauder-milk, Gibson.

## Athletics

"But woe unto the Eastern Normal when they come here on Thanksgiving." Thus sayeth THE ELEVATOR in the October issue. Well, 'twas so—'twas a glorious victory for Western. There have been many great athletic feats, and much rooting for the home team, in days that have gone; but of all the rooting and howling, and squawling, that has ever been done on the Normal athletic grounds, none compares with that unceasing bombardment of yells that rent the air on November 26. Even Professor Stickles yelled until "my throat is so sore I can't speak." But the rooting was not without excuse. The Eastern boys were big and strong; they fought like demons from the first boot of the

pigskin to the last whistle. But they were utterly unable to stop the charges of the Western team. Our boys played straight football from first to last, and when they hit the line it was like a battering ram against a crumbling wall. Time after time they plunged the line for five and ten yard gains.

Well, what does it matter how they did it? The fact is, our team crossed the enemy's goal three times, whereas, their own goal was never crossed. Eighteen to a goose egg is not bad, even for Thanksgiving.

Yes, 'twas a glorious victory! All hail to the team! All hail to the coach! All hail to the rooters.

The game has been pronounced, by good authority, one of the very best games of football ever seen in Bowling Green.

All honor to the boys who played this game, who gave us this splendid victory, but back of it all we must see Mr. Arthur, who took that gang of green, *wholly* green young men, and in so short time produced a real, human football machine.

## FUTURE PLANS

### Physical Education

This phase of work is now going on in good order. Mr. Arthur meets a class three times a week for the purpose of giving physical direction to members of class and also go over the various games that are used at the different play-grounds of this county and of the rural schools. To those who are to teach in the rural schools, this class affords a great opportunity, as the members of this class are taught the different games that can be used.

### Girls' Basketball

Basketball practice has started for the girls, and a large number of players are presnet at each practice. The num-



ber of good players is a pleasing sight for the director.

A league has been organized, and there will be five or six teams in the league. The games are sure to be well attended, and some fine basketball will be offered.

#### *Boys' Basketball*

The boys have started basketball practice, and the coach is expecting a good team. An attractive schedule has been arranged—games with Vanderbilt Training School, Middle Tennessee, Normal, Eastern, Bethel, St. Mary's, New Albany, Y. M. C. A., Jeffersonville Athletic Club, and possibly the University of Louisville. These last three teams will be played on a trip.

#### *Track Athletics*

Arrangements have been made for a field meet with Middle Tennessee Normal, to be held in Murfreesboro early in May. The cold weather has put a stop to our track practice for the present, but as soon as the weather gets warmer we will be at it again. Thus, it seems that athletics is to take a deep root in the Western Normal.

—oOo—

### Pen Pictures

What might have been if they had been born under different stars:

A barefooted woman sitting on the back doorstep chewing tobacco and reading "Buffalo Bill and the Border Brigands, or Capturing the Terrible Ten."—Miss Ragland.

A kid-gloved dandy in immaculate broadcloth, swinging daintily a gold-headed cane, while he peers nonchalantly at the tedious world through his monocle.—Prof. Alexander.

A gaudy, over-dressed lady loaded in diamonds and furs,

with a poodle in her lap and a supercilious smile on her scornful face.—Miss Scott.

An unkempt being ignorant of the civilizing influence of soap, grinding out "Sweet Marie" from a wheezy old hand-organ while a red-jacketed monkey does stunts for the amusement of the crowd.—Prof. Stickles.

A ballet dancer in a décolleté gown entertaining her friends by doing the latest steps on the banquet table.—Freda Surmann.

A slouchy, gaudy-nosed man driving a dilapidated wagon and crying through his nose, "Old rags, old rags."—Prof. Turner.

A movie ticket seller in a crimson picture hat, radiant in ten-cent store diamonds and tossing her head coquettishly as she shifts her gum to the other side and gives a wink where it will do the most good.—Miss Woods.

A pert, frivolous actor making a "hit" in a song and dance act at a salary of \$40 per.—Dr. Kinnaman.

A hard-faced, coarse-voiced woman with a manish air, gesticulating with clenched fists as she urges the crowd to support the Woman Suffrage amendment.—Miss Rodes.

—oOo—

Our advertisers are for us. Are we for them?

—oOo—

### Diaphramites

Mr. Sweeney: "Do you believe there is a higher power?"  
J. S. Brown: "Why, yes; my dear sir. I married her."

Miss Watts: "Well, Margaret, I can't understand your



objection to McChestney as a suitor for my hand. I am sure he is a model young man."

Miss Clement: "But, my dear, the trouble is that he is a 1912 model."

---

Russell Green: "Father, what is an escutcheon?"

Prof. Green: "Why?"

Russell: "This story says there was a blot on his escutcheon."

Prof. G.: "Oh, yes; an escutcheon is a light-colored vest. He had probably been carrying a fountain pen."

---

Miss Barry: "'William' means good; 'James' means beloved; I wonder (blushing) what 'Irvy' means?"

Mrs. Barry: "Well, my child, let us hope that 'Irvy' means business."

---

Wife: "It must be delightful to be married to a clever man."

Hubby: "Yes, indeed; and to be married to a beautiful woman, too."

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Jess Drake (at gates of Heaven): "Is it anything like Geometry 2 in here?"

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"Nettie, why do you hesitate to marry me? I get \$30 a week."

"Ray, you are a good dresser."

"Yes."

"And I'm a good dresser."

"Well?"

"Which will be the good dresser after we are married?"

---

Miss Carson: "Mr. Singleton, why do we celebrate Thanksgiving?"

Sandy: "On account of turkey, oysters, chicken pie,

pumpkin pie, squash pie, mince pie, custard pie, plum pie and pie."

---

Mr. Grise: "Gladys, suppose you and I were all alone on a desert island. What would you do?"

Miss Turner: "Thank goodness, I can swim."

---

Mr. Magness: "Helen, what do you think are the three sweetest words in the English language?"

Miss Gray: "Enclosed find check."

---

Mr. Burd: "I have a friend to whom I would like to give a Christmas present—something rare and inexpensive. What would you suggest?"

Mr. White: "Present her with a lock of your hair."

---

"Our romance is different."

"I suppose he tells you that you are the only girl he has ever loved?"

"No, but he does tell me that I am the only girl he ever loved this near Christmas."

---

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## Some Questions

Are turkey gobblers on the table or around it?  
 Is the day after Thanksgiving the day of Thanksgivings?  
 Is the proof of the pudding in the eating or in the digest-  
 ing?  
 Wouldn't it be better to call it "cram berry" sauce?

## Information Bureau

DEAR EDITOR: Please advise me as to the best literature to aid me in the development of my poetical genius.—Nettie Layman.

Answer: Barker's Almanac.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell me how many chairs are required for Sandy and me.—Lucy Booth.

Answer: Etiquette requires two.

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