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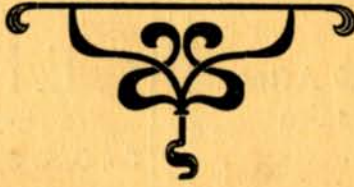
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H. H. CHERRY, President,
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

THE ELEVATOR

"Going Up?"

DECEMBER, 1909



PUBLISHED BY THE
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THE ELEVATOR

"GOING UP!"

VOL. I.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 2

THE RELATION THAT SHOULD EXIST BETWEEN THE STATE NORMAL AND CITY SCHOOLS.

In reviewing the relation that should exist between the State Normal and City Schools, we are discussing institutions which should be very closely related. The State Normal has its existence because of the public schools; while the public schools could hardly expect to be a success, if indeed, they survived, were it not for Normal Schools or institutions which would do the work of the Normal.

The Normal School should be the fountain-head of the public school system of the State. Some may challenge this statement, and say the State University should have first place. Pre-eminently the business of the University is to make scholars, while that of the Normal School is to make teachers. And as teachers, make the schools. I take the position that the Normal School should be the heart of the public school system.

The current belief has been, and to some extent still prevails, that the teaching profession differs from other professions, in being more readily acquired and easier to put into practice. I cannot conceive of a more mistaken idea. Teaching is a Fine Art, and so weighty a charge should never be entrusted to amateurs. Will the master mechanic permit the unskilled hands of the High School graduate to use his delicate instruments? Does the man, who has a case before the law, go to the High School, or even the College graduate for his advice upon the statutes of the state, or get him to plead his case before the jury? If these things are of so great importance as to be entrusted only in the hands of the trained and skillful, how much more should be the training and how much greater the skill of the hands that are to handle a human soul, enshrined in such a delicate mechanism as the body of a little child?

The time is not distant, if it has not already come, when the young teacher who wishes to teach in the city must be a trained teacher. High School graduates are no longer thought to be any better prepared to teach than to take up one of the other pro-

fessions. City Superintendents and school boards are demanding of those who knock at the door of the city school, something more than scholarship, and I do not believe it would be amiss to say, something better than scholarship—the impartation of it. Every teacher should be a fair scholar, but this is not the main thing. What makes the teacher, is the passion to make scholars and many times the great scholar has no such passion whatever. However great the emphasis we place upon scholarship, we must admit that freedom, ease, confidence, power in presentation and skill in questioning are the elements of teaching, which should hold first place in professional training.

Let us consider briefly where this training can best be procured. Will it be in the college or university, pursuing a classic or scientific course? Or, on the other hand, would it be better to attend a Normal School, where along with your classic and scientific work, you are trained how to direct the thoughts of the child? The college and university have their field, and in it they cannot be surpassed, but they are no better prepared to make teachers than preachers or doctors. What the city needs is more better trained teachers. Teachers trained in Normal School (for Normal Schools are the only places the teachers can get the necessary professional training) under men and women who have spent their lives in the study of education and its problems.

In discussing this subject, one of the most prominent city superintendents in the State, said that the Normal Schools must feed the demand for teachers of the city schools. He also said that the best teachers would naturally drift into the cities because of better salaries, longer terms and its finer opportunities for growth and culture. If the Normal School is eventually to supply the city schools with teachers, then the relation is, as I see it, as the relation between the teacher and pupil, with the Normal as the instructor and the teacher as the learner.

With the Normal School as the instructor of the city teacher it should have upon its faculty men and women who have had experience in city schools; it must have its manual training school and its department of Domestic Science; it should take up such

problems as the delinquent, the truant, the street gamin, the child from the slums and many other problems of this nature, all of which the city teacher will have to face, sooner or later; and last but not least, the Normal should have a training school, beginning at the first grade and continuing through the twelfth, where the teachers of the various grades of city schools can go and observe the model teaching that they may be inspired with new hope and fired with great ambition.

The training school should be one of the principal features of the Normal School, for it is here that the teacher gets her practical training in school room management. The subject matter and the details of school management are brought out and discussed by wise critics and expert teachers here, as in no other place. This is a training every teacher should have; though many students who are preparing to teach, lead themselves to think it is not worth while. As a student in the Normal, I believed that all that was necessary for a teacher was a clear understanding of the subject matter to be taught. But after more than a year's experience, I have been convinced that the very thing I fought as a student, has given me the most aid as a teacher.

Teaching should be a profession for all who follow it, but with many it is a trade. The mercenary spirit prompts many teachers to take up the work. Too many city teachers lack the spirit which inspired George Herbert Palmer to say, "Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do." I do not think one should despise money; but love for work and not salary should induce one to take up teaching. It is most desirable that the city teacher possess a professional spirit, that her vocation may be lifted above the ordinary wage-earner, and the worker transfigured. The State Normal dignifies the teaching profession; it electrifies the teacher with a professional zeal and sends its students out into the field ready "to take up the work in the spirit of self-sacrifice."

Having briefly reviewed the relation that should exist between the State Normal and City Schools, as I see it, I wish to be frank and say, as yet, I do not believe the proper relation exists between the two institutions. The public has not yet awakened to the realization of the true value of the Normal School, and consequently the popular demand has not become sufficiently great as to cause every teacher to seek some professional training. Not only is the public ignorant

of the true worth of the State Normal, but many teachers think the Normal School is a place for one of meager education, that they may get such instruction in the common branches as to enable them to get a certificate to teach. The fact is that one should not enter the Normal School until they have finished a High School or its equivalent, and are ready to take their two or three years work of preparation for teaching.

The Normal Schools were established and are maintained primarily for the purpose of training teachers. They have much to give the city teacher. Any one seeking professional training with the purpose of teaching in the city schools of this state should endeavor to obtain this training from a Kentucky Normal School, because Kentucky Normal Schools are best prepared to train Kentucky teachers. There are characteristics peculiar to our own state, as is true of every state, due to location, sectional differences, climate, soil, and public spirit. Our Normal Schools, as leaders of the Educational System are better adapted to meet these needs than other institutions, foreign to our state.

HERMAN LEE DONOVAN.

Paducah, Ky.

(1)

SOME VERY LION STORIES, BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Translated from the Original Lionese by Dr. A. J. Kinnaman.)

Several months ago I got tired of running the United States. I had been doing so for almost eight years and could have continued indefinitely, but a surfeit of power grows monotonous and as my subjects had become to be a set of mollycoddles, I decided to lease them out to Bill Taft and come over here where something was doing. I wanted to hunt lions. I am a Lion of Lions myself, and ordinary unenlightened African lions are my legitimate prey.

My first adventure occurred two days after my arrival; we were going by rail through the Thinga-ma-jig country, when suddenly the train stopped. I had not given orders for anything of the kind and was naturally very much incensed. Upon going forward I found that a drove of leopards were standing on the track, and the cowardly engineer had been afraid to enrage them. I stepped back into the coach and seizing a small mouse threw it into the midst of the leopards, where upon they fled precipitately; after which I

discharged the engineer and pulled the train to the end of the division.

After leaving the railroad, we began our journey through the cane brakes and jungles shooting many lions and tigers as we went. Of course, the major portion of the slaughter belongs to my credit. One night as we lay asleep a monarch of the forest came to the camp; at the door of the tent lay Wooky Boeky, my faithful servitor. The lion evidently placed just about the same appraisal upon Wooky Boeky as food as the average Southern Democrat places upon Booker Washington as a statesman; it pushed him roughly aside and unawares as to my identity, came right on into the camp. Being aroused by the noise, I turned on the light. But when the lion beheld who it was, it became all a tremble and with true democratic instinct would fain have slunk away, but donning my boxing gloves, I gave pursuit and put the lion out of commission with a stiff upper-cut to the jaw, then carried him into camp on my shoulders.

The next day a very singular incident occurred which, had it not been for my magnificent presence of mind, could only have terminated in my utter destruction; while walking under a cocoanut tree, I was struck on the head by a falling nut and knocked senseless. While I lay there unconscious a huge rhinoceros, attracted by my spoor, came along and actually swallowed the larger portion of my body beginning at my feet. When I came to my senses I was horrified to find that only my head, arms and shoulders protruded from the creature's mouth, and that he was rapidly gorging them down. My long and successful experience in disposing of nature fakirs and undesirable citizens came to my aid, and with exceedingly great precision I broke off the solitary horn which stuck out in the middle of the unseemly monster's forehead and, using it after the fashion of a poniard, plunged it into the beast's heart. When it had died, I crawled out and rejoined the rest of the party.

The sunsets we behold in this section of Africa are spectacles of gorgeous beauty. The sun sinks beyond the western horizon into a sea of golden glory, from which long streamers flare almost to the zenith. As the dying minutes pass, the flood of color in the west wanes and softly shades into sapphire and opalescent gray. Down in the forest the night birds chirrup and twitter and ever and anon comes the scream of the panther. The shadows which come up out of the east deepen and darken and the melancholy air bodes of mysteries and hidden things. The last

faint glow that marks the path of the descending sun dies dimly away, and in that kingdom which is not for mortal eyes the Night Queen sits on her ebon throne. (When it comes to writing, that's going some. Anybody that can write like that doesn't need to take any more Rhetoric.)

I had occasion to save the life of one of my bodyguards in a very extraordinary manner the other day; I had gone up on Mt. Gumboil while out on an exercise jaunt and was sitting on a large crag of stone wondering if Bill Taft had enough sense to adopt and exploit Bill Bryan's theories as his own like I used to do. The camp was in plain view about two miles away, located in a sort of grove which centered a large prairie. One of my servants had ridden about a mile out to a nectarine grove to gather some fruit for dinner. Suddenly I perceived a great catamount to spring up from the grass and make for the native, who, dropping his nectarines, fled like the wind. The catamount evidently saw that it could not catch the fleeing black and with human-like intelligence, attempted a wonderful feat; it sprang on the servant's horse which browsed nearby and clutching the bridle in its mouth, spurred the horse on in pursuit of its prey with its long claws. Seeing that my servant was about to be overtaken, I hastily adjusted the sights on my rifle and aiming at the catamount's left eye, fired. The bullet struck the animal just about an inch from the target, but accomplished instant death. I have hesitated to mention this event by virtue of missing the eye but, as the distance was found to be 12,000 feet, I think that the shot was fairly good—even for me.

(1)

A PROPHECY.

(Originality is a delightful quality in anything and this "Prophecy" by Miss Myrtle Duncan, certainly hath that virtue. The usual run of prophecies is foreseeing every member of the respective class ultimately raised unto the seventh heaven of matrimony—and nothing more. Note the difference.—Ed.)

Thus saith the Dean to the Life Class, "Go get thee finals and put them into thy heads and not into thy note books." So they got finals and according to the word of the Dean and put them into other heads.

And the word of the Dean came unto them the second time saying, "Take the finals which thou hast got which are in thy

heads and arise, go to the chapel and deliver them before the multitude."

So they went and delivered their finals as the Dean had commanded. Among them, there be those who forgot; "This is thy lot, the portion of thy measure from me," saith the Dean, "because thou hast forgot, I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, neither grant thee a Life Certificate." So they departed into secret places weeping for their pride, and their eyes did wax sore, and run down with tears because the Dean had thus spoken.

And there be those among them who forgot not, and unto them the Dean said, "Hear ye, and give ear, be not proud for the Dean hath spoken through you; give glory to the Dean, your leader."

"Behold the days come when I shall raise unto the Life Class a President," saith the Dean. "A certain Turner, Chesterfield, by name, who shall reign and prosper and execute judgment and justice unto the class. And out of your number you shall choose a Secretary, young and beautiful to behold, yea, and very amiable, and unto her you shall give the power to stand before the assembled class and read to them the program."

"Behold," saith the class, "we are against them that make the programs. The time shall come when we shall feed them with wormwood and make them to drink the water of gall."

Thus saith the faculty to this anointed class, "We have guided thy feet in a pedagogical path. We have gone before you and made the crooked places straight; we have given to thee the treasures of Method according to Sandison and Thompkins. Now, therefore, go ye to thy several schools, teaching the children of Kentucky; go and hesitate not knowing that ye shall give an account of thy stewardship."

And it came to pass as it was thus spoken.

()

REVISED VERSION.

1. The pony is my helper, I shall not flunk.
2. It maketh me to have good translations, and leadeth me to much glory.
3. It raiseth my standing; it leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.
4. Yea, tho' I plod thru the fourth book of Virgil, I will fear no evil, for thou art

with me: thy words and phrases they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest my lessons for me, in spite of my teachers, thou crammet my head with fame. My standings are high.

6. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life, and the pony shall dwell in my house forever.

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TESTIMONIALS.

No movement within the last 137 centuries has found as immediate and hearty response from the people as has THE ELEVATOR—just lead.

New York, Oct. 30, '09.

Sirs:—Enclosed, find ten million dollars in payment of one year's subscription to THE ELEVATOR. It's worth it. Of course, you will pursue a neutral course with reference to my oil factory.

Yours,
John D. Rockefeller.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1, '09.

Dear Countrymen:—

I send herewith my personal check for five hundred thousand with which to buy yourselves gold medals for heroism. Be sure and mention incidentally that I'm willing to run for the presidency again, in case my party demands it.

Lovingly,
William J. Bryan.

Constantinople, Nov. '09.

Brethren:—

Ship me at once all the ELEVATORS you have on hand for use in my immediate household. I propose to distribute them among my wives thereby eliminating much conjugal strife. To all married men, especially to those of numerical tendencies—Your paper is a great boon.

Thankfully,
Abdul Hamid, Sultan.

La Center, Ky., Nov. 1, '09.

Dear Boys (and girls):

Should you ever have an extra copy, send it to me. I want to offer it as a premium to the pupil who ranks first in deportment, attendance and study. Nothing else is good enough.

Fraternally,
C. M. Sammons.

The Elevator

"GOING UP?"

Published Monthly During the Scholastic Year by the Student Body of the W. K. S. N. S., at 1149 College St., Bowling Green, Ky.

ALRED CRABB EDITOR
PRES. H. H. CHERRY
PROF. W. J. CRAIG
CHESTERFIELD TURNER } ASSOCIATES
H. W. GINGLES
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VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1909 NO. 2

We are proud of every subscription that has reached the office. Those that have come from students, whether present in the flesh or in spirit only, have told of love and loyalty. One came from a business man in Louisiana; that spoke of interest in one whom we would call an out-sider, did we not know the contrary. The State Superintendent promptly forwarded his remittance, likewise several of the leading city and county superintendents of the state, that told of a common cause; but if such may be, we are just a bit prouder of the one sent in by Capt. C. J. Vanmeter, than any other. Eliminate Captain Vanmeter and there is a distinct possibility that the coming of the State Normals would have been long delayed. There was a crisis in the affairs of the Southern Normal and it seemed that the funds actually necessary toward continuing the work of the institution were unavailable. At this juncture, Captain Vanmeter provided the required finances, and from that day the Southern Normal waxed strong.

Captain Vanmeter is an old man—at the best, there remains only a few years on this side—but for him there is the contentment that comes from the contemplation of a life well lived, and for us the inspiring guidance that such a life provides.

On the whole, we are quite well pleased with the aspect of things. We feel that we have many loyal friends and no enemies. A few have come to criticise, but possibly they may remain to pray and finally subscribe, besides, we appreciate honest criticism, anyhow. Some have said THE ELEVATOR is "just fine." That went right to the hearts of the

members of the editorial staff, but we kept on wearing our old hats—not that we don't like new ones, but old ones are so much cheaper. One young lady frankly said that a certain High School paper is better than THE ELEVATOR. Well, maybe she was right, *Quien sabe?* Our purpose isn't merely to excel for the sake of excelling, but to apply and ramify the influence of the Normal, because that influence stands for the common good. So criticise all you want to, friends, but do it in the spirit of good will, remembering all the while that the cause we so inefficiently represent is a worthy one.

There's sadness in those well-known lines, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," etc. It is sadly true that much sweetness is wasted in the world. It is also true that many opportunities to manifest sweetness are unused. But what we are trying to say is this: We hope to make THE ELEVATOR a preserving and utilizing agent of such literary sweetness as would otherwise be lost or remain embryonic. So we earnestly ask that anything literary that hath promise in it be turned over to us. Furthermore, we will greatly appreciate any news that the students out in the state, or states, will send us.

THE ELEVATOR, on its way up, has reached the second story. It is now carrying several hundred passengers, but it isn't at all crowded, and it is provided with the most modern appliances to prevent dropping, or other accidents—Get on, friends; 50 cents is the fare. No passes are issued and we don't sell round-trip tickets, because we are not coming back down.

We want to ask that no subscriber, after glancing through THE ELEVATOR, carelessly cast it aside. We have an idea that THE ELEVATOR contains just the information that you will some day want. Preserve every copy and some day you will realize the truthfulness of our statement.

The paper by Prof. Donovan which occurs in this issue is well worth careful reading. The aforesaid Professor is making good with emphasis down Paducah way.

The editors wish to acknowledge much indebtedness to Miss Adams, Miss McLean, Mr. Byrn, and the other members of the office force for their aid and forbearance during the detail work incident to getting out and mailing out the first issue of THE ELEVATOR.

THE ELEVATOR is compiling an Alumni directory and earnestly requests information concerning the whereabouts and welfare of any Alumnus of whom you know.

Going up? Yes! Well, take THE ELEVATOR.

THE LIBRARY.

Of course, our librarians are the best ever. We made that statement last month, and we believe it still more as the terms pass. It is really a pleasure to ask aid of either Miss Ragland or Miss Jarboe, and the library has attained such proportions as to justify the student in believing that aid may be secured him in any literary line that may be desired. We append an additional list of publications received in the library.

Appeal to Reason, The Book Buyer, Business Philosopher, Case and Comment, Christian Herald, The Christian Socialist, Classical Philology, Conservation, Farmer's Home Journal, Home Herald, Kentucky New Era, La Follette's Magazine, Machinery, Nashville Tennessean, Pentecostal Herald, Public Library Committee of Indiana, Sunday School Times, School Education.

(1)

HALLOWE'EN ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE LIFE CLASS.

On Friday afternoon, October 22, 1909, the Life Certificate Class met to render its weekly program. Dean A. J. Kinnaman, his face illuminated with a smile, arose and began to fumble clumsily in his pocket. The class awaited with expectant eagerness, for the smile of the Dean is always full of hope and promise. Presently the Dean drew from his capacious pocket a large bundle of letters, addressed in a nervous hand to each of the forty members of the Life Class. The contents of these letters were as follows:

"All ye yonge men and maydens of ye Life Certificate Class
Attyred in ye most deceptiye wayse are besoughten
to joyne in ye weirde sportes of ye witches
And in ye dreame tellynage and magik,
mette on ye houre of
seven-thirty, Saturday evenynge
October 30,
in ye year of 1909,
At ye synne of ye pumpkin."

On that night the moon shone bright and clear, sending the gladness of heaven to all

creatures below; and the stars peeped through the branches of the trees just casting aside their autumn robes.

Sheeted apparitions silently went on their way until at the sign of the pumpkin they were bidden to stop in front of the home of Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman.

"Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping."

The doors were opened and ghostly figures glided in by two's and by three's, having assumed the forms of witches and wizards, but destined to answer when the Life Certificates are presented in August 1910, as:

E. Y. Allen, A. J. Boatright, Marion Beldon, Mary Beeler, Katesie Bailey, E. E. Baucum, Leland Bunch, Annie Chatham, Alfred Crabb, C. T. Cannon, Hontas Dunn, Myrtle Duncan, Lora Goodwin, Bertha Gardner, Marie Gore, H. G. Guffey, J. E. Harbourt, J. B. Holloway, Ella Hopkins, B. O. Hinton, J. B. Johns, Faith Kimball, DeWitt Martin, H. M. Pyles, Lena Palmore, Annie Ray, Minnie Shugart, Blackburn Spears, Nellie Smith, Chester Turner, Will S. Taylor, Mamie Thomas, Ruth Alexander, Lorraine Cole, Lottie Belle Field, A. J. Caldwell, Anna Campbell, Laura Chambers, Elizabeth Drake, Mildred Smith.

Great delight was afforded as each ghostly figure went slowly forward to salute the other approaching guests.

No word was there spoken, for the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token; long they waited, wondering, fearing lest by bad luck they should not choose or be chosen, as they had hoped to be. Thus they were engaging in guessing, but no syllable expressing until they were told to choose for better or worse.

When the laddies had chosen the lassies as partners for the evening, they were obliged to stand in the corner, remove their disguise and reveal their identity.

Long before Hallowe'en, Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman, knowing the hidden aims and secret desires of the prospective guests had arranged that on this night of mysteries each person could have a peep into the future of others as well as his own. Sheets of paper, containing quotations from Burns were given to the lads and lassies. Needless to say that both joy and sorrow was experienced as the sheets of paper were held over lamps in order to interpret the wondrous truths which were upon them. Not being satisfied with these results they were permitted to try their fortunes a second time, each being blindfolded and required to place a finger in a white

dish. It is hard to say which method caused the greatest consternation.

After each one had been made fully aware of his future, by way of beguiling their sad souls into smiling, delightful refreshments were served by Mrs. Kinnaman, Miss Belle Caffee, Dean Kinnaman and son, Howard.

Having partaken liberally of cider, doughnuts, popcorn and chestnuts, they were now in the best condition conducive to dreams. That indeed was a pleasant feature of the evening, all were interesting, but the occasion caused Miss Mamie Thomas to dream thus: "I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,

And as fast as I dreamed it went into numbers.

On the night of Oct. 30, at 7:30 sharp,
You are to wander alone in the dark,
If witches and wizards thy pathway disturb,
Take wings and assume the shape of a bird.
Fly softly and gently and do not sing
Until you come to a group of fairy queens,
Just outside of the Park, at the head of
Tenth Street,

At the sign of the pumpkin ye are invited to meet,

There will be witches and wizards from the four corners of the earth,

Each filled with an abundance of joy and mirth.

Then slowly and steadily enter the gate,
Taking care to walk upright and straight;
Revelations great and grand

Will be told, while ye around the wall are invited to stand,

Blood-curdling stories filled with horror and fright,

Will be told by the witches and wizards that night.

Then becoming so disturbed I could slumber no longer,

I awoke thankful that I was one of that number."

Soft music was rendered by Miss Beldon, which so moved the Dean that he placed a table in the center of the room and by some unknown magic wrought wonders too startling to relate.

As each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor, the witches and wizards, after expressions of thanks to Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman for the most delightful evening, followed fast, and followed faster to the realm of mysteries, never more to meet again, at the sign of ye pumpkin, yet, each knew that by other ghostly figures, having the same aim, this scene would be acted over in each successive year, yet unborn and in accents yet unspoken.

Each witch and wizard, having felt the pure atmosphere of a true and beautiful homelife, received a ray of inspiration leading to a higher and nobler purpose in life from the reflections of the two torches fast burning to a close.

NELL SMITH.

—O—

THE KIT KATS.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 30, 1909, in rooms seventeen and eighteen, Prof. Leiper and Miss Reid very graciously, generously, royally and beautifully entertained the Kit Kats.

It is needless for me to say that the event was a grand success for every member of the club can better remember the enjoyment of that memorable evening than I can begin to tell.

Upon arriving, we entered the hall and ascended the stairs that lead to room six, where all meandered vigorously until Prof. Leiper called us up higher. We found room seventeen to be very beautifully decorated, the festoons of autumn leaves, pop-corn and Jack-o-lanterns seemed to bid welcome to all. We did not tarry long in Room Seventeen, but were shortly ushered into Room Eighteen where all were appropriately "shocked" by Prof. Leiper, and there we saw the devils dancing around the great flaring fire. Coming back to Room Seventeen, we found that the witches were trying to frighten the others by their spectacular antics. Biting was a favorite game of the evening—that is—biting at apples suspended by a cord. During spare moments, hearts were matched and apples and peanuts served. Blowing at lighted candles was also indulged in, the one succeeding in blowing out all of a row of lighted candles, would be married within a year, so the oracles declared. Bunyan Gardner was the only one, declared by the fates, to be eligible. We are wondering and waiting till the great event occurs.

A guessing contest was also held. Pictures representing Mother Goose rhymes were drawn on the board and the best and worst guessers as to their identity received prizes. Mr. Chester Shaw and Miss Tula Chambers were respectively rewarded.

Other games and amusements were indulged in, and Mr. Campbell and Miss Riley gave some very interesting readings.

It was late when Prof. Leiper and Miss Reid, being tired of *having their heads together*, gently reminded us that it was time to go—and we did so, realizing that we had had one of the best times of our life.

NOVICE MADISON.

WITH THE PYERIANS.

This society is now enjoying a prosperous and healthy life. It seems to have been inoculated with the virus "vim, vigor and vitality." A keen interest in the society's welfare, and a joyous enthusiasm, are common characteristics of the Pyerian Tribe. On Friday afternoons when the regular work and cares of the week have been dispensed with, and the Apollos and Minervas congregate, to commune, with messages of good cheer, and when the assembly hangs breathless on the words of an embryonic Demosthenes, and when one party clashes with the other in parliamentary combat, upon the floor and the minority, by some strategic maneuver and still consistent with the "rules of war," precipitates confusion among the cohorts of the majority, unexpectedly, flanks the enemy, forces a retreat, and the motion's lost. It is then that joy enters, most into the soul of the student, and he can nestle in the diversity of things, thoughts, banish every doubt and care, far away, and let "sunshine settle on his head."

The Pyerian's celebration on Hallowe'en evening, shall not be forgotten. The charms and spells of the night were made a reality, for the devil, witches, and other "beings," were in evidence. A program was rendered. The weird ghost stories made the blood run cold, and made each one think: "The goblins'll git me if I don't watch out." The room was most appropriately decorated. Refreshments were served; music interspersed, and everything necessary to make the occasion a happy and delightful one, was had. The society is indebted to the genial guardian of its interests, Prof. Perling, and extends its hand to him, that the pleasure of the night was made possible.

H. W. GINGLES.

—O—

THE FOUR-YEAR CLASS.

When the students were wondering what they would do on Hallowe'en, the Four-Year Class worried very little over the matter for it was sure that its large-hearted superintendent would arrange something for it. So, one morning, a few days before Hallowe'en, kind Col. Guilliams extended to us a most cordial invitation to spend the evening at his home, No. 630 Eleventh street. On arriving, the boys were ushered into a room on the right of the hall and the girls to the left. Halves of familiar quotations were given to each, then the boys found the girls whose quotations matched their's. This novel way of "pairing off" was very amusing. Col. Guilliams then gave us a few choice se-

lections, from the best composers, on his splendid pianola, which were very much enjoyed.

Delightful fruit punch and wafers were served, after which the boys and girls, very loathe to be, were again separated. And now a queer-looking package which each guest brought with him was made use of. This proved to contain a sheet and pillow case. When next the boys saw the girls it was out on the lawn, in the soft light of a waning moon, but they were now grim, ghastly looking ghosts. And the boys had the same appearance when they joined the girls shortly after. Speaking in sepulchral tones and with many ghostly gestures, each boy succeeded in securing him a partner; then came the ghost-march into the house. With the lights turned low and everything having a gloomy-looking appearance, the most weird ghost stories were told, causing the stoutest heart to beat some faster.

Then came with the unmasking the knowledge of whom one had for a partner. Shortly after we bade Col. Guilliams and his wife "Good-night," and assuring them that we had spent a most delightful evening with them, and that we had thoroughly enjoyed their kind hospitality.

JAKE FARRIS.

—()—

THE POET'S LAIR.

THE STUDENT'S VERSION OF THE PSALM OF LIFE.

I.

Tell me not in accents joyous,
Students are put here just for fun—
Just to laugh and talk and frolic,
From early morn till set of sun.

II.

We must work and we must study,
With "Diploma" as our goal;
"Dunce thou art and dunce remainest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

III.

Here at school we think and ponder
On our Latin, Math, and French,
From September until May days,
As our knowledge we do clinch.

IV.

Days are long and lessons longer,
And our hearts tho brave and strong
Fail us when Mr. Perling tells us
"Get these points up well and strong."

—Ora Lee Markham.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in Roman letters,
I must be all the next term,
Ere I lose additious fetters,
Or, percentage I can learn.

Life is real, work is ample,
But Arithmetic is not its goal.
If I could solve all examples
Then 'twould have some interest for my
soul.

Not in Ratio, nor in Banking
Is our destined end or way,
But, so planning that our ranking
Will advance a step each day.

Lessons long, when time is hasting
Try our patience, tho' strong and brave,
And on learning, we are wasting
Precious time, we ought to save.

Trust no helper, howe'er kind,
Always on yourself rely,
All self-reliance aids the mind
This you'll realize by and by.

All the teachers remind us
We can make our mark at last,
And enjoy the future before us
From the troubles that are past.

Col. Guilliams we'll call to aid us,
In all problems strange and queer,
For he has certainly made us
The last ten weeks, to see things clear.

We will then be up and doing
With our school work all complete,
Up the ladder, still pursuing,
State Normal, in retreat.
—Extract from "The Lamentations of
Lucille Wade."

—O—

CONSISTENCY.

[AUTHORSHIP ANONYMOUS.]

Daily in the class rooms
In lurid prose and rhyme,
The professors thunder fiercely,
Against our killing time.

Daily down in chapel.
Oh, my, it is a crime!
The way those same professors
Do slay old Father Time.

—O—

We print the following exquisite bit of verse not only for its literary excellence, but for the warning note it sounds; it is clipped from Prof. Leiper's "How to Latin Gram-

mar," canto nineteen, page three thousand and eighty:

"Puella and puer sittibus in parliorum,
Parentibus hearibus loud smackorum
Descendibus stairs with much hastorum,
Administeribus to puer fearful kickorum
So endibus my sad, sad fabulorum."

—O—

OWED TO A MOSQUITO.

After a day of manly working,
Without the thought of any shirking,
Around my bed you fly and chant your war-
like strain;
Of your singing never weary,
Buzzing till the midnight dreary
Venting all the fiendish impulses of your
devilish contrived brain.

Oh, your lay doth sorely grieve me
And no slumber comes to relieve me
While such diabolical machinations impels
thy devious flight,
At last my desperate hand o'ertakes thee
Into a million atoms breaks thee,
Then sleep sweetly through the small remain-
ing fragment of the night.

—Paid by Carl Adams.

—()—

THE SOLILIQUEY OF W. S. TAYLOR.

(Occasioned by being told that he would be required to take Practice this term.)

'Tis passing strange that bleak misfortune doth follow thus hard upon a season of most rapturous delights. It was but yesterday that three and twenty maids did upon me bestow smiles that caused the young blood in my veins with nimble flow to pursue its vital circuit, and every deed didst then have a fulsome joy and every joy an outlet found in the accomplishment of some appropriate act. But behold, what changes come! An hour ago as I passed by the desk whereat the Master sits and holds sundry converse, he with significant beck did fetch me to his side, and midst a flood of merry blinkings, did impartation make of a decree whose woe-filled content with royal seal put untimely exilement upon pleasant things, and turned awry the very fundments of my being.

Alas! Alas! Seven times alas! The path which with pulsing primrose wreathes enshrined my lightsome journey hath with abruptness changed e'en to a gloomy way all littered o'er with dead men's bones, and with horrid accompaniment, the sheeted ghosts of murdered pleasures whose cadaverous skulls the way illumine with sulphurous gleamings, bear unwelcome consort. And, by some subtle magic, those bestrewn flowers

hath quick transformation made to hideous serpents whose slimy folds with close-fitting entwinings about my feet, constitute dread embodiment of unspeakable woe. I wonder by what weird economy it is that Destiny hath so wantonly placed its adverse judgment direct upon my joyous transports, and doth upon my harrowed soul such sorrows set that Mighty Atlas would straightway downward sink if his stalwart shoulders were compelled to bear their weighty load. Alas! Alas! Nine times alas! Soft! Soft! A thought bestirs this racked brain. I'll away to the boatmaker's and his craftsmanship beguile with shining shekels till he doth against my need devise a supple canoe paired off with long and sinewy oars with which by battling against the waves great space by rapid devourment may be purchased and on the immediate date of their completion, I'll hasty embarkation make upon my dismal pilgrimage up Salt River.

Alas! Alas! Eleven times Alas!

THE CHESTNUT HUNT OF 1909.

BY MISS GERTRUDE GRIMSLEY.

For quite a number of years it has been the custom of the students and faculty of the State Normal to break away from the regular routine and spend a whole day in an outing. This is always an occasion of great enjoyment and is looked forward to by the student body with much pleasure. The place chosen for this day's sport is the Cherry farm, about eight miles from the city.

The outing of October 29, 1909, was one of the most pleasant ever experienced. The whole school turned out *en masse*, carrying baskets and boxes filled with all the tempting viands to be found in a picnic lunch.

The weather was ideal. Never did the sun shine brighter, or was the air so invigorating. The farm was reached about 10:30. After an hour or two of rambling through the fields and woods, the contents of the baskets were indulged in quite promiscuously. Even the poor dyspeptics forgot their afflictions and enjoyed a hearty dinner.

The most important feature of the day (except the dinner, of course) was the base ball game between the students and the faculty. One or two members of the faculty distinguished themselves not a little. The batting of Prof. Alexander and the running of Prof. Putnam was especially commendable.

The party returned to the city about 6 p. m., making the air ring with enthusiastic "yells" for President Cherry.

The students were absolutely forbidden to

take any sort of fire-arms, but one young lady committed an atrocious crime by taking the most powerful of guns—a (Mr.) Cannon.

Oh, yes! If you ever go persimmon hunting, be sure you take Dean Kinnaman along to climb the trees.

BOOK REVIEW.

[The Committee will review in these columns such of the late books as are brought to its attention.]

Practical Agriculture, by John W. Williams, Assistant State Superintendent of Education of Oklahoma.—American Book Company.

This book is one of the very few texts on Agriculture that justifies the appellation, "Practical." The list of contents are well chosen and well written.

—O—

Harper's Machinery Book for Boys, by Joseph H. Adams.—Harper & Bros.

In these days of manual training, this Machinery book is decidedly a "fit." It tells the boy simply and clearly how he may make the modern world of machinery his own, and the illustrations are numerous and pointed.

—O—

The Last of the Mohicans and *The Pathfinder*, adapted by Miss Height and published by the American Book Company under the Elective Reading list.

In this adaptation of these immortal books, only those portions which do not bear directly on the story and which are not suited to the average boy and girl are omitted. For the earlier grades these editions will be found excellent.

—O—

In "*The Land of Long Ago*," Eliza Calvert Hall continues the character sketches of the good Kentucky folk, and the reader will find this book no less delightful than "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." All Kentucky, and Warren county in particular, should feel grateful to this author for showing the world the simple home life of our rural people. She has done for this section what Mary Wilkins Freeman has done for New England.

One of the most charming features of the book is the prologue, from which the following lines are quoted:

"The scenes are changed, but we and they
Are actors in the same old play.
Their hopes and joys, their griefs and pains,
Bind us fore'er to squire or churl,
To stately dame or laughing girl,—
Those shades that wander to and fro
In the dim Land of Long Ago."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston

PERSONALS.

Misses Gabe Robertson and Lizzie Kittinger are in charge of the school at Moorman, Muhlenburg county.

In mentioning the status of the school at Uniontown, we omitted mention of the fact that the faculty there has been re-enforced by the addition of little Miss Ora Bohannon, aged twenty-eight days.

"As a letter from home," writes Professor-to-be Marshall, of The Elevator. We thank him and will be right glad when he comes home, all gird about with mathematic lore.

H. M. Denton, Classic '06, also makes some pleasing comments relative to this publication. Mr. Denton is now in his second year at the Yale Law School, and the promise of a great future lies before him.

The Student, which is the organ of the student body of the Eastern Normal, furnishes some very interesting reading, "The Right of Way," a short story in the October issue, is especially good. We are proud of our colleague in the cause.

We are glad to announce that the popular song, "Under the Shade of the Old Frisbie Stairs," composed by Prof. Green, is receiving favorable comment in musical circles.

The first number of the Lecture Course was given on the night of November 9th, by the Gertrude Goodwin Miller Concert Company. The number was one of the strongest that has been given within the existence of the Lecture Course. The members of the company also gave an informal program at chapel the next morning.

Mr. P. G. Smith, who was recently called home on account of sickness, has returned to take up his work. We are glad to have Mr. Smith in our midst again.

Miss Beatrice Scarbrough has first grade work in the graded school at Murray.

Miss Ila Hiatt has charge of the eighth grade in the same school. Both Miss Scarbrough and Miss Hiatt expect to re-enter the Normal at the earliest opportunity.

The new Y. M. C. A. building has been completed and equipped and many students are taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by the Association.

Miss Dora Watkins has the eighth grade of the school at Sturgis, Union county.—An acquaintance of Miss Watkins, now in school, remarked the other day that he considered her the best grade teacher he ever saw.

"The Paducahians," as Misses Karnes, Hoewischer and Scott were commonly called, while in school, are teaching in the Paducah schools. We learn that their work is characterized by marked success.

Mr. H. W. Puckett, known mostly as "High Water," is principal of the school at Arlington, Ky. (P. S.—He is married.)

Charles M. Jones, Scientific '07, has been elected teacher of Mathematics in the Douglass Normal School, Douglass, Ga.

Mention has been made relative to Miss Pearl Hindman, having been elected Superintendent of Schools of Adair county. We take pleasure in adding that Miss Jennie Higgins was elected to the same position in Garrard county and Miss Sallie Ford in Carroll county. We expect great things of these counties.

Politically speaking, C. W. Fulton, erstwhile teacher of Drawing in the Normal, was chosen at the recent election to represent Fleming county in the Kentucky Legislature. Congratulations!

Mr. E. Murray Blanford, Classic '06, has a position in the Departmental service. He is located at 1234 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

C. B. Cummins, Scientific '06, has been employed as principal of the graded schools at Kentwood, La. The Kentwood people evidently find Normalites satisfactory, as J. A. Arnett, Classic '06, held the position during the two preceding sessions.

Louisiana has served as a sort of pedagogical quarantine station, or rather, trying-out ground for a host of Normalites, and some have liked it well enough to pitch their tents there for keeps. There's A. M. Smith, of Abbeville, La., who has been superintendent of Vermilion Parish almost since he graduated in 1903. He can keep on being superintendent just as long as he likes, too, for his strong services have brought Vermilion to be reckoned as an educational stronghold among the parishes of that grand old young state.

Mr. Roy B. Tuck was recently elected principal of the graded school at Sunshine, La. He took charge of the work there on Monday, Nov. 15th.

Mr. S. E. Tanner is principal at Adairville, Logan county. He held the same place last year to such mutual advantage that neither Tanner nor the people at Adairville could see their way clear to let go.

Miss Buffle Bruer, Scientific '06, has grade work at Hickman, Ky. Miss Bruer was one of the very first to send in her subscription.

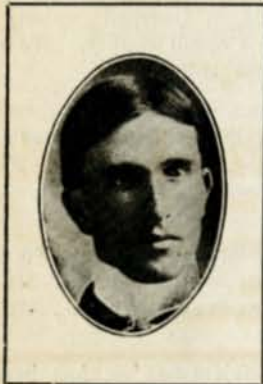
Mr. C. A. Summers, Classic '06, has recently been elected county attorney of Barren county. Mr. Summers delivered the Alumni address at the Commencement, occurring during the summer of 1907. Had The Elevator been in existence then that really great address would have reached a much broader field.

The same need may be mentioned as applying to the Alumni address given by Mr. Wilhoite, July, 1908. The speech was too great a one not to have reached more lives. Mr. Wilhoite is successfully discharging his duties as

Secretary of the Continental Employment Bureau of this city.

J. M. Price, Scientific '06, is in Baylor University, at Waco, Texas. After leaving school, he felt constrained to enter the ministry, and toward that end lies his work in Baylor. The great field that he has chosen will find an able worker in Mr. Price.

We are in receipt of a handsome little brochure containing the course of study of the school at Arlington. It is apparently well arranged.



Prof. A. C. Guffey, whose fine face we are glad to present herewith, is principal of the Commercial Department of the High School at Oklahoma City. His salary is now \$1,800 a year. He graduated from the Bowling Green Business University a few years ago and for three years taught in Pennsylvania.

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