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The Elevator

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NOVEMBER, 1911.



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BOWLING GREEN, KY.

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to make our office your Department of Scientific Research as regards VACANT POSITIONS. The State Normal students who have done this in the past have had the advantage of those who did not.

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THE ELEVATOR



Vol. III.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., NOVEMBER, 1911.

No. 1

Consolidation of Rural Schools

When Jehovah created the world and all that therein is, he created it according to laws founded upon fundamental principles of organization and co-operation. These principles follow the now well-known doctrine of economy of forces by division of labor and concentration of like powers. In other words, the idea of specialization in order that each individual member of the universe—whether animate or inanimate—might enjoy the opportunity of reaching the heights of his possibilities seemed to be the organizing principle.

For centuries man in his undeveloped stage did not comprehend this profound scheme, and does but poorly now, and operated upon the principle of individual self-sufficiency. In this primeval stage each man was his own agriculturist, horticulturist, manufacturer, commercial agent, miner, etc. He, like the amœba, had not reached the plane of division of labor through organization and consolidation of analogous forces. He had not learned that as the sun was created to give light by day, thus giving the world its great source of power, and as the moon coming forth at night considers the stars as insignificant, man could concentrate all his energies upon one sphere of activity and excel; whereas, with his powers scattered, he could not hope to rise even to the mediocre. Neither had it dawned upon his benighted vision that as heat, moisture, atmosphere, and soil combine to pro-

duce plant growth, man could organize these specially developed talents into a new and larger unit and thus decrease expense of operation and at the same time increase his efficiency as a producer and the amount and quality of the product.

Partly by accident and partly by well-directed investigation and experiments the minds of military tendency began to see the light and sought to make allies of their neighbors; at the same time the division of labor began to show itself in the specializing in the use of certain kinds of war instruments and in the recognition of certain individuals as leaders and others as followers.

This phase of activity next entered the field of finance, and as a result of specialization in labor and consolidation of like forces to a common end, steamship lines traverse the great deep, railroad steel girdles the earth, and multimillionaires establish classical libraries, technical schools, and great universities.

This development could be traced through every phase of human activity with the same or like results in every instance. In recent years against great odds it has invaded the educational field and in some States has dared to show its power and influence in the rural schools. I, for one, am tired of the thrust at Kentucky's status educationally as compared with other States of the Union and do not give full credit to all the reports of that kind; so what I shall say in this article is not to be so interpreted; but I may safely say that, while on the part of some the theory is not entirely new as to practice in our State, it is in its infantile stage, and realizing the lack of general information on this subject is my only excuse for the appearance of this rambling article.

One who advocates a novel idea must be able to answer the questions, "What does it mean? and will it increase the efficiency of the organization?" This is not a novel idea in many places, and from actual practice we may find answers to the above.

Consolidation of rural schools in Kentucky would mean

that from four to six adjoining rural school districts be consolidated into one, with a modern school building centrally located, of sufficient dimensions, equipment, and grounds to accommodate all the children of the consolidated districts, giving each one the advantage of a model Graded and High School with comfortable conveyance to and from school at less expense and with more conveniences than the present system is maintained.

This plan would facilitate supervision, for each consolidated school would have as its superintendent a scholar whose collegiate education would be supplemented by a thorough professional training in the science and art of school courses, school management, and instruction, thus bringing in immediate daily contact with teacher the supervisor, who, by virtue of his preparation and his close contact with the situation and vital needs, could really superintend, while, as it is, the County Superintendent, however efficient he may be, over-burdened with clerical duties and with from seventy-five to one hundred twenty-five schools to visit, can never hope to do more than conduct examinations and pay teachers, leaving each inexperienced teacher to be her own supervisor as to method, management, and course of study.

Again, it is impossible to inaugurate or maintain a satisfactory system of graded schools under the present management. No teacher can successfully grade and teach from fifty to one hundred children ranging from the primary to the eighth grade. It requires a greater number of recitations than the time allotted can accommodate. Besides, the lack of interest that maintains where classes are composed of so small a number as usually prevails in the grades of the rural schools detracts materially from the success. But where the same grades of from four to six schools can be combined under the management of one teacher, she can give them time for efficient work and the progress is augmented by the interest derived from a greater number working at the same task at the same time.

It further lends aid to grading by promoting regular and

prompt attendance, without which it is impossible to maintain a thoroughly graded system. When the wagons call for the children there is no excuse because of bad weather for them to be absent, and when they have really experienced the satisfaction of regularity for a time they will not be satisfied to miss even one day. The use of the wagon eliminates every tendency of tardiness, for when the wagon calls they must go, and as the carriages all run on schedule time, they will all arrive at practically the same hour. The health of the pupils is kept at the best in this way, for the wagons are covered and heated in bad weather, thus protecting the feet from the mud and cold.

A higher standard of morals can be maintained, because the drivers are government officers and are in charge of the children on the road from the time they leave home till they return. This arrangement makes it impossible for the teacher to execute the law that gives him charge of the pupils on the road to and from school.

By this division of labor and concentration of forces, the course of study may be expanded and intensified. It has been demonstrated by actual count that a High School can be supported in connection with the graded school at less expense than that incurred when the same number of children have advantage of the poor district schools under the present system.

The consolidation of grounds will facilitate the addition of Agriculture and Domestic Science to the course of study, thus articulating the school with the home life of the community for which it exists. The pupil having these advantages and many more offered to him at home is not compelled to go to the city for his High School education; his expenses are minimized, he is kept under the influence of home life and avoids the temptation offered by the city to leave the farm. This feature and this alone is sufficient proof that the system has a decided advantage over the one now in operation, for the close observer has long since noticed that the country is being drained of its best blood because the boys

go to the city for their education and are lured from the farm by the fascinations offered by the life that glitters. When he can be trained in the branches that articulate him with the soil while he is putting them into actual practice on his own farm, the boy will be more apt to see the beauties of real farming and will have no desire to abandon his home life.

The last point we shall consider is the financial phase. As has been mentioned above, after the plant has been once established, the children can be cared for with the increased course, more efficient teachers and supervisors, wagons, drivers, and innumerable other advantages cheaper than in the old way. This at first thought may seem incredible, but when we consider that there is only one building to maintain as against six, only one water supply, only one building to heat, only one set of out-buildings, and that the driver being idle during the school hours can do the janitor's work, cultivate the school farm, and, under supervision, give instruction in agriculture and dairying, we begin to see that the financial side of a school may be economized by co-operation. The establishment of a consolidated school system will lend impetus to the good-road question, and where good schools and good roads exist, property must increase in value.

There is no end to the relations between this system of schools and progressive life that might be traced out, but space forbids that we pursue it further.

In conclusion, may I say that in the improvement of rural schools lies the hope of the future prosperity of the Commonwealth, and I see in the not-far-distant future all that this insignificant effort hints at, and far more. The responsibility of this improvement rests upon the shoulders of the active school men of the State. How many Normalites will stay awake to the situation and *push*? Echo answers that when the roll is called, not a number will be missed.

Fraternally yours,

C. T. CANON.

Normal News

Miss Verta Palmore is making good her second term's work in the Walnut Grove School, Metcalf Conuty.

Martin C. Wallis, Senior '09, is instructing, with the aid of Miss Gertrude Ryan, now Mrs. Wallis, the youth of Hope, Arkansas.

Miss Eunice Palmore has the primary department in the Marrowbone Graded School. This is her second year in that position.

Miss Rubie Knott is principal of a large school employing three teachers in McCracken County. She writes that she'll return when the birds come back from the South.

Sometime we expect to publish a list of Normalites who have been so successful as to get two life certificates. In the meantime, Seniors, do your part.

Madisonville Graded and High School has the following Normalites as teachers: Nellie Smith, Senior '10, Latin Department; Ethel Terry, Third Grade; Hilda McCluskey, Fifth Grde; Harpingden Eblen, Mathematics Department.

Miss Lucile Goodwin, who has always been noted for her perpetual frown, is seeing to the welfare of the boys and girls of Oak Grove, Christian County. She reports great success and sends hearty greetings to the young men, especially.

Trigg County Institute, conducted the first week in October by Prof. R. P. Green, adopted a strong set of resolutions especially favoring Consolidation of Rural Schools, School Libraries, Normal-Trained Teachers, and Progressive Schools. Prof. Green was called back for another year by a unanimous vote.

Some Trigg Countians who are also Normalites:
 Mrs. L. H. Thompkins, Gracey Graded School.
 Myra Austin, Herndon.
 Minnie Smith, Eggner's.
 Maude Crute, Warrenton.
 Nora I. Wallis, Southern Academy, Rinaldo.
 W. T. Collins, Golden Pond Graded School.
 Janie Malone, Bethel.
 Mamie Williams, Ross.
 Lucile Wallace, Siloam.
 Anna Crews, Flat Lick.
 Mrs. W. H. Hooks, Cadiz Graded School.
 Shelly C. Harris, Cerulean Graded School.
 Grace Martin, Montgomery.
 Mary C. Thomas, Pugh Flat.
 Ellen Pursley, Cadiz Graded School.
 Huel Larkins, Cherry's Favorite.
 Hattie Harrell, Dry Creek.
 Woodson Turner, Cerulean Graded School.
 W. C. Oakley, Turkey Creek.
 Mrs. J. W. Caldwell, B.S. '04, old S. N. S., formerly Miss Ellen Nabb, Wallonia Graded School.
 Iva Smith, Ferguson's Spring.
 Birdie Rogers, Brewer's Spring.
 Mrs. Ernest Minton, formerly Miss Daisy Wilson, Minton School.
 C. W. Ross, Donaldson.
 Jessye Wallis, Sunny Slope.

"I don't like to be without it," says Miss Celeste Shirley, who is teaching at Hardyville, in renewing for the best school paper published by any of Adam's proge.ny.

Miss Pearl Roam, of Gracey, Ky., in renewing her subscription to THE ELEVATOR, says: "THE ELEVATOR is the best school paper imaginable, and I have decided I cannot do without it."

Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, paid us a visit at Chapel recently.

Miss Mollie Milner, Senior '10, sends us best wishes from Noble, La., where she is teaching.

"The goose hangs high in Paducah," says that creature himself, B. O. Hinton. Wonder who hung him!

Harry C. Weir, Junior '11, and Miss Ruth Skaggs are having a successful school at Oakton, Hickman County.

Judge Jere Sullivan, of Richmond, the man who introduced the celebrated Sullivan Law in the General Assembly, visited us on October 23.

We have received a handsome little folder from the Arlington Graded School, where H. W. Puckett, B.S., of the days of yore, is principal, and Miss Ethel Featherston has charge of the Third and Fourth Grades.

Oliver Hoover, Senior '11, who has been a hanger-on at the Normal School court for a generation or two, has been called to take charge of the Graded and High School at Robard. His patrons have our sincerest sympathy.

Some more of those Ohio Countians:
W. F. Andrews, Hartford College.
Carl Park, New Oklahoma.
Clyde Mitchell, Holbrook.
J. D. Falls, O'Dell.

Ohio Countians of the Normal type:
Orland H. Park, Centertown.
O. W. Wallace, Point Pleasant.
Fred Andrews, Hartford.
Lula Midcliff, Sugar Grove.
Roy Mitchell, Park City.

H. T. Leach, Cora Smith, and Jessie Raley, Rockport Graded School.

S. C. Taylor, Jubilee.

Ruth Hammonds, Number Nineteen.

(One of many good things that have come to our desk. Read it.)

Marrowbone, Ky.

EDITOR ELEVATOR: School opened with a much larger attendance this year than last. Our opening was propitious, too, for on Tuesday, our second day, Governor Edwin Norris, of Montana, who was spending two days with his parents here, addressed our school and a number of our citizens at the Woodman Hall. The speech was one which will long be remembered by its auditors, not only because of the strong manner of delivery and the appealing, forceful oratory which was put forth, but because Governor Norris' people in a measure realize his greatness, feel his personality—and strength of character—and know that he is one of the boys of "Old Marrowbone" who has been able to do things.

It certainly was an inspiration to have him with us, and it will be long before the cheering words of "Our Governor of Montana" will be forgotten.

Then he made a pleasant day for two teachers by saying, "Your school is an exceptional one, and well governed."

Truly the good things are coming our way and we are striving to make them last.

Wishing you success in your upward flight, I am,

Very sincerely,

LENA PALMORE.

The people of Crab Orchard, Ky., find that they cannot endure Mr. G. E. Everett without an antidote. Therefore, to be able to hold his job the aforesaid gentleman has ordered his ELEVATOR subscription to be lifted up two years. He says: "After two months' work I find our people greatly interested in education. Three weeks ago we had a mothers' meeting, at which there were seventy-eight of our patrons

present. Much of our success is due to the untiring energy of Miss Mary Collins."

Some of our subscribers have become so anxious to receive a portion of Normal dope that they have written pleading letters to the effect that they wanted their September ELEVATORS. Well, we're sorry to say that we never publish one that month and have been greatly delayed on the October issue. So —

The Oratorio Society is planning to give a public concert December 8. At present its members are studying the choruses, "The Heavens are Telling" and "Gallia." There is a marked increase in attendance and enthusiasm this year.

—oOo—

Gentleman: If your husband home?

Mrs. London: Yes; what do you want with him?

Gentleman: I'm just wanting to know what party he belongs to.

Mrs. London: Do you? Well, I'm the party he belongs to.

B. H. Mitchell says he intends to be merry when he attains his growth. He has, as you know, the brightest intellect in the Senior Class, it being approximately nine feet from the ground.

The class flower this year for the Seniors is to be a very modest common little plant, yet very peculiarly fitted for the class that voted for it. It is a small green Lichen.

The highest intellect in the Senior Class is represented by Mr. Bratcher and Mr. Mitchell—approximately 9 feet.

The Seniors' motto is: "Ego amo te," or, in other words, "Labor conquers all things."

Wanted: By Mr. Taylor, a Wand, to transform his lonely hours into happy ones.



NOVEMBER.

From the calendar of Time another sheet has been torn off and a new one bearing the suggestive name of November has been thus exposed. With its abundance of outdoor pictures among the painted hills and its countless blessings of harvest-time, we gladly welcome the month that was dear to our ancestors. "The melancholy days are come" sighs one poet, but we prefer to this sentiment one found in a poem by the same author:

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around?
When even the deep blue heavens look glad?
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

May the cheering fires on November hearths prepare us in spirit for the winter season, the time of renewed love of home.

—o— THANKSGIVING.

This issue of THE ELEVATOR bears to its readers the best wishes for a well-spent Thanksgiving Day. The bounty of a Protecting Power calls us at this season to render, in a feeble way, praise for aid along the way of life. It is wholly proper that we turn aside from regular duties, for one day, at least, to celebrate this occasion, for as we give holidays national in scope to celebrate the birthdays of our nation and its first great leader, it becomes us, apart from the weekly Sabbath, to consecrate one day for Thanksgiving. The Puritan Fathers devoutly set the example long ago, and we, believing in them and in the God they worshiped,

should never cease to observe the day in the best possible manner.

—o—
THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.

Something in the nature of Thanksgiving Day causes mankind to become more philanthropic, more just, more forgiving. The aspect of nature at this season has much to do with the feelings of men, for who can look upon the hills, glowing in all the colors of fairy castles, or the lavish harvests without having a kindlier feeling for the whole race? Riley knew this human characteristic when he had his Hoosier farmer to say:

"I don't know how to tell it, but if sech a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin' and they'd call aroun' on me,
I'd want to 'commodate 'em all, the hull endurin' flock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the
shock."

—o—
THE CHESTNUT HUNT.

As we recorded in detail elsewhere in this issue, the annual Chestnut Hunt was enjoyed by about two hundred on October 27. It seems to us that nothing adds more to the spirit of good-fellowship than these semiannual visits "back to nature." The inspiration and vigor gained by these open-air events counterbalance all items of expense and discomfort. Indeed, we doubt if anyone that fails to take advantage of these can really do as good work as he who enjoys them to his full capacity.

"If thou art worn, and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st learn a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet looks that Nature wears."
—Longfellow.

—o—
THE CHEATER.

One of the most infinitesimal of all students is he who

willingly brings dishonor upon himself and the institution of which he is a member by "cheating the teacher." The loyal student-body of the W. K. S. N. S. stands unalterably opposed to dishonesty in any form and pledges its best efforts to stamp it out forever.

—o—
THE "GOLDEN RULE."

Will it be necessary for us to *beg* the student-body to patronize our advertisers? Must we always have an eyesore in the editorial column that has the same old story to tell? Why can't we work as a mighty band and make THE ELEVATOR the best advertising medium of its kind in the South? Did you say you would try?

—o—
Who's the biggest fool in the world? The grouch.
Who's the next biggest? The kicker.
Who follows as third? The professional liar.
Who next? The deceiver, alias *the cheater*.
Who isn't a fool? The fellow who doesn't do these and a million other *little* things.
Where are you in this list?

—o—
HUMOR.

What is there in life that responds more quickly to encouragement than the faculty of humor? Every human being has moments of mirth and, as a result, one of the strongest features of our literature is the humorous good cheer which it brings. If it be true that we as a race have a distinct characteristic, and there can be no doubt of it, that peculiarity must be a love for the ludicrous. Let us examine carefully our list of great heroes and, I dare say, nearly everyone enjoyed a hearty laugh. True, some of our ambitious military men have been solemn, but what are they in heroism compared to the gentle-humored Irving, the genial Gladstone, the care-free Mark Twain? A person's value is in direct proportion to his ability to laugh. It is one of nature's laws that he that does not laugh shall not have good digestion.

Moral: *Shake up your liver.*

Halloween Festivities

THE SENIOR CLASS.

In keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en, Dr. Kinnaman extended to the members of the Senior Class the following invitation:

ALL YE YONGE MEN AND MAYDENS OF YE
LIFE CERTIFICATE CLASS
ATTYRED IN YE MOSTE DECEPTIVE WAYSE
ARE BESOUGHTEN
TO JOIN IN YE WEIRDE SPORTES
OF YE WITCHES
AND IN YE DREME TELLYNGE AND MAGIK

METTE ON YE HOURE OF
SEVEN-THIRTY TUESDAY EVENYNGE
OCTOBER 31
IN YE YERE OF 1911

At the appointed hour a host of ghostly-clad figures filed into the home of Dr. and Mrs. Kinnaman. The mewling of the cat and hissing of the wizard were heard as the ghosts marched around the mystic circle.

After the exciting hour of unmasking had passed, the hostess served delicious refreshments. The guests were then given slips of paper on which to record the names of noted men and women, namely, kings, presidents and faculty, whose pictures were hung about the rooms.

This dignified band of Seniors awaited the fortune-teller's decision with anxious hearts. One young lady, after putting her finger in the bowl of muddy water said she had always preferred double sorrow to single blessedness.

Dr. Kinnaman then disclosed the secrets of his magic sleight-of-hand tricks, after which the noisy revelry ceased and the ghosts, witches, wizards, and black cats drifted out upon the thin, hobgoblin air.

ONE OF 'EM.

Juniors and Kit-Kats

The Hallowe'en party given by the Juniors and Kit-Kats in Vanmeter Hall was a very *spiritual* affair, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. On passing from the darkness outside to the dim light within, the visitors found themselves confronting a group of figures that, judging from outward appearances, might just have come from another world.

Promptly at seven-thirty a bell sent forth its harsh peals upon the night air. From all parts of the building the ghosts and witches beat a hasty retreat to the front door, where they quickly fell into line. As the first notes of the Witches' Dance came from the piano, the long line began to move slowly down the middle aisle, through the doors, into the corridors, and ere the last note died away, reappeared on the rostrum. Then followed the overture by the Witches' Orchestra, two songs and two recitations by the ghosts.

At the conclusion of the program the fortune telling began. Miss Wortham and her companion were ideal witches, and foretold many important events. Misses Ruby Alexander and Ida Rhea Taylor explained all the mysteries that the future held in store for the girls. A jack-o'-lantern girl, presiding over a table on which were arranged half a dozen candles, made known to each one just how many years would elapse ere he would embark on the matrimonial sea. In various rooms other ghosts revealed secrets to those who were brave enough to do as they were bidden.

At nine o'clock the warning sound of a bell broke in upon the merriment. Every ghost immediately ceased to delve into the future and, taking some visitor by the arm, led him to the door. Throwing it open the ghost pointed outside and murmured the one word, "Home."

In a very few moments the great hall was empty, save only for the spirits that always dwell, unseen, in every room on Hallowe'en night.

NILLA N. HANCOCK.

The Reception for the Ohio County Teachers

On Thursday evening, October 19, the doors to the Administration Building were thrown open to welcome the Ohio County teachers into our midst. A short program was rendered in Vanmeter Hall. President Cherry gave the greeting for the W. K. S. N. S., followed by Supt. E. H. White, of Warren County; Supt. T. C. Cherry, of Bowling Green; Prof. J. S. Dickey, of the B. G. B. U.; Dr. A. J. Kinaman; Miss Maude Shultz, student; Prof. Carson, of Rockport, and Miss Woods, chairman of the entertainment committee. Prof. Strahm and Mrs. Settle delighted the audience with several musical selections.

A social hour followed, consisting of various games played in the corridors and office rooms. The students of the Domestic Science Department served delightful cherry punch and cake from the landings on either side of the rotunda.

The evening was pleasantly passed for all present and many of the guests expressed their intention of soon becoming one of us.

A STUDENT.

The Daviess County Outing

Saturday, October 21, the students from Daviess County were delightfully entertained by Prof. Craig, their faculty representative. After an early car ride and brisk walk in the cool morning air, they arrived at their host's beautiful bungalow near the river. The morning was pleasantly spent in exploring the many miniature caves about the place.

Mrs. Hudson displayed her skilled domestic science training by preparing the splendid dinner which they had brought with them. The day was a most enjoyable one for all present, and reluctantly they descended to the river bank late in the afternoon to await the home-bound steamer. Nothing

but laughter prevailed throughout the day. As the boat plowed its way through the waters, the ringing cheers of the jolly band on board were echoed from far down the river.

X. Y. Z.

The Chestnut Hunt

In answer to the call back to nature, the faculty and student-body of the Normal assembled early Friday morning, October 27, to make their annual trip to President Cherry's old home. By the time the sun was peeping over Reservoir Hill the auto-trucks, wagonettes, and hay-wagons, filled to overflowing with jolly Normalites, were well on their way to the woods. By eleven o'clock all had arrived and were busily engaged in hunting nuts and knocking persimmons from the trees. There were only a few games in the forenoon, as all were ready to wage an attack on the lunch baskets.

At one o'clock the call for the races was made. The long and short of the institution, namely, Misses Heady Dunningan and Nilla Hancock, started the race. Miss Hancock easily outran her tall companion.

Other races followed: Mr. Shemwell was quickly defeated by Russell Green. As it is written, "a little child shall lead them." So it happened that Jessie Hawthorne won over Bertie Laymon, and she in turn retreated when Miss Hancock beat her to the goal. Then followed the shoe race in which Mr. Stillwell won. The cracker race was very interesting in that our tall champion, Mr. Mitchell, was so nearly choked while Mr. Page easily won the victory.

All became silent when the relay race between the Seniors and Juniors was announced. The rush was made and—the Juniors came out victorious.

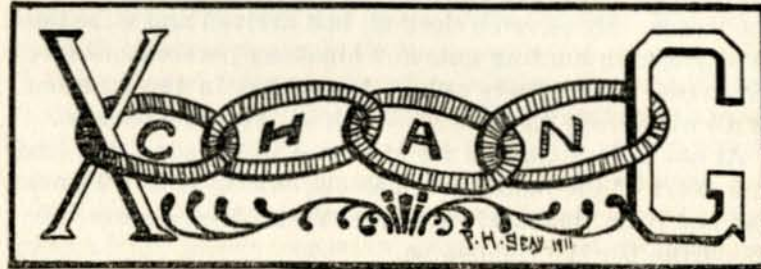
Next the long-expected feat was called. Shemwell, W. C. Wilson, Gordon Wilson, Chas. Taylor, Likens and Jones were the contestants in the bachelors' race for popularity. The unfortunate contestants groaned when the laurel was presented to Mr. W. C. Wilson. Then with the air of defeated

Spartans, they lifted Mr. Wilson to their shoulders and carried him in triumph around the battlefield.

The members of the faculty had previously chosen sides for a relay race, but when it came to their turn they were loath to leave the warm bonfire. Everyone agreed that if Prof. Strahm had been present there would have been no backing out.

All in all the day was a most enjoyable one to those pleasure-loving people. Overcome by the delights of the day, the merry travelers returned to the city about six o'clock. Their loyalty and sweet fellowship was shown in the ringing cheers they gave just before they disbanded. A. B.

—oOo—



Our exchanges are some of the most elucidating and pleasing things we have in our work with the paper. They all show a spirit of progress in the development of the educational world. We are sure that we derive a great benefit from our exchanges and we have the "ego" bad enough to think our paper a help to others. Anyway, we are wanting more of them. Here are some that come to us now, and that we have already received:

The University Echo, University of Chattanooga, Tenn. If we were in Georgia, we would say that the introduction to the editors is a "peach."

The Transit is another earnest, hard-working paper, throwing light on real problems. It comes from our own State University.

The Kuay, Seattle, Wash., is an excellent article. Cuts are fine, and it shows a good school spirit in its ambition to win. Keep up your athletics, boys.

The Student, from our Eastern Normal, is our own sister, you know, and we are especially fond of her; she is such a bright and busy little lass.

The Mankatonian has the spirit, too. Look at that wise old owl at the head of their Pedagogical Department. She comes to us from Mankato, Minn.

Another from the far West is the neat paper from Portland, Ore., and carries the life-giving appellation of *Cardinal*.

The Northwestern comes to us from Alva, Okla. They have a Normal School, too, and are among our list of sympathizers. Something good, too.

We are saying all these nice things about our exchanges because they deserve it and, also, from force of habit, for, concerning the latter cause, we must acknowledge that most of our editorial staff are in love—especially our CHIEF who, just at this time, is being besieged by a whole battalion of Cupids and his walls are just ready to fall and then he must surrender.

Give us more exchanges!

—oOo—

"Didn't I give you a piece of pie last week?" said Miss Scott. "I didn't expect to see you again, so soon, anyway." "I fooled you, ma'am; I didn't eat it," replied the tramp.

The best way to keep women from voting is to give them the ballot at the age of thirty.

Silver-voiced Tenor (with feeling): Will you miss me—?
Voice (from back of hall): Gimme a gun and I'll try not to.

LITERARY



Paul H. Gray, 1904

THANKSGIVING WITH THE POETS.

He who thanks with but the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

—J. A. Shedd.

November woods are bare and still,
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill,
The morning snow is gone by night.

—H. H. Jackson.

Come to us cheerily, Thankful Day,
Out of the sweet blue sky,
Hearts are hoping and laughs are gay,
Flowers are blooming along the way,
E'en if the frost is nigh.

—Will Carlton.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk;
Don't think of your worries but think of your work;
The worries will vanish, the work will be done;
No one sees the shadow who faces the sun.

—Albany Citizen.

While the village bells are calling
Notes of pleasure and good cheer,
Summer past, the harvest ended,
Peace and plenty hold their sway.
Songs of praise are sweetly blended
As we keep Thanksgiving Day.

—Ruth Raymond.

THE ELEVATOR.

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I look out of the window and think: Oh, perfect day! Oh, beautiful world! And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal.—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

There is something in the autumn that is native in my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by;
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the purple asters like a smoke upon the hills.

—Anon.

A haze on the fair horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The rich, ripe tints of the cornfields,
The wild goose sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod;—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

—M. H. Corruith.

HALLOWE'EN.

Ghosts, witches, fairies, and all the other imaginary creatures of the fertile brains of our Teutonic ancestors delight to parade the earth the last night of October. The whole earth is, as it were, given over to them by the deities of the day. Hallowe'en is the time of all times when our minds should revert to early days and customs of our ancestors.

Like our ideas of the Fourth of July and Christmas, our ideals for Hallowe'en are not high enough. Most of the youth spend the night in positive mischief rather than in innocent mirth and gayety. We believe it should be a season

of youthful joy and of contemplation of old beliefs and customs. Unhappy must be that individual who does not at some time, even in adult life, allow himself to think of old romance days with some of the same credulity and simplicity of childhood. True, not all can be dreamers, not all can ascend the dizzy heights like Bellerophon, not all can become greatly interested in poetic expression; yet we believe that everyone can preserve in his nature some little nook where thoughts of childhood, of myth and fable, of poem and story, can be stored away. When discouragements come, how helpful it is to take from this mental storehouse such mementoes of past experience as will serve to make the burdens lighter! Then, too, what a delight it is to enjoy childhood with children! To feel their griefs and sorrows, even though they seem trivial to the unromantic grown-up; to tingle with their joys, even if a broken doll or toy is the cause; to see with them ghosts, fairies, and spirits on every hand; to know the unexpressible thrill of fear when a fairy story is told,—these and a thousand others are joys and sorrows that should be remembered by older people and shared with the little ones. Why not make Hallowe'en, then, the time to take an informal visit back to Childhood?

—oOo—

THANKSGIVING.

BY Z. X.

The magic touch of artist autumn's hand
 Again the fields and hills with colors bright
 Has painted. From the countries far away
 Beyond the chain of mighty lakes there come
 The birds of passage bound for Southern lands.
 Within the fields the shocks of golden corn,
 Like Indian tents or fairy bowers stand.
 Around them, gleaming in the frosty light
 Of Harvest Moon that rides the heavens clear,
 The yellow pumpkins, richer far in worth
 Than all the gold King Midas long ago
 Heaped in his Lydian treasury, lie there

The gold of nature and, of Ceres, queen
 Of agriculture and of autumn-time.
 Within the chestnut grove, the squirrel gray
 His food for winter's cold now gladly hoards.
 Near him the screaming jay among the oaks
 Finds morsels of rich food to store away.
 Thus everywhere we turn we see all things
 Of the out-door world preparing, as it were,
 For feast and joy. To us now comes the thought
 That 'tis the time our fathers kept of old
 A feast unto the gods who richly bless
 The earth with fruit and grain. The Harvest Home
 They called the feast, and games were played,
 And every home an altar built, whereon
 Were sacrificed of all productions some.
 Hymns then were sung and prayers said,
 That He who ruled the harvest would vouchsafe
 Another year of peace and joy to them.
 Three centuries ago by Plymouth Rock,
 The Pilgrims, thankful for the care of God,
 Within *our* land the first Thanksgiving held.
 Since then a nation fair and known abroad
 As "home of free" has risen like the sun
 From autumn's vapors, and has taught the world
 The right of souls to worship Him above
 As best delights them. Now, while o'er our land
 Fortuna's horn her blessings on us pours,
 Let us in busy life this feasting-time
 Forget not. Let us build our altars high
 And on them place our gifts to Him who gives
 The seed-time and the harvest, and implore
 His blessings on us through another year.

—oOo—

Prof. Craig (in Chem.): Mr. Mitchell, you may discuss match-making—ah—er, er—I mean the chemistry of match-making.

Which is the bigger, Mr. Bigger, or Mr. Bigger's baby?
 The baby is a little Bigger.

"It's only the fellow on the outside that can tell a snail how his shell looks."



It is with undisguised chagrin that we announce that there are no weddings to announce this month. We were expecting several, but the parties have written us that there have been unforeseen hitches in the proceedings. Several anticipated weddings are on docket, however.

T. H. Likins reports excellent success. More later.

B. H. Mitchell says he's going to get married, notwithstanding the fact that he has not proposed. Don't be too sure, old chap; we thought so *once* ourselves.

B. F. Stillwell is hardly so sure, but he's planning all right, all right.

We haven't heard from Connor Ford and P. G. Smith recently. Hope they're still in the ring.

—oOo—

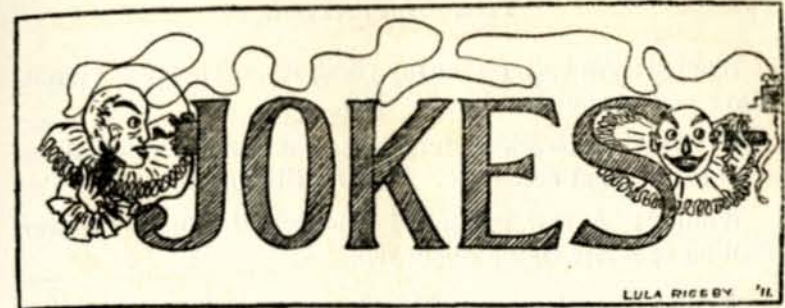
Buster: Papa, you know what I'm going to do when I get to be a man?

Dr. Mutchler: No, what?

Buster: I'm going to eat a germ.

Miss Taylor, who is known in class as everybody's pet,
May become a famous poet yet;
But she smiles so sweetly and has such a knowing head,
We rather suspect she'll capture a man instead.

Mr. Barnes is as slim as a racer and as long as a rafter;
If he doesn't become famous here he will hereafter.



Dr. Kinnaman (in Grammar): Give an example of an infinitive.

Walter Evans: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." *To bed* is an infinitive.

Dr. K.: Give its principal parts.

Evans: Mattress, sheets, and pillows.

Magness: What's the matter with your wife?

Gibson: Reckless driving.

M.: Horse or auto?

G.: Neither; nail.

Want Column.

Found: In the Want Box, a creature that answers to the name of T. H. Likins. He says that the owner may have him. (We ain't the owner, for we don't want 'im.)

Wanted: A few boarders more. See the editor.

Wanted: A seamstress. Leslie P. Jones.

Wanted: To know how to work button holes. Verna Robertson.

Wanted: A check for service rendered the State by attending to our affairs. S. C. Summers.

Wanted: A beau. (Lady's name blurred.)

Wanted: To know the name of the fellow who hit me with a brick on Hallowe'en night. Geo. L. Montgomery.

Wanted: An epitaph for my rival, Elmo Thomas. (What! Have you vanquished him?—ED.)

Wanted: A Greek history class that can have good lessons after great occasions. Arnt M. Stickles.

Wanted: A few grains of intellectual dynamic power. Call on or write Oscar Shemwell.

Wanted: A thousand subscriptions for THE ELEVATOR. Let's have yours.

Don't court trouble unless you want to marry it.—Per Chas. Taylor.

Music as Advertised.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover.

"Trust Her Not" for 50 cents.

"I Would Not Live Always," without accompaniment.

"See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra.

"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in 3 parts.

"The Tail of a Sword Fish," with many scales.

"Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.—*Ex.*

Prof. Stickles (in Greek History class): Socrates and his wife, Zanthippe, did not get along very well together. Once she threw a bucket of water on him.

This sounds quite modern. (The aforesaid gentleman is preparing a treatise on The Universality of Henpecked Husbands.) . .

W. J. Craig is dead and gone,
We'll never see him more;
For what he thought was H₂O,
Was H₂SO₄.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.

—*Ex.*

Kind Old Lady (about to give beggar a nickel): Poor man! And are you married?

Beggar: Pardon me, madam! D'ye think I'd be relyin' on total strangers fer support if I had a wife?

"Mr. Simmons, why didn't you accept the position as clerk for Prof. Green?"

Simmons: Because, I would have to sign my name as Green, per Simmons.

Dean: Is your final coming by freight or express?
Mitchell: Neither; I'm going after it.

Emery Smith: Papa, what does hereditary mean?

Papa: Something which descends from father to son?

Emery: Is a spanking hereditary?

Miss Reid: What is a genius?

Miss Searce: A genius is somebody that's able to do something that somebody else ain't.

Lost: Thursday afternoon somewhere near the Business University a Button. The finder will please notify Miss Hazel McClusky and be rewarded.

W. C.: You refuse me, then. Oh, well, there are others.

Verna: I know there are. I accepted one of them this afternoon.

London: What I say to my wife goes.

Gibson: Does it, really?

London: Yes; in about two days it's all over the neighborhood.

A noted lover of the wine bowl had been reading birth and death statistics.

"Do you know," said he to a friend, "that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Then why don't you chew cloves?"

Chapel Echos

There are only two things that count for anything in this world: The practical, the bread and butter side of life, and the spiritual, the part that gives hope, ambition, fervor.—Miss Reid.

The individual, after all, is society, and true reform must begin with the individual.—Pres. H. H. Cherry.

The currents of moral, intellectual, and spiritual thrift flow from a spiritual reservoir.

Preach the gospel of efficiency by doing a hard day's work.

Influence is the voice of character.

A man can read enough in ten minutes to make himself a Lincoln, a Lee, a Jefferson, if he only has the power to interpret the fundamental principles of what he reads.

Not what a man has done, neither what he hopes to do, but what he *can do now*.

It is always practical to be spiritual and spiritual to be practical.

"A man's opportunity is limited only by his capacity."

He who wears his duty like a crown is every inch a king.—Rev. Dr. Tyler.

"Life is a big game. Gee! what fun it is."—Dr. Clifton Hodge.

"The nation that has the teachers has the future."—Bismark.

The great principle of life is determination.—Col. Bennett H. Young.

W. O. Toy

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