

12-1911

## UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. III, No. 2

Western Kentucky University

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## The Western Kentucky State Normal School

### The Summer School of 1912

The Normal is already at work on a plan to make the Summer School of 1912 far-reaching in its influence and a strong factor in the development of the educational life of the South. The Summer School organization will attempt to double last year's enrollment and to, at the same time, offer many new and special courses of study. Regular and special work will be offered; and in addition to this, many high-class Chautauqua programs will characterize the occasion. Persons desiring to do so may pursue regular work or take only one branch or one series of lectures. Teachers who have been busily engaged during the entire year and who do not desire to do heavy work may combine rest, recreation, instruction, inspiration and relaxation by electing light work. The school will be conducted on Normal Heights, one of the most delightful places in this country for a Summer School. It is, indeed, an ideal spot to spend a few weeks during the summer. The Institution has a handsome campus and will be glad to arrange for more than one hundred tents for persons who desire to adopt this method of living during the next Summer School. Arrangements will be made for women, as well as men, who desire to live in tents while in attendance. The grounds will be looked after from a sanitary standpoint as well as carefully disciplined. Students will have an opportunity to do self-boarding or to take their meals at nominal rates near the camping grounds. Persons, as nearly as possible, should furnish their own tents, or rent them before coming to Bowling Green. All who would like to become one of the two hundred camping party on Normal Heights during the Summer School of 1912, should write us concerning their purpose. Persons desiring private board in elegant private families can get same at nominal rates. Board in School Homes can be had for \$11.50 per month, everything furnished.

### The Second Term, November 21, 1911.

The second term of the Fall Session opens November 21, 1911. This is a most excellent time for students to enter. It is a serious mistake for anyone who contemplates entering school and who can enter at the opening of this term, to wait until after Christmas to begin his educational work. A vast amount of work can be accomplished by beginning at the opening of this term and doing a regular term's work before the beginning of the Mid-Winter Term on January 30, 1912. The school will close on the evening of December 22nd for the holidays, and will resume work at 7.30, Tuesday morning, January 2, 1912.

### The Mid-Winter Term.

Most of the public schools of Kentucky will have closed before the opening of the Mid-Winter Term on January 30, 1912. Hundreds of new students will enter the Normal at the beginning of this term. Judging from the correspondence and from reports in the field, the enrollment at the beginning of this term will be the largest ever known in the history of the Institution.

# The Elevator

GOING UP?

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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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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Nearly four hundred calls for teachers of bookkeeping and shorthand at \$75 to \$100 a month as entrance salaries, with promotion as deserved—this is the record of the B. G. B. U. for the twelve months ending November 1, 1911.



# THE ELEVATOR



Vol. III.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 2

# LITERARY



*Paul H. Seay, 7/11*

THE IRISH AT HOME.

BY S. C. SUMMERS.

Notwithstanding the fact that for eight years past, one thousand Irish have sailed daily from English ports, and more than four million have landed on our shore to influence the product of the great Melting Pot, the most of us know very little of these people as they were at home.

The Irish have long been celebrated for their wit, and true wit is theirs. It appeals essentially to the intelligence rather than to the emotions. Pope said:

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

This excellently describes the wit characteristic of our subject. For example, a story is told of a little Irishman who attended a naval display. On account of his diminutive



size, he was unable to see over the heads of the crowd, so he got up on a settee, only to be pulled down by a police. In a short while he climbed up on a railing and was again told to get down. As he did so he muttered, "Ye can't look at nothing from where you can see it from."

In an Irishman's presence mention was made of the fact that he had no children. "Yes," he said, "it's hereditary in our family to raise no children."

Pat said to Mike: "Did I ever tell you the story of the dirty window?" "No, tell me about it," said Mike. "No use, you couldn't see through it."

There was evidently Irish blood in that individual who said that the worst trouble with la grippe was the fact that one is sick with it so long after he gets well.

An Irishman, whose wife had died, saw a friend whom he had not seen for some time, and who wasn't sure that the Irishman's wife had died. He asked him if it were true. The Irishman pathetically replied: "Yes, the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

Of the many who leave our shores annually to tour abroad, few indeed are those who visit the Emerald Isle, or even think of it as other than the dreary prison of those whom circumstances force to remain. But as a matter of fact, her natural scenery, her ancient ruins of Druid Paganism, and her souvenirs of primitive Christianity are well worth the consideration of the American tourist. When we think of her beautiful valleys, her sensitive, warm-hearted people, tinged with the trace of melancholy inseparable from impressionable natures, we are charmed by her beauty, thrilled by the stories of her heroism, and saddened by the long record of her suffering.

In the course of centuries they have furnished not a single forceful philosopher, nor propounder of social theories, nor holder of fitful and lurid light to deceive the nations and lead them over the brink of that abyss into which no one can gaze without a shudder.

For a short period Ireland was peaceful and happy, while the rest of Europe was enduring the throes of revolution

and invasion. But her peace was but the calm which precedes a storm. For the Danes soon poured down upon her, and unarmed, she fell a victim to the most horrible of murder and savage plunder, and in its wake came starvation and pestilence. Later, when her palsied hand was wrung of the last pittance by England, she became the subject of constantly-recurring famines, and starving Ireland lay helpless at the feet of a heartless nobility.

Her fertile fields have been a stranger to scientific agriculture; her deep harbors rarely furrowed by a keel, or her magnificent rivers shadowed by a sail. We see on every hand the ruins of magnificent edifices that tell of an illustrious past, and we wonder why this wretchedness, decay and degradation, which have left from generation to generation an enduring legacy of hatred. Shall we find the cause in idleness, or is it not that a sense of oppression robs labor of its joy and paralyzes hope? For, "The Irish," we are told, "have done well everywhere except in their own land." But find the cause where we may, there is a cause. For a people do not moan unless they are in pain, and a cry of distress always means suffering. And the finer and more sensitive the spirit, the more keenly will it feel oppression, and the more resolutely will it beat against the barriers that prevent its natural development.

Whether the cause of Ireland's discomfort is to be found with the governors or the governed has been the source of much contention. Yet it seems hardly reasonable that this cheerful, jovial race of people should have suffered such misery except, the oppressor's heel should have been upon her neck. To a certain extent, though, Ireland has been a victim of circumstances, for no one can tell the tears and heartaches that would have been avoided if she had been connected geographically with England instead of as she is, too close to be independent, and yet too far away to feel her interests common with those of England.

The Poet Laureate recently said: "No one can read the history of the economic relations of Great Britain with Ire-



land during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, without feeling, if he has any sense of justice, that reparation is due to Ireland for the monstrous commercial fetters in which she was then for so long a time bound, and any assistance wisely and discriminately given Ireland for the purpose of stimulating her material prosperity will be neither a bribe nor a dole, but a restoration of something justly owing."

But there is one thing that lies closer to a people than either their love of the right to govern themselves, or to carry on trade unmolested, and that is the love of the right to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences. And it is for this that many of Ireland's noblest sons have mingled their blood with the dust.

But with the lapse of time the bitterness has largely passed away, and the same race of men inhabit the Emerald Isle to-day that held it a thousand years ago, with the distinction that it has been far more wretched and deserving of pity than it now is. The people possess the same primitive habits, simple thoughts, stubborn spirits, and bouyant dispositions in spite of ages of oppression. The night was long and dark and dreary, but the day is dawning, and we are surprised to find the jovial Irishman much the same he has always been and doubtless will always be.

—oOo—

INTERRUPTED REVERIES.

I had a thought;

But while the myriad cares of life made way  
 Into my soul, I left it half-complete,  
 And though I oft have tried to reassume  
 The state of mind I then possessed, I've failed;  
 And like a mariner who sees afar  
 Upon the blue horizon home and friends,  
 From whom the angry seas have kept him long,  
 Just as he casts the anchor overboard,  
 A sudden storm breaks forth and drives him back;  
 Thus I have never learned a way whereby  
 The thread of that lost thought might be regained.

I wonder if the world has suffered woe,  
 If we, the creatures of a Kindly Power,  
 Have lost a means by which a higher life  
 And nobler might have been achieved by us,  
 Because some thinker once while musing deep  
 Was forced to turn his mind to other things  
 And thus the benefit of his advance  
 Was never given to the human race?

Did Socrates, the king of Grecian minds,  
 While ministering to wants of those he loved  
 Lose mental gems he never found again?  
 Was his philosophy he taught to men  
 Than that which work at arduous tasks  
 Prevented his perfecting, greater?

Did

The Christ, the meek and lowly Nazarene,  
 Abiding here on earth away from heaven,  
 Forget to add completeness to some thought  
 Because He helped the suffering ones who came  
 To be relieved by Him? While wandering o'er  
 The flowery hills of Galilee alone with God and self,  
 Did he not oft have thoughts that never rose  
 Up from his swelling bosom? For when He  
 Had gone again to haunts of men, there came  
 A thousand weak and helpless ones to see  
 And touch the Saviour.

In the world to-day,

While busied with the duties of the hour,  
 How many loving mothers oft forget  
 Their lines of musing! Do not men whose hearts  
 Are touched with love for God's unfortunates  
 Sometimes neglect their private thoughts to give  
 Their minds a sacrifice unto their friends?

Yet we may judge when reading of the deeds  
 Of Him who came a nobler life to show,  
 That, after all, enough great thoughts were given  
 By those who died that others might have life;  
 That He, who asks for minds to reverence Him,  
 Asks, too, for deeds that glorify His name.

BUGBEE,



## A SMALL BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

It's gettin' purt' nigh Christmas, and it's time for me to see  
If maw has got them stockin's that she said she'd buy for me  
To hang up by the fire-place in the wood-fire's flickerin' light  
So's Santy Claus kin fill 'em when he comes on Christmas  
night.

I've been a better boy this year than I ever wuz before,  
An' I think old Santy ought to give a feller somepin' more  
Fer bein' good and mindin' when his may or paw says: "Go  
And fetch a turn of wood," or "Keep out of the snow."

I've been wondrin' fer the longest time how Santy knows so  
much  
About a feller's bein' good and doin' right and such,  
And tell you what! I think that he's about the finest man  
That lives most anywheres in this or any land.

I clumb up on the house las' week, a-tryin' fer to see  
If our ol' chimbley-flue wuz big and wide enough fer me  
To come down through it with a sack all full of grass and  
hay,  
And, burn my hide, my eyes have got some soot in them to-  
day.

But I got through that dirty place without a single hurt,  
But ma's still wondrin' why fer days I haven't looked so pert  
As I most allus do about this time of year so gay,  
When every minit nearer brings the jolly Christmas Day.

I've leaned a ladder 'gainst the house where Santy Claus  
kin see  
And climb right up that steep old roof and plump right  
down. Oh, gee!  
And stuff them socks of mine chuck full; they'll be a lovely  
sight;  
I hope that I can see 'im when he comes on Christmas night.

I'll tell you, boys, let's all be good and mind our maws and  
paws,  
And everyone will shure be glad if good old Santy Claus

On Christmas Eve our stockin's fill with candy and with  
toys,  
I wish this time of year would come more often; don't you,  
boys?

—oOo—



X. Y. Z.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

On clear, cold Christmas Eve nights,  
While the winds are blowing sq loud,  
The stars brightly cold shed their lights,  
And in the sky never a cloud.

Then when all are to bed and asleep,  
Some one rides all through the world;  
Over the land and the deep  
He by his reindeer is whirled.

Santa Claus is his name, to be sure,  
And a jovial old fellow is he.  
Bringing gifts to the rich and the poor,  
And making them glad as can be.

Some people deny this is so:  
There is no good St. Nick, they say;  
But then everybody must know  
Some spirit presides o'er that day;



Else why does father so dear  
Toil and worry the whole day through  
That Christmas-tide may not be drear  
To his boys and his little girls, too?

Why does mother at night sit and mend  
And patch all the clothes that are worn,  
That the pennies thus earned she may spend  
For a teddy-bear or a tin horn?

Why does grandmother cook a fruit cake,  
And hunt up every old toy  
For her little grandchildren's sake  
That they the glad day may enjoy?

When December begins to roll round,  
Why do people who are then far from home  
Love to think of ev'ry sight and sound  
That is calling for them to come?

Why do students turn from their task,  
Just at this time of the year;  
What makes everyone of them ask:  
"You're going home Christmas? Oh, dear!"

Some one this commotion must cause,  
And no other reason's been found,  
So it must be the good Santa Claus  
Who comes with never a sound.

Those cynics who say it's not so  
Lose half of the world. But, oh, then  
Let them go; for we surely know  
Santa dwells in the hearts of men.

AVIS HINES.

—oOo—

## The Coys' Corn Club

Saturday, November 18, the day which had been ordered for the Boys' Corn Show, arrived fresh from cold storage. The day was clear and bright and by 10 o'clock, besides students, a large number of farmers and country people were assembled on Normal Heights.

The exhibits were arranged on tables in front of the Recitation Building, and the crowd gathered in Vanmeter Hall, where speeches were made by Dr. Mutchler, Mr. Vinson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Jno. B. McFerran, of Louisville, on corn growing, rural improvement, and for the general good of the order.

The meeting in the afternoon was presided over by Supt. E. H. White. All the boys who raised over sixty bushels of corn per acre, and that included practically all, sat on the rostrum. Here the information was given out that two of Warren County's boys had raised more than ninety-seven bushels of corn per acre, the highest being 97.8 bushels. Now, I don't know what you think, but I call that "goin' some." The first prize of \$20 went to Carl Duncan. The prizes were paid in gold, and the jingle of the guinea helped the wage that labor paid. After the matters pertaining to this year's club were dispensed with, Mr. White took up the discussion of plans for next year, and effected the organization of the 1912 Corn Club. The prospects for same are certainly most flattering.

Another important feature of this meeting was the taking of steps toward the organization of a Domestic Science Club for the girls. The better farmer of to-morrow will need a better wife. And while some of the fair sex are calculating to solve all the problems of the future at the ballot box, there be some who are willing to direct their attention to making Kentucky's future homes. (The maker of this last statement has left the country for fear of a domestic application of feathers and tar.) By the close of the meeting Mr. McFerran had become so impressed with the significance of the Corn Club movement that he arose and agreed to pay the expense of a trip to Washington, for the boy who raised the largest amount of corn at the least expense.

The last exercise of the day and perhaps not an altogether insignificant one, was the demonstration given by the DuPont Powder Company, on the Normal Farm. They showed that dynamite can subsoil, dig ditches, tear up stumps.



rocks, and trees, and were to have carried the demonstration into sawing wood and churning, but it was too late. It is only a matter of time until the farmer can, upon waking in the morning, reach over to the wall and turn a button, which will perform all his day's duties by dynamite. Perhaps when that comes to pass it will be "goin'" some more.

When a little enthusiasm and gumption on the part of Dr. Mutchler and Mr. White will bring such results the first year, as were realized on this day, what will it mean to our rural life, when every farmer boy is a student of agriculture? The farmer has been left out of the rural school course of study long enough. It is the farmers' school and the farmer boy is entitled to be taught those things that will make him a better farmer. The time when two ears of corn will grow where only one formerly grew is knocking at the door. We are predicting that the next Legislature will open that door.

S. C. SUMMERS.

Shemwell (acting as chairman): You have heard the motion that the Seniors petition the Faculty to give Friday following Thursday as a holiday. What is the pleasure of the house?

A fifth grade teacher, whose reading class had just been studying Miles Standish, in a history test asked this question: "Tell something about Marco Polo; Walter Raleigh; Captain John Smith."

One student's answer was as follows: "Walter Raleigh asked Marck Pole would she marry him, and she said: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

All America expects to join in the war on Turkey—on Thanksgiving Day.

Wanted: Some one who really gets tickled at chapel jokes.

# THE ELEVATOR

## GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

GORDON WILSON, Editor

### ASSOCIATES:

S. C. SUMMERS  
VERNA ROBERTSON

LOTTIE PAYNE  
GERTRUDE GRIMSLEY

LULA RIGSBY  
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Prof. W. J. CRAIG, Faculty Representative.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 CENTS THE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER 1911.

NO. 2



### CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas like it used to be!  
That's the thing would gladden me;  
Kith and kin from far and near  
Joining in the Christmas cheer.  
Oh, the laughing girls and boys!  
Oh, the feasting and the joys!  
Wouldn't it be good to see  
Christmas like it used to be?"



Does the return of the happy season of Christmas bring the delight it brought when you were a child? Have you lost faith in Santa Claus since you grew up? If you wish to spend one Christmas with much the same joy you once experienced, live close to the heart of childhood. The season has lost none of its mystical beauty to the smaller members of our race.

—o—

*SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.*

There are two spirits that rule over Christmastide; the name of one is Peace, that of the other Good-Will; together they work for the bringing about of the good times promised the shepherds of Bethlehem: "Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The joy, the gifts, the home-coming, the reunion of families,—all are directly under the control of these two spirits. Santa Claus himself is their agent, carrying into execution what they have planned. The Yule-log burning on the hearth reflects the warmth of their hearts, the gayly-decorated Christmas tree symbolizes the joy they bring, the winter snow represents their purity, and goodness. Who shall reign over the season of Yule-tide, the real heirs to the throne or usurpers, such as Frivolity, Drunkenness, and Debauchery? When will the American people rise in the power of their might and destroy forever the evil spirits that are endeavoring by the most unfair means to dethrone the real rulers of this season?

—o—

*FAIRY-STORY OR FACTS.*

Men have become so wise that they have forgotten they were once children, and, assuming dictatorship in the realm of thought, are endeavoring to instruct the youth in the science and art of being wise. Santa Claus, the most real personage connected with any of our annual feast-times, has been declared a myth, much to the chagrin of those who still have a few ideas of romance in their minds. The child-

hood of our land, wiser than the philosophers, time and again has refused to believe this weighty assertion and stands to-day unalterably opposed to such demonstrations of wisdom. "Must we teach the children falsehoods?" queries the over-scrupulous, so-called earthly saint, and at the same time he is living a greater prevarication than was ever manufactured concerning Santa Claus. Why *not* teach the story of Santa Claus? He is not a myth, but a reality; else how do you account for the working of the spirit of Christmas? Would a matter-of-fact holiday bring such delight? Are not children, and those fortunate older people who still retain some of the romance of youth, influenced more by an invisible presence than by all the cold, hard facts of modern science? If it were the tangible things only that count, where would our religion be? Shall we, then, destroy the halo of glory that hangs over the head of Christmas by allowing the wiseacres to tell the children that Kris Kringle does not exist? Rather let us keep this beautiful image of the beneficent spirit of Christmas unsullied by the critics to prevent the destruction of the romantic side of life.

—o—

*UNCLE SAM AND CHRISTMAS.*

At this season, Uncle Sam and Father Christmas work together in the dissemination of good cheer. The post office department of our country exerts a powerful influence for good at Christmas, for many gifts that could, or would not at least, be carried by the giver are intrusted to our dear old Uncle Sam, who safely delivers them and returns a letter of thanks. Do you realize how happy you may make some one by a slight remembrance at Yule-tide? If too poor to present gifts, how many friends you may gladden by sending a post-card or letter! Are there not many people that have aided you in your life struggle to whom you have never written? Let Uncle Sam this merry Christmastide carry greetings from you to as many friends as possible.

—o—

Please send in your renewal at once, so we can keep matters straight.



## THE BALANCE SHEET.

Have you squared your accounts for the year? If so, how do you find your business? We dare say that you have little to your credit in good thoughts, good deeds, and good intentions. If you have never considered your real value, do so now, just when the close of the year reminds you that you should make an inventory of your stock in hand. If a balance-sheet were made out, who would be in debt?

—o—  
ARBOR DAY.

Is anyone able to estimate the good done by our observance of Arbor Day, November 17? We believe that it has sounded a note in Kentucky that will mean more attractive abiding-places in the future. The Conservationists will have an easier way in our State and may the day soon come when all our people will realize the greatness and sacredness of the resources God has so lavishly bestowed upon us.

—o—  
HONOR ROLL.

Students, we need some more half-dollars. Ask the students whom you know to subscribe for the school paper. We expect to permanently establish an honor roll for those who secure a goodly number of "subs." Shall your name come first?

—o—  
CORN SHOW.

Warren County's boys have opened our eyes by their production of corn. We expect to send the good news to every part of Kentucky, and hope to see the day come when the movement will be country-ward and not city-ward.

The editor and his staff of earnest workers wish all the readers of THE ELEVATOR a "joyous Christmas and a well used New Year."

—o—  
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Patronize our advertisers, thus securing the perpetuity of THE ELEVATOR.

—oOo—  
**Chapel Echoes**

The spirit makes the man. Experiences modify the spirit. Then if we steal from our neighbor and lie to our teacher on examination days, is it possible that a man can be made out of such a spirit?—*Elmo Thomas*.

The normal condition of the normal being is activity.—*Prof. Alexander*.

The measure of work accomplished in life will be largely measured by the intensity of the enjoyment of it.—*Ibid*.

The soul is the energy that turns the wheels of human progress.

The Commonwealth's house will be in bad order until the Christian's house is put in perfect order.—*H. H. Cherry*.

Get all the skill you can and command all the skill you get.—*Dr. Smith*.

Better go *wrong* and go than go *right* and not go at all.—*Eld. Cato*.

The prints of a good farmer's boots will make apples grow.—*Dr. Mutchler*.

A true and noble life is the best expression of patriotism.—*H. H. Cherry*.

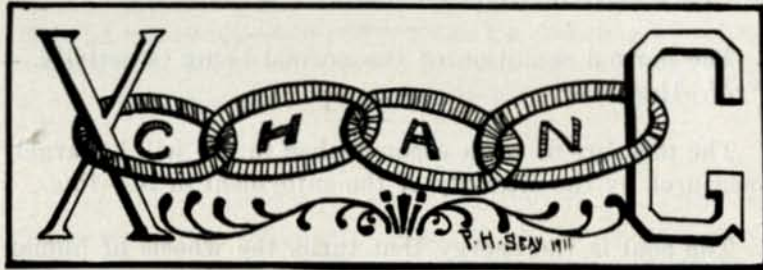


Every added inch to individual character is an added inch to the government.

The real aim of education is to develop a large capacity for work and at the same time a large capacity for enjoyment.—*Ibid.*

There is a word that lies very close to our institutional life, that word is co-operation. When we used to play football, the fellow who played weak was invited to "Get in the game, or get out." To-day the world of affairs extends the same invitation to each of us. Say, let's get in the game.—*S. C. Summers.*

—oOo—



Since the first of November, our numerous exchanges have been pouring in on us. All of them look good to us.

The *Maryville College Monthly*, Maryville, Tenn., came out in a November issue that is A-1 in every particular, especially cuts and articles.

Teacher: Johnnie, what is friendship?

Johnnie: Oh, it's—it's love without the candy and flowers.—*M. C. Monthly.*

The jokes of the *Tattler*, Sparta, Tenn., are rich, but cuts are sadly lacking.

*Blue and Gold*, Aberdeen, S. D., has a fine literary department.

*Every town has:*

A liar.  
A smart Alec.  
A girl who giggles.  
A weather prophet.  
Half a dozen lunatics.  
A woman who tattles.  
A man who knows it all.  
More loafers than are needed.—*Tattler.*

Teacher: Now, children, name some animals that chew their cud, beginning with Susie Jones.—*Ex.*

"What is space?" the teacher asked.  
The trembling Freshman said:  
"I cannot think of it just now,  
But I have it in my head."

—*Ex.*

The Sophomores saw a patch of green,  
They thought it was the Freshman class;  
But when they nearer to it drew,  
They found it was a looking-glass.

—*Ex.*

Our old friend, the *G. H. S. Record*, Louisville, Ky., is beginning the year in a promising manner. Its usual abundance of good things has not failed.

"When was Rome built?"

"At night."

"Why at night?"

"I've often heard dad say: 'Rome wasn't built in a day.'"

—*Ex.*

*The Echo*, Kearney, Nebr., has the best collection of cuts of any paper on our exchange table.



She: By the way, are you going to take supper anywhere to-morrow evening?

He (eagerly): Why,—no, not that I know of.

She: My! won't you be hungry the next morning!—*Ex.*

*The Crucible*, Greeley, Colo., has a good initial number this year.

“Magazinitis.”

An American Boy, weary of *Sporting Life*, was on an Outing, when he met the *Modern Priscilla*, a Popular member of the *Smart Set*. He declared his love at *Sunset* and told her how much he longed for *Suburban Life* and *Good Housekeeping*. She at that time liked a *Scientific American*, an ardent exponent of *Physical Culture*. The other *Outlook* seemed more favorable, however, and she decided to become the *Youth's Companion* and have her own *House and Garden*, even though it should entail *Dressmaking at Home*. They went to the *Judge* and were married. Then they decided to *Travel* and set out across the *Pacific* followed by *Everybody's* good wishes for *Success in Life*.

A hot summer did not freeze out the enthusiasm of the *High School Voice*, Owensboro, Ky., as is shown by their mirth-provoking cuts in the early autumn issues.

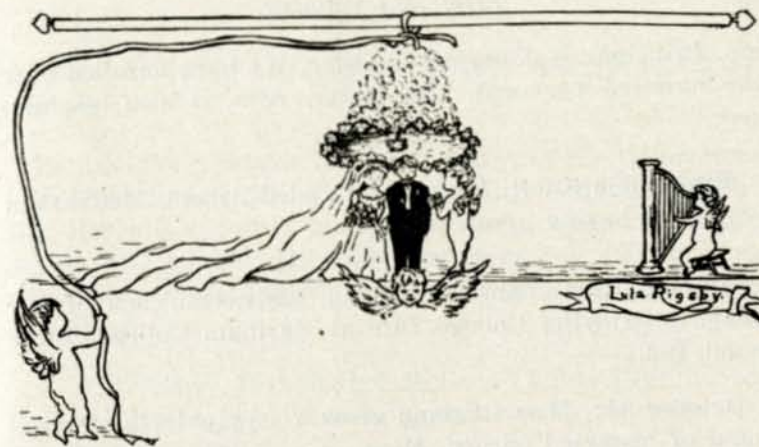
*Red and Black*, Tampa, Fla., is one of our newest and most attractive exchanges. Advertisers certainly have faith in it, as is shown by their very liberal patronage.

“How long a term does the President serve, pa?”

“Four years, my son.”

“Doesn't he git anything off for good behavior?”—*Yeatman Life*.

*Yeatman Life*, St. Louis, Mo., looks good to us, and we are glad to put it on our exchange list.



UNDER CUPID'S WINGS.

H. G. Lane, of Munfordville, and Miss Ada Lou Moss, November 21, 1911.

Delbert Terrell, of Allen County, and Miss \_\_\_\_\_.

Paschal Wilson and Miss \_\_\_\_\_.

oOo

News from Many Sources

Toy F. Hinton, one of our ex-boys, has been elected County Clerk of Allen County, to fill out an unexpired term. Our students always do the square thing, even in politics. Here's hopin', T. F.

Harry C. Weir, Junior 1911, and Miss Ruth Skaggs are having a great year at Oakton Graded School, Hickman County.

Miss Mary Barnhill, Senior 1911, writes from Canmer: “I can hardly do without the school paper, I am so anxious to know the news. Our school at Canmer with L. L. Hud-



son, Principal, is doing very nicely. We have enrolled over one hundred per cent. My sister, Alta, is also teaching here."

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Miss Rubie Knott, Lone Oak Graded School, McCracken County, is having great success.

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Howard Kinnaman, the solemn, say-nothin' son of our Dean, is enjoying College Life at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

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October 31: Miss Ragland gives a very entertaining account of historic Concord, Mass.

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November 1: Dr. C. P. Parker, of the Episcopal Church, of Bowling Green, gives a philological discussion on "Words."

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November 3: Mr. Rose, American Book Company man, talks on Rural Schools or the Fourth Dimension of Kentucky.

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November 7: Student's Chapel, fifty literary quotations given.

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November 9: Miss Scott's class in Domestic Science gives practical demonstrations in bread-making.

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H. W. Nichols, while thrown out of work on account of diphtheria in his school, paid the Normal a visit.

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E. E. Gardner, of Drakesboro, paid Miss \_\_\_\_\_ a visit, also, recently. She assures the editor that she was glad to see him, *i.e.*, Mr. Gardner.

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Miss Pearl Jordan is having a good school at McGowan, Ky., but is homesick for the Normal.

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"I am almost lost without the paper. I need it to keep up

the Normal spirit," writes Miss Stella Woosley, from Caneyville, Ky.

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Paul H. Seay, Senior 1191, has charge of the Commercial Department in Lockport Township High School, Lockport, Ill. Recently he wrote the editor a very interesting letter, saying that he was thoroughly enjoying life, having great success, and was anxious for THE ELEVATOR. Success to you, Paul.

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J. W. Dillehay, Principal of McLean County High School, Calhoun, Ky., says: "I am doing well and expect to be with you in the spring."

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E. H. Canon, Principal of Cherry Graded School, writes that he's getting along nicely, but adds in a parenthesis: "(I did not say how the *children* were getting along.)"

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Miss Lillian Gill, who is teaching in the Sturgis Graded and High School, thinks the good organization of the school due to the fact that the superintendent, principal and several of the teachers are Normalites.

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Julian Adams, Intermediate Department, Hazard Graded and High School, writes that work is fine and that \$10,000 has been appropriated by the School Board for a new building.

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Of the nine teachers at Leitchfield, seven are Normalites, the Superintendent being our own T. A. Humble, Senior 1911. In a recent school fair the pupils of the Normal teachers took twenty-eight out of thirty prizes. Who said anything about Normalites being slow?

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The second term opened at 9.30 a.m., Tuesday, November 21, with a fine number of new students present. In an inspiring talk of a few minutes, President Cherry outlined future plans of the W. K. S. N. S. and called all the students



to a realization of their responsibility in educational movements in the State. The organization by Dr. Kinnaman was completed in a very short time, thanks to his untiring zeal in this matter before the term began. Work has begun in such a way that we believe we will have a very excellent term.

Read!!!

You will find enclosed a money order for the school vehicle, THE ELEVATOR. We received a copy of the October issue and it seems to be still going up. We are having a most successful year, and are delighted with our work. I have a number of splendid young men in my Expression Class. We have a flourishing Improvement League, have introduced the individual drinking cup system, have a large tank in each room, and other good things are coming. Mr. Hurt will have about twenty-five or thirty who will take examination for diploma or teachers' certificate. The High School classes are not large, but will be very large next year. Don't forget to send THE ELEVATOR. I can't teach without it. With very best wishes for everyone connected with the W. K. S. N. S., I am, very truly yours.

(MRS.) MAUDE LEE HURT.

Miss Hollie Finn, teaching at Graham, Ky., reports fine success.

Beverly Vincent, of Dative Absolute fame, is working in the Deposit Bank at Brownsville, Ky. We advise the stockholders of the bank to beware lest Beverly wraps a lot of money up like a roll of practice paper and escapes to Canada.

E. E. Baucom, Senior 1910, is stirring up the sand at Elk City, Okla.

Miss Nettie B. Depp, Senior 1910, sends best wishes to THE ELEVATOR from her school at Scottsville, Ky.

H. R. Duncan, H. H. Forsyth, and C. A. Duncan, Pres., V. P., and Sec'y and Treas., respectively of the Ross House, Kentucky University, have not forgotten their old allegiance to the W. K. S. N. S., as shown by a recent handsome check.

—oOo—

## SENIORS

Found, in a book that once belonged to Ivan Barnes, a lock of auburn hair. The owner may have same by calling at the office.

### Want Ads.

Wanted—To know Miss Payne's age. T. H. Likens.

Wanted—A little more time. R. A. London.

Wanted—Room to grow. B. H. Mitchell.

Wanted—To learn how to write poetry. Lena L. Dulaney.

Wanted—To know why people cut classes. S. C. Summers.

Wanted—Some one to love me. See the Editor.

### Senior Mottoes.

Look pleasant.—Mr. Morris.

It is the little things that count.—Mary Garth.

Laugh and I'll laugh with you.—Oscar Shemwell.

I am above some people.—B. H. Mitchell.

Keep on the funny side of life.—Avis Hines.



Blessed is the woman who does not have to use curling-irons and paint.—Della Combest.

Miss Pickering, in Physics: Look at this pop-gun, won't you!

But it happened to be only a thermometer case. Yet she is a dignified Senior.

A member of the Senior Class was startled by hearing Miss Ditto say:

"Can't we ketch him? He's a fine specimen," but it proved to be only a bug.

Prof. Leiper (in Latin): Mr. Stone, give me the nominative and genitive of rus.

Mr. Stone: Rus, did you say? Oh, it's rus,—ruster.

A girl who is wise never gives a young man a lock of her hair. She may decide to change the color of it later.—Katherine Hawthorne.

Young man, marry a homely girl if you are fond of good biscuits. All a pretty girl knows about dough is how to spend it.—Mr. Gibson.

(How do you know?)

Since Salee Summers stepped on his celluloid collar and broke it, he has been wearing a sweater. The collar has been sent to Louisville to be mended.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." Elsa McGinnis has decided since Hallowe'en to take a course in Domestic Science.

Wilson: Why, you crank, that is right.

Shemwell: It's no such thing. You spell it with a g like you do Jerusalem.

## Alumni

Beginning with this issue we expect to print the names of graduates of the W. K. S. N. S. since its establishment. Those whose addresses do not appear have not been located. If anyone can furnish us this information, we would be greatly pleased.

April 15, 1908.

Miss Flora Stallard, Fourth Grade Training School, W. K. S. N. S.

July 29, 1908.

W. E. Bohannon, Principal Uniontown Graded and High School, Uniontown, Ky.

Frank E. Cooper, gone into mercantile business. Address not known.

H. L. Donovan, Principal Graded and High School, Wickliffe, Ky.

Nellie Stuart, now Mrs. H. L. Donovan, Wickliffe.

Betsy Madison, Eighth Grade, Public Schools, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Verbal McMullin, Eighth Grade, Wickliffe, Ky.

Nancy McNeal, Principal of Grammar School, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Wylle B. McNeal, Eighth Grade, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Annie Proctor (married).

Buford H. Sherrill, Mathematics Department, Owensboro High School.

Roy Tuck, Superintendent Sunshine, La., Schools.

Herman West.

(More in next issue.—ED.)

## Arbor Day

The 17th of November was observed as Arbor Day by the



Western Kentucky State Normal.

All who assembled in the Chapel on that morning enjoyed a very interesting and instructive program rendered by the Seniors. The numbers were as follows:

1. Quotations on Arbor Day.
2. Bible Reading, Miss Lottie Payne.
3. Prayer, Mr. B. C. Gibson.
4. Reading, Miss Arleen Minnix.
5. Song, Class.
6. Need of Arbor Day in Rural Schools, Gordon Wilson.
7. Value of Beautiful School Grounds, Lula Rigsby.
8. Why Have Arbor Day, O. T. Shemwell.

Immediately afterwards all repaired to the grounds, where the Senior Class planted their tree. The one selected was a maple. This is the first class that has had the honor of planting a tree, but the privilege will be granted to all Senior classes in the future. Then followed the planting of the county trees. All counties that had as many as three representatives in school this fall were entitled to plant a tree. There were twenty-eight on the list; the remaining counties will plant their trees in the spring. Trees were chosen which were characteristic of the county they represented, and the students of the county gave appropriate programs after their tree was placed in the ground. Many of these were very unique in their character.

The tree planting was interrupted by an invitation from Prof. Alexander to a delightful lunch prepared and served on the campus by the faculty.

Most exciting times were witnessed when the relay race between the Juniors and Kit-Kats took place. The contestants had yells and songs prepared specially for the occasion. There were excellent runners on both sides. The Juniors came out victorious, winning the best two out of three heats.

The tree-planting was continued in the afternoon. In the midst of the program a black cloud came up. All made a dash for the chapel and reached there just as the rain began to fall. We were so delighted that our trees were getting a

good shower that we finished the exercises in the chapel.

Mr. Woodruff, the landscape architect, superintended the tree planting.

The success of the day was due to Prof. Craig, who had charge of the plans of the day.

—oOo—

## Lyceum Course

The first number of the greatest lecture course ever offered by the school, has come and gone. All who were present were highly pleased with the excellent music by the Bostonia Orchestra, and with that artist in story-telling, Mart King.

Again it must be said that the Lyceum Course must not be overlooked by the students. A large number of us will be in rural districts after leaving here, and the cost of getting to hear one of these intellectual treats will be more than the price of the entire season ticket now. These are opportunities not had by all, and we must realize what we are getting. Can we afford to let the rush of class-room work take from us this, so important a thing as the lecture course? Who, that heard Mr. Ott, Mr. Fletcher, or Governor Folk would take the price of the whole season for one of those lectures? And who, after considering the fact that Newell Dwight Hillis will be here, would take the price of a season for one such as he? Let's stand by the Lyceum Course as we do the institution, and be a booster here, as for THE ELEVATOR and the other parts of the institution. It is a part of the school and who wants to be a Normal student unless he is the whole thing?

—oOo—

A census-taker while on her rounds called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was: "How many males have you in the family?"

The answer came: "Three a day, mum!"





Heard in the training school: "Harold," said Miss Ditto, "if there were eleven sheep in a field and six jumped the fence, how many would be left?"

"None," replied Harold.

"Why, there would be," said she.

"No, ma'am, there wouldn't," persisted he. "You may know 'rithmetic, but you don't know sheep."

Mrs. Mutchler: Think of it, dear; this pretty silk dress came from a poor, insignificant worm.

Dr. M.: I don't think it nice to call one's husband names.

Gordon: If I should kiss you, would you call your mother?

Avis: No; it would not be necessary to kiss the whole family.

Prof. Webb: Now, carry this picture to the exhibition gallery. Be careful, for the paint is not quite dry.

Servant: Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.

A woman waited and waited for a car in a Boston suburb, and no car came. Finally she lost all patience. "Will you tell me," she demanded of an old man seated on a keg chewing tobacco, "when a car will passhere?"

Without moving his eyes from the distant horizon and without stopping chewing, he answered: "A quarter arter, half arter, a quarter to, and at."

If you wanted a Page would George do?

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LESLIE PERRY, Manager.

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