

2-1912

UA12/1/1 Elevator Vol. III, No. 4

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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.

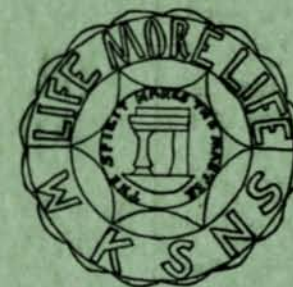
The Mid-Winter Term.

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?

FEBRUARY, 1912



BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Virgil R. Scott

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Or the Same Goods For Less Money

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Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings

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Williams-Osteen Clothing Co.

908 State Street

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Demmonds & Sloyer, Milliners

For Hats, Hair-Dressing,
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TEACHERS CO-OPERATIVE CO.

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Subscription Blank

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BOWLING GREEN, KY.

GENTLEMEN:

You may enter my name as a Subscriber to the Elevator. Enclosed you will find.

FIFTY CENTS FOR ONE YEAR.

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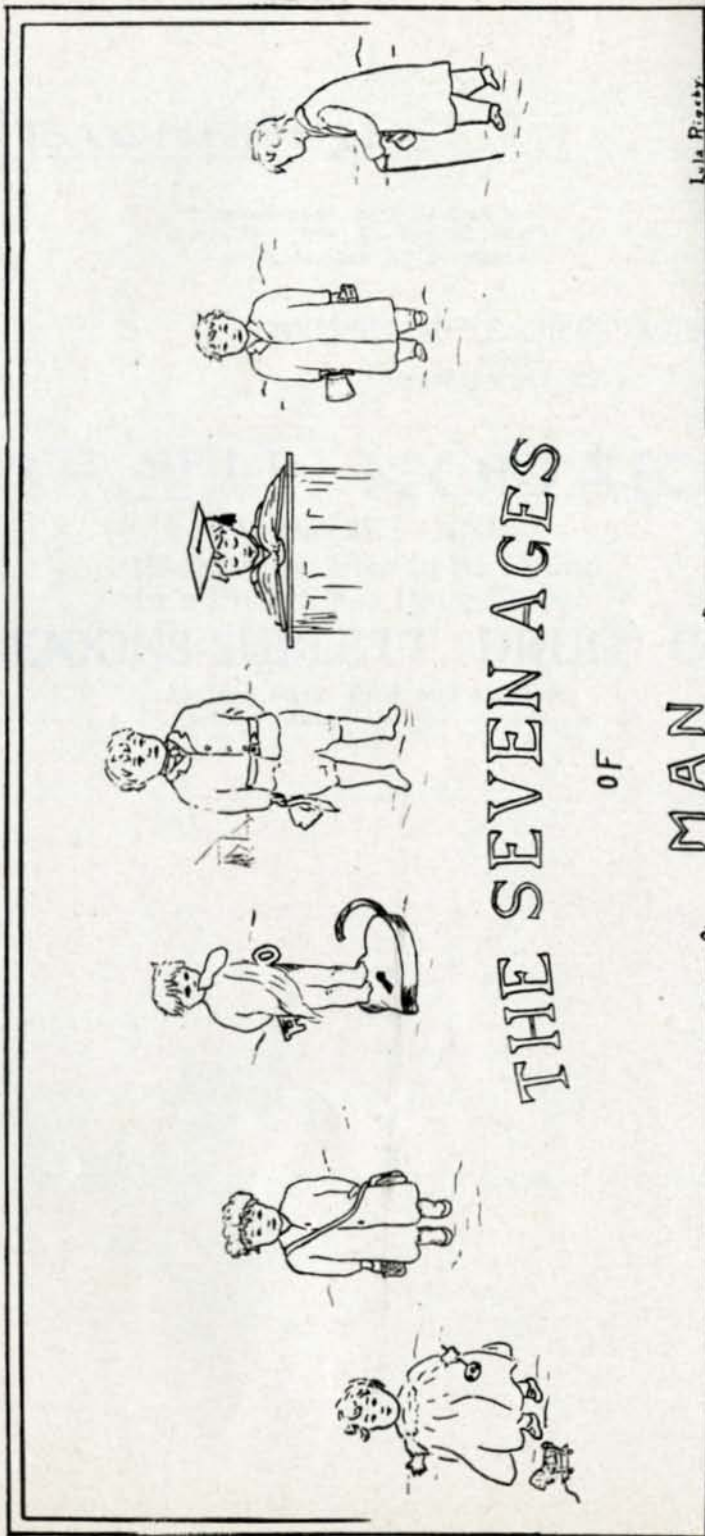
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Corner Park Row and College.



THE SEVEN AGES
OF
MAN

Lola Riechy.



THE ELEVATOR



Vol. III. BOWLING GREEN, KY., FEBRUARY, 1912. No. 4

Is There for Honest Poverty

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on humble fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their tinsel show an' a' that,
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that),
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

—Robert Burns.

The Seven Ages of Man

BY THE STAFF.

First.

He struggles first for bread cries for aid;
Then helpless in his mother's lap is laid:
He creeps, he walks, and, issues into man.

—*Dryden.*

The greatest cares and yet the greatest blessings and joys the world affords are the little children. Like fairy sprites they skip about, brightening our lives as they go. All the world pays homage to them. Not a toe is stubbed, a finger pinched, a toy broken but that everyone kneels at baby's feet, ready to kiss away the tears or mend the toy.

Nothing seems to weigh down the child's buoyant spirits long. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away; no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal.

A child is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn, which time and much handling dims and defaces. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is earnest, and his drums, and rattles, and his hobby horses are but emblems and mockings of men's business.

Second.

Down the dusty road trudges the boy on his way to school. Can you not picture him? Under his torn, broad-brimmed straw hat, upon which the sun shines unmercifully, his face is a picture of disgust and ill-humor. His eyes have no light in them, his nose is decidedly inclined upward, and his mouth puckered to the extreme. Attired in a faded blue calico shirt and ragged pants, with his sun-burnt and scratched bare feet, his satchel of red-checked gingham and dilapidated lunch-box at his side, the boy starts on his way, with lagging step. On this beautiful morning,

when all nature is calling to him, he must go to school. How he would love to climb that tree to peer into that nest and count the robin's eggs. There is a squirrel in yonder tree, busily engaged in opening nuts. Maybe there are some young close by. If he could only see if there were! In the woods to the right is a cool place where juicy wild strawberries grow, but he has no time to search for them, he must go to school. What a beautiful butterfly! What lovely tints it has, and how lazily it flies through the shimmering sunshine! What a delight it would be to chase it! Just over the hill is the old swimming hole. My! but he would like to bathe in its cool waters, but he must go to school. Small wonder that the boy is discontented.

At this age the boy begins to show in a measure what power he possesses, and what occupation is best fitted for his life work. Growing, sturdy as he is, he grows independent and daring. Now, more than any other time, he breaks loose from the teachings of other days, and forms his individual opinions.

Third.

The third stage of man's development is often thought of lightly and treated sarcastically or even ridiculously. But when rightly considered, there is a strong tinge of seriousness in it.

The victim himself often tries to think this stage of his life as a sort of silly know-nothing period, to be consumed in foolishness and silly flirtations. He pretends to ignore that burning sensation within his breast. His heart throbs more rapidly, but he keeps that to himself. There is a longing sensation for companionship, which he expresses only by the humming of a love song. He often finds himself staring into space, with thousands of objects before his eyes, and seeing nothing. He "sighs like a furnace," falls into subconscious states, goes into slumberland dreams of happenings that will never come true. All this, and yet, the lover seldom awakens to the idea that it is natural, at this period of his development, for the great burning, restless,

undefinable something, called love, to come into his life and shape his future destiny. There is at this period a fancied love which usually dies in a short time, and amounts to nothing. Then the serious, well-weighed love of one individual for another which, when coupled with serious thought, and a keen foresight may result in a happy matrimonial union which means peace and happiness.

Fourth.

There is no stage of human existence that is characterized more by intense feeling, eagerness to do things, spirit set on fire, craving for honor, and love of country than is the soldier period of life. If he loves, and most of them do, it is with that love that never grows cold. Although he hears the roar of canons, the whizzing of bullets, the clash of arms and the groans of the dying; though he sees the glittering swords, the rush of mad troops; though his comrades fall beside him—all of these tend only to remind him of the one he loves. His spirit burns within him for honor, honor that will raise him in the estimation of his countrymen. For this honor will he face the sternest foes, he will go into the thickest of the fight, he will not shirk duty, but gladly will he go into the most dangerous places to win for himself the fame he desires above all things. True to his friend, true to his general and true to his nation, the soldier is first in spirit and in love.

Fifth.

The gods will that man shall no longer drift through the frivolous, daring age, but shall turn his footsteps into more somber pathways. Thus, in keeping with this command, Cupid has donned his cap and gown and sits behind the high desk. From this lofty place he gives out his stern decisions. People flock from all parts of the earth to hear his wise sayings and to see this powerful being, the Justice. His brow is knit with seeming perplexity as he bends over the huge volume before him, and yet the faintest knock upon

his office door is heard and quickly answered. His kind glances have caused the faces of many a maid to shine with gladness and the darts which fly from his eyes have conquered the mightiest men. We marvel at this sudden change in jolly little Cupid, and yet we know that, as the gods have willed it, all is well.

Sixth.

Cupid has now passed the ages of babyhood, childhood and early manhood, and has now reached the age when dreams are not only fancy, but are real. Here we have him pictured as a physician, and he is a physician in the broadest sense of the word, one who not only does great good in ministering to the sick, but one who by his daily life is an inspiration to everyone with whom he comes in contact. Jovial—yes, and always busy, for he now realizes that he stands at the summit of Life's way. "Behind him lie the level plains of youth, the land of innocence as well as ignorance, the land of dream and vision, veiled in clouds and mystery and smitten by the sunlight into beauty. Before him lies the desert of old age, with the far-off mountains and the setting sun." This, then, is the time of his activities, the time when the current of his magnetism like the current of the ocean, sweeps on in boundless surges, controlling and overwhelming all within its mighty sphere.

Seventh.

Man is twice a child. He began as a child, now in the evening of his life he has returned to childhood. In other words, life is a circle, some having greater circumference than others. Early in the spring a flower peeps through the ground. Late in the summer it blossoms, and the next week its flowers fade, and it is soon cut off by the frost. So man is long years in the process of development, but when fully developed, his day is over. Man is not ready to live until he has to die, and herein is that which makes it all so infinitely well worth while. For man is happy and contented

only so long as he can work, strive and grow in mind or body.

Life is a campaign, the end of which is sure defeat. But this defeat is the most sublime of all victories, if in the campaign the individual has left footprints on the sands, which point those who follow to higher and better things. Then the curtain falls and the tragedy of life is over.

—oOo—

IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God has not.
—Joaquin Miller.

—oOo—

The Biennial Report

One of the greatest and most inspiring pieces of work on education and The Greater Kentucky is the biennial report of the Western Kentucky State Normal School. One cannot open this bulletin without being impressed with the great work back of it. It carries in its very appearance the wonderful expression of the effort it has taken to arrange it.

It begins with the all-important and self-evident truth that "The State Normal Schools exist that the children of Kentucky may have life and have it more abundantly." One's attention is arrested on the first page by the comparison of school buildings with the statement that, "A good teacher may open school in a poor schoolhouse, but he is likely to close it in a good schoolhouse." Then the great question of the difference between teachers is left open to the mind for study. We see the result, and our mind naturally reaches the conclusion at once. Other pictures follow these, showing the spirit of the State Normal and what

it is seeking to accomplish. Among the important things is the photograph of "real corn," grown by the boys of the corn club, organized by Dr. Mutchler and Supt. E. H. White. The report of these alone is enough to convince one of the need of agriculture in the common schools.

The report of a school like this would have been very incomplete without the photograph of Howard and Henry Burge with "Mike," "Mike," "Mike." These boys used as a horse, and under these circumstances entered the corn club and grew 72.8 bushels of corn on one acre of ground. The boys certainly deserve a place in the report; for that tenacity of spirit that put them through the contest is entirely in harmony with that of the institution in its beginning.

The thought of the bulletin is volumes, condensed into a few pages without losing any of its essential power. The experience back of the thought testifies to its greatness and gives stability to its expression. No student or teacher in Kentucky can afford to be without this number of the bulletin. We ourselves place it among our best books, to hold a place in our library. This will help us in the field while teaching. We trust that each one of Kentucky's teachers may receive a copy.

—oOo—

TO OUR PRESIDENT.

The light of his life is a glowing star,
As about us serenely it ever shines;
The beauty of which there's nothing can mar,
For its just supremacy each soul enshrines.

The shining glory of his noble deeds,
Makes evil obscure in our sunny realm;
For only darkness can harbor misdeeds,
And in heart of our palace, there's no wall them to screen.

The acts set before us far exceed words and deeds,
In the greatness and goodness they wish to inspire;
It reminds them that think that life is broken reeds,
That a smile a happy heart will require.

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:

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RUBY ALEXANDER

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GERTRUDE GRIMSLEY
JOHN S. BROWN

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

ADVERTISING RATES (PER YEAR).

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1-2 "	28.00	Ad. rates per half-year, one-half regular rate, plus fifty cents.	

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

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY 1912.

NO. 4

It is at the request of our editor that the staff has undertaken to get out this issue of THE ELEVATOR without his supervision and aid. We most respectfully submit it for your indulgent consideration.

To the New Student.

At the outset we want you to understand that we who have been here before are your friends, and will take pleasure in answering all the questions you may ask. We can most heartily and sincerely congratulate you on having entered this school, and hope that your time here may be as pleasantly and profitably spent as has ours. It might be well to add that the earlier you enter into sympathy with the workings of the school, the sooner you will be satisfied. Just remember that the teachers are *not* on trial and that you *are*.

Luck.

There are those who seem to believe that there exists a horrible monster called Luck, who oppresses and illegally proceeds against the oppressed and unfortunate and unnecessarily prospers a favored few. In the first place, there is no such thing as Luck in this world; it is merely the working out of a natural law of compensation. It is largely true that every man has an equal chance in the struggle of life. It is abundantly true that every man has a chance. The difference lies in their determinations to make use of their opportunities. Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. A few are ready to open that door. The fellow who took an excellent position the other day, did so because he was prepared to avail himself of the opportunity when it came, not because he was born lucky. But had he not begun his preparation years ago, regardless of his anxiety for the place, he could not have been used. After all, the opportunity must come from within. We thoroughly believe that if one will put himself in the way of things happening, that they will happen, and there is only one who can put an individual in that way, and that is the individual himself.

It will take this to start you right with the world in Bowling Green:

1. Find a boarding place.
2. Register.
3. Classify.
4. Subscribe for THE ELEVATOR.

That's all.

The Hero.

This is the month in which was born one of our national heroes, George Washington. Since we must have our heroes, for man is essentially a hero worshiper, he is indeed a worthy one for all Americans, though he shrank from war and loved peace, yet he was in no wise afraid to face the

THE ELEVATOR.

tiger when the extremity came. Though the ideals of a people largely mould their conception of their heroes, certainly the hero in turn greatly influences their ideals.

—o—

Finis.

For four long weeks to a day
We've sat in the editor's chair;
And let us tell you now,
It's an awfully uneasy affair.

And when we've taken our foot
From off the bottom round,
We'll have our life insured
And then stay on the ground.

—o—

EVENING-TIDE.

I walked beside a silvery stream,
With banks all covered with flowers;
It was fair as a lover's dream,
And there I lingered for hours.

I heard the sparrow's twittering song,
The chirp of the cricket in the grass;
They induced me there to linger long,
And pleasantly my moments pass.

I saw near me the timid fish
As it swam in the crystal pool;
Too dainty was it for any dish,
So I left it there in the cool.

The sun now rested behind the hill,
The shadows gathered fast;
I heard once more the whippoor-will,
And knew that the day had passed.

Again the diamonds of the night
Peeped forth from their hiding place,
To view again the lovely sight,
And the winding river trace.

T.



Before you go in for matrimony you want to bear in mind there's a great difference between yearning for a young woman and earning for her.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there's only one between you and the sidewalk.

Before marriage a man is a dude.
After marriage he's subdued.—*Howard Likens.*

Prof. Webb: Have you your thumb tacks?
Paul Chandler: No, will finger nails do?

"There's a time in every man's life," said the philosopher, "when within him he feels the rising soul of genius, hears the prompting voice of duty, and swells with the proud sense of responsibility only—"

"Only" (interrupted the cynic) "to find that he is bilious."

Miss Hart: What do you suppose causes nightmares?
Miss Hancock: I think it must be the unstabled thoughts that go teeming through the brain.

Why?

A brooklet is a little brook
Coursing down the shady dell;
A booklet is a little book—

Tales of love they tell;
 A streamlet is a little stream
 Which reflects the summer sky;
 A bullet is not a little bull—
 Can anyone tell why?

Man (to boy at gate): Can I go through this gate?
 Boy: I guess you can; a load of hay did just now.—*Ex.*

B. H. Mitchell: I hear that Otis Taylor calls himself a human dynamo.

Chas.: He may be; everything he has on is charged.

A Subdued Menu.

Crushed Wheat	Mashed Potatoes
Beaten Biscuit	
Whipped Cream	

—*Ex.*

Lost.

A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and muzzle.

Mr. Brown, furrier (not Jno. S.), begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

Generally speaking women are generally speaking.

A mind without imagination is like an observatory without a telescope.

Little Johnny Burns
 Sat upon a stove,
 Little Johnny Burns.

Little Johnny Burns
 Didn't go to heaven,
 Little Johnny Burns.

—*Ex.*

Want Column.

WANTED—To be disposed of a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with movable headpiece as good as new.

WANTED—A man on the farm, must speak French and German and understand horses and cows.

WANTED—A pet dog by a lady who sits up and begs.

WANTED—A steady man to look after a garden and milk a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in a choir.

WANTED—To rent a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.

WANTED—A furnished room for a single gentleman looking both ways and well ventilated.

WANTED—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Miss Paine: Here's an account of a girl whose great-uncle died and left her \$10,000,000.

Miss Combest: Well, any uncle who would do that is great.

Jones: I'd like for you to tell me what the politicians have done, anyway.

Morris: The taxpayers.

A prudent man is like a pin; his head keeps him from going too far.

Some men aim high enough, but lack the necessary ammunition.

She: I get a new dress every birthday.

He: What a lot of dresses you must have on hand.

Barnes: I wish you would pay a little attention to me.

Miss Robertson: I am—just as little as possible.

Miss Hikes: The good die young.

Miss Cooper: Yes; there's no use living in that condition.

—o—

WOING THE MUSE.

I thought I'd be a poet
With an immortal name,
And hoped that some fair Homer
Would sing my lasting fame.

I took my pen and paper
And found a quiet place,
I then implored the Muse
That I might gain her grace.

I thought she'd want some glory
For this immortal lay,
But then a spright addressed me
And said she'd gone away.

I raised my eyes and upward looked
Into the glassy dome,
If e'er I call on her again
The muse will be at home.

—oOo—

The Lyceum Course

The Hungarian Orchestra.

The fourth number of the Lecture Course gave us the rare treat of listening to the famous Hungarian Orchestra. The lovers of music were never more delightfully entertained by a similar instrumental program. Strains of Il Trovatore first greeted the waiting audience. This ever-inspiring selection was followed by other classical, popular, rag-time, pathetic and national selections; changes following each other in a charming flow of harmonies which held the audience and swayed it from breathless silence to enthusiastic applause.

Every member of the Schildkret company is an artist. The leader used both the flute and the piccolo, and is a master of both. Encore after encore greeted his solos. Scarcely second to him as a musician was the first violinist of the company. The work of the clarinet player was also enjoyed, as was that of every other member of the company.

Any attempt at an account of the program would be an affront to those who were the delighted listeners. It is sufficient to say that it was a rare musical treat, such as only the Lecture Course could give us the opportunity of hearing.

The lecture of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis on February 21 will be the next number.

—oOo—

The Alpine Singers.

The third of the series of ten entertainments of the Lyceum Course took place in Vanmeter Hall on Thursday night, January 18, 1912.

The Tyrolean Alpine Singers and Yodlers and Cora Genevieve Ramsden were greeted by a large and appreciative audience. The singers and yodlers, dressed in their native costumes, gave a very unique program, characteristic of their own mountain homes. It was like a chapter from Alpine life and scenery, so vivid and realistic was it in every detail. One of the most enjoyable features was the solo work. Fraulein Gross, with her high soprano voice, held the audience spellbound while she often reached high "E" and held it with a force and clearness that called for repeated expressions of admiration. Other soloists and instrumentalists were presented, who furnished a varied and interesting program.

Cora Genevieve Ramsden, a reader of great ability, in "King Rene's Daughter," displayed a matchless talent and superior culture which is exceeded by few. Other choice selections were given.

The company very graciously answered to many encores.

The Opening

Never in the annals of the W. K. S. N. S. was there a grander opening than that of the mid-winter term, January 30. The per cent of increase over the mid-winter enrollment of the preceding years was great. Quite a large number have never been with us before. They are entering into the work with a spirit that bespeaks for them a happy and profitable term's work. They have already joined the large band of loyal supporters who put into practice the principles of the Normal in their work over the State, and are always eager to return and continue their studies.

It would be impossible for one to look over this magnificent body of students without being deeply impressed by the splendid and brilliant outlook for the future childhood of Kentucky. At this rate it will not be many years before Kentucky will be at the top of the list in education.

The morning program opened with the songs, "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "America." The devotional exercises were conducted by the students. The Normal March was applauded vigorously and Prof. Strahm responded to the encore with a delightfully pleasing Japanese march. Pres. Cherry's enthusiastic talk on the "Rules" of the institution was appreciated by all present. The gist of his remarks was summed up in these words, "Hear the voice of conscience from eternity and be a true lady or gentleman wherever you go." After the usual greetings to the new students by the old ones, Dean Kinnaman took up the work of organization.

Four new teachers have been added to our faculty, Mr. G. H. Reams, a graduate of Vanderbilt, is to assist in the Science Department; Mr. A. C. Burton, formerly City Superintendent at Mayfield, will take up the work in Reading and Pedagogy; Miss Sallie Rodes, of this city, will instruct in the instrumental music department. Miss Margaret

Acker, who has been studying in the Universities of Indiana and Kentucky has returned to resume her work as assistant in History. Mr. Gordon Wilson, Class '12, is the assistant in Latin and English.

—oOo—

A POEM.

The flowers hung their weary heads,
Some to wake no more;
For man is careless where he treads,
As he walks by the river's shore.

Too beautiful are the lovely flowers
To be trodden down by man;
For no greater gift does the God of Ours
Bestow with His gentle hand.

Gratefully I went on bended knee;
I kissed the daisy there;
And silently beneath the trees
My heart went up in prayer.

T.

—oOo—



Lena Dulaney: "Ages cannot wither her, nor custom stiaie her infinite variety."

Mary McDaniel: "She can harness a team with a logical chain."

Verna Robertson:

"Because you see her light and gay,
Playing with that man and with this,
You turn from her and coldly say—
'How frivolous she is.'"

Oscar Shemwell: "None but himself can be his parallel."

Katherine Hawthorne: "She is not made to be the admiration of all, but the happiness of one."

Howard Likens: "He doth indeed show *some* sparks that are like wit."

Mary Browning:
 "True as the needle to the pole
 Or the dial to the sun."

Mr. London: "He wears the roses of youth upon him."

Orleen Mannix:
 She is pretty to walk with
 And witty to talk with
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

Susanna Pickering: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Salee C. Summers: "The ladies call him sweet."

Lula Rigsby:
 "She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing."

Mabel Squire: "Always faithful."

Della Combest:
 "Soft as the dawn of turtle dove,
 Gentle as air when Zephyr blows."

D. P. Morris: "Slow to resolve, but in performance quick."

Gabie Robertson:
 "Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
 Golden tresses wreathed in one."

Gertrude Grimsley:
 "Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm and self-possessed."

Avis Hinds:
 "Her loneliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me."

Mary Garth:
 "A girl who has so many wilful ways,
 She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him."

B. H. Mitchell: "When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself: 'Surely, mooted man is a broom-stick.'"

Elsie McGinnis:
 "Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind."

Pearl Turner: "She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought to."

Evert Bratcher: "The houses that he makes lasts till doomsday."

Rose Lou Ditto:
 "A happy soul, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day."

Gordon Wilson: "He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

Gibson:
 "An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
 Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

The Kit-Kat Social

On Saturday night, January 20, the members of the Kit-Kat Society and some invited guests assembled under the green and white decorations that made festive the Training School Chapel. There, with the gladdest of hearts, and the gayest of spirits, they spent a few social hours.

After an enjoyable period of conversation, a contest began. Miss Abbie Cooper, the artist among the Kit-Kats, had drawn pictures from the shadows of students with whom all were familiar. These were arranged around the walls, and those present wrote on a slip of paper who was represented. The successful contestants were given a stick of candy as a reward.

Soon afterward, small packages, containing no one knew what, were distributed and sold for pins. After a time the packages were opened, and much amusement ensued, when a most enticing bundle proved to be only a cake of soap, a piece of chalk or a biscuit.

"Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow," one of the favorite games of the school, was participated in with much enjoyment, as always, and other amusements were offered, but the special feature of the evening came at about ten.

If you have never witnessed an auction sale of masculine feet, with only the feminine sex as bidders, you can never imagine the excitement of such an occasion. The boys were ordered to leave the room, and, one at a time, they stuck their feet beneath a screen. These were sold to the highest bidder by Mr. J. S. Brown, the auctioneer. When the first feet appeared, a clamor arose among the girls, but at last those were disposed of, and more were seen. The excitement increased at each successive appearance of feet, for each girl thought they surely must be his. But, oh, the disappointment, when, after a careful examination of the size, shape and color of the shoes upon the feet at auction, and a

frantic effort to be the highest bidder, the man appears, and it is not he at all.

But, though there were many with aching hearts, many were successful in securing the desired man, and all enjoyed the brick cream and cake served by some of the loyal Kit-Kat girls.

Though the hour was late when all departed, they looked back with a sigh of regret, on leaving the place where they had spent such a delightful evening.

—oO—



The W. K. S. N. S. is a living, growing spirit, which is continually seeking new ways of manifesting itself. One of the latest of these manifestations is in the field of athletics. Heretofore we have had no athletics of any consequence, but no one who saw the baseball games played by our boys last season will say that the school hasn't the greatest possibilities in athletics, for already the results have been astonishing. But we will not be contented with saying that what has been done can be done, but that it can be "skinned a block," and this is the year when our boys propose to deliver the goods.

Ten games have already been arranged, and five or six are yet to be secured. The most of our old boys are back, besides the addition of some strong new ones. Greer and Woodrum will be in the box, and they will certainly make it interesting for somebody. As soon as the weather permits, our own ground will be put in the pink of condition

for practice. The games as usual will occur at Athletic Park. A great boon to our athletic interests is the presence of Mr. Reams in the faculty. He is a college man and one whose broad experience in the management of athletics, makes him the right man in the right place. We welcome him and pledge the enthusiastic support which the institution gives to all of its interests.

There will be a track meet early in the spring, at which all kinds of athletic stunts will be "pulled off." Let's make it a day not to be forgotten.

Another feature of our athletics which is of no small importance is tennis. This will afford a great deal of amusement, especially to our girls. Actually, girls who couldn't conjugate "Amo" without blushing now, will before the summer is gone be playing love games for public entertainment.

Let's give our people the loyal support they so much deserve. Here's a fellow who can't play baseball, but has a mighty good "holler" and is anxious to use it.

—oOo—

Prof. Gilbert (in Theory and Practice): You know Buster Mutchler is one of the most talkative boys I ever saw.

Student: Very much like his father.

Prof. G.: Yes, and he is an unusually intelligent child.

Student: Very much like his mother.

George: What did your father say when you told him that my love for you was like a broad flowing river?

Maude: He said, "Dam it!"

If a girl didn't want to go out in the rain would Miss Abbey Cooper?

If a man can make a suit, can Otis Taylor?

If pretty girls are plentiful is Miss Ruby Searce?

W. O. Toy

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