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The Western Kentucky State Normal School

Spring Term Begins April 9th

The next regular term of the Normal will open April 9th. Many, many former students and a number of others who will be here for the first time, are writing that they will enter then. The beginning of the Spring Term will be an excellent date to enroll. However, the work is arranged that students can enter at any time and get classification. Not a day has passed since the opening of the Mid-Winter Term without new students registering.

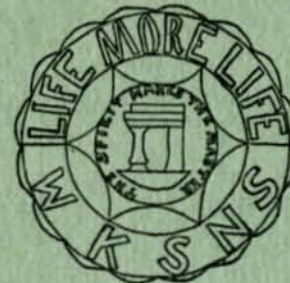
The Summer School of 1912

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 Elevator

GOING UP?

APRIL, 1912



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THE ELEVATOR



Vol. III.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., APRIL, 1912.

No. 6

History of the Kit-Kat Club

The first Kit-Kat Club was founded in England, about 1703. Its purpose was for the encouragement of art and literature. The leaders were Whig wits, painters, politicians and some men of letters. The name, according to Defoe, was derived from the keeper of the house in which the club met, Christopher Catt, a pastry cook in Shire's Lane, which now no longer exists. However, the name was not derived from the man's name, Mr. Catt, but from the pies, called "Kit-cat pies," which he furnished to the club on meeting nights. The club consisted of about thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen, including among other distinguished men, the Duke of Marlborough, Lords Halifax and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele and Addison. The secretary was Jacob Tomson. The club was dissolved in 1720.

The present Kit-Kat Society was organized in the Southern Normal School by Mr. Roman. It was called the Kit-Kat Society, because it resembled the old Kit-Kat Club in its excellent literary work and the independence it showed of other organizations. Mr. Leiper, after Mr. Roman, was supervisor of the work, but in 1908 the society became so large, it was divided into two sections, and Miss Reid was given the supervision of one. In 1911 Miss Reid was given control of both sections. Although the society is a very

young one, it has turned out some noted leaders for other societies, as well as the great ones for the Kentucky rural schools. The club has done such noted work in the past, that it now has drawn members from the other societies and elsewhere until it was necessary for the Kit-Kats to be divided into three sections at the beginning of the year of 1912, with Miss Reid as the supervisor of the three sections, and Mr. J. S. Brown as class president. In 1911 Mr. Mathews was chosen to represent the class in the inter-society contest, and won first honors.

Mr. Elmo Thomas is the representative for 1912.

The Kit-Kat Club stands for character building, leadership, and expression, has always accomplished them in the past, and is sure to continue as long as it is composed of members who are as enthusiastic and have such ability to do things as the class of 1912.

The rules of the society are very strict, to keep all members from joining except those who are going to complete the elementary course. If it were not for these rules, the club would be overflowed with members.

When members graduate from this class, it is a very difficult task to get them to leave the society and go to the Juniors and Seniors, and after having gone, they will never say, in comparing the societies of the school, that the Kit-Kat Club is not the best literary society in the W. K. S. N. S.

R. M. IGLEHART.

—oOo—

Greater Kentucky

What seems to speak most for Kentucky's educational progress, is the public sentiment that is everywhere throughout the Commonwealth demanding better education. Business men, who hertofore failed to connect material progress with education, have awakened to the fact that

the two go hand in hand, and are urging with much enthusiasm higher education.

Men and women of every walk and condition of life have become zealous advocates of more education. Only recently, comparatively speaking, has this long and continuous agitation seemed to have effected anything like a general awakening or a popular realization of the need of organized and energetic efforts for better conditions. Happily, the whole State now seems aroused, and the outlook is encouraging. With "whirlwind campaigns," with teachers' organizations in State, district and county; with the Legislature making large appropriations for Normal Schools and other educational institutions supported by the State, a new step has been taken, and Kentucky is getting in line with the more progressive States of the Union.

The log schoolhouse is passing to the land of memory; the old-time teacher who wielded the rod and taught the alphabet within its unsanitary and inhospitable walls, is passing with it to the final resting place of things that were. Though often well meaning, he was quite as often incompetent, but probably did the best he could under the circumstances. And "he who does the best his circumstances allows, does well, acts nobly; angels can do no more." Doubtless he served his purpose, as did the little log schoolhouse, but there is no place for him now, for the log house has given place to the frame, or the more comfortable and commodious brick structure; and the old-time teacher must give way to those who are better qualified; whose vigilance does not slumber; whose ambition is to rise in their profession; and who are conscientious in their work, realizing the magnitude of the task at hand and the responsibilities that rest upon their shoulders.

These transitions and transformations are due to the growing educational spirit.

There are many difficulties yet to be surmounted, many and varied problems yet to be solved, but it is a potent and vital fact that progress is being made and that the time never has been, in Kentucky, when the outlook was so hopeful.

The great educational awakening, with the encouragement born of the advancement that has been made, should move on militantly to higher achievements, and make our State a Greater Kentucky.

E. B. BAKER.



THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

Oh, sing sweet Muse, of a Goddess pure and kind,
Oh, sing of her the loveliest of womankind,

THE ELEVATOR.

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Of the Goddess of Beauty so renowned and fair,
The gallants come to her from everywhere
To ask and plead of her her dainty hand,
The hand of the beauty who doth rule the land.

'Twas long ago, when knights and warriors brave,
True lords and 'squires rode forth the world to save.
Lord Cherry in his mighty castle sat,
By him, his sons, Senior, Junior, Kit-Kat.
" 'Tis time," he said, "you each should seek a wife,
You each have had experience in life
You know just where the Goddess of Beauty lives—
To him who pleases her most her hand she gives.
You each are brave and wise and strong and true;
Perhaps she surrendereth her heart to one of you.
Go forth and woo and bring her back to me.
To him who doeth that reward shall be.

And so the Senior started on his way.
'Twas on a bright, serene and peaceful day.
His heart was glad as farther on he fared,
And by no mishap was his journey marred.
He stuck his spurs into his prancing steed,
And galloped o'er the way with fearful speed.
'Twas night when Senior to the Goddess came,
The Goddess of Beauty known to all by fame.
So learned, so wise he felt himself to be,
He considered he was right to foresee,
That when all his accomplishments had been shown,
The Goddess would accept and be his own.
"I give to you three nights," she sweetly said.
The Senior, with content, then bowed his head.
To show his skill in chemistry he sought
To generate some chlorine gas. He thought
'Twould please. But the Goddess, head held high, arose.
In state she left the room, holding her nose.
To show his art in psychology, next night,

He said he wished to read her mind aright.
"Your cheek lacks paint to make it look more sweet
You think." The Goddess left in greater heat.
"Just this one time; but, yes, I shall yet win,"
The Senior thought with calm. "'Twould be a sin

To give the fair one up." That night the rules,
 Methods and plans of teaching schools
 He gave. "How pleasure he thinketh that brings to me,"
 The Goddess wrathful said, "I cannot see.
 So dull, imposing, calm, sedate is he,
 Oh, take him far, oh, far away from me;
 So versed in arts and 'ologies, no more
 Let me see him. He maketh my heart so sore."
 Oh, backward, Senior, turn to thy home again,
 Subdued, defeated, thy heart all rent with pain.

And next the Junior mounted on his steed,
 And started to the Goddess with full speed.
 Though rejected had his brother been, 'twas so,
 But still firmly resolved was he to go.
 He felt himself just as great as he,
 No matter how wise his brother seemed to be.
 When Junior then arriveth at the place
 Where the Goddess was admired by all the race,
 'Twas night again. Straightway to her he went.
 He felt no fear or no embarrassment.
 The Goddess said that he might have days three;
 So Junior thus began with surety,—
 He brought forth instruments both large and small,
 And frogs and bugs and snakes and worms and all,
 To show some work in biology that day.
 But the Goddess, frightened, ordered him away.
 Resolved to win her, yet again came he,
 And read some loving German poetry.
 The Goddess thought he either used words profane,
 Or else he surely was not very sane.
 Surprised and shocked, again she sent him away,
 Wondering what he would then do next day.
 He came again, a little sad at heart,
 But thought to show his mathematical art
 By working problems in geometry—
 She then would recognize him scholarly.
 The Goddess, perplexed, knowing nothing about
 That which he tried to do, ordered him out.
 Thou hast failed to win, oh, Junior, too;
 And now hast thou sufficient cause to rue!

And last of all the Kit-Kat bravely came,
 On the way admired by every lord and dame;

For very handsome, bold, erect he rode,
 As galloped he to the Beauty's grand abode.
 The silver moonbeams fell—then, over all,
 The world was hushed but for the night-bird's call,
 When Kit-Kat reached the place. The Goddess, late,
 Gracefully lent against the garden gate.
 Most beautiful she looked, thus standing there,
 So bright and deep her eyes, raven her hair.
 Upward her face was turned to the above.
 Oh, how the Kit-Kat's heart then burned with love!
 But what hope had he for her to be his bride?
 His brothers older, wiser than he had tried.
 But that he would win her have hope he would,
 Have hope and faith as true knights should.
 The Goddess turned and saw the knight alight,
 Approach, a smile on his lips, eyes gleaming bright.
 He made a humble bow as simple folk—
 With hat in hand he thus to the Goddess spoke:
 "Thou hast rejected my older brothers two,
 But humbly I come court to pay to you.
 Than I they have more knowledge and more land,
 But love and honor true I give for your hand.
 To prove my worth, how long grant thou to me?"
 So ardent and enthused he seemed to be,
 And yet withal humble and kindly, too,
 Not like the others who came for her to sue,
 He won her heart. To him her hand she held out,
 She placed it in his without murmur or doubt.
 He touched it to his lips as he knelt there.
 And thus the Kit-Kat won the Goddess fair.

And so the boys came back to their father's home,
 Kit-Kat with the Goddess, the other two alone.
 Then Lord Cherry to the Kit-Kat said,
 Tenderly placing his hand upon his head,
 "Thou art the son in whom I place my trust.
 I know thy sword will ne'er be covered with rust;
 Its blade will right the wrong and cleanse the world,
 Where'er the flag of beauty be unfurled.
 Thou hast wooed and won this maid so fair,
 So shield and protect her till gray is her hair.
 And now as just reward for this lovely wife,
 I give subscription to the ELEVATOR for life.

What Will Make the World Happy?

No one thing has played such a great part in the world's development as has man's continual search for happiness. It is the one great stimulus for both evolution and revolution. Man is never satisfied so long as he has an idea that he is not receiving his share of the world's pleasures. And, it is wholly right and proper for him to assume this attitude, but "Where there is a right, there is a duty." So, as man has a right to all the happiness this world affords, it is, also, his duty to know what will constitute his fullest enjoyment.

The trials and troubles of this life do not come as a result of things natural, but rather as a product of the blind search for pleasure. Man often makes himself miserable while searching most diligently for happiness. He is attracted by every amusement and every entertainment, whether good or bad, that seems to be agreeable for the time being. Pleasure is his aim and end in life, but he misses his mark, because he does not know his real source of enjoyment. It is the prevailing idea with the great uneducated mass of mankind, that a few momentary pleasures constitute the whole of this world's happiness, and it is this idea that drags society down to the lowest standard of morality. "Morality springs from intelligence, and not intelligence from morality." For the untrained mind nature has no charms. There is no beauty in a sunset cloud; there is no music in the song of a bird, and the beautiful trees are merely dead things used to fill up so much space. He has no conception of the great men and movements that have brought the world from a state of chaos and heathenism to its present-day, high civilization, with its great systems of government, its railroads, wireless telegraphy, and flying machines, with its literature, its symphonies, its brotherly love. But most pathetic of all, the untrained mind is

not able to think the noble thoughts, nor experience the deep emotions of the great men of past times.

To the ignorant man, Shakespeare means nothing, while a Diamond Dick novel is the joy of his life. Bryant's *Thanatopsis* arouses no appreciation, while the life of Jesse James thrills him with delight.

Therefore, it at once becomes evident that for a man to enjoy the great things which time and nature have provided for him, he must be intelligent. And for this reason, education is the first great essential to the happiness of the human race. But a man may be educated and yet not enjoy life. He may be vain, egotistic, and selfish. He may be disrespectful toward his fellow-man; all of which tend to tear down the pleasant relations between men. If the world is to be bright and joyful, "Man to man must be united and every wrong thing righted."

So, the second great essential to the world's happiness is that something which banishes all selfishness, vanity, and egotism; that something which causes a man to see the insignificance of himself, and the greatness of his neighbor; that something which prompts a man to do unto others as he would that they should do to him, and to love his neighbor as himself. This second and last great essential is Christian love.

Education within itself will not bring complete happiness to the human family.

No ignorant Christian can ever be as happy as he should, because he can have no clear conception of the great Master he serves. But couple Christianity with education and there shall be joy, peace, and happiness in all the earth.

J. S. BROWN.

—oOo—

Education is not an accident but is here as an inherent relation of the individual to the government which we cannot escape.—*H. H. Cherry.*

The Death of Ah Ching

Ah Ching was a rebel. He, with six companions, had been sent out in the morning as scouts in the direction of the little village of Fu, and at noon he was a prisoner. He had stopped at a little hut on the outskirts of the village and purchased some food, and while eating was surprised and captured by a detachment of royal troops. The old man who owned the hut had informed the enemy of Ah Ching's presence, and taking advantage of his carelessness, they had made an easy capture. Ah Ching was young and had no desire to stand up for a firing squad to riddle him with bullets, and as he walked along among his captors he thought of his old mother far away waiting for him to return. Swiftly his fertile mind suggested plan after plan of escape, reviewed them and cast them aside. Affairs were pretty desperate, but for one thing he was thankful, he was unbound.

That night he was placed in a tent, hands and feet tied to a pole, while two sentinels kept watch outside. For hours he struggled to get his hands free, and at last succeeded. To free his feet was an easy task, and then for some time he lay still, thinking. Then he arose stealthily to his feet and peered out. Nothing was to be seen but the sentinels as they marched toward each other, met in front of the tent, wheeled and marched back to return and repeat the maneuver. Quickly his plan was formed, and going to the side of the tent opposite the entrance he cautiously cut a hole with his knife and looked out. All was quiet, with no one stirring but the two sentinels on guard at his tent. He stepped out through the hole and remained quiet till the sentinel was in front of the tent, then he crept near to where the sentinel would pass on his return. As the sentinel passed by, his back partly toward the tent, a lithe figure sprang toward him and seized his que; there was a gleam of steel, and Ah Ching's knife reached his heart. The sentinel fell without

a sound and Ah Ching, seizing his rifle, took up the march. Concealing his face with his hand and coughing, he met the other sentinel, but instead of wheeling, Ah Ching stooped, laid down his gun and with cat-like steps overtook the sentinel. Again the knife flashed and sank, but Ah Ching's aim was not true this time, and a piercing cry burst from the sentinel's lips. Immediately all was astir. Ah Ching's only chance was in flight, so dropping everything but the knife, he turned and ran. He had almost gained the shelter of some underbrush when he was seen and quickly pursued. He had nothing to carry and could outdistance his pursuers for a short time, but the time he had been bound had wasted his strength so that the pace soon began to tell on him.

He ducked and dodged, turned and doubled like a rabbit, behind buildings and embankments and across canals. For a few moments he lay unseen in a ditch, but in crossing to another his pursuers discovered him, and the race began anew. As he ran through a rice field the enemy began firing, but in the darkness they could not aim well, so the bullets sang far above his head. Reaching the bank of a wide canal, Ah Ching followed it in the direction of the village. He was almost spent, it seemed he could not go another step, while nearer and nearer came his pursuers. There arose before his mind a vision of his old white-haired mother sitting in the low doorway of the little hut they called home, waiting for him and praying that he might be kept through every danger. He thought of the anguish the news of his death would bring her, and this gave him new strength and spurred him on.

A stone tripped him as there crashed out a volley of rifle shots all around. As he raised his head, Ah Ching saw a line of his comrades in the shadow of the houses on each side of the street, calmly loading and firing in precise volleys. The enemy were retreating; but turned and fired one last scattering volley. Ah Ching felt a great pain in his breast, and a fiery mist rose before his eyes. Again, as he lay there he thought of his old mother, of how she would wait for him who would never come, hoping, hoping till hope should die.

His comrades found him lying there in the street with one hand pressed to his heart, dead.

Another rebel, another patriot, was gone.

W. C. WILSON.

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

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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.

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

VOL. III. APRIL 1912. NO. 6

EDITOR'S CHAT

This issue, minus the unintelligible pencilings beneath the above cut, is the product of the Kit-Kats. They have done well, and "it's up to us" to "boost" this splendid class of young people. The May issue will be presided over by the Juniors, the June by the Seniors. We know there are many good things in store for us.

Appropriation.

Through the generosity of our State Legislature the Normal School is on the road to progress as never before. As a mouthpiece of the student-body, the ELEVATOR desires to extend to the members of the General Assembly and all other friends our most earnest thanks for aid rendered the cause of education by the passing of legislation in our favor. It is our wish and belief that you will never have cause to regret your kindness.

Loyalty.

Student enthusiasm at the Normal is not dead, neither is it taking a siesta. In the recent fight for the passage of House Bill 225 the loyalty of our noble students was shown as of old. Kentucky teachers know how to appreciate the importance of school legislation.

Weak-Kneed.

Shall it be said of you: "He couldn't stand the ravages of Spring Fever?" Are you expecting to be a coward before the specter of work? If you knew how others are watching you, you'd be a man, and show by remaining in school that all the terrors of this malady are nothing to you.

Measles.

A rumor of measles,—and some of our students vanished almost as rapidly as Halley's Comet. Now, if they show such astonishing bravery next fall while teaching, the first note received from an offended parent will cause a record-breaking run for home. Oh, ye sands of the beach, give us grit!

Athletics.

Under the leadership of Prof. G. H. Reams there are bright hopes for a good athletic year. Mr. Reams is "onto his job," and let's show our appreciation of such a leader by rallying as one man to the support of the Athletic Association.

Does the ore love the consuming heat of the furnace that is destroying the dross and refining the noble metal? Does the tree love the pruning-knife that cuts away the cherished branches? Can the human heart, then, feel anger toward a Mighty Being, when by countless chastenings the dross of human passion is burned up, the metal of true manhood refined, the excrescences of evil lopped off?

The real man, whether born in the lowliest hut or the most splendid mansion, is as large as anyone; the egotist, likewise regardless of birth, is a little larger than anyone,—in his own opinion.

—o—

If you've never enjoyed springtime, do so this year. Join the Open-Air Club or the Country Walk Brigade. Throw aside lessons for at least an hour each day, that you may get a glimpse of outdoor beauty.

—o—

Say, friend, have you subscribed for the ELEVATOR? We want you in our happy family.

—o—

Help the business end of our paper by doing your duty by our advertisers.

—oOo—



"The world is suffering to-day because of the lack of people with that initiative which enables them to go out into the world and do things—to go forth as leaders."—*Dean Kinnaman.*

"The best things in this life come at a high price. The best apple is always on the topmost bough, and costs more sticks and stones than all the rest."—*Prof. Burton.*

Do you want to be in the cellar, intellectually? If you do not, plan your work for the future."

"One way to get through college is up through the floor. Another way is down through the roof. There is a way to get through if you will only find it."

"It is so far from my heels to my toes that when one is burning the other is froze."

"Prize the opportunity to become a leader."

"It takes a real live fish to swim up stream; any dead fish can float down."

"After all, the greatest privilege given unto man, is just to live, and walk among his fellow-men."—*Miss Reid.*

—oOo—

KIT-KAT YELL.

Who are, who are, who are we?
We are, we are, we are the
P-e-o-p-l-e
The Kit-Kat Society!!!!!!

—oOo—

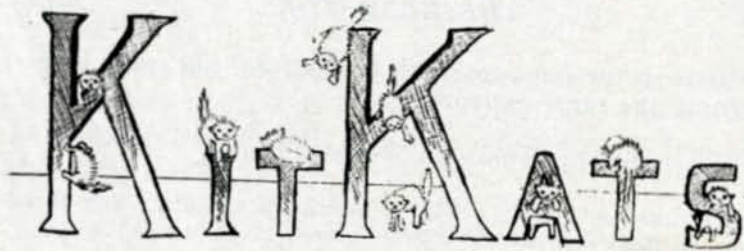
KIT-KAT SONG.

Come, all ye loyal Kit-Kats, now,
We'll sing this song aright.
Lift up your hearts and voices
For your colors green and white.
The Normal has its red and gray,
The B. U. their colors bright,
But for the dear old K.-K. S.,
We'll cheer the green and white.

CHORUS.

Hoorah, hoorah, dear K.-K. S.,
Hoorah, for the green and white;
Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah, hoorah,
Hoorah for the green and white.

And when through all the years to come,
In midst of toil and care,
We'll gain new inspiration
From our colors floating there.
And when we leave this schoolday life,
To enter the field bright,
We'll never say adieu to you,
Our colors green and white.



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

SECTION I.

Chairman—Otis Taylor.

Secretary—Miss Sadie Mimms.

- A. A. Allison—Subdued.
 Ivy Brasher—The euphonious talker.
 Nannie Brown—Humorous lover.
 Atlanta Bynum—Childish talker.
 Edna Caldwell—Very slim.
 Mildred Coffman—She Brown's people.
 Willie Colley—The lady's man.
 Hattie Cox—Good natured.
 Louise Courtney—Always on time.
 Catherine Combest—Sings "Alexander's Band."
 Adaline Daly—Popular girl.
 Stella Denton—A saint.
 J. C. Dycus—Level-headed.
 E. M. Hanes—Wants every day to be Sunday.
 Josephine Hoffman—Studious.
 Jim Hamilton—An adept in circumlocution.
 Mary Wyatt Lambert—Dignified.
 Orlando Magness—On guard.
 Lucy Meguiar—Heartless.
 E. H. Mitchell—Russell County "kiddo."
 Florence Nelson—Special.
 Claudia Price—Musician.
 Lily Smith—Giggler.

THE ELEVATOR.

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- Daisy Radford—Not afraid of "Cannons."
 Edgar Thompson—Short but sweet.
 Mrs. Wheeler—Well-experienced.
 Nelle Wortham—Traacherous.
 Esther Wood—Dignified.
 Lilly Mae Rogers—A poetess.
 Mattie Helsley—Demure.
 Pearl Johnson—Favorite authors, the "Carys."

SECTION II.

Chairman—R. M. Iglehart.

Secretary—Erma Porter.

- Ida Rhea Taylor—Teachers' pet.
 Pruitt Dodson—Solemn.
 A. C. Bryant—Occupation: Doing stunts.
 Oma Pulliam—Could be a coquette.
 A. B. Raley—Important fellow.
 Thomas O. Wood—Short in stature.
 Patrick Powers—Witty fellow.
 Beulah Lovelady—Straight, short talker.
 Pearl Strader—Sweet sixteen.
 Blanche Thatcher—Doesn't look old.
 Jewell Jackson—A Cooper.
 Hontas Dunn—Curious, but friendly.
 Rena Plaine—Smooth girl.
 Bess Combest—Makes hits on the boys.
 Ruby Alexander—Curiosity box.
 Ruth Lyon—Add's.
 Georgia Peterson—Fast walker.
 Cary Bandy—A Pearl.
 W. C. Wilson—Otherwise "Lizzie."
 Annie Potter—The mystery.
 Ruth Hobgood—A necessity.
 Ethel Hays—Earnest and good.
 Nancy Green—Low-toned talker.
 Verna Bennette—Always.

Alburtie Bardin—Says what she thinks.
 C. E. Allen—A musician.
 Addina Palmore—A consoler.
 Clarence Boswell—Hen-pecked.
 Sallie Tabor—The hypnotic.
 Mary Myers—Distant, society girl.
 Nellie Wand—The tailored.
 Ira Russell—Fast talker.
 Abbie Cooper—A Jewell.
 Francis Mass—Historian.
 Paul Pewitt—Flirt.

SECTION III.

Chairman—H. V. McChesney.

Secretary—Dora Motley.

E. B. Baker—A kind of sport.
 Lillian Beeler—The tall girl.
 Alleyne Boyd—Very attractive.
 Catherine Brawn—Prof.'s pet-tongue.
 Leslie Brown—Perpetual motion.
 J. S. Brown—Strong fellow.
 Olivia Caldwell—Lover of Vergil.
 Lottie Collins—Jacy's girl.
 J. O. Compton—Popularly known as "Jotty."
 Grace Cox—Fond of shows.
 Claude Croft—The same, or "Ditto."
 Carl Ellis—He thinks he's pretty.
 Mary Green—She always bites.
 Letitia Hocker—Serious in her work.
 F. L. Hooks—Powder, paint, and pompadour.
 Mrs. Hutson—Smiles.
 Amy Jackson—Grandma.
 H. H. Johnston—Long-winded.
 Margaret Kerr—Short and stout.
 Lummie Luckett—Quaker member.
 Mary Maggard—Delicate.
 C. F. Milam—Energetic, strong, and earnest.

Essie Myers—Solemnity itself.
 Alma McDaniel—Cutie.
 Birdie McKendree—Accomplished.
 B. C. Orange—Not to be eaten.
 George V. Page—A live coal (Cole).
 Richard Parker—Handsome.
 Viretta Peterson—Handy.
 E. N. Pusey—Baby elephant.
 Mildred Roll—A shining light.
 W. A. Simmons—Preacher.
 Elmo Thomas—An enthusiastic worker.
 Leslie Woodrum—The athlete.
 Estella Woosley—Modest.

—oOo—

Jokes

Prof. Green (to Olivia Caldwell, in Geography): How many zones are there?

Olivia: Five.

Prof. Green: Correct, name them.

Olivia: Temperate, intemperate, canal, horrid, and o-zone.

Mrs. Hutson: Marvin always eats more pie when we have friends to dinner.

Miss Thatcher: Why is that, Marvin?

Marvin: 'Cause we don't have no pie no other time.

Miss Brawn (to Mrs. Allison): I asked your husband yesterday, if he had his life to live over again if he would marry you, and he said he certainly would.

Mrs. Allison: And I say, he certainly wouldn't.

"A woman would never be successful in running for office; she would have to stop too often to see if her hat was on straight."

Ida Rhea Taylor: Which is the proper expression to use, "girls are" or "girls is"?

Bess, Rubie, and Abbie (all at once): "Girls *are*, of course."

Ida Rhea: Of course, pshaw! Girls, "are" my hat on straight?

Mr. Magness: Say, Jackson, did you know we are getting up a male quartet?

Mr. Jackson: No; who sings in it?

Mr. Magness: Oh, five or six of us boys.

Mr. Bryant, trying to get on the good side of the Dean, said: "Dr. Kinnaman, I'm indebted to you for all that I know."

Dr. K.: Oh, pshaw! that is so little, don't mention it.

Mr. Milam: I smell cabbage burning.

Miss Barden: Your head is too near the fire.

Lives of Freshmen all remind us,
That we once stood in their place;
But, departing, left behind us
Greener ones to fill our space.

Prof. Gilbert (to Miss Cooper, in Civics): Now, Abbie, if the President, Vice President, and all the Cabinet should die, who would officiate?

Abbie: Why—er—why, the undertaker.

Miss Reid (in English): To-morrow we will take up the life of George Elliott. Please come prepared.

Street Car Conductor (to Miss Mimms): Your fare, miss.

Miss Mimms continued gazing absently from the window.

Conductor: Your fare, miss!

Miss Mimms: Oh, thank you.

W. O. Toy

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