

10-1912

## UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. III, No. 10

Western Kentucky University

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PROGRAM  
OF  
**COMMENCEMENT WEEK**  
Western Kentucky  
**State Normal School**

JULY 21-25, 1912

**Sunday, July 21st**

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE, 8:00 P. M.

Address by Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

**Tuesday, July 23rd**

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF ELEMENTARY CLASS  
10:30 A. M.

**Wednesday, July 24th**

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF JUNIOR CLASS  
10:30 A. M.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

8:00 P. M.

RECEPTION—VANMETER HALL, BY FACULTY TO VISITORS  
AND STUDENTS

9:30 P. M.

**Thursday, July 25th**

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF SENIOR CLASS  
8:00 P. M.

Annual Address by Bishop Kilgo, of North Carolina.

**Friday, July 26th**

ANNUAL EXCURSION BY WATER TO MAMMOTH CAVE

111  
10

**THE ELEVATOR**

GOING UP?

OCTOBER  
1912



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When you need pictures for applications, we will finish your work on short notice. We do kodak finishing. We assure you the best results possible in developing the films and toning the prints. If your kodak does not work good, or you need any advice as to using it, we will be glad to help you. Remember the place,

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**Dry Goods, Shoes  
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear**

Dependable Goods and Popular Prices  
Prevail at Our Store. Give Us a Trial

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**STRANGE, The Tailor.**

928 1-2 College.

He gives you Suits that Fit and Fits that Suit.

**BILL HILL, The Tailor,**

Invites you to give him a call  
Suits \$17.00 and up. . . . .

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Hot Drinks in Season.

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**Today----Tomorrow----Next Month**

You are going to need Clothes. You will ask--"Where can I get the most Style, most Wear, most Satisfaction, at the least cost?"

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MADE BY THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

shows this famous mineral water to be *absolutely pure*. It is pleasant to the taste, too. Delivered any place in the city, daily, in thoroughly sterilized gallon jugs, for 10c a jug, or 50c per week for 7 jugs.

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To Haul Their Trunks  
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**Advertisers.**

---115---  
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"Strauss Brothers" tailored to your measure suits and overcoats at \$17.00 express you with more Character, more Distinctiveness, more Individuality than other tailoring you have to pay from \$30.00 to \$35.00.

Why? Because

WE STUDY NOTHING ELSE WE THINK NOTHING ELSE  
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**BUT FASHIONABLE TAILORING**

300 beautiful pure woolen fabrics to choose from  
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"The Fashionable Center of Bowling Green."

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enrolled with us recently. Within a week, she had secured, through our efforts, a very satisfactory position in Arkansas.

Nuff Sed!

We always have good places for good teachers. Come and get acquainted. Registration free.

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Incorporated Bowling Green, Ky.

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THE PARK ROW  
**BARBER**  
Everything Sanitary

**Students Welcome.**

Students are always welcome at

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and will receive our earnest endeavor to please.

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Good Clean Groceries.  
See Him.

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Every Pen Guaranteed

**CALLIS BROS., Druggists.**

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# 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.

**W. LEWIS MATTHEWS, Editor.**

### ASSOCIATES:

J. D. FARRIS, JR. LUCILE GOODWIN. RUBY ALEXANDER.  
J. WALTER COMPTON. ABIGAIL COOPER. RUTH TICHENOR.  
C. H. MOORE. NELLIE VAN CLEAVE.

**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.

**SUBSCRIPTION: TWELVE MONTHS, FIFTY CENTS; THREE YEARS, ONE DOLLAR**

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1912.

NO. 10.

## EDITORIALS

After a pleasant vacation that was enjoyed to the utmost, we are ready to take up our new work as editor of THE ELEVATOR. Should the critical eye find serious mistakes, they are due to a lack of experience and not to a lack of effort. Just remember the complexity of re-organization, and we are sure those in charge will have the sympathy and co-operation of the faculty, the students, and all into whose hands this edition may chance to fall. It is our earnest desire to make THE ELEVATOR a thriving school paper that is worth while.

We feel a deep appreciation for the work and suggestions of those who have shown especial interest in our success. When we take a survey of the labor attached to the publication of this issue, we wish to thank our predecessor, especially, for his untiring effort to lighten our work. We find him one of those men who never sit down contented while his fellow-creatures around him are in need of assistance.

*Inspiration and Perspiration.*

Education is only gotten by hard, earnest work, and we commend to everyone the advice of Mrs. Susanna Wesley to her son John, while he was a student at Oxford: "My son, you must remember that life is a divine gift, it is the talent given us by our Father in Heaven. Have some aim and object in life; stick to it, and you will be sure to win." Then we would say inspiration and perspiration are inseparable companions. They never travel singly. The young man or woman who is not acquainted with perspiration has never heard the voice of inspiration.

—o—

*Opportunity.*

Yesterday is gone; to-morrow never comes; but opportunity is knocking at every man's door to-day. So often do we find those who feel that some early misfortune has caused them to miss the flood-tide of their affairs, seeking to excuse themselves by the following quotation:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

But a greater mistake never was made, than giving up and lamenting over lost opportunity. As the tides of the ocean ebb and flow, so does opportunity. And we must remember that as each day brings a new ebb for the mariner who failed to sail on the flood-tide of yesterday, so does the dawn of each morning bring a new opportunity for those who are awake and ready for it. Those whose minds are aflame with the true meaning of "success" in life, and who have a mission to perform, will not yield to discouragement or despair, but, seize the opportunity that comes daily to deliver mankind from his "shallows and his miseries." Then the lesson to be gotten, as we see it, is full of hope and not of despondency.

*Blunders.*

The readers of THE ELEVATOR will possibly be interested in a few of the "Blunders" written down by many of our great men:

"Reading worthless books."  
"Did not stick to my trade."  
"Did not take care of my money."  
"Careless about my religious duties."  
"Fooling away my time at school."  
"Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."  
"The greatest blunder of my life was in not subscribing for THE ELEVATOR, when I entered the Normal."

—o—

*The New Student.*

You, who have been here before and know the feelings and misgivings of a new student, must do your part in making him feel that everyone in the Normal is his friend. A young man has gained one of the prime elements of success, when he has learned the art of meeting people and making them his friends. The real culture of a man shows itself in his daily life, and not in that which he puts on parade. Courtesy will cost you but little, and it is the best advertisement in the world. If you find some one who has a carefully laid secret to unfold to you, listen to him, for it may be the plans of a lifetime.

—o—

*Our Advertisers.*

We take pleasure in saying a word in regard to our advertisers. There is nothing of which we are more proud than the good spirit shown our paper by its old and new advertisers. Never in the history of THE ELEVATOR has there been a more loyal spirit shown. Students! Do you appreciate this? If so, read our advertisements carefully, and then show your appreciation by patronizing those who patronize us. All other things being equal, is it not a business proposition? Not because of any extraordinary talents will you

succeed; but because you are able to recognize a business proposition and treat it on a business basis.

—o—  
Subscriptions.

We see no reason why THE ELEVATOR should not go to every present and former student of the W. K. S. N. S. We are trying to make it a paper worth the money, and you need it in order to keep up with the progressive movements that are taking place. Moreover, THE ELEVATOR needs your support. To give everybody a chance, and at the same time give us a stronger basis on which to work, we are offering you the paper one year for fifty cents, or *three years for one dollar*. Now is the time. Write us at once or call at the office. We want to double, yes, treble our present subscription list in the near future.

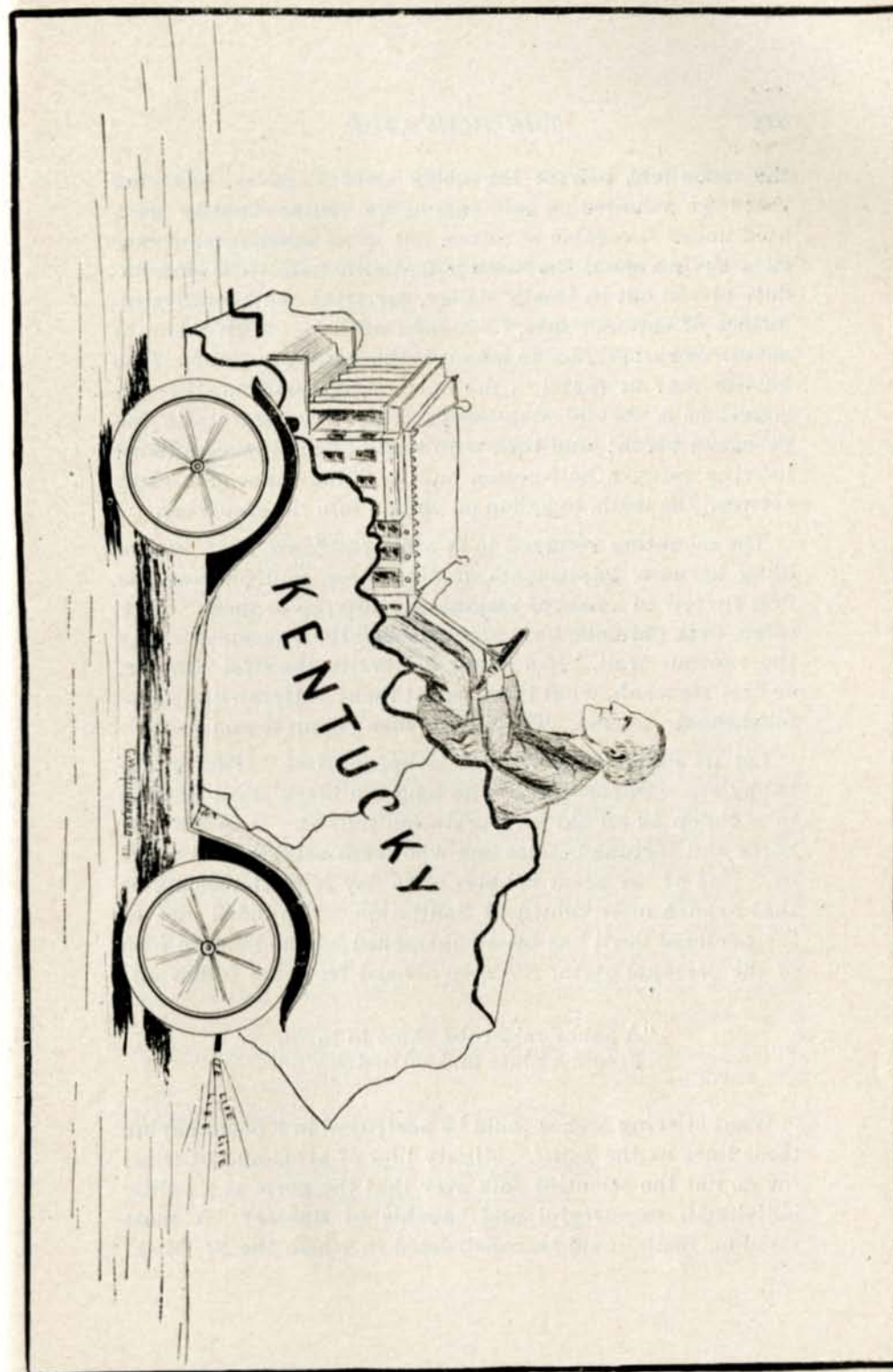
Do it now.

—oOo—  
**First Aid to the Injured**

(MESSAGE SECOND.)

In the beginning, dear patients, this article doesn't purport to be humorous. It is as devoid of humor as a Manual of Etiquette is of directions for *real* good manners; its lack of mirth is as noticeable as the lack of melody in the arias sung by Madame Pianissima Cadenzetta. Considered as a source of risibilities, its official title is Dennis Sahara. On the contrary, it bristles with seriousness. It is surcharged with available counsel for literary amateurs now groping in the wilderness. It would take them by their hands and lead them out into a land overflowing with unwritten poems, untold stories and applicable objectives. Wherefore, dear patients, sit up erect and take urgent heed.

At every institution in which young people gather to have their intelligences cultivated, there are to be found certain individuals who hanker mightily within to gallop about in



the moonlight astride the noble steed Pegasus, believing that once mounted on said equine, the center could be operated under favorable auspices, but in an unmounted condition, having about the same potentiality as a stick of dynamite placed out in Death Valley, far from the initiative influence of cap and fuse, or human mishap. With them, to mount, or rather, how to mount is the leading question. The answer may be found in the lines of this article. It is designed as a sort of step-ladder from which to attain the Pegasus perch; and then with knees firmly braced against heaving sides, a half-nelson on the flying mane, the reins between the teeth, to gallop on and on into the empyrean.

The mounting referred to is a figurative voyage; assembling harness, implements, motive force, and plowing the first furrow in a field of virginal fertility, so to speak. How often, dear patients, have you poisoned the atmosphere with the rancous wail, "If I could but write the first chapter, or first verse, ah, what then! what then!" Herewith is supplied the first verse. The "What then" is up to you.

Let us first consider what is appropriate. This is the hobby era. Opportunity is no longer a black steed passing in a gallop as an old interpretation puts it. It is a hobby horse and fortune betides one who leaps astride as it rocks by. One of the great hobbies of to-day is Bacteriology, or that branch of it known as Sanitation. The olden idea of the personal devil has been superseded by the modern idea of the personal germ. So step aboard from the following:

"A saucy microbe came to town,  
Found a place and settled down."

What stirring scenes could be portrayed in a poem having these lines as the *motif*. Mighty lilt of arms and of wits; for do not the scientific folk aver that the germ is a politic individual, resourceful and capable of finesse? A most thrilling finale could be constructed in which the St. Mich-

ael of the poem, having chased the dragon to its lair correctly and cheerfully puts a quietus on it with a two-ounce bottle of formaldehyde.

How about Romance? Doesn't it appeal to you? Of course it does. It appeals to everyone in a non-petrified state of existence. When Romance sings, meaner minstrels, such as Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, should stand meekly and mutely aside (I'm sorry if you don't like the figure. It is a good one). Love has been the one great theme of all Literature since Literature first lit. Therefore, what about this as a starter:

Jack and Jill went on "the hill"  
To ponder things perspective.  
The turtle dove on the limb above  
Cooed the world-old tale of love.  
So the "Course" they took aside from book  
Was thoroughly "elective."

From the standpoint of mechanics that is a remarkable bit of verse. In it is involved small cross-sections of practically every kind of meter that has ever been in vogue; and a few upon which patents are yet pending. From a literary point of view, it is a prelude from which out of the richness of your experience your souls can burst into a flood of song. It plainly states that a pair "went on the hill" and took an "elective course." Can't you take that theme and elaborate thereon with a few cantos in which is worked out the probable curriculum of the course referred to, the mental steps and devices employed, and ending, of course, with the blissful condition and expectations of the happy couple?

A little pastoral after this fashion might interest you folks of Domestic Science inclinations:

I met a little cottage cheese;  
It was quite fresh, it said.  
So I took it home with me  
And ate it with my bread.



That is strictly upt-o-date. Cheese was prosaic subject matter, even to vulgarians in times agone. To-day the new dispensation has so thoroughly permeated our social life that a poet lacking in inspiration may readily supply the deficit by liberal applications of cheese and bread. Nectar and Ambrosia! A myth, fittingly consigned to the bone-yard of discarded fables. Twentieth century poets require foods rich in proteids.

There's poetry in cheese from its origin to its end; the cows feeding in the shady dell, or lowing homeward-bound over the lea, whilst the pretty milkmaids wait at the stile. The song of the housewife as she wields the churn, or bustles about preparing the meal. The content pictured upon the faces of the hungry men as they view the tempting viands before them. Verily, 'tis a great theme upon which no one need be a penny-a-liner. One who couldn't write poetry while under the influence of such inspiration couldn't write it if seated upon the topmost pinnacle of Olympus with a brand-ned fountain pen, and all the muses yet discovered, busy at work tickling him under the chin with feathers plucked on July Fourth near Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, from the tail of the American eagle.

This suggestion is my last offering. You know that it is quite customary to call the institution which has supervised our mental development by the fond title of "Alma Mater." A graduate who has penetrated into the cold world as far as the principalship of a graded school with janitor service, comes into the chapel some morning and with dictionary words and tailor-made gestures pledges eternal fealty to his beloved Alma Mater. I ask wherefore the femininity of the matter. Is it an overt confession that in the matter of knowledge the *mater of knowledge* is in the ascendancy? Have not some of my masculine readers sufficient loyalty to their sex to issue a clarion call for recognition under the caption of "An Ode to *Alma Pater*?"

ANONYMOUS.

## The Opening

School opened on Normal Heights, Tuesday, September the tenth, with bright prospects for the best year's work in the history of the W. K. S. N. S. The enrollment has increased ten per cent over the enrollment at the opening last year, and students are still arriving. Many of these enrolled are former students, who rejoice with each other on their return, and cordially welcome all new ones in the ranks.

Chapel, on the first morning, opened with the song, "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus," familiar to both old and new students and teachers. President Cherry delivered an inspiring address on the work and ideals for the student, and the outlook for our school. He promises us a year of enthusiastic work. The organization was then taken up by Dr. Kinnaman and most ably worked out to the satisfaction of everyone. After a few more greetings, Chapel closed with "My Old Kentucky Home."

Most of the old corps of teachers are back, each with a fresh grip on the wheels of the institution, strengthened by a pleasant summer, profitably spent.

—oOo—  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the Alumni Association, this year, was very gratifying to its members. The spirit of good-fellowship, which characterizes all of the reunions of the Normal students, was felt; the enthusiasm, which is a part of the creed of the Normal students, was manifested; and the loyalty which makes co-operation and success possible to the Normal students, was shown. On Wednesday evening, July 24, the Alumni held an open session, in Vanmeter Hall, with Miss Reid, the president, presiding. Prof. J. R. Alexander, in his own inimitable way, welcomed the class of 1912 into the association; Mr. Gibson, the president of the class, re-

sponded with a speech of appreciation of the privilege of becoming a member of an Alumni that has furnished several Governors, Congressmen, and professional men, to the various States. It was very appropriate that this feature of the program should be followed by "Reminiscences," given by Miss Nannie Cullom; Prof. J. S. Dickey, with "Dreams of the Yesterdays," and "Visions of the To-morrows," gave an inspirational address that made the present seem fuller and bigger than either the past or the future. Miss Katsie Bailey gave a beautiful allegory, in which she pictured the Southern Normal School and the State Normal School as links in the chain of Loyalty and Truth. After this session, the Association held its business meeting and elected Dr. H. H. Cherry as President, and Miss Ruth Alexander as Secretary. The annual banquet was given at the close of commencement week, and proved "a flow of reason and a feast of soul." Mr. H. M. Denton responded to the toast, "Hopes, Dreams, Visions—What Next?" Those who know Mr. Denton will recall prophecies that he would some day be an orator. A course at Yale, contact with life, and an increased earnestness of purpose, have brought about the fulfillment of that prophecy. There were others who responded to toasts: Miss Scott, with her appreciation of values; Mr. Burton, with his genuine wit; Miss Payne, with her power of imagery, and Miss Mannix, with her pleasing, forceful style. Prof. R. P. Green, as toastmaster, made the banquet an occasion of which the Association was justly proud. But, with all the pleasures of this year's meeting, one can easily foresee that next year will be the greatest Alumni meeting ever held here. May all graduates resolve now, to attend the Association of 1913.

—oOo—

Miss Layman: I am afraid to go out on the streets of Bowling Green at night. I believe I will get me a six-shooter.

Miss Bunnel: Pshaw! Do as I do; get you a six-footer.

## The Open-Air Plays

A year or two ago our attention was attracted to an article in one of our leading magazines, discussing some of Shakespeare's plays given in the open air by the Ben Greet Players, of Chicago. The photographs accompanying the article were especially attractive, and we wondered then if it would ever be our pleasure to witness these plays.

Since good things in great measure come to us of the Western Normal, we had the pleasure of enjoying the work of the same players in three Shakespearean plays during the fourth week of the Summer Term. They were given upon the beautiful campus in front of Recitation Hall, where a natural setting was obtained.

The first play was, "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream." Sitting in the open air with our feet upon a carpet of velvety grass; the silent stars in the blue firmament above us lending a delightful sense of peace and contentment; and a gentle, Southern breeze blowing about our faces, all combined to enter us into the same mood as that of the lovers and fairies that wooed, and flitted about in the grove in front of us.

The antics and laughter of Millicent Evison (the leading woman), as Puck, as she obeyed the commands of her lord of the fairies, in doing harm and in doing good, were indeed charming. The words of Frank McEntee (the leading man), as Bottom, the weaver, was as humorous as it was good; and his co-laborers in the work of presenting a play before their king, followed him closely in point of good acting.

"As You Like It" was given in the afternoon, and for some reason, perhaps because of our familiarity with and love for the play; perhaps because of the time of day, we seemed to get nearer to the players and to enter more fully into their work and the play itself.

Here, again, Frank McEntee was splendid in the role of

Touchstone, the clown, and there were few words spoken by him during the whole play that did not provoke much laughter. The role of Rosalind is a difficult one for almost anyone, and though Miss Evison is small of stature, she played it well. The work of Dallas Anderson as Orlando, the lover, deserves especial mention, too.

We *did* like "As You Like It," very much.

The third play given was Shakespeare's last great play, "The Tempest." The evening it was given bade fair to be a tempestous one, and was wholly in keeping with the play.

In this play we enjoyed Millicent Evison at her best in the role of Ariel, an airy spirit; her slight figure was especially suited for it. Frank McEntee, as Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan, was again good; but the character who was most enjoyed in this play was Leonard Shepherd, who played the part of Caliban, a savage and deformed slave. Not for beauty did we like him, neither was it for attractiveness or gracefulness; but it was for his *acting*. Ugly and grotesque in appearance; frightful and repulsive in action, yet because of these things and because he was so *different*, we liked him.

Mr. McEntee and Miss Evison were ably supported by a company of competent players, none of which were "stars," but just all-round good players.

The Coburn Players have been secured for next summer's open-air plays, and we are anticipating as great a treat as the Ben Greet Players gave us.

—oOo—

SENIOR CLASS, 1912.

E. E. Bratcher, Mary Browning, Della Combest, Lena Logan Dulaney, Rosa Lou Ditto, B. C. Gibson, Gertrude Grimsey, Arleen Mannix, B. H. Mitchell, Mary McDaniel, Lottie Lucile Payne, Susianna Pickering, George Henry Wells, Lula Rigsby, Gabie Robertson, Verna Robertson, S. C. Ray, Mabel Squire, Oscar Shemwell, Annie Pearl Turner,

Opal Taylor, Hollie Emelyne Finn, John D. Wortham, Willie Maude Meguiar, Harvey W. Loy, E. E. Gardner, Mary Crutcher.

—oOo—

JUNIOR CLASS, 1912.

Genie Armstrong, Mrs. Wm. Everett Bohanon, Carrie C. Cotner, Nona Carson, Marie Crowe, Josephine Drake, Emma Downey, Eula H. Denton, John Evans, Heady Dunagan, Lizzie Glenn, Jennie Lind Hodges, Nilla Mae Hancock, Daisy Horne, Mary Henon, Avis Hines, Jewell Hawkins, Stella Laswell, Bertie Layman, Bessie Myers, Catheryne G. Milner, D. P. Morris, Homer Nichols, Mayme G. Paris, Louise E. Riley, Eva Rhodus, Ellen Rutter, Zoma Lee Searce, Anna D. Shanahan, Mary E. Seargent, B. F. Stillwell, Add Tartar, Mary Lee Taylor, Beverly Vincent, John Wade.

—oOo—

GRADUATES OF ELEMENTARY CLASS, JUNE, 1912.

P. M. Basham, Atlanta Bynum, Lillian Beeler, A. C. Bryant, Alleyne Boyd, Lottie Collins, Rena Conover, Grace Cox, Olivia Caldwell, Catherine Combest, Mildred Coffman, Willey Colley, Claude Croft, Stella Earl Denton, Pruitt Dodson, Leslie Greer, Ruth Gray, Ruth Hobgood, Ethel Hays, Tom Hamilton, Rose Heyd, Eula Hester, Beulah Hester, F. L. Hooks, Mrs. Josie Hancock, Lela Keown, R. M. Iglehart, Margaret Kerr, J. H. Lawrence, Mary Lambert, Ruth Lyon, Beulah May, Birdie McKendree, J. H. McKinney, Mary Myers, Frank McChesney, Estus Mitchell, Eva McKendree, Mary Maggard, Sadie Simms, Dora Motley, Beulah Mudd, Florence Nelson, Homer Nichols, Erma Porter, Oma Pulliam, Claudia Price, Addina Palmore, Patrick Powers, Richard Parker, Lillie Mae Rogers, Lillie Smith, Ruth Stephens, Pearl Strader, Edgar L. Thompson, Blanche Thatcher, Nell Wortham, Estella Woosley, C. W. Wright, W. C. Wilson, Nellie Wand, C. H. Jaggars, Frank Teuton, W. O. Roberts, Edith Morris.

## ELEMENTARY CLASS, JULY, 1912.

E. B. Baker, W. A. Simmons, J. C. Dycus, James Randolph, H. H. Johnston, Hontas Dunn, Esther Wood, Adeline Daly, Louise Courtney, Ann Wheeler, Edna Caldwell, Letitia Hocker, Mrs. Ella Gregory, Nell Peterson, Ivy Brasher, Helen Gray, Myrtle Rummage, Mary Edmunds, Viretta Peterson, Nancy Green, Beulah Lovelady, Mrs. Augustus Morris, Annie Porter, Mary Green, Hattie Cox, Ethel Squire, Josephine Hoffman, Ellie Miller, Ruth Skaggs, C. S. Brown, Leslie Brown, Byron Lee, B. C. Orange, Katherine Bartol, Pearl Hendley.

—oOo—  
MUSIC CLASS, 1912.

*Supervisor's Certificate:* Daisy Mae Wilkinson, Eva Covington Mercer, Claudia Price.

*Piano Teacher's Certificate:* Camilla Gerard, Lottie Collins, Kate Howell, Rebecca Meek, Bess Mustain, Claudia Price, Lottie May Patterson, Mrs. Lolla Mae Minick, Mrs. W. J. Potter, Jewell Watson.

*Certificate in Voice:* Harriet Kellogg.

*Diploma in Voice:* Merry Townsend.

*Diploma in Piano:* Winifred Elizabeth Eubank.

—oOo—  
THE CALL.

I heard a voice  
Of tender accents and of rhythmic grace;  
I tried to follow her, and as I trod  
The verge of dangerous heights above the plain,  
Or sauntered leisurely across the mead,  
I often fancied that I nearer drew  
The sweet-voiced Siren that had lured me on;  
But while content to rest within the spell  
The music paused, the voice grew weak, and now  
I heard it only far away. With zeal  
Renewed and hope again raised high, I left  
My quiet ramblings over field and wood  
And once again prepared to follow her.  
The years go by, the voice yet lures me on.

Near yawning chasms and torrents wild and free,  
Or hidden pits my feet oft find their way,  
Or yet in pastures green, on emerald hills,  
Or by the leaping waters of a pool  
Where spring first kisses flowers into life.  
Not tired of following her I onward go,  
And each new turn of fortune always adds  
A sweetness to her voice. I'd fain go on  
Through life, through death,—forever, at her call.



### The Double-Life Class

*Flower—Forget-Me-Not.*

*Color—True Blue.*

*Motto: "United we stand."*

DEGREE: D. E. A. R.

(Devoted ever; after rites.)

GRADUATES.

Mollie Milner, D. E. A. R. Became one of Daniel Cupid's captives through the efforts of Mr. Nathan Ginsburg.

Flora Richardson, D. E. A. R. Graduated in the Elementary Course '11; from the School of Music, W. K. S. N. S. '11. Graduated from courtship into matrimony '12. Mr. Ausley Stark assisted her in obtaining the D. E. A. R. degree.

Gertrude Young, D. E. A. R. Graduate of the Elementary Course '10. Obtained a life contract with Mr. F. A. Spaulding.

Minnie Collins, D. E. A. R. Was in the Normal only a short time in '12, and Mr. Cyrus Miller preferred the D. E. A. R. degree to one obtained in the Normal.

Madge Hunter, our little Illinois girl and one of the most popular in the institution. Obtained the D. E. A. R. degree in August. Mr. Ira Brown was the fortunate man.

C. T. Canon, Senior '10, was quoted as saying to Miss Emma Moore, "If music is the harp of love, play on."

Mary Jarboe, Assistant Librarian in W. K. S. N. S., has the opinion that the love story of Mr. H. B. Donaldson is more interesting than any she ever read in books. She was a Senior of '09.

J. B. Holloway, D. E. A. R., Senior '10. Doesn't believe with Owen Meredith that "We can live without love." Persuaded Miss Lucy Allsop into his way of thinking.

W. J. Craig, D. E. A. R. Teacher in W. K. S. N. S. Certificate entitles him to walk through life with Miss Ethel Price Grant. He delivered a short address in Chapel September, '12, giving the sentiments of the class.

L. L. Hudson, D. E. A. R. While a member of the Junior Debating Society, he learned to talk so well that he became

a great ally of Dan Cupid, who obtained for him a life contract with Miss Mary Byrd Harlow.

R. H. Marshall, D. E. A. R. Teacher in W. K. S. N. '11. Student in Chicago University '12. Certificate entitles him to teach Miss Flossie Tinsley for life.

Carrie Short Hunt, better known in Normal circles as "Shorty," has the opinion that W. K. S. N. S. boys are the best ever. She and Mr. E. E. Gardner obtained the D. E. A. R. degree in August, '12.

Sadie Mimms, Elementary graduate of '11. She and Dr. —. —. Russell decided they needed another degree; it was added June, '12.

Nannie Stallard, D. E. A. R. Senior graduate of '11. Heard the call "Back to the farm," and was accompanied by Mr. James Wooten.

—oOo—

## "Man's Majesty"

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? Or the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou makest him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownedst him with glory and honor." Have you ever given a thought to that question of the Scriptures?

"What is man?" Have you ever considered the way in which you would have to answer it in view of your own qualities and achievements?

What has man done—nay, rather what has he not done? Beginning the contest naked and empty-handed, he brought to subjection the monster—animate and inanimate—that threatened his destruction. Puny and frail in comparison with his companions of the primitive jungle, he matched the power of his brain against the strength of their

sinews and conquered or destroyed them. Helpless before the untamed fire, he met it with the fire of his godlike intellect and made it the most efficient of his weapons. Menaced by the torrent, he thought out a rude raft and floated in triumph to safety.

He used to look at the stars and see only points of fire; now he looks among them and sees worlds more noble than his own. He used to tremble in the darkness; now he dissipates it with an element he may never fully understand. He used to travel toilsomely on foot and think of miles as formidable distances; now he laughs at the distances that separates New York from San Francisco. He used to marvel that his voice would carry beyond the nearest hill; now he is impatient if it be interrupted in crossing the continent. He used to pause in awe before the cataract; now he harnesses it to his machinery. He used to envy the birds; now he emulates them.

All this he has achieved in the material world; in the spheres of mortality and ethics his triumphs have been fully as great.

What is man, the majesty of whose mind has raised him from the lowest, and exalted him to the highest, state! What is man, who, working, thinking, studying, analyzing—taking apart and putting together, has solved each problem as it arose and made all things his servants?

"Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownedst him with glory and honor."

He has made you a little lower than the angels.

What will you make of yourself?

Many men fail in life, not because they are without enthusiasm, but because they lack steadfastness of purpose. How many of your acquaintances are continually changing aim, shifting their standards and ideals almost with each tick of the clock? Are you, too, one of this sort? If so, it is certainly time for you to mend your ways.

Apart from the moral stamina that steady adherence to a

chosen career in the face of hardship and discouragement imparts to a man's character, he can have no more powerful aid to success than the reputation that his perseverance will earn for him. Such a reputation inspires others with confidence in his ability to carry through whatever he undertakes.

Before a sky-scraper is erected the builder goes down to solid rock to begin his foundation—and he keeps building in the same spot. So are formed the characters and life structures of successful men. They plan carefully and work patiently—they lay a foundation on bed-rock—they follow their plows and eventually realize on that same foundation their heart's desire. Life is too short for you to jump over into a new plot every day. You may clutter the landscape with abandoned undertakings, but don't yield. Look your troubles in the face, clear-eyed and bold of heart. Adversity has not singled you out as a shining mark, nor weighed you down more heavily than the rest. It is a weakness we nearly all have, that of looking too much upon our troubles and too little upon the ways in which we are blest.

Maybe you have not the surface advantages that appear to make easy your neighbor's lot. But can you look in his heart? Can you be sure the confident smile he presents to the world is not a mere mask with which he hides a bleeding heart? He is more courageous than the crowd, perhaps, and he may have more need of courage.

Discouraged? What should have the power to discourage you? Youth and health are yours, and a country brimming with opportunity. You are as one blindfolded in a garden of priceless treasures. You need only to tear from your eyes the blindness of discouragement to find at your fingers' ends the riches of Midas.

Stand up! Get a new grip. All around you young manhood is pushing to the front. In thousands of lives less fortunate than yours purpose is opening the way to progress, and brave hearts turning aside the shafts of despair.

"I would not be the man that's satisfied  
 With his position in the world to-day;  
 I should not wish to know that I had tried  
 The last time to climb higher on life's way.  
 If fate should grant to-day each wish of mine,  
 'Twould be a loss; for then I should not know,  
 Throughout the coming years, the joy divine  
 That comes with each attainment as I go.

"I would not have great riches come to me  
 Without my having mingled in the strife;  
 I would not be a king, if 'twere to be  
 The last of my attainments in this life.  
 To be in touch with toilers day by day  
 Is to enjoy a fellowship denied  
 To kings. There's joy in honest toil, I say—  
 I would not be the man that's satisfied."

C. E. E.

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## News

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In keeping with the spirit of progress that has always characterized the Normal, is the complete overhauling and repairing of Frisbie Hall. For some time this excellent plant has suffered somewhat because of needed repairs; but in the temporary financial embarrassment under which the institution was laboring because of the erection of new Vanmeter Hall, the improvement of Recitation Hall and the beautifying of the grounds, it was impossible to attend to the needs at Frisbie.

But now as brighter days have come upon the school financially, Frisbie has come into her own. While the army of students were out of the city enjoying their vacations, the dormitory was invaded by a corps of painters, plasterers and paper-hangers, with the result that in practical utility as well as beauty, the building is much improved. Not a room or hallway has escaped the hands of the workmen, consequently on every side one sees the walls covered with paper of artistic design, the radiators, casing of doors and

windows, baseboards, etc., painted in soft, harmonious colors, and falling plaster replaced. Upon the floors new druggets have taken the place of the old carpets; new shades ornament the windows, and many other changes of minor nature have been made, all adding much to the comfort of the fair inhabitants.

The parlor has profited much by the invasion. Costly, magnificent rugs have been placed upon the floors, mission furniture has superseded the old, the walls have been covered with nice paper and a new coat of paint has been applied to the woodwork, all of which make the room equal to the best parlors in the city.

Another feature which adds much to the convenience is the change in the system of lighting. Heretofore the lights to all the rooms were controlled by one switch, but are controlled now by individual snap switches placed in each room.

New walks and steps have been or soon will be added to the general improvement.

Under the efficient management of the genial, much-beloved host and hostess, Prof. and Mrs. R. P. Green, we know of no more delightful place for the Normal girls than Frisbie Hall. However, we hope that ere long we may see a more beautiful and up-to-date building erected on the hill by a generous and patriotic citizenship in response to the call of more efficient equipment. The best is none too good for our girls. They deserve it, and we believe they will get it.

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## FACULTY NOTES.

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The different ways the faculty spent the vacation period vary from wedding tours to days spent with the mosquitos on Barren River.

President Cherry fought mosquitos and enjoyed swimming in the placid waters of the river, several times swimming a mile, thus establishing a record for Barren River.

Dr. Kinnaman spent three weeks in institute work and two weeks camping on the river.

Dr. Mutchler did institute and Corn Club work, and did not get to rest "even on Sunday."

Prof. Leiper spent two weeks in Tennessee and three in institute work.

Prof. Green did institute work.

Prof. Alexander worked one week in Cumberland County Institute, visited among his relatives and friends, and fished when the weather was fine.

Prof. Clagett—at home.

Prof. Stickles busied himself watching his new residence out on Nashville Pike grow.

Prof. Wethington graduated from Indiana University in June and spent his vacation in the University of Chicago.

Prof. Marshall went on a wedding tour to Chicago and entered the University of Chicago.

Miss Acker spent the first part of her vacation at Dawson Springs and the latter part in Paducah, Ky.

Miss Scott worked in institute three weeks and visited at her home, Newton, Indiana, the remainder of vacation.

Miss Van Houten went to her home in Michigan.

Miss Woods moved into her beautiful new home on Fourteenth Street, and enjoyed quiet home life.

Miss Ragland spent the five weeks in Louisville, near Cherokee Park, and had a delightful time in that rustic niche of country.

Miss Reid was in University of Chicago.

Miss Dulaney remained at home.

Miss Adams visited in California.

Prof. Strahm went to Mont Eagle, Tennessee, and experienced some Chautauqua work.

Miss Rodes remained in Bowling Green.

Mr. Byrn went camping on Green River with his club, "The Reocambo," having built a houseboat preparatory for the trip.

Prof. Craig went on a wedding tour and enjoyed it so much that he advised everyone to take the same trip.

Mr. Taylor did institute and Corn Club work.

Mr. Wilson represented the Normal in the field.

Mr. Burton entered University of Chicago.

Miss McLean remained in Bowling Green.

Miss Schneider visited at Epperson Springs, Tennessee.

Miss Cross went to Oneida, Tennessee.

Miss Frazee visited in Crowfordsville and Indianapolis, Indiana.

Miss Caffee camped on a lake in Michigan.

Misses Todd, Procter, Jeffries, and Holeman were in University of Chicago.

Miss Stallard spent her vacation in Harvard.

Miss Birdsong went to Richmond, Virginia.



## The Organization of the Societies

As customary, the three well-known classes, which are supposed to graduate some day, must needs organize as many societies for the purpose of initiating their members into the realms of oratory, of wearing off their first stage fright, and—oh, many unmentionable things. So the classes have banded into three societies, known as Senior, Junior and Kit-Kat.

The Seniors enrolled: Ermine Gooch, Eliza Hale, Abbie Cooper, Paul Chandler, Sue Ellen Barnhill, Katherine Hawthorne, DeWitt Martin, Woodfin Hutson, Arthur Roark, J. D. Farris, Kate Claggett, Catherine Braun, Gordon Wilson, Garnett Barnes, Anna Lee Adams, Susan Cullom, Ella Judd, R. A. London, Anna Lee Davis, F. H. Barton, Nettie Drane, Mary Elizabeth Thompson, Rubie Knott, Ruby Alexander, Mrs. Ora Blakeman, F. D. Stone, Bessie Beck, I. L. Miller.

The Juniors enrolled the following: C. W. Anderson, Judith Boxley, Lottie McClure, Lucile Goodwin, Vurnett Humphreys, J. W. Snyder, Pearl Jordan, Jewell Downey, Clara Moorman, Eva Mercer, Ethel Hikes, Ruth Eubank, Alma McDaniel, Estella Bullock, E. C. Palmore, Bert Smith, Marie Whitman, Vivian Brame, Mary Roscoe, Maude Crute, Kate Donham, Cornell Clark, O. B. Taylor, Agnes Conover, Grace Speck, Beulah Lovelady, Frank Alexander, Orlando Magness, Cary Ellis, C. S. Brown, Ralph Ellis, Elizabeth Green, Ethel Squire, Mildred Roll, Huel Larkins, Pauline Hendricks, Hazel Boggess, Mildred Bennett, Mary Edmonds, Allie Richardson, J. P. Adams.

The Kit-Kat Society is always large, and this year it numbers more members than usual. The names of the members could not be secured at this time.

Years have wrought progress in the societies, not only an increase of members, but also of spirit and zeal and ability. You will have to strive hard to even measure up to the

standard of last year, but you will have to strive still harder to increase that standard, and of course you will.

May you be true and loyal to your respective society. May you look forward with pleasure to your Friday meetings, and fill them with spirit and enthusiasm. May this be the very best and brightest year in the history of the societies.

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## News About Normalites

Corbett McKenney, a former student, is located for the second time at Spa, Ky. He is accomplishing a good work there.

B. H. Mitchell, Life Class '12, is at Eddyville, Ky. (He may return at will.) He writes that the work is developing rapidly. He is planning to be back for special work in the Summer Term.

The many friends of Miss Mary Green will be very glad to hear that she has recovered from her painful accident, and is now engaged in teaching at Horse Cave, Ky.

Supt. H. W. Loy, a member of the Life Class of 1912, reports a record-breaking attendance upon opening day at Sturgis. Ten teachers are employed, four of whom are Normalites.

W. H. Carlton, one of our famous pedestrians, is now teaching at Wall Spring, Fla. He writes that he is having great success in his new field of work.

Ed R. Spence is teaching at LaFayette, Ky., in the High School department. This is his second year at that place.

The following Normalites are teaching in the Graded and High School, Crab Orchard, Ky.: G. E. Everett, Principal; Pearl Strader, Domestic Science; Mary Collins, Primary Department, and Lottie Collins, Seventh Grade. THE ELEVATOR wishes them a successful year's work.

Here are a few of those on the firing line:

Pertha Mae Leach, primary teacher, Cenrtal Park Graded School, McHenry, Ky.

Emma Helm, third grade, Longfellow School, Mayfield, Ky.

Ellie Miller, principal, Gum, Graves County.

Emma Butler, Upton Graded School.

Ora B. Hendricks, Cloverport Graded School, Cloverport, Ky.

Martha Tuck, Louisiana State Normal, Natchitoches, La.

Leland Bunch, principal, Livermore Graded and High School, Livermore, Ky.

Leslie Brown, Bald Knob, Christian County.

James Randolph, principal, Smith Mills Graded School, Henderson County, Ky.

Susanna Pickering, graded school, Durango, Colo.

Irma Cameron, primary grades, Sedalia Graded School, Graves County, Ky.

Marvin Hargrove, also some pedestrian, Farmington, Ky.

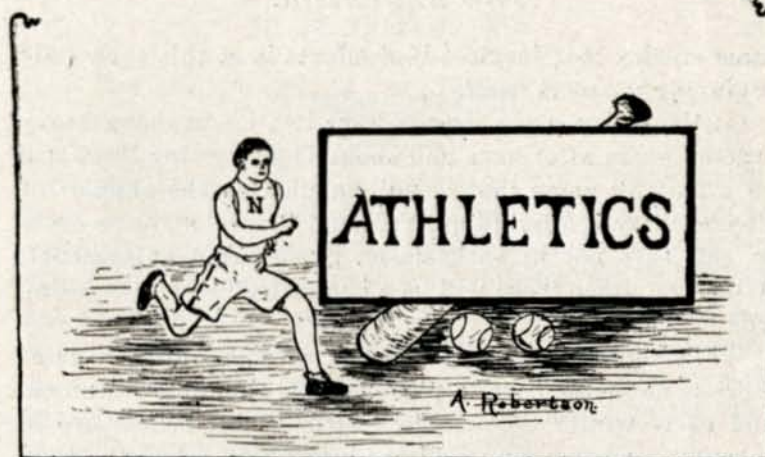
All are ex-Normalites, and THE ELEVATOR expects to hear good things from their work.

H. H. Johnston is teaching at South Park, Jefferson County. He reports a record-breaking attendance and considerable sentiment for consolidation. But with H. H. leading, how could it be otherwise?

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Visiting Teacher: They tell me, Professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues.

Prof. Leiper: Yes; all but one. My wife's.



The W. K. S. N. S. believes in physical development. As a natural sequence, it believes in athletics. Athletics of a nature that strive for championship, yet at the same time are clean, and wholesome—and elevating; athletics that have not wholly in view the winning of games and physical development, but that teaches the mind to work in harmony with the body, thus taking on an aim of mental development.

We would not have the old Spartan idea that physical education is for men only; but we would have the girls share the pleasures and benefits derived from exercises that strengthen the muscles, increase the volume of the lungs, and develop physical and mental activity, thus making strong, vigorous women out of those who would otherwise be unable to enjoy to the fullest extent the blessings of perfect health. In view of these facts, the organization of several teams for different games is nearing completion.

The Senior Class will have a girls' basketball team and a boys' basketball team. The Junior Class will follow suit, as will also the Kit-Kat Club. There will be an independent boys' basketball team. So, with these teams there will be much amusement that will serve to "drive dull care away" during the winter months. Needless to say that a whole-

some rivalry that inspires best efforts is at this early date beginning to assert itself.

On the gridiron we already have two teams doing heavy practice every afternoon, and about Thanksgiving there will be a football game that is not equalled by the annuals of Vanderbilt and Mississippi, Yale and Princeton, or any other (at least not in enthusiasm, rivalry and enjoyment). After said game there will be a banquet given by the losing side to the winners.

While tennis is usually thought of as a summer game there is no better time to play than on cool, hazy autumnal and early winter days. The courts of the school are in splendid condition now, and are being used by tennis devotees. Every student must be a player or a booster. Better be both. The new plan of a current term fee of \$2.50 has cut the "Gordian Knot" of the expense of athletics to a great degree. By this arrangement all games will be free, and no student can stay away on account of the expense of going to the game. Don't give as an excuse for taking no part in athletics, "I haven't time." Now, truly, are you not as much ashamed of that excuse and as tired of giving it as others are of hearing you give it? You must *take* time for some things, and physical development is one of them. You may think you will keep your nose to the grindstone of books, and may be you can, but not for long. Ere long the body cries out rest and repair, which must come, or else it breaks down and the knowledge you gained from the books is of no benefit to you or to anyone else.

Every game will be as a well in the desert. It will be a resting and refreshing place where toil may relax, the weary spirit reach a higher plane, the desponding mind reassume its strength and its hope. Therefore, let athletic enthusiasm run high.

## Pedestrians

Nobody knows why it happened or how it came about. Even the boys themselves seem to have nothing more than a hazy idea of there being any reason at all for their undertaking such an unusual, not to say foolhardy, expedition. But whatever their motive or whether they really had any motive or not, a party of five Normal students whose homes are in the western part of Kentucky, determined to walk from Bowling Green to their respective homes, at the close of the Summer Term.

They held an enthusiastic meeting before starting on the trip, and decided unanimously upon the following plan of action, putting their plan in the form of rules to be observed while on this excursion. First, every member of this party who leaves Bowling Green must walk the entire distance to his home and resolutely resist any temptation to ride by aeroplane, automobile, railroad train,—including freight trains and hand-cars—buggy or carriage of any kind, road wagon, hand-cart, or wheelbarrow. Neither must there be resort to any method of locomotion other than walking, and that to be done by his own personal effort without being aided or abetted from any other source whatever. Second, after leaving the city of Bowling Green, no member of this party shall sleep in any house or building of any kind that is now inhabited or that has previously been inhabited by human beings; but shall use only the heavens as a roof to shelter him, and shall use only such bed to sleep on as Nature has prepared and as circumstances may provide. Third, every member of this party shall believe without question everything he hears told on this trip, whether it be told by a member of this party or by a stranger within whose gates we may happen to be. These rules be it said, were followed to the letter with the exception of the third. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with the trip that when Brent Clayton had anything to say at any time, Marvin

Hargrove would invariably insist upon a suspension of this rule. T. H. Barton proved a stickler for these rules, especially the first, and when he was met a mile or two from home by his kind-hearted sisters, who wished to relieve him of the remainder of his weary tramp, in spite of blistered feet and stiffened limbs, he stolidly refused to ride, but continued his toilsome journey, trudging slowly along behind the buggy, carrying concealed somewhere about his person the happy consciousness that he was playing fair.

The party, consisting of T. H. Barton, W. H. Carlton, Brent Clayton, Marvin Hargrove, and Henry Yarbrough, left Bowling Green on Wednesday, July 24th, at four o'clock a.m. The distance to be walked was about one hundred and fifty miles, the route lying through nine counties and extending by way of Russellville, Hopkinsville, Cadiz, and Canton, thence across the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers to various points in Calloway, Graves, and McCracken counties. The boys who walked to the farthest points reached home on Sunday afternoon, having walked the entire distance in about five days.

The trip was a very strenuous one, and was a severe test of endurance, but if any member of the party, having once started, ever thought of abandoning the walk, he never let it be known. At night when the boys stopped for a few hours' sleep, they usually took stock of the disabilities acquired during the day, before retiring to repose upon whatever couch Nature chanced to offer at that particular spot. Even as they counted the new blisters on their feet and ruefully noted the enormously increased size of the old ones, they were rather encouraged by the thought that they had put behind them that day more than thirty long miles of hot, dusty road, covered in many places with loose, rough stones and broken by steep hillsides, than discouraged by the long distance yet to be covered or by the havoc that was being played with the epidermis of their pedal extremities.

Perhaps about the greatest test of resolution came to three of the boys on next to the last day; they had been on

the road three days and a half and had acquired the gait of the professional hobo to perfection. In fact, this gait bade fair to become a permanent institution in spite of the fact that Hargrove urged the boys in language stronger than water not to limp, although it was observed at the time that he himself was limping painfully in both feet. They had just crossed the Tennessee River and had reached Kentucky at last, as they solemnly informed the inquisitive old gentleman who had ferried them across. At this juncture a small packet boat bound for Paducah steamed swiftly down the river, and the sympathetic ferryman assured the boys that if they would only wave a hat at the boat it would land, take them on board and put them ashore at Paducah in about three hours. He added by way of emphasis: "If I was you fellers and had a dollar, I shore wouldn't walk the rest of the way." Although his remark was emphasized by the extreme heat of the sunshine and by about forty miles yet to be walked, to say nothing of weary limbs and stiffened muscles, if there was one among the three who had the slightest inclination to wave his hat at the boat it will most probably never be known.

There are many particulars of the trip that might be given, but for lack of space. It would be interesting to relate how precipitately some of the party took to their heels at the approach of a "vicious" bull; how the peaceful slumbers of Hargrove were violently disturbed by the curiosity of a wandering dog, and how Barton was kept awake all night by mice and mosquitoes on Mosquito Ridge; how the whole party were convinced that they had discovered "Hogwallow," Kentucky, but afterward found the ancient name of the place to be "'Possum Walk"; how Carlton and Clayton rowed across the Cumberland when you could not tell to save your life whether they were trying to head for Nashville, New Orleans, or the opposite shore; how, for the first two days Hargrove bade fair to weary the entire party down by his endurance vile, and then soured on the world the third day because his feet were sore, or perhaps it was be-

cause he got up on the wrong side of the straw stack that morning. These and many other incidents of this nature prevented the walk from becoming monotonous and kept the party in a lively and jolly state of mind from first to last, but they can only be mentioned here.

The trip as a whole was a most enjoyable one. It afforded a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the country by coming in direct contact with it. The people in every community, with whom the boys had occasion to come in contact were found to be very friendly and hospitable. All the boys report that after resting a few days they found themselves in excellent shape, and that, although the trip was somewhat trying, they found their physical condition much improved by the hardships they had undergone.

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## EXCHANGES.

We are glad to note the following exchanges: *Kuay*, Seattle, Wash.; *Appleton High School Clarion*, Appleton, Wis.; *The Varsity*, Louisville, Ky.; *The Student Eirie*, Meridian, Miss.; *Tempe Normal Student*, Tempe, Ariz.; *The Acorn*, Weeping Water, Nebr.; *Taltec*, Durango, Colo.; *Lake Breeze*, Sheboygan, Wis.; *The Bugle*, Monroe, Mich.; *Red and Black*, Tampa, Fla.; *Cardinal*, Portland, Ore.; *Quill*, Mariqn, Iowa; *Echo*, Kerney, Nebr.; *High School Review*, Milkinsburg, Pa.; *The Herald*, Atlantic City, N. J.; *The Searitt Angelus*, Turner Center, Maine; *The Optic*, Columbus, Ohio; *The Wheat*, Ritzville, Wash.; *The Echo*, Chattanooga, Tenn.; *The Quill*, Norton, Kans.; *Eastern Kentucky State Normal Student*, Richmond, Ky.; *Red and Black*, Reading, Pa.; *The Ricord*, Louisville, Ky.; *The Idea*, Lexington, Ky.; *The High School Voice*, Owensboro, Ky.; *Kentux*, Prosser, Wash.; *The Crucible*, Greely, Colo.; *Maryville College Messenger*, Maryville, Tenn.; *Mankatonian*, Mankato, Minn.; *Yeatman*, St. Louis, Mo.; *The Palmetto and*

*the Pine*, St. Petersburg, Fla.; *The Spectator*, Louisville, Ky.; *The Crimson*, Louisville, Ky.; *Otaknam*, Mankato, Minn.; *Nesika Dawa*, Dayton, Wash.; *The Strange*, Vancouver, British Columbia; *Ocean Breeze*, Aberdeen, Wash.; *Megunticook*, Camden, Maine; *Tattler*, Sparta, Tenn.; *Purple and Gold*, Ford City, Pa.; *Criterion*, Ardmore, Okla.; *Crimson and Gray*, Waitsburg, Wash.; *Blue and Gold*, Aberdeen, S. D.; *Clintonian*, Clinton, Ky.; *The Scribbler*, Hattiesburg, Miss.

We would like to have more exchanges!

—oOo—

## Safety-Valve

## Predictions.

In October, 1912, there will be many storms owing to conditions existing in room five, followed by great Lachrymary showers. Dean Kinnaman will add four points to the Senior class, and Prof. Alexander will assure half the class in Mathematics they haven't sense enough to go downstairs.

## Staggering Statistics.

If all the people who visit the Normal and say the view from the hill is magnificent, were placed side by side they would reach from one side of Kentucky to the other.

If the exceptions to the rule of saying "I am glad to be here" by the visitors at Chapel were gathered together, there would be less people than the number required to save Sodom and Gomorrah.

If all the people who read these jokes and don't think they are funny were pitched into Barren River at the boatlanding, you could walk across dry shod.

Shoe Dealer: What number shoe, please?

Miss Van Houten: I can wear a three; I usually wear a four; these I have on are fives; but they are just a tiny bit

too narrow and short. Maybe five and three-eighths would fit better.

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Why is Miss Edmonds' heart like the moon?

It is always changing, but never without a man in it.

---

Marvin: When I grow up, father, how shall I keep from marrying the wrong woman?

Mr. Hudson: You won't.

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"Yes, Grandma Pelly, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know."

"Why, Zella, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at W. K. S. N. S."

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Paul Chandler had just returned home from the W. K. S. N. S. His father was questioning him about the progress of his studies.

"In athletics," said Paul, "I was a great success in relay events."

"Well, well," said his father. "Stay around. Your mother will be relaying the carpets soon."

---

Miss Drane had sent for Mrs. Green to come to her room.

Nettie: Oh, Mrs. Green, I believe I am taking the chicken-pox.

Mrs. Green: What makes you think so? Have you any fever?

Nettie: No, no; I don't feel bad at all; but I found a feather under the bed.

---

A branch of the W. C. T. U. (Women Can't Touch Us) has been established. Chief officers: Mr. E. B. Baker, leap year abhorer; Mr. Carl Ellis, chief woman hater, and Mr. Paul Chandler, best button sewer. Mr. George Roberts applied for membership, but could not meet the requirements, and Mr. Juliam Adams failed to live up to his pledge, so was dismissed from the society. A band of S. N. S. girls have been trying to prevent the spread of the movement.

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