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The present educational awakening will develop in our State a stronger teaching profession, a better-paid profession, stronger and better organized single-teacher schools, graded schools, high schools and, in the near future, many consolidated country schools.

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The teachers of Kentucky have a right to be encouraged over the great educational awakening that is now sweeping the State in the interest of the child. Educational leaders are needed everywhere. New positions, calling for executives and educational managers, as well as instructors, are opening daily, and unless the teachers of Kentucky prepare for this responsible work, many of these positions will be filled by persons who do not live in the State. There is a strong demand for qualified young men to take the principalships of our best schools. We know of no better field for strong men and women who are willing to make proper preparation than the teaching profession. The smallest reward one receives who enters the great field of teaching is the salary attached to it; yet, the citizenship of the State is beginning to appreciate the work of the teacher, and is willing to pay a good salary for an efficient service.

Under the Normal School law, the institution now has the power to issue the ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE, the INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, and the LIFE CERTIFICATE. These entitle the holders to teach anywhere in Kentucky for two years, four years, or for life respectively WITHOUT FURTHER EXAMINATION. Information as to the amount of work required for each certificate will be furnished when desired.

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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.

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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VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1913.

NO. 5.

The Editor's Thoughts

Here is the Junior issue of THE ELEVATOR. We would like to say it is a great success, but modesty forbids.

Since last issue, the editor has learned one thing—now you may think this strange, but one thing a month is fine progress for some people—and it is this, never ask the Juniors to do anything unless you want it done.

"I don't like to beg, but to work I am ashamed," said a college graduate as he asked for something to eat. All down the centuries men have been urged to give to the poor, and we have always taken the view that poverty was a virtue, and riches a disgrace—that poor men were good, and rich men, bad. When wealth was obtainable only by robbery, this view of things had a certain basis in fact. But poverty caused by refusing to work and to serve humanity is a thing of which no one can be justly proud.

The only way to help a fellow is to give him a chance to help himself. That is all anyone should ask for—opportunity.

I want to be, I can be, I will be—I am. Is this good doctrine?

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Take "r" out of "friend" and you have "fiend." Likewise take from character a single small element, and you have changed it in the highest degree.

Culture.

Do not fear the furrows that streak the forehead, nor the crow's-feet that track about the eyes, for they cannot destroy the majesty of a countenance that has been built by loveliness of spirit. They make it all the more picturesque and grand. True culture is within and not without.

Greece at one time esteemed her men more than she esteemed her productions of literature, philosophy, and art. It was during this period that she brought forth her masters to teach the world. It was during this period that she lived her loftiest conceptions of being within, and not without.

But to Greece there came a time when life was cheaper than art, and she could no longer create beauty with her hands, nor present it in her form, feature, or movement. When she turned her eyes from man to worship the form of man, she lost her essential self in the materiality of her own greatness. External art flourished, but internal life withered. Marble held the divine lines of beauty, and canvas glowed with the matchless colorings of genius, but the marble was bloodless, and the canvas was lifeless; and while they gazed upon these mere symbols and adored these mere emblems, they forgot the invisible, intrinsic ideals of the masters. And here they lost the most delicate and subtle graces that ever rested upon the Grecian countenance. Humanity itself is the subject and the object of all art, whether that art be form or color, music or motion. Ideal manhood, ideal womanhood, is at once the interpreter and the interpretation of all culture. Intelligence is necessary in the making of a great character; and yet high intellectuality with low ideals is a sad thing. If we would have true culture we must possess that nameless quality which attracts and charms, but which defies classification.

Then smile always when the frowns would come, but remember that nothing can bring culture that does not have its beginning and its inspiration in the soul.

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while to be kind and gracious at all times, and to judge people by themselves and not their possessions? If so, then do not be too formal in your attitude toward the new student. He may feel strange and lonely, which is no disgrace, but think how much happier he will be, if you show a friendly attitude. If you stop to ask the question, "Is he famous?" before you act, you, too, may some day feel the bitter sting of a lonely sigh. The writer remembers the effect of a kind word that was once spoken to a green country boy who had strayed into a great institution of learning. It was but a word and a smile—and the great busy man was gone—but the boy's face looked as though he had caught a glimpse of paradise, and that word of cheer still lingers in his heart.

Our Part in the Play.

Dear readers of THE ELEVATOR: Let us lay aside frivolity just a minute and have a heart-to-heart talk. Did you ever stop long enough to think that one of the greatest duties that devolves upon a student of an institution is the patriotic discharge of his duty towards that institution? This is one duty in which every student should play his part. You are one unit in the hundreds that make the school; and the school, the state, the nation are all exactly what the units make them. If there is friction in our school, it is because some of its units are out of harmony. If there is anything that mars the progress of the institution or the happiness of its student-body, it exists because of the presence of evil in some of the units. Every deed you perform counts for either good or evil. Each student by his daily conduct helps to set the mile-stones that will measure the distance to the

institution's glory or its shame. It is the desire of THE ELEVATOR to ever be found battling for the best principles and safest policies as we see them.

We feel that a word is due the Kit-Kats, and we take this opportunity to say their issue of THE ELEVATOR was a great success; it speaks of literary ability. We regret very much that the printer, through a mistake, left out the jokes, and we hope all will understand this was just a mistake on the part of the printer, and not a fault of the Kit-Kats.

The next issue of THE ELEVATOR will be in the hands of the Seniors, and we are looking for a unique issue that will surpass all previous issues.

Concerning

Receive a prologue: On a bright Sunday morning in October, 1906, a spirited debate occurred on the street, just in front of Frisbie Hall. The annual Non-Chestnut Hunting Excursion had occurred the day before, and, of course, there had been the usual routine of races and contests. Concerning a foot race, the debate had arisen. Several argued that the victor had won because of his superior celerity. A bespectacled youth, small and slightly inclined to baldness, presented a new phase in the matter. "Any person with the discernment of a kindergarten sophomore," said he, "and the education of a candidate for magistrate on the Whig ticket would know that speed had nothing to do with the result of that race. The loser wore broad-toed shoes, while those which encased the pedal extremities of the winner tapered to a point of the fineness of a cambric needle. Therefore, we must conclude that the difference in atmospheric pressure was the determining factor." At this, those who had reasoned differently thought a moment, then without speaking, departed on tiptoe for their respective

abodes. We presume that it is now plain that the aforementioned youth is of a scientific turn of mind. * * *

It is early morn in Wickliffe. Upon the town sits still a soporific calm. Only a few townspeople are on the streets.



Suddenly the pervading stillness is shattered into 6,329 pieces. The door of a pretty cottage on Main Street flies violently open; emerges therefrom the bespectacled youth, vaults the front gate, and rushes madly down the street

leaving in his wake the squawk of frightened poultry and a trail of shattered pavestones. He washes into the Post Office, and abstracts mail from the box with his left hand, while shaking hands with a sundry half-dozen individuals with his right. Then he careens out of the office and plunges headlong up the street. You develop symptoms of apoplexy as one of the individuals carelessly remarks, "The Professor don't seem to be in as big a hurry as common this morning." Thus you are brought to realize that he is dynamic—Scientific and dynamic, that is he, and he is Herman Lee Donovan.

Our hero, in the words of the Punkville Patriot, first saw the light of day in Mason County, Kentucky, twenty-five years ago. We pass up the period included in the subsequent fifteen or sixteen years. Still, if you are particularly interested in it, consult the corresponding chapter of the biography of any man born and reared in the country. If some chronicler will work out a new way of relating that period of a boy's life, I'll be pleased to subscribe for a few lessons. At the age of eighteen he taught a country school, and with the emoluments thereof he established himself in Cincinnati, where he delighted the hearts of the natives with the most philanthropic, comprehensive insurance policies ever conceived to promote the alleviation of stricken humanity. "Sir, have you no insurance on your home? Alas, I feared so! Those fear-haunted eyes, that sagging inferior maxillary proclaim the sad truth to me in trumpet tones. By approximating the law of permutations and combinations you can see for yourself that it is impossible that your home will survive much longer. Do you realize that there is a psychological principle involved in the destruction of many an uninsured home? The owner's consciousness of his unprotected condition creates a mental tension whose reaction upon certain nerve centers results in the accident from which the conflagration starts. Thank you, kindly, sir. Affix your signature here." Scientific and dynamic are good words.

From some cause, affiant does not state what, he chose to terminate his work in the Queen City and in September, 1906, he entered the Junior class of the Southern Normal School. Even among that aggregation of scientifics, he held his own. It may be suggested by a fact presented later that that statement is capable of a somewhat esoteric meaning in addition to the bourgeoisie interpretation usually rendered. The point we wish to make is that he ate the curriculum alive—masticated it, swallowed it, assimilated it, and with the increment of strength derived therefrom, he waxed yet more dynamic in the promulgation of scientific facts and impromptu statistics. After two years, the faculty obtained a cessation of hostilities by handing him two diplomas at once. About that time Superintendent Carnegie, of Paducah, wired Donovan from his Macedonian stronghold, to come over to his assistance. He fared thither with alacrity. For two years he was Principal of the Whittier School, and his work there was such as to have that time-worn phrase, "made good," seeking for assistance among the bright lexicons of youth. Then he was tagged to be It at Wickliffe. He was It, and then some. During the two years that followed, the hum of the scholastic machinery of the town outhummed all other municipal hums. The following conversation, being typical, is rather illustrative of prevailing conditions during 1910-'11-'12. "What do you think of Prof. Donovan's address before the School Rejuvenation Society last evening?" "Oh, wasn't it just too cute. I'd sure like to hear him speak to the Grandmothers' Meeting to-night." "What, aren't you going?" "I guess I will when the time comes. I ought to be resting, though. I'm on the programme at the School Center Meeting to-morrow night, and the High School play comes the next."

Donovan was proud of the school, as is befitting in a good teacher. He was proud of Wickliffe, and the Little Town on the Big River received many a boost at his hands. Once, the writer was a member of a party which he was conduct-

ing. "It is pleasant," said he, "to have one's lot cast in a place so replete with enchantments. There flows the Father of Waters, generating in its onward course sufficient mechanical energy to grind all the coffee used in the State of Louisiana. Upon its broad, placid bosom travel the argosies of commerce carrying cargoes collected from Chicago to Cathay. Yonder, in the flat, is an artesian well from which gushes forth a crystal stream 925.1000 sterling. That express train is the Seminole Limited, the fastest train on the globe. It often whistles when passing through our town. From my own estate there are three other states, all Democratic, plainly visible—" Here the courthouse bell began to ring violently. He started. "Why, I'd forgotten that I am to deliver a public lecture on Madame Montessori at this hour," and as he passed out of hearing, he was extolling the "beautiful tones of the courthouse bell."

It developed in the spring of 1912 that he hadn't thoroughly cast off the old love when he adopted the new. So, the fall of 1912 finds him back in Paducah at the head of the Franklin School—where he is to-day—scientific and dynamic.

I have failed thus far to mention one pertinent fact. There was in Donovan's class at school a very attractive maiden yclept Nellie Stuart. When he first met her he straightway got down his set of Myrtle Reed and began to post up on some of the rules. She went home and dreamed of King Arthur, wearing spectacles and a brown derby—need further be said?

As we have already intimated, Mr. Donovan is scientific some, and dynamic a plenty. Keep your eyes on him.

—oOo—

"Huel, have you seen anything of my Claude (Huff) book?" inquired Miss Tichenor, of her room-mate.

"Your Claude book?" exclaimed Miss Larkins. "What in the world is that?"

"Oh, I mean my clause book," corrected Ruth. "I change the 's' to 'd' for euphony."

Valentine Reception

(BY MISS RUTH EUBANK.)

Whenever a Junior hears the word "Valentine" spoken, his face is instantly lit up with smiles, for it wakens memories of one of the greatest social occasions ever held at the Normal.

For weeks the spirit of Valentine was felt among the en-



RECEPTION ROOM

thusiastic boys and girls, and by the co-operation of their wit and genius every plan was concocted whereby the guests might be royally entertained. The Training School chapel was elaborately and artistically decorated, the color scheme being red and white. The platform, in the room, being screened with festoons and drapery, made a very appropriate place for fair ladies to divine the future of the guests, while the myriad of hearts suspended in the room were very

suggestive of the occasion. The receiving line was headed by Prof. and Mrs. R. P. Green. When the guests were ushered in, saw the room, the mellow glow from the muffled lights on themselves and friends, they felt that they had been magically transferred to some land of enchantment and were fairies in that land of wonder; so, accordingly, they assumed all the airs and manners of those gracious beings we so love to image.

For a time everyone was busily happy at the various games that were so cleverly planned—matrimonial noose, archery contest, and heart auction, with "kisses" for currency, afforded much pleasure; while progressive rook and hearts had their special attraction because of the prizes, consisting of heart-shaped boxes of candy. These were won by Miss Robertson, Mr. Huff and Mr. Grise.

A short program consisting of readings and songs was rendered by Misses Willie Pelly, Murah Pace and Georgia Overstreet. Then it was that something very unusual happened. In the days of long ago, it was thought that Valentine was a day when Nature stirred within the breasts of all her creatures a love which caused the birds to seek their mate and the maidens' hearts to be more susceptible to Dan Cupid's fiery darts. It must have been this feeling which prompted a certain Junior, on that evening, to pour out his heart's love in a proposal in which he said: "It is within your power to make me the happiest man on earth. I lay my heart and soul at your feet; will you accept?"

It must have been a kindred feeling which caused the fair maiden to say: "I will."

But surely it was brotherly love that caused him to share these papers with the guests, that they might rejoice with them and wish them eternal joy and happiness.

Dainty refreshments were served, consisting of several kinds of sandwiches, cut in heart shapes, fruit salad on lettuce, pickles and pink-and-white cream with heart cakes.

Just as the town clock tolled the eleventh hour, a dark figure closely veiled glided noiselessly into the room and on

the platform. In a strange, hollow voice, that whispered of witches, damp caves and dungeons, she called names of the young men who on coming forward received a card at which they were forbidden to look until an appropriate time. When she had distributed all her cards this mysterious being invoked the aid of the spirits of darkness in an inaudible tone. Then all the cards were examined. And, lo! to their utter surprise and joy there was written on the cards the names of their future wives.

Everyone went home feeling that this was one of the great occasions of their lives and feeling deeply grateful to Professor Green, our matchless leader, and to the various committees who assisted him so excellently in making the annual Junior reception a grand success.

—oOo—

A School Faculty

A School Faculty consists of anywhere from half a dozen to two hundred indefinable specimens of humanity, whose sole purpose, it seems, is to cause the boarding-house, grocery, gas, and coal bill to soar into the realms of regions unknown. It is a curious coincidence that the Faculty should have anything to do with this side of school life, but as everything is linked to every other thing, so is this caused by the enormous lessons which are respectfully dealt daily like so many doughnuts, to be digested before old Time can peddle out another twenty-four hours.

A School Faculty is the most industrious thing that exists upon the face of God's footstool, not even excepting the "Busy Little Bee." Its energy is expended in formulating questions and searching out incredulous facts to dumbfound the unsuspecting student that has spent two hours at the moving-picture show and one hour pouring over the things that some great man has managed to slip past the printer's clutches. They spend many hours daily in trying to get these facts and figures to seep through the intelligent craniums that daily perch before them in order that they may

learn enough to return to "Corn Stalk Hollow" and hear little Johnny "say his lessons." Every student had rather face a cannon than to hear a member of this aforesaid Faculty in stentorian tones pronounce his name and demand an account in the form of a recitation, of how he had spent the foregoing night. The student cannot understand, as he rises, why it is that his voice sounds so much like an old farm wagon, when it needed greasing, and his knees behave so unbecomingly in company, for he has spent many patient hours in training them in accordance with what the "Ladies' Home Journal" says is right and proper on all occasions; but when his eye meets that of the above-mentioned Faculty member, all his wanderings float away like the bubbles he blew in the long ago, for instantly he realizes that it is the hypnotic power at the front end of the room that is causing all this misbehavior and confusion on the part of the well-trained members of his person.

A School Faculty is supposed to know everything; even what is contained in the latest edition of the almanac; but, with all their knowledge, there are four things they are constantly forgetting: What, when, where, and why. This is especially true when one gets on the scientific side of the Faculty, for just as one makes something as plain as the nose on one's face (as he thinks) here comes that learned patriarch, who has again forgotten, and says, "Why?"

It is a duty imposed upon some Faculties and an esteemed privilege to most of them, to hold down the stage end of a chapel hall, while the students hold down the other end, as they did in the days spent on the farm in playing see-saw and, in this instance, they have the Faculty up in the air and will not let them down. Every member of this body, while thus suspended, must sit calmly and keep as many students as possible in the same mental attitude until the speaker of the hour has inflicted punishment enough to last until the subsequent day.

With all their duties and obligations, a School Faculty is just a group of rational human beings that enjoy the bright

side of life as much as if there were no lessons to learn and no criticism to be offered.

—oOo—

Influence of Adversity

He that believes strength comes only by effort and practice, and at the same time begins to add effort to effort, patience to patience, and strength to strength, will never cease to develop.

As the physically weak man becomes strong by careful and patient training, so the mentally weak man can become strong if he will fix his thoughts upon a faultless performance of his duty. Adversity plus determination spells success. Development through Adversity is a natural process; and only in this way can the thoughts be gathered and focused, and resolution and energy be developed, which being done, there is nothing which may not be accomplished.

Many things in the animate and inanimate realms never reach their highest state of formation, or attain into their greatest usefulness without undergoing this evolving process. Vast areas of decayed vegetable matter have been reduced to coal by countless tons of pressure; and the quality of coal increases with the weight. The precious metals mined from the earth can be separated from the worthless material and purified only by the smelting fires. Think how the value of a bar of iron increases as it is worked into balance springs for watches. But imagine the drilling and pounding and polishing it undergoes!

Before a grain of wheat can produce an abundant harvest it must be subjected to the freezes of winter. The island flower beds of the seas survive and flourish while the waves dash against them. Never does the goldfinch sing so sweetly as when it is being severely tortured.

The influence of Adversity is most clearly manifested in the life of man. Man's environment may be such that with them he can surround his life with a wall sufficiently strong to prevent the entrance of Adversity, but to do so means a

dwarfed mind and an immature character; and he who does this can never hope to become the conscious and intelligent wielder of his mental powers. We know that some one will say, "Why, there is nothing new for me to achieve or discover, for the intellectual fields have been thoroughly explored." This we hear every day from those who have long since quit *going to bed* but *retire*. Sad is the day for him who wakes up to find that there is nothing new for him to learn. Those who have drunk the deepest from the well of Divine truth say they have merely touched the surface. Then why do not more people rise above the ordinary and enter the inviting fields of possibility where the mental atmosphere is invigorating? Is the demand insufficient to inspire, or is it because of the refusal to pass over the road of Adversity? There is no royal road to success, but the way is rugged and steep. Many have pursued paths strewn with flowers, but sooner or later they are sadly disappointed, for they cannot reach the stone marking the highest point on life's way. It requires hardships in a vigorous nature to call forth the greatest energy and strongest determination.

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

The mind is so constructed that it unfolds by constant application and rigid discipline; and the door to the mental chamber containing the richest treasures is unlocked only by Adversity. One great writer has said: "When a man earnestly applies himself to remedy the defects in his character, and makes swift and marked progress, he passes rapidly through a succession of refining vicissitudes."

Some of the best works in literature are the productions of those who have endured the severest trials and overcome the greatest difficulties. The eternal spirit, which seems to have inspired Milton's mind, enabling him in "Paradise Lost" to describe with matchless power the splendors of Heaven and the Horrors of Hell, appears to have withheld itself until he was purified in the crucible of disappointment

and affliction. Historians tell us that Sir Walter Scott, who was never excelled, when his romances are considered, never reached his greatest literary activity until financial pressure held him to his pen. The "Raven" is the result of a deep sorrow, which brought out the finer qualities of the poet's mind. It was a deep distress that humanized Wordsworth's soul, causing poet's dreams to linger about him like the breeze around sweet-scented scenery until he caught a glimpse of "The light that never was, on sea or land." We could give example after example of like nature if space would permit.

By reading the lives of the greatest warriors, statesmen and philosophers you will find they have been strengthened by trials and developed by persecution.

Does this law hold good in the spiritual world?—It seems to be the divine plan by which the eternal part of man is to be refined and filtered for the skies. Proofs of this we find in the lives of David, Job, Moses, and Joseph. Many of us would like to be a Moses sitting on a mount talking face to face with God, but how few are willing to refuse worldly honor and be refined in the school of servitude. But let us remember that the One whose gracious influence is most noted, and the One from whom rays of light penetrate the darkest parts of the earth, and who has the "Balm of Gilead" to heal every broken heart, is He whose suffering caused the earth to tremble and the sun to refuse to shine.

Those who are born in wealthy homes, rocked in the cradle of prosperity and reared in the luxury of ease can see nothing in the gorgeous sunset only a dash and a spray of amber and purple and gold upon the clouds; they do not assimilate the beauty-making qualities from the shining iridescence of the scene; but the great artist who has paid the price and has been fitted for his task, in the school of self-denial, is able to look not so much at the glowing sunset as on beyond where the harmonious blending of colors beckon and smile; he looks not so much at the form of the rose, but up through the odor and down through the stem

he sees the spiritual purpose of the Divine Florist who gardens the rose for our delight.

We admit Adversity has no attractions, and when it is seen there is no beauty in it that we should desire it, but its influence upon life is as sunshine mingled with rain upon vegetation; and to attempt to reach the highest elevation without climbing the rugged hill of Adversity is but to fail.

—oOo—

Junior Oratory

(THE SPEECH OF A JUNIOR.)

Gentlemen, Mr. President, and Ladies:

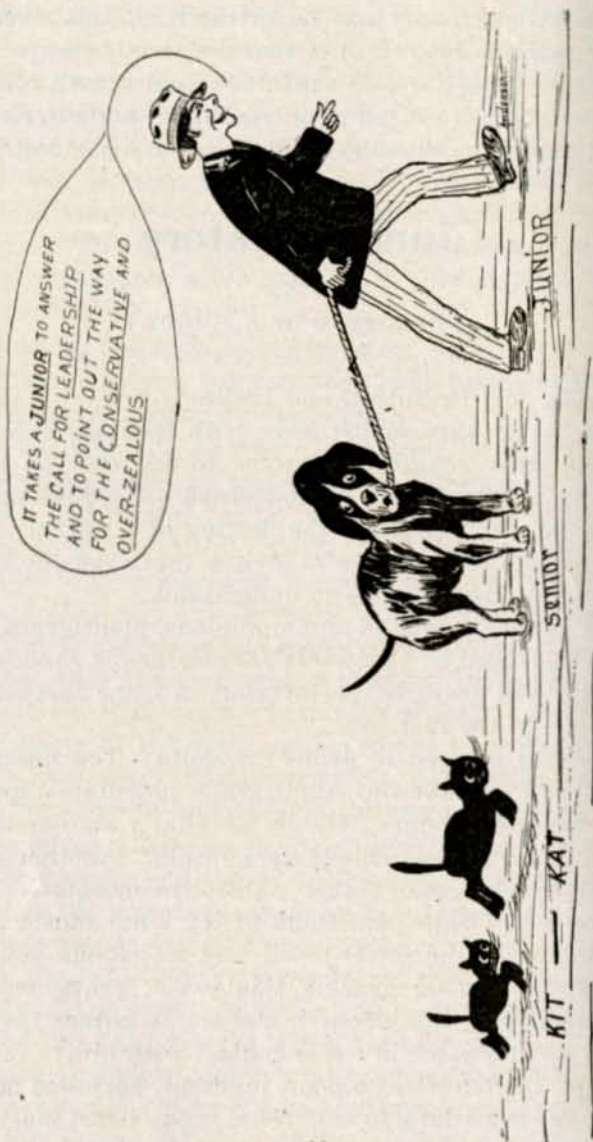
I rise before this august body with feelings more easily described than imagined. I come to address you upon a subject in which you are all concerned—a subject upon the decision of which depends the destiny of a nation. And I wish to speak in language so simple that even the Seniors and Kit-Kats may be able to understand.

What is man? Man is an amphibious, plantigrade, hyporettered quadruped of the *genus felix* or *genus rana*, carnivorous in some respects, herbivorous in some respects, and jubiverous in the rest.

But let us proceed to define mosquito. The mosquito is a high-bred, carnivorous, digitigrade indentate biped animal of the *genus homo*. Habits peculiarly similar to those of man. His food is chiefly rare meats. Another point I now call to mind, man sings. Ditto the mosquito.

Ladies and Gentlemen, think of it; what music is more charming than the sweet-toned and melodious voice of a mosquito? Who on hearing this sweet, gentle voice will not instinctively reach fourth and try to gather the singer in, that he may come in closer contact with him?

Picture to yourselves a poor, innocent, harmless mosquito singing for something to eat. That man's heart must indeed be as hard as the rock of Niagara or the Falls of Gibraltar



who is not touched with the profoundest and most sympathetic feeling as he hears such earnest pleadings.

But I have only one practical remark to make in winding up, the extreme force of which you will all see. Mr. E. B. Baker said that Miss Beulah Lovelady told him that Mr. Harvey Roberts and Miss Judith Boxley were heard to whisper that Mr. Julian Adams and Miss Frances Pelly had said that Mr. C. W. Anderson had responded to a question which Miss Mary Roscoe had been supposed to propound to Mr. Virgel Clemens, who seemed to be satisfied that Mr. George Page had never thought that Mr. Walter Compton and Miss Huel Larkins would be surprised if Mr. Orlando Magness and Miss Mildred Roll had heard that Mr. Jeff Smith and Miss Pearl Jordan were under the impression that Miss Ruth Meek had suggested that Mr. Edgar Saunders might have known that Mr. Bert Smith had said that Mr. J. M. Porter had told Miss Nell Coleman that the Kit-Kats were heard talking about a report in which the Seniors were heard to repeat the fact that mosquitoes are related to the human family.

—oOo—

Normalettes

PEDAGOGIUS SECURES EMPLOYMENT.

Pedagogius Blueback, having traveled circuitously, swooped down upon Joshua Bugg at the Blowing Springs saw mill. Josh was trustee of the school at Papaw, and therefore of importance. He owned a farm and a temperamental temperament; also, a son-in-law. The son-in-law farmed the farm and raised tobacco. Josh Bugg chewed the tobacco. That was his vocation. His avocations were: whittling at the saw mill by day, and coon hunting by night.

The saw mill was old and decrepit, and so afflicted with seventeen old-fashioned noisy diseases that the tenor of its existence was like unto the grand ensemble of the Frog-wallow Band rehearsing the Big Six from Lucy in a boiler

factory behind with orders, and just outside an auctioneer crying off a one-eyed mule to pay the owner's back taxes.

Pedagogius knew just what he wanted, and several themes. He came to the point at once. "You, I presume, are the Honorable Joshua Bugg," said he in a subterranean bassness of voice that competed briskly with the roar of the mill. "I thought so. Then you are trustee of the school at Papaw, a truly noble calling. Into your care is given the destinies of many human souls, worth more per capita than the fabled wealth of the Indies." "I air a little deaf," interrupted Trustee Bugg. "Let's go over yander whar thar ain't so much racket." Pedagogius made a deprecatory gesture, but followed. They came to a log and sat down on it. "Now, what is it you air a selling?" queried the trustee. "I am not an agent," responded Pedagogius with dignity. "I am one of that noble band who nurture the flitting spirit of genius and independence in the cradle of education; who take the plastic clay of childhood and chisel it into monuments whose pulsating lips beckon to a brighter future. I am a teacher. I apply for the Papaw School."

Just then, one of these 1913 model-patented-in-all-foreign-countries-including-Kansas cyclones came along and yanked that log, with its two passengers, up into mid air and deposited it gently on the ground thirty-seven miles away. En route, Pedagogius discussed fluently the relative merits of Pestalozzi, Froebel and himself. Trustee Bugg discussed incoherently things that do not pertain to this world, and refrained from further applications of tobacco during the entire voyage. When they landed, Pedagogius renewed his suit. After about an hour of undiminished oratory had been poured out upon him, Trustee Bugg regained his scattered senses sufficiently to stammer, "P-p-p-fesser, you can have the school, but how come that air harrycane didn't get you riled up none?" "Mr. Bugg," answered Pedagogius simply, "I have spent several Sunday evenings in the parlor at Frisbie Hall."

On the Twenty-second

(BY MISS ELIZABETH GREEN.)

Not one of us when we left home, even in our more reckless moments, would have dreamed of being present at the birthday party of our beloved Washington. But on Normal Heights the "impossible" often happens, and on the night of the twenty-second, the students were given an opportunity of seeing President and Mrs. Washington entertain in their home a number of their friends, among whom were Messrs. Thos. Jefferson, John Adams, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Chief Justice Marshall, each accompanied by his wife, then, even the Marquis de La Fayette himself was present, and democratic though we may be, a thrill passes over us at the mere mention of La Fayette.

The music by some of the guests was very touchingly rendered, even the colored servants of President Washington forgot their dignity and wept bitterly.

The crowning event of the entertainment, however, was the minuet danced by the host and hostess, accompanied by six of their guests. After this the guests departed.

The spectators were now separated into groups and conducted by one of the colored servants to rooms beautifully decorated in keeping with the day, where they were met by a host and hostess in colonial costume. Games suitable to the occasion afforded much amusement, and before the lights flashed the hour of departure, everyone had found the one amusement for which he most longed.

The amusement that seemed to find greatest favor was the Virginia Reel, for Mrs. Green, Mrs. Alexander and Miss Reid entered into this with evident enjoyment.

On all sides could be heard expressions as "How lovely everyone looks. Have you seen Miss Scott and Miss Reid?" or "Really, I never knew Mr. Wethington was so handsome." But the morning after! "No, I didn't go to Sunday School this morning, I could not get the powder out of

my hair," or "My, but I'm glad I don't wear a wig always." So, while the event was most delightful, the words of the poet come to mind:

"The good of ancient days, let others state,
I think it lucky I was born so late."

— o o —



LITERARY.

Modern Arabian Nights

The Dean sat in his office, 'twas in the twilight gray;
A frown was on his forehead, his thoughts were far away.
You could tell by looking closely he was thinking out a plan
By which to aid the students and the Normal School so grand.

He was thinking of the story of the famous man of old,
By children and by older ones is often read or told—
Calif Harun-al Rashid, whose fame reached to the west,
Regarded by the Arabs as the wisest and the best.
He disguised himself so closely and then with just one friend,
He journeyed through his kingdom from beginning to the end,

To learn by questions many, if his rule was wise and good,
And if his subjects prospered and were doing as they should.
The frown slipped from his brow, he exclaimed, "Oh, that's
the way,

I'll follow his example just as soon as it is day."

So just as soon as morning came, arrayed in gown and hood,

He wandered very closely where a group of students stood.
Now, they were Freshmen students, you needn't say, "I
guess!"

The Dean knew that very quickly, when he saw their eyes
confess.

And then he came up nearer, to hear what they would say,
Alas! but all these Freshmen looked anything but gay.
Said the first one to the second, "Now, what would you be,
Were I a fairy, to give you wishes three?"
The second spoke most quickly, as she twirled a ruby ring,
"Oh, I am longing, longing for this more than any thing!
If anything is under Heaven, this I surely know,
That I would rather be than a Junior, 'twould be a Junior's
beau."

Then from this mournful company the Dean did quickly
steal,

While in his ears the chorus rang, "Oh, that's the way I
feel."

He found his way to the Kit-Kat crowd, thinking then to find
Contentment there, for surely, they would have the peace
of mind.

But what is that they sing?—could he believe his ears?
They were complaining and confirming his worst fears.
Said one, "Now, did you see that maiden pass with head
in air,

Ignoring me as if I wasn't there?

I am discouraged and I'm losing all my joy;

How different 'twould be, were I a Junior boy."

From this crowd of boys the Dean did quickly go,

But on departing there he heard, "Yes, that is so."

Then, thought the Dean, in going to the Senior band,

No trouble there I'll find—they're the happiest in the land.

But disappointment awaited here and he received a shock;

His feelings were all ruffled up, his hopes they seemed to
mock.

"Ah!" sighed the Senior, "were I a Junior boy again,
Mediaeval History would not haunt nor cause me fear or
pain."

"Were I a Junior boy," the second sadly said,

"My final would not bother me, my thoughts would not be
dead."

And then the third one whispered, just as a tear came in
her eye,

"Now, when I think of the Junior banquet day I feel inclined to cry.

I wonder why it is that Juniors lead the rest?"

The reason is, now, their society is the best.

Then sadly homeward turned the Dean; 'twas now the close of day;

He stopped to see a Junior boy;—some one was heard to say
The Junior had the fever and no hope could the doctor give.

"I'll stop and see him," said the Dean, "for he'll not longer live."

As he leaned over the bed and touched the fevered brow,

"I am dying happily," said the boy, "for I'm a Junior now."

Then quoth the Dean, "The land of contentment I have heard
for many a year,

But when my students are Juniors all, that land will be
right here.

So now I'll go right back and make a course—my head is in
a whirl;

But one thing sure, everyone will be a Junior boy or girl."

—oOo—

The Dream-Chaser

(BY MISS LOTTIE M'CLURE.)

The four o'clock bell had long ago sounded, and the last student had gone, leaving John Ashton, teacher of English, alone at his desk. Outside, the maple with leaves blushing from the kisses of Autumn's first frost, had doubled its shadow since he first sat down. A flock of wild geese wedged their way southward in a long trailing V. The gossamer-winged insects filled the air with their drowsy droning. Over in the west, Day unbarred the sunset gates, and Phoebus drove his flaming car through. Evening advanced. The shadow of the maple blended with the purple haze of twilight and still the professor sat with his head bowed in his hands. It was not age that had whitened his hair. A bitter disappointment had made him old before his time. A cherished hope had been deferred until his soul grew sick. His lifelong dream had been to write poetry. No man loved it better than he. He had surely been born a

poet, but something—environment or education—had thwarted the plan of nature. Sometimes the clouds rolled back and the professor caught a fleeting glimpse of the sunlit heights of poetry, but even as he gazed, the dazzling vision faded and he went sadly back to his task of delving in the Golconda of literature and bringing to light the diamonds of other men's thoughts. A Moses, he stood on Mount Nebo's side sighing his soul across the Jordan to the Canaan-land of poetry which he might not enter.

The realization that he could never be a poet had not embittered the life of John Ashton. Man is by nature an optimist. He who is continually pessimistic must be so by a conscious effort. True, there are times when each man must pass over Cedron into the garden. John Ashton was in his Gethsemane now. When twilight came, with all of its witchery, the old man rose, saying, "All my life I have waited and hoped. There is nothing in dreams. I will dream no more. There are no poets in this generation. The bones of those who should have been their fathers lie bleaching on the battlefields of Bull Run, Gettysburg and Antietam. Now, there is Nora Lee," he said, naming the most prosaic student in his class. "She might as well study the multiplication table as Shakespeare, for all of the poetry she gets out of it. I have been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, pursuing a phantom."

Time was, in his manhood's morning, when the flower of hope bloomed anew in his heart. The gates of Paradise opened and earthward came the Angel of Life, bearing him a little blue-eyed son. What poetry lay within those deep blue eyes! Then the professor went to work with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart. He might not be a poet, but his child would. But time glinted by, and ere the lingering light of Paradise had faded from his innocent eyes there came a call for the little one, and all that was left the father was an aching heart and a memory.

Twice since then had the hills been white and the orchards sweet with cherry blossoms. Then came Autumn in golden

skirts and scarlet bodice, bringing another child. Now, indeed, his dream was ended. The skies regained their blueness, the pennyroyal and sweet mint its fragrance. But as the child grew older, even the love-blind eyes of the father could not fail to see how prosaic and unimaginative the child was. He never looked into the glowing coals and saw the elfin firemen at their forges or gazed at the sky and saw the white-winged ships and glimmering castles of clouds as other children did. The flower of hope withered and drooped in John Ashton's heart, but did not die. "I have my boy," he consoled himself, thinking of a myrtle-covered mound under the cedars. "The Lord is good. I will not lose all hope. I will seek among the students who come to my classes. Surely out of all that number in the years to come I shall find one to fulfill my dream."

So through the long years he waited and watched, while his hair grew gray and his shoulders bent. Many a time hope was all but gone; many a time he thought he had found the right one, but even as he said, "My dream is over. I have awakened at last," sleep fell heavily upon his eyelids and he dreamed on. At last there entered his class a noble-browed youth, a young Apollo, who showed unmistakable signs of budding poetical genius. There was not a doubt in the professor's mind but what this was the one he had been seeking. How he worked and toiled with the young man! His years fell from him like a garment and he grew young again in the hopes and dreams of the young poet. But even as the old poet-seeker's joy was at its height, there came a blue-coated figure with drum-beat and patriotic speech—a recruiting officer seeking volunteers. There was just enough romance and hot-blooded patriotism in the young poet to cause him to be the first to enlist. Weeks drifted into months and months into years, still no news of the boy came to the waiting professor. Then one night there came a hurried knock at the window, a haggard, hunted face, a few quick words and the night swallowed up the form of a deserter fleeing from justice. Thus he, too, passed from the life of the old man.

These were the thoughts that filled the mind of the professor as he walked slowly homeward through the shimmering moonlight. When he looked down the road of his yesterdays and saw only broken dreams and disappointments, his hope was wrecked forever on the reef of pain. "I have lived in vain," he said. "A year after I am gone, who will remember John Ashton? I have dreamed my life away. I am ready to die."

June in Kentucky! What artist can paint the clearness of the skies, the blueness of the grass, the song of the birds and all those fragrant odors that perfume the air! Balmy Italy and sunny Spain cannot be compared to her. Croesus was a beggar if he never lived for one June day in Kentucky. June had come again. Every singing bird, murmuring brook and dancing leaf joined in the grand Hallelujah Chorus of nature. One little cardinal whose warbles almost split his small throat, darted through the air, perched himself on a lonely headstone and poured forth his joy in a lilting melody. Had the songster paused and looked beneath him he might have seen these words:

JOHN ASHTON

1850-1910

THIS IS A SLEEP TOO DEEP
FOR DREAMS

Then a flash of flame shot from the hillside grave to a rose-bush beneath a lady's window, and the cardinal sat atilt on the topmost twig. The lady herself sat within and dropped her book to listen. It fell open at the title page and showed these words:

THE LOOM OF DREAMS

BY NORA LEE

DEDICATED TO JOHN ASHTON
WHOSE SPIRIT GUIDED THE
HAND THAT WOVE

Perhaps a harp was silent in heaven while the harper

winging the earthward way hovered above unseen to read those words. The life of the Dream-Chaser, a greater poem than mind of man has ever conceived had awakened in the life of Nora Lee something that had long been sleeping. He had struck the unswept chords of poetry in her soul and through her his dream had come true. Though his name might be forgotten, his spirit would live, for "The dreamer lives forever."

—oOo—

News.

Our baseball team will play the following teams:
 Murfreesboro at Murfreesboro, April 11 and 12.
 Manual Training School at Louisville, April 25.
 State University at Lexington, April 26.
 Murfreesboro at Bowling Green, May 2 and 3.
 State University at Bowling Green, May 5.
 Richmond at Richmond, May 15, 16 and 17.
 Manual Training School at Bowling Green, May 23 and 24.
 Richmond at Bowling Green, May 30 and 31.
 Everybody boost our team. It is going to play a winning season.

Miss Ella McCoin and Mr. Harrison were married February 15, 1913. Both were students of the W. K. S. N., 1912.

Miss Ruby Neisz has just finished a successful school at Jennings, Hopkins County.

Otto Roemer is making a success as principal of the High School at Maureville, La. Says he is showing the people what it is to have the Normal spirit.

The first spring birds brought glad tidings from Florida, of the success of Mr. Will Carlton, who is teaching, fishing and bathing. Don't you need help, Will?

Mr. A. B. Raley, a former student of the W. K. S. N.,

writes glowing descriptions of his splendid success in Ozona, Florida.

Miss Maybel Heel, who recently accepted the place as primary teacher in the Tarpon Springs school, Florida, says: "I am delighted with the work."

Every once in a while we are reminded that Cupid is still at work, for we see new victims of his powers. It seems that he is particularly fond of trying his arts on Normalites.

Miss Anna Sharp and Mr. Harold Coleman were married February 20, 1913, at the bride's home in Casey County.

I know there is an idea prevalent among the people of our own State that the law department of the State University of Kentucky is weak and that it is doing an inferior grade of work; but I want to say that this is erroneous. The last issue of the American Law School Review contains the following:

"The College of Law of the State University of Kentucky has opened the present session with an increase of forty per cent in student attendance over that of the past year. The faculty now consists of seven members, and each is admirably fitted for his work. One thousand volumes of standard law books have been added to the library during the past year, and arrangements are now being made to add two thousand more volumes during the present year, so that the library equipment will consist of more than five thousand volumes. At the meeting of the Association of American Law Schools, held in Milwaukee in August last, this Law College was admitted to membership in that Association."

This recognition enables a graduate here to enter the law department of such institutions as Harvard and the University of Michigan, where he can finish in one year.

I feel that these few words are not untimely or out of place, in view of the fact that our State University deserves just credit for the work it is doing, and I trust they will be

a help to all those who are contemplating entering the law department of the State University.—B. T. R.

Muhlenberg County.

(GORDIE YOUNG, CONTRIBUTOR.)

The educational interest and conditions in Muhlenberg County are steadily growing. There are many, many things that yet remain to be done, and many improvements can and will be made before the schools will be up to our ideal of what they should be. However, we believe each year marks considerable progress.

The Boys' Corn Club was organized last year, and has been the means of an increased education, both for parents and pupils.

We had a County School Fair, which was a decided success. This was possible only by the faithful, enthusiastic co-operative work of the teachers of the county.

There has been a decided increase in attendance, due partly to the compulsory attendance law and partly to new efforts on the part of teachers. There were four or five new houses built, besides a four-room brick at Cleaton, costing something over \$5,500. This will require four teachers.

The cry for Normal-trained teachers is increasing every year. We feel that this speaks success for our faithful ones who have attended the Normal and have carried the spirit of the institution into the field.

Graves County.

(LEXIE GALLOWAY, CONTRIBUTOR.)

The county of Graves is classed among the progressive counties in education. Many improvements have been made in the city and rural schools, and preparations are being made for greater work during the coming year.

Many of the teachers will enter the W. K. S. N. S. at the opening of the Spring Term, which means more efficient educational workers in the future.

Trigg County.

The schools of Trigg County have made quite an improvement the past year; and the prospect for a continuation of this advancement is excellent. A majority of the people are in sympathy with all educational interests. School Improvement Leagues have been organized and many entertainments have been given for the purpose of securing money to purchase libraries.

Our delegation in the Western Normal is not as large as some, but the superintendent and teachers, who have attended the Normal, are using every opportunity to increase the number, thereby increasing the efficiency of our teachers.

Hickman County.

(EDNA CALDWELL, CONTRIBUTOR.)

Although Hickman County has only a few students, compared with some of the other counties, yet she has the awakening interest that should prevail in every educational division. Last year she experienced her first School Fair, owing to the influence derived from the teachers who had attended the W. K. S. N. S. It accomplished its purpose, by arousing that interest, in the patrons and pupils, for the betterment of Kentucky's childhood. Also the boys tried their first corn crops. Her champion grower grew the nice amount of ninety-two bushels to the acre. That sounds good for her. Come again, next year, Hickman!

Many, many things are to be done, and many improvements are yet to be made, before her ideals are met; nevertheless she is steadily coming to the front ranks.

Union County.

(L. M. SHEFFER, CONTRIBUTOR.)

Union County has just closed an excellent year's work in the rural schools. There has been a marked degree of improvement in the local surroundings of the schoolhouses, as well as in the efficiency of the teaching corps. Her am-

bition is to see the old-time one-room schoolhouse eliminated and in its place a new, up-to-date schoolhouse, with two or more teachers; and she realizes that the surest way to bring this about is to employ trained teachers, who have a knowledge of their resources, and who have gained a vision of the possibilities through the Western Kentucky State Normal School.

Although the number of students from Union County is small, as compared to some of the other counties, a large per cent of her teachers have attended the State Normal.

We are expecting a much larger delegation for the Spring and Summer Terms than we have at present.

On Thursday evening, February 20, the student-body convened in Chapel Hall for the purpose of doing preliminary work preparatory to the Moot House of Representatives. A number of the committees have been appointed by our President, who has promised us a great deal of his attention. We are all looking forward to the great work to be done by this Moot House, which is to be permanently organized March 14.

—oOo—

Information Bureau

(This department is conducted for the love-sick, worried, and perplexed students of the Western Normal. All questions should be sent to the editor as early in the month as possible.)

DEAR EDITOR: What effect has the moon on the inhabitants of the earth?—Lottie McClure.

Ans.: It makes them spoony.

DEAR EDITOR: Can you give me a good recipe for skdioo pudding?—Louise Carson.

Ans.: Take twenty-three eggs and beat it.

DEAR EDITOR: What is the latest way of playing tennis?—Nell Coleman.

Ans.: For further information see Miss Pelly and Doc Adams.

DEAR EDITOR: I would like a jewel to brighten my life. How am I to get one?—Marvin Lee.

Ans.: By proposing, probably you can get Jewel Downey.

DEAR EDITOR: I Love(a) lady. What must I do?—E. B. Baker.

Ans.: Propose to her.

DEAR EDITOR: What can a fellow do to make a girl change her mind?—Leslie Jones.

Ans.: For information see Cutie Wilson.

DEAR EDITOR: What would be a good motto for a student?—Nettie Layman.

Ans.: Yours ought to be Moore.

DEAR EDITOR: How can I keep my ears warm in winter?—Anna B. Wright.

Ans.: Send for your Hood.

DEAR EDITOR: How best manage the trail of a woman's dress?—Prof. Wethington.

Ans.: Stand on it.

DEAR EDITOR: How old should a lady be before accepting a proposal?—Lilly Jones.

Ans.: It is not the age, but the proposal you need to worry about.

The Teacher a Part of the Community

Life is a succession of changes in which personal contact plays a very important part. When a teacher enters a community to teach school, her life is influenced by the things around her. She, too, stamps an indelible influence on the community, which is seen in the lives of the boys and girls she teaches. Every reform in the history of education and religion has been bred and begun by some teacher; and likewise, for every social and political evil existing in modern life, she is in some measure responsible. So the teacher is a potent factor in the life of every community.

There are many forces at work in the community of which the school is only one. The teacher cannot, in full,



A JUNIOR RECIPE FOR 1913.

Take the pot of Progress put a few
Reforms, Improvements, and Inventions in;
Then with the spoon of Wisdom stir in haste,
And season all with Happiness to taste.

be held responsible for conditions or hope to accomplish an immediate upheaval in the life of that community. Many years ago, another teacher taught the children who are the patrons of to-day. Without a prophet's eye, she could not gain a conception of our complex life with its manifold duties and demands upon the individual. Many of these do not know that we need to progress, thus forming a very serious barrier to educational advancement. But let us not

forget that "everyone is a pupil with something to learn, and everyone a teacher with a message."

There is some excuse for every condition that exists in society, and by those who will study and understand, each may be used in the advancement of education among a common people. A love for that which is established furnishes a splendid nucleus for an enduring educational progress. All these influences, combined with those of the teacher and the school, form our social compact or community life.

This is distinctively an age of public education. The private institution has been a potent factor in the past, but is now only a fossil. Denominational education has failed because it was restricted in its scope, and tried to fit the pupil to the course of study. At the basis of democratic government is public education. Then, if we are to depend upon public education to insure permanent progress, it is well to consider what that education should consist of. On traveling through the State of Ohio, a man was heard to comment on the fact that nearly every acre of land produces some crop every year. The country is thickly strewn with splendid farm-houses; at intervals of a few miles are seen large and prosperous cities. His answer to the question "Why?" was, "Ohio's school system." Conditions in our own state are very different. A large per cent of our farm lands grows in weeds and shrubs each year. The old Kentucky home needs painting. Who will say that it is not the Kentucky school? It may be that, in the past, we have educated too many Governors and not enough citizens fitted for life in a work-a-day world. Here again the teacher has touched the life of the community only to relieve it of its brain and brawn and leave that community to die the death of a pauper. Should not the efficient teacher possess a knowledge both of the subject taught and of the essential qualities that combine to make a useful citizenship?

We hear a great deal of heartless criticism of our State and people and, naturally and rightly, we resent it. No real good can ever be accomplished when criticism is the

governing force. It is through a love for the task in hand, a knowledge of Kentucky people and the surroundings which make them what they are, that we must find and eradicate the faults in our educational system. A people who will fight for their homes will also strive earnestly in the cause of education when they are convinced that it is what their children need. Can the teachers, remembering that aid can only be given when sympathy abounds, show Kentucky people what they need? This demands leadership, and who is better prepared for effective leadership than the teacher? If she does not lead she must follow, and to follow often means to go contrary to what she knows to be best for the community.

Man is a social creature and must have both associates and a place of association. In the past twenty years, this center has been the American city and small town, because the splendid community life of our fathers has almost entirely disappeared. With this influx to the city has arisen the gravest problem of modern education. To re-establish community life is the only practical solution, and the rural school is the only center around which this new community life can be made to move and have its being. In the country is where public sentiment is formed, the outgrowth of which is legislation. Then what we would have in the life of our State in the future, let us put into our schools now. The teacher should not play too conspicuous a part, but should form the undercurrent of the stream on which the community floats.

There is a greater remuneration for the teacher than the salary received. At the basis of every successful life is a knowledge of people. There is no better way to gain this knowledge than from a personal contact with boys and girls. Life is a new thing to them, and each day they express the thoughts that make or mar the future citizen. Here is need on the part of childhood; here is benefit derived by the teacher. Is there not work to do? Beholding the possibilities of the present decade, it would seem that he who is

idle, even for a single day, has not yet found his place in the plan of creation.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Mix's Mighty Animals. By Jennie Irene Mix, with an introduction by Dr. Frederick A. Lucas, Director of the American Museum of Natural History. Cloth, 12mo, 144 pages, illustrated. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

Intended for elementary reading in the fifth year, this book is unique, being the first one to introduce school children to a correct knowledge of some of the strange beasts and reptiles of very ancient times. The chapters are as interesting as fairy stories. They not only describe the appearance and mode of life of the dinosaur, the triceratops, the megatherium, the mastodon, and various other mighty animals, but also explain how men have acquired and are still acquiring so accurate a knowledge concerning those terrible creatures. The illustrations are of the same quality as the text—accurate, interesting and instructive.

Coe's Founders of Our Country. By Fanny E. Coe, Teacher in the Boston Normal School; author of *Coe's School Readers*, etc. Cloth, 12mo, 320 pages, illustrated. Price, 50 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This supplementary reader for the fourth year is copiously illustrated with suitable pictures, and is written in a vivid and interesting style, well calculated to appeal to the imagination. The important events of our early history are presented in connection with the lives of great discoverers, explorers and founders of colonies. In the selection of incident and detail, and in the manner of presentation, the author has also kept in mind the moral value of history, the reverence due to the memory of noble leaders, and the education of the will which comes from early acquaintance with the lives of strong, forceful men.

Chapel Echoes

There is not a single one who is willing to exchange himself for the universe.—Dr. Kinnaman.

"The man who goes the second mile is the man who succeeds in this life."

Be willing to go the whole way.—Prof. Button.

"Liberty is built on righteousness and intelligence."

"You can never taste the spirit of the Normal till you have seen and read THE ELEVATOR."

Every human soul has acres of fertile soil.—Prof. Alexander.

"As man climbs the mountain of life, it requires expenditure of energy."

"It is extremely hazardous for man to compromise with himself."

"The trouble with the most of us is that we don't realize our own powers."

"No man will ever rise above himself."

"There is a little place somewhere in this world for you."

The only thing that can vanquish an idea is superior idea.—Pres. Cherry.

"It takes a full-grown life to make a full-grown democracy."

The strength of a nation lies in the education of the youth.—Prof. Lay.

Passing the Cayenne

Miss Acker: "Mr. Newcom, what is meant by homogeneous?"

Mr. Newcom (quickly): "A homogeneous is a man who stays at home and minds his own business."

Prof. Craig: "Mr. Owen, what is space?"

Mr. Owen: "I can't think of it, now; but I've got it in my head."

They had just become engaged. "What joy it will be," exclaimed Hazel, "to share all your griefs and sorrows!"

"But darling," protested Mr. Chandler, "I have none."

"No, but when we are married you will have."

Miss Carson (reading in Chemistry): "A balloon holds 728—what does *kg* stand for? Oh, yes; 728 kegs of hydrogen."

Miss Van Houten: "I believe Mr. Wethington is going to propose to me. What shall I say?"

Miss Reid: "Don't worry about what you shall say. What you had better do is to rehearse an effort to look surprised."

Lady caller: "Mrs. Kinnaman, did your husband send you a Valentine?"

"Well, I never like to accuse anyone unjustly," replied Mrs. Kinnaman, "but I am inclined to believe he did."

Mrs. Coleman: "Do you approve of Nell's ambition to go upon the operatic stage?"

Prof. Strahm: "Well—er, yes and no. I certainly approve of her going elsewhere to sing."

At the Junior Reception.

"Miss Goodwin, will you have some more cream?" politely inquired Miss Green.

"I believe I will take just a little more," responded Lucile. "Only a mouthful, please."

"Here, Miss Jordan," said Miss Green, "fill Miss Goodwin's plate."

"Lucile, pass me some more fudge," requested Miss Layman.

"There she is, girls," responded Lucile, "always wanting Moore."

Junior Boy: "In what month do these girls talk the least?"

Senior Boy: "Why, February, of course."

Mr. Baker (out at the farm): "Beulah, please let me kiss you. I never kissed a girl in my life."

Miss Lovelady: "Not much. Do you think I'm running an Agricultural Experiment Station?"

Mr. Witt (in Physics): "This wireless telegraphy apparatus must be a woman's machine."

Prof. Craig: "Why?"

Mr. Witt: "When you get it started making a fuss you can't stop it."

—oOo—

Awful Hurry!

She: "What are you doing?"

He: "Squeezing your hand."

She: "Squeezing my hand?"

He: "Yes."

She: "With what?"

He: "With my hand."

She: "With which hand?"

He: "With my right hand."

She: "Oh, you must stop right away; it's dreadfully improper."—*Exchange.*

Local Color From the Kit-Kats

Prof. Stickles (in History): "Mr. Moore, what did you find about *lese majeste*?"

Mr. Moore: "Well, I found several lazy majesties, but I didn't know which one you meant."

Mr. Leiper: "Translate this sentence, Mr. Mitchell, 'Haec in Galliam, est importatus.'"

Roy: "Hike into Gaul; it is important."

Miss Acker: "Tell us something about the French Revolution, Miss Van Cleave."

Miss Van Cleave: "The pheasants marched all over Paris, singing the Mayonaise."

Prof. Green: "In what direction, Mr. Rogers, is the Green River from here?"

Rogers: "Toward the sitting sun, I believe, Prof."

This happened in Grammar 2:

Mr. Wilson: "Correct this sentence, Miss Hudson, 'The toast was drank in silence.'"

Miss Hudson: "The toast was ate in silence."

"Speaking of dead languages," inquired a Kit-Kat, "who was it that killed them?"

"Girls, what do they mean when they talk about the seat of war?" asked Lois Cole.

"I don't know any more than I know what a standing army is," answered Miss Pennebaker.

"Why, my dears, how ignorant you are!" exclaimed "Pat"

Hill. "The seat of war is for the standing army when it gets tired."

Mr. Luton: "Say, where can I find a plank for this platform of the House of Representatives?"

Miss Shaw: "Why don't you try some of the planing mills?"

The waves of progress ebb and fill,
And THE ELEVATOR is rising still.



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