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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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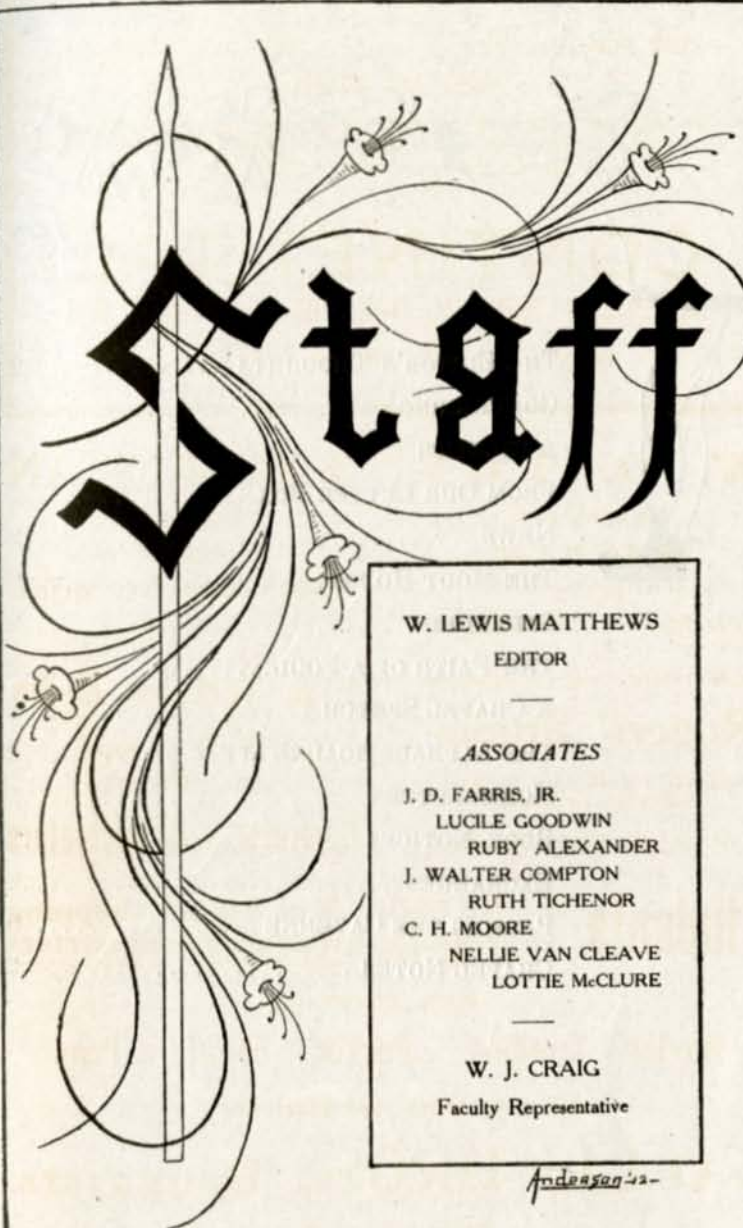
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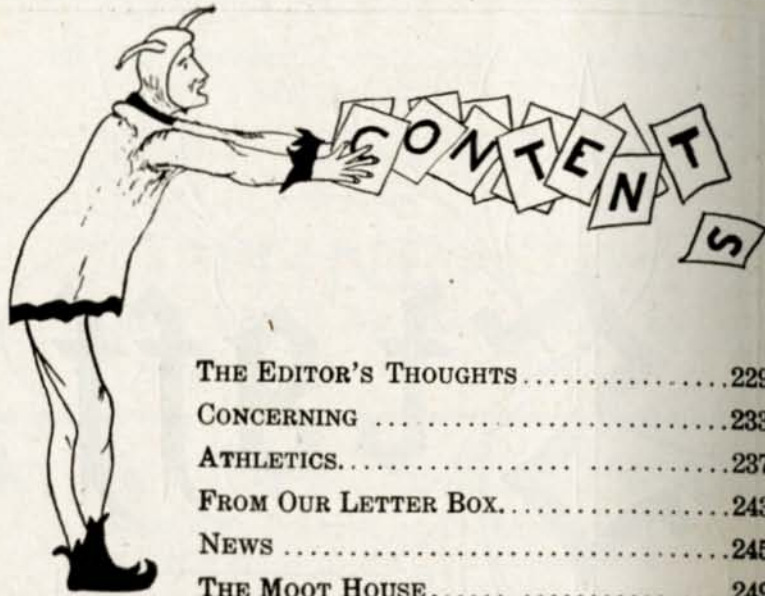
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THE ELEVATOR

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.

MAY, 1913.

NO. 7.

The Editor's Thoughts

On sitting down to the desk the editor finds his mind like ancient Gaul—divided into three parts. One part wondering what to write, one, wondering what not to write, and the third part wondering which would be the worst disappointment to the readers of THE ELEVATOR, to write or not to write.

—o—
Spring.

Welcome Spring, thrice welcome! "Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees, rocked in the cradle of the western breeze." The warm rays of the sun we welcome because they have come so far to greet us. The most sublime beauty of the sun and the most ravishing blend of color from his beams are held in secret across the sweep of ninety-three millions of miles before they spread their grandeur upon the vernal fields to turn them into seas of sunset blush. There is new life, new hope, new joy when the balmy air tells of the violets' bloom. It is this time of the year that all Nature is compensated for her loss in the winter. The valley, the plane and the mountain peak, all tell the miraculous change. Some one has said that "all heights are cold," but the herdsmen tell us that the highest pasturage is the sweetest and best. And tourists tell us that above the timber-line flourish the loveliest flowers, and that there are

no tints like those found at the feet of the snows. We cannot account for this unless it be that they are so high that they draw from heaven rather than from the earth their airy loveliness. The mountain top may be chilled and desolate, but from its summit you get a broader view of the earth, and this broader sweep over the material globe brings mental expansion. On the peak you can feel for once that you are above the clouds; you can observe something more as to how the sunshine floods the world and how the rains descend upon it. So, too, the spring is a time when we get a broader view of life just as we get a broader view of the landscape from the mountain peak. It is in the spring that we can realize the exhilaration that comes from living and breathing in the cool, bracing, healthful atmosphere of new life.

Selfishness.

Selfishness is the anarchist of being. It is the curse of every phase of life—social, intellectual, moral, physical, commercial. The self-centered man in society is awkward; in business he is an extortioner; in religion he is glued to his creed; in finance he is a miser; in spirituality he is a dwarf; intellectually he is a bigot; in conversation he is always an autobiographer.

A proper estimate should be placed by everyone upon himself, to be sure, but humility is often a virtue while hauteur is always a vice. Whoever cannot expand till he can feel the eccentric circles of sympathy from other lives overlapping his own, and his own sweeping out into theirs, can never have a truly magnanimous look. A great life-purpose, a perpetual striving upward toward the light, a deep and abiding sympathy for all the race—these are some of the possessions whose outer forms will stand unmarred when the storm has passed. They put away the self of selfishness, and in so doing they settle a glory upon the countenance that will endure beyond the stars. There is an expansive power in character that broadens the life, gives nobility to appearance and tenderness to expression.

No one can love himself exclusively without hating his brother; and no one can hate his fellow-man without his own character showing this great fault. Between the spirit of God and the spirit of man a living, vibrant sympathy forever plays. "A thousand hands continually reach down to help us to their peace-crowned heights." But no selfish person can open wide the portals of his life to the fountains whence the tides of being flow; nor drink of the waters that issue from the hills of God. Mr. Beecher says: "Our gifts and attainments are not only to be light and warmth in our own dwellings, but are to shine through the window, into the dark night, to guide and cheer bewildered travelers on the road." Selfish people are prone to make the earth the center of the universe and themselves the center of the earth. The spiritual part of man cannot be at high tide while the sympathetic part is at low ebb.

Conversation.

When I was a little boy, I often sat and listened to the conversation of different people. Sometimes I would have a burning desire to talk, but having been taught that to listen well, is as powerful a means of influence as to talk well, and is as essential to a true conversation, I sat and listened, often, to those who thought it their calling in life to shine in this one art, partly, it seemed to me, for the purpose of keeping other people from doing the same thing, and partly to share their burdon of knowledge with their less fortunate brothers.

I don't believe anyone ever shined in conversation who thought of saying fine things. When a person gets to thinking more about what he is intending to say than of what others are saying, he then becomes disagreeable.

One necessary talent, in a man of good conversation, is good judgment. It is indeed an accomplishment to be able to say the right thing in the right place, but it is far greater to be able to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment. A Chinese proverb says: "A single conversation across the table with a wise man is worth a month's study

in books." I do not care very much to talk with a person who always agrees with me. It is amusing for a while, but one soon gets tired of this, and seeks for the person who calmly speaks, coolly answers, showing some convictions of his own.

Your conversation can be brilliant and natural both, it can be instructive without pedantry, polished without affectation. Your talking derives its greatest charm not from the multitude of words you utter, but from the ideas you put forth opening our views, and giving our faculties a vigorous play. It is strange that some people try to entertain those with whom they converse by giving a history of their pains and aches. Others take pleasure in exhibiting their superior culture by referring to the fine home from which they have come—containing luxuries and splendors unheard of.

What can we talk about anyway? This, I shall not attempt to answer, but it strikes me that the first thing needed in a conversation is the truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, a good listener. The skill of conversation lies not in the battling of words, but the happiest of all is where there is no competition, no vanity, but only a calm, quiet interchange of ideas.

The editor wishes to thank the three classes of 1913 for their earnest work in getting out the February, March and April issues of THE ELEVATOR. Each issue was a great success, and we are proud to say, in word and in deed, that THE ELEVATOR is the students' paper. Thanks to one and all of the Kit-Kats, Juniors and Seniors; we are anxiously waiting to see if the classes of 1914 can elevate THE ELEVATOR as you have.

To the disappointed readers of THE ELEVATOR: Our well-known contributor, of the "Concerning" and "Normalettes" articles which we so much enjoy reading each month, is still in the land of the living; though owing to the high water his April contributions did not reach us before going to the

press. But his May contributions are here to speak for themselves; and I wish to say there have been none better. Read them and see.

There are more ways than one to help THE ELEVATOR to that height which it is destined to go. One way is by soliciting subscribers. From this standpoint Mr. Orlando Magness is the crowned hero. He has secured something near one hundred subscribers this year. Can you beat that? If not, hats off to Mr. Magness.

Concerning

The chief aim of these articles is to acquaint the readers of THE ELEVATOR with a historical phase of the Normal's life; to introduce you to some individuals whose ability and loyalty have vitally assisted in bringing the institution to national prominence. Such characters are not confined to any one period: they were, they are now, their tribe will never perish from the face of the earth. We cannot discuss all who belong in that class. They are legion, and the issues of THE ELEVATOR are few. We shall not attempt to choose the strongest, or most successful. That is too largely a matter of individual preferment. We shall hope to use representatives of the various types. In this instance the philosophical type is used. You may consider yourselves introduced to James Knoll, Assistant State Engineer of Louisiana.

Knoll was born on a plantation near the post office of Eola, Avoyelles Parish, La. His childhood was that of the ordinary country boy. His early education was acquired in the country schools near his home, but when he had grown older his father became interested in some plantations near Bunkie, and moved to that place. James entered the Bunkie High School, of which the Principal was C. P. Hughes, a graduate of the Normal. It may be mentioned in this connection that Mr. Hughes has since attained to the Superintendency of the Baton Rouge Schools. It was through his

influence, re-enforced by that of Mr. J. S. Dickey, who scouted for the Normal at that time, that Knoll entered the Southern Normal School. He matriculated in 1903, being at that time fifteen years old. His entrance was not attended by any fanfare of trumpets; no special bulletins were broadcasted heralding his advent, and James himself admitted nothing. Immediately, however, the students by some occult prescience sensed the potentiality of the new arrival. The nebulous atmosphere of the mystic attended his goings and comings. There was a sort of mind-versus-matter tang to his appearance, and whatever he did or said smacked of the Final Analysis.

Knoll remained in school for three years, during which he assiduously cultivated his talents. Unlike most students of his mental caliber, he relied very little upon his intellectual strength to get him by. He was a grind, a midnight oiler, and his class-room work proved the efficacy of such application. I hardly think that the faculty has ever attempted to reduce the work of the students to single, comprehensive averages, and yet if such had been done, it is the opinion of those qualified to know that in respect to position of name Abou Ben Adhem wouldn't have a thing on Jim Knoll. His work in every branch made a mere P+ look pitifully inexpressive, but what he did to the Mathematics and Philosophy is the everlasting marvel of the Faculty's experience. Please don't conclude, however, that Knoll's knowledge is restricted to abstract theorems gleaned from text-books. He has to a rare degree the ability to translate said theorems into the everyday occurrences of life. He has an intense power of application, and a prodigious memory. This has doubtless been strengthened by a slight tendency toward deafness, by means of which influences, otherwise distracting, have been eliminated. On one occasion, he justified his memory very strikingly. "Congress" was in session, and the old reliable Negro Deportation Bill was up. Knoll had aligned himself with the opposition, but was taking no active part. The debate waxed fast and furious. Suddenly the Opposition discovered that their most vocal champion

was conspicuously elsewhere. Their ammunition was running short. They sent a page on a hurry call to Knoll demanding him to get the recognition of the Chair at first opportunity and speak until stopped by the Sergeant-at-Arms. The Chair recognized him. He straightened up, combing back his long, curling locks with a flowing movement of his right hand: "I sing of arms and the man who first from the Aegean shores"—he began in that bel canto tenor of his. Then came a literal translation of several chapters of Virgil. By that time he had gotten his bearings and was handing out verbal packages of philosophy put up in bond in such well-known establishments as: Locke, Kant, Bacon, Rousseau, etc. Of course, it hadn't the slightest reference to the matter in hand, but it served to occupy time. Also, it had other effect: A prominent adherent of the Bill came over to the Opposition. "Knoll showed up the matter in a new light," said he by way of explanation—which remark puts some other things in a new light.

Knoll was a three-years' wonder to the students. Most of them did excellent work, but, as the writer sees it (and he was one of them) their labors, when compared with James Knoll's look like so many straw hats in Nome, Alaska, on Christmas Day. Down the street he would walk with a rapt look on his face, and carrying his head at such an angle as to lend the impression that he was inquiring of the constellations concerning the health of their folks—but in such language as a philosopher would likely employ in transacting such interrogatories.

James, despite the fact that he could resolve things to their primal causes, and had ample financial resources, was a democratic soul. There wasn't, and isn't and never will be an atom of snobbishness in his makeup. He is an aristocrat only in matters of thought.

When he graduated he returned to his father's plantation and took on the role of overseer. Broadly speaking, an overseer on a Southern plantation is a large, rangy man with a jet-black mustache of the wandering Jew type, and a megaphone voice to which long experience has given pro-

iciency in promising present and future punishment to such negro underlings as fail to hit it up at a satisfactory gait. Knoll, however, admonished lazy niggers like this: "I observe, colored scion, a marked disinclination on your part to achieve the completion of a specified amount of labor within the briefest period of time. Kindly readjust yourself so as to allow of an intenser application to your duties. Otherwise the exigencies of the situation will necessitate the immediate removal of your cuticle in accordance with the Twenty-third Syllogism of Herbert Spencer." The negroes didn't stand for this long. A committee waited on Knoll, senior, "Us niggers wuz brung up on cussin' and we sholy does appreciate it," averred the spokesman, "but dis hyar young boss done been usin' wuds entirely onfitten for de ears of 'spectable cullud pussons. So we j'ined hands and come erlong to see you 'bout it." James was beginning to find the work distasteful, so the natural outcome of the matter was that he quit, and re-entered school, having chosen Louisiana State University, at Baton Rouge, as the scene of his ensuing scholastic operations. He elected, further, a course in Civil Engineering. At first thought you may decide it to be somewhat paradoxical for a Philosopher to turn Civil Engineer, but, having considered it, you will realize that a successful Civil Engineer must be at once a philosopher, a scientist, a prophet, and a hero.

His work in Baton Rouge was as remarkable as it had been in Bowling Green. He graduated with high honors in less than two years. Then he went to work in the U. S. Engineer's office at Pittsburg, Pa., being connected with the improvement of the Youghiogheny and Ohio Rivers. After a year there, he went with the Construction Department of the Pittsburg Crucible Steel Company. He remained with that company a year, and was then called to his present position, which he holds with considerable distinction.

James is still unmarried, though not at all confirmed in that habit. In this connection let me mention an incident which particularly emphasizes the equanimity of James' temperament. Once upon a time, he traveled many miles to

fulfill a Sunday afternoon appointment with the belle of a certain village. Upon his arrival a committee took him aside and gently apprised him of the fact that the belle had eloped with a neighboring gallant the day before. Did James rave and tear his hair, or vow celibacy, or vengeance? Not on your photo post cards of the county jail. He merely smiled, quoted something from Epictetus, and, stepping to the 'phone arranged for a substitute engagement.

There certainly is class to James Knoll.

—oOo—

Athletics

Ten straight games! Just say baseball to a Normal fan and watch him straighten up and smile. Why? Our boys have gone, have seen, have conquered. They have crossed bats with four different teams and they have not yet been outclassed, either on the mound, at the receiving end of the the battery, holding down the bases, looking after the outposts or wielding the wilow. In the ten games played our boys have made sixty-seven scores to ten for our opponents—a great record. Listen to the glad story in detail.

Tennessee Normal School, Murfreesboro 2-1; W. K. S. N. S., 7-11.

The team opened the season with an initial voyage to Murfreesboro, Tenn., to play the Normal team of that place. The Tennessee boys soon found to their sorrow that our "Woody" enclosed a Chinese puzzle along with his twisters, while our boys hit their twirler at will.

In the second game Sears went to the slab for the visitors. Sears is a new recruit hailing from Central City, where he is quite a local celebrity. He soon proved conclusively that he was no ordinary ball player. The game was a landslide from the minute the umpire yelled "Play ball" until the comedy was over at the end of the ninth inning. The Murfreesboroites annexed their lone tally on an error made by Woodrum, who took Cundiff's place behind the bat, the latter be-

ing forced to retire on account of sudden illness at the end of the first inning.

Suffice it to say that the Tennesseans were entirely out-classed, both at bat and in the field. Although it was a raw, chilly day, only two errors were made by our boys—a laudable record. In the two games our champs connected with the Tennessee pitchers' deliveries for thirty-seven hits. Chandler was the chief offender in this slugging, as he got away with nine safe ones out of ten times up. Three-base hits were made by Sears, Cundiff, Lawhorn and Allen, while Chandler (2), Sears, Woodrum, Jones and Cundiff obtained two-baggers.

Score first game.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
 Murfreesboro Normal0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0— 2 3
 Western Kentucky Normal.....4 0 1 2 0 0 0 0 0— 7 19
 Batteries: Warren and Gresham; Woodrum and Cundiff.

Score second game.....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
 Murfreesboro Normal0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0— 1 3
 Western Kentucky Normal.....8 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—11 15
 Batteries: Haynes and Smith; Sears and Cundiff.

Georgetown, 0-0; W. K. S. N. S., 3-8.

May 6 and 7 are red-letter days in our athletic calendar. The Georgetown College team was a formidable array of husky fellows, who scarcely know the meaning of defeat; a bunch whose very appearance would strike terror to a less dauntless band than our hardy and now veteran champs. As far as the visitors were concerned, the first inning proved a true harbinger of the awful fate in store for them. Three men only faced Woodrum in the first, and two fell by the wayside, victims of his puzzlers. The expressions on their faces as they laid down the big sticks spoke eloquently of a new experience. The subsequent story of the Georgetown boys' eorts with the willow is a duplication of the above some eight times. Only one hit was made—that of the scratch variety. Fifteen of the Blue Grassites faced the awful fire of the relentless Woody only to hear the dread doom—struck out.

The fun proper opened in the sixth, when Woody walked. Shorty Allen followed with a timely bingle. An error by the visitors, the powerful frame of our twirler rushing across the plate just ahead of the ball, the grandstand on a panic—this is the whole story of the sixth. In the eighth Chandler, anchoring himself on first, was advanced by Cundiff on a slow grounder. Capt. Jones then sent a beautiful single into right field. A wild throw followed, and two racing figures dashed wildly across the goal, and the fun was over.

Score1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
 Georgetown College0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 1 3
 Western Kentucky Normal...0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 *—3 6 0
 Batteries: Wahl and Bennett; Woodrum and Cundiff.

The second game was decidedly a much easier affair. The indomitable Woodrum again went to the slab, and won new honors by duplicating his splendid work of the preceding day. The visitors' hoodoo hung over them like a pall, and their story is a duplication of the sad tale of the day before. Only one hit was claimed off of Woodrum's offerings. Our boys pounded the ball savagely at all times. Two scores each were made in the second, third, fourth and sixth innings. At the end of the sixth, Steele was succeeded by Wahl, and he effectually stopped the champs' score-making propensities. Features of the game were the batting of Greer and Jones, the twirling of Woodrum, who was the idol of the grandstand at all times, and the almost faultless fielding work of the whole team. Woodrum added eleven more scalps to his record-breaking list of the fanned. While the visitors played a good game, although outclassed, yet their strong and systematic teamwork which had won the admiration of all the day previous, was not so much in evidence in this game.

Score1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
 Georgetown College0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 1 6
 Western Kentucky Normal...0 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 *—8 11 4
 Batteries: Steele, Wahl and Bennett; Woodrum and Isbell.

St. Mary's .1; W. K. S. N. S., 3.

It is said that for five long, monotonous years the St. Mary's team never tasted defeat upon their own grounds. With a pitcher grooming for the Southern League, it looked a little like that they would be able to maintain that enviable record this year. But when Capt. Jimmy Jones with his splendid aggregation of genuine ballplayers had finished with them, their record was smashed. "Woody" was in splendid form, and twirled magnificent ball. He allowed only three hits, netting one run, which came in the first. From the embryo Southern Leaguer our boys took seven safe swats, which sent two men racing across the home plate in the fifth and one in the seventh. It was a close, snappy game, and the St. Mary's boys showed themselves foemen so worthy of their steel that it was a delight to conquer them. Right here the Athletic Editor must stop long enough to say that if there are any more teams hereabout that have a long, illustrious record that must be maintained, it will be indeed very well to avoid Capt. Jimmy Jones and his ballplaying company, of Bowling Green, Ky.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
St. Mary's	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1 3
Western Kentucky Normal	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	— 3 7

Batteries: Kawalski and Madden; Woodrum and Cundiff.

Springfield High School, 0; W. K. S. N. S., 13.

On their way home from St. Mary's, the boys stopped at Springfield long enough to acquaint the ambitious High School team with the science of real baseball. Sears, in true Marquard style, pitched a no-hit game. The Springfield slabartist was batted hard and poorly supported. At every point, the High School team was overwhelmingly out-classed by our bunch of jubilants.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Springfield High School	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0 0
Western Kentucky Normal	3	0	1	1	0	2	2	1	3	—13 7

Batteries: McClellan and Haydon; Sears and Cundiff.

Manual, 2; W. K. S. N. S., 3.

The contest with Manual, of Louisville, was the most thrilling of all the games up to this time. Manual has one of the strongest line-ups among the secondary schools of the State. The game was a nip-and-tuck affair from the beginning, although our score was safe at all times. Woodrum allowed the Louisville boys only two hits—a new experience to them, we wager. The champs hits with their usual vigor, six offerings being tucked away in snug places.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Manual	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	— 2 2
Western Kentucky Normal	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	— 3 6

Batteries: Fields and Uhrig; Woodrum and Jones.

Tennessee Normal, Murfreesboro, 2-2; W. K. S. N. S., 15-3.

May was the first appearance of our team on the home grounds. The victims were the Tennessee Normal coalition of semi-ballplayers who were still smarting from the overwhelming disasters incurred at the hands of our Dauntless Nine upon their own grounds. A large and enthusiastic crowd of Normalites was on hand to help the champs along.

The local team took two scores in the first half, while Woody set the visitors down in one, two, three order. This was only the beginning of a general swatfest that continued throughout the game. The offerings of Haynes, the luckless Tennessee southpaw, were awarded a hot reception by our sluggers, who deposited them in all the safe corners of the triangle, while the crowd in the new grandstand hilariously sped them on in their terrific slaughter. The fourth was especially disastrous to the visitors, since three safe bingles plus two errors of the elementary type, produced five tallies to swell our boys' list. Two long, soaring Texas Leaguers each followed with a generous error on the part of our boys, were responsible for their two solitary tallies. At all other times the visitors evinced no disposition to handle Woody's benders other than in the most courteous and accommodating way. Fourteen of the Tennesseans laid

down their willows in disgust as a result of the terrific whizzers of Woodrum the Iron Man. Haynes also struck out four of the champs.

In the second game the disgruntled Tennesseans in a last desperate frenzy opened up on Greer, who was officiating at the mound for the champs, in a savage way, and when the fray was over, it was found that they had sent two men over the home sack. But this was the end, as far as they were concerned, for our boys handed them five straight goose eggs, while they plucked in one talley in the second, followed by two more in the third. After the first half of the sixth the game was called so the visitors could catch the six o'clock train.

Score first game.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Murfreesboro Normal	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	— 2 4
Western Kentucky Normal.....	2	1	3	5	0	2	2	0	*	—15 14

Batteries: Haynes and Smith; Woodrum and Isbell.

Score second game.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Murfreesboro Normal	2	0	0	0	0	0	*	*	*	— 2 4
Western Kentucky Normal.....	0	1	0	2	0	*	*	*	*	— 3 6

Batteries: Ridley and Smith; Greer and Isbell.

Second Team, 4; Auburn High School, 3.

While our Champs have been achieving such a remarkable record, our second team, known as the "Goslings," have been, in their quiet and modest way, likewise engaged in corraling honors upon the diamond. This brood was hatched early in the spring and put under the protecting wing of Mr. Victor Strahm, the irresistible son of the Dean of our Music School. Saturday, April 19, these hardy youngsters, feeling a consuming desire to pluck a few branches from the laurel-wreathed brow of Fame, went down to Auburn to engage in a contest with the High School boys there. After a hot fight lasting through eleven innings, in which the heroic Vic and his sturdy bunch of fledgelings held their ground as tenaciously as ever did Horatio at the bridge, or the boy on the burning deck, or the Brave Three Hundred at Thermopylae, the shadows of victory along with

those of the night, settled down on a hilarious, victorious team returning to their native heath. Three cheers for the "Goslings"! We hope they will bag some more game ere long.

—oOo—
FROM OUR LETTER BOX.

We always appreciate letters from our subscribers. "No man knows as much as himself and another man." If you have an idea which you think would materially improve THE ELEVATOR, write to us. This is your paper, and we want to put into it the things you like, the things which interest you. If there is some feature in it you especially like, tell us about it. No editor ever died from an overdose of compliments. If there is some feature you dislike, tell us why. If you neither like nor dislike anything, write anyway. Remember, this is your paper and we want to please you. Here are a few of the letters recently received:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30, 1913.

MR. LEWIS MATTHEWS, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEAR SIR: Enclosed find \$1.00 for a three-year renewal subscription to THE ELEVATOR. I missed the April number. Last night I turned just in time to see my secretary throw a paper into the fire.

"What was that, Tumulty?" I asked.

"Oh, just a little paper called THE ELEVATOR, I believe."

"Tumulty," says I, "your services are invaluable to me, but, Tumulty, if you ever burn another of those papers before I read it, I'll fire you."

So please date my subscription from March 30 so I shall not miss the April number.

Respectfully yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1913.

EDITOR OF THE ELEVATOR, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEAR SIR: I want you to put me down as a lifetime subscriber to THE ELEVATOR. It is one of the best papers I

have ever read. I gave my secretary orders to bring it to me as soon as it arrives, no matter where I am or what I am doing. The April issue came when I was in the midst of a heated golf game with Count Leopold, of Prussia. I stopped right there and sat down and read the paper before finishing the game.

I have been a subscriber for years, and think each issue better than the last.

Yours truly,

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., May 1, 1913.

MATTHEWS, W. L., *Bowling Green, Ky.*

MY DEAR EDITOR: It will afford me great pleasure to furnish your paper with the article you have requested, "How I Busted the Trusts." You have a bully paper. I am delighted with it. Had I had your support in my last campaign I doubt not that I would now be in the White House.

I shall have the article ready in two weeks.

I am, sir,

Yours truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

POSSUM TROT, KY., May 14, 1913.

MR. W. L. MATTHEWS, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEER SIR. my son henry he give you a Dollar last week for yore paper. I red it when it cum and i think it aint wurth no Dollar. henrys Maw give him that Dollar to go to the Circuss on (she alluz waz extravygint) and she sole ginneys to git it and I want you to send it back. henry aint a-goin' to git none of yore newfangled high falutin notions in his head leastways not till the terbacker crap is off'n our hands. So send Me back the Dollar and doant send yore paper here no more. Hit ain't no count.

Yors truley,

SILAS WALLER.

P. S.—Send Me a check fur the Dollar. Don't risk no dollar bill in a letter fur if you risk it and it is stole youle have to pay it twiste.

S. W.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 4, 1913.

MR. W. L. MATTHEWS, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEAR SIR: I am much impressed with the cuts in THE ELEVATOR. They show remarkable skill and originality. You are fortunate in securing the services of such able cartoonists.

Wishing you success in your work, I am,

Yours truly,

HOWADE CHANDLER CHRISTY.

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 3, 1913.

MR. W. L. MATTHEWS, *Bowling Green, Ky.*

DEAR MR. MATTHEWS: It is eminently fitting that on this, the anniversary of the birth of the "gentle Shakspeare" a copy of THE ELEVATOR should fall into my hands. Of course the thing I was most interested in was the literary department. I read it with the keenest enjoyment and must say if the budding genius of some of those young writers ever comes to flower we older authors will have to look to our laurels. But, my dear Mr. Matthews, may I offer a suggestion? I believe it would improve your paper if there were more signed articles.

Trusting you will not think me impertinent, I am,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

News

The news that the K. E. A. of 1913 was a success from every standpoint has now reached over the entire state. We are pleased that W. K. S. N. S. helped to make it a success. Our presence was felt several hundred strong, for this number of our people made up one of the greatest excursion trains that ever left the city. We not only let our presence be felt, but our talent as well, inasmuch as Pres. Cherry, Dr. Kinnaman, Mr. Stickles, Miss Reed, and Miss Mary Edmunds contributed toward making the program so highly interesting.

On April 30, the students of the W. K. S. N. S. assembled in front of Recitation Hall, and with childlike fancy posed while Mr. Dalton, with his wonderful revolving camera made their pictures.

Mr. B. H. Mitchell, Life '12, visited the Normal the last of April.

Miss Nella Mae Hancock, Junior '12, returned to the Normal April 30, and will remain until after the Music Festival, May 8, 9.

The following report comes from the field:

Bonds have been issued and plans for a new and commodious school building are now being considered at Munfordville, Hart County, Ky. The building, which is to cost about \$10,000, will be completed by the first of September.

Mr. C. W. Bailey, life graduate of the Western Normal School, has been Principal of the Graded and High Schools for the past two years. His work here has been very satisfactory and successful. This year the enrollment has been over one hundred and eighty, an increase of more than thirty pupils, which is the highest enrollment in the history of the school.

Baseball and tennis clubs have been organized and these, together with the literary and debating societies tend to make school life very attractive.

The faculty is composed of five teachers, three being Normal students.

Never before has the educational outlook been so bright in Hart County as it is now, and in view of that fact, may we not expect her to send out more such men as John W. Ireland and General Simon Bolivar Buckner?

LaRue County.

(CONTRIBUTOR, LIZZIE LEE SHAW.)

LaRue County is one of the smallest of the Western District and some one remarked the other day that they had

never heard of LaRue County, although it is the birthplace of Lincoln. LaRue is going to be heard of educationally as well as historically, for the County Superintendent is planning to have a School Fair this year. Domestic Science has already been introduced in some of the schools of the county.

A few years in the past the Western Kentucky State Normal was not often heard of in LaRue, but now her influence is being felt in almost every nook and corner, there being nearly fifty per cent of the teachers at present attending this great school.

Webster County.

We are farther from the school than many of the counties, but a number of our teachers have been students in the W. K. S. N. S. We have an enthusiastic Superintendent and an energetic body of teachers who have placed the standard of the rural schools much higher than that of a few years ago. Each district has a school library. We also have a supervisor and a substitute teacher. We have had a Corn Club for three years, and the School Fair, which was held in connection with it last year, was very successful. It created much interest all over the county, and we have bright prospects for a better one next fall.

We cannot fully express our welcome to the new students from our county. They prove to us that the influence of the Normal is stirring the people to a desire to make better leaders of the present citizenship. Our delegation is yet small, but we know that with the help of our faithful Superintendent, that we can make Webster County a leader in sending out able and efficient teachers from the Normal.

Nelson County.

Some of our teachers, having had courses in Domestic Science, Agriculture, Rural Life Problems, etc., in the Normal, have decided to specialize in one or all of these sciences; and, believing that "two heads are better than one," have taken unto themselves helpmates to assist them in their work. Among these are Misses Florence Nelson, Nellie

Sciphers, Sudie Beam, and Bettie Schlercliff. We will not mention the name of the helpmates, as they are of minor importance.

The School Fair was quite a success last fall. There were over one hundred and fifty dollars worth of prizes offered, and the exhibits were very interesting.

Most of the schools in Nelson now have Improvement Leagues, and by their aid much is being accomplished. The League of the Boston High School, under the direction of Mr. J. D. Worthem, cleared over one hundred and twenty-five dollars in one festival; the Petersburg school, where Miss Avis Hines was teaching, also cleared about sixty dollars. The Nelsonville League, under the direction of Miss Otis Porter, made ninety-seven dollars clear of expenses; and besides this a great deal of work was done by such teachers as Mr. C. L. Shawler, Miss Stella Woosley, and Miss Sudie Carter without the aid of a league. This doesn't mean that nothing was done by the other teachers, for on the contrary, almost all the schools had some part in this work; and the ones that are given are the ones that we happen to know best.

Miss Lillie Mattingly taught a successful school at Boon's Mill. She made a specialty of agriculture, and assisted several other teachers of her division in this line of work.

Miss Gussie Ghoehagan, a former student, introduced Domestic Science into her school at Botland.

Miss Otis Porter introduced manual work and sewing into her school at Nelsonville.

Drawing and industrial work was almost unknown a few years ago; now the walls of almost all the schoolhouses are covered with various kinds of hand-work.

The county board has ordered that the schools shall all begin on the seventh day of July, and that they shall hold monthly examinations. The questions for these examinations will be sent to the schools by the Superintendent and Supervisor.

Our board has also provided that all first and second-class teachers who attend the K. E. A. shall receive five dollars

extra per month on their next year's salary; while those who hold third-class certificates shall receive an addition of two dollars and a half per month.

Monroe County.

In Monroe County, educational facilities have undergone a marked improvement within the last two years. Until recently we had very few Normal students as teachers; but at present, we have a wide-awake Superintendent who knows that to have better schools there must be better prepared teachers. His influence and the good work done by Normal students last fall have caused the number to increase this year to more than twice that of any previous time. We feel assured that with this band of teachers "Old Monroe," notwithstanding the many inconveniences she suffers from being "off the railroad," will soon step to the front rank in education.

Butler County.

The county of Butler is steadily growing educationally. The conditions are not ideal, but there is a decided improvement each year. Our delegation in the Western Normal is not as large as some, but we are using every opportunity to make it greater. The Board of Education is in sympathy with all educational interests. They offer better salaries to Normal-trained students, and are doing many other things to raise the standard.

The Boys' Corn Club was organized last year, and we hope to soon introduce into the schools a practical course in Domestic Science and Agriculture.

—oOo—

The Moot House

Follownig hard upon a great moot convention and a hotly contested election of state officials, came the organization of the moot house of representatives.

The first night was given over entirely to the election of

the house officials. In this, what is known in politics as a love feast prevailed, as is so often the case after a great election. Without a dissenting voice, President Cherry, Prof. W. J. Craig, Mr. O. G. Byrn and Miss Florence Schneider were selected for the respective offices of Speaker, Assistant Speaker, Clerk and Assistant Clerk. The minor positions were filled from the student-body.

Fourteen bills, ranging in nature from the regulation of cock-fighting to an amendment to the Constitution providing for the initiative and referendum, have been introduced. Only one, a measure prohibiting the wearing of hat-pins beyond a certain length unless the point is protected by a shield, has become a law. Two entire sessions have been given to the consideration of the initiative and referendum, and the fate of the bill is still hanging in the balance. This bill called forth a forensic demonstration probably never surpassed in the history of the school. Mr. Sanders, the introducer of the bill, led the fight in its favor. He was ably seconded by such orators as Vance, McChesney, Brown, Roach and a host of other spell-binders. Arrayed against the bill were such doughty chieftains as Weir, Jones, Smith, Cole, Porter, Page and others. It was indeed, a "battle of the giants," and it was good to be there and witness it.

Bills providing for state-wide prohibition, compulsory Normal training for teachers, the teaching of agriculture and domestic science in the public schools, medical inspection of schools and uniform opening of schools have been reported favorably by the various committees, and will claim the attention of the moot legislators in the coming session.

—oOo—

Stranded!

Now what does the sight and sound of that word bring to your mind? If your concept is not an island or something closely related to an island, why—er—why, it ought to be. Maybe *stranded* is not just the most proper word to use, anyway, but I know you won't seriously object, and

besides, I like it and think it is a good word; and it—oh, well, what if one can't get just *the* word *every* time? I know you had *much* rather know what was stranded and where and when and some other things about it.

To make my story have some of the absolutely essential elements that a story should have, I suppose I'd better begin by designating the "four W's." (I'd much rather go rambling along with all thought of theme models and situations and such things entirely forgotten.)

When—Saturday, April 26th, afternoon and early evening.

Where—A most beautiful island in picturesque Barren River.

Who—The Girls' Basketball Teams of the three societies, and their—well, their most ardent supporters and rooters in the recent series of games, together with the coaches, Mrs. Byrn and Doctor S.

Why—It was just a novel, interesting, good-time, camp-party given to the Seniors by the never-do-anything-by-halves Juniors and Kit-Kats.

The good-time scheme was hatched in the active, fertile brain of Mr. Byrn, the Junior coach, and was warmly cared for and nurtured by Mrs. Byrn, Miss Reid (the Kit-Kat coach), and the Junior and Kit-Kat girls. Of course, there was a lot of fun on the cars going to the river, but this was like comparing the Fourth of July to Christmas, when we compare it to the fun after we reached the island.

No, we didn't go to the island on the "Chaperon," nor in a skiff, but we went in Mr. Byrn's and Dr. Si.'s houseboat—"The Lag-a-Long," which is propelled by their motor boat, "Mileaday." While on the boat some one was so thoughtless as to quote, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." You have heard of the power of suggestion? There really is such a power, for it was demonstrated that afternoon.

The island was large enough that no young man's fancy in its "turn" need bump up against that of any other young man. The violets, Jack-in-the-Pulpits, and other varieties

of flowers were abundant, and like those that Red Riding Hood stopped to gather, there was always one more large and beautiful and with a longer stem just a little farther away. Isn't this true, Mr. Yarbrough and Miss Drane? But we are sure there was no wolf who stopped to talk.

Finer cane fishing rods scarcely grow than on that island, and when everyone had a nice, long rod, each one blamed the other for having brought no thread and extra pins. There were plenty of worms, weren't there, Miss Tichenor?

Several fine rides in row-boats were enjoyed, and once an inviting, comfortable-looking, spacious boat was rowed in and the Senior girls and their chief rooters were invited to go for a ride. 'Twas growing on towards night; the trees along the banks cast long shadows upon the water. A cool breeze blew over the water caressing a ripple as the boat glided along. It was truly a grand ride up the stream in that boat. The girls tried their hands at rowing and found that it is easy to do. Ere long we turned and allowed the boat to drift along with the current, and soon reached the island, on whose gravel shore our boat grated.

As we stepped out, there came to us the odor of frying bacon—none more pleasant can come to the nostrils of a camper—and we saw a heap of burning driftwood. Around the fire Juniors and Kit-Kats held clean white sticks on which hung strips of browning bacon. Near the fire was spread a table on which there seemed to be the proverbial quantity of food for a log-rolling, but in half an hour we found that it would at least take a different quantity (we could not say whether larger or smaller) for the log-rolling. Truly it was one of the very best out-door suppers that was ever spread.

When supper was over and the table cleared, some of our party went for boat rides, and others seated themselves about the fire and told jokes and stories. While Mr. Byrn got the boats in readiness for our homeward trip, in a cleared space among the trees we danced the "Ole Virginia Reel" to the whistled tune of "Dixie."

Seated in the cabin of the boat as we came down the river

many songs were composed and sung, hardly a member of the company of about thirty-five, succeeding in escaping the tongues of the composers. The tunes were easy; the words fitted in well; and the song was taken up at once by all except he whom it was about.

No one in the party had a thought than that it was one of the most delightful entertainments of the whole year. And the girls of the Senior team deeply appreciate the kindness and hospitality of the Junior and Kit-Kat girls.

—oOo—



The Faith of a Fool

There are many kinds of fools and there are faiths innumerable, but this is the story of only one faith and only one fool. This fool was a very young man, only about twenty-five years of age, and his faith was a very old faith, almost as old as its proud possessor. He was not really a fool, but almost all his friends thought he was, which really amounts to the same thing.

From the time he was a very small boy, he had believed that on some day he would be a successful story writer, make money by the tons and gallons, and have the whole world kneeling down on its two hemispheres before him, ready to do anything he would see fit, and imploring him for a look or an autographed copy of his works, for which he was to receive much more money. This was his faith.

Several terms in English had not increased this faith a bit, for, as he said, "My stories are not very popular with my teachers, and I feel sure that Shakespeare got the idea for his. My story being done, she gave me for my pains a world of sighs. She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas

passing strange, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful; she wished she had not heard it, from some of the criticisms on my papers." However, these knocks didn't hurt the fool so very bad, as he knew his teachers didn't really know a good story until the ages had branded it as a classic, or Boston had said it was good, besides, the common people, who are to read the stories, don't want classics, for they know all about them without reading them. This he proved by a carefully laid plan in which he engaged the students in a conversation on said Shakespeare. Everyone of the students he talked with knew all about all of the plays Shakespeare wrote, yet he could not find a one who would swear he had read one of the afore-mentioned plays, neither could he find a student who would swear he had a volume of Shakespeare either at home or abroad. He did not want to write a classic, for a classic is common property, and what he wanted to write would be uncommon property.

Now that he had the objections to his style of literature satisfactorily annihilated, he set to work on his first story. He had learned in his English classes that a plot was something that ran through a story crying "Extra, Mystery, Murder," or something else, and that the duty of the reader was to take after this plot, catch it, and force it to explain its behavior and marry the couple it has been keeping apart so long, letting them live happily ever after. After days of careful study he constructed a "triangle plot," which was, as far as he was concerned, a very gem of crises and climaxes. All young story writers start on the triangle plot, because it's so original. The cast of characters is, a villain, hero, and heroine, and the setting is some pretty path where they stroll after night, look at the flowers, listen to the birds, and make some rather important remarks on the weather.

With his plot constructed he set to work to cover it up with all kinds of "blue eyes swimming in tears, babbling brooks," and heart throbs, but when it came to the love conversations he stuck up. Never having tried courtship, he decided the best thing he could do to be successful would be

to discontinue the story for a while and gather enough first-hand evidence against his hero to convict him, and justify the placing in his hands a mother-in-law as a penalty. So he laid the beloved story aside and started a flirtation with a pretty little girl just entering college. He got himself introduced to her and then proceeded to gather inspirations and quotations to put into his story. This cost him only two dollars a week—a dollar for a box of bon-bons and the other for theater tickets. The girl seemed to realize his weaknesses and made it her special point to be very sweet. She managed to convince him that an old photograph of St. Paul's Cathedral she had was a picture of her father's barn, and backed up her statements with a saucy jerk of her head, and dangerous glances from her eyes. His heart had never had anything more human than beefsteak close to it before, and as a result, the girl soon had him going her way from school five days a week. One night he recited for her a poem he had learned in the English class about "If all the ships I have at sea should come a-sailing home to me," and the girl, chancing to know it, joined in on the chorus with a voice so low and sweet the man thought he would be forced to pull off a premature proposal right then and there. Just as he was putting his arms in the proper position and fixing to ask her to take him to raise, some one turned on the light and spoiled it all.

The fool departed, finished his story and mailed the manuscript the next day. He was so anxious to see what effect the story would have on the world he forgot the girl entirely. In less than a week his poor story came back, and with it a note from the editor telling him that a story like that could not even get a "P. W." as long as he was operator of the shebang, and furthermore, that he had better yoke up the mules and start a crop before he got hungry. This letter hurt the fool's feelings, for he knew his story was the best in existence and would be until he wrote another. He tried it on several other publishers, but he couldn't get it so far from home but what it would come back like the proverbial cat with yet other lives left.

Then he tried to write scenarios for a photoplay house. He mailed two on the same day, neatly typewritten all the way from the title to the end of the director's sheets. On that same day he saw the girl, also, but being sad because of that beautiful ship, in other words, manuscript, that had "gone down at sea," and of the others "now out at sea," he failed to speak to her. Of course she, being miserable and heartbroken, went home and cried her heart out. Poor little girl! She thought a lot of him.

In a few days his two scenarios were also returned. The reason was that one of them, requiring a snow storm for a setting, had been sent to a house in California, where it does not snow much. He had forgotten that photoplay companies can't build a snow. The other was a play with a Red Cross nurse for heroine and the setting in the Civil War during 1863. There wasn't any Red Cross there.

Those are some of the reasons they did not sell.

The fool was utterly crushed and his poor little faith was kicking around like a headless hen, dying a hard death. The poor idiot had unwittingly prepared for this happy hour a few days before when he had bought a bottle of carbolie acid to stop a toothache. He walked over and picked up the bottle and looked at it. There was plenty to kill him. Picking up his hat he left the house and went to a grove of trees that grew in some vacant lots up the street. He wanted to go where they wouldn't find him in time to save his life with a stomach pump. He sat down against a tree, penned a hurried good-bye, forgetting entirely the girl that he had liked so well a short while ago. Then he uncorked the bottle and laughing loudly threw the stopper away. He tried several positions to see which one would be the most comfortable to die in, then raised the bottle to his lips. Just then he heard a sad, sweet voice behind him sobbing out, "But if Thou sendest some awrack, to nevermore come sailing back, take any, all, that skim the sea, but send my Love-ship home to me." The man dropped the bottle and turned around. There stood the girl with a piteous look on her face, and her arms stretched out to him. "Come," she said,

and there was a sob in her voice. He did not move—only trembled like a guilty child. "Will you not come?" That was enough. He came, and, to the best of my knowledge he has never left. Neither has he written any more stories. My friends tell me the young lady has succeeded in making quite a decent husband of him since she adopted him.

—oOo—

'Tis spring, sweet spring,
The birds now sing, the cowbells ring,
The leaflets open wide.

'Tis bright, 'tis gay,
Each joyous day, and all men say,
'Tis time for Cupid's work.

There's breeze, there's shade,
The tree-tops made, down in the glade,
Through which two lovers stroll.

Just He and She
And then 'tis We, so one can see
That Cupid's dart flew straight.

—oOo—

A CHAPEL SPEECH.

(BY THE GIRL WHO DARED TO TALK.)

To talk or not to talk;
That is the question:
Whether it is better to bear the frowns of an outraged
teacher,
Or by arising end them.
No, I will not arise, and thus will escape
The raised eyebrows and half-concealed smiles of the stu-
dent body.
True, some things about it are to be wished for devoutly:
The grand pass, the words of encouragement and the feel-
ings of a conqueror:
Aye, there's the rub;
For when you arise,
Who can tell what may come to pass
When it is too late to back out?
Dread doubts make me pause:

I fear the giddy head, the weak heart, the wobbly knees and
the fearful blushes.

Who can bear the calamity of forgetfulness,
The smiles and supercilious looks of the great multitude?
Who would be so unwise as to speak
When her companion will hold forth with much eloquence?
Who knows but what some student may be hiding your un-
fortunate person from view?

Oh, it is the great unknown things—the untried voice,
That makes us bear the evils of obscurity
Than to fly to others we know not of.
This it is, O my teachers! that makes cowards of us all.

—oOo—

THE ALPHABETICAL STAFF.

A's for Alexander—queenly little lass,
Nothing more—we'll let her pass.
C's for Compton, wee, witty boy,
Curiy-haired, rosy-cheeked, coy.
F's for Farris, brimful of vim,
No dilly-dallying round about him.
G's for Goodwin. She's up to the mark,
Yet ever ready for laughter and lark.
M's for Matthews, our editor he,
Brilliant, wise, busy as a bee.
M's for Moore, staunch and bold,
Versed in all lines, so we're told.
M's for McClure, the story-writer she,
Demure and shy, yet bright as can be.
T's for Tichenor, joker of the staff,
Concocts jokes to make one laugh.
V's for Van Cleave, both thin and tall,
Tried and true to her work withall.

—oOo—

Normalettes

WHEN LANGUAGE LAPSES.

This story concerns itself with the everlasting set-to
which the combined forces of heredity and early environ-
ment wage against acquired polish. In this case the latter
meets with defeat under rather striking circumstances.

Tom Miller blew in to school from Claybank County.
Mary Whitehead hailed—no, not hailed. If we must speak
of Mary in terms of elemental activities, zephyred is the fit-
test word; yes, Mary zephyred from Ridgpole County.
Pretty soon they were breezing around together. He dis-
covered that he had heard of a man who had heard of a
brother of her's, and she brought the fact to light that he
had once sold some fruit trees to one of her distant cousins,
and—oh, well, you know how it was. They had been in
school a year, we will say, when the story proper opens.
Many things had taken place in that time. One in particu-
lar, was that the vernacular of Claybank and Ringpole coun-
ties had apparently been supplanted by the language of the
literary elect. However, freakishly enough, Tom had de-
veloped a style calculated to make Mary Johnston look to
her laurels, while Mary's style listed sharply to the O. Henry
angle.

One day, as usual, Tom escorted Mary home from the
Rhetoric Class, and, as usual, dallied with her at the steps.
“Mary,” said he in dulcet tones, “let us at the twilight hour
wander among the mystic shadows of yonder wooded
heights.” Your mellifluence of speech, Tom,” replied Mary,
“materially enhances the perspective of the appointment.
I'll be ready at Six.”

At Six, Mary, from her window, upstairs, left, front saw
Tom coming, and hastened to meet him at the gate. To-
gether, they went up the street and entered the old wagon
road that skirts the back of the hill. There, among the
towering cedars, the shadows had begun to gather. Also, a
feeling of responsibility gathered on Tom's shoulders. He
looked straight ahead but gathered Mary's right hand up
into his left; and Mary, although she didn't mention it,
gathered new confidence in the world at large. Thus, be-
hold how great a gathering is inspired by a small beginning.

You see, friends, Mary was very timid, and in 1879, on
that very hill, a crippled negro was held up and severely
criticised because a searching analysis of his person failed
to assay the price of a drink. Therefore, Tom was amply

within his rights in instituting protective proceedings. They came out of the woods and to a large rock which jutted out from the side of the hill. On this they perched. The scene that stretched before them was magnificent. Tom was first to voice his appreciation. "How gorgeous are the rays of yon descending luminary; and, oh, see how those lambent streamers dip into that amaranthyne sea." "The resplendency of the panorama receives meritorious amplification from the perspicacity of your remarks. I sure wish I'd worn my gloves," responded Mary. Tom waxed warmer: "How blissful at the witching hour to sit in enchanted places whilst the soul seeks companionship in Fancy's fairy realm." "Your dissertation on companionship," quoth Mary, "occurs to me as being entirely apropos to the occasion. Ugh, isn't it chilly?" Saying which she edged a little closer, tapping her heels against the solid wall of rock. . . . Let a short hiatus intervene while we get the stage ready for the next and final scene. As nearly as we can judge, they are sitting closer together. A casual observer might observe that they are strangely heedless of the exquisite beauties of the surrounding scenery. A great passion seems to surge up in Tom's soul. His acquired polish drops from him as a loosened cloak, and his wooing is that of Claybank.

—oOo—

BOOK NOTICES.

Mayne and Hatch's High School Agriculture. By D. D. Mayne, Principal of School of Agriculture and Professor of Agriculture Pedagogics, University of Minnesota, and K. L. Hatch, Professor of Agricultural Education, University of Wisconsin. Cloth, 12mo, 432 pages, illustrated. Price, \$1.00. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This course has a double value for pupils in the first years of high school. On the one hand, it puts the study of agriculture on a serious basis, and teaches the young beginner how he can carry on the work of a farm most profitably. On the other hand, it affords an interesting introduction to

all the natural sciences, enabling the student to master certain definite principles of chemistry, botany, and zoology, and to understand their application. A few experiments are included, which may be performed by the student or by the teacher before the class. But the subject is not made ultra-scientific, forcing the student through the long process of laboratory method to rediscover what scientists have fully established. The topics are taken up in the text in their logical order. The treatment begins with an elementary agricultural chemistry, in which are discussed the elements that are of chief importance in plant and animal life. Following in turn are sections on soils and fertilizers; agricultural botany; economic plants, including field and forage crops, fruits and vegetables; plant diseases; insect enemies; animal husbandry; and farm management.

Otis's Martha of California. By James Otis. Cloth, 12mo, 142 pages, illustrated. Price, 35 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This supplementary reader for the fourth year tells the story of a little girl's trip half across the continent. Martha's home was in Missouri until her father caught the fever and with thousands of other emigrant "Pikers" set out for California. That journey of two thousand miles over deserts and mountains was full of hardship and seemed endless. Each day brought some strange sight or new experience: the excitement of making first camp, the encounters with trappers, hunters and Indians, the Indians who sold sunflower seeds and grasshopper jam, the stampeding of the cattle, the herds of buffaloes, the villages of prairie dogs, the dangerous crossing of the Great Salt Desert sixty miles in length, the springs of hot water, and at last the beautiful valley on the western side of the mountains, where Martha's family and friends made their new home. Martha, who was a very observing little girl, has here related all this most entertainingly.

Morris's Household Science and Arts. By Josephine Morris,

Supervisor of Household Science and Arts in the Boston Public Schools. Cloth, 12mo, 256 pages, with illustrations. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

A practical and helpful book, containing suggestions as to the best ways of keeping a house clean and sanitary, advice in regard to the care and preparation of wholesome foods, and over three hundred recipes for simple and nutritious dishes. It forms a two-years' course. The book is easily understood by elementary students, and saves time and thought for young housekeepers, to whom it would prove of much service. Colored plates show the various cuts of meats. The volume contains chapters on such useful topics as laundering, home nursing, mistakes to be avoided in the kitchen, school luncheons, housefurnishing, selected menus, and labor-saving housekeeping devices. An index and blank pages for notes complete the book.

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EXCHANGES.

Blue and Gold, Aberdeen, S. D.—Not found wanting in cuts. That's what makes your paper go.

The Cardinal, Portland, Ore.—A full table of contents, and every article an interesting one. Who can beat the ambitious little Freshman, anyway?

Bugle, Monroe, Mich.—You head the list on attractive cover design for March. Joke column full, too.

Otaknam.—Quite an interesting paper. All of your departments show special care.

Red and Black, Tampa, Fla.—With the aid of a high-power microscope we were able to see your cover design, but in vain did we look for cuts. You are among the leaders in an Athletic Department.

The Herald, Atlantic City, N. J.—Indeed we herald the day when you make your arrival.

Student, Richmond, Ky.—We like Miss Penelope's Perplexities.

The Knay, Seattle, Wash.—The Juniors in Seattle know how to do things when it comes to cover design, cuts, jokes, and in fact, all of the other departments.

We acknowledge:

The Quill, Henderson, Ky.

The Remuda, Midland, Texas.

The Palmetto and the Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Bethany Echo, Mankato, Minn.

The Southern, Southerland, Fla.

Our many other exchanges have not yet come in this month.

—oOo—

Passing the Cayenne

"You two look very happy," said Mr. Buttersworth to Miss Bryant and Mr. Harris, as he stopped in front of the couch on which the two were sitting.

"Do we?" said Miss Bryant, moving over to make room for him beside her. "Won't you join us?"

"Sorry I can't, but I'm not a minister," was the reply.

Mr. J. O. Compton: "Will you oblige me with a match?"

Miss Hart: "With pleasure, if you do not object to a red-headed one."

"My dear," said Mrs. Byrn, as she dusted Mr. Byrn's table, "this would be a great deal cleaner world if there were not any men in it."

"If there were not," retorted Mr. Byrn, "the women would do exactly as the Lord did—hunt around for enough dirt to make a man out of."

"Where in the world have you been," said the landlady as Miss Brame came in rather late.

"Oh, just out with my beloved Robert Browning," was the reply.

"Well, I'll have you understand that is strictly against the rules," said her landlady, "and the sooner you learn it the better."

Bess Leiper: "I won't wash my face!"

Mr. Wilson: "Naughty, naughty. When I was little I always washed my face."

Bess: "Yess—and now look at it."

A gallant whom Matthews they call,
Paid court to a girl at the Hall.
When asked who he'd see,
Exclaimed "Woe is me!"
"I can't think of the girl's name at all."

Prof. Stickles: "My wife explored my pockets last night."

Prof. Green: "How did she come out?"

Prof. Stickles: "As an explorer should. She acquired enough material for a lecture."

Miss Mathis (eleven o'clock): "Francis, stop playing with Mr. Smith's hat."

Francis: "Why?"

Miss Mathis: "Oh, because you will ruin it, and he will need it in a few minutes."

Mr. Mitchell: "I would try and make a date with Miss Cole if I thought she would go with me."

Mr. Page: "I wouldn't if I were you. She is just going with the big bugs now."

Miss Robertson: "Your friend spent the evening, didn't he?"

Miss Meeks (thinking sadly of shows and ice cream): "Yes, but that's all he spent."

Mr. Ford: "Mr. London, give me one of the reasons for tile drainage."

Mr. London: "Which one, Prof.?"

Mr. Davis: "I saw a train held up last night."

Miss Powell: "Heavens! was anyone hurt?"

Mr. Davis (grabbing his hat): "No, it was held up by the lady that assisted Byron King in his lecture."

"Elsie," said Miss Smith to Miss Shaw, "you are getting behind in your studies while you are trying to lengthen the list of your admirers."

"That's all right," said Miss Shaw, "I think I am going to add Vance, now."

On the Street Car.—Miss Acker: "Doesn't it pain you to see a woman reaching for a strap?"

Mr. Turner: "No, but it used to."

Mr. Matthews (gazing on the beautiful scenery of Barren River and speaking in his usual enthusiastic and poetic manner): "No human hand could pen this—"

Bert Smith (disgustedly): "Naw, I guess not. What would they pin it to!"

Miss Acker (in History): "What are some of the natural resources of the United States?"

Mr. Woodrum: "Coal, iron, lead, etc."

Mr. Luten: "And black diamonds, Miss Acker."

Miss Wright (on seeing the reservoir for the first time): "What's that for? Do people go swimming in there?"

Chapel Notes

(Not from Platform.)

"Bachelors are Woman's Rights and Widowers are Woman's Lefts."—Lottie McClure.

"I should like to know why Mr. Yarbrough and Miss Drane got lost at the picnic?"—Hazel McClusky.

"I certainly do like Flowers."—Cary Bandy.

"It's funny to me, but when you call a woman a vision she likes it; but if you say she is a sight she won't speak to you."—Julian Adams.

"I am having serious trouble with my heart."—L. P. Jones.

(A great address from the platform urging all to take up arms against wrong):

"Oh, make me a champion!"—Miss Neville.

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