

1-1911

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Western Kentucky State Normal School

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Mid-Winter Term Opens January 24, 1911.

The new building, which is nearing completion, will be dedicated during the next Educational Conference and Convocation of County Superintendents. This meeting will be held May 3, 4 and 5, 1911. Dedicatory exercises will take place on Friday, May 5th. A number of the most distinguished men of the nation will be present and participate in the exercises. President H. H. Cherry has already received acceptances from Hon. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, and from Hon. S. A. Knapp, who has charge of the field demonstration work of the United States Department of Agriculture and who has done a great work in the development of rural life. Other noted men have been invited, and are almost certain to be present. The next Educational Conference, with the dedicatory exercises, will be one of the greatest educational events ever held in Western Kentucky.

The school management is actively engaged in working out the details connected with the physical development of a School of Domestic Science and Domestic Arts. This department of an education will be located in the second story of the Dr. Cabell residence. The Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have donated \$2,000 for the purchase of suitable equipment. The School of Domestic Science and Domestic Arts promises to be largely attended and an eminent success from the beginning. Efforts are being made to secure an expert who has had experience and liberal training in this splendid work to take charge of this department. The work will be begun at the opening of the Mid-Winter Term, January 24, 1911. There is already a great interest in the development of this department.

The development of more than 125 new High Schools in Kentucky and the consolidation of many rural schools into one central school, together with the general development of the whole system, are creating a demand for teachers that cannot be supplied by the Normal. The school will begin in January offering special courses of study to those who seek to prepare themselves as Supervisors of Public School Music, Drawing and Penmanship, and as teachers of Agriculture, Domestic Science and Domestic Arts. There is already a call on the Normal for teachers trained for this special work, and the Normal has decided to offer a progressive course of study in all of these branches.

The outlook is very flattering for a large attendance in the Department of Agriculture. Land is now being broken and the soil prepared for small plots to be cultivated by the students who take the course in Agriculture. Laboratory and field work will be done. The work will be interesting and practical. Courses of study in Agriculture will begin with the opening of the Mid-Winter Term, January 24, 1911.

A magnificent array of talent has been secured for the Lecture Course of 1910 and 1911. The course was opened by Senator Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, on November 9th. Among the other celebrated men and women who will appear in Vanmeter Hall during the winter and spring are John Gunckel, founder of the National Newsboys' Association; Edward A. Ott, who was with us last year and who was declared up to the highest mark; and Mrs. Beecher, regarded as the greatest reader on the American platform. A number of the highest class musical clubs in this country will also appear. The Chicago Glee Club is one of the number.

The Spring Term opens April 4, 1911, and the Summer School of six weeks will begin June 13, 1911. Correspondence solicited. Address

H. H. CHERRY, President,

State Normal School,
Bowling Green, Ky.

The Elevator

(GOING UP?)

JANUARY, 1911.



MOVING NUMBER

Students Are Always Welcome

E. HUGH MORRIS DRUGGIST

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Is the Home of Quality and Service

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Dry Goods and Everything to Wear

We are Sole Agents for the following lines, which are superior.

FOR YOUNG MEN: Adler's "Collegian" Clothes, "Swell Shod" Shoes, Cluett's Shirts and Collars.

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Quick Order Lunches a Specialty.

Lowney's Candies, Always Fresh.



Owensboro, Ky.,
March 8, 1910.

Never for a moment have I regretted taking a business course in the Bowling Green Business University. It increased my salary as teacher 60 per cent, which has since been a steady growth. There is no equal amount of knowledge more educative than a commercial course, and there is no better place to secure it than in the ever loyal Bowling Green Business University.

Yours truly,

J. L. FOUST.

Mr. Faust has, for several years, been Principal of the Commercial Department of the Owensboro High School, and now Principal of the High School.

You can enter school here now, or any time. Investigate the work of the Bowling Green Business University, (Incorporated), Bowling Green, Ky. Ask any former student.

BEVILLE

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NEW BOOKS, a complete line of them, and all that is latest in the way of School Supplies always on hand.

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SPECIAL EFFORTS made to meet the demands of the Normal Students.

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The First Store Down Town.

CITY BARBER SHOP

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None but First-class White Workmen Employed

Students Welcome.

PARK ROW.

Sanitary Conditions.

THE ELEVATOR



Vol. II.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., JANUARY, 1911.

No. 4



PRESIDENT H. H. CHERRY

"The man who has made Moving Day possible."

—oOo—

SONNET.

To President H. H. Cherry, on Moving W. K. S. N. S. to Normal Heights.

In the days of old only the great warriors bold
Were deemed worthy of having their achievements told.
Time, in his many evolutions of thought,
Has so completely a change in sentiment wrought,
A man noted of men may be he who is bent

In giving his soul with its fullest intent
 To the youth of our land; for he knows full well
 That in them the hope of the Future doth dwell.
 A chieftain have we more deserving to be praised
 Since all of his tireless energy is raised
 And given to child life; he now turns to the real
 To use what the Past long showed him ideal.
 His unselfish devotion to duty rings true,
 And to-day a commonwealth's gratitude is due.

A.

—oOo—
 MOVING DAY.

January 24, 1911, will be a gala day in the life-history of the Western Kentucky State Normal, for on that day the people of the State will have come into their own—the goodly heritage on Normal Heights. Near the remains of the historic old fort, stands another stronghold with gleaming white columns, guarding the entrance to the magnificent structure which stands with open doors, inviting the earnest soldiers to enter its spacious, modernly-equipped apartments and prepare to meet and conquer ignorance on the field of battle.

Many have accepted the invitation, and on that great day the splendid auditorium will be filled with the sweet strains of joyous music, telling of lives consecrated to the most noble of all callings—that of bearing the educational ensign into the most remote districts; and in answer to the roll call of the commander, many voices will reply, "Here, and ready for duty."

—oOo—
 "The High School Record," of the Girls' High School, of Louisville, Ky., has a very attractive Christmas issue. Its stories and literary productions have a spiciness that is admirable. Santa Claus kindly consented to appear in full-dress uniform on one page, but we hardly agree that his gift is either appropriate or pleasing. No college girl we are sure (?) would like to miss the pleasant days spent in the study of trigonometry and Latin. The joke column, too, is breezy.

Lady Macbeth's Confession

BY MAUD LEE HURT.

(Selected from work in the Shakespeare class.)

The death of Lady Macbeth came as a surprise to no one. Macbeth had reached such a point in his career of crime—that he was surprised at nothing. The physician who had watched the sleep-walking scene was convinced that, sooner or later, she would take her own life, for he said: "Remove from her the means of all annoyance, and still keep eyes upon her."

However, the only person who had an absolute knowledge of her intention was the priest to whom she went for absolution. The horror of her confession so affected the good priest, that he sought to relieve his overwrought feelings by transmitting the awful story to paper. To the student of Shakespeare, the news that this manuscript has been discovered will come as an agreeable surprise, since it naturally throws much light on Lady Macbeth's character, as well as that of her husband. Indeed, the manuscript will be of inestimable value in the study of the play, because of the fact that there are so many different opinions of these two characters.

The manuscript is as follows:

"On the day in which the following events occurred, a fierce storm was raging. The violence of the storm recalled to my mind the night in which our good King Duncan was so foully murdered, for the wind had the same demoniacal shriek and the thunderbolts seemed thrown with the same angry force, while the vivid lightning showed images of the same horrors that were seen on that night.

"My thoughts were far from pleasant as I sat listening to the storm. A storm of a different nature was raging in the kingdom; a storm of treason and tyranny. The family of the brave Macduff had been murdered, and suspicion pointed at the reigning monarch, Macbeth, as the instigator of the dreadful deed. It was further whispered that Banquo

had met his death by the same means, and going back a step further, that the gentle Duncan had been removed to give this traitor the title and office of king. It was reported that an army headed by Malcolm, and assisted by the English, was even now on the march for the palace of the king.

"While I was thinking over these things, a servant announced that I was wanted in the confessional. 'It must be dire distress,' thought I, 'that brings a soul to beg for absolution on a day like this.' Judge, then, of my surprise! The queen stood before me! She seemed the very spirit of the storm; her eyes were wild and her whole form seemed torn by some violent emotion. She sank upon her knees, and as I raised my hand in blessing, she caught it in her own. 'Wait,' said she. 'I came for a blessing, but you must hear my confession first.' 'But, daughter,' said I, 'you are drenched with the storm; would it not be better to wait until you are calmer and the storm has subsided?' 'No,' said she, 'the storm outside is nothing to the one raging in my own bosom, and until that ceases, there is no rest for me. Do you remember the night Duncan was murdered? Then, as now, the storm was only a shadow, as it were, of the one in my soul. The fiends of hell held a jubilee in my heart that night, and there they have remained until they have driven me mad. Now they are gloating and exulting over their work; it is their voices you hear in the storm. Yes, we murdered the king; Macbeth struck the blow, but I was an equal partner in the crime, for "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't." It was I who drugged the wine that was given to the grooms, and it was I who smeared their faces with blood, as they lay in a drunken stupor. I sold my soul to the devil that night, and soon it must be delivered, but let me tell you the bargain I made. I must go back many years, for the trade was not made in a day. You know that Duncan and Macbeth held an almost equal right to the throne, and we believed that Macbeth would surely be chosen in preference to his weak, vacillating cousin. The ambition of my life was to see my husband

king, and my son an heir to the throne. The love I felt for my husband was a part of my existence. I had loved him for his matchless bravery, for he was a warrior, even in his young manhood. But, alas! I found to my grief that my idol had feet of clay, for while he was a brave soldier, he was a moral coward. He had the ability to play; and nerved by the rush of battle, could execute, but when there was no "spur to prick him to redress," he had not the will power to execute, when the time for action came. Did I love him less, think you? No, on the other hand, I began to train my will, that I might be a real helper when he proved unable to meet the exigencies of the occasion. When Duncan was declared king, the disappointment was great, but my heart told me that there might yet be a way. Duncan might die, or the people might rebel against so weak a king. The years passed by, and the ambition I felt for my husband was giving way in some degree, and centering on my child instead. It seemed to me that my whole life would be a failure, if it denied me the boon of seeing my child a king. But it was not to be. Just as he was entering young manhood he was killed, fighting for his king. A wave of anger and bitterness swept over my soul, almost engulfing it. Then it was that Satan made his first attempt to buy my soul. The love I had felt for my child was transferred to my husband, and the old ambition to see him king came back a hundredfold stronger than before. "It can only be done," said he, when we were discussing the matter, "by the removal of Duncan, and his removal can be accomplished in but one way." I understood him, and at that moment Satan's conquest of my soul began. Macbeth was constantly on the field of battle, and the temptation was put in the background. Not so with me. Satan stood by me, constantly urging me on. After Macbeth had crushed the rebellion of Cawdor, the temptation came to him in a new guise. He realized his own fitness for the king's place, and his soul began to writhe under the injustice of being forced to perform the duties of king, without receiving the attending honor. The iron entered his

soul, and his decision was made. With Duncan's arrival at the castle, the long-wished-for opportunity came. Then came a struggle between my will and his. I taunted him with cowardice and finally my stronger will prevailed, and the dreadful deed was done. That was only the beginning. Without my knowledge, he murdered the sleeping grooms. Banquo, who knew the truth in regard to Duncan's murder, met his death at the hands of men hired with the king's gold. Macduff's family has been murdered, and I know, too well, the source of the crime. The end is near, I feel. We have played a great game, and lost. I shall not see the end, for this night I fulfill my part of the contract with Satan. I am only preceding Macbeth because I have done all that I can. I have tried to uphold and assist him, but my influence over him has been gone since our first crime. I go to the Limbo of Fools, a sacrifice to misguided love, but I do not regret it.'

"Thus ended the sad story. The queen died by her own hand that night, and the next day the king met his death at the hands of Macduff. Their souls can be redeemed only by much prayer and fasting, and to this end I will devote the remainder of my life, thinking it well spent if the two erring ones may at last enjoy forgiveness for their sinful life.

"(Signed) FATHER REBEAN."

—oOo—

ABOUT THE NORMAL.

Whereas, Mr. G. C. Morris, a member of the Senior Class, is compelled, on account of ill health, to withdraw from our midst and seek restoration; be it

Resolved, That we, the Senior Class of the W. K. S. N. S., express to him our heart-felt grief and abiding sympathies in this time of misfortune. Be it further

Resolved, That we extend to him our appreciation of his high grade work in the society, of his faultless conduct, of his punctuality in the performing of his duties, of his well-rounded character and good example.

Resolved, further, that we extend to him our sincere re-

grets that we have to lose his appreciated personality, and efficient services in our school work. Be it further

Resolved, That we earnestly wish for his speedy recovery and early return to the Normal.

Resolved, that one copy of these resolutions be printed in THE ELEVATOR and one given to Mr. Morris.

OLIVER HOOVER,
DORA R. BARNES,
NANNIE C. STALLARD,
J. W. ODELL,

Committee.

—oOo—

The Vision on the Hill

BY NELLIE ANGEL SMITH.

I am sitting in my favorite south window to-night, trying to count the numberless stars, as they twinkle and peep and seem to laugh at me away up there in the sky. How peaceful, still and happy everything seems. My thoughts come and go like lightning. I think of the past and of the future. Sweet memories chase each other through my brain. I grow sleepy, half close my eyes, and a prophetic vision weaves itself among the ever-changing lights thrown against the diamond-studded sky by the brightly-burning coke ovens. It was thus:

One long gleam of light spread over that grand masterpiece, high up on "Normal Heights," and fancy whispered: "Behold, 'The vision on the hill,' your teachers and classmates are making their dwelling in that fair region." My bosom filled with joy, but my soul was soon fixed in mute attention, when such soft accents fell upon my ears, that the sweetness thrills me yet. The love-tuned song was the happy welcome chanted by the "School of Music," and each note seemed to sound, "we came before you but a little space, by a road so rough and hard, that now the ascent will seem to you as play," "Behold, I send a herald."

Then the students grew pale with wonder, and the whole

multitude flocked around the herald sent with olive branch, and in their haste trod on one another, destruction reigned supreme, for each one was burdened with his share of baggage, representing each department, test tubes were broken, butterflies and grasshoppers escaped from long imprisonment in glass cases made tight by glue, Jack and Jill walked joyfully up the hill, the books escaped from Ragland without even a library slip; theme papers flew away in a flurry.

Surprise I needs must think was painted in my looks, for the herald smiled and backward drew his wand of olive branch, and at this the multitude became happy spirits, eager on their journey to depart, the scattered baggage vanished and never more troubled the spirits.

Then one I saw darting before the rest with such ardor to depart, that thrice his hands went into the air and as oft returned to his hair and I heard him utter, "The strategic point is on the hill; how is this ye tardy spirits, what negligence detains you loitering here; these three months past indeed, we have been waiting admittance, how of thee hath so much time been lost? Ascend the hill and cast off those scales that from your eyes the vision of the future educational achievements of Kentucky conceals. I repeat, pardon me, I just can't help it, the strategic point is on the hill." Straightway the impassioned leader advanced, but all at once he halted, overcome with mingled joy and sadness, and I heard him say, "Old Southern Normal, I who believed in thee, I who prayed for thee, I who exulted in your success, I who blended thee into the State Normal School, love thee, as my mortal frame I love, to-night as I depart from the walls which sheltered thee, love still pervades my soul, undying love, thou parent of the hopes upon the hill.

I leave thy visible habitation, but thy spirit I carry ever with me.

The spirit lighted thus himself; and two there were in one and one in two, the spirit of the Southern Normal merged into the State Normal; and upward the way he ascended, bidding the other spirits on and fear not.

Never was arrow from the cord dismissed, that ran its way so nimbly through the air as these words through the multitude sped.

I saw the multitude of spirits silently form into four gentle bands and I beheld forth issuing from the multitude the faculty, bright shining as angels, with illumined swords, wings they drew behind them and fanned in air and a little over each band they hovered, so that the troops were in the midst contained.

Betwixt the height and plain a steep ascent led, but over it fresh garlands were strewn, nor did nature there lavish all her treasures, but a sweetness of a thousand smells, a rare and undistinguished fragrance made. The escorting spirits over the flowery way followed with heedful ear the siren's song from the heights and piloted forth the four bands of spirits where the path led upward.

Within each one the desire so grew upon desire to ascend, that upward as they went it seemed that I could feel the wings increasing for their flight.

When they had come over all the way to the top of the hill, they stopped, they advanced not but with wondering, stood speechless. On them the most celestial spirit fixed his gaze and thus spake: "I with skill and art thus far have drawn thee; now thy inspiration take for a guide. Behold all by magic power has been removed; confusion has given place to order and system. Thou hast overcome the steeper way, overcome the straighter. To this height ye have come, now view the 'vision on the hill' without suspicion. Be thou ever dutiful. The same Lord who made me glad will give you light which will uncloud your minds."

The shadows grow dimmer and more fleeting, and the remaining forms flit swiftly away as the coke-ovens burn low, and the gorgeous vision fades.

All my life is illumined with a rich and rosy light and there will never be a vision so blissful as the "vision on the hill."

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.

G. C. MORRIS, Editor.

ASSOCIATES:

ELIZA STITH H. W. WESLEY GORDON WILSON MARGARET ACKER
TULA CHAMBERS T. T. JOHNSON MAUD LEE HURT ELLA JUDD

CARL ADAMS, Business Manager. PROF. W. J. CRAIG, . . . Faculty Representative.

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

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

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1911. NO. 4

As will be observed elsewhere in this issue, our editor has been forced to give up his work on account of ill health. This number is the product of the staff, and, as most of us are new in this field of work, we ask the reader to be kind in his perusal.

The staff feel the loss of Mr. Morris probably more keenly than any other members of the school. We have been so closely associated with him in work that his leaving is a personal sorrow to every one of us. The entire faculty and student-body join us in wishing him a speedy recovery and a happy, free life among the Western mountains.

Some of our subscribers seem to have utterly forgotten that it takes money to run THE ELEVATOR. According to the postal laws, we cannot send papers as second-class matter if the subscription is not paid. We are sure that our subscribers have accidentally overlooked this matter, and, having been reminded again, will send in their renewals immediately. Don't delay too long, friends; we can't live without your aid.

It is necessary to again remind our contributors that all poems must, as far as possible, be constructed according to the rules of verse. We appreciate the efforts of all who have written poems in the past and earnestly solicit more contributions of this kind, but the standard of the paper requires more careful work along this line.

THE ELEVATOR needs more earnest workers in the field. You who are subscribers, consider yourselves special committees to "boost" our paper. "Every Normal student a hearty supporter of the ELEVATOR both by faith and works," is our motto. Help us to realize our most earnest desire by telling the other fellow the merits of our paper and by asking his aid.

"It's moving day" at the Normal, and in many other parts of the State for the great army of Normalites has pitched its tents Bowling Greenward. Students, when you have told the teachers "Howdy," and had your programs arranged, come and visit the ELEVATOR. We want to see you.

Exchanges

In the limited space we have had in the past we have said only a small per cent of what we would like to say concerning our exchanges. Recently we have received some excellent December and January issues, nearly all of which are up to the best standard of school papers.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down, and in latest gown,
Jill came a-hobbling after.
—L. G. H. Record.

Quit watching the other fellow long enough to do something yourself.—Southern Co-Ed.

While we are no great lovers of parodies, there is one in the "Student" on "The Village Teacher," modeled after Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," that strikes us as being particularly ludicrous as well as witty. As an example, we cite the following:

"And when he sings 'Deliver Us!'
The congregation squall.
It sounds to them like the awful fuss
That is made on the garden wall
When three stray cats disturb the night
With their mournful catewaul."

"The High School Quill," of Norton, Kansas, has a number of excellent Christmas cuts.

The staff of the "Echo," of Chattanooga University, have added to the attractiveness of their Christmas paper by having their own pictures to grace one of its pages. This is a happy suggestion; why can we not show the world the likenesses of our honored staff at some early time?

Our old friend, "The High School Voice," of Owensboro, has an abundance of good things in its December issue.

"Well, now, Pat," said the judge to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the judge.

"Yes, sor, both of them," said Pat.—High School Voice.

"On the Waves of the Wabash" is the title of an article full of the out-door spirit in the December "Northwestern." "James' Christmas Story" is another interesting feature of the issue.

"The Wheat," Holiday Number, has an attractive cover design full of the Santa Claus spirit.

One of our best exchanges is "The Oracle," of the Duval High School, Jacksonville, Fla. Its short stories and cuts are particularly commendable.

Other exchanges will receive attention in later issues. This is a department in which we are much interested.

—oOo—

Red Letter Days

1910-1911.

September 6. Gathering of Normal students from the four corners of the earth.

September 22. Professor Strahm's effective rendition of "Casey Jones," Beethoven's late hit.

October 27. Educational Day. Governor Willson, city police and students on dress parade.

October 31. Paul Seay, as leading man in the Senior's reproduction of Macbeth.

November 4. Annual trip to the Cherry farm.

November 5. Mr. Wesley takes his manual training class out for an airing.

November 14. Senator Gore gives his views on the subject (the Democratic party).

November 15. Professor Claggett gets shot (just a nickel's worth).

November 19. Public recital of Oratorio Society, with Mr. Cook as soloist.

December 19. Mock faculty—a chance to see themselves as others see them.

December 25. A. C. Webb, Jr., finds out who Santa Claus really is.

January 5. Professor Craig takes home a beefsteak.

January 9. Mr. Ott holds us spellbound.

January 20. "Moving Day."

January 30. Famous magician entertains Dr. Kinnaman and others.

- February 3. Seniors' blowout.
 February 14. Professor Stickles gets a valentine.
 February 18. Miss Ragland's well prepared address on "As ye sew, so shall ye rip."
 March 17. Big day for the Greens.
 April 1. Fools' Day. Enjoyed by all.
 April 7. Billy Bryan, the modern Demosthenes, wins the oratorical contest over Dan Roberts, the silver tongued orator.
 May 3, 4, 5. Dedication at Normal Heights.

—oOo—

Pleasantries

- Mr. Hurt: "Married yet, old man?"
 Mr. Hoover: "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."
 Mr. Hurt: "It's better, if you only knew it."

- Mrs. Leiper: "Do you think her nose will be like her father's in time?"
 Friend: "I don't know. It takes something more than time to produce a nose like her father's."

- Ad: "Red, have you awakened Wesley?"
 Red: "No; I can't find my brass knucks."

- Mr. White: "Do you mean to insinuate that I cannot tell the truth?"
 Prof. Alex.: "By no means. It is impossible to say what a fellow can do until he tries."

- The Dean: "Mr. Haynes, are you sure this is your father's signature?"
 Mr. Haynes: "As near as I could make it out."

Miss Frazee: "Does the question bother you, Miss Northern?"

Miss N.: "Not at all. It's the answer that bothers me."

—oOo—

In and About the Normal

The Oratorio Society is now preparing "Eli," which, with the aid of four of the best singers from New York and an orchestra equally as good from Nashville, will be presented to the public in May. We who heard their Thanksgiving program are looking forward with great pleasure to this spring festival.

The delegates attending the State meeting of the Society of Equity were welcome visitors at our chapel on Thursday morning. Their chairman, Hon. J. Campbell Cantrill, gave a greeting in which he assured us of the co-operation of the farmers of Kentucky in our work of education.

We had for the second number of our lecture course one of our favorite speakers, Mr. Ott. Nor did he in any way disappoint us; but, as before, gave us a talk full of elevating and inspiring thoughts. May he be with us again.

Seniors, Juniors, Kit-Kats, all, prepare for the struggle. The time is drawing near for our great annual Oratorical Contest, when the champion in our school will, in the Interstate Contest—this year to be held at Athens, Ohio—strive to win the laureis for the W. K. S. N. S.

Subscribers, please "come across" with your half-dollars. This is slang, we know, but we purpose to say stronger things later, if necessary.

Mr. Grover C. Morris has returned to his home at Philpot, Ky., on account of illness. His absence is much regretted by the student-body.

THE ELEVATOR has sustained the great loss of its efficient business manager, Mr. Carl Adams, who has accepted a position in the High School at Williamsburg, Ky.

—oOo—

Literary Society Notes

The societies are still growing in interest. Much parliamentary work is being done, looking forward to the organization of congress in the spring.

The Pyerians have so increased their membership that a division of the society will be necessary for efficient work.

Sections I and II of the Kit-Kat Society will give a debate Friday evening, January 27. Subject, "Resolved, That all labor organizations should be abolished by law." Section I will be represented by Mr. Bell and Miss Morgan, Section II by Mr. Likens and Miss Rae.

After the Christmas and final vacations, the Senior Society has returned to its regular discussions. Friday evening, February 3, a reception will be given in honor of the new members. An invitation is extended to all Seniors to be present and enjoy the evening.

By request the Junior Society will be addressed by six members of the faculty at following meetings. The Juniors have adopted some fine New Year resolutions that have to be left out, owing to lack of space. One of the striking ones was that no more term finals be inflicted on the suffering public.

Personals

A report comes from the Uniontown schools to the effect that progress is theirs as never before. With Wm. E. Bohannon as superintendent and N. D. Bryant as principal, the most efficient service is being rendered to the district. So thorough is the work that credit is given the students at many colleges.

From Miss Cora Stroud, at Island, Ky., comes the good report of progressive work. The board has given its cooperation to such an extent that the capacity of the buildings and the teaching force both have been increased.

The W. K. S. N. S. not only equips its graduates with material for the busy hours in the field, but even implants in their very nature a desire to while away their leisure hours around the sacred spot. Then this accounts for the return during the Christmas holidays of Prof. C. T. Cannon, of London; Blackburn Spears and Alfred Crabbe, of Paducah; Miss Gertrude Grimsly, of Farmington, Ky.; Chesterfield Turner and Chester Shaw, of Etowah, Tenn.; Miss Elizabeth Drake, of Columbia, Ky.; Miss Ruth Alexander, of Falmouth; L. L. Hudson, of Hardyville; Miss Mayme Thomas, of London; Miss Nell Smith, of Madisonville.

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Ralph Quinn, a former student, has accepted a position with a Henderson daily paper.

We are in receipt of a letter from A. J. Burdette, of Denver, Colo., extending THE ELEVATOR his good wishes, but best of all, he sends 50 cents with which to purchase a ticket for its trip to Denver. Give us more ticket money.

Miss Lucile Yates, a former student, recently married a Mr. Claypool, of this city. They are to make Bowling Green their future home.

Miss Jennie Bennett and Mr. Roy Rummage were married Christmas. Both are Normalites from Daviess County.

Miss Nannie Bradshaw, a former student, was married to Mr. Minor Milligan during the holidays.

Grover Lane, of Munfordsville, was in town Saturday, complimenting THE ELEVATOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, father and mother of Oliver Hoover, have returned to their home at Pellville, after having resided here a year.

Miss Loraine Cole, who has finished her school in the country, has returned home to take her mother's position in the city schools. Mrs. Cole is now teaching in the West.

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