

3-1911

## UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. II, No. 6

Western Kentucky University

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## Extracts from the Catechism

By President H. H. Cherry.

(Read at the First Chapel Exercises Held in the New Vanmeter Hall.)

In whose honor was this building constructed?

This building is a part of a proposed educational plant which will, when finished, reflect twentieth century democracy and be a credit to the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It is being developed in the honor of Kentucky's children and in the interest of spiritual efficiency.

To whom does the Western Normal belong?

It is a human stock company. The people are the stockholders. Its dividends go to all the people of the State.

About how much would it cost to complete the proposed educational plant shown in the perspective on the two preceding pages?

A statute authorizing the appropriation of \$50,000 annually for ten years would complete the plant.

What was the fundamental educational thought that led to the establishment of the Normal?

It was established in the interest of moral, intellectual, spiritual, physical and industrial thrift. It seeks to accomplish this end by giving the teachers of Kentucky an opportunity to have more life to give to the children of Kentucky.

What is our present duty?

It is our duty to idealize this great building by hard study; by expressing its harmony, its order, its articulation, its sanitation, and its stateliness in our lives; by high life, high thought, high ideals, and a noble service; by seeing to it that its nobility is not marred by a single mark on a single wall or desecrated in any other way; by making the beautiful sunrises and sunsets which we shall witness from this hill the rising of a soul in a world of promise and opportunity and the setting of a soul amidst the splendors of a life well lived; and by making this beautiful physical panorama that we shall witness from this hill-top and from class-room windows a spiritual panorama to be transmuted into life.

What is the logical place of the Normal School in the school system?

Behind an efficient Commonwealth is an efficient citizenship; behind an efficient citizenship is an efficient public school system; behind an efficient public school system is the efficient teacher; behind the efficient teacher is the Normal School and other agencies that seek to train the teacher for efficiency. There is but one thing that is of more value to our school system than a physical piece of equipment, and that is a spiritual piece of equipment—a teacher whose life will be a river in a dry place. In other words, a teacher's vision, a teacher's preparation, a teacher's conscience, a teacher's missionary intensity. The W. K. S. N. S. was established by Kentucky in the interest of teaching efficiency. The Normal School is inseparably linked with the public schools of the State. They live and breathe together. It is an organic part of the public school system. Any man who is against it is against the public schools.

# The Elevator

GOING UP?

MARCH, 1911.



BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.



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## E. HUGH MORRIS DRUGGIST

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OUR STUDIO.

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Is the Home of Quality and Service

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B. J. BORRONE, Manager.

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BOWLING GREEN'S DEPEND-ON STORE

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Everything to Wear**

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**FOR YOUNG WOMEN:** Tailored Coat Suits, "Larance" Shoes, Ready-to-Wear.

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Students, Make Our Shop Your Headquarters.

For All Kinds of

### Pennants, Class Pins, Flags, Etc.

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Clifton Taylor, F. L. Teuton or Miss Grace Vass



# THE ELEVATOR



Vol. II.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., MARCH, 1911.

No. 6

## The First Chapel

BY EVA BELLE BECKER.

That the "outgrown shell" had been left was apparent when the long line of students and teachers, each with an article of furniture, reached Normal Heights on the gloomy afternoon of February 3, but the full truth was not realized until Monday, February 6. Then, as the bright smile of the King of Day rested like a benediction upon the noble edifice that crowned the Heights, for the first time its doors were thrown open and the school was allowed to go in and possess its own. The faculty and many visitors, among whom was the venerable Captain Vanmeter, occupied the rostrum in our new Vanmeter Hall, the great body of students almost filled the vast auditorium and the Model School occupied the balcony.

The program rendered was an impressive one. After the singing of "Holy! Holy!" by all, Dr. Miller read a short passage of scripture. Then Dr. Parker offered the dedicational prayer, in which he dedicated the building and all its functions to the service of God and Kentucky childhood. A vocal solo, "Spring," by Mrs. Settle, was followed by greetings:

First, From the Board of Regents by Mr. J. Whit Potter, local member of the board. In this he bade the school God-speed in its great work.

Second, From the faculty by Dean A. J. Kinnaman.



Third, From the student-body by Miss Stith, in which she pledged their loyal support.

Fourth, From the Model School, aptly given by Master Paul Grider.

All joined in the singing of "America," after which Professor Strahm played a piano solo. As no program of this kind at the Normal is complete without it, he then played the "Normal March," which meant, to the heart of every teacher present, the onward march of education in Kentucky. President Cherry read and discussed the "Catechism," in which is found the characteristic phrase, "More life! *More life!* MORE LIFE!" The "Chambered Nautilus" was read beautifully and effectively by Miss Mattie Reid. A short prayer by Dr. Barbee concluded the program, after nine "Raahs!" for President Cherry and the singing of "My Old Kentucky Home."

This was indeed a red-letter day in the history of the school, and after that other day has dawned, that will proclaim the "Vision on the Hill" completed, the two will go hand in hand on the pages of the school's history and in the memories of all who witness both.

—oOo—

## A Fairy Story

(ADAPTED.)

Once upon a time—as all good stories say—a golden-haired fairy and a dark-browed demon sat and talked.

The borders of Fairyland and Demonland lay close together, yet so distant were they that the golden sheen of the one only enhanced the inky blackness of the other.

For ages the imps of sadness had looked with covetous eyes upon the joyousness that hovered over the sunny plains of Fairyland; but all their overtures had been scorned, their schemes had come to naught, their vows had proved of no avail. So a demon grew and loved a fairy, who in turn hated him.

"I love you," the demon said. "You may scorn my love

to-day and show your white teeth in mockery. Yet, some day I will win you."

The fairy looked him full in the face and laughed an airy, impish laugh, that set his blood leaping in his veins. "I defy you," she said, and turned to float away upon the sunbeam that had waited for her.

"Hark you!" said the demon, coming as near to her as demon can come to a fairy. "Hark you to what I say. In that land of mingled shade and sunshine there live a lad and lassie who love each other as lads and lassies will. Strong as my love for you is, his love for her is thrice stronger."

"Even so," she whispered, "and as mine is for the prince of my dreams, so is hers for him."

"Even so," he answered, "but there lives another near her that she scorns with exceeding hatred."

"Even as I scorn you," she said.

"Even thus," he laughed. Then his levity passed. His face grew tragic in the tenseness of his passion. "Unless you marry me, she shall never wed the one she loves, but she shall be bound by indissoluble vows to the man she hates. I swear it!"

"It is beyond your power to forge such galling chains," she said. "She shall marry her lover and I my prince. I will it so!"

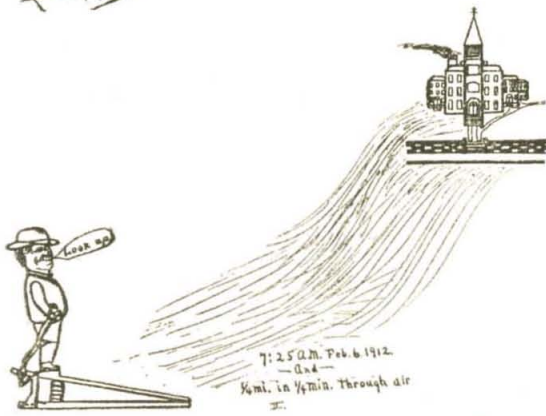
"Then accept this challenge," he cried, laughing with full faith in his easy victory. "Marry me and she shall wed her prince; refuse and her demon shall stalk forever by her side."

"I will make a better bargain than that with you," she cried, strong in her belief in the power of love. "I will sign this pledge—force her to marry her demon if you can and I will marry you."

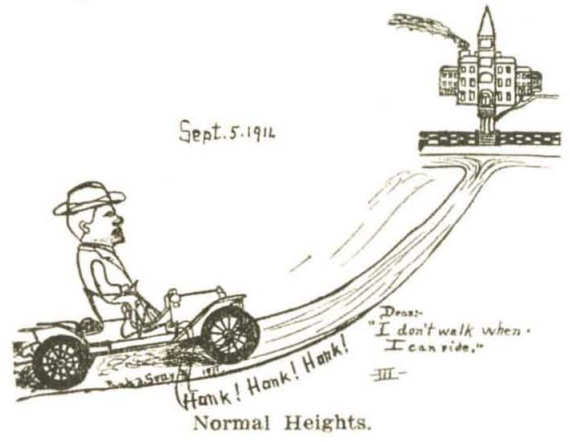
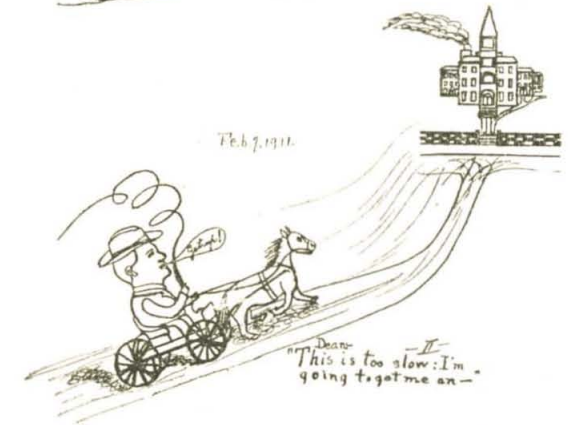
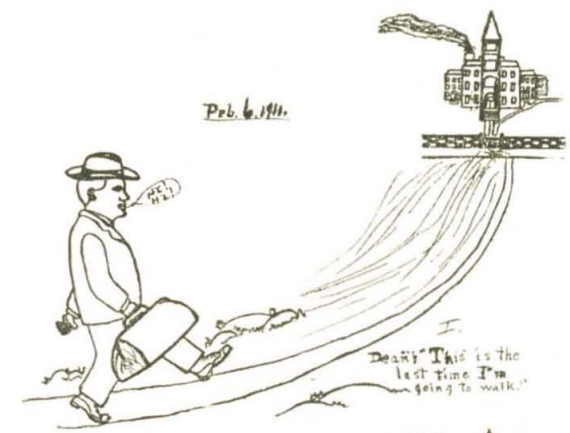
"Agreed," he said.

"And if you fail, you will leave us free to marry as we choose."

"I will leave you free," he said, but below his breath he muttered something about Death being the judge when his



Ways of Climbing—





efforts should cease. The fairy, equally confident in her own prowess, blew him a fragrant breath from her fingers and hastened away.

The demon, left alone, laughed and laughed until all the chieftains of Demondom were swarming round him demanding the reason, and begging to be intrusted with his most intricate plots.

So it was arranged that the boldest imps were to hold communion with the earth demon and goad him on to madness in his efforts to win the maid from the man that she loved. The demon filled the heart of the man with many subtle suggestions that lead him from the paths of fairness. But the inner recesses of his own heart were so dark that he would have sworn that he had received no visitants from the nether world.

Finding that he could not win her by fairness, he stooped to many questionable devices that of themselves were scarcely tangible enough to mar a gentleman's honor. Brought before her singly she could detect their falseness with her keen sight. But taken together—compact, inseparable, they were as so much poison poured into her veins. How they seethed and burned and transformed into strangeness all tender thoughts of her lover.

There were many meanings only half expressed, many an insinuation of his falseness, many a languishing glance of tenderness, as if he would shield her from a full realization of what he knew.

It goaded her on to desperation—and so it was no strange matter that sometimes her heart grew faint nigh unto yielding; that her manner toward the laddie become cool, reserved. For when the "Icebergs of suspicion begin to float between two hearts, no matter how warm and loving, an estrangement will begin. The ripples circling on the surface waters of life will invariably drift them apart, and it will take more than one wee fairy to steer them into Love's placid pools again."

So it was with these two. The strong and handsome youth grew to manhood, but there were premature lines on the

wide brow, and the brown eyes often held a look of mocking sadness, as if he were defying the fates who had refused to his maturer years the fulfillment of the promises made to his youth.

The lassie, bright and winsome, became a dreamy, wistful woman, with a far-away, yearning look as if her heart were hungry for something she could never hope to attain.

He met with others, and now and then woven in the fabric of his newer friendships he found a shining thread like tinsel. If for a while he believed it true, and buried the old-time heart tenderness in embers of the past, it was nothing more than others have done, and nothing less than a fairy's magic wand could have brought him back to the fealty of his youth.

But no sooner would their heart strings be attuned to harmony than the demon would tamper with them and snap their lives in twain. Thus sundered, he would drift to other anchors, and she would hearken to the earth demon's words, and oftentimes she doubted the pre-existence of that olden love for her. The years passed, and still to keep them faithful the fairy wove her tenderest charms around them.

The mystic shadows of half-forgotten dreams, the twilight memories, the cherished hopes of what might still be true were only touches of her silvery wand that rested on the heart of each, and then passed on with the eddying of time.

By and by the man's heart grew weary with the ceaseless struggle. Was it real love, or only a gilded snare that made him woo another? The sad-eyed woman never knew. She did not dream that before it was too late the fairy set his barque drifting, ail alone again. She heard only what others said; she saw what others could not fail to see, and in her woman's pride she dared not ask him for more definite knowledge. She would have died before showing that she cared enough to feel the stings of his indifference.

But the fairy kept her bosom throbbing with thoughts that would arise phoenix-like from the ashes of dead hopes. And her demon kept her smiling with the promises he made,



while all the time with the ceaseless ebb and flow her heart longed for the sound of one voice, the clasp of one hand as yore.

One day the fairy and the demon—neither older nor wiser than before—met as they were wont to do. "Are you ready to give up?" she asked.

"Not yet," he answered. "There is still time enough to win you."

So ages have passed in Fairyland and Demonland and in this land of mingled shade and sunshine, and as of old the fight between love and hate goes on.

Has the story ended yet? Not yet! As long as there are hearts to love, there will be some to suffer. Fairy and demon keep their sleepless vigils and like the swaying of a pendulum, tick off the seconds of life with faith or doubt, joy or woe.

How will it end, did you ask? You and I may never know. The man in his boastful self-control lives on in cool indifference, assumed or real, who shall say? The woman, gray-haired now, acts her part and smiles as she needs must do.

The golden-haired fairy and the dark-browed demon still defy each other; but the story goes on with its rhythmic meter out of the borderland of the Now toward the mystic Then. J.

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## The Odor of the Soil

BY T. T. J.

This is an age, we may say, of scientific agriculture. Farmers all over the United States are meeting, discussing farm problems, and organizing to better their condition. They are discovering their needs and are realizing that there is a better way of farming than that of the past, that there is a method of farming just as there is of other work, and that success in that line depends upon the method. There are more programs of farmers' meetings in the county papers of Kentucky now than there have ever been before. There is a great sentiment in the State in favor of teaching Agriculture in the public schools, for it is a well-known fact that most of the farmers get the greater part of their edu-

cation in the common schools. In all probability the Kentucky Legislature of 1912 will make Agriculture one of the common school branches.

Foreseeing all this and knowing the advantages of having a thorough training along these lines, the Western Kentucky State Normal School purchased a farm where farm experiments are being made for the benefit of the students of the school. The preparation of the soil, the selection of seeds, cultivation, the rotation of crops, the orchard problem, and all other subjects connected with farm work are thoroughly worked out.

This is a great opportunity for the people of Kentucky. It would well pay any ambitious young farmer, even if he doesn't take anything but the farm work, to enroll as an Agricultural student and get the benefit of the training that means so much for the farming industry of Kentucky.

—oOo—

## The Other Fellows

"The Idea," the student paper of the State University of Kentucky, is an attractive weekly. It has the unique plan of having certain members of the staff to prepare each issue. One of its good features is a department entitled "With the S. U. Poets." There is a very clever little poem, "Ode to My Pipe," in the issue for February 9.

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### Menu.

Cheese 'twixt crackers.

Figs a la "Ikey" Newton.

"Seedless" bananas. Oranges.

"Fuzzless" cakes. "Water in Bottles."—The Idea.

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The Western Girls' High School, of Louisville, has a very elegant paper entitled, "The Aurelian." Every number is full of good things,—stories, reviews, and sketches especially.



Some spicy articles in the February Mankatonian: Stories, "The Con-Rack," "School Spirit"; poems, "Memoires of Summer" and "Evening."

Elmer (aged five): Mamma, my stomach says it's time for dinner.

Mamma: Well, dear, go and see what the clock says.

Elmer (a moment later): The clock says my stomach is ten minutes fast.—Mankatonian.

"The Crucible," the paper of the Colorado State Normal, knows how to do things. Its cuts are "just nice." The January issue has an illustrated cover and several scenes in Greeley, Colorado, the home of the school. It gives us a handsome little "write-up" on our Christmas issue, especially our literary department. We don't know who writes its editorials, but they are pointed and full of buoyant life. Its stories and sketches are up to the standard.

*Some Excuses.*

I can't.	I tried.
I forgot.	I studied.
I couldn't.	I was late.
I was sick.	I was absent.
Please repeat.	I don't know.
I lost my books.	I missed my car.
I lost my paper.	I don't know how.
What did you say?	I didn't have time.
I don't understand.	I didn't learn that.
I know it, but I can't express it.	

(Shade of Col. Guilliams.—Ed.)

I studied until 11 o'clock.—Aurelian.

Food for thought is sometimes responsible for mental dyspepsia.—Southern Co-Ed.

"Oh, the leanness of the Senior when he's lean,  
And the meanness of the Junior when he's mean;

But the leanness of the lean,  
And the meanness of the mean,  
Aren't in it with the greenness of the Freshman when he's  
green."

—N. C. H. S. Quill.

"Won By Work" is the title of a good story in the January "Student." The paper is "full up" with jokes that are "really, truly," funny, too.

There was a young man very tall,  
Who tried out to play basketball,—  
Broke three ribs and a nose,  
Mashed an ear and four toes,—  
Any more we would tell—but that's all.

—Student.

Some of our exchanges are the following: High School Record, The Echo, The Quill, The Northwestern, The Huisache, The Transit, Wheat, Southern Co-Ed, Owl, Student, Northern Illinois, Somerset Idea, High School Voice, Florida Pennant, Crucible, Idea, Mankatonian, Aurelian, Oracle, and Florence Normal College Quarterly.

The February "Southern Co-Ed" is the best issue we have yet seen of this paper of our sister State. Stories, sketches, poems, and jokes abound.

*Do You Know That*

—While there is life there is hope for everybody but the undertaker?

—The average man is a cheerful giver when asked for advice?

—Ambition and a good digestion make a team worth hitching your wagon to?

—Occasionally people get too important to enjoy life?—  
Southern Co-Ed.



# THE ELEVATOR

## GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

**GORDON WILSON, Editor**

### ASSOCIATES:

ELIZA STITH	H. W. WESLEY	FINLEY C. GRISE	C. W. ANDERSON
TULA CHAMBERS	T. T. JOHNSON	MAUD LEE HURT	ELLA JUDD
LULA RJGSBY		BLANCHE VANMETER	

**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.

MARCH, 1911.

NO. 6

### MUSINGS OF YE EDITOR.

It hath been said of old that the pedagogue receiveth a poor salary, and while it is not our purpose to gainsay this declaration, hallowed by the brand of antiquity, we do believe there are some facts worth considering, even by the man who is seeking only dollars and cents in the world. If you will take note, you may observe that the well-prepared teacher, and by well-prepared we mean scholarship, personality, and that other thing spoken of by our President, is receiving nine times out of ten as good a salary or even better than the average man of business. We know this is so from actual contact with facts. Numbers of our boys get from \$75 to \$125 per month. Show us an equal number of business men of the same age and experience who can earn so much, working five days in the week. It "kinder" strikes us that Kentucky has made a resolution to pay the trainers of her childhood. But she doesn't intend to give her hard-earned dollars to just anybody; only the schoolma'am or schoolmaster who is willing to pay the price for education is entitled to her munificence. Get ready, people; the calls are already too numerous to be answered. If you con-

### THE ELEVATOR.

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template quitting school-teaching for business, think a few times more before deciding. Besides, money is not *all* in life.

—o—  
"Here am I, send me," or, "I can't, let the other fellow do it,"—which?

—o—  
We boast grandly of a greater Kentucky. Are we really trying to bring it into existence?

—o—  
Who has been known to complain about the walk up the hill? If you find such an one, "bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness."

—o—  
Our advertisers furnish us the means for the very existence of THE ELEVATOR. Is it not our duty, as students, to show our appreciation of this fact by patronizing them? Answer by your deeds.

—o—  
Somehow there has been a renaissance of artistic appreciation since the school migrated to its new quarters on Normal Heights. Who can wonder at this, however, considering the magnificent views to be had on every hand?

—o—  
The ideal school paper: A paper supported by all the student-body, attractive in arrangement, expressive of the school spirit, and full of good material. How does THE ELEVATOR compare with this?

—o—  
News, news, news—let us have it. If you know of some good work our folks are doing, or some wedding or anticipated wedding in the Normal ranks, a clipping concerning the State Normal influence, or any other news item—pass the information along.

—o—  
Some of the County Superintendents have shown their interest in education by subscribing for THE ELEVATOR. We believe that our paper should go to the office of every County Superintendent in Western Kentucky, for we are all working in the same great cause.



Every true American has a delicate little activity of the mind called in common phrase, the "funny bone." Its influence upon our national life has been great, and we have come to be regarded as a joke-loving people. Every paper has its column devoted to fun in some form, giving a zest that is distinctly American. We do not believe that any paper is complete without this department that appeals to the joyous side of life.

Readers of THE ELEVATOR, help us to "brighten the way with a smile" by sending in such funny things as you know. We want to make our Pleasantry Department a feature that expresses the real life of our school.

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#### HAVE WE GONE UP?

The odor of springing grass has revived the interest in athletics. Boys, get your bats and mitts, and girls, your tennis rackets, for the time is ripe for out-door action.

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The work of the literary societies is one whose value cannot be overestimated. We believe that it is the duty of every student to become an active member in one of our four societies, ay, even stronger than that, we are sure that he loses one of the greatest values of the school if he does not.

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### Normal Events Here and There

The following explains itself and we are glad to publish it:

"On the first Monday night (February 6) of this month, Principal H. A. Robinson, of the Fairview Graded and High Schools, Fairview, Ky., gave his patrons and pupils an intellectual feast. This was an Educational Rally, the like of which was never known to be had here before. The audience completely filled the Methodist Church, and was delightfully entertained from 7 to 10 p.m. The speakers on this occasion were Miss Jennie West, County Superintendent of Christian County; E. B. Weathers, Jr., Principal of the Elkton Graded and High Schools, Elkton, Ky.; Pres.

H. G. Brownell, of Bethel Female College, Hopkinsville; and Prof. J. L. Harmon, of the Bowling Green Business University. Much interest and enthusiasm was aroused. The people of Fairview are much pleased with Professor Robinson and the work he is doing."

---

This sounds good, coming as it does from the school of one of our best English students, Miss Lizzie Glenn:

"The Dycusburg school has this year been a very enthusiastic one, and has done some high-grade work. The student-body has, with the aid of the faculty, cleared eighteen dollars for the benefit of the school library."

Let us hear from many such schools. They are Kentucky's pride.

---

Prof. Joseph Perling, of New York City, came back to old Kentucky for his semi-annual visit early in February. While in the State he spent several days at the Normal, viewing the new buildings, meeting old friends, and, as usual, telling funny stories. We are very glad to have had him with us for he always brings enthusiasm.

---

T. R. Jones, Principal of the Oakton Graded School, writes that he is having a very successful school, which will close the 14th of April, at which time he will re-enter the Normal. Rafe is a fine fellow; we know it, for he sent a check in his letter which shows that he has faith in THE ELEVATOR.

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Miss Nancy Shehan, Life '10, has been promoted from the first grade in the Monsaratt School, Louisville, to the sixth grade in the New Broadway School. We are glad to hear of the promotion of our good people; they certainly deserve it.

---

We recently received a neat little folder from the Fairview, Ky., Graded School, where one of our boys, H. A. Robinson, is "making good." He suggests that more personals are needed in THE ELEVATOR, to which we say "Amen" most heartily.



Madame Rumor hath reported that our friend of ancient days, J. B. Johns, Life '10, is "makin' things hum" at Brandenburg, Ky. We are sure those children are at least learning how to sing.

Miss Nina Rudd, of Calloway County, who entered school at the opening of the mid-winter term, was called to take charge of the eighth grade in one of the Mayfield schools. THE ELEVATOR went, too.

A. G. Shields, who has just finished a very successful school at Garnettsville, contemplates entering a business college at Louisville.

Ex-Superintendent Littrell, of Owen County, candidate for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, visited us on February 9, making a short speech at chapel.

Laurant, the magician, the third number of the Lyceum Course, very highly entertained "Dr. Kinnaman and others" in the old Vanmeter Hall, January 31.

E. H. White, who is in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., does not forget the W. K. S. N. S. and THE ELEVATOR.

The General Music Period is accomplishing great good. Prof. Strahm knows how to sing and make others sing, too.

We are told that C. W. Green, one of the leading teachers of Barren County, contemplates entering school soon.

Misses Zilla Barnes and Bertha Morgan, both former students, are doing fine work in the school at West Point, Hardin County.

Pay your subscription in advance and get special privileges in THE ELEVATOR, for it's getting crowded.

Miss Ray Peterson and Mr. Thomas Reed were united in matrimony on February 11.

Miss Eva Audas and Mr. James Hankins, of Dunmor, "went and did likewise" recently.

Mr. J. Logan Stillwell and Miss Ailene Frymire, of Ekron, Ky., both former Normalites, were married last month.

Leck Frymire and Miss So-and-So, of Meade County, also took each other for "better or worse" not long since.

Dr. Hyde, of the Kentucky State Board of Health, gave us a practical, common-sense talk in chapel February 14.

Miss Lena Palmore, Life '10, is said to be having unprecedented success in her school at Marrowbone. Good!

Jake Farris, Junior '10, is likewise showing the people of Columbia, Ky., what a "really, truly" teacher can do.

Miss Nancy Shehan, of Louisville, visited the Normal the first of March.

The epidemic of measles has about disappeared. Our students showed an admirable spirit during the entire trouble.

Miss Jessie Hale, of Daviess County, is looking forward to the beginning of the spring term with unconcealed joy. She will re-enter the Normal then.

The Signor Bartillotti Concert Company gave the first public program in New Vanmeter Hall on February 9, this being the fourth number of the Lyceum Course.

Miss Carrie Spenser, who recently finished her school in Spenser County, visited at the Normal the latter part of February.



J. M. Porter, who has been ill for some time with inflammation of the middle ear, has returned to his home in Graves County.

Herman M. Holland, formerly of Graves County, is teaching the Choctaw papooses of Stanley, Okla., how to scalp the pale-faces in true Kentucky fashion.

On Friday night, February 18, the Seniors were entertained in Cabell Hall, a candy-pulling being the special feature of the occasion. All report a "sweet" time.

An interesting and attractive announcement has come from the Uniontown Normal School, Uniontown, Ky. This training school is under the control of Messrs. Wm. E. Bohannon and N. D. Bryant.

A movement, and an excellent one it is, has been inaugurated to improve the appearance of the grounds on Normal Heights, by means of flower-beds, etc. Every Normalite, we are sure, will enter enthusiastically into this.

Reports from Silver City, New Mexico, announce that G. C. Morris is improving in health. It is also slightly rumored that since going West, the perennial spring weather has caused him to turn his mind to thoughts of love.

The second public concert of the Oratorio Society was held in New Vanmeter Hall on Friday night, March 3. The program was made up of choruses, solos, and orchestra selections, and the thousand people present declared it a great success.

A telegram from Paducah announces that a new theatrical company has been organized, which bears the imposing name of Crabb, Hinton and Spears. The first gentleman is to be general manager of the company, the last two, vaudeville comedians. We always knew those boys had talent for doing something unique. We forgot to say that the enterprise is a ten-cent show of high class.

## Athletics

There's quite an interest being manifested in the coming baseball team. Among the old players are Greer, Atherton, Allison, Kirk, Smith and Hoover. They speak for themselves. Among the new players are Allen (Jno.), Allen (Marvin), Lay, Cox, Maxy, Hamilton and many others. They will soon speak for themselves. Definite plans are being arranged for the schedule for the season. We will soon be able to give you an exhibition of our athletic strength. With the proper coaching we can develop one of the best school teams in the South.

Again we want to urge the boosting by the student-body. W. K. S. N. S. stands for the best in everything, even in Athletics. Give us your hearty support, and we will do the rest. ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE BOOSTERS' CLUB?

—oOo—

## Laugh If You Want To

Mrs. Hurt (at the breakfast table): I want to do some shopping to-day, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?

Mr. Hurt: Rain, hail, thunder and lightning.

Mrs. Humble: And what would you be now if it had not been for my money?

Mr. Humble: A bachelor, my dear.

"Do you think a man should take his wife into his confidence regarding his business affairs?" asked Mr. Windsor of Mr. King.

"If he isn't making any money, yes," replied Mr. King, cautiously.

Recently four young ladies under twenty years of age debated the following question before the august Juniors: "Resolved, That the man who attends his clubs makes a better husband than one who does not." Wonder what's coming next? The affirmative won, unanimously.



Extract from a chapel philippic: "I am for the country boys, one of whom I am which."

"Who was the old farmer that asked the people to be quiet the night of the Bartillotti Concert?" asked an innocent new student, little realizing that the gentleman in question was our own Col. Guilliams.

Possum Trot, Ky., February 22, 1911.

Mister editur of the elevater:

I described for your paper two month ago and ain't got nary copy yet. Please investogate this matter.

Your truley,

BILLIE GREENEY.

If girls interfere with your studies, cut the studies out at the earliest opportunity.—Diary of Corbett McKenney.

Dr. Kinnaman: Now, Howard, promise me that you will always count a hundred before you hit another boy.

Howard: Yes, I will,—if there's anyone around to hold the other boy while I count.

P. G. Smith was vociferously airing his views on atheism when one of the members of the faculty heard him.

"You are a free thinker, I perceive," he remarked; "you believe in nothing."

"I only believe—um—what I can understand," P. G. replied.

"Well," said the other party, "It comes to the same thing, I suppose."

"Are you going to spend the summer in the country?" asked Marylee.

"Not I," answered our dear little Julian, "'cause I've heard they have thrashing machines there. It's bad enough here, where it's done by hand."

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