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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.

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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1913.

NO. 9.

The Editor's Thoughts

According to substantial report, this issue of THE ELEVATOR marks the end of another year's success in the life of one of the greatest Normal Schools in our land. In this issue are to be found a few of the many great things that happened during commencement week.

The editor wishes to say the ten months spent at the desk, trying to solve the problems that confront an editor, has been the shortest and happiest ten months of his life. Not because of his own success, but because of that richness of experience that comes from being intimately associated with the many able supporters of THE ELEVATOR. And if the paper has to a limited degree measured up to the standard set for it by previous years, allow us to say the credit belongs to the associates and contributors and not to the editor. We do not hesitate to say a more loyal and able body of people have never been connected with THE ELEVATOR than the associates of this year. The editor wishes to thank each and all for their untiring efforts to make the paper ring with that spirit of life, loyalty and originality that we have so much desired. Possibly no one person has done more for the paper this year than Prof. Alfred Crabb, of Paducah, the first editor of the paper, who has contributed all of the articles known as "Concerning" and Normlettes." THE ELEVATOR is still proud of its first editor. We also feel

that Mr. Anderson, our cartoonist, and others who have contributed along this particular line, have played no small part in the life of THE ELEVATOR for the past year. In short, the editor is not unmindful of the loyalty of the student-body, faculty, and all who have helped THE ELEVATOR in any way and wishes to publicly recognize the same.

—o—
Be Hopeful.

It seems to me that one of the best mottoes a person can have is "Hope." By it you show yourself on the sunny side of life; that you still believe this is God's country, and that we are under His protecting care.

The sunshine will melt the glacier. It cannot do so within a moment; but the work will begin as soon as the rays fall upon the ice, and it will continue so long as the warmth rests upon the frozen river. Nothing will not and cannot be revolutionized instantly, but the thawing-out process must be gradual. Be frank with yourself and you will be hopeful.

Take a few precious moments off for self-examination. Do not mourn because some one is ahead of you. Think of those you have left behind in the race of life. Yours is not a hopeless case unless you are the last in the line. No greater happiness can be found than that which comes from the sweet content of right thinking, right living, and good conscience. Try it. What the world needs is courage, enthusiasm, inspiration, and determination; and these things you cannot have unless you are hopeful.

—o—
The Booster; The Knocker.

When Ignomar, the barbarian, entered his tent and found Parthenia, the captive Greek maiden, arranging flowers into wreaths, he was displeased, and said:

"What are you doing?"

"Weaving garlands," she replied.

"But what is their use?" he asked gruffly.

"They are beautiful, and that is their use," she responded.

In these simple questions and answers may be seen the

character of the Greek and the barbarian of every age, though they may have other names.

The boosters in every age have been its most beautiful and cultured types. The knockers in every age have been its ugliest and hardest-featured specimens. The Greeks, with their beautiful ideas of order and harmony, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with stability to endure and grace to adorn. The barbarians, with their boorish conceptions of symmetry and relation, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with neither strength for utility nor elegance to charm.

Are you a booster or a knocker?

Now the editor turns from the editorial desk with the satisfaction that if he never feels the thrill of victories, the pride of honors, he has, at least, been associated with those who knew only the inspiration of a high purpose and who heard only the call to greatness. And in after years when he turns to go back for a little while into his yesterdays, his memory will linger long on this period of his life.

We are hoping to be able to do more in our work as editor next year than we have done this; and we earnestly solicit the co-operation and support of all who are anxious to see THE ELEVATOR succeed.

FROM THE GRADUATE'S VIEWPOINT.

How dear to our hearts is the Bowling Green Normal.
When fond recollections presents it to view.
Ambition encouraging and knowledge disclosing,
Our efforts rewarded, which efforts were true.
Our duties at times we think are not pleasant,
We think that our labors grow harder each year;
But the harder we work, the more power it gives us,
And thus difficulties will soon disappear.

"That which is going to do the most good for us is the invisible."

Commencement

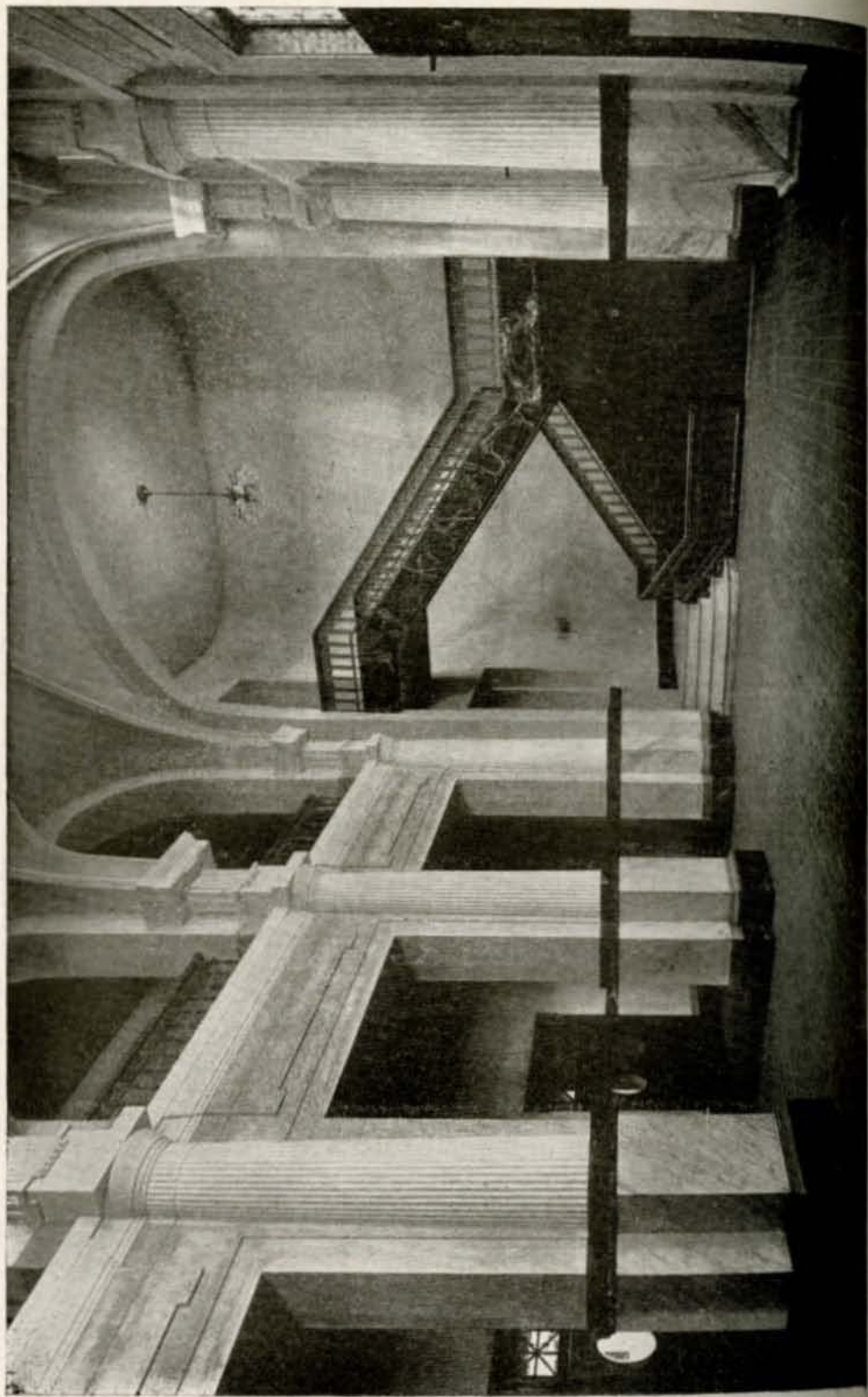
Commencement, with its joys, its realized ambitions, its fulfilled hopes, its imposing array of graduates, both of noble women and stalwart men, its flowers, its great inspiring orations, its bright hopes for a grander future, its return of the alumni and many other well-known faces of the by-gone days, and its ever so many other things—has again come and gone. This year it was deemed best to change the time from the end of the summer term to that of the close of the spring term, and the change proved to be a wise one.

Final Program of the Kit-Kat Klub.

A fitting prelude to the commencement proper was the closing exercises on Friday night, June 6, of the Kit-Kat or Elementary people. The successful rendering of the short and rather unusual program gained the undivided attention of the large audience, as was shown by the frequent hearty and prolonged applause given. The program, entirely of dramatic readings, consisted of a scene from "Julius Cæsar," given by Mr. Brown and Mr. Oliver; a scene from "School for Scandal," by Mr. Rogers and Miss Pennebaker; "The Other Woman," Misses Van Cleve and Cole; a scene from "Merchant of Venice," Misses Wright and Walker. The Training School Chapel, where the program was rendered, was attractively decorated in the class colors, green and white. The Klub has never been more prosperous or united than it has been this year, and has made itself felt in the school.

Those receiving the Elementary or Two-Year Certificates are:

Albertie Bordin, Mildred Bennett, Wallace Board, Lucy Booth, Judith Boxley, Hazel Boggess, Georgia Brandon, A. D. Buttersworth, Brent Clayton, J. O. Compton, Mattie Capshaw, Laverne Cheek, Ruth Coward, Gertie Clemons, Rose Demunbrum, L. T. Dickerson, Isa Floyd, Dellazine Hardin, Carsie Hammond, Zola Hudson, N. T. Hooks, Mary Henry,



FOYER, NEW VANMETER HALL AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

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Erma Hill, James Hamilton, Frank Irwin, Stacy Jenkins, J. C. Lawson, C. R. Luton, Alma McDaniel, Frances Moss, Lottie Osborn, Daisy O'Dell, Rena Plain, Eva Pewitt, John Richards, Pearl Roan, Daisy Radford, Geo. Rogers, Carrie Spencer, Elsie Shaw, Annie Gertrude Shea, Estelle Slaughter, Bedford Turner, Noma Ussey, Nellie Van Cleve, J. W. Vance, Beverly Vincent, Annie Belle Wright, Amy Jackson, Vonnie Lockett, Agnes Bading, A. B. Carlton, Ada Darnall, Pierce Geurin, Claude Harmon, Mary Jennings, Goldie La-hue, Stella LaMond, Guy Montgomery, Isom Mitchell, Alice Meadows, Metta Mathis, Talbert Oliver, Ivy Overby, Guy Robertson, Mrs. S. C. Ray, Lizzie Lee Shaw, Carline Truman, G. Wesley Turner, Lula C. Toy, Maggie Thomas, Annie Underwood, Sallye Washington, Irvie Walker.

The Juniors' Closing Exercises.

Saturday night, June 7, the sway of the green and white had given place to the black and gold of the Juniors. The black-eyed Susan, their class flower, was in evidence everywhere—upon every hand. These indomitable folks had chosen three of their number to speak upon this occasion. Remarkable addresses these were, of unusual power—a credit to the society and much honor to the speakers themselves. Miss Annie Robertson spoke on "The Secret of Achievement," a beautiful speech full of thought and strength; Miss Lucile Goodwin, in her own inimitable way, upon "The Call of the Carpenter," a brilliant address that was laden with the atmosphere and sentiment of the Judean hills of the olden days; Mr. W. L. Matthews, upon "Winning the Best." The two special and honored visitors of the evening, President Cherry and Dr. Kinnaman, each responded to calls for an address. Loud and long was the applause when our worthy Dean announced that next year Prof. Green would direct the activities of the Class of '14—already becoming famous—in the role of "Premier," while he himself, retiring from active leadership because of his onerous duties, would still remain with them, also, as "King."

Those receiving the Four-Year Certificate were: Anna

Lee Adams, Julian Preston Adams, Edyth Lyle Allen, C. W. Anderson, Eva Belle Becker, Vivian Brame, Nelle Irene Coleman, Agnes Conover, Gertrude Cox, Maude Crute, J. C. Davis, Stella Earl Denton, Carl E. Ellis, Ralph E. Ellis, Ruth Eubank, Ethel Featherstone, Elsie Flowers, Seigle Gray Ford, Edna Gatewood, Lucile Goodwin, Elizabeth Green, Jesse W. Grise, Pearle Jordan, Florence Knight, Huel Larkins, Beulah Lovelady, Nora Maddox, W. L. Matthews, Eva Mercer, Roy Mitchell, H. C. Mitchell, Zella Pelly, Mary Rasco, Ollie Richardson, Annie Rooney Robertson, Mildred Roll, Grace Speck, Martha J. Tuck, Vera R. Venable, J. B. Walters, Oma White, Marie Whitman, Kate Donham.

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Commencement Sermon.

It was preached to a packed house in New Vanmeter Hall, Sunday evening, June 8, by Bishop Woodcock, of Louisville. Bishop Woodcock is known far and wide as one of Kentucky's greatest pulpit orators. He sounded a trumpet call to duty on Life's battleground, a call that will echo and reverberate long in the ears of those who heard him. It was indeed a great address on a great topic,—the development of citizenship to a high moral standard.

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The School of Music.

Tuesday evening, June 10, the School of Music gave its closing program, consisting of quite a number of well-chosen and intensely interesting selections, given by the graduates of this department. The superb rendition of these selections reflected great credit to our Music School, whose prestige, under the leadership of Prof. Strahm, is rapidly growing. The afternoon concert, given also by the graduates of this department, was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

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Wednesday's Chapel and the Alumni Address.

Chapel on Wednesday morning was given over entirely to former students of the institution, now on a visit to their

alma mater. Prof. Alexander was master of ceremonies, and short and interesting accounts of their stewardship were given by P. G. Smith, B. H. Mitchell, Oscar Shemwell and many other giants of the by-gone days. Following this "experience meeting," came the Alumni Address by Mr. James Knoll, of Louisiana. It was the strong, practical viewpoint of the teacher's opportunities, duties and responsibilities to practical education as viewed through the calculating eyes of the civil engineer—Mr. Knoll's chosen profession in which he is making doubly good.

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Baccalaureate Address.

Thursday morning at 10.30, came the final exercises of the week. The feature of the morning was the great Baccalaureate Address by Mr. Jacob Riis, the noted tenement worker and reformer of New York, who has won an international reputation because of his great labors in behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed multitudes of our great congested metropolises. Mr. Riis is a native of Denmark, and his semi-pathetic, semi-humorous account of his early school-days, told for purpose of contrasting with the conditions of to-day, brought tears to the eyes of many. From a great heart, overflowing with love for the children especially of our cities and many thousands of lonely, helpless foreigners annually dumped upon our shores, this plain, unassuming, quaint old man brought a message of great power that sank deep into the hearts of the vast, appreciative assemblage. His closing words, relating a beautiful Hebrew legend in support of his plea for universal peace and brotherhood of man, were the most apt and fitting we have heard in many days. Come, again, Mr. Riis, your message is from the soul, and shall never lack for hearers.

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After this magnificent address the members of the Senior Class received their diplomas, giving them formal permission to launch their well-built barks upon the tempestuous sea of achievement, where we shall soon expect to hear that they have served their apprenticeship well and have be-

come master sailors. Those receiving the Life Certificates are: Ruby Alexander, Garnett F. Parnes, T. H. Barton, Sue Ellen Barnhill, Kate Claggett, Paul Chandler, Jacob Duncan Farris, Catharine Lelia Braun, Eliza Hale, Rubie Lucile Knott, R. A. London, DeWitt Martin, D. P. Morris, Hazel McCluskey, Isaiah Leslie Miller, Ella Ruth Tichenor, Gordon Wilson, Katharyne M. Hawthorne, Susan Cullom, Nettie Drane, Ella Judd, Norma Gibson, Jennie Lynd Hodges, W. A. Simmons, Harry Weir, Mary Elizabeth Seargant.

It was a great, strenuous week. Enthusiasm ran mountain high. This commencement closed a great and successful year of advance and progress and ushered in propitious tokens of the glorious dawn of a greater, better year than ever yet attained. A year that will exert an untold influence in the development of Kentucky's greatest natural resource, her childhood; a year whose influence will continue, doubtless, throughout countless ages, reaching innumerable multitudes yet unborn. May it be so.

—oOo—

The Raising of the Stars and Stripes

Nearly a century and a half ago the willing and nimble fingers of a colonial lady, who had a heart brimful of love and patriotism for her country, made a small banner of red, white, and blue cloth, and presented it to her country's leader during those stormy times. That banner became our National Flag, and love and patriotism, which began at its birth, have increased with the progress of the years. It has been loved, honored and respected in seasons of peace and in seasons of war. It was for all that the Stars and Stripes represent that the men of the United States have faced the guns of other nations, and have given their lives. And once when a portion of us would have, by war, torn the Flag asunder, and have another in its place, there were those loyal hearts and that held to the original Stars and Stripes. No longer does there exist in our minds and



H. H. CHERRY
PRESIDENT WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

hearts the feeling of hatred, envy and discord; no longer would any of us have two nations and two flags; but so perfectly has the old wound healed; so friendly and harmonious is the feeling existing among all, that the Stars and Stripes float over some of the one-time camps of those who would at one time not own them.

Even in the soil of our own State, Kentucky; even in our own county, Warren; in our own city, Bowling Green; and on our own lovely Normal Heights, where one of these one-time camps is located, there floats from a stately tower one hundred feet high, the lovely, the majestic, the beloved, the ever-to-be-honored Flag of the Free.

The occasion of its being raised was a grand and memorable one. On Wednesday afternoon of commencement week, in New Vanmeter Hall an assemblage of about one thousand persons sang, "Stand Up for Jesus," and after an invocation by Dr. Young, of the State Street Methodist Church, and Scripture reading by Dr. Binkley, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, sang "My Old Kentucky Home." For forty-five minutes the rapt attention of the audience was held by President Cherry in an address, "Reform and Patriotism," given in a way that belongs solely to him. The address was a tribute to the Flag, an appeal to the patriotism of youth, and a plea for self-control and self-development. Running throughout it was the thought that the individual is responsible for the country's prosperity and happiness; that it is through the individual that reform is accomplished and patriotism is aroused.

As an afterthought if not a climax to President Cherry's address, Mrs. Crume so very feelingly and beautifully sang that poem which inspires us, which fills us with best love for our country and with love and good thoughts to all; that poem we love, Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional."

The audience adjourned to the fort at the rear of New Vanmeter Hall, and as Mrs. Crume and the school chorus sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," the Class of '13 marched to the fort bearing a new twenty-five by fifteen Spangled Banner. The class formed a semi-circle at the foot of the

tower, and Mr. I. L. Miller and Miss Ruby Knott drew the rope that slowly took the Banner out of the hands of the Class of '13 and gave it to the breeze to daft proudly to and fro from its hundred-foot height.

Not a being who looked upon that flag of Stars and Stripes, as it rose aloft gracefully and majestically, could have felt but a delightful thrill pass through his body, and experienced a feeling of pride in being one of the millions of partners who possess it; a feeling of security and safety that it insures; and, greatest of all, a swell of patriotism that had each to be willing to fight for that which the Flag represents.

Each member of the Class of '13 gave an appropriate quotation on either education, duty, self-control or patriotism, after which Dr. Cato, of the First Christian Church, pronounced the benediction.

To look toward Normal Heights from almost any point many miles away, one can see above all else the Flag of the Free floating calmly, silently and proudly. Then comes the thrill of patriotism and love for the home-land. To walk in the shadow of its folds in early morning or late afternoon, or in the peaceful moonlight, there comes again that thrill even more strong than ever. Then we can only look upon it in admiration and awe, and quietly bow our heads in meditation and thanksgiving.

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1913 Alumni Association

As a perfectly natural sequence of the graduation of each year's class, the Alumni Association of the Western Kentucky Normal is greatly increased in numbers. The 1913 meeting of the Association was one of the best held since the birth of the institution. The annual address was given by Mr. James Knoll, of New Orleans, Louisiana. Those who knew Mr. Knoll in the old Southern Normal (for he is a graduate of that institution), and the character of his work, easily recognized him in the thought and delivery of his

address. It was beautiful, not in high-sounding figures of speech and flowery language, but in simplicity, perspicuity and excellency of thought.

Before Mr. Knoll's address, which was given Wednesday morning of commencement week, a short address of welcome was given to the Class of '13 by Mr. W. T. Hines, of Bowling Green, Ky., and response was made by Mr. Paul Chandler, of the Class of '13.

The business session of the Association was held Wednesday afternoon. Several interesting matters of business were dealt with. Dr. H. H. Cherry has proved himself such a capable and efficient president of the Association that he was unanimously re-elected, with Miss Mattie McLean as secretary. Mr. Alfred Crabb, of Paducah, Kentucky, a graduate both of the S. N. S. and of the W. K. S. N. S., was unanimously elected orator for 1914. Mr. Crabb is one of the brightest and brainiest young men who have completed the courses of the two institutions, and he is certain to deliver a great address. We are looking forward with pleasure to the occasion.

It was agreed, too, that the Home-Coming be set for 1914, instead of 1915, as previously arranged, on account of the Panama Exposition being that year. It is expected that this will be by far the most largely attended meeting we have yet had. All of the old graduates are expected to begin planning now to be present next year at the Home-Coming. It will be a great occasion. Another important item agreed upon was that each class of preceding years should elect a secretary to whom each member should write during the year, giving an account of his success, and his plans for the future. These sub-secretaries shall write a general summary to the secretary of the Association, giving condensed information of their respective classes. This information is to be used in the make-up of the Alumni Number of THE ELEVATOR.

Below a list is given of some of the names of former students who visited the Normal during commencement. Some of them are not members of the Alumni Association, how-

ever. Mr. Oscar Shemwell, recently graduated from Indiana University; Mr. Oliver Hoover, Principal of the graded school at Robards; Miss Ethel Powell, of Horse Cave, Ky.; Miss Lena Palmore, of Tompkinsville, Ky.; Miss Verna Robertson, of Murray; Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Gilbert, of Frankfort; Miss Lillian Winkler, of Maceo; Miss Willie Tichenor, of Sonora, Ky.; Mr. C. W. Bailey, superintendent of schools at Munfordville; Mr. W. C. Bell, superintendent of schools, Central City; Mr. T. W. Oliver, who was on his way to complete his A.M. course at University of Chicago; Mr. P. G. Smith, principal graded schools at Lewisburg; Mr. B. H. Mitchell, principal at Eddyville; Mr. G. E. Everett, principal at Crabb Orchard; Mr. J. B. Johns, superintendent of schools at Scottsville; Mr. John Evans, principal, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. Ivan Barnes, principal, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. Judson Jenkins, Dawson Springs, Ky.; Mr. Leland Bunch, principal, Livermore; Miss Mary Hobson, of Bowling Green, Ky.; Miss Mary Collins, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Miss Lottie Collins, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Allen, Hartford, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roemer, Lexington, Ky.; Miss Ida Judd, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Misses Betsey Madison, Eliza Stith and Loraine Cole, of Bowling Green.

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News

One of the best papers that has come to our exchange table is the *News-Democrat*, of Sturgis, Ky. One issue of this paper was dedicated to the Senior class of Sturgis' High School, in which the school did itself proud from every standpoint. Prof. H. W. Loy, the superintendent of Sturgis City School, is a graduate of the old Southern Normal School, and we have every reason to believe he is doing things for the Sturgis schools that no other man has ever done before. If you want to know about his ability to do things, read his editorial page in the above issue of the *News-Democrat*.

Miss H'Doubler, of Wisconsin University, our physical

director for the Summer Term, has already shown herself thoroughly trained in her important and oft-neglected work. She has organized several classes, and the interest that the students show in their work is evidence enough of her ability and personality as a teacher of physical training. We hope to have her with us again at some future time.

Mr. C. W. Matthews, of Marion, Ky., has been visiting his brother, Mr. W. L. Matthews, for the past few days.

Where a few of the Normal students will be next year:

- Gabie Robertson, Louisville Public Schools.
 E. B. Baker, Springfield High School, Springfield, Ky.
 Lucile Goodwin, seventh and eighth grades, Auburn, Ky.
 Haskell C. Miller, Coral Hill School, Glasgow, Barren County, Ky.
 Ruth Scaggs, Oakton Graded School, Hickman County.
 A. A. Allison, Liberty, Ky.
 W. P. White, Cave City Graded School.
 Ethel Mattingly, Loretto, Marion County.
 Arthur C. Ford, Lebanon Junction High School.
 Clyde Mitchell, Rockport, Ky.
 Forest P. Bell, Hartford, Ky.
 Annie Rooney Robertson, first, second, and third grades, Moorman, Muhlenberg County.
 Clifton Jett, Glibertsville, Ky.
 J. O. Compton (brother to the distinguished J. W. Compton, who is noted because of his room-mate), Blakley School, Calloway County.
 Edyth Alen, McDaniel School, Dover, Ky.
 Jesse W. Grice, Pleasant Grove School,
 Sue Ellen Barnhill, second and third grades, Seven Hills, Ky.
 J. M. Porter, Golden Pond, Ky.
 Ida Judd, fifth and sixth grades and Domestic Science, Crab Orchard, Ky.
 Daisy O'Dell, Quarry School, Rockfield, Warren County, Ky.

- A. D. Buttersworth, Salem School, Murray, Ky.
 O. G. Davis, principal of Woodbury School, Woodbury,
 Norma Urey, Jackson School, Marshall County.
 Myrtle Brown, Antioch School, Brown's Grove, Graves County, Ky.
 Daisy Radford, Thompson School, Kirksly, Calloway County, Ky.
 Mrs. Myrtie Durham, first grade, Campbellsville Graded School.
 Flora King, Edge Hill School, Calloway County.
 Maud Crute, Flat Lick, Trigg County.
 Claudia Price, Jefferson Seminary, Cave City, Ky.
 Myrtle Orr, Parschall School, Calloway County.
 Kelley Overby, Slater School, Ballard County.
 Hattie Veal, first, second, and third grades, Farmington, Ky.
 P. Elmo Thomas, Harris Grove, Calloway County.
 L. T. Dickerson, Decatur, Ky.
 Frank Irwin, Shrewsburg, Ky.
 Essie Grune, Homer School, Russellville, Ky.
 Mabel McKenney, Mabley's Chapel, Logan County.
 Stella Earl Denton, seventh and eighth grades, Rotard's Graded and High School, Rotards, Ky.
 Eddie Coleman, supervisor of rural schools, Metcalfe County.
 Mrs. Avery Wade, Spring Creek, Simpson County.
 C. B. Clayton, Martin's Chapel, Calloway County.
 Olivia Caldwell, Gum School, Graves County.
 E. G. Allen, principal of High School, Central City, Ky.
 Mrs. E. G. Allen, primary work in Central City High School.
 Mary A. Pickett, Cool Spring, Adair County.
 Edna Caldwell, Jordan School, Hickman County.
 Ada Rarnall, Benton Graded School, Marshall County.
 Geo. B. Rogers, Darlington, Hardin County.
 N. P. Hutson (known by the Cave party of 1913 as the record-breaker), Cherry Graded School, Calloway County.
 Nettie Drane, Cave City, Ky.

- Eva Bell Becker, second grade, Cave City, Ky.
 Mrs. Roy B. Tuck, Bayou Goula, La.
 Mary Maggard, Hiseville Graded School, Hiseville, Ky.
 Florence Lewis, Tip Top, Hardin County.
 Florence Miller, fourth grade, Louisville, Ky.
 Ethel Moore, Jones, Adair County.
 Carl Vincent, Straw, Ky.
 A. Lee Skaggs, Peonie, Ky.
 Esther Rhodes, Dublin, Ky.
 Leatha Singleton, Sirocco, Meade County.
 Allye Mae Nolen, Sharer, Butler County.
 Harry W. Overbey, Morgan, Ballard County.
 Ruth Loyd, Herbert, Whitesville, Ky.
 Bettye Rutland Perry, Christian County.
 Lorena B. Byassee, Moss, Hickman County.
 Annie B. Willett, Wolf Creek, Meade County.
 O. C. Green, Colross, Ky.
 Z. Thos. Shirley, Sand Lick, Ky.
 Verda Taylor, Crowe, Meade County.
 Claud Harmon, Blair, Russell County.
 Emma Whitworth, Phipps, Union County.
 C. R. Luton, Bethlehem, Lyon County.
 Florence Porter, Toy Spring, Butler County.
 Lula Allen, Moss Hill, first, second, and third grades, Hopkins County.
 Minnie Kington, Nortonville, Hopkins County.
 Alice Smith, Bonaye, Barren County.
 Carrie Spenier, Sunnyside, Ky.
 Elgan Cary, Bivin, Muhlenberg County.
 Myrtle Gray, Walnut Hill, Barren County.
 Catherine Hendricks, Greenwood (for the third time), Simpson County.
 E. J. Ackerman, rural school supervisor, Nelson County.
 Vivian Brame, primary grades, South Carrollton.
 W. A. Pardue, Capital Hill, Edmonson County.
 Iva Rhea, fourth, fifth and sixth grades, South Carrollton, Ky.
 Woodfin Hutson, principal of Hickory Grove High School.

Graves County, with a salary twice that which he was getting before he entered the Normal. It pays to prepare.

H. H. Johnston, South Park, Jefferson County. H. H. has been making a good record, because this is his second year, with an increase in salary.

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MISS SEIGLE FORD.

It is needless to say that all of the Normal students and faculty are deeply grieved because of the sad accident that befell Miss Seigle Ford, who was drowned at Beech Bend, on June 16, while in bathing with three of her friends. Miss Ford was a noble young girl, had just completed the Junior work in the Normal, and had many friends in both school and town. We extend deepest sympathy to her mother and friends in their trying hours of bereavement.

Mammoth Cave Party

On Friday, June 13, 1913 (Prof. Green isn't superstitious), a little party of sixty-three set out from Frisbie Hall at 4.45 in the gray dawn of the morning, through the unknown wilds of Edmonson County for the purpose of discovering Mammoth Cave.

There were three divisions of the company: In front, was the advance guard or "hikers"—Hutson, Dunn, Montgomery, Newcom, Sutherland, Deadman, Singleton, Murray, Brown, and Carl Miller, with Fred Hillyard, the famous explorer, as captain. Dunn and Hutson were in the lead. When within a few miles of the Cave Dunn began to feel the effects of partaking too freely of the fine water of Dripping Springs, and Hutson outstripped him, breaking all records by making the twenty-eight miles in five hours and



ENTRANCE TO MAMMOTH CAVE

forty-five minutes. Next came the three wagonettes of girls and girl-boys—you understand who they are, boys who are affected by girls as steel is affected by lodestone, for example, Harvey Roberts, J. W. Compton, J. W. Snider, Mr. Roach and Mr. Jett—these composed the second division. Last came Professor Robert Powell Green, renowned explorer and geographer, with his body-guard. He was commander-in-chief and tyrant of the party. It was a wild region they were passing through, and he and his aides were guarding the baggage and provision wagon.

The party halted at Dripping Springs and ate dinner. Here Mr. Sheffer entertained them by showing his skill as a broncho-buster on an old gray mule.

After leaving Dripping Springs, all traces of civilization were left behind, but not one of all that brave band thought of turning back. The natives showed no signs of hostility and were soon bartering onions, green apples and striped candy with the explorers. After long hours of driving over rough roads, the party reached the Cave hotel at 3.45 in the afternoon. Here they rested a short time, then moved off north of the hotel, pitched their tents, cooked their supper, and went early to bed, eager for the discovery in the morning. Promptly at eight they were ready and marched down the steep declivity leading to the mouth of the Cave. Here a sad disappointment awaited them. They had heard of many people visiting the Cave, but of no one discovering it. Now, the guide told them that a man named Hutchins, while chasing a bear had already discovered the Cave in 1802! The party was utterly disconcerted—surprised. Then Professor Green with his usual alertness, came to the rescue. Why not discover it again? It was a bright idea. None but a genius could have thought of it. After due consideration the company agreed that as Cook and Peary had both discovered the North Pole, they and Hutchins could discover the Mammoth Cave. So Professor Green's seventh annual party of Mammoth Cave excursionists have won everlasting fame and glory and will go down in history as being, con-

jointly with Hutchins, the sole and original discoverers of Mammoth Cave.

Right joyfully they lighted their lanterns and two and two, except Mr. Jett and Miss Powell, who seemed to be one, they started in to explore Route 2. The steps were descended, the cave loomed darkly before them, its cool breath blew in their faces, the light from the opening grew smaller, dimmer—disappeared. The cave was discovered.

Wonderingly they passed along Hutchins' Narrows into the Rotunda, saw the Methodist Church, Booth's Theater, the Giant's Coffin, the Starry Chamber, and Olive's Bower, which contains one of the most beautiful stalactites in the Cave. As some of the awe at the wonderfulness of this great cavern passed away, the party made the old stone walls echo with song. At one o'clock they were back at the entrance, hungry and tired, but happy.

On Sunday they went Route 1, the river route. Not until they reached the end of this route—Echo River—and in the Plutonian darkness were ferried by "Josh," who might have been Charon himself by his grimness, down its noiseless waters did all the awe of Mammoth Cave break upon them. And not until they had passed through Fat Man's Misery and Climbed the Corkscrew, did all the—well, they were too winded then for anything to break upon them.

Monday morning they started in on Route 3, where Violet City, one of the most recent discoveries, is the chief attraction. Violet City is truly beautiful. Its walls gleam like crystal, its frozen waterfalls and its stalactites and stalagmites, some as transparent as glass, shimmer like sunbeams on the snow. On this route they stopped in Potter's Dining Hall and held chapel. President Cherry, Dean Kinaman, Miss Reid, Miss Scott—all the faculty were there, with every peculiarity and characteristic magnified tenfold.

Monday afternoon, the mouth of the Echo and White's Cave, which is supposed to be connected with Mammoth, were visited. Tuesday the party went to Colossal Cave to see that titan of all domes, Colossal Dome. This ended the

cave exploration and discovery. The rest of the time was spent in camp.

And camp life was not, by any means, the least enjoyable part of the trip. When supper was over, the whole company would gather in the moonlight and play, "Oats, peas, beans and barley," "Rabbit stole a pumpkin," and all those old games, or they would sit around the campfire and sing and tell stories or listen to Prof. Green and Senator Gray match wits. Sometimes Sandy Singleton, the Peter Pindar of the party, mounted the bread-box, leaned against a tree and spell-bound the crowd by the adventures of "Granddaddy Coon." One night a court was organized and justice meted out to two of the boys for trespassing in disobedience to the command of the tyrant. A jury, composed mostly of women, found them guilty and sentenced them to guard the trespassed cornfield from other trespassers—each day at the dinner hour. It was altogether one of the most congenial of all the Cave parties. Though they were not as hilarious as some have been, there was a deep, silent enjoyment, and it was with sincere regrets the party saw the camp broken up and the wagons loaded for the homeward march on Wednesday morning.

It was a real kindness Mr. Dunn did in getting sick. Had he arrived with Mr. Hutson, the party would have worried themselves gray-haired trying to decide which was the handier about the camp and entitled to the pair of shoes. Most of the boys made themselves useful. Even J. H. Morris was willing to pour the coffee for himself. Mr. Hutson, though, by virtue of breaking the record, was awarded the shoes.

Much praise is due Miss Acker and Miss Payne as chaperones of the party which has so benefited humanity by this great discovery, and to Prof. Green, who christened himself tyrant of the party, but if all tyrants are like him, the whole party will rise up as a unit and cry, "Me for the tyrants." No man with a finger as sore as his, a hand as burned as his, and a foot disabled as his who, notwithstanding, could wear a smile as broad as his, could be a very tyrannical tyrant, and it would be no trouble for him to get a party of Normalites to follow him to Timbuctoo.

The Oratorical Contest

Along with the rush and hurly-burly of commencement week came the Fifth Annual Inter-Society Oratorical Contest. For weeks friends and boosters of the various aspirants had been proclaiming their favorites as undoubted victors in the final struggle.

It was, indeed, a mighty tussle of the giants. Mr. Morse, of the Kit-Kat Klub, was the first speaker. His theme was, "The Best Shall Serve the State." It was a speech of great strength and Mr. Morse's careful, well-enunciated delivery of it made for him a great reputation with the student-body at large. He is a young recruit in our army of spell-binders, and in the future, if he doesn't give some of our mighty veteran spielers a powerful jolt, then we are ready to quit prophesying.

Mr. Farris, of the Seniors, selected for his subject, "Character." This was an address in a practically flawless style and produced a great impression because of its beauty of thought and composition. Practical in application, it was a real contribution to the lives of the hearers. It was a fitting monument to Mr. Farris' well-known conscientious, high-grade work of the past years—a criterion of excellence for future aspirants to study.

No doubt that eyes that never saw before, have beheld a vision of a new heaven and a new earth since listening to the address entitled, "Eyes That See," by Mr. J. W. Vance, representing the Juniors. The speaker had a great theme, and putting his own vigorous life and personality into it, held the audience captive to his will. His speech appears in this issue of THE ELEVATOR. Do not fail to read it.

Mr. Roach, of the Loyal Society, was the last speaker. "The Dawn of a New Era" was the promising title of his address, which fulfilled its promise. Mr. Roach entered the contest much later than any of the others, and from the wonderful strength showed, it is an interesting speculation as to just what he would have accomplished, had he had more

time. He, too, is a coming man, and much more will be heard of and from him.

The judges, Profs. Harmon, of the Business University, and Crawley, of the city schools, and Attorney A. C. Dulaney retired and soon unanimously decided to award the much-prized gold medal to Mr. Vance. The Juniors at once became somewhat tumultuous, while the members of the other societies emitted a few sickly grins and whispered softly. "Those everlasting Juniors!" And then, with the characteristic Normal spirit, they gladly went and loaded the winner down with congratulations.

The contest, as a whole, was the greatest of its kind ever held, and this is saying much, for those who have been in attendance at those of former times, know that they were anything but tame affairs. Each of the contestants acquitted himself in such a way as to bring honor and reputation to himself, to reflect credit upon his society, and to perform a valuable and much-prized piece of real constructive work for the institution as a whole. We wish all of them could have had a gold medal, for each richly deserved it, but to those who, in the immutability of fate, had to lose, there is the consolation that even in defeat, they achieved a great victory—a long, forward step in the exploration for, and the discovery of, self.

—oO—

The Reason We Go to the W. K. S. N.

- Harvey Roberts—To walk with Judith.
- W. L. Matthews—To learn new adjectives.
- Miss Clagett—Nothing much.
- Miss McClure—For physical exercise, because I can "stretch every nerve" at chapel.
- Bedford Turner—To amuse others.
- John C. Davis—To perspire sweat.
- Woodfin Hutson—To catch the spirit and words of Prof. Green.
- Miss Coleman—To hear the boys say, "Isn't she cute?"
- Conner Ford—To keep up fun in the library.



LITERARY.

A COMPARISON.

Mary's boudoir is much awry
 With stacks of things all piled up high.
 A yawning suitcase on the floor
 Sits awaiting this chastic store,
 And Mary by her course outlined,
 Stands cataloguing in her mind
 Every article on her list,
 Lest something vital should be missed.

She first with dainty skill does place
 A shiffon lining in her case,
 Then smoothes out all the nooks and dents
 And sprinkles in some sweet incense.
 And then stores in it seems to me
 About a bale of lingerie,
 Each piece placed down exactly right.
 A dainty mass of filmy white
 Gleaming in a satin sheen
 And paraffined paper packed between.
 Although it costs her ardent toil,
 She wraps her shoes in silver foil;
 Then with long and patient care
 She tries them here and tries them there,
 Thus every place she puts to test,
 But leaves them where it suits her best.
 Next, a toilet case, most highly prized,

Duly cleansed and pasteurized,
 Is placed in with tender touch,
 Of loving care revealing much.
 Thus throughout the livelong day
 She diligently works away,
 Storing in a world of clothes,
 Skirts and waists and silken hose;
 Opera glasses you may be sure,
 And a few good bits of literature;
 Bridge instructions and tennis rules,
 A hand-book of the Cubists' schools.
 Then takes out each piece and looks it o'er,
 And puts it back just as before.
 Shadows gather, day has gone,
 But Mary's summer trip is on.

Johnnie bursts into his den,
 Full on his face a growing grin.
 Sets a handbag on a chair,
 Jerks it open then and there;
 Stuffs therein a hunting suit,
 An old cob pipe and pouch to boot;
 A tarnished rod, an old dip-net,
 A copy of the Sports' Gazette;
 A worn slouch hat, a pongee shirt
 Whose color scheme defies the dirt—
 Crams in the whole with eager rush,
 A wrinkled, tangled, shapeless crush;
 Shoves home the hasp and turns the key,
 And hums the carol of the free;
 Breaks through the door in headlong run,
 Thus John's vacation is begun.

VACATION.

A time for all things as they say,
 A time for work, a time for play,
 A time to smile, a time to frown.
 And we've been working all the year,
 So now our play-time's almost here.
 From Normal Heights we will go down,
 Descend from the realms of study and woe,
 And back to the lands of play we'll go,
 All free from wiles of teachers and of Dean,

Their scolds and frowns will be no more,
 In memory's house is closed the door—
 As if they'd ne'er been heard or seen.
 No more a need for thought and brains,
 Device and plans so wrought with pains,
 For themes and such are at an end.
 Exams—or tests *they* choose to say—
 When stretched were nerves, alack the day!
 Far back in dim remoteness send.
 Forget there ever was a school,
 A book, a lesson, or a rule,
 And say a "yes" to pleasure's call.
 Perhaps just days of lazy rest,
 Idle dreaming, may suit you best;
 But yet be free from study's thrall.
 Yet, after all, a backward glance,
 A sad and thoughtful one, perchance,
 You'll cast upon the Normal hill.
 Memories round about it cleave,
 A bright and fanciful fabric weave,
 Of happy times that gladden still.

oOo

Eyes That See

WINNING ORATION, BY J. W. VANCE.

In the chamber of time the visions of humanity live and die with the passing years. That which was, now, is not. That which is, some day, shall not be. Man lives in the center of a dome beyond whose skies he cannot see. At night, silent stars peep through the walls against which his eyes stop; moonbeams cast light and shadows on forest, field and stream. The arrows of sunshine, through the desolate and barren space, pierce the negative coldness of the dome, and instead of frigid darkness and eternal night there is life, and love, and song. In the triumph of light over darkness is the triumph of animation over death. For this the bird warbles its sweetest note, the flower opens its velvet lips to the evening dew, the streams, where frozen ice would be, babble with joy like the laughter of a child. All these exist because the affirmative, by nature, triumphs over the nega-

tive. Why, and from whence they come man knows not, but the soul knows that love, that art, the intellect knows that science, which is a part of the unknown, complete whole. The more we learn of these, the more we live. Human destiny is a struggle between light and darkness, sight and blindness, calm and storm upon the ocean of time. Before each generation hangs the veil, beyond that, they see not what lies in store. As we unravel more of the cord of the infinite complications of matter and force about us, the higher and broader becomes our lives and visions. With the discovery of every great fact, comes the salutation of another dawn.

What is the secret of human achievement? What is human progress? Progress is education in its broadest sense. Education is perfecting human life. This process consists in finding and applying two great laws, namely, the laws of natural science, the law that governs all matter.

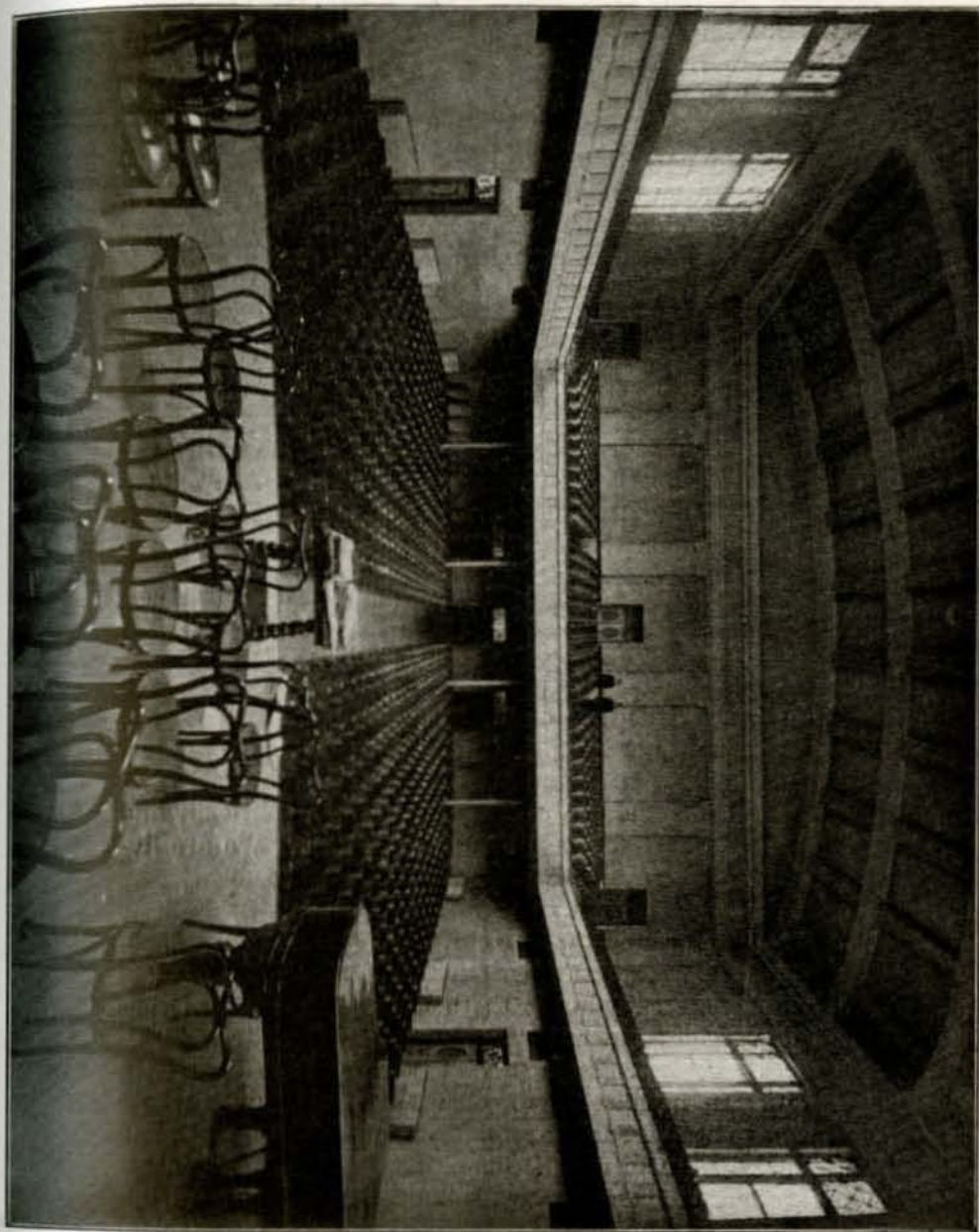
The other is in finding and applying that ethical or that all-prevailing, unfading, undying righteousness, which will teach men to use all knowledge and all material to make better souls, better bodies, and better intellects, a mightier nation and a greater heritage for posterity. Down through the centuries there have arisen, from time to time, exceptional individuals, who have realized in some measure the possibility of the human race. In one or another phase, they have displayed in themselves the latent powers of mankind; they have turned the tide of truth against the tide of falsehood, and beaten the chaotic reefs and rocks into another layer of golden sand upon the shore of time. They have been heralded as heroes. Their fellows have followed them with adoration. They have seen that greater life to which the masses have been blind. In fact, they have been but the anticipations of what man and the world are susceptible of being. Who dares to estimate what man is denied to-day because he fails to see the great things about him, which, posterity, some day, will know? The world compared with the past is a heaven beyond the dreams of the Arabian Knight, but compared with the future, the world of to-day

is one vast tragedy of waste in resources and potentialities of life. Only as we learn to conserve human worth, human talent and human life, by the use of all knowledge and materials, do we progress! The secret of achievement is the knowledge of these laws. Any chemical reaction of to-day was no less a truth ten thousand years ago, but there was no genius to reveal that law. This is true in the moral world. That law of righteousness always was, is, and forever will be the same. Thomas Jefferson's principles of government were no less a truth in the darkest hour of mediæval ignorance. Science proves that a certain thing acts a certain way under certain conditions. This is true in every law that governs man and society. So far as individuals or nations live in violation of that law, they are a failure.

As truth gets an appeal to the common sense of humanity, life and institutions change, and as we go from darkness to light, we are acting out the meaning of the words, education, and human progress.

The history of civilization is the evolution of dreams. Genius, by the patience of time, weaves truth from our visions into the fabric of real life. In humanities reckless drift, through time, necessity inspired genius to listen, while nature talked. The desert said: 'Water me and I will bloom like a rose.' The wind said: 'Give me your commerce and I will carry it to every clime.' The ocean said: 'Give me a dreadnaught with which to play.' The lightning said: 'I can carry your thoughts around the world and turn a million wheels of industry.' The earth said: 'In my bosom lies the countless treasures which, when known, will free all men.' King may free peasant. Lord may lighten the burden of serf. Institutions may embody all the righteousness that is waiting on the pathway of human destiny, but until all these are known and used, the world will be inhabited by those who slave and those who live on slavery.

When we turn from the past and look about us, we realize that this is a great world. We thank genius for all we enjoy, but we are merely standing on the threshold looking into the great world of possibilities. The achievements of



NEW ASSEMBLY HALL. VIEW FROM BACK OF STAGE

the twentieth century are beyond our highest dreams. The genius of to-day tells us that there is enough water power in America to generate enough electricity to keep darkness from any spot of the land. While the sun hides behind the eastern hemisphere, forgetful of us for twelve hours, we can turn a button and darkness cometh not upon the earth. With the two hundred millions horse power of water, we can turn enough wheels of industry to manufacture the necessities of all the population of the globe. On the prairies to-day they are using a fifty gang plow, which slices and turns up an acre of land in four minutes and thirty seconds at the expense of sixteen cents. A committee of scientific experts tell us that the state of Texas alone can produce enough, under scientific agriculture, to feed the entire nation; that the fertile soil of the Mississippi basin is susceptible of feeding the entire world. A little while ago Mr. Edison stood upon the shores of the ocean, and while the tide came in he said: 'No man has yet dreamed of the powers that some day will be utilized from that tide. Here is an opportunity for some genius to write his name in letters of glory.'

But when all the field of science shall have been known, when machinery has been invented which will make production and distribution of the necessities of life so easy, what effect will it have had on our nation morally, politically and socially? What effect has it had in the past? **We are living** amidst the greatest industrial change ever known; and from this fact such men as President Roosevelt, La Follette and Bryan are seeing the dawn of the greatest political, social and moral evolution ever conceived in the brain of man. Our nation is struggling with that question that has confronted every government in the history of the world. Shall the earth and the fullness thereof be owned and controlled by a few men, because they are cunning—a few men whose brains have been turned to animalism, or shall the earth and all knowledge be to nourish mankind, letting each generation give more to posterity, while humanity goes onward, upward and forward to greater life? Is this not the problem

of education? Is there any teaching, or any law that can have greater significance than that which will restrain men from injuring each other to the extent that they shall not take from hungry mouths the bread they have earned? Shall all men breathe the air and sunshine, eat the fruits of their toil and say: 'I am a factor in humanity.' Or shall all wealth serve to defeat the end to which heaven has trusted man to reach?

In that vast and mysterious cemetery, called past, there are various epitaphs strangs and perplexing, but as symbols of greed and avarice, there lies the crumbling stone of dead nations. In the garden of growth and change, nations have fallen from the trees and humanity, like decayed fruit, teaching that no wrong will pay. When Egypt, Persia and Babylonia fell, two per cent of the population owned all of their wealth. When Rome went down, 1,800 persons owned the entire world. In the land of the free and the home of the brave, ten per cent of the people own ninety per cent of the wealth. This world was not intended for slavery. All that has ever been has failed, and a thousand more experiments will be as those of the past. The great men of our country to-day are crying to the better intelligence and conscience of the people to open their eyes and turn from tyranny. Our great population must see these evils and destroy them. If the news were to break upon our ears to-night that a foreign army had landed on our shores, every true and patriotic Kentuckian would spring to arms and march away to die, to protect the country that he loved, but when we are told that an internal malady is eating at the heart of our republic, we recline carelessly and fail to act. We should be educated to internal evils as much as every nation is educated to external danger. We spend billions of dollars to guard against the latter, when the former has been the downfall of every nation, and is the one crisis threatening this great republic. We must educate. One great teacher with a burning personality, a love for country, for childhood, is worth more to our nation than a battleship or ten thousand political campaign speeches.

No government can be better than its citizens. In the perfection of the individual is the highest ideal of civilization, but in order to perfect the individual he must have sunshine, moisture and soil. The citizens can receive from the government only what the average of the mass gives to the government. In the giving and receiving between man and government there is liberty, freedom and blessing. But, ah, there comes a third factor in American government to-day. Men urged by ambitious greed commit the government they are sworn to serve to acts of arbitrary despotism. Political bosses, hirelings and fettered serfs of organized capital, trod down the rights and privileges of the great people. Young Americans of to-day, this must change. The eyes of our great nation must be educated to see. Men must stand upon the stage of action clothed in honor and with love of country as the hero that protected right in every great cause, and in every great crisis and say: 'Touch not my government with the foul hand of corruption, for I—I in the name of the dethroned and long-suffering humanity will fight with the last drop of red blood in my veins. I may fall in the pass of Thermopylæ—fall beneath the chariot wheels of cruel might, perish beneath raging blindness, but the world must know as time will prove, that one standing on God's side is a majority.

But men are fighting. By the sacrifice of sublime heroes the light of the world is growing larger. The achievements of science, the vast accumulating of wealth, the perfections of social organizations, and the increased power of the individual life, all point to a new world. The human soul is larger than before. In the sunlight of charity we are growing more humane. Our nation is reading, writing and thinking. The average American of to-day who reads magazines and papers, has more intelligence about life and righteous government than all the Stewart and Bourbon houses of England and France combined. And ere another decade when we reap from the better seeds of education, the patriotism and military spirit that fires the soldier to charge and storm the very gates of Hell, with not a thought of life, and

unmindful of all but to be among the first to be over the enemies' rampart, will not be in any measure greater than the spirit of determination and zeal of the soldier of democracy to move on the greater achievements over the plains of indecision to the height of victory.

Americans of to-day, awake to the signs of the times. There are worlds unknown, seas unexplored, and mountains whose heights human eyes have not seen. The road of the past has been long, and rough, and steep. Every great idea has cost blood and sacrifice, but this—our era—is the prophecy of a new day. Men's hearts cling to the ideas of yesterday. The loss of the old is like the tragedy of the setting sun. Through twilight, memory and tradition linger in seas of sunset gold, but young Americans, look to the morning. As the stars, one by one, fade away, there will rise visions of hope, bliss of growth, and the glory of action. From the burning conscience that is throwing its numerous rays before the footsteps of humanity a new democracy is dawning upon our republic. That which we saw in part, we now see in whole. Right and patriotism are rushing to the rescue of purity and truth. Falsehood, avarice and corruption yield to a mightier strength, and everywhere from the signs of the time we read that man's rule shall not be a failure.

"Ah, world that is to be, remain not so long
In the dreams of the inventor, statesman and
Philosopher. Ah, liberty and democracy hide
Not so long in the gloom or the unsurveyed
Future, but come—come live with men—
Come from the lips of the orator—from the soul of the poet,
From the heart of the reformer, and let men
Know that with thy protection they can
Live their lives aright and be brothers."

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CORN CLUB WORK.

At the present time there is no one topic attracting the attention of all of Kentucky people as is the Club Work. Last year more than three thousand boys enrolled in the Corn Club and of this number many won handsome prizes

besides receiving a stimulus that will later make of them a generation of useful Kentucky farmers. Two thousand dollars were given away in prizes. On one occasion a prize-winner was heard to say that he intended using the money which he had won to begin his education. That boy has since graduated from the public school and is now ready to enter a broader field of education.

It will be interesting to note the work accomplished by the club members in setting a new standard for farm life. Kentucky in the past has averaged twenty-nine bushels of corn per acre. These boys who rendered reports averaged 74.47 bushels per acre. They made a net profit of \$27.21, while the average farmer has actually grown his corn at a loss. The largest yield reported was 148 bushels 55 pounds. Six boys averaged 146 5-6 bushels. Nineteen averaged 133 3-4 bushels. Fifty-nine averaged 116 1-3 bushels.

The influence of this work on the boy is very great, but it does not stop here. It interests the farmer, whom we have not been able to reach before. The results are best shown by some men who were influenced by this movement. W. A. Bryant, of Rockfield, grew on ten acres, 944 bushels of corn. Herman Gallrein, of Valley Station, grew on ten acres, 1,395 bushels of corn. What has been done can be done again, so let other farmers try profitable methods of corn-growing.

Perhaps the greatest agency in promoting this work is the rural school teacher. Here is constructive work that will outlive us by generations, and bring peace and plenty again to the Old Kentucky Home. Let every teacher catch a vision of this new field of usefulness and strive to have a part in ushering in the new and better Kentucky.

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BOOK NOTICE.

Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary. Full buckram, 8vo, 864 pages. Containing over 70,000 words, with 1,000 illustrations. Price, \$1.50. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This new dictionary is based on Webster's New Interna-

tional Dictionary, and, therefore, conforms to the best present usage. It presents the largest number of words and phrases ever included in a school dictionary—all those, however new, likely to be needed by any pupil. It is a reference book for the reader and a guide in the use of English, both oral and written. It fills every requirement that can reasonably be expected of a dictionary of moderate size. This new book gives the preference to forms of spelling now current in the United States, in cases of doubt leaning toward the simpler forms that may be coming into use. In the matter of pronunciation such alternative are included as are in very common use, but the one that is preferred is clearly indicated. Each definition is in the form of a specific statement accompanied by one or more synonyms, between which careful discrimination is made. In addition, this dictionary includes an unusual amount of supplementary information of value to students: the etymology, syllabication and capitalization of words; many proper names from folklore, mythology, and the Bible; a list of prefixes and suffixes; all irregularly inflected forms; rules for spelling; 2,329 lists of synonyms, in which 3,518 words are carefully discriminated; answers to many questions on the use of correct English constantly asked by pupils; a guide to pronunciation; abbreviations used in writing and printing; a list of 1,200 foreign words and phrases; a dictionary of 5,400 proper names of persons and places, etc.

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Chapel Notes

"The expulsive power of new affections is a cure for all ills."

Get an ideal that is sensible, one that can really be carried out, then get behind it and push! push!! push!!!—Prof. Burton.

People do not need instruction so much as they need vision.—H. H. Cherry.

"Reform puts its hands on the individual and points its finger at their deeds."

"The commonwealth's house will be in bad order until the soul's house is put in good order by a Christian education."

"The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, then fix it in form. Without art man is a poor, shivering creature."

"It is impossible to understand at a glance what has taken a lifetime to paint."

"A heart filled with the beautiful has little room for the bad."

Each one may be able to do a little, yet with all our efforts joined, we will make a beautiful music that God will hear.—Prof. Claggett.

That teacher is a traitor who stays in a school system and is utterly disloyal to the superintendent and fellow-teachers.—Prof. A. M. Stickles.

"Extend the domains of the mind and you widen the fields of commerce."

No man ever succeeds until he crucifies himself.—Prof. J. S. Dickey.

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Passing the Cayenne

Prof. Stickles (in Med. History): "This examination will be very short. I am just going to ask you the things I think you know."

Mr. Farris: "Well, please, sir, may I be excused now?"

Miss Scott (in sewing): "Miss Green, please put a facing across one end of this sheet."

Miss Green: "Certainly; where can I get a pattern to cut it by?"

An extract from a speech made by George Page at Moot Congress:

"Certainly I am opposed to woman suffrage. Woman has to do too much of man's work already. 'Twas only yesterday-I saw two girls walking up the street, and one girl had her arm around the other."

When the thermometer recorded ninety-eight,
The Joke Writer sat till it was growing late,
Trying to think of something funny to say,
To which every idea the editor said nay.

I wish he had to sit for a whole day,
Writing dull jokes when he knew there was no pay,
Then he would say, "I am getting so hot,
Just put any 'consarned' old thing in the pot."

Miss Knott: "Did you see us drinking tea as you passed?"

Miss Robertson: "No, but I heard you."

Mr. Leiper: "Mr. Shaw, will you please give the principal parts of 'possum?"

Chester: "Head, tail and body, Prof., are the main parts."

Mr. Claggett: "'A Paradise Lost.' Finder please return to me."

The girls and boys who went to Mammoth Cave,
You ask me, "Did they know how to behave?"
Just ask them about that walking trip,
And they'll tell you that they tore out a strip.

Miss Caffee (talking to a practice student): "I have already observed that you have a good basis for teaching."

Miss Judd (very much distressed): "Why, Miss Caffee,

I never thought my feet were so large that they were so noticeable."

At the Palace Confectionery.

Miss Van Cleave: "I'll take a nut sundae, please."

Mr. Moore: "Well, I don't want anything like that. I want some ice cream or something cold this hot day."

Leslie Brown: "I'll bet two cents this drouth will break with a rain."

Mr. Ford: "Well, this dry weather continues."

Dr. Mutchler: "Yes, yes; it's dry as a bone now; but just mark what I tell you, we'll have six whole weeks of rainy weather in July."

Mr. K. (an old schoolmate of Prof. Craig): "Hello, Billie, I have heard since I have been in town that you are married and keeping house. How about it?"

Mr. Craig: "Y-e-th, y-e-th, bring your dinner and come and stay all day while you are here."

Minister: "Very well, where are your license?"

Mr. Martin (producing his Life Certificate which he had received the day before): "Here it is, here it is; I guess I'll have no trouble whatever now. I have been waiting all these years to get one so I could marry."

Prof. Burton (in Hist. of Edu.): "What do you call that old belief, that everything has a soul or a 'double'?"

Jeff Smith (when it was 98 in the shade): "Why, Prof., that is 'hotism.'"

Prof. Alexander: "Compton, put that note-book down."

J. Walter: "Prof., my problem is in it."

Prof. Alexander: "Well, let it stay; guess you haven't any other place to put such things."

Russell: "Mamma, what officer of the United States holds the highest position?"

Mrs. Green: "Why, the President."

Russell: "Well, it seems to me that it's the postmaster on Pike's Peak."

"Are you a paid subscriber?"

The manager said to me.

When I said "No,"

He just said "Oh,

If you aren't, you ought to be."—*Ex.*

Heber: "What are you crying about, now?"

Verna: "Can't you see that there are not regular tears?"

Heber: "What are they, then?"

Verna: "Why, they're just volunteers."

It's kind of an ice thing these hot days—a water cooler is.

Stern parent, to young applicant for his daughter's hand:
"Young man, can you support a family?"

"I only wanted Eva, sir," he meekly answered.

Would the corn be shocked if it saw the sea curling an arm around the waste of sand?—*Ex.*

She: "My, but I was shy when he asked my age."

Her spiteful friend: "Yes, about ten years shy, I suspect."

Mrs. Byrn (worried): "I think it is a shame."

Mr. Byrn: "Why?"

Mrs. Byrn: "I've been trying to teach Margaret Norris to talk, and it was fairly swearing."

Mr. Byrn: "How is that?"

Mrs. Byrn: "Her first words were 'Dad Byrn.'"

Quotation Given by Ruth Tichenor.

Love is just a cobweb wet with morning dew.
Love is just a fairy spell invisible to view.
A thrust, a touch too heavy and the cobweb is not there.
A sigh too long and lo! the spell has vanished into air.
Love is gold so delicate, the faintest flame would melt it.
Love is nothing, but God help the girl who's never known or
felt it.

Mr. Clagett: "Mr. Turner, what title of John Fox, Jr.'s
books is applicable to married life?"

Mr. T.: "Hell for Sartain."

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