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SUMMER SCHOOL

Western Kentucky State Normal School
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

June 13---SIX WEEKS---July 21

1911

ACADEMIC, PROFESSIONAL, AND SPECIAL WORK OFFERED

A Large Faculty of Educational Experts will have Charge of the Work

NORMAL HEIGHTS

The school now occupies its new home on Normal Heights. There is not a more ideal place for a Summer School.

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Kindergarten, Primary Methods, Drawing and Penmanship, Music, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Nature Study, Agriculture, Biology, Latin, Geography, History, Geology, Physics, Chemistry, English Language, Grammar, Rhetoric and Composition, Literature, Ethics, Psychology and Child Study, French, German, Mathematics, etc. Persons desiring to do regular work will have an opportunity to do the same, and will be given credit on regular courses for all work thoroughly done.

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The Training School will be open for Kindergarten and Grade Work. The course will be given by regular instructors and several critics. Educators of ability from a distance have been secured for special lines of instruction.

COMMENCEMENT

The graduating exercises of the State Normal will be held July 18-20, 1911. The music on this occasion will be of the highest order, and addresses will be given by educators of national reputation.

Special Excursions and Rates to Mammoth Cave and Down
Big Barren River

SUMMER SCHOOL BULLETIN

Giving full information, is now in press and will be sent on application.

For further information, address

H. H. CHERRY, President,
Bowling Green, Ky.

The Elevator

GOING UP?

JUNE, 1911.



BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Students Are Always Welcome

E. HUGH MORRIS DRUGGIST

Corner Main and Center Sts., Opp. Postoffice. Both Phones 463.

I handle a complete line of the purest Drugs, Sundries, Toilet Articles, Stationery and School Supplies, and will appreciate your patronage.

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you are interested in knowing what's new in Styledom for Spring, 1911. Come here and you'll find us very glad to show you. Smart styles in all sorts of Ready-to-wear Apparel for Men are here awaiting your approval. Come!

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Students Can Find a Full Line of
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OF ALL KINDS AT LOWEST PRICES.
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STUDENTS Are Always Welcome at
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We are glad for you to make our place headquarters for all kinds of pictures. We will rush your order when you need a picture to send with an application. Remember the place--

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INCORPORATED

Is the Home of Quality and Service

Try us and be Convinced. G. G. GARDNER is Our State Normal Representative.

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

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

FOR YOUNG WOMEN: Tailored Coat Suits, "La France" Shoes, Ready-to-Wear.

DEPENDABLE GOODS AND POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL AT OUR STORE.
Give Us a Trial. **GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Props.**

BRACHEY & McNAMARA
Ice Cream Parlor, Confectionery and Cafe.

428 MAIN STREET, KIRBY'S OLD STAND.

Quick Order Lunches a Specialty.

Lowney's Candies, Always Fresh.

GETTING READY

Additional room, a complete overhauling and painting, new boards and desks, a sanitary drinking fountain and the installment of the sprinkling system as a protection against fire are some of the physical improvements now going on in the Bowling Green Business University. Two new teachers have been employed to begin work in September, and so the Institution will be ready for its greater attendance, greater work and greater usefulness.



THE ELEVATOR



Vol. II.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., JUNE, 1911.

No. 8

Back to Manhood

GORDON WILSON, OPAL TAYLOR, EVA BELLE BECKER.

CHAPTER II.

The glorious brilliancy of the summer sunset has passed away, the thickening shades of twilight steal quietly across the dewy meadows, and now the mellow radiance of the rising moon lies in tranquil sublimity over the old colonial farmhouse of James Powell. The front porch is a scene of peaceful joy and homely comfort, for the day's work is ended and the family have taken their accustomed places here to spend a few pleasant hours together before retiring.

The grand old home stands on a gently-sloping hillside, in a grove of oaks and cedars, and its beauty is greatly enhanced by the clear and limpid waters of the little spring at the foot of the hill, as they flow away through the grass and willows to the murmuring creek near by.

This place is one of the very oldest in the whole neighborhood, for the Powells were among the first to settle here, and the old home has been handed down from father to son, until now James Powell, a farmer of unusual success, lives in it with his little family of four. He is a kind, loving father and a worthy husband. The mother is all that an ideal mother could be and her worth is truly reflected in the faces of her two sons and only daughter.

It is indeed a typical Kentucky home, and might well be compared with the one where Charles Harlan had sat, with

his father and mother, less than three years before, and talked with them of his recent schooldays, for now Mary Powell, a maiden of about twenty summers, is telling her father and mother of schooldays, too. She was teaching in the little district schoolhouse over in the valley, and now she was talking of some unusual something that had happened, and what could it be?

It was Mary's first year to teach in her home district, and until sixteen-year-old Susan Lane started to school she had had no trouble whatever, but Susan was envious of her great success and thus was the cause of Mary's first trouble as a teacher. Susan was at the head of all bad behavior. Mary could keep order no longer and now she had decided to suspend her from school. The father and mother thought this best, and after talking with Mary about different phases of her work, they began to talk of Charles Harlan. Mary had received a letter from him that day, saying that he was at home from the war. When bedtime came, Mary's mother, expressing a wish to see the noted young man, rose and led the way into the house, where they were soon wafted away into the fair realms of dreamland.

The next day was a trying one to Mary, and when evening came she sat on the platform in the little schoolroom, while before her was Susan Lane and her brother. Mary told them what she had decided to do, and they were very saucy, so she soon told them that they could go. They rushed from the room, making all the noise possible. Mary still sat at her desk. A serious, determined look was on her face, and many were the thoughts which dwelt in her mind. Had she made a mistake in choosing teaching as a profession? Would she fail after these years of hard study?

But such moments of dejection and discouragement were foreign to her sunny nature, so with an effort she tried to think of something pleasant. Thomas Gray! Was it pleasant to think of him, and as her husband at that? Why had she asked for a week to think the matter over? Was it to escape him for the moment? Surely it must have been. She did not love him, she knew, but it was delightful to feel that

he loved her so truly. Happening to think of a letter which she had received the day before, she unconsciously shook her head and started for home.

She did not go through the usual way, but turned into the cool forest and, like the merry songsters, in the trees overhead, she began to sing. Finding a few late summer flowers here and there, she wandered on until she was lost amid the beautiful things about her, for she loved nature and spent many pleasant hours here in this same woodland.

Suddenly a deer dashed by her and she heard the cries of some one in distress. Rushing through the under brush toward the sound, she saw Susan Lane standing just above the falls in the river. It dawned on her at once—Susan's brother had fallen into the water. She immediately realized his perilous condition. The precious flowers were thrown aside; she quickly told Susan to run for help, and then she leaped into the wild current, seized the boy, and grabbed the limb which he had been holding. She worked hard—inch by inch, until she was within a few feet of safety. But could she reach the next limb? She held her breath and reached far out. The limb was just near enough and she clasped her hand about it—it broke and she with her burden fell back into the stream. As it happened, however, the water was not over her head, so she dragged the boy up on the bank, and before Susan returned with the help, had brought him out of his deathlike stupor. When Susan came, Mary immediately went home, and being in the best of health, escaped with nothing more than a bad cold, and was back in school next morning. Mr. Gray soon received his verdict, the children came back to school, and from that time on Mary reigned supreme.

Not many days later she received another letter from Charles Harlan. As she read it through, a delicate flush overspread her face and her eyes were filled with a new light. Charles was coming to the town, near her home, to spend the fall and winter at work in the new lumber mill and, now that he was so near to her, he would be pleased if he might

spend a part of his time with the little dark-eyed girl of his schooldays.

It seemed ages to him before she sent the reply, and when she did a great longing to see her overcame him, and on the following Saturday afternoon he left his work and started on horseback across the hills toward her home. The country was beautiful and before he scarcely realized it, he was actually in sight of that dear old place. He recognized it at once, for she had often described it to him. As he rode up the hill toward the house, he wondered what he would first say to her—wondered if she would be very glad to see him and if she looked just as she did three years ago when he bade her good-bye.

But—there she stood, tall and slender, in a simple gown of white. Her wavy brown hair was coiled about her head in a very charming way and—well, her statue might well be placed alongside the Athenian goddess of beauty. She suddenly turned from the vines which she had been twining about an old post, and there at the gate was the object of her thoughts. They did not know how it happened, but they were soon seated side by side at one end of the porch and then, ah, no one dared interrupt that conversation.

In the meantime, Uncle Joseph, being very quick and suspicious, had made his way into the kitchen where Aunt Lizy was doing the usual Saturday evening baking, and as she did not ask him any questions, as he hoped she would, he began: "Dat white feller up to somethin'." "What white feller? You lazy nigger—get out!" And then after Aunt Lizy had heard the news she slyly peeped around the corner of the house to see the handsome young stranger.

The Powells owned more slaves than anyone else in the whole neighborhood, but treated them kindly and well. Uncle Joseph was very old and had long since ceased to do even the regular work of the slave, for he was the favorite of his master and was treated with much respect. His genial laugh and many peculiarities were everywhere welcome, and he was a great favorite with the young folks.

Time was fleet, and a few weeks later as the last glimmer-

ing rays of the sun lighted up the brilliant autumn foliage of the forest-covered hills, Charles and Mary were on their way to a near-by farm, where the first husking-bee of the season was to be given that night.

All the young folks for many miles around were there, and the new barn with its bountiful supply of corn, was indeed a scene of perfect peace and enjoyment. Mary, as usual, was the belle of the whole crowd, but a few of the young men wore rather sad faces and Charles Harlan was a subject of much discussion among them. The walls rang with the gay laughter and merriment, and when Charles found the first red ear of corn, everyone at once turned their attention to him, and, doubtless, he felt uncomfortable. The boys urged him to take his reward, but when he bent forward to Mary, she tossed her head back independently, as if to say: "No, you won't kiss me." Then, in some way, he passed the wonderful red ear over to a bashful youngster at his side, and the attention of the crowd was turned to him until he had sought out the girl of his heart and was gaily husking corn by her side. Charles made many new acquaintances that night, especially with the girls. He was always popular with them, for he was handsome, daring, and brave, and his knightly bearing gained every girl's favor. After the merriment was over and they returned to Mary's home, Charles declared that he never enjoyed himself more, and that he was deeply in love with the whole neighborhood.

Christmas came. Without, all was snow and bitter cold; and within all was cheer and homely comfort. Charles and Mary were sitting alone before the glowing coals of a bright and cheerful fire and a smile of sweet contentment was on their faces.

Charles had spent Christmas Eve in a wild and reckless way, and then on Christmas morning had come to Mary with the odor of whisky on his lips. With all gentleness and kindness she had reproved him and then—he promised her that he would quit his drinking, give up his bad companions, and seek the better ways of life. Mary's influence over him was something wonderful and when he made her the promise,

he told her of how she could help him to do better, for he always felt a great desire for good when he was in her company. She was happy in the thought that she could give him her help; he was happy because of her trust and confidence.

The day proved to be one of much enjoyment to the whole family. In the evening they all gathered in the large old kitchen where Uncle Joe popped corn and Aunt Lizzy made candy. Ah, Charles would never forget that night. He had not noticed before that Mary was so queenly and so beautiful, but now—well, he had visions of blissful scenes of joy and a great change came over him. He watched her in all her purity and innocence and prayed that from that time on he might keep his recent promise to her, and be just as pure and innocent as she was. Ay, he would make her the guardian-angel of his life.

At last, when all was over and they bade each other good-night, Charles went to his room feeling happier than he had since he first won the favor of his general in the war. Mary's mother liked Charles, always approving of his and Mary's plans, so things went rather smoothly all through the winter. Spring soon came, and the time for Charles to go back to the farm was near at hand. He had come to spend his last day with Mary. The day was bright, the grass very green, and the early spring flowers were blooming in wild profusion all over the hillside. Charles asked Mary to go down and spend the afternoon with him beside the sparkling waters of the little stream. She consented and ere long they were seated there in what Charles said was the most beautiful place in all the world. But, somehow, they could not talk.

The sun was nearing the horizon, they knew that Charles must soon go, but why should they begin to quarrel for the first time, too? It was a little thing, but before they scarcely realized what had happened, Charles rose and hurriedly left. Bitter words had passed between them, and as Mary held a bunch of violets which Charles had given her, she began to calmly pick the fragrant blooms apart, not pretending to notice that Charles was really leaving. She picked each one apart, and did not even look up when he rode past the spring and on up the hill toward town.

(Concluded in the July issue.)

Ebon Eyes

The poets, one and all,
The speakers, great and small,
Have homage paid to her with eyes of blue;
But few at any time,
In any age or clime
Have chanted praise to eyes of darker hue.

The goddesses whose halls
Were built in Asgard's walls,
The stately wife of many a storied knight,
King Odin's Valkyrs brave,
The fairies 'neath the wave,
Had eyes like Norway's waves, all blue and bright.

I own the task a joy
For me, a blushing boy,
To wage a war against such fearful odds;
Though men may disagree
And issue take with me,
And though I lose the favor of the gods.

E'en since Old Time o'er man
His sovereign rule began,
Blind Cupid e'er has held the broader sway,
His foll'wers, near and far,
In times of peace or war,
Have made our lives one grand, harmonious day.

Armed thus by Cupid's shield,
The daring pen I wield
While bowing humbly down to ebon eyes;
I consecrate my life,
I brave both rage and strife
To lift a dark-eyed princess to the skies.

Scorn not my feeble song!
I sing to right a wrong.
My heart is pierced, my soul is filled with pain,
Because all men ignore
(Your patience I implore),
My queen who stands above the common plain.

If all the bronze and gold
Of kings and queens of old

THE ELEVATOR.

In royal treasure-house often seen
Was offered as a prize
To him who sang blue eyes,
I'd still be loyal to my dark-eyed queen.

The Parsee on his knees,
Among fair India's trees,
No greater worship gives the rising sun
Than I 'neath smiling skies,
Remembering her fair eyes,
Am pleased to offer my peerless one.

Now hear my earnest voice,
And bid my heart rejoice,
And heed me, wishing not a paltry prize,
Then though bleak winds destroy,
And blight my youthful joy.
I'll have reward for singing ebon eyes.

—oOo—

Wanted—

To know who drove off his cow one night last spring.—
Prof. Alexander.

To know why the old hen crossed the road.—Mr. Wesley.
To become a "star" like Sarah Bernhardt.—Miss Reid.

More time to fish.—Prof. Clagett.

More holidays.—The Practice Class.

More teachers to farm.—Dr. Mutchler.

To know if deterioration is detrimental to one's ameliora-
tion.—Miss Davis.

To know whether abstemiousness is conducive to longev-
ity.—Miss Chambers.

For this institution—Life, more life.—Pres. Cherry.

—oOo—

Mr. Teuton: Miss McClelland, what is your full name?
Miss McC.: Oh, never mind; it's not complete yet.

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:

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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.

JUNE, 1911.

NO. 8

EDITORIALS.

DEAD LANGUAGES.

Quite a number of recent speakers of prominence, while addressing us at chapel, have taken pains to stress the practical trend of present-day education and to hurl ridicule and satire at the "dead languages." Most of these attacks can be forgiven, because of the qualification of the speakers, several of them declaring that they failed to get a secondary education. But in our humble opinion the pedagogical world is going wild over practical education. In the mad rush to make money and to become skilled manual laborers, many men whom we would like to regard as far-sighted seers are showing themselves very narrow as regards true cultural education, education of both hand and mind, of heart and soul. We believe in manual arts, we welcome the scientific farmer, the skilled mechanic, the "man who can make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor," yet we do not believe in throwing utterly into the background the subjects that do not deal directly with how to make money or fame. Is it any wonder that the love for poetry and the other fine arts has

declined, when our foremost civic leaders condemn their study? Will we reach the Utopia of our dreams if we neglect the cultivation of our higher sensibilities? Are we willing to trust ourselves to the leadership of men who see only the practical side of life? Most ages have regarded the literary man as a visionary, but without a Homer to sing the wrath of great Achilles, a Vergil to chant of heroes and arms, a Dante to bring to light the hidden secrets of the hereafter, a Milton to write "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into the world," and many another humble follower of Orpheus, the deeds of the mighty Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, the achievements of the whole race would not rouse us to play our destined part in the great drama of life. Any attempt by a man or set of men, regardless of their prominence, to crush the natural longings of the human soul for higher development, will recoil upon the heads of its instigators, dooming them to utter oblivion. Oh, for men of broader minds!

THE DOCTRINE OF REST.

A good thing for the busy teacher to learn is how to rest. It is absurd for the teacher to be broken down at the end of the year. Do we believe in strenuous labor? Yes! On the other hand, we believe very strongly in a short time daily when the tired teacher may throw off all care and worry of the schoolroom and live freely and deeply. The rest period may take the form of a quiet nap, a solitary woodland ramble, a time of conversation, an hour of pleasant reading, or a country drive. Any and all are valuable, and the teacher who allows himself to neglect these means of recreation will suffer in the schoolroom.

Shall the dog-fennel cover the schoolyard and the mudhole in the public highway remain a nuisance; shall the hogs of the neighborhood pitch their tents under the schoolhouse and the cistern fill with frogs and rats; shall the old familiar water bucket be lined with breadcrumbs and the fluid it

contains be covered with grease; shall the teacher be an object of ridicule and the schoolhouse the subject of unfavorable comment? You who are to teach the youth of our land, you who are the fathers and mothers of the hope of the future years, you who profess a high degree of patriotism, answer by your deeds.

Among the spirits that always dwell about a school are those of departed heroes, of Caesar, and Hannibal, and Aeneas; of statesmen, of Gladstone, and Washington, and Clay; of heroines, of Iphigenia, and Rizpah, and Joan of Arc; but another spirit inhabits the corridor, the classroom, the den,—the invisible, the all-powerful Cupid. We believe that such is right. A schoolhouse without its little romance would be dreadfully tiresome, even though it becomes so when two soft-eyed creatures are too greatly enamored of each other. If school is life, and we are trying to make it so, then a little romantic episode or two is always welcome, for 'tis thus in real life.

Let every earnest Normalite consider himself divinely appointed to boost the W. K. S. N. S. and THE ELEVATOR in the field this summer. We want every Normal student to be a subscriber to THE ELEVATOR; we believe this to be the right thing or we wouldn't insist upon it. The only reason we can't give you bumper editions every time is because of lack of sufficient funds. If everyone that ought to be a subscriber would send in his subscription, we would soon make the paper three times its present size. Join the Pusher's Club!

Our last issue for the year, July, is to be unusually full of good things. The Walking Party's report of the Mammoth Cave journey will be a special feature. There will also be a little play composed by the children of the Fourth Grade of the Training School, a number of jingles, the winning oration in the recent Oratorical Contest, and several papers of rare merit, not to mention cuts, jokes, and an

abundance of news items. Be sure to read it and then give us fifty cents for ten more doses; you need the medicine, we need the money.

—o—

GRADUATES.

Below is a list of those who expect to "get through" and escape to their respective schools armed with "bran'-new" sheepskins. Congratulations, good people; you deserve the applause of all your fellow-students for your pluck, grit, and "sticktoition"!

Seniors: Margaret Acker, Mrs. Dora Barnes, Mary Crutcher, Mary Collins, Tula Chambers, Elizabeth Davis, Julia Franklin, Norma Gibson, Lester Hurt, J. J. Hornback, Mabel Mercer, Mary Northern, Nannie Stallard, Paul Seay, P. G. Smith, Eliza Stith, Blanche VanMeter, Blanche Carr, Belinda Crenshaw, T. A. Humble, Mollie Watters, C. W. Bailey, Zola White, Willie Fogle, E. E. Gardner, Bettie Colley.

Juniors: Helen Allen, Ivan Barnes, Evart Bratcher, Gabie Robertson, Finley C. Grise, Myrtle Jordan, Ora Lee Markham, Mary McDaniel, J. W. O'Dell, Flora Richardson, Pearl Turner, Opal Taylor Bessie Beck, Rosa Lou Ditto, Carrie B. Davis, Ina Foy, M. C. Ford, Harry Weir, J. R. Kirk.

Elementary, June: T. O. Wood, Mary Wilson, Virginia James, Novice Madison, Mary Lee Taylor, Sallie Grundy, Annie Robertson, Virginia Bland, Eva Belle Becker, M. T. Boulware, Lela Keown, Pearl Hendley, Gussie Manzke, Mattie Morgan, W. H. Cotton, Jesse Peters, Mabel Williams, J. H. Todd, Edith Kelley, Chas. B. Read, Mary Henon, Ollie May Richardson, Maggie Banfield, Nannie Sherry, Effie McClelland, Lillian Gill, Jessie Stone, Woodfin Hutson, Lillian Batsel, Ethel Featherston, L. F. Carwile, Ruth McGinnis, Viola Gross, Laura Newton, C. R. Bell, Algah Osborne, Reba Morris, Ruth Skaggs, Lucile Goodwin, Chas. W. Anderson, Mayme Downey, Eva Watters, Beulah Thompson, Lena Warford, Maude Shultz, Maggie Sirles, Mrs. Royster, Celeste Shirley, Ora Taylor, Iva Rea.

Elementary, July: Julian Adams, H. H. Arnold, Edith Allen, Ruby Barnett, Frank Barnes, Eleanor Beauchamp, Bessie Beck, Georgia Bell, Ernest Canon, Stella Caudill, Gertrude Cox, Mary Daugherty, Alberta Farris, Edna Gatewood, Carrie Hunt, Pearl Jordan, Ella Judd, Leva Lawrence, Gay Layman, W. L. Matthews, Eva Mercer, Lottie McClure, Hetabel Noel, Oma Pulliam, Verna Robertson, Etta Potter, Ellis Sandifer, Aleen Scott, Ruth Stephens, Bedford Turner, Nellie Wand, Oma White, Lillian Winkler, J. H. McKinney.

—o—

If anyone hears of a Normal student when called upon in Institute this summer saying, "Excuse me, please," bind him hand and foot and kick him out of the profession.

—o—

Have you renewed for THE ELEVATOR?

—oOo—

SENIOR CLASS 1912.

A strong Senior Class for next year has already been organized. Meetings from time to time have greatly aided the class spirit. We hope many more names may soon be added to the following list of those already enrolled:

Gabie Robertson, T. H. Likins, Katheryne Hawthorne, Arthur Roark, F. D. Stone, Mary Browning, Elsa McGinnis, Lena Dulaney, Della Combest, Susanna Pickering, Gordon Wilson, Oscar Shemwell, Sue Ellen Barnhill, Mary Northern, Evart Bratcher, Eva Rhodus, W. P. White, Gertrude Grimsley, Eva Watters, Lula Rigsby, Mattie Hayes, Maude McGuier, B. H. Mitchell, J. D. Wortham, W. H. Morrison, Salee Summers, Verna Robertson, Ella Judd, John Evans, H. C. Weir, S. C. Ray, Eliza Hale.

—oOo—

Mrs. A. B. Jennings, of Omaha, Nebr., formerly Miss Annie West, Life 1909, writes that she has recently been visiting the schools of Topeka, Kans. She finds there a fine school spirit, but nothing equal to the Normal.



Son: Father, what is the board of education?

Father: Well, when I went to school it was a pine shingle.—*Exchange*.

He: I never kissed a girl before.

She: Then you have come to the wrong place. I don't run a preparatory school.—*Echo*.

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller.

"Well," said the little brother, "she sure would be a sight if she came down without making it."—*Exchange*.

"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote
Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
That set it up: "My pig, my counterpart."

—*Wheat*.

The man who spends more than he makes will wind up a tramp, in the poorhouse, or in politics.—*Judge Ed. O'Rear*.

Schmile und der vorld schmiles mit you,
Laugh und der vorld vill roar!
Howl und ver vorld vill leaf you,
Und neffer come pack eny more.

Nod all of you vot been handsome,
Nod all of you veear goot clothes;
But a schmile is nod expensive
Und it govvers a vorld of woes.

Prof. Leiper: Johnson, give me the principal parts of 'possum.

T. T.: Head, legs, and tail.

Prof. Wethington: Chemistry is certainly the place to find a good housekeeper. I'm keeping my eyes open.

Ruby Alexander (after picking up the burnt matches in, around, and about her desk): Oh, Mr. Wethington, won't you come and look at my desk?

Prof. Marshall (in Trig. Class): Bennett, did you get the problems on page 100?

Bennett: Why, Professor, it says to "simplify," and I thought that they looked about as simple as I could fix 'em, so I didn't fool with 'em.

Miss Barnhill (in Training School): Why do you think it was winter time, Florence?

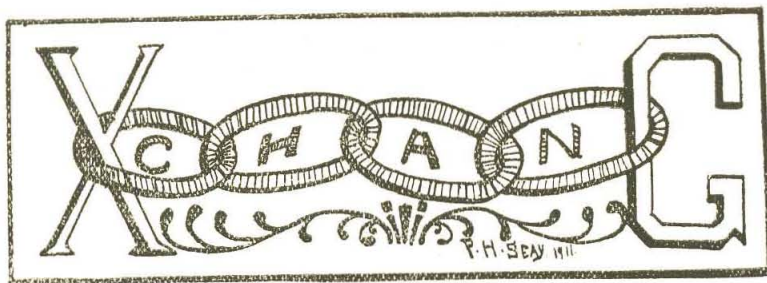
Florence: Because the bear's nose was cold.

Miss Kelley: I certainly like Prof. Marshall. I think I shall set my cap for him.

Miss Gabie Robertson: If you would set a chair for him you would be more likely to catch him.

There was a young student named Kirk
Who often his duties did shirk;
Until Colonel G.
Said: "Listen to me,
You'll see no sheepskin till you work."

Budding genius has always triumphed. Ivan Barnes, one of the greatest inventors of modern times, these warm June days has designed a machine for keeping cool that is likely to have a wonderful sale. A dynamo worn in the hip pocket has connection with an electric fan perched on the shoulders. There is some talk of other attachments that will virtually make the instrument a perpetual motion machine.



We have just received a copy of *Chit-Chat*, a splendid semi-annual published by the students of the High School, Pembroke, Ky. It is very attractive in every way, having an abundance of cuts and jokes.

The May issue of the *Mankatonian* is called "The Junior Annual," and a very up-to-date, breezy magazine it is. Your class prophecy is unique and well worth reading for its originality. "Notices" and "Rogues' Gallery" are suggestive; pardon us if we borrow some of their hints.

Ceasar's dead and buried,
And so is Cicero—
And where those two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.

—Ex.

The Norton County, Kansas, *High School Quill* came out in a "bumper" issue for May. Elegant covers, proper illustrations, bright articles, and excellent quality paper make it one of the best school papers we have on our exchange list.

Maid of Normal, ere we part,
Give me back—no, not my heart;
But my class-pin, signet-ring,
Football pennant, everything
That I bought and gave to you
When our Normal love was new.

—Ex.

If you don't keep your business always wound up to the highest pitch, your creditors are likely to come in and wind it up for you.—*Northwestern*.

Wheat, Ritzville, Wash., has an attractive and "joke-full" Commencement issue. A handsome cut of their building is found on the cover, one of their eight High School graduates on the frontispiece.

Beggar: Please help me recover my child.

Lady: Is your child lost?

Beggar: No, mum, but his clothes are all worn out.—*Wheat*.

The May issue of the *Northwestern* is up-to-date with respect to cuts, jokes, and other good things. Its half-tones are as good as any on our exchange table.

Teacher: Give the dative of donum.

Pupil: Don't know.

Teacher: Correct, sir.—Ex.

—oOo—

Clippings

"A woman may wear anything she pleases and get away with it," says a woman writer. We have noticed a few outfits pass by that a humming bird could get away with.—Ex.

Every schoolhouse in Brown County, Kans., is to have a cyclone cellar, into which the teacher and her pupils may adjourn when a "twister" appears. The school children call them "fraid holes."

Generally it is wise to take things as they come, but it is dangerous to take a goat that way.

Some of the spring poets who are burning the midnight oil might do better to blow out the gas.

Bowling Green has a negro named "Hen" House. It is a wonder some of the other negroes don't go through him.

"No wonder me darlint is cross-eyed,"
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother;
"For both of her eyes are so pretty,
They each wants to look at the other."
—*Chit-Chat.*

The fellow who cries "peace" aloud, and "sting 'em, d—n 'em" in an undertone, is not a man of—well, what's the use of saying.

If we could just beat it into the heads of our Legislature that the public schools were established for the benefit of indigent children and not for the benefit of anybody else, we would get some wholesome school laws.—*Harry Summers.*

An Illinois girl fasted for twenty-eight days and now she cannot eat. Perhaps she has solved the "high-cost-of-living" problem.

Some one has said that the automobile has "come to stay," and here we have been thinking it came to go.

Eschew all conglomerations of babblement. Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without caustic facetiousness or bombast. Sedulously avoid polysyllabic profundity, pompous proality, ventriloquial verbosity and grandiloquent vapidty.—*Princeton Leader.*

A freshman running home from school, went up to his mamma and said:

"Oh, mamma, I got a hundred to-day."

"Rossy," cried his mamma, kissing him, "what did you get a hundred in?"

"In two things," replied Rossy, without hesitation. "I got forty in Latin and sixty in algebra."—*Ex.*

(He must have been in Caesar or Virgil?—*Ed.*)

Athletics

The baseball season has closed and indeed it has been a very successful one for our Athletic Association.

We have played ten games and won five of them. The games were indeed interesting and exciting and showed ability on the part of the players as well as a loyal spirit on the part of the student-body.

Our team has established a reputation and will be able to compete with any amateur team next year. We are indeed surprised at our own record, when we think of the difficulties through which we have had to pass.

With reference to next year's schedule, it will be far better than the one of this year. Games will be scheduled early. We have the assurance of a number of good players next year in addition to this year's team.

From the student-body we expect a hearty support next year. A new plan will be introduced and it will bring out the enthusiasm and interest of every student. Begin now to boost our next year's association, and let's have a winning team the whole season.

—oOo—

News

Miss Lula Wheeler, Life 1910, has finished her school at Fredonia, Graves County, and writes for her paper to be changed to her home, Sedalia.

Miss Ina Fern Foster, who has been in Hazelwood Sanitarium, Louisville, for some time, is reported much better.

Our friend, I. G. Dunn, since leaving school early in the year on account of ill health, has organized a strong Boys' Corn Club in his home section, near Kirksey, Calloway County. He is also lending much aid to the County Superintendent in her effort to interest the boys in agriculture.

J. A. Caldwell, Life '10, and Miss Lucile Wade, who got

married early this spring, will teach this year in the Graded School at Hanson, Ky.

Oscar Shemwell, Scientific 18—, resigned the principalship of the Farmington Graded School to be in school here this fall. Sensible, isn't he?

(The price of soup has risen since, we are told.—ED.)

Several of our students have written that they are expecting to return for the Summer School.

Miss Jessie Steele orders her paper to be changed from Beech Grove to Curdsville, and adds: "Your paper is growing better. It inspires in its readers the desire for the three things of value: 'To Live, Love, and Learn.'"

There is a patriotism of peace as well as of war.—*Ex-Governor Folk, of Missouri.*

Miss Della Hendricks has finished her school at Scottsville and is at her home in Bowling Green for vacation.

Carl Adams, of Williamsburg School, and Marie Gore, of the public school of London, Ky., stopped on their way home for vacation for a look at our new home.

Our auburn-haired friend, J. B. Holloway, Senior '10, expects to spend the summer at Indiana University. Quite recently he paid the Normal a short visit.

C. A. Hale, Murray, Ky., writest that the spirit of the Normal School student is attracting attention in the county of Calloway.

If I do not fill the democratic niche that I was destined by the All Powerful to fill, I am not a patriot, neither am I standing behind the American flag.—*H. H. Cherry.*

Free enrollment to lady grade teachers holding State cer-

tificate. Ohio Valley Teachers' Agency, A. J. Jolly, Mgr., Mentor, Ky.

Miss Coral Whittinghill, Senior '09, will enter Indiana University in September.

Among the number of distinguished politicians who have visited our school recently are the following:

May 17: Supt. Barksdale Hamlett, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

May 22: Senator James B. McCreary, candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

June 1: Senator Newman, candidate for Commissioner of Agriculture.

June 6: Judge Ed. O'Rear, Republican candidate for Governor.

—oOo—

Oratorical Contest

On Saturday evening, June 3, the long-anticipated Oratorical Contest came to a culmination at New Vanmeter Hall. The student-body, desirous of knowing just how Demosthenes and Cicero really did orate, came together from all quarters to listen to the speakers and each to cheer his society's particular representative.

At 8.00 p.m. the tournament was announced, three young knights in glittering armor and one fair lady having entered the lists. Dr. Doolan, Mr. John Rodes, and Mr. M. B. Nahm sat as judges to award the prize to the victor.

The first contestant to enter the arena was Mr. J. J. Hornback, Senior, subject, "Rising from War." Mr. B. T. Rountree, Loyal-Pierian, followed, with an oration on "International Peace." While the orchestra played martial strains the tilting ceased. Then Miss Eva Belle Becker, Junior, spoke on "The Star of the West," followed by Mr. W. L. Matthews, whose subject was "The Land of To-morrow." The judges after due deliberation awarded the first prize, a gold medal, to Mr. Matthews, the second, a set of Shakespeare, to Mr. Hornback.

Allow us to say in passing that the occasion was a grand one, a time that awoke all desires for public speaking that had ever existed in the student-body. All glory to the winners; we're for you. And you who fell short of the victory, we're for you, too. All are a credit to our great school. God bless you all!

—oOo—

Tuesday evening, June 6, the following people graduated from the School of Music: Supervisor's Certificate—Misses Lottie Collins, Eleanor Beauchamp and Ruth Gray; Teachers' Certificate—Misses Marie Kuykendall, Louise Strahm, Ruth Gray and Eleanor Beauchamp; Teachers' Certificate in Voice—Miss Nell Cole.

The party which went to Mammoth Cave May 26 report a splendid time. As we go to press the walking party is on its way to the same great natural wonder.

Some forty-five people mentioned elsewhere in this issue received Elementary Certificates Wednesday evening, June 7.

—oOo—

Chapel Program

Chapel events have been unusually good for the past several weeks. A number of distinguished visitors have been to see us and, without exception, all have been "glad to be here."

Here are some of the great things:

March 8: Bishop Woodcock, of the Episcopal Church.

March 10: Evangelist Spiegel, of Birmingham, Ala.

March 13: Prof. Craig makes a radical but sensible discussion of Courses of Study for High Schools.

March 14: Miss Frazee gives an account of her visit to Tuskegee Institute.

March 17: Col. Guilliams' account of the Mobile National Superintendent's Association.

March 28: Pres. Cherry's story of "Old Man Billy Brown."

March 31: Supt. T. C. Cherry, of Bowling Green.

April 4: Supt. E. H. Mark, of Louisville.

April 5: Supt. C. W. Richards, of Princeton, and Supt. H. K. Cole, of the Board of Regents.

April 12: Profs. McDougale and Smith, of the E. K. S. N. S.

April 17: Harry Summers, editor of Elizabethtown News.

April 24: William Jennings Bryan addresses student-body on "Public Speaking."

April 25: Dr. Mutchler's report of the educational meeting at Jacksonville, Fla.

May 2: Dr. Bachman, evangelist; Dr. Roberts, West Point, Ky., Supt. Lay, Casey County.

May 3: Greetings from County Superintendents.

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OUR SPRING RECORD

During the month of March, April and May, we have had more than 500 vacant positions for TEACHERS.

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