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WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
Bowling Green, Ky.

Opening of Fall Session Shows Increased Attendance

The Fall Session opened on Tuesday morning, September 8th, with an enthusiastic gathering of students. In number the registration exceeded by a large per cent what we have had heretofore at this season of the year, and the quality of the work that is being done is unsurpassed. Teachers and former students returned from their vacations with a vigor and an inspiration that will enable them to accomplish the best results. Many graduates from High Schools are included in the enrollment.

Change in Date of Opening of the Mid-Winter Term

Since the school term throughout the State has been extended from six to seven months, it has been deemed best to change the date for the opening of the Mid-Winter Term to Tuesday, February 1, 1916. By putting it thus late, most of the teachers will be able to enter at the beginning of the term or a short while thereafter.

Free Tuition

While making your plans to enter school somewhere, be sure to take into consideration the fact that those who expect to teach are entitled to free tuition in the Western Kentucky State Normal School. If you have completed as much as the Common School Course, are sixteen years of age and expect to teach after attending the Normal, you are eligible to an appointment and your County Superintendent will be glad to issue you a scholarship. See him or write about it.

Certificates Granted

1. The State Elementary Certificate is good for two years anywhere in the State. One year's work required.
2. The State Intermediate Certificate is good for four years anywhere in the State. Two years' work required.
3. The State Advanced Certificate is good for three years anywhere in the State. Three years' work required. This Certificate becomes a State Life Certificate after three years of successful teaching. For further information address

H. H. CHERRY, PRESIDENT,
State Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky.



ALUMNI

BOWLING GREEN, KY., JANUARY, 1916

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CONTINENTAL

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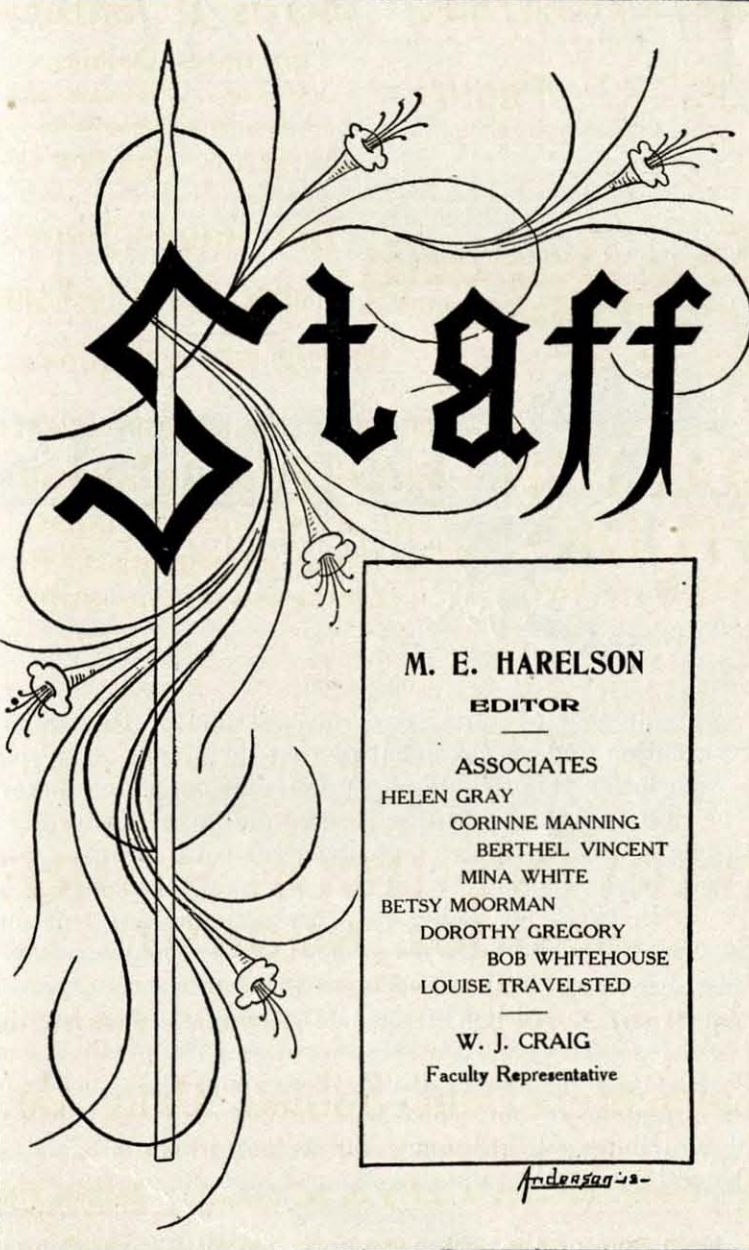
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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

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

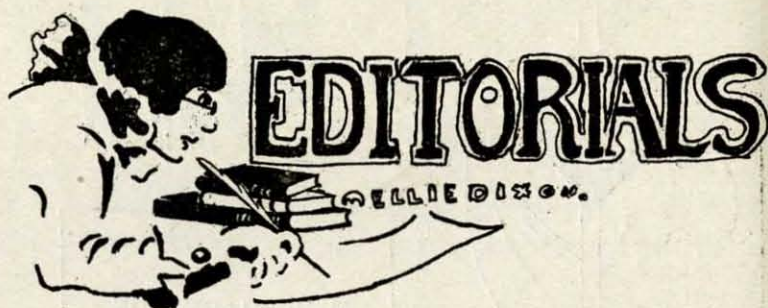
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VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1916

No. 4



This number of THE ELEVATOR is issued by the Alumni Association and, as president of that loyal band of people, I wish to lay this tribute on the altar of our Alma Mater: The Spirit of the Institution is alive and manifesting itself through work,—creative, constructive work. From many places come reports of what the sons and daughters of the W. K. S. N. S. are doing to perpetuate the name of our School. Enthusiasm has not waned; always and everywhere those who have sat in chapel and experienced a re-birth, are absorbingly interested in the vital things of life. Loyalty grows stronger as our number increases. When called upon to do something for the school, the response is assured, for the graduates of our school hold, above price, the privilege of contributing to the sum total of good which is being effected through the influence of our Alma Mater.

By a vote of the Alumni Association, 1916 has been se-

lected as Home-Coming Year. Since peace and prosperity characterize national and state affairs, since the fires of patriotism have been rekindled in our hearts, since the homing instinct is the heritage of loyal Kentuckians, since our Alma Mater hungers for the sight of you,—since the Call Home has been sounded, will you not come? It is to be a time when hospitality reigns in our home, and brotherly love dwells in our hearts. Please write at your earliest convenience, saying you are coming that the best may be prepared for you.

It will be served within the sacred precinct of our Alma Mater June 13 to 16.

Minutes of the Alumni Association, 1916

The business session of the Western Kentucky State Normal Alumni Association was held in Room E of the Administration Building on Wednesday afternoon of June 9th.

Miss Mattye Reid, President, presided. Miss Mattie McLean, regular secretary, could not be present, and Mr. J. L. Harman was appointed as temporary secretary. Sixty-nine members of the Association were present.

Miss Combest reported that since last year she had succeeded in completing a report of the Class of 1912 and would furnish this report for THE ELEVATOR for 1916.

The President stated that she had written letters to the members whose names and addresses had been furnished her, and that she had on the desk before her, answers from many of them and that she would be glad to read any letters called for. A number were read, all expressing an old-time, genuine interest in the Association and in the school.

There was no unfinished business, and under the head of new business Mr. J. L. Donovan, of Louisville, announced that the Cherry Club, organized in the interest of Mr. H. H. Cherry's candidacy for Governor, had decided to maintain

a permanent organization, making it educational, civic, and commercial as well as political.

Mr. J. L. Harman stated that no definite work had been outlined for the Alumni, and moved that a committee of five be appointed to investigate the needs of the school and report to the Alumni meeting of 1916. This motion was carried unanimously, and the following persons were named as a committee: J. L. Harman, chairman, Bowling Green, Ky.; H. L. Donovan, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Lula E. Cole, Bowling Green, Ky.; Boyce Watkins, Louisville, Ky., and W. L. Matthews, Livermore, Ky.

Class representatives for next year were appointed as follows: 1915, Brown; 1914, Moore; 1913, Jake Farris; 1912, Miss Combest; 1911, Hurt; 1910, A. L. Crabb; 1909, Mrs. Virginia Redmon; 1908, Miss Betsy Madison; 1907, Guy Whitehead.

It was stated that heretofore the Association had experienced some trouble in securing a class orator. That the man elected each year by the entire membership was frequently not available. A committee consisting of President H. H. Cherry and Messrs. J. R. Alexander and J. S. Dickey was appointed to select an orator for 1916.

Officers were unanimously elected for the coming year as follows: Miss Mattye Reid, President; Miss Betsy Madison, Secretary.

J. L. HARMAN, *Temporary Secretary.* MATTYE REID, *President.*

Who's Who

It is the desire of the Alumni Association to locate all of its members. The following is a list of those who responded to the call of the president at the time of our last annual reunion:

J. J. Hornback, Riverside Girls' High School, Riverside, Cal.

J. S. Dickey, Attorney-at-Law, Wagoner, Okla.

E. E. Baucum, Supt. McLoud City Schools, McLoud, Okla.

Paul H. Seay, University of Illinois, 711 South Race St., Urbana, Ill.

Alva E. Tandy, Graded School, Council, Idaho.

H. O. Weir, Supt. Graded and High School, Salmons, Ky.

G. H. Wells, Supt. City Public Schools, Falmouth, Ky.

C. M. Hughes, Supt. Public Schols, Baton Rouge, La.

Cleon A. Summers, Attorney-at-Law, Wagoner, Okla.

W. S. Taylor, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

T. A. Humble, Teaching, Wheelersburg, Ohio.

Dixie M. Hollins, Supt. Public Instruction, Clearwater, Fla.

Tillie E. Fieback, Teaching City Schools, 442 Sycamore, Carlisle, Ky.

Nettie B. Depp, Supt. Barren County Schools, Glasgow, Ky.

D. S. Collins, Farming, Bison, Okla.

C. M. Copeland, will teach in Mississippi this year, Rector, Ark.

E. E. Cooper, Merchant, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Stella M. Thompson, Park College, Parksville, Mo.

L. C. Reynolds, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Maysville, Ky.

J. M. Price, Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas.

Rubie L. Knott, Teaching, 1300 Jackson, Paducah, Ky.

O. C. Lasher, Attorney-at-Law, Ardmore, Okla.

Geo. V. Page, attending State University, Lexington, Ky.

A. W. Mell, Manager American School Agency, 305 Paul Jones Building, Louisville, Ky.

Katherine Howell, Art, 224 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Ella Northington, Teachnig, Owensboro, Ky.

H. A. Robinson, Representative Peter & Volz Company, 1201 Starks Building, Louisville, Ky.

J. W. Compton, Blood, Ky.

Maude Meguiar, Portland, Tenn.

Murah Pace, Cave City, Ky.

Oliver Hoover, Reynolds Station, Ky.

H. M. Denton, Louisville, Ky.
 H. D. Eades, La Junta, Colo.
 Beulah Davis, Clarksville, Tenn.
 Miss G. Hontas Dunn, Elkton, Ky.
 J. N. Witt, New Liberty, Ky.
 Mabel L. Squire, Overland Park, St. Louis, Mo.
 R. A. London, Smithland, Ky.
 D. P. Morris.

Ella M. Judd, 219 E. Nineteenth, Indianapolis, Ind.

That this list may be extended towards completion, it is sincerely desired that others will write to the President of the Alumni Association, concerning their whereabouts, their occupation, and any other information that may be of interest to the Association. It will be heartily appreciated if these letters are sent before our next reunion, June, 1916.

MATTYE REID.

—oOo—

The Spreading the News

In this, the mad-rush age, the spreading of news has kept apace. The Zeppelins raid London, and New York publishes a full account of the raid before the hour of its happening; the President at a political love feast in Washington delivers a speech at six p.m., and the same speech is read in the San Francisco evening papers at five-thirty p.m. on the same day; a great baseball game is played at Chicago, and before the fans get from the grand-stand, newsboys are crying off their papers giving full particulars of the game. And so it is that everybody knows what everybody else does at the moment of the doing. There are, of course, many advantages in this rapid dissemination of the world's important news. For instance, the great money markets of the world are brought into a radius of a few moments and any radical change in one is instantly known and its results calculated by all the others; an important election is held in Kentucky, and President Wilson knows

the result at the instant it is known in Louisville; our Congress is in session, and the country practically looks into its chambers and sees instantly every move of political or financial importance, and the monarchs of politics and finance repair their fences accordingly.

In the preceding paragraph so much has been said in order to develop sufficient momentum for a few words on another kind of *News Spreading*. And this is it: *Spread the News of the Achievements of the Alumni Association*. In other words, *every Alumnus engaged in school work ought to know the important accomplishments of every other Alumnus so engaged*. As it is, we meet for a few moments once each year, talk little of what *has been done*, or what is *to be done*, except in a very general way, and then depart to be scattered by the four winds of the earth. It seems to me that there should be a closer union, a more definite plan of action; that we should generate and permeate, as a unified body, certain standards and ideals in the fields of education, and that there should be some medium by which the news of the realization of these plans and ideals may be scattered throughout the organization.

I believe that some plan of this kind put into execution would be of great value to the educational interests of the Alumni Association. Personally, I had rather read of the good work of my friends, and profit thereby, than to read and study the fine-spun notions of anybody's ordinary school magazine.

This year (1916) has been set aside as the Home-Coming Year, so that a more logical time for presenting plans may never present itself; and therefore I wish to suggest the following plan for *Spreading the Alumni News*:

First, let every Alumnus subscribe for THE ELEVATOR.

Second, let an Alumni Department be established in THE ELEVATOR.

Third, let the Association elect one of their number for Alumni Editor, to serve one year.

Fourth, let each member of the Association agree to fur-

nish the Alumni Editor with one article, echo, or paragraph annually.

Fifth, let it be the duty of the Alumni Editor to edit the Alumni articles and send them to the editor of THE ELEVATOR for monthly publication.

Sixth, let the proceedings of the Alumni meeting be kept and published in the July issue of THE ELEVATOR.

Respectfully submitted for the consideration of the Alumni Association, June, 1916. ALUMNUS.

—oOo—

The Alumni and Higher Education

John Frederick Oberlin, before beginning his career as a minister in the insignificant little parish of Waldbach, in the Vosges Mountains, thought it not unwise to take both an A.B. and a Ph.D. degree. The unusual success of his life work and its lasting effects on his parish and the whole of France are evidences that the thorough preparation he gave himself was in every way beneficial and far-sighted. The Alumni of the Western Normal are beginning to see the opportunity of the better-trained man, as is clearly shown by their attitude toward college and university careers. The spirit of such men as Oberlin is the spirit of our own day: broad views of life, preparedness, thorough training, consecrated service to a cause, particularly a cause that concerns the "great common people."

Only a few years ago many of the prominent educational positions in Kentucky were held by college-bred men from other States. Since the State Normal Schools were established this condition has begun to change, the result being that more and more Kentucky men have qualified themselves to hold Kentucky positions. Kentucky is not opposed to receiving capable men from beyond its borders, but it has faith in its power to produce men who are able to solve its own problems. To illustrate: many of our Alumni have heard the call of the city superintendency and have been giving themselves the training necessary for this line of

educational activity. I have no means of knowing the real status of this, but it seems, from the limited knowledge I have, the percentage of native Kentuckians who are now city superintendents, high school principals, or graded school principals, is much higher than it was five years ago.

The Normal School graduate has had to give himself a larger preparation, not only to secure a responsible position, but also to keep pace with the rapid educational progress of our State. The once dormant, antiquated school system of Kentucky is no longer the laughing-stock of other States and the horror of the educators of our own Commonwealth. The demands are stronger and stronger for men and women of vision, of training to direct the many educational forces. Our high school system is yet in its infancy, but how rapidly it has begun to serve its mission. Our State Normal Schools are still quite young, but are demanding and securing a recognition which they merit. These two fields are constantly calling for more and better-trained teachers and educational workers.

But yesterday it seems there were few qualifications that a high school teacher needed beyond those of a teacher in a rural or graded school. The present requirement that all high school teachers must hold a State certificate is a step in the right direction. Many progressive teachers are realizing that this requirement is not sufficient. If, as the best educators have agreed, the teacher, in general, should have had at least four years of study beyond what he proposes to teach, not to mention professional training, the high school teacher needs at least a college degree to qualify him for his position. It would be unwise to make this a requirement at present, but it is one of those good things in education which we can expect in a few years.

President Cherry's constant plea for a "broader preparation" has begun to bear fruit. The Normal Alumni have learned that the Life Certificate is a long stride toward higher education but is not the symbol of a "finished" training. This attitude has very rapidly grown within the last five

years and many Alumni and other former students have taken work in colleges and universities. Some fifty of our State Normal Alumni alone have given themselves this advanced training. It is a healthy sign that our students are not flocking to a single institution but are considering the special advantages of each school relative to desired courses of study. Among the schools that they have attended are Peabody College, Chicago University, and the State Universities of Indiana, Kentucky, Wisconsin, and Illinois.

Of the fifty Alumni who have been enrolled as students in these schools, about twenty-five have already taken their degrees or will do so at the conclusion of the present school year. While this figure is far lower than we would like for it to be, we must keep in mind the extreme youth of our State Normal and the fact that the members of our largest classes, 1914 and 1915, are for the most part engaged in teaching, intending to enter college within the next two years. The percentage of our Alumni who have attended college since graduating at the Normal is about fifteen, not a bad showing, I think all will agree, but we can safely predict that this percentage will steadily increase. An enormous number of our undergraduates have dreams of a college career and are already planning to continue their education after graduating from the Normal.

Not alone are the cities and the great centers of population calling for leaders who know, who can see, who can do, but also the most remote and thinly-populated rural districts are longing for men who will teach a new interpretation of life to the sons and daughters of the country. A life of noble service, an opportunity to show his mettle, a chance to make an undying name, are awaiting the teacher. The leader who, like John Frederick Oberlin, has given himself the broader, more generous preparation.

From Poverty to Popularity

Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his famous history seventeen times before he could go on with it (and who knows but what this is the first writing for this article?); Gibbon was pluming his wings for a great flight. Walter Scott wrote the first part of his first romance—"Waverley"—years before he wrote the second part. They say he had thrown it aside and it had long lain in an old lumber-room, when, one day while hunting for a fishing-tackle, he came across it, re-read it, thought better of it, and determined to finish it. We know that Milton, for instance, had the plan of his great poem, "Paradise Lost," in his mind long before he attempted to compose it. We also find that Goethe, who chiseled away at "Faust" during forty years of his life, at last conceived the final plan and finishing adornment for his great production. There comes a whispering to us from somewhere among the pines that Dante wrote the first seven cantos of his great poem years before he attempted the succeeding ones. All the foregoing statements have been made (not to say that maybe some day the writer will give the world a finished product on "From Poverty to Popularity," for whether that is a vague dream or not it does not matter, but rather) to pave the way for the statement that every great enterprise takes at first in the mind of its author, a somewhat indefinite shape—and the mental structure rises gradually as the leaves of thought are brought to bear upon it.

No man can become a leader unless he has something deep within his soul struggling for form and shape in the expression of a deed. And the world is in need of more leaders. Take from civilization her leaders and you leave humanity an aimless rabble. The hand on the dial plate of progress would, in less than a century, move back a thousand years. We don't put enough stress on the leaders of civilization. Humanity will always be indebted to her leaders—its men of vision, its pathfinders, for without them there could be

no progress, but in its stead social stagnation, governmental anarchy and a chaos of religion.

All departments of human activity have been brightened by men and women who have traveled the path from "Poverty to Popularity," and whose very names are a power in the world. That "Genius has rocked her biggest children in the cradle of poverty," is something more than mere romance. The following (and many others) whom we find "wrapped in the rich and jewelled web" of glory, who impress the minds of men with their mighty deeds, and who stand in wonder and admiration of all mankind have forged to the front regardless of meager circumstances which we too often consider a handicap: Homer, the first and greatest of the poets (850 B. C.), begged his bread through the seven cities which claimed him when he died. Virgil, the ablest representative of the deepest sentiment of his country (some think), born 70 B. C., was the son of a porter, Demosthenes (peace be to his soul), the man who has stirred every ambitious schoolboy to his best efforts, and the orator's ideal for all time, was the son of a cutler. Mohammed, "who changed the face of empires," was an orphan at eight and afterwards a camel driver. Copernicus, who leads us away to the stars and on beyond to the far blue dome, and who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was the son of a baker. Farady, the son of a blacksmith, leads us even beyond Sir Humphrey Davy into the field of natural science. Last in our list, to name, is William Shakespeare. He, the one world character to whose far-reaching, all-embracing genius the world does honor, was the son of a wool carder.

Proof enough. Let us stop. Stop long enough to wish we were all poor. Then while we are thinking, let us wish that all who dream of a future might realize this great truth that the difference between men, the *great* and the *insignificant*, is *energy*, invincible *determination*.

When we ring up the curtain and view the world's stage, stretched across 200,000,000 square miles of space, with

scenery as varied as the continents and as shifting as the landscapes, we see generals, warriors, discoverers, inventors, statesmen, builders, engineers and seers. On that stage we see philosophers whose visions have pierced the shadows and the clouds.

Every man who cannot leave a worthy deed behind him dies in *poverty*. Those who would travel from Poverty to Prosperity (the kind of popularity referred to in this article) must leave something behind that will live on—a life not lived in vain.

On this road two voices can ever be heard—one comes from the heart of selfishness, the other from the hilltops, where failure is glory. Two lights can always be seen from this pathway—one the "fading marsh" light or the will-o'-the-wisp, the other the slowly rising sun of a new day.

—oO—



LITERARY.

Variety

The authorities of Hilltop are well within their rights when they advertise that, "Our students are favored with boarding facilities that cannot be equaled elsewhere." That statement is beyond criticism, other than it may be a little weak. The Hilltop boarding rates defy all known laws of economics. There is an element of mystery about the mat-

ter. The produce dealers regard those rates with a sort of awe; the grocers and butchers can't explain them.

"Why," one of them will say, "Take Ma Reynolds, for instance; she pays me pretty nearly as much as she takes in, and besides there's coal, and light, and water, and repairs, and goodness only knows what else. It's beyond me."

"Well," speaks up the proprietor of the leading music store, "it's beyond me, too; but as a matter of fact, Ma bought a six-hundred-dollar player piano from me last week and paid down for it."

"I sold her a lot in Jacob's Addition the other day and got spot cash for it," adds a real estate dealer, thus adding further depth and darkness to the mystery.

The boarding range at Hilltop extends from the palatial homes of the *bon ton* on The Boulevard, wherein affluent students may lodge in hardwood-floored, lace-curtained rooms, and eat food brought to the table by regularly ordained butlers for five dollars a week, to Bayly Hall, in which guests may sleep in rooms heated and cleaned by themselves, and partake of food in the intensely democratic dining room at a weekly cost of two and a quarter.

Midway between these extremes is Ma Reynolds' rambling, dun-colored, two-story frame establishment on Twelfth Street. Ma started taking boarders in 1885, and "boarders" they still are. The *bon ton* on The Boulevard began by sniffing at those who received aliens into their homes under any sort of terminology, but now take a few "guests," and allay their patrician consciences by ingenious explanations very similar to that of the lady who claimed she never gambled except to earn pin money.

Ma caters to the great-common-people element of the students, and consequently Ma never suffers from a dearth of boarders. Every day she is besought for admission to her happy family.

"Th' ain't no room," she tells each applicant, "but maybe as some of my folks will be a-leaving soon." The would-be

boarder turns sadly away: it is a well-known fact that Ma's folks never leave.

"I get real lonesome for the sight of a new face in our happy circle," said Shorty Cooper, one day back in 1907; "what Ma Reynolds needs is new blood."

Shorty was right, in a way. Besides him, there were: Slim Whitehead, who had come in with Shorty two years before; B. Orlando Donovan, and High Water Duckett, whose admission to the happy circle dated back a year and a half; Miss Amber Whittingdale, the baby of the family, had been a member during a year. She weighed three hundred, and was nervous. The others, a round dozen of them, had partaken of Ma's hospitality during periods ranging from eighteen months to five years,—indeed, the tenure of residence of Miss Amaranthia Hite, the senior boarder, had never been settled upon definitely. Ma claimed that she had been there six years. With cold emphasis Miss Hite denied the charge and set up alibis. Serenely unconscious that she was trespassing upon delicacy itself, Ma seemed to take a particular delight in bringing the matter up:

"Yes, sir; it happened right here in the house," she would say, as she stood in the dining room, wielding supervision over her feasting progeny; "that was the year before Miss Rinthy came, and she's been here six years." And Miss Rinthy, with the scarlet rising in either cheek, would respond:

"Indeed, I have not. I was Corresponding Secretary of the Brownsville Humane Society until I resigned to come here four and a half years ago."

"Why, Miss Rinthy! you come here the same week that the storm blowed the roof off old Miss Hendrick's house, and that was six years the ninth of last September."

Let us take a brief look at Ma's dining room. Aunt Sallie, the priestess of the kitchen, steps out into the hall and vigorously swings a bell. By the time the clapper has struck thrice the boarders are trooping back through the long, dark hall, past the beaded portieres, past the water cooler, and

through a door to the right into the dining-room. In the center sits the table, concealed under a red, checkered cloth, and filled with heaped and steaming dishes. Seven chairs are placed on either side of the table, and one at each of the ends. At one end sits Matt Sammons, hearty and happy and loud-voiced; at the other, "Windy" Bohannon engages in speculative discussions. Once during one of Windy's philo-flare-mouthed grate. Once during one of Windy's philosophical flights Shorty Cooper stirred the fire in the grate vigorously with a poker.

"Fight hot air with fire, that's my doctrine," he said. The heat didn't disturb Windy, but the roars of laughter did. Next to Windy, to the kitchenward, sits Miss Amarithia. Miss Rinthy is always first to the table except on prayer-meeting nights, when she is always last. Back of Miss Rinthy, is a porthole leading into the kitchen. Through this, Aunt Sallie hands her offerings into Ma's waiting hands. Through this also comes the confused sounds of cooking, intermingled at intervals with Aunt Sallie's deep-toned grumble. The walls of the room are papered with hectic representations of impossible flowers. Surmounting these is a border of grape clusters entwined with wild roses, and a ceiling whose original color has been revised by the accumulated accretions of the passing years. Two pictures face each other from opposite sides of the room. In one, an intrepid hunter holds a spirited pointer dog in leash with one hand, and fires at a flying duck with the other. In the second picture, bananas and oranges are shown growing on the same limb, from which hangs a bird's nest, suspended at a tilt that reveals four sky-blue eggs.

"It's too monotonous here," reiterated Shorty, "the same old grub and the same old mouths to eat it. Beefsteak, cabbage, fried potatoes and macaroni to-night just like we have had every Monday night since there have been Monday nights. And Miss Rinthy a-saying in her most finicky way: 'Will you have some cabbage, Mr. Cooper? I can't bear cabbage myself'; and on my other side, High Water getting off his regular Monday night joke about Ma turning to macca-

roni. What Ma needs is about fifty-seven different kinds of variety."

"Well," said Slim, "I eat all of the items you mention."

"So do I, but I got an imagination, me, and I want a chance to use it. I want to sashay into that dining room expecting ham and eggs, and find mushrooms and mocking-bird tongues; or to brace myself to eat up some angel-food cake, and be passed pork chops and kraut."

Slim fished a Gallic war from the debris on the table: "You haven't said an original word, Shorty. I thought that spiel out months ago, but what is the use? We won't stay at Bayly's, and we can't afford any more than we are paying. I guess we'll have to grin and bear it."

"I could stand it," said Shorty, "if I could indulge in a new system of victuals every coon's age. Elbow Thomas stays up at Professor Macon's. They keep him around for company, and to discourage burglars. Now, I wonder if I should ask him down for dinner some time, if he'd let me feed once with him. That'd sure help out."

"Go to it," counseled Slim, "and bring me a little of anything that is new."

"Isn't it rotten!" groaned Shorty. "Do you have any idea what we'll have for supper to-morrow night?"

"Sure; let's see; to-morrow is Tuesday. Why, we'll have boiled potatoes, fried corn, baked apples, and hash made of the chicken left from Sunday."

"Exactly, and wouldn't it jar you! And that ain't the worst; Miss Rinthy will say: 'Won't you have some hash, Mr. Cooper? I can't bear it myself.' And then she'll take a potato on her plate and look at it just like she'd like to say: 'I hate to do it, little potato, but it's me duty.' High Water will spring some livery stable talk on account of the corn, Donovan will wedge in a little oratory somewhere, and Ma will say: 'Eat hearty, folks; they ain't no dessert to-night.'"

* * * * *

The boarders were sitting on the porch when the supper bell rang.

"Come on to the pen; the corn is ready," shouted High Water, and they filed back. Ma was standing guard at the porthole, and Miss Rinthy was seated.

"Eat hearty," said Ma when they were seated, "they ain't no dessert to-night."

Shorty made a wry face at Slim, "Running on schedule time," he said.

"What! hash again!" exclaimed Miss Rinthy, in tones too low for Ma's ears. "Will you have some, Mr. Cooper? I can't bear it myself." Shorty set his teeth, and accepted the proffered dish without a word.

"I have chosen a subject for my next oration," announced Donovan. "I have elected to discuss The Changing of the Old Order."

"Thanks for the warning, Mr. Donovan," said Miss Nellie Fitzhugh Stuart, "I shall leave for home to-morrow."

"Don't go, Miss Nellie," counseled Slim; "if any changing is going to happen, stay and see it."

"I think I shall speak on The Perennial Rights of Woman," said Miss Pansy McClure. "It is only a matter of time until I ally myself actively with the forces of liberty."

"Good-night, Old American Eagle; you're a dead bird," said Bert Smith, he being dead set against the forces of liberty.

"Take it from me, this San Jose scale is something fierce," observed Bill Taylor, an ardent student of the new science of Horticulture.

"One chased me a mile once," testified Ezra Baucom.

"Really! indeed!" exclaimed Miss Edna Gatewood. "I had no idea they were such vicious creatures."

"Oh, I can hardly wait for Creator's concert, to-morrow night," bubbled Miss Nettie Layman. "I just adore music. It is so artistic, you know."

Miss Whittingdale's shrill voice arose above the confusion of noise: "I'm afraid I'm losing my voice," she wailed. "I dreamed last night that a burglar, a man, came into my room, and took me right up in his arms, and carried me

away. My mouth was wide open, but when I tried to scream I couldn't make a noise."

"I'd have made a noise," said Miss Ora Ella McSamuel, "I'd have told him to keep going."

"What! Is Windy a burglar?" asked Finn Grise, feigning surprise. This reference to a well-known mash caused a titter of merriment that was interrupted by Miss Whittingdale's strident tones:

"I was nervous," she insisted, "I was nervous. My nerves are in a dreadful state."

"Now, that's too bad," said Ma, soothingly; "did you ever try Dr. Cinderella Blackburn Stone's Nerve Establisher? Why, one time I was so nervous that I'd scream every time Pa would come into the room, and Pa was as harmless a man as ever lived. I took one bottle of the Establisher, and I haven't felt a nerve since. That was five years ago—no, it was six; it was before Miss Rinthy come, and she's been here six years."

"Indeed, I have not," denied Miss Rinthy, savagely, but High Water side-tracked the alibi of the humane society:

"Ha! Ha!" he roared; "that Shorty Cooper eats corn just like a donkey."

"Well, now, isn't that queer?" asked Shorty, serenely, "for that is the very identical animule that you remind me of." Ma squared herself militantly:

"Is there any young men present," she inquired, "who are a-wishing to change their boarding places?"

No one admitted such an ambition.

"Then, them as wish to stay will kindly be careful with their langwidge."

"Those that want to be real good, just watch me," advised Ed Everett.

"Them that don't be good, just watch me," continued Ma.

* * * * *

After supper, Slim disappeared from the room, and was gone for an hour. When he came in his eyes were shining.

"I've fixed it," he exclaimed, seizing his room-mate by the shoulder, and giving him a shake:

"Variety is on the way. We dine at the Mansard to-morrow night." He threw down two dollar bills.

"Wake me up, and tell me about it," demanded Shorty.

"It was easy; I took those tickets to the Creatore concert, and went out in the world and sold them, sold one to Jeff Smith, and the other to Walter Compton. They had tickets of their own, but they recently found out that they wanted to take a couple of town girls, so they bought up my entire production. I think I'll take a whole cherry pie to begin on."

"You have done a noble deed, Slim. I didn't care anything about hearing that band of Romans and countrymen. I bet they don't play any real music like 'My Darling Nellie Gray' or 'The Lonesome Dove,' anyway. Have 'em fix up two cherry pies, and, say, can't you give me enough chloroform to hold me until the festivities begin?"

Slim and Shorty entered the portals of the Mansard with anticipations at flood tide. The head waiter conducted them to a table, and discreetly retired.

"What's he for, anyway, if he ain't here to do business?" asked Shorty.

"Study your catalogue, and don't pay him any mind. He is just a sort of honorary pallbearer."

"He's got an onery face, all right," said Shorty.

They studied their menu cards in silence for several minutes. Shorty broke the silence: "I wonder what is going on up at Ma's?"

Slim studied his watch: "Well, Windy and Miss Ora Ella are sitting in the swing, and the others on the porch. The bell will ring in two minutes."

A waiter had come up and poured water: "Is yo' ready to give yo' ohdah?"

"Not yet," answered Slim. "Call around in thirty days," added Shorty.

The baffled waiter retired a few paces, but waited expectantly while the diners-to-be resumed their deliberations. Presently Shorty expressed himself: "That nigger isn't my style of a coon."

"He seems to be a good stayer," remarked Slim.

"He wouldn't stay forty seconds in Kehoe, Kentucky," snapped Shorty.

They meditated further upon their dinner cards. The evening clientele of the restaurant had begun to arrive, and the Good Stayer departed for more profitable fields.

"See anything you want?" inquired Slim.

"I don't recognize much of it," replied Shorty, "but that hamburg steak with onions attracts my attention."

"That isn't so bad," assented Slim, "Ma has it every Wednesday night."

A sheepish grin spread over Shorty's features. "Guilty as charged, Your Honor," he said, "this is Wednesday night."

Again they gave their attention to the task before them: "I wonder," asked Shorty, presently, "if they have turnip greens here; now, back at Kehoe—"

Slim interrupted prospective revelations of life in Kehoe: "Shorty, I am pained. Your language is positively uncouth."

"It must be awful for you to notice it, seeing as how you spent your young and plastic days at Rineyville, Louisiana. But, believe, me, turnip greens make some eating."

At this juncture, the Good Stayer returned to his prey: "Is yo' ready to give yo' ohdah?" he asked.

"Why, that's the same thing he said before; he's as bad as them up at Ma's," said Shorty. Then he addressed the waiter directly: "No, Uncle Ned, we haven't got the answer yet. It seems that the thing must be stated wrong."

The Good Stayer departed in a manner which indicated that he labored under a state of uncertainty as to the part he was due to perform during the immediate future.

There ensued another period, during which they gave the bill of fare their undivided attention. Shorty spoke first:

"Slim," he said, deliberately placing his card face downward on the table, "I don't like this place a frazzling bit."

"Well, if we should take a notion to leave they might be able to struggle along without us."

Shorty reached under the table for his hat.

* * * * *

Only Miss Rinthy, it being prayer-meeting night, remained at the table when Shorty and Slim arrived. Ma was on guard at the porthole.

"Anything left?" asked Shorty.

"Oh, some," answered Ma, "and eat hearty, folks; they ain't no dessert to-night."

—oOo—

An Application of the Faust Legend

(RECENTLY DELIVERED AT CHAPEL EXERCISES AND TRANSMITTED TO PAPER BY REQUEST)

Man has always feared, revered, and even worshiped the occult, the mysterious. All primitive people have had many myths and legends which have dealt with every passion and every instinct in human life. Briefly the great value of the myths and legends of all time has been that they serve as a mirror to us in which is reflected the best thought, particularly the best spirited thought of a people producing them.

Of particular interest to students is the great Faust legend, the most popular one of all the many that are connected with the barbarism and mysticism of the Middle Ages. It has many different versions. In one of these versions we have a conversation between the Lord and Mephistopheles in which the Devil insists everything on earth is wrong, all men are vile, and he scarce has the heart to plague them more. The Lord insists that Doctor Faust is still his servant, and cannot be led astray. The Devil is given permission to try him in every way, the Lord insisting that Faust will in the end remain true to the best human and divine instincts. The Devil accepts the challenge!

We are introduced to Doctor Faust in his study. He has

studied Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, and has a great reputation as a scholar of renown and a wise man. But with all his wisdom he feels he has accomplished nothing. The great problems he would like to solve are those whose secrets are still locked. He is sick at heart. "Poor fool, with all my lore, I stand no wiser than before." He craves to see the world, to study mankind of low and high degree, to explore man's hidden destiny, to see both heaven and hell. In this mood he uses magic in which he was well versed, and calls up the Devil. Our version of the legend has Faust and the Devil signing a contract in Faust's blood that the Devil is to show him the world, answer all his questions, show him all the mysteries which the future holds, and furnish him perfect happiness for twenty years. Never shall there be cause for regret or pain on Faust's part, all must lead to wisdom and happiness.

After the signing of the contract, Faust and the Devil start on their journeys. They assume many different forms, change into animals at will, now are monks and then devils, visit all parts of the earth and even the nether world. They spend much time around colleges and universities where they pry into all that is going on. They perform many pranks of all sorts, nothing to them is sacred, or too vile to accomplish if they feel that way. Always wisdom and happiness is their watchword. This satisfies Faust for many years, but slowly he begins to tire of it, and has periods of remorse and regret which greatly vex and worry the Devil. The Devil conjures up many new methods of entertaining him, but Faust loses interest. He examines into his past life and becomes more and more unhappy. He finds out too late that he was really happy before his contract with the Devil when he was pursuing useful knowledge, and serving his people as a physician and jurist. Many versions of the legend have Faust carried to Hell at the expiration of the contract. The great poet-philosopher, Goethe, however, has him reconciled to the humane instincts he possessed before his intellectual debauch with the Devil, and, after repent-

ance, he ascends to heaven.

This legend, I feel, is particularly applicable to students. Among its many meanings I gather that Faust in trying to get at the fountain of all wisdom personifies Philosophy. His was the spirit of growth, the scientific spirit so much in evidence to-day. I apprehend that among many others, at least three conclusions may be drawn from the Faust legend that apply to us as students. First, as you give your time and energy in college to earnest work, you must grow. It is the inevitable law of life and you cannot avoid it. You will, like Faust, gather worldly wisdom. What is to be the nature of this wisdom you must yourselves largely determine. The use of the scientific spirit may be of the Devil or it may be your saviour; in either case it brings me to my second conclusion: Growth and experience will cause pain and suffering.

The wisdom of books, of nature, of experience with men will shock your judgment, will gnaw and tear at your preconceived notions, will cause doubt and uncertainty. You will, like Faust, get sick at heart and will cry out like Job against your fate. The very things you thought most sacred will turn out illusions, and, though you rebel against it, the manner of your life will change. The change will be for better or worse. Every scholar, every thinker, every dreamer of visions and doers of great deeds in history, has had this experience. Witness the struggle in the soul of a Socrates, of Saint Paul after he was stricken blind on the way to Damascus, of Luther at Worms, of Cromwell, of Washington, and above all, in the soul of Jesus when He fully realized His true mission on earth and what was to be His end.

The third conclusion is that your gathered wisdom, your growth, and your struggles in pain will avail you nothing, unless your humanity will, like that of Faust's, assert itself and allow you to reconcile your shattered ideals with your intelligence. If you would be happy and useful, your education must enable you to reconstruct and catch new ideals

and new visions of righteous things to do. Unless you do this, your growth has been in vain, your education is faulty, and you are shipwrecked indeed. Who would care to-day about Socrates had he not reduced his wisdom to a useful system? The world cares little for the terrible struggle and ordeal of Luther at Worms, but it proclaims him the greatest hero of the Reformation because he remained true to his convictions. Mankind may forget Christ's suffering when fasting in the wilderness and when tempted of the Devil, but it can never forget his loyalty to a purpose and his sacrifice at Calvary.

In closing, I can think of nothing so appropriate to a student as these words of Faust when the Devil's spell was broken and he was once more reconciled to his better self:

"Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This world means something to the Capable.
Why needs he through Eternity to wend?
He here acquires what he can apprehend."

—oOo—

What Came Out of the Soot-Forests Tangled Darks

PART I

The Tired Teacher, in her pinafore days had had a hankering for things boyish,—swaggers, strides and things like that. Then she had often wished that she could have initials for a name instead of the namby-pamby one of Flora, now she often thought with a sardonic grimness that she had won her initials, for T. T. certainly fitted her. However, no one now ever spoke of her as T. T. Some said "Miss Brown" and others "that poor woman." How she hated their pity—but here I go wandering astray into the forbidden fields of this Tired Teacher's private feelings, when just what I set out to tell you was: what she was doing on a certain late afternoon in January.

To resume—The Tired Teacher hitched her chair a little bit farther under the table and gave a vicious jab at two or three obstreperous hair-pins. Then she pounced determinedly upon an appalling pile of gleaming white papers before her. For a while no sounds disturbed the blessed quietness of the astonished room but her weak little "oh's" and "ah's" of incredulity and despair. At last they were finished and the Tired Teacher raised her head, tilted her chair and gazed speculatively upon the eloquently silent room. So she sat minute after minute, gazing until the speculative look in her gray eyes turned to one of uncertainty, then to unshed tears, then to large, glistening drops that splashed down and flattened themselves out on the white papers. At last, in the very face of the long-suffering, scandalized and surprised rows of desks, down went her head on the table, and it seemed for a time as if the mountain of papers might be swept away by her storm of tears.

"I won't," she wailed again and again; "I won't," with no direct object, and the room seemed to listen in sympathetic silence, as if saying, "Neither would I."

After a while the soft, dark head of the Tired Teacher came up, as it had gone down. She shook out her poor, drowned handkerchief, opened her drawer, found her powder rag and rubbed it over her nose. She looked up whimsically at the bust of Abraham Lincoln on the bookshelf and shook her fist at him.

"You cold, unfeeling creature," she said, "come down and let me tell you that I will not submit longer to the horrible monster, called System, that lurks in the secret chambers of *this* school building.

Abraham never so much as blinked an eye in response, whereupon the Tired Teacher seized him from his snug perch and plumped him down in front of her.

"You know yourself that you would not submit if it meant the sacrifice of all your dearest plans of how things should be," she said, shaking her finger in his face. "Why," she continued, "it means surrendering ventilation, daily pro-

gram, lesson plans, discipline, individuality, personal touch," and she cried out passionately, "everything worth while to the dragon of supervision!"

"You realize yourself," she exclaimed, shaking him, "that everything in this room is being supervised to death, and you are just as tired of it as I am, only you are too polite to say so. I have fully made up my mind," she concluded, "to tell the Ward Principal, upstart that he is, I had English and history with him in school and he almost failed in both; that I will not submit longer to this horrible, crushing-out process. Now, what do you say to that, Mr. Abraham Lincoln?"

Of course, as the unsympathetic Mr. Lincoln had nothing to say, the Tired Teacher put him back on the shelf and went to the cloak room, slipped into her hat and cloak and gathering up her papers went softly out of the room. She turned at the door for a last loving look at the now darkening room. The great hall door clanged after her as she stepped out into the rain-drenched glistening winter twilight. The alluring beauty of the night made her heart ache with its intensity. The little, frightened clouds hurrying homeward across the washed out sky, the pale sweet moon, the faint, lovely stars, the flamboyant electric lights that with their brilliance made of the wet pavements shining, glimmering ribbons of stretched-out wetness, and of the muddy streets broad avenues of beauty flecked with splashes of gold. All flaunted their Bohemian loveliness in her face, but with one long, hungry look at it all she wrapped her cloak and veil around her and hurried homeward like some hooded priestess. She slipped into her boarding-house like a gray wraith from the twilight, faltered upstairs, crept into her room and locked the door, for she was fully determined not to eat another bite until she had finally and fully thrashed out the terrible mess of her school burden.

PART II

As from force of habit, the Tired Teacher sat down in

front of her empty grate, she felt as South Carolina might have felt on the night before secession, and she began to think out a plan by which she could best cope with and evade the iron bands which were crushing her. Her heart was hot with rebellion, her cheeks warm with resentment, and her eyes bright with resolve. Thus she sat looking into the "soot forests' tangled darks" as if expecting her solution to come out of them. Since something was so evidently expected of these "tangled darks," naturally, something came out of them? What?—oh, merely a shining fairy who floated calmly up to this most practical little teacher, who for so long had been telling the most beautiful fairy tales to the children whose faith was unassailable, but who herself had never believed. Her bright eyes grew brighter as she looked at the strange creature.

"Who are you?" she inquired tremulously.

"Oh," said the spirit in a silvery voice, "I am the Spirit of Memory, and Duty has sent me hither to conduct you to your memory room, there to see—what you will see," she finished softly.

"I should never have associated you with Duty," answered the Tired Teacher. "However, I will go with you."

As she spoke the spirit drifted away, motioning for her to follow. The grate opened and she found herself in a vast room which seemed to glow with a tender, mellow light, like that sometimes seen on the distant hilltops in the late evening. The spirit danced away down the room, and she followed. When, as she thought, she had walked yards and yards down the marble floor she came suddenly upon a great chest of soft, dark cedar, only when she put out her hand it was not there, yet when she looked she could see it as clear as day. It was such a beautiful thing, just the color of dear woodsy oak leaves, and what was most peculiar of all, it seemed strangely familiar to her. She looked around; the spirit had stopped, too, and was perched upon one end of the beautiful chest.

Now, ever since she had been a wee, wee girl this Tired

Teacher had fairly worshiped the mere thought of a cedar chest, so it was perfectly natural that she should now fall upon her knees before this, the most perfect one she had ever dreamed of. As if in answer to her wish, just as she knelt the spirit gently raised the massive lid and said softly:

"Beneath this golden cloth of half-forgotten dreams, within this, your precious memory chest, are many, many things from out your cherished past, some you have almost forgotten and others you remember too well; but I was not sent to conduct you here that you might sit and dream at your leisure among all of these dear memories; that I perhaps shall do at some other time, for here they all will ever remain safe in your eternal memory chest."

"Upon this occasion," she went on softly, "you are to be permitted to see only one thing from all the others." As she finished she raised the cloth of dreams and revealed long rows of narrow, shining compartments, each labeled in brilliant white letters. The girl dared not inspect the labels, for the spirit stood directly by one and compelled her in some magic way to look at that one only. Its label stood out plainly, and she saw that it was "School Days." A queer thrill shot down her spine. So this was the particular phase of life she was to remember just now. As softly as the breath of a wind the spirit raised the lid of this division, and underneath she saw stacks upon stacks of soft gray boxes, all of which the Spirit removed magically and noiselessly one by one as a spirit should. At last she came to a last box of paler gray than the others, on which was inscribed "College Life." This box the spirit took out and placed right in the hands of the Tired Teacher, who could not feel it at all, yet she could see her hands holding it, rather helplessly and foolishly, it seemed to her. She was so surprised to see the spirit replace the boxes, close the compartment, respread the cloth, and pull down the dark brown chest lid, that she almost dropped the pale gray box. In some mysterious way she felt that she must open the box. She did so breathlessly. The most curious sensation passed through her like waves, for there lay inside a frail,

faded spirit more beautiful in form and face than the Spirit of Memory, but so almost vanished looking that she felt like crying over it. "Who are you?" she breathed into the box. She could almost feel her whisper disturb the blue gray ether that was wrapped about the pale spirit. The spirit opened its eyes.

"Oh, I am the Spirit of the Institution," it replied in the tiniest of small, weak voices. The Tired Teacher repeated the words dazedly.

"But I always thought of you as something tremendously large," she replied in an equally tiny voice. "Why are you so small?"

"Oh, that is because I am suffering from the terrible disease of forgetfulness and neglect," answered the spirit.

"All of us who suffer from these diseases must occupy the very bottom of your memory chest, until we are finally crushed by the more important and well remembered things above us, and therefore perish.

"And is there no cure for these diseases?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes," replied the weak voice.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The only cure is that we be transplanted from the memory chest to the heart of its owner, where we may regain our rightful strength and vigor."

"If that be true," said the teacher, "then you shall be cured, for I will transplant you into my heart."

Thereupon she lifted the pale sweet spirit from out its soft gray box and placed it in her warm bosom. She felt suddenly as if this was just what she had always needed. The Spirit of Memory began to drift away. She arose and followed her back down the long marble aisle of the vast room. Just how, she never knew, but she soon found herself back in her own little room, seated before her empty grate and gazing into "the soot forests' tangled darks." They were just as black and inscrutable as if no spirit had ever come from out of their black depths, and she was almost ready to believe that none had, but why this unaccountable

warmth around her heart, and the strange feeling of happiness and of troubles all gone? She shook her finger at the grate.

"You know more than you will let on," she accused, laughingly. Just then the supper bell rang. She realized how hungry she was and as buoyantly as a spirit herself, she went down to the cheery dining room to supper.

PART III

The School Board of Ward No. 3 sat in dignified session in the last week of the school term to re-elect all desired teachers. The door opened and the Young Ward Principal came in, whereupon they went brusquely to business, choosing some and eliminating others.

"What about little Miss Brown?" asked the chairman, after a while, as he came to her name.

"Oh, we must have her back," replied the Principal firmly, "she is the most loyal teacher we have in the entire ward."

The chairman seemed a little surprised.

"It seems to me that I remember of your having complained of her apparent disloyalty last fall," he said.

"It is true, I did so," replied the young man, "and then I was justified. Just why, I do not know, but since January she has been the most devoted, responsive, loyal, hard-working and enthusiastic teacher that we have, and I can say emphatically that we must have her back."

"Of course, what you say goes," said the chairman, and in his bold dashing hand he wrote opposite the name of Miss Flora Brown—"Very desirable and necessary to this school."

—oOo—

Kentucky Mountains

(WITH APOLOGIES TO IRVING FOR FIRST PARAGRAPH)

Whoever has made a voyage up the Cumberland must re-

member the Pine Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen on both sides of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky. But during a rain and often after the wind has driven away the last gray cloud, they will gather around their summits a veil of soft mist and vapor.

He who would get the message of the mountains must see, hear, and feel them. Let him, some summer afternoon when the air is soft and the distance blue, climb to the top of Lone Pine and stand on the great rock that projects over the valley and drink in the beauty that before has been only a mirage of his fancy. Let him look to the east, where he sees range after range growing hazier and hazier, and hazier till they are lost in the sky. At last he will come back from the blue depth to greet the Cumberland, that, flowing from the heart of the hills, glides by a little city below him, then loses itself in the mountains.

As the light grows yellow, point to the west and he will turn to see more ranges reaching to the sunset. There must be a few clouds in the sky to grow rosy and golden to glorify the valleys between. He will watch the ever-changing sky till the faintest pink is gone, and the stars come out; then, awed by the sublimity, he will go silently down the trail to the valley. But he cannot forget—he has gotten the message of the mountains.

But there is another call as clear and sweet as that of the summer. Perhaps you have heard it. When the footprints of Autumn are seen on the mountain and the echo of his steps is heard in each falling nut—rise before the dawn and see the mists disappear from the hills, and the trees grow richer and richer in the gold of the rising sun. Autumn woods reaching to the sky—a soft blending of yellows,

bronze, brown, green, and red, and a wonderful harmony in it all. There is a play of light and shadow, ever increasing the beauty of the mountains. Look till the sun has crossed "The Narrows," and you, too, will have the message.

What is the message? Only the mountains can give it to you pure and fresh like the Cumberland that flows from their heart. Listen to the song of the pines at their summits, or the murmur of their streams, or see their frost-covered trees in the sunlight, or their fairy tints of vapor, and you will feel that which poets haven't power to write nor artists to paint—the dream of magical beauty—the message of the mountains.

—oOo—

Some Constructive Peace Movements

This is the day of peace talk. But is anything being *done* to bring about world peace? I wish to notice a few of the recent movements that may be called constructive.

I shall not discuss Henry Ford's expedition—the greatest Ford joke of all, the *Courier-Journal* calls it. Strange as it may seem in writing upon such a subject, I shall not even pay my respects to William Jennings Bryan. I shall not discuss the flood of telegrams which pour in upon President Wilson requesting him to call a conference of all the neutral nations in some attempt to bring the present war to a close. Whether there is anything constructive in these movements remains to be seen. Perhaps they will be valuable only as a means of arousing public opinion.

But there is a peace movement which began a number of years ago and which has by slow, gradual development grown into a force that will be felt. I shall not enter into a discussion of the Hague Peace Conference and the history of this movement in its earlier years, but I shall ask you to notice with me some of the plans for a league of peace, suggestions of an international court, movements looking

forward in the distance toward a federation of the world.

"What is the use of all this talk about peace?" you may say; "hasn't the whole movement proved to be a failure in the light of this terrible conflict?" It may seem that the whole world has gone war mad, but there have been two forces in Europe growing and developing side by side. This has been brought out very beautifully by Ferrero, the great Italian historian, in an article entitled, "The European Tragedy."

He shows how citizen soldiery was an outgrowth of the Napoleonic wars. How was it possible to impose upon the peoples of Europe obligatory military service after these wars were won? Only by persuading the citizens of each country that an enemy was lurking just beyond its borders, that they were in imminent danger of attack. Thus through the nineteenth century and these early years of the twentieth, French, English, Germans, Italians, Russians, and all the rest have been taught to distrust and to hate one another as rivals and as enemies. How else could the burden of military service be imposed upon them?

But while political institutions and military necessity were seeking to arouse hatred and distrust, other forces were drawing man together in a common brotherhood and giving him visions of a world peace. Economic interests, the philosophy of equality and brotherhood growing out of the French Revolution and the softening influence of Christianity working through all the centuries, were just as truly binding men closer in a feeling of interdependence and kinship. And so we have the love of peace, the dreams of universal brotherhood, the desire for international arbitration and the great peace meetings and proposals.

Thus, while armaments were piling higher, and the military system was claiming the flower of the manhood of Europe, forty-four years of peace and the great advance of pacific movements had brought the dawning hope that Europe's fields would never more be drenched in human blood.

"Two souls, then, lived side by side, in every country, in

every party, almost in every man of old Europe: a soul of war and a soul of peace."

If for a time the soul of war has conquered, are we to conclude that the soul of peace is dead? Who knows but that this mighty spirit worn out and spent by its own fierceness, may lie prostrate, while the soul of peace, grown strong through the experience of suffering millions, may go on and on to new victories?

Men of thought and of vision have not ceased to hope that this is true. Their minds have been busy with constructive plans.

Hamilton Holt has recently put his ideas before the world in a discussion called "The Way to Disarm: A Practical Proposal." All government and all order are brought about in one of two ways—either by law or by force. The plea of the peace advocate is that we should use law instead of force in settling disputes between nations, just as we have substituted law in place of private vengeance in settling disputes between individuals.

How have we reached that stage of local peace in which society says to a man, "You must bring your disputes into court to be settled"? Individuals making up society have combined to suppress violence and self-redress of injuries. They have instituted force in the form of police power to establish order.

Why cannot nations unite in the same way to suppress war and enforce international peace? This is the principle that underlies Mr. Holt's plan for a peace league and for gradual disarmament.

The plan suggests that those countries which have come to a realization of these needs join themselves together in a league of peace on this basis:

First: The nations of the league shall mutually agree to respect and guarantee the territory and sovereignty of each other.

Second: All questions that cannot be settled by diplomacy shall be arbitrated.

Third: The nations of the league shall provide a periodical assembly to make all rules to become law unless vetoed by a nation within a stated time.

Fourth: The nations shall disarm to the point where the combined forces of the league shall be a certain per cent higher than those of the most heavily armed nation or alliance outside of the league.

The advantage of such a league to the members is apparent. With every addition to the membership another pro rata reduction in its armed forces would be made, so that the burden of military preparedness would be lessened while at the same time adequate protection would be assured.

On June 17, 1915, at Independence Hall in Philadelphia a new peace organization was formed—"The League to Enforce Peace, American Branch." In the resolutions adopted it was pointed out that just as local peace has been secured by the combined efforts of individuals to suppress violence, so sovereign nations could unite to establish peace among themselves. It was proposed that United States join a league of nations binding themselves to submit all disputes to a judicial tribunal or Council of Conciliation and that they agree to jointly use their economic and military forces against any one of their number that begins hostilities without thus submitting the question.

In May there was held at Cleveland, Ohio, a great meeting to discuss an International Court of Justice. Such an international court was endorsed by the forty-four nations at the last Hague Conference, but it was never established because of failure to agree about some details of organization.

Next February, in Louisville, will be held another World Court Congress. It is expected that all the nations of the world will be represented there. Questions of an arbitration court for all nations and of a world policing system will be considered.

These are a few of the many movements toward peace.

I do not venture to predict the total abolition of war in

the near future, but I do believe that the dealing of nation with nation will be lifted from the plane of force and war to the plane of law and justice, just as surely as the dealing of man with man has been raised from the realm of private vengeance to the realm of peaceful adjudication. I believe that the spirit of peace is abroad in the world, and that it will gain greater victories than it has gained in the past.

"When the storm [of this great war] is spent and the desolation is complete; when the flower of the manhood of Europe has past into eternal night; when famine and pestilence have taken their toll of childhood and of age"—will not the soul of peace awaken then?

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The Making of the New South

For several years the Macedonian call of thousands of Kentucky's rural children, begging for teachers of vision, consecration and efficiency, has rung in my ears. Illiteracy long reared its ugly head boldly within our beloved state's bounds; indifference slowly undermined the foundation walls of our educational system. The State was annually bled of millions of dollars through the ignorance and inefficiency of her citizenship. Rumors of graft among those in high places came thick and fast. But men brave, true, loyal, went about preaching the gospel of a new, efficient, universal education. We know we have only made the beginning. The call still sounds, though not as loud as before. The job still assumes herculean proportions.

Multiply Kentucky's task a good many times and you have some conception of the problem before the South as a whole. It is so big it bewilders and overwhelms by its very size. From a thousand Southern hills the cry is borne by the breeze, "Come, teach us how to live." The zephyrs of a thousand valleys re-echo the refrain, "Come!"

Had you ever thought just how enormous and how pressing the negro problem is? It is so stupendously large that

we try to shut our eyes to it. Evade it as we may, it hangs over us yet, menacing and threatening. There are many counties in which these blacks own from one-quarter to one-half of the land, and they are acquiring an increasing relative amount as the days go by. As the race as a whole is reactionary instead of progressive, ignorant instead of learned, you can readily see the enormity of the weight handicapping the section in its progressive movement. Then, is the South going to continue to sidestep this vital question—possibly her biggest one, or shall she boldly face it? Can she solve it by her past policy of race hatred? Or shall she, while keeping intact the traditions of the fathers, lend a sympathetic hand to the struggling black? Something must be done.

A second herculean task confronting the South is her elementary school problem. Illiteracy is rampant almost everywhere. From the fields of cotton and cane we hear the dull, ominous thump, thump of the footsteps of thousands who are denied the rights and privileges of a liberal education. Again, in hundreds of little schoolhouses, inexperienced, dead teachers are teaching dead things in a dead way from a dead text-book. They are putting a withering blight upon countless lives fresh with the morning dew of hopeful expectancy. They are turning verdant oases of youthful promise into barren, bleak deserts of maturity's despair. Careful surveys reveal the fact that an appalling number of Southern children never complete the sixth grade. Here is a second challenge to the New South as she rises phoenix-like from the ashes of the old.

The South's loud problem has assumed gigantic proportions. In days of yore, when land was cheap, the Southern farmer robbed large areas of their fertility and moved on to virgin, inviting fields. His descendants could not do this, but they plowed shallow, followed a one-crop system, and made no attempt to restore the fertility of the soil. So Nature's erosive agents furrowed into gaping gullies a large per cent of the rolling and poorer lands. Also, with wanton

hand, the South's glorious wealth of virgin forests has well-nigh been squandered. As a result, an alarming percentage of the older settled communities show an actual decrease in rural population. This is a portentous omen, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand of a catastrophe that must inevitably overtake the South, unless she is soon halted in her mad, wasteful career, and turned into paths of providence, thrift and restoration of resources.

The South's secondary education problem is as urgent and immense as her problem of elementary education. This task has two aspects: First, to get the boys and girls into the high school; second, to keep them there until they graduate. More than eighty per cent never graduate. Why is this? If our form of government is long to endure, those who must assume the burdens of citizenship must be trained to meet the situations of life upon a plane of reason.

The administrative functions of Southern educational machinery have been woefully inadequate. Laxity, lack of preparation demanded of teachers, lack of supervision, are the cardinal sins.

Abe Martin quaintly says: "I hear a lot of talk about effishuncy these days, but I don't see none of it." Happily, there are signs of it to be seen low on the Southern horizon. Our normal schools are attacking the various sectional or state problems, and some of them are doing a very efficient work. We are proud to hail our Alma Mater in the very forefront, doing a very splendid work. The universities are contributing through research and investigation. The new George Peabody College for Teachers, from whence the viewpoint of this article is taken, is devoting a splendid new equipment and large endowment entirely to the problem of the South as a whole. In its walls is located the only Southern sub-station of the National Department of Education. Extensive and exhaustive surveys are being made and very specific remedies proposed. School curricula are being overhauled, the traditional being cast out, and the remainder vitalized from a new standpoint. From time to time the

results of their investigations will be given out. Watch these and those of all the agencies, for if the South is ever to be the ideal South that Nature has made her capable of being, there must be co-operation of all agencies engaged in this work. Fortunately this co-operation does exist, and the signs of the times point to a very rapid development. Why not? No spot of earth can boast of a more desirable climate, more favorable resources, or a nobler race of men. Shall we, the Young South prove ourselves worthy of our opportunity by doing all in our might in the making of the New South?

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