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Western Kentucky University

Western Kentucky State Normal School

A SPLENDID OPENING SHOWN FOR THE MID-WINTER TERM

The hundreds of former students who have returned to the Normal to continue their work this term have invariably brought friends with them. Organization was perfected in a mervelously quick time and students and faculty took up regular work the first day.

Several Members Added to the Faculty

In order to properly provide for the extra number of classes and the unusually large student-body during the Mid-Winter Term, it was necessary to employ a half-dozen or more new teachers. President Cherry made this arrangement early in the season and these instructors were on hand ready for work on Tuesday morning, February 1st.

Opening of Spring Term, April 11th

The beginning of the Spring Term this year will be one week later than last year because of the change in the date of the Mid-Winter opening. Many counties are just closing their schools and those teachers will find it to their advantage to come to the Normal the first day. Those who attend during the Spring Term will, in addition to the usual advantages offered here, have an opportunity to attend the great MUSIC FESTIVAL IN MAY as well as all the great programs offered during COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

County Certificate Course

One of the largest departments in school is the County Certificate Course, and among the advantages coming to students who do this work may be mentioned the credits made toward State certificates, the opportunity to take other subjects besides those upon which they will be examined, the splendid equipment of maps, charts, library, laboratories, etc., the fact that the teachers are specialists, and free tuition.

Summer School Opens on June 19th

Our special Summer School Bulletin will be issued in the near future, and we shall be glad to send this to those who may interested. It will give an outline of the work offered in the Summer School and other important information. Write for it.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS to

H. H. CHERRY, PRESIDENT,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

When buying, mention The Elevator.

SOPHOMORE

BOWLING GREEN, KY., APRIL, 1916

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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

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VOL. VII APRIL, 1916 No. 7

Concerning

Doubtless, you have met at some time or other that intellectual prodigy who boasts that he can tell all about a person at first sight. "Yes, sir," he exclaims modestly, "a face to me is just like an open book printed in big type. I can take one look at a brow and tell just what is going on behind it. One look tells me whether a man pays his grocery bill, or owns an automobile; whether he is a person of exemplary habits, or chews gum; whether he is of a cowardly nature, or married. No, I don't claim any credit for it; I couldn't help it if I tried. It's just a gift. I inherited it from my great-grandfather on my mother's side. He was that way. Oh, no, I never tell everything I see in a person; it wouldn't be fair."

Certainly, you've encountered that cheerful nuisance. Wouldn't you like to see him plunged into boiling oil? As for me, I want to treat him worse than that. I've been looking for him for two years, but he knows that I am after him and has dodged me. If I ever find him, I'm going to take hold of the nape of his neck with one of those Y. M. C. A. handclasps, and push him along up into Room 202 Louisville Trust Building. Then I'll say: "Now, you gifted translator of human idiosyncrasies, take one peep at Attorney Boyce Watkins, and read out aloud any handwriting you may find on his wall."

"What! he'll gasp, "an attorney! Say not so! That

youth loosened in a den of legal lions! Ah, no! Let him go back to his old job as Teacher's Pet, and Exhibit A for the Superintendent and visitors."

"Yes," I'll break in, "he's a lawyer and a mighty good one. Also, he deals quite extensively in real estate."

"Real estate!" he will exclaim. "That lad competes with wild, wicked real estate men! Can such things be! No!

Back to the organ loft and the Boys' Choir for his."

"Also, and in addition," I shall interrupt, "he is president of a large publishing company."

"Unsay those cruel words," the gifted seer will groan. "A soulful stripling like that exposed to scheming, ravenous publishers! Come, my son, I'll rescue you from their clutches. I have read your bent. Come with me, and I'll secure you congenial employment as a model for an oil painting of Saint Anthony."

"Furthermore," I shall continue, "he has recently organized a building and loan company which has at this stage of its infancy almost a half million dollars loaned out on real estate—"

At this juncture, the gifted party will emit a shriek of agony and fall senseless to the floor. I shall then proceed to kick him downstairs, after which ceremony the score will stand even.

But do not chuckle too gleefully over the prospective downfall of the endowed gent until you have tried to size up Attorney B. W. yourself. It's a puzzling proposition. The end of your first visit to his office would likely find your bosom filled with commingled and conflicting emotions. Something like you would probably experience if you had attended a session of the Supreme Court, a concert by Walter Lawrence, a Baptist Association, and dropped in to see Andrew Carnegie, all on the same afternoon.

But let us visit his office: You will pass on by Captain Kidd, who sits there in the front office longing for his mighty galleon, the Mary Ann; with the salt spray of the Spanish Main full in his face, and a sail ho! all loaded down with gold doubloons and pieces of eight.—You will pass on by the worthy captain and into the inner sanctum, where the legal lore is given out and the legal tender taken in. Here, you will see seated at his desk a fair-skinned gentleman whose black hair is plastered tightly down after the fashion set by love-lorn youths just prior to attaining the pompadour period. His brow is high and broad and classic.

His eyes, unusually large, look through their sheltering spectacles upon the world with much the same expression you'd find in those of a small boy on his first trip to a circus. They seem to say: "Well, ain't everything just perfectly wonderful." The lines of his face converge until they meet in a rather sharp but graceful curve at his chin. This organ, while somewhat narrow, has an aggressive tilt. You speak to him. His reply comes in a hesitating, timid drawl. "Aha," you will say to yourself, "he is embarrassed; he is self-conscious. No, he is neither embarrassed nor self-conscious. Yes, I am sure he is embarrassed. No, hang it, he can't be embarrassed—" You will in all probability continue in this auto argumentative state until your ears, becoming more finely attuned, recognize a steely ring far beneath the deceptive overtones of his voice. Then you will know.

But, let us retire while he transacts business with the president of a life insurance company. Since you seem to be interested, I shall give you some of the leading biographical facts connected with his life:

He was born thirty-five years ago in Larue County, Ky., just a few miles from the Lincoln Farm. He was named for Dr. J. P. Boyce, at that time president of the Baptist Seminary. He was raised on the installment plan: one year at Upton; one in Louisville; five in Elizabethtown, and eleven years in Bowling Green. He entered the Normal when there were only forty-six students enrolled. Mr. H. H. Cherry was at that time teaching penmanship, and producing in large quantities those highly ornate birds that used to flit about on the front pages of the Southern Exponent. Dr. Cinderella S. Dowell was teaching Latin; and T. C. Cherry was teaching everything.

Young Watkins graduated from the Scientific Course in 1897, and from the Classic Course in 1899. He won the gold medal offered by the Warren Deposit Bank at the annual oratorical tournament in '97. In '99, he experienced a

yearning for a duplicate, but was nosed out in the contest by the Hon. Dave Kincheloe.

In September, 1899, he entered the Law Department of the University of Louisville; and finished his course in 1901. Then, he spent a term in the University of Virginia. In October, 1901, he opened his law office in Room 202, Louisville Trust Building, and, while he has in the meantime expanded a couple of rooms, No. 202 is still his official habitat.

He maried Miss Adaline Bacon, of Hopkinsville, June 23, 1910. And now, Miss Anne Bacon Watkins, aged two, kindly permits her parents to live with her in a beautiful little home out on the Brownsboro Road, where the owl car runneth not, and the air is first hand.

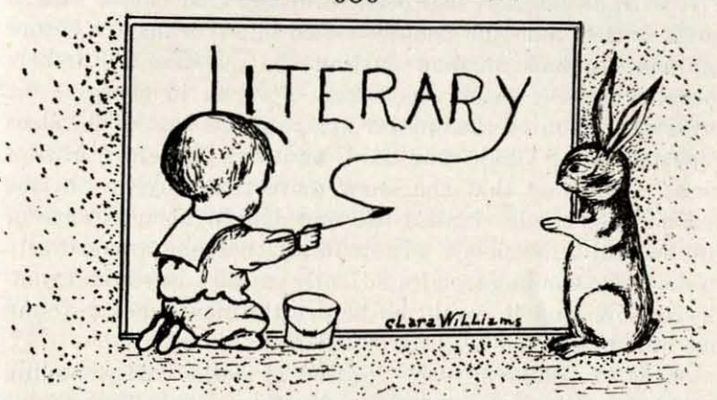
Boyce Watkins is one of the leading young attorneys of Louisville. He is President of the Baptist World Publishing Company. He is chief counsel for the Jefferson Building and Loan Association, which institution he organized. He is chief counsel of the Iriquois Life Insurance Company. He is a trustee of the Hope Rescue Mission. He is a deacon in the Broadway Baptist Church. He is a Mason, and a Woodman. And last but not least, he is President of the Cherry Club. He is as loyal an alumnus of the Normal School as ever dreaded a term final. He rarely fails to attend commencement, and drops in for a sociable call at sundry other times.

As a speaker, he can adapt himself to any sort of situation and emerge with colors flying and bands playing. I had a distinct surprise the first time I ever heard him speak. When his name was called, he stood and began in that misleading, halting drawl with which he usually inaugurates his efforts. "I'm afraid the chap is going to faint," says I to myself. "Isn't it a shame that one so young and fair should be offered up on the altar of forensics." But, directly, I noticed that some of my nerve centers began to tingle, and the hair down the slopes of my cranium began to climb up toward the hummit; and gradually I came to

realize that there were more real boy orators than the Platte had ever produced.

As a story-teller, you just ought to hear him.—But I notice that he has finished with the president of the Life Insurance Company. Let's go in and get him to tell about the client for whom he has already secured three divorces; and the other man's wife who sued him for alimony.

—oOo—



A Blue Ribbon

When the Fifth Graders returned in the fall, they knew, to a boy and a girl, that they were to go to Room H, and they knew, too, that by passing over the threshold they would automatically become the elderly and dignified Sixth Grade. Proud and disdainful were Sixth Graders, in that they carried the largest geographies made; they made a great display, too, because they coped with mysterious institutions called fractions, which occupied the clean, unexplored back part of one's arithmetic. They were fearsomely learned in words of seven, eight or nine syllables. To be one of such was to be indeed Grown Up. When the new class, half timorous, and wholly suspicious, entered Room H, they were startled to find their names already written in two neat columns on the blackboard, with an imperative

"Do Not Erase" underneath. How on earth had Miss Boyd found out their names?

It was hard for Gania Faughn to take her seat inconspicuously, as if she were no better than stupid Tommy Jones; as if, in fact, she had not been for five years the leader of the class. Gania, however, was not nearly so obscure as she supposed; for Miss Boyd in secret session with the Fifth Grade teacher, had been informed that Gania was so quick-witted that she usually called out the answer before the teacher had finished putting the question. Furthermore, when the class was asked to recite in concert, she invariably shouted the answer first, and the rest of the class repeated what Gania had said, and was therefore always right. The fact that she knew more than anyone but the teacher had made Gania's life one delightful arrogance of intellectual supremacy. Pretending that she was royalty in disguise, Gania gazed impatiently at Miss Boyd, and wondered how long it would be before the new teacher found out how bright she was.

After the children were located at desks corresponding to the ones they occupied in Grades Five, Four, Three, Two and One, Miss Boyd opened a drawer of her shiny, spotless desk, and took out a box which proved to contain three pieces of different-colored chalk, laying side by side. The combination of bright colors was so alluring that every child immediately resolved to save up for just such an outfit, in order to play hopscotch in colors. With every eager eye riveted upon her, Miss Boyd took out the piece of red chalk and made a very beautiful red figure "five" on the blackboard, directly after Minnie Algood's name. Minnie, it may be said, always had a good deal of undeserved prominence, because her name began with an A.

"We are to have an automobile race," announced Miss Boyd. "All persons whose names are in this column are Packard automobiles and belong to the Packard Automobile Company." And she wrote Packard over the column. "All persons whose names are in this column are Overland automobiles, and belong to the Overland Automobile Company," she continued, and wrote Overland over that column. "If at the end of each week, Minnie or any of the rest of you in this column has not been tardy or absent, that person will get a red figure five after his name which indicates that you have run five miles," and putting away the red chalk, she made a yellow figure "five" after Clyde Ashton's name. "You in this column all will receive yellow figure fives if you are not tardy or absent, which will indicate that you have run five miles. At the end of seven weeks the company that has run the greater number of miles wins the race. The defeated companies are to entertain the winners with a party ,at which the Packards will wear red ribbon and the Overlands will wear yellow."

After this entrancing monologue, Miss Boyd rubbed out the explanatory figures, replaced the chalk carefully in the box, and waited. Gania's hand at once shot up into the air. "Well?" asked Miss Boyd.

"My name's Gania Faughn," said Gania, "and there is a piece of blue chalk in your box, Miss Boyd, that you didn't say anything about. And so I wondered if you hadn't forgotten to tell us about blue ribbons?"

The whole class leaned forward in breathless expectancy, proud of their discerning Gania.

"I am very glad you asked me that question, Gania," said Miss Boyd. "I keep the blue chalk for a very special, wonderful reason." Thirty pairs of glistening eyes grew rounder. "The blue ribbon," said Miss Boyd, in a hushed voice, "is the greatest reward that I can bestow on any boy or girl. It is given only for some very great deed; for some deed which shall show that the girl or boy is either very brave or very kind, or both. Although I have seen a great many fine girls and boys, it has never happened that I felt that the right time had come to give anyone a blue ribbon. But perhaps this is the blue ribbon year."

Gania listened with great dawning worship in her eyes. How exciting it was of Miss Boyd to set up such an impos-

sibly high standard! And how altogether interesting Miss Boyd was, too! Her eyes seemd much given to dancing and twinkling; her voice was sweet and pleasant, being especially persuasive when she said "boy" or "girl." She made one feel a little ashamed, as if one had never before appreciated what a privilege and a responsibility it was to be a boy or a girl. The new teacher's dress was a soft, pretty brown, dainty and fresh. Yes, Gania resolved that she must attain the blue ribbon, and thus forever become famous.

Just as she had arrived at this engrossing decision, the hall door opened, and Mr. Everett, the adored principal, strode in, leading a new boy. This person, this upstart, this unidentified stranger, this perfect nobody of a new boy, faced the critical, penetrating eyes of the assembled class with an almost superhuman ease.

"Miss Boyd, this young man is Charles Brown," said Mr. Everett. "Can you make a place for him?"

Beside Gania there was an empty seat, the only one in the room. As it was on the "girls' " side, the male aspirants for education, with difficulty smothered their roars of laughter at the idea of a boy's sitting among the girls. Observing this ill-concealed merriment, Miss Boyd at once led Charley to the empty seat beside Gania.

"If you will sit here to-day, Charley, I will arrange the seating to-morrow," she said.

As Charley sank into the place assigned, Gania blushed painfully. Being nearest the unwelcome masculine stranger embarrassed her frightfully. Her hand flew up into the air. "May I gooutandgetadrink " she asked.

"Yes, Gania," replied Miss Boyd.

She had heard of Gania's continuous and unquenchable thirst, and had been advised by no less a person than Mr. Everett that the best course was to allow Gania to drink as often as she wished.

After a raid on the water-cooler, Gania returned feeling a little bloated, but much more composed and natural.

"Say," began Charley Brown to Gania, from behind his desk cover, "how do you like Her?" He nodded towards Miss Boyd, and winked.

Gania was unwililng to gossip on so slight an acquaintance. "Where'd you come from, anyway?" she icily inquired.

"Skipped up from the Fourth Grade."

"You did?"

"You bet! It's the second time I've skipped in this school, too."

Gania studied Charlie with dislike. Charley must be very bright, indeed, to have skipped two classes. She herself, with all her brains, had never arrived at the point of skipping. And she had so much wanted to feel the importance of marching into chapel with the class next higher up, and of smiling back at her old mates with humiliating tolerance. Gania did not know that she might have skipped several times, but for the fact that her parents, who believed in the slow unfolding of her almost too brilliant mind, had begged to have her kept back. Gania was having some very uncomfortable minutes. If Charley Brown had skipped two classes, it looked as if the impossible were true,—that there actually existed on the earth a person who was brighter than she. It could not be, and yet, and yet—Charley looked disturbingly intelligent. But there, of course he hadn't studied last year's subjects in detail, so he couldn't possibly compete with her. And when she received the blue ribbon, she would be entirely safe.

"Say," said Charley, to Gania, "did you hear about the blue ribbon?"

Gania nodded.

"Well, I'm laying all my plans to get that ribbon."

"So'm I," said Gania, "so there's no use in you trying. I'd give up the idea, if I were you."

"Not much I won't. I'd like to see a girl get ahead of me," retorted Charley, witheringly.

Violent sex-antagonism sprang up full-grown within the

soul of Gania. This insignificant upstart who casually skipped must be taught the lesson, once for all, that school was one place where girls excelled. And her intense little being was all afire with determination to win the blue ribbon.

II

One afternoon, when it was snowing very hard, and the children were drowsy and listless, Miss Boyd dismissed her class early, with instructions to go straight home, and change their shoes and stockings the minute they got there. Gania, as she plunged home through the biting icy flakes, mused on the uselessness of even trying to get the blue ribbon. There was no use in hoping to excel Charley Brown, because he was always perfect. Neither he nor she had so far been absent or late, and neither had failed in anything. The only solution was, to invent some way of being more than perfect.

The next morning the snowstorm had become a blizzard, a dangerous monster of a buzzard. Everything was cold, shivery, and unreal. Outside the great banks of snow were impenetrable. As she pulled on her rubber boots, Gania, who always planned to get to school before the doors were opened, decided to allow ten minutes extra that morning. It was not necessary for her to get there until ten minutes of nine, but she never ran the slightest risk of being tardy. In all her life, she had never been tardy or absent.

"Don't worry about me, mother, if I'm late to luncheon," said Gania, as she appeared in the dining-room door. "It's so snowy that it will take me longer than usual."

"Gania, child," remonstrated Mrs. Faughn, "surely you don't think that I'm going to allow you to go to school? You couldn't get ther alive; there is no one in the street. It would be positively suicidal."

Gania began with tears, and the usual method of teasing. Finding these unavailable, she went forth into every scheme for extracting a "yes." She tried to trap her by means of a system of cross-questioning, and she endeavored to worry

her until she would say, "Oh, for mercy sakes, go!" But her mother was for once relentless. When ten minutes of nine came, and then nine minutes of nine, Gania realized that never again, in all her life, could she say, "I have never been tardy."

She still hoped, however, that some higher power would intervene, and see to it that she got to school at nine. To be tardy was disgraceful enough, but to be absent was a crime that could never be atoned for. Suddenly she ran into the library and kneeling on a rug she all but prayed the soul out of her body that the rug would change into a magic carpet on which she would be transported to school. The rug didn't stir, even a hair's breadth. The hall clock boomed the fatal nine. Now she was both tardy and absent. She was just like any other ordinary child—she was undistinguished in any way. Well, there was really no use in continuing to live, and oh, for a convenient way to die! How badly her mother and father would feel when they found her stretched dead on the piano bench, and how they would blame themselves for not allowing her to have her way!

Weeping miserably from self-pity, Gania pulled off her things, and sat down to look out at the storm, and plan her end. "I'm tardy, and I'm late," she moaned, having abandoned the idea of dying, in favor of disappearing forever.

"There won't be any school on such a day as this," said her father, consolingly. "Even the teachers couldn't get there and live."

That was a happy suggestion, and, oh, how she prayed that it might be so—maybe her father was right, and maybe, after all, she was still a supreme being—one who had never been absent or tardy. As the day wore on, she became more and more hopeful. Her greatest comfort was the thought that Charley Brown, who lived over two miles from school, was even more seriously a prisoner than herself.

It kept right on snowing that night. There was no dis-

cussion about one's going out the following day, for the whole country seemed destined to be buried in the snow which fell unceasingly.

Finally, after several days, when people were becoming seriously alarmed, and some were hungry, the snow stopped, and the sky turned into a dazzling blue, from which a blinding sun again looked down on a new white country. And when men began to open their doors again and Gania's father started for his office, the long-pent-up Gania was permitted to go to school.

Although the small paths were so slippery that the most nimble-footed kept tumbling down, Gania was as usual, the first child against the school door. She was the first to burst into the silent building, and the first to dash up the creaky wooden stairs. Racing down the echoing hall, she tore off her things in the cloak room, and rushed into Room H, fearing she knew not what.

She put her books into her desk, and sat in her place, waiting for Miss Boyd. It was only a few minutes later that the teacher came in, rosy from her short run through the snow. All the while the other children were bouncing in with shiny, apple-red cheeks, Gania sat as still as a little China image.

"Well, girls and boys," she began, "we have been taking a very unexpected vacation, and there has been no school at all since you were here before."

Gania's heart flippity-flopped with relief. All her sufferings had been in vain; she was still a supreme being. But what was the thing in Miss Boyd's face which made one sit so deadly still? "I came to school on the first morning of the blizzard, because I live so near. And one other person came, too." Her little audience began to look frightened. "The only child who came that morning was brought in unconscious.

"At six o'clock on the first morning of the blizzard, Charley Brown, without anyone's knowing he was awake, went out to his father's stable, and managed to saddle one of the

horses. And in order not to be late at school, he left home at half-past six, and rode through the blinding snow until at nine o'clock he reached the school. And when he got here he was so exhausted that he tumbled off the horse into a snowdrift. If the janitor hadn't seen him, there would be no Charley Brown in our class, or in the world to-day. It seemed to me that it was very brave in Charley to try to come to school, and so I have decided to give him the blue ribbon. And I want every boy and every girl who thinks I am right to clap with all their might."

The spontaneous applause that at once shook the walls was due in part to enthusiasm for Charley Brown. But most of the noise, however, was caused by the joy of being allowed, for once, to make as much racket as one could within the sacred precincts of Room H. Everyone set to work to blister his hands; everyone but Gania, who sat with folded arms and with burning, accusing eyes fixed on Miss Boyd. Holding up her hand for silence, Miss Boyd, with a sinking of heart, said, "Well Gania?"

Gania rose, white lipped. "Miss Boyd, if I'd disobeyed my parents, or stolen away when they didn't know it, *I* might have come to school and had a blue ribbon. I wasn't scared. *I* wanted to come. I prayed to come. I'd have walked till I died, if they'd let me." Miss Boyd was devoutly wishing that she had abolished the blue ribbon before such zealots as the critical Gania had come into Room H, when, as if drawn into the discussion by fate, Mr. Everett entered with a brilliant smile for the class, and a rather serious look for Miss Boyd. He handed her a note, and said mysteriously, "From a parent. And I'm afraid I think he's right."

The note read:

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT:

On close questioning, I find that my son, Charles, was incited into this dare-devil adventure of leaving for school at six-thirty o'clock on the first morning of the blizzard by a

desire to win a blue ribbon. He knows that he very nearly lost his life, and he is hoping that his rash act may be rewarded in the foolish way I mentioned above.

I am a plain man, and greatly disapprove of such methods of education. Unless you can do away with your blue-ribbon system immediately, I shall be obliged to send Charles to another school.

Awaiting your reply, I am,

Very truly yours,

CHAS. F. BROWN.

"What Gania said about the blue ribbon is true," said Miss Boyd, "and I will never give anyone a blue ribbon. Never!"

Gania's eyes grew soft and bright, and she sighed with pathetic relief. For the first time since she had heard of the blue ribbon, the world seemed altogether right.

—oOo—

Easter Ornaments

The Day

Ever since the time when our Saxon forefathers began to hold festivals in honor of Easter, the goddess of light and spring, the world has been seeking for higer ideals. When the early Christians found the heathen tribes of northern and northwestern Europe holding festivals in the spring of each year in celebration of this goddess, Easter, it was not a difficult thing to teach them of the real Giver of light and spring, and let their celebrations be in honor of Him instead of the goddess Easter. We can readily see how the name of the day in which we celebrate the resurrection of Christ was derived from a heathen goddess.

It is true that Easter is the festival of our Lord's resurrection, an event which beyond question is worthy of being celebrated, but if we had observed Easter merely as a festival it would have died and been forgotten long ago. It is

the great underlying thought that makes a thing worth while. And what thoughts can mean more to us than the thoughts which we associate with Easter It is then that the face of the whole earth is changed. Everything is bubbling over with joy, because it has taken on a new life. Of all times, Easter, spring of the year, is the time for us to see a vision of real life, a life that is really worth something to humanity, a life that is not content with commonplace things, but keeps toiling and climbing upward toward some definite goal. Can anything be any more symbolical of this greater vision, this new life than the coming of spring?

"Oh, soul of mine, to life's new rapture born,
Can'st thou forget the splendor of that morn,
When, through the chill and silence of thy night
Stole the warm radiance of Easter morning?"

Easter Eggs

The thought of Easter, to old and young, rich and poor, in fact to all people, is naturally associated with one paramount thing which is especially symbolic to children of gay and gorgeous times. That thing is Easter eggs. Mention Easter to the average country child, and his mind instantly reverts to Easter egg feasts and egg hunts. To him Easter means nothing else except all of the eggs he can possibly eat. He eats candy eggs, boiled eggs, fried eggs, scrambled eggs, dressed eggs and any other kinds known to culinary science—and possibly a few kinds that haven't yet been discovered by that art. Mention Easter to the average city child and he instantly thinks of an elaborate worshiping service at the church, and "oceans" of painted candy Easter eggs of every size, shape, color, taste, and variety imaginable, and that night of a bad case of indigestion, a doctor, and some very bad tasting medicine. Mention Easter to a youth or maiden, and they will instantly form mental pictures of post cards decorated with large Easter eggs which

stand for they know not what, but the sender causes their brain to conjure up several things. Mention Easter to the Russian and he thinks of eggs given and received, of kisses given and received, and of drinks given and received. For the Russian celebrates this day by going around giving an egg, a kiss, and a drink to every person he meets, and in return being done likewise by. So it is that Easter is celebrated in a different way by all of the races and classes of people, but to each it signifies happiness, pleasure, and feasting, which are appropriate to the real significance of the celebration of Easter.

Easter Lilies

Now that Summer is conqueror over Winter, the dark, gray frown having passed from the sky, we are cheered by its bright, sunny smile, the strong, tyrannical hand of wintry wind having been subdued; we are soothed by the soft touch of Spring's zephyr; he sends Spring, his resurrection angel, to roll away the stone from the sepulcher in which all life has been sleeping in the grip of death, and to call all nature to cast off its brown shroud, to come forth to new life, and to blossom forth into new beauty. So with all other nature, the Easter lily, having slumbered long months,

"Lift's a few green leaves in the benignant light,
Then flowers a soaring ecstacy of white;
Like a pure soul breathed upward to God's lips."

Like one whose life filled with good deeds, kind words, and cheerful smiles is cut off in its prime, the lily immediately after its awakening brings the most beauty, the most fragrance, and the most cheer at one flowering.

It is a symbol of our ascending life. We, admiring its beauty, freshness, and fragrance, think of the dry brown bulb we buried months before, and are reminded of our treasures we bury seemingly without life, though they arise

again more lovely and more glorious than before.

It is an emblem of light which was brought to earth when our Saviour arose; of purity which permeates all who have seen the light, and of joy which comes by serving him.

oOo

Spring Bonnets

The important question with the girls, just now, is the purchasing of their "Spring Bonnets." Where is the girl who hasn't been thinking and dreaming of her new bonnet? Of course, she is not able to picture herself in it, for who knows what Madam Style will have her perch on her head and say it is the most beautiful hat ever created? Every girl longs and looks for the appearance of these "little beauties" in the shop windows. Then there is a rush to get a better look at them. Some are satisfied to see them from the street, others must price them, and some just can't wait to try them on, to see which of the "little dears" is most becoming to their style of beauty.

Here comes the school girl, who wants something very serviceable, that she can wear on all occasions. She admires the dressy hats, but after trying on a dozen or two she decides to take one that is marked $2.50. She does hope this one will look as well on her as the more expensive ones. It is a close-fitting, high-crowned hat of light red Milan straw, trimmed with a band and bow of red and white striped grosgrain ribbon. The saleslady tells her she is just stunning, and the hat is such a dear at the price. She goes out, wishing she had taken the black and yellow one instead of the one she had sent up. Now, this girl is a red-haired girl, and we can just see her in that new hat.

Next, comes the society lady, who wants to outdress the woman who sits next to her in the church choir. She wants something chic, to wear with a tailored suit. This girl takes her seat and a number of hats are brought to her. These are the most expensive ones in the house, for the

milliner realizes that this is her chance to sell a high-priced hat. At last one is brought that pleases her very much. It is of Italian straw, its only trimming being two long quills. This hat, she is told, was designed by Gage. With it is to be worn a flowing net veil with velvet spots. This one is to be sent up to her home. Of course, it isn't as becoming as some of the others, but it is the very newest, and gives her the required height to make her attractive.

Now, here comes the girl, who is positively ugly, and doesn't know it. She is the hardest of all to please. It seems there is not a hat in the house that will bring out her good features. She has so many things to consider that the above-mentioned girls do not have. They are young and pretty, and want strictly style, regardless of looks; for they know that their hats will attract more attention than will their faces. At last the time comes when this girl feels like she must have a hat. She goes to the shop that she visited first, takes a hat and asks for the privilege of returning it. After trying it on ten more times and wearing it once, she decides to return it and make herself one, that will be more becoming.

But when you come to think of it, "Spring Bonnets" have not been talked of by the girls as much as they have been by the boys. They are ready to pass judgment on the "poor little things" even before they are out of the shop windows, and their critical judgment lasts throughout the season, so that no hat will pass without their notice and criticism.

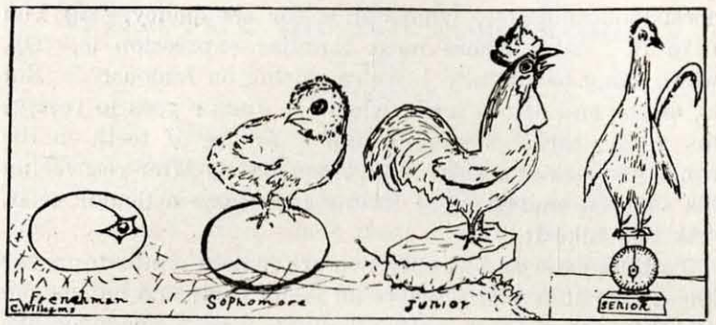
———oOo———

Mr. Yarbrough: "And you can't see the difference between internal revenue and other taxes?"

Miss Jordan: "No, sir; I can't."

Mr. Yarbrough: "Internal revenue is a tax on tobacco, spirituous liquors and—and all nuisances."

Miss Jordan: "Oh! I see. Then, poll tax is an internal revenue."



Stages of Evolution in the W. K. S. N.

Even though Shakespeare has been dead for many a year, his works still live, and will continue throughout all ages. They are such that furnish much humor, many surprising events, and an abundance of sprightly, cheerful characters, both boys and girls. Daily we see his works reflected, his plays pictured, and his scenes imitated. We see them in our Normal School, whose four classes give us four of his most noted dramas.

In the Freshman class, which is like a salt-pool on the ocean shore, where young sea-things are growing in the gentle wash of waves that come from the world without, may be seen his "Comedy of Errors," as day after day at their study period, the librarian, taking a preliminary look around the room, must caution the "children" to "act pretty." And in the class room, they must invariably be told the proper places to chew gum.

The Sophomore class, with its witty Irishmen, its silver-tongued orators and its "school teachers," could attain no other than the name of that noted drama: "Much Ado About Nothing." Their grand and noble leader has also made "Much Ado About Nothing," as they were only Freshmen before they entered her realm.

The Normal School, as all other families, has one very

persistent daughter, who stands for the policy, "As You Like It." And whose most familiar expression is, "Oh, we're doing beautifully ! We're getting on famously." But lo, at the end of the term, when the Junior goes to receive his grade, there is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the ranks of black and gold. Yet, immediately after recovering his surprise and grief of failing to become a Senior, it is, "As You Like It."

To the grand and mighty Seniors, whose minds to us are like a lake at twilight, where all is not clear and no one can see the bottom, and where thoughts like a shadowy fish swim silently, never answering the one who bends over the lake to question, may be fittingly applied the title, "All's Well That Ends Well."

Therefore the Normal School is Shakespeare, her classes are the plays.

———oOo———

KIT-KAT CREED

Work without shirk.

Others will not believe in you if you do not believe in yourself.

Roses have their thorns.

Kickers can't stay in the Kit-Kat Club.

Without learning the lesson of life you cannot teach it.

Inadequate preparation keeps us from winning the victory.

Those who have high ideals achieve something.

Hold on.

Only those who drink at the fountain can appreciate its excellence.

Unity of purpose secures results.

To-day, not to-morrow, is our day.

"Shirk" has become an obsolete word with us.

Hope and the world hopes with you.

If you despair, do it alone.

,Row your boat and you will always float.

Keep hold of the great things of life.

What Are the Kit-Kats Doing?

MONOLOGUE

Character: A Kit-Kat Live Wire

"What are the Kit-Kats doing? Why, man alive, where have you been keeping yourself I'd like to know! Oh, just come in? Well, that's more like it. But it seems to me you would have noticed a difference as soon as you got here. Why, man, this old Hill is just shining with the red paint the Kit-Kats have put on this year!

"Orators? Well, I should smile! and it's a long way to Tipperary before you can find anyone who can beat them. We've got some humdingers, let me tell you! And I might say—but I reckon I won't, because it might sound like I was bragging, and of course I don't want to do that, but I just want to drop you this hint, Mr. Senior, go easy on your own bragging this year, because you know, sometimes the man with the big head gets licked!

"And man, talk about programs, but we've had 'em and they've been daisies, too. Why, there's not a Kit-Kat but can tell about Edison and Kipling and Burbank and a few more of those old chaps. When some of these big fellows get to making speeches and calling off names to take up time, it's kind-a nice to know that Kipling's the guy who put the straw in strawberries and that Edison invented the telephones and that Burbank wrote "The Recessional." Aw! what are you laughing at? Well, what's the diff? Somebody did them.

"But that's not half the Kit-Kats have been doing. We had a National Democratic Convention down here and nominated Wilson. There was so much racket made, that if the folks up at Washington had been listening they could have heard and not be making all this fuss over the next fellow to be President. Then we had a Peace Congress and decided that it wasn't any use to try to make peace with the war in Europe.

"Why, in fact, there ain't a subject from Woman Suffrage to Preparedness that hasn't been taken out and given an airing, a good one, too; for take it from me, when we do a thing it's done.

"No, we don't have any day like the Seniors and Juniors. But I'll tell you the reason. They are just afraid we'll outshine them, and that wouldn't do. But we'll bloom forth some fourteenth of February and seventeenth of March, and it's a good thing you Seniors will be away.

"Have any parties? Well, you bet your boots we do! Not one of your stiff affairs. Where you have to spend all your dough on a frock-tailed coat and flowers for your girl and then go up there and walk around as if the floor were made of egg shells and can't turn your head for fear it isn't etiquette. None of that for your sunny Sophs. When we have a party we have one; a regular good old time.

"Well, so long; there goes the bell, and I'll have to get a move on or I'll be late for English III."

——————oOo——————

By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them

Cora Lee Austin: A grateful heart is not only the greatest of virtues, but the parent of other virtues.

Archie Bailey: Behavior is a mirror in which everyone displays his image.

Hazel Bailey: Better a blush on the face, than a blot on the heart.

Lenora Bales: Beneath the apparent cold nature of some people there often lies a warm heart.

L. F. Bennett: Be a man of true spirit; be happy and gay while you may, and seize your work with laughter.

C. H. Bennett: Be a Kit-Kat and thereby withstand any attack of the knocker.

Lela Bowles: Build within thy soul each day a temple dedicated to service of humanity.

Verta Browning: Blessed is the Kit-Kat who is never absent from society.

Orpha S. Braden: Brains availeth a man nothing without grit.

Henry Bracken: But for ignorance the politician would stamp out vice.

Perrie Bushong: Being in possession of all power, conquer thyself.

Maude Bugg: Being under the influence of so great an institution as the Western Kentucky State Normal School, we should strive to make our work a success.

Mrs. Gordon Campbell: Consider leniently the faults of others, for have you never turned your veiled eyes within and have found that you are exempt from those self-same faults?

Annie Cox: Certainly virtue is like a precious odor, most fragrant when it is increased or crushed.

L. B. Cowan: Choose for yourself, but receive counsel of others.

Pearl Cooper: Count it all joy, my brethren, if you are a member of the Kit-Kat Society.

James Crabb: Can you write a theme that will get an A? This is eternal problem of the English student.

Vera Cunningham: Consideration for others is a virtue possessed by few.

Bessie Daniel: Do not forget to be true to your friends.

J. D. Dixon: Determination is a factor of success.

Mae Edwards: Everyone has some work to do.

G. E. Ferren: For you, are many ideals in life; seek them while you may.

Jesse F. Ford: Feel your need of an employer, then make that employer feel his need of you.

Kate Forgy: Finding myself on the road to success, let me not hesitate nor turn back, but still keep moving onward.

W. R. Funk: Fairness should be practical in all games of life.

Lucile Glasgow: God made her; therefore let her pass for a woman.

Oscar Geralds: Go ye therefore unto all Western Kentucky and preach the gospel of "W. K. S. N. S." to all its people.

N. W. Gentry: God gave to us our intellect, and if we fail to use our powers to further righteousness, we betray the very ends for which society was created.

Jessie Harper: He who applies himself diligently to his work will win.

Bessie B. Harrison: Happiness, real happiness, that great factor in all optimistic lives, can only be obtained by helping others.

Morris J. Hardwick: Hard, honest labor makes the soul brighten and brighter; idleness leads to wickedness and nothingness.

J. O. Horning: Hidden within the life of every individual is the power of success or failure—you are the chooser.

R. B. Hudspeth: Hear much and say little.

James Hudnall: Hurry up!

R. E. Jaggers: Joy comes to those who join the Kit-Kats.

Pearl Johnson: Just wait, but be busy while you wait.

Elizabeth Johnson: Just a little light flickering dimly and then extinguished; just a mere span; just a stage whereon each must act his part—such is life.

Lucy Jordan: Jug in the pantry is worth two in the brewery.

Louise Jordan: Just a few more days to wander, just a few more days to roam; just a few more lessons to ponder, Then we'll return to Home, Sweet Home.

Neva Jordan: Jabbering from morning till night is my chief occupation.

Emma Keel: Kind deeds leave their impression on the sands of time.

O. A. Kercheval: Kentucky! We look forward to the time when thy standard of education shall exceed all others.

Locie Kittinger: Kit-Kats are in the lead in the "W. K. S. N. S."

Ellen Lawrence: Love is the ruling factor in the life of the Kit-Kats; we love our leader and we love our work.

Mattie Lawrence: Loyalty, one of the essential characteristics of the Normal student, originated in the Kit-Kat Klub.

Paul J. Love: Lightly and straightway may thou go, taking a heavy step at a time until lighter will they be.

Luella Logsdon: Let the Kit-Kats be a live wire in the "W. K. S. N. S."

Gertrude Mason: Man's success is based upon the personality which he possesses.

Grace Masters: Make the best of your opportunities, for you know not when they will cease.

Flossie Mason: Many a student has failed because he attempted to pass over a road paved with good intentions and too frequently "cut" the places where rough stones were found.

Myrtle McPherson: My greatest desire is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

Lee Parks Miller: Might makes right.

Fred McDowell: Many things do the Kit-Kats want, but success is uppermost in their minds.

I. B. Montgomery: Mold your life while young.

Ethel Moore: Most of our happiness comes through helping others.

Lenous Moore: Many Seniors, many Juniors, and more Kit-Kats make an ideal normal school.

Lena Morgan: Mental labor makes a Kit-Kat, bluff, a Junior, and egotism, a Senior.

Walter Norington: Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be equal to Shakespeare in the future.

Lilian Oats: Only those who take the stairs to success will succeed.

Gracie Outland: Onward looking for opportunity.

Nannie V. Perkins: Preparedness comes after Preparation.

Frances Priest: Perseverance means success.

Elizabeth Reese: Righteousness becometh all people.

Allen Richardson: Race with the Kit-Kats and you will be beaten.

Nell H. Roach: Rare are the instances of genius, therefore hard work is the better plan for obtaining success.

Myrtle Roam: Rather praise than criticise.

Lena Robinson: Rewards come to those who strive.

Lois Robinson: Remember that there are two great regions in which the life of every true man resides—that of action and that of thought.

Pearl Ross: Rich is he who takes advantage of all the golden opportunities that confront him.

Harley J. Rudd: Run for President a half-dozen times and you will Bryanize yourself.

Robt. M. Shehan: Should you not be thinking, man, to what purpose you are a man at all?

Shelby Shultz: Strive on and on; we are not afraid of failure, for we had sooner fail than not be among the greatest.

Elizabeth Short: Stand always for the truth.

Nina Simpson: Success is the standard which we all hope to reach; set your standard high, start to-day, step by step, and swerve not from the way leading to success.

Mabel Smith: Sharp's the word with her.

Sarah R. Smith: Sincerity is the luxury allowed to the sedate.

Prince Sparks: Spend hours with nature if you would perfect the soul.

John P. Spillman: See yourself as others see you, and then profit by what you have learned.

Lizzie Teague: Tact is the key that opens the door to success.

Mrs. Thomas: The most valuable time is the present time.

Elza Travis: Truth, honesty, charity, and perseverance is my motto.

Sedric Travis: Tell the world that higher standing of education is approved of by the Kit-Kat Society.

Anna Vanada: Vinegar is not always sour.

Matthew Vincent: Vigor and vim furnish the foundation of all success.

P. A. Vincent: Vigorous—not weak, is the Kit-Kat Klub.

Kathleen Wallace: Well done tasks agree with us as hours of unrestricted play.

Mrs. Lois Waterfield: Wit has often made a man famous.

Bert Watson: We should prepare in peace what we need in war.

Guy Welsh: Work is the slogan of the Kit-Kat Klub.

J. Maurice Williams: Wisdom, would that we were all as wise as Solomon.

Clara Williams: We are singing around the circle.

Eula Williams: Work always for the highest grade.

Eunice Wiley: Willing to work.

Bessie Williams: What will it profit a man if he work a whole term and then get N. P.?

Nelle Withers: What we say may make some impression on our fellow-men; but what we are makes a much more lasting impression.

Corinne Whitehead: Walk, steadily, towards your goal, and you will get there quicker than if you attempted to run.

——————oOo——————

On in the Inside Looking Out
On the Outside Looking In

There is a height that must be scaled by each student who passes through the Normal and comes out with a thorough preparation for service in the field of life. He goes through the process of adjusting himself to the Normal Spirit while he is yet a Freshman. By the time the stu-

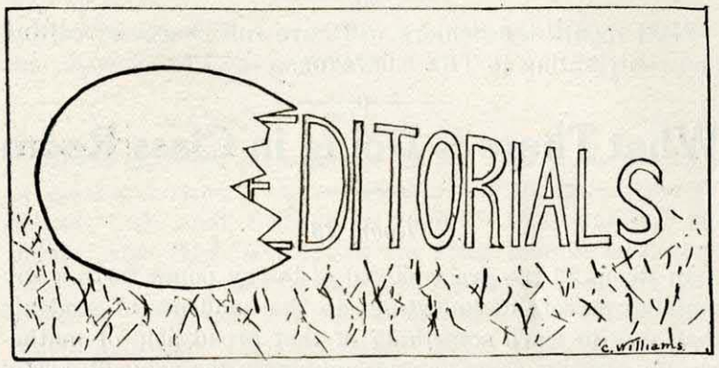
dent reaches the Sophomore class he is able to catch a vision of the future. He sees the long trail which leads from the billowy lowland plains to the summit of the mountain. Now he stands among the foothills ready for the climb, and like many other travelers he is "compassed about by many obstacles." Thorns and thistles grow everywhere, but here and there are to be seen beautiful little flowers smiling from their hiding place on the patient Sophomore. He struggles on. Here is a place where he may rest, there a most difficult ledge to mount. At last he is on the ledge. one more step and he will be on the third stage of his journey, which is the Junior class. Can he make it? He pauses and looks up at the mighty steep above him. Far up the steep ascent he sees a Junior who is striving manfully to keep a footing. The Junior looks back. Below him is a depth called Failure. Above him is a beautiful flower. With one hand he clings to the side of the cliff while with the other he reaches for the flower, a light of victory gleaming from his eye. The Sophomore gazes on toward the top of the height, near whose summit he sees a figure making his last leap onto solid earth. The Sophomore hears faintly a cry of victory as the Senior disappears on the broad plain above. Then within the mind of the Sophomore is heard the word "On."

After knowing the dream of the Kit-Kat, the next question is, Will it ever come true? If you have any doubts about the present group of Kit-Kats as to their ability to do things, a visit to the Society will quickly dispel it. In this group you will find young men and women who never say "No" to any task assigned them. Ask one to deliver an oration and no Beecher could do it more eloquently. In the building of his empire of thought he is as energetic as a Caesar. Start a crusade for any good cause and you will find him as zealous as any knight of the Middle Ages. The Kit-Kat deeply realizes the immensity of the task that lies before him, but he does not allow that to keep him from performing it. He agrees with those who say that Education is Life, for he lives in his work. He believes in the

doctrine that everyone is master of his own destiny, and that

"Success isn't reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we climb
From the Freshman's plain to the Senior's height,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

oOo



As we see Bunny so modestly take his place in the Eastern festivities, we readily see that he is like the Kit-Kats, in that he is ever unassuming and retiring. He even dresses in the most inconspicuous way. If he is in the cold, snowy North, he wears a simple suit of white; if on the warm plains he wears a suit of tawny gray, as it is more in keeping with his surroundings. So it is with the Sophomores, who wear unostentatious colors to school, and when they have a social, the girls are simply robed in white, and the boys are garbed in a becoming blue or brown. As the hare is a night-feeding animal, so do the Kit-Kats spend many hours of the night feeding their minds. In this respect, too, are they alike, the voice of the rabbit is never heard except when the animal is seized or wounded, and the voice of the Sophomore is never heard in chapel, as are the Juniors on Valentine, or Seniors on St. Patrick's Day. When

the hare is pursued he is very shrewd and in many cases outwits his enemy and escapes. When the Sophomores have some hard battle to fight, they are very ingenious and usually gain the victory. Again, as the hare moves swiftly by leaps and bounds, so move the Kit-Kats, bounding over the highways of learning, vaulting over all obstacles, they are nearing their goal—Success.

Next month the Seniors will have full charge of editing and contributing to THE ELEVATOR.

What There is Doing in Class Room

Room 23

In Room 23 the great Euclid of to-day pours forth a voluminous stream of knowledge to the hundreds of students that seek to learn something of that broad field of mathematics. In this room you not only learn the value of a solid foundation of gray matter, but you are taught the value of A—r's and C+t's, zeroes and tens and all sorts of symbols and signs. In fact, in the higher mathematics you are taught the value of "pye" and "sin." It is known by many that there are more old maid and bachelor teachers in Kentucky than any other one class of people. This is due to the fact that before anyone can graduate from Room 23, he or she must figure out the total expenses of building a house, preparing a meal, feeding a cow, cultivating two acres of tobacco, growing a garden, raising two or three scores of chickens and keeping up a family. You may be sure that all the classes in Room 23 are alive, for occasionally Mr. Alexander tells a thrilling story of some of his early adventures over on "Goose Creek" or about his first experience teaching in the rural district. Besides this, there is always a bit of humor connected with the recitations in here, of which the following will illustrate:

Mr. Alexander: "Mr. Dunn, tell us about your case over there."

After Mr. Dunn had finished explaining, Mr. Alexander asked:

"Mr. Dunn, does the problem have two solutions or one?"

Mr. Dunn: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Alexander: "I say, are there one or two ways of solving it?"

Mr. Dunn: "There are two, I suppose, for the book got one answer and I got another."

Room 5

Where shall the historian be found? Where is the place of getting history? Man knoweth not the price thereof. Where, then, shall Stickles be found? Miss Ragland and others saith they have heard his voice therein with their own ears. The students know the place thereof, for they looked in the library and behold they saw him. When there was a bell made for the teacher and a way made for its sound to travel, then did Stickles appear and behold it was in Room 5. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Be on time and prepare your lesson is wisdom, and to depart from whispering is understanding. Those who know Stickles and Room 5 know these things to be true, but besides this, there is being taught in there some of the ancient philosophy of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. This professor has a very humorous way of asking his questions, of which the following is an illustration:

Mr. Stickles: "Mr. Simpson, what is an expost facto law? Something they bury you in?"

Mr. Simpson: "No, sir; you can't fool me. It's a law that gives everybody a right to bury his own body."

Look! Listen! Think! Room 24

Room 24, Grammar 3, Mr. Leiper, and P. W. are four terms that a student can't separate. The moment you mention one, the other three spring up in his mind like ghosts.

In this room there prevails an atmosphere of fear and excitement, in spite of the fact that one of the most honest, most sincere and the smallest member of the faculty is the instructor. Yet this may well be called the "Sacred Room. Why the "Sacred Room"? Because, narrow is the way and few there be that findeth the P, for though he be a bright student and he need not get discouraged at erroring therein. Again, I say that this is the sacred room because there is a prayer prayed by every student of Grammar and Latin that goes something like this: Our teacher who art in our midst, hallowed be thy name; our passes come, our grades be done in this class as in others; give us this day our daily credit; forgive us our zeroes as we forgive those who mark zeroes against us. Lead us not into fearation, but deliver us from failureation, for thou art the tutor, grader and power forever. Amen.

Room E

To him who in the love of English holds communion with its many forms, Room E speaks a various language; for his midnight hour it has a void that is still calling; it glides into his later hours and steals away his sleep ere he is aware. This is especially true to those that have had English 3. In Room 32 we learned the value of A—'s and C+'s, but we never came to full realization of their significance until we got into our English work. Nevertheless, one always feels that he is more or *less* efficient in talent after he has taken this course, though his energy is somewhat exhausted and his mind slightly depleted

Room 22

Mention Room 22 to a Normal student, and he immediately sees mountains, rivers, lakes, stones, glaciers, moons, planets, suns, asteroids, and meteors all mixed up higgledy-piggledy in a conglomeration forming a bright attractive Green. Great theories about the formation of the planets, and minerals, are being taught in this room, besides the location, commerce, and industry of towns, nations, and empires. If you were to ask in this room, "What makes the darky's hair kinky," or "What makes the donkey's ears long," it would all be explained in terms of geography. Nevertheless there is always sufficient amount of logic connected with the argument given by this instructor to convince the hearers. His logic runs like this:

Mr. Boone: "Professor, how do you know there is man in the moon? Did you ever see him?".

Mr. Green: "No."

Mr. Boone: "Well, then, there is doubt of it?"

Mr. Green: "Mr. Boone, do you have a brain?"

Mr. Boone: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Green: "Did you ever see it? Did you ever see any of your friends that has seen it? Did you ever see anyone else that said they had seen anyone else that had seen it?"

Mr. Boone: "Nope."

Mr. Green: "Well, then, there is doubt about you having any brain."

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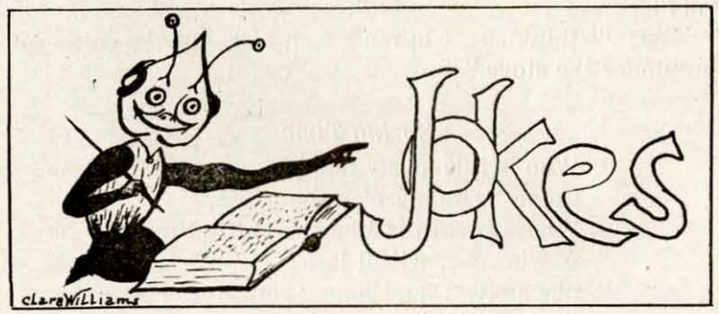

How We Know Them

Mr. Burton: "Well, bless my soul!"

Mr. Cunningham: "Well, come on folks."

Mr. Leiper: "Come over to Macedonia and help us."

Mr. Wilson: "For instance."

Miss Ragland: "There is too much talking in the library."

Miss Acker: "What's that?"
Mr. Craig: "Do you see?"
Mr. Stickles: "Who were they after? The Irish?"
Miss Van Houten: "Use your common sense."
Mr. Green: "Bless Pat, Mike, and the whole tribe of Irishmen."
Miss Stevens: "You all are simply not reading."

Senior Dates

Mr. Stickles: "Well, Sears, what is the matter with you, can't you remember two dates at the same time?"
Senior Sam: "Not when they both come on the same night."

Mr. Alexander: "Only fools are certain, Crabb; wise men hesitate."
Mr. Crabb: "Are you sure, 'Fessor?"
M.r Alexander: "Yes, Crabb; certain of it."

Mrs. Burton: "Ada, has Maurice come home from school yet?"
Ada: "I think so; I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding under the stove."

Spring Time

Who is this lovely maiden,
Comes tripping o'er the grass,
Whose breath is like the springtime,
A winsome, wilful lass?
She smiles; and happy songsters
Pour out their roundelay;
She weeps, and all the leaflets
Come out to bid her stay.
So April, let me greet you,
With my poor gift of song;
The violets come to meet you,
The waiting time was long.

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the Normal student, shaking hands warmly with Prof. Alexander. "My son, Haskell Miller, took algebra from you last year, you know."
"Pardon me." said Prof. Alexander; "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."

Miss Reid: "Miss Todd, if you had an acre of land, what would you do with it?"
Miss Todd: "I don't know, Miss Reid; but I'd raise something to eat."

Landlady (to Mr. Simpson): "Sir, I give you just three days in which to pay your rent.
Mr. Simpson: "All right, Madam; I'll take Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving."

Heard at Chapel. A New Student: "Mr. Pusey, what does Mr. Cherry have reference to when he says, "that other thing" and "that other thing"?
Mr. Pusey: "I have been here for fourteen years, and I never have learned what he is referring to, unless it is another Normal School."

Mr. Burton: "Who wrote 'Little Women,' Miss Moore?"
Vesa: "Let me see; ah—it was the same person who invented Alcott's Borax Plasters."

Prof. Green: "What do we mean by the relief of a country, Mr. Dickson?"
Mr. Dickson: "It means—why, it means to give aid or help."
Prof. Green: "Correct you are; be seated."

Red is the rose,
Green is the grass,
But greenest of all
Is the Junior Class.

Why are the Juniors real estate?
Because they are a vacant lot.

If you think that we've been personal,
Don't let it worry you;
Perhaps we'll be the ones who are knocked on,
In a year or two.

Mrs. Nichols: "Guy, dear, when we reach Bowling Green let us avoid giving the impression that we are newly married."

Mr. Nichols: "All right, Esther; you can carry the suitcase and umbrella."

The Juniors are not only skilled in mathematics, learned in science and wise in their own conceit, but they have a profound knowledge of the Scripture, as was shown by Miss E. C. L., who in practicing a reading to give in chapel, said: "Jesus so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all who believed in him might live forever."

For the latest pronunciation of the word "glaciers" ask Miss Wiley.

Her latest is g-l-a-z-i-e-r-s.