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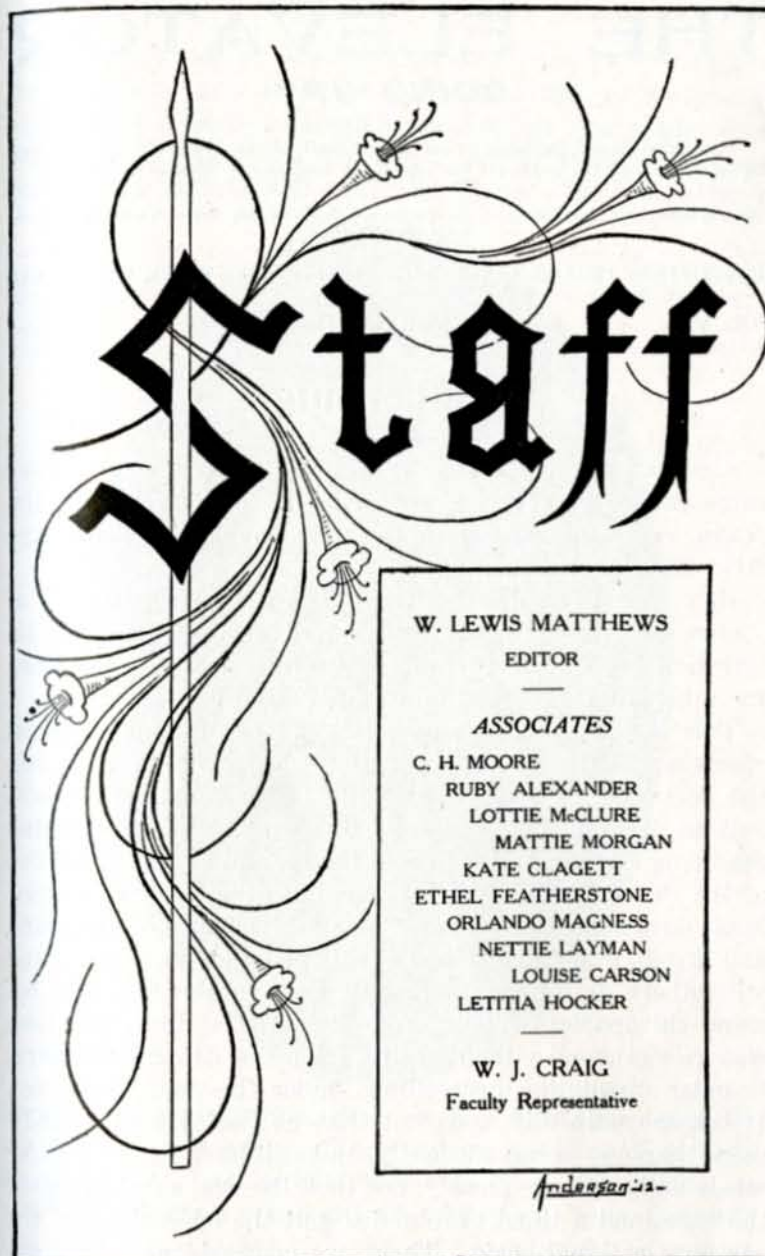
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# THE ELEVATOR

## 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. V.

MARCH, 1914

NO. 5

### Concerning

A person who can do one thing well is a treasure—whose value cannot be reckoned in terms of the currency of the realm, receivable at par in the payment of taxes, and the other items of the formula.

He's a mighty valuable person, but what shall be said of a man who can do many things well? What eloquent description or delicate turning of pretty phrases will suffice for a befitting appreciation of such a one?

This is the age of specialists; indeed, of super special specialists. Time was, within the ken of most of us, when the doctor ministered to such ills as the human flesh was heir to at that time, besides extracting teeth, supervising the farm, serving on the School Board, and acting as Justice of the Peace. Then changes came into the order of things. Some doctors isolated themselves in the locality of eye, ears, and throat, others encamped about the digestive organs, and still others drifted farther southward to the feet and became chiropodists. This order held for a time, and then was reorganized without waiting for the Attorney-General to enter dissolution proceedings under the Anti-Trust Act. It became painfully apparent that no doctor could handle more than one organ efficiently, and still have time for three meals daily. Consequently, one took the eye, another seized the nose, and a third proposed to put the operations of the ear on a rational basis. There are now evidences that an-

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other subdivision of these territories is upon us. It is quite probable that at a time not far distant the eye specialist will find that they are breaking under the strain, and each will therefore limit his practice to some special part. For instance, a patient will visit Dr. Blank. He will, after a



microscopic examination, take out the crystalline lens, polish it and put it back. "You owe me \$98.75. If you will go over to Dr. Dash's, I think he can fix up that retina for you." "But, can't you repair it while I am here, Doctor?" the patient will inquire. "And get blacklisted by the Soci-



ety for the Preservation of the Distinct Ocular Unities! Not I!" ejaculates the horror stricken specialist.

Well, well! this is just a circuitous way of establishing the conclusion that in this especial age of specialization a generalist who can really generalize is as one among ten thousand.

Such is Jacob D. Farris, who is now in the University of Chicago, taking courses in History, Languages—extinct, dormant, and active—Mathematics, Sciences—natural and made up—Music, and Art.

Jake is one of the best rounded fellows ever produced by the Normal, though as I have pointed out, "best rounded" is becoming obsolete, "best pointed" being more in accord with the spirit of the times. But Jake is "rounded." He is an excellent farmer, although he eschewed bucolic ways some years rearward. He is thoroughly conversant with mercantile life, having served an apprenticeship in his father's employ. He has a splendid, well-trained voice, and a repertoire of songs that ranges from the classics to melodramatic and promises holding good until the sands of the desert have undergone a reduction in temperature. Then Jake doesn't need to hunt around to get a fellow with the face of an anarchist and a name that looks like the alphabet taking a course in calisthenics to play his accompaniments. Being quite intimate with the piano, he sits down and plays them himself. Jake is also an artist. Every time he looks at Mona Lisa he smiles, and straightway goes home and paints something with some sense in it. The writer personally knows of several pictures bearing Jake's initials on the southeast corners that are excellent bits of art. Of his competency as a teacher let the inhabitants of Columbia, Ky., attest. Ah, every hand is up. Well, since he hasn't taught elsewhere the decision is unanimous and stands as read. Next and last, Jake is an orator. I say this, realizing that he has a deep-rooted habit of losing in every contest he enters. The fault is not in his oratory, but in the system he uses. It seems that he just won't willingly play to the

gallery. When he feels a desire to exhale a little oratory, he selects some sort of a moral concept for a subject,—Truth, Charity, Character, or something. Of course, the judges can't do anything for him; under the law, they can't even fine him, so they just pronounce the name of his opponent and let it drop. Now, if Jake would only take an earthward dip in that forensic aeroplane of his and nab a theme indigenous to a less rarefied atmosphere, say, for instance, The Smoke Nuisance in Our Big Cities, or, Compulsory Vaccination in the Public Schools, he would be wearing laurel wreaths by Decoration Day.

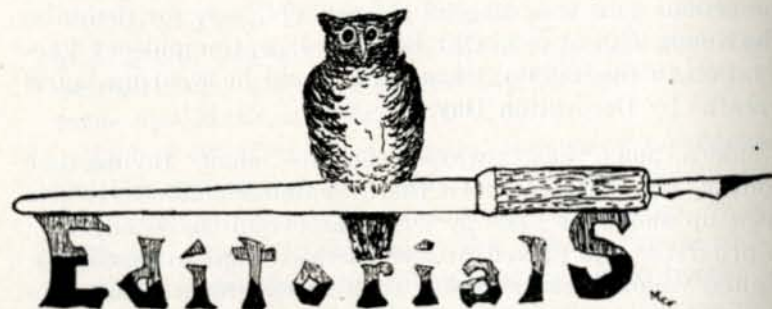
Jake's home has always been at Salem, Livingstone County, Ky. He was born there September 29, 1891. He grew up along the lines by which a normal boy is expected to progress. He played, worked, fished, went to school, assaulted yellow-jackets' nests, assimilated green apples, and indulged in such other of the idiosyncrasies of boyhood as appealed to his fancy. Later on, he fell a victim to the wiles of Salem bewitchcraft several times, but was never convicted. At fourteen he entered South Kentucky College at Hopkinsville, where for two years he received instruction in the academical branches. Then the call of the Trial Balance smote his ears, and to Bowling Green he hied, with the full, fixed purpose of entering the Bowling Green Business University, but it was not destined so to be. While strolling about getting his bearings of the city, he happened to pass the Normal School. And on the strength of a second happen, he happened to enter. Right then, after exhibiting a few preliminary flickers and perforations, the Business University faded from the screen of his vision. Maybe, Dr. Kinnaman was telling the students how to listen to music with their eyes shut. I don't know what, but anyway, something reached right out and drew Jake, mind and body, right into the Normal School. He remained there during the next two years, taking courses in everything offered. During 1910-11 and 1911-12, he was connected with the High School at Columbia, Ky. September, 1912,



he re-entered the Normal, graduating June, 1913, with high honors. He immediately entered the University of Chicago, and is still there.

Again enumerating, Jake is a musician, an artist, a teacher, an orator, and a Christian gentleman; and of these the greatest is the last.

—oOo—



(With the exception of "Concerning," the Juniors are the ones to whom we are indebted for this splendid issue of THE ELEVATOR. He who reads this issue will see that the Juniors have accomplished a great piece of work.—ED.)

Awake, Kentucky! Behold, the day of thy salvation is at hand. The dark clouds of despondency are fast scattering, and what is gloomy will soon be bright; what is now sad and dreary will soon be radiant and joyous. Why? Because a grand army is preparing to invade thy soil; an army that turns night to day, hatred to love, and streams of sadness to rivers of joy.

Who commands this wonderful army? Why, General Craig, and a right gallant commander he is, braver than Grant, better than Lee. Who are his soldiers so keen? They are the Juniors of 1914. And every soldier is a knight riding a steed of enthusiasm, wearing a helmet of knowledge, clothed in the armor of loyalty and protected by the

shield of love as onward they march, hearts aglow with courage, patriotism and bravery.

With this Junior band marching forth as the enemy of ignorance, demagogery and dogmatism—with the black and gold unfurled in behalf of a greater life, a greater people and a greater State, Kentucky can no longer slumber peacefully in her downy bed of self-satisfaction. The old State is to be aroused, and where poverty is, prosperity is to be; where the drudgery of life weighs heavily and hearts are steeped in sadness, the burden is to be lightened and heavy hearts set aflame with joy. So say the valiant Juniors as onward they go, never ceasing, never tiring, until their ideals are realities and their visions attained.

O Juniors brave, O Juniors bold,  
You're not so young nor yet so old  
But that to woman and to man  
You can give joy on every hand.

—o—  
**JUNIOR SONG.**

*Music—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic."*

Now, here's the Junior band, 'tis the greatest in the land;  
And we'll stay with our colors, and we'll stay to a man;  
For one side is the black and the other is of gold,  
And that's why we're so bold.

*Chorus.*

Onward, onward, faithful Juniors,  
Forward, forward, loyal Juniors,  
Onward, onward, noble Juniors,  
Till vict'ry is our crown.

'Tis the beauty of the Juniors as we rally round our Craig,  
For we always do our duty and we never want to nag;  
As we love one another and we love some others, too,  
But who, who, who, who, who?

*Chorus.*



We are loyal to the Normal and we're loyal to the hill,  
And we're sure to stay with Cherry till we really get our fill,  
Then we'll go to our schools and we won't be such fools  
As what we used to be.

*Chorus.*

—oOo—



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

Front Row (from right to left)—Ford, Cole, Duke.

Back Row (from left to right)—McClusky, Cantrell, Oliver.

### WHAT THE JUNIORS ARE YELLING.

I.

Juniors, Juniors, Hip! hip! hop!  
Juniors, Juniors, fight for the top.  
Enemies, enemies, paste them on the chin,  
Juniors, Juniors, take the trick and win.

II.

Big Craig, Gray Craig, Billie Craig, too.  
The leader, leader who knows what to do;  
Follow, follow, we to a man,  
That's the game of the Junior band.

III.

Gold and black, black and gold,  
Leaders, leaders, brave and bold.  
Work and play, play and work,  
Stem the tide and never shirk.

Juniors!

—oOo—



## LITERARY.

### But for Jean

You would not have called Jean a beautiful girl. Not even the June sunlight, which fell through the branches of the old apple tree on her up-tilted little head could make her so. Jean had more than mere beauty. Why, when her mother came around the corner of the little gray house and said:

"Jean, mother thought you had already gone to school."

—Jean's face took on a brightly, humorous expression which lighted up her sweetly serious face, as she looked



fondly at the little woman in black and replied:

"I do not have to go till noon, mother."

Her mother spoke wonderingly:

"But, my dear, I supposed your classes took all your time."

"Oh, they do; but next week is Commencement, and Norley told me that if I studied very hard, I need only recite in the afternoon," and Jean looked confidently at her mother.

"My little girl mustn't lose her rosy color," said she, playfully.

"Never fear, Mother Mine," replied Jean, as she ran lightly up the steps and entered the house.

Mrs. McGregor did not quite understand Jean these last few weeks, but there had been such a hard struggle to keep her and Duncan in school that it hardly occurred to her that something was troubling her little daughter besides her studies. Then there had been Duncan to think about. Dear, noble boy, who dreamed always of college, yet, how could he ever realize those dreams?

A quail called loudly out in the wheat field, a farmer's wagon rumbled up the road, she smiled, shook her head and walked slowly around the corner of the house and entered the kitchen door.

Noon came on with its sultry heat, and tired little Jean ate her lunch and went to school.

All the morning she had worked with hurried, nervous fingers on a soft, black, filmy material, and her eyes shone as she put in the careful stitches that meant so much to her.

Mrs. McGregor had said that she could not go to Commencement, for she could not leave the little house, but Jean understood, and so she took her precious hoard, and bought it. She had meant to keep the money for Duncan, if he should ever go to college, but she wanted her mother to see Duncan as he sat on the platform on student-days. For this she studied late that she might sew in the mornings.

Evening came and brought Duncan and Jean back from school, to be gaily welcomed by their mother. As they sat

at the table, in the cozy little room, Duncan said thoughtfully:

"Mother, Dr. Corliss has greatly honored me to-day."

Mrs. McGregor looked up smilingly, and said:

"I am sure my son is deeply grateful, but tell Mother about it."

"He called me to him and asked me to be one of the who are to contest for the College Scholarship, and," Duncan hesitated a moment, "with your consent I told him I would accept the offer."

She grew radiant with pride and love.

"My son, I am very proud of you, and though I shall not hear the speech, I shall know you put your whole heart in it."

Jean was looking at Duncan with shining eyes.

"Oh, I think it was grand of you to tell mother first," she exclaimed.

Then a happy thought struck her, and she laughed gaily till she saw that her brother looked troubled, then she stepped over by him, put her arm about his neck and said encouragingly:

"I am sure you are very glad. Won't it be grand to have people come to hear you and"—she broke away and danced gaily around the room.

Mrs. McGregor smiled, and Duncan grew grave again.

"What troubles me most, mother, is the fear that I shall forget. Seven days is a very short time."

"But my son couldn't forget," she answered, proudly.

Duncan looked at her affectionately as she sat opposite him and he felt that back of those brave dark eyes was an indomitable will, and he caught some of her daring courage.

"I must win," he said, as if talking to himself; "why, Jean's schooling, mother, college—everything depends on it."

Finally the great day came, with its music and flowers, its happy talk and laughter, the congenial groups standing here and there. Near the door stood Jean, her face dimpling as she thought of the surprise in store for Duncan.



The busy hum ceased as the air was filled with some grand martial strain that lifted the soul. It died away, and one by one the boys spoke the usual type of schoolboy composition.

Duncan rose; the last speaker, and advanced timidly to the front of the stage, and began in a clear, even voice to speak. Suddenly there arose a titter in the gallery, and Duncan raised his eyes, only to see the gaze of the whole gallery glued to the floor at his feet, and looking down he saw, not his carefully blackened "best" boots, but a pair of absurdly large plow shoes. In the hurry of preparation he had overlooked them.

The titter became more audible; he tried to go on, but the words stuck in his throat, his face grew white and despairing, and the audience grew silent and leaned forward in tense excitement. All at once he raised his eyes, and they met the brave, dark eyes of a little woman in soft, clinging black, who was leaning over the railing. He seemed to catch some of that unquenchable spirit; he lifted his head, faced the audience, and gazing across the green meadows of Hoped-for-Land he saw there the gray age-old cliffs without any beaten path, but the water-falls shone like jewels, and towering above were the gloomy pines silhouetted against the sky. People sat like images and listened to this boy who drew them up the rugged heights and gave them a glimpse of fair vistas where dreams are born. Then amid the mad applause, a gentle little woman heard out in the corridor that college was no longer a dream, and she smiled at Duncan, a brave, proud smile.

They stood by the gate, and Duncan heard of the unselfishness of fluffy-haired little Jean, who danced along in front like some fairy whose magic wand had cleared the path to the castle of dreams.

## GLEANINGS.

As when a storm-wind sways a lofty tree,  
Tosses its branches, hurls to earth its leaves,  
Bends it—proudly erect and nobly free—  
With a rough will till it in serfdom grieves,  
So friendship's passion influences us,  
Twisting our thoughts, ideals, and hopes—alas,  
To suit another's careless fancy;—thus,  
Both trees and souls are bowed when tempests pass.  
But as a summer breeze among the boughs  
Stirs the green leaves and makes the shadows shift  
Upon the grass beneath, nor yet allows  
The hot sunshine the shade's sweet cool to lift,  
So comradeship dispels grim solitude  
Without disturbing liberty of mood.

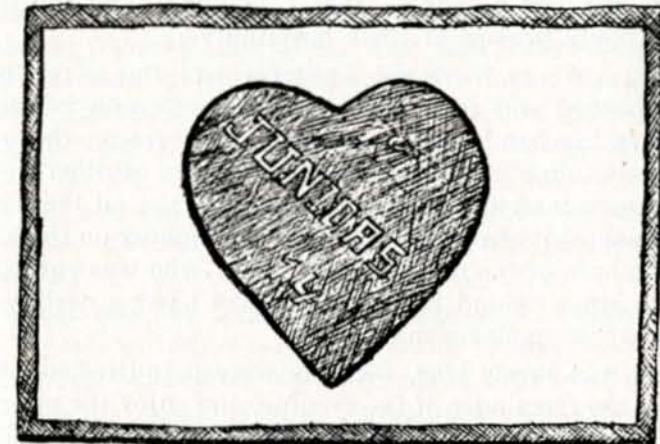
When sad and lonely turn we fortune's wheel,  
And black the disk that shatters at our feet,  
Though great the sorrow that we vainly feel;  
Dame Fortune's courier do we kindly greet.  
And see in this a respite from our woes,  
A surcease of the sorrow we have known,  
And though it may not be as we had chose,  
We know that joy comes not to us alone.  
Who says the god of Chance us mortals spurns?  
To each a fairy wand his hand extends,  
And greatly blest is he who early learns  
The potent magic which the maker lends,  
That gives this wand the power truly great,  
To make of life a Heaven whate'er be out state.

'Twas then, 'twas only yesterday that I,  
With youthful joy and childish glee, did dwell  
In realms of wonderment. And Heaven, Hell,  
And mountains, oceans, and the vaulted sky  
Seemed but dim thoughts that in a dream did lie;



The flowers, the brooks, each tiny hill and dell,—  
 Were but as sparks that from my fancy fell,  
 From worlds remote, or heavens far on high.  
 'Tis then, 'tis in the yesterday of life,  
 When most divine we live; for still  
 The glow of heaven doth tint each mortal clod  
 And, passing through the scenes of earthly strife,  
 At last it meets with Time's all-wracking chill  
 And sinks perverted to a meaner sod.

Oh, atmosphere, thine ever-changing tides  
 That roll unceasingly from shore to shore,  
 Escorting to thy bosom evermore  
 Vast freighted cargoes doomed afar to ride;  
 Full well among thy boundless bubbles hide,  
 From all unknowing souls, with senses hoar,  
 Ethereal ships that sail thy foam; and o'er  
 Us bear aloft the thoughts of human guides.  
 Bereft of speech, invisibly they move,  
 Except to kindred vessels whom they meet,  
 And other sails whom they aspire to gain.  
 With these they treat and strong allowance prove,  
 And move together in a growing fleet  
 To stir the minds of men and power attain.



## The Junior Reception

Winter, with all its ice and snow, had just swept down upon us, and outer warmth and brightness was entirely lost to view; but there was warmth and good cheer in the hearts of those muffled figures that found their way to the Training School Chapel, on the evening of the Fourteenth of February,—for Saint Valentine was there enthroned, and the Juniors led the way.

Here somber walls had lost their cheerless hues in meshes of red and white that arched the way o'erhead and hung in matchless drapery to the floor; while a shadowy brightness pervaded the room and glowed perceptibly on all those who had exchanged greetings with the receiving line, and were now seated and enjoying heart-to-heart talks among the ferns that were scattered here and there.

The receiving line was composed of members of the society, who were especially delegated by Valentine himself to greet the guests and extend to them the first loving hand. They were our leader and his wife—Prof. and Mrs. Craig—Messrs. Sweeney, Bird and Bandy; Misses Cox, Duke and Morgan. Those who know these people, know that the



guests received a genuine Junior welcome; and the ferns heard many praises of their hospitality.

Soon, however, there was a general stir; and secret voices were hushed and still. Each of the guests now carried a heart in his hand, with mysterious numbers on the back, and containing leaves on which the names of other guests were to be inscribed. They were told to get all the names they could, but always to watch for the number on the back; for the hero of the occasion, the saint—who was enthroned on the stage behind the curtains—had fixed a destiny for those whose numbers matched.

This was surely true, for they were permitted to sit together the remainder of the evening, and enjoy the program which soon followed. There was first a piano solo, rendered by Miss Claudia Price; then a reading by Miss Edna Ford. A duet was sung by Miss Lida Lewis and Mr. Carey Bandy, following which Miss Anna McCluskey and Mr. Chester Shaw entertained us with a play of their own creation. Miss Claudia Price then gave us a reading, which was followed by a quartette sung by Messrs. Sweeney, Bandy, Brown and Turner.

Then—oh, joy! Hearts had not been led to love for naught. There was to be a wedding, a real wedding; and the pair who were most enflamed were to be married. But how were we to know the secret hearts of those present? A conversation with that inspired one, who sat behind the drapery, soon cleared the way. It was arranged that all the boys should write proposals, and all the girls should write acceptances; and the two who wrote best should be rewarded with matrimony. Now, of course, he whose heart is in his work always does it best; accordingly, it was soon decreed that Prof. Finley Grise and Miss Bess Combest had won and deserved this honor.

The bridal party now repaired to the hallway in the rear of the Training School Chapel, there to await the first tones of the wedding march. Then slowly came the flower girls, Misses Sadie Wade and Marguerite Burks, each carrying a

basket of red and white roses. The best man, Mr. Harvey Roberts, followed, and at his side Miss Edith Duke, who acted as maid of honor and carried a large bunch of red roses. Lastly, all eyes were turned to that vision with a long, flowing veil and bride's roses that walked beside the serious groom, who looked as if he were about to make his last will and testament. When they reached the arch they faced the minister, Rev. J. W. Vance, who performed the ceremony.

Would you like to hear that ceremony? I think when you do you will agree with me that Mr. Vance had received inspiration from some unearthly source. It is as follows:

"My dear young friends, marriage is the most ancient and honorable of all human relations. It was instituted when the first man and woman were one day old. Parents were not consulted, flirtations and jealousy unknown; it was the first instance of love at first sight. It was even then declared that it was not good for man to be alone; so woman was provided, 'poor, innocent victim,' to be offered as a sacrifice on the marriage altar, to prevent man from being lonesome. 'Never since,' excepting when woman was silent (which has been very seldom), has man been known to be the least lonely in her society. If anyone in this audience has any objections, let him forever hold his peace. Will you please join your right hands. Do you, Mr. Grise, fully advised of the nature of this hazardous undertaking, agree to be taken by this woman who now holds you by the hand; do you here endow her with all your worldly goods, with which to adorn her goodly person, and entertain her relatives and friends; do you solemnly covenant to ever be her most faithful servant, to be silent when she speaks, attentive and submissive when she advises, and obedient when she commands; forsaking all clubs, toddies and lady chums; cleave to her alone as the pliant vine cleaves to the unyielding oak, so long as you both remain of her mind. Do you promise?"

Mr. Grise's solemn "I do" could be distinctly heard.



"Do you, Miss Combest, take this man whom you have captured and now hold by the hand, to be your lawful captive, servant and helpmate; and do you solemnly promise to lead him in wisdom, rule him in mercy, advise and lecture him with unwearied constancy, and ever faithfully love him, so long as you are both well satisfied and mutually agreeable? Do you promise?"

Miss Combest bowed assent.

"Inasmuch as you two in the presence of these witnesses, with heroic daring, and in the spirit of sublime sacrifice, have consented to these perilous relations; I therefore, by the authority invested in me by the State Board of Health, pronounce you man and woman. What I separated together, let no man hesitate to put asunder.

"And now, the devout wish of your pastor's heart is that you may rejoice in tribulations, be justified by afflictions, and that your mother-in-laws and maiden aunts may have mercy on your poor souls."

After this joyous occasion, refreshments were served in two courses, and the guests departed, each declaring that this was the very best reception that had ever been given at the Normal, and hoping that St. Valentine would be gracious and trust his banner to the hands of the Juniors for another year. What matter now if summer does suddenly disappear, and rivulets of biting crystal coat the hill; can northern gales dispel the Normal cheer, or bitter cold e'er freeze a Junior's heart? A few other hearts, at least, will be warmed and cheered on the Fourteenth of each February, for the Juniors hold the banner and St. Valentine leads the way.

—oOo—  
THE JUNIOR PLEDGE.

To thee, Professor Craig,  
Our hearts shall ever turn,  
And on the altar thou hast raised,  
A holy fire shall burn.

And incense sweet, our prayers arise  
By mountain, plain, and sea,  
That from the hosts of darkness still,  
Kentucky guarded be.

Before that altar, now,  
We come our vows to make,  
And from its sacred fire each one  
A flaming coal to take;  
That far away in distant lands  
This sacred fire shall burn  
On altar-hearths, to that great God  
To whom we all must turn;

That we may not forget  
Its high priests now are we;  
That we must wear its symbol bright  
For all the world to see.  
Then, comrades all, who seek to serve,  
While any foe survives,  
To thee, our leader, brave and true,  
We pledge our hearts and lives.

—oOo—  
BUILDERS.

The thoughts of the human mind center around the things that are dearest to the heart. It is not unnatural that the thoughts of one preparing for the profession of training minds should be upon some phase of the teacher's work.

When we think of the teacher's mission in life, many and of various kinds are the questions that come to our mind concerning the importance of his work. We ask whether or not it pays to spend years and years of time in preparing for the work of teaching when there are other professions in which the reward, measured in money, would perhaps be the final results of our labors if we should spend our lives in this work. Ah, reader, Eternity alone can re-



veal the results of a life well spent in the teaching profession. Upon the scrolls of Time these results can never be written, for the influence of the real teacher increases with the passing ages.

In estimating the value of the teacher's work, we have compared the results of his labors with those accomplished in other professions. Upon the beauty, the durability, and the usefulness of the finished product we have based our decisions. When we study the workers of all ages, we find there are only two classes. They are those that build, and those that destroy. No true teacher is a destroyer of that which is good. Therefore, all teachers will be termed builders. Let us note the work of builders all through the ages.

View the great pyramids of Egypt, which have stood for more than fifty centuries as monuments attesting the skill and efficiency of the builders. These structures are admired for their massive size, their beauty of contour, and the accurateness of their construction. Truly in all this they are wonderful. But for what purpose were they constructed, and what will be the final result of the labors of the builders? They were built to be the last home of the mortal remains of kings, the home of that part of man which came from dust, and which to its former condition must return. Vast forces of men labored for many years upon these great tombs, and yet it is doubtful whether mankind is any better for their having been erected.

Again, the teacher sometimes looks with a feeling akin to contempt upon his own profession, and he longs to do something great. He admires the warrior and the statesman. They are his ideals, but the work of the true teacher is greater than either of these. As an example showing the truth of this, look at the works of the mighty Napoleon, the "Man of Destiny." All Europe once trembled beneath the tread of his armies. At his bidding empires came to ruin, and thrones tottered and fell. The lofty snow-clad Alps could not bar his progress. There he mingled the eagles of France with the eagles of the skies, and swept triumphantly

onward. But what became of that vast empire, the work of this great builder? Ah, a day came when Fortune no longer smiled upon him. That struggle at Waterloo marked a new epoch in the history of Europe. His empire fell, and this military genius, who had once made and unmade kings at will, spent the last six years of his life on the sea-girt island of St. Helena, there to be incessantly punished by the relentless, terrible Vulture of Regret. His work had been done at the cost of blood and treasure, but it did not endure.

What can be said of the true teacher? That individual builds with the most valuable of all material, child life. He takes this material, and by his knowledge of the laws of health, fashions it into a suitable home for the soul. This is not to be the tomb of a dead body, as were the pyramids, but it is to be the home of that which is immortal, of that which is to live forever in the realm of the spirit.

The right building of the body is of vast importance, but this sinks into insignificance when compared with the part the teacher plays in shaping the destiny of the child. The teacher can take the plastic mind of the child and fashion it as does the potter the clay. His work is, we verily believe, of more importance than that of the minister, in that the teacher deals with childhood in its purity, when it can be easily directed aright. If all the builders were of the class of builders they should be, there would be little left for the minister to do. Jesus' example, while on earth, should give us some idea of the importance of true teaching. He Himself was a teacher, and the record of His works have been preserved for us through the ages to attest their value.

What are some of the requisites of the teacher in order that he may build well? First, he must have a noble character himself. How can he hope to develop in the life of the child that which he has not? For his plans of building we would recommend those of that greatest of all builders of character, the lowly Nazarene. When you wish to study the true principles of character-building, read of the works of this Man of Sorrow. Take him as your guide in all your



acts and we need have no fear for the safety of the child life with which you deal. So great is the teacher's influence that it is safe to say that a nation's future can be read in the character of its teachers of to-day. The empire that is built amid the groans of a conquered and oppressed people can never last. It is only that country which has as its basis an enlightened, God-fearing people that can endure, and it is the teacher, and not the warrior, who is the true builder of nations.

Since our work, as teachers, is of so much importance, let us be careful how we build. In no other line of work is it possible for a mistake to bring such evil results as are sure to come in this. The farmer may sow the wrong kind of seed, but the result can be no worse than a harvest of tares. The painter may make an unwise stroke with his brush, and thus ruin a beautiful picture, one that would have brought him fame and fortune, but the material upon which he operates is only canvas. The sculptor may strike one blow where it should not be made, and thus destroy the beauty of a statue that has cost him best efforts of his life to produce, but the material upon which he operates is only stone. The teacher may make a mistake and the result is that the soul of a child is forever marred. Just as the scratch on the green bark of a sapling will tell of the act in the scarred oak, for ages to come, so will the mark made upon the soul of the child last throughout all time, and will tell of the deed in the Day of Judgment.

Develop in the child a beautiful character and your work will last when that of the warrior, the sculptor, and the painter is forgotten. If you put your whole life into your work, and take as your guide Jesus, the Master Builder, you need have no fear for the results. The reward for your labors will come in that day when the Master Builder will say to each of his good workmen, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter now into the joys of thy Lord."

## THE TWO BUGLERS.

Gently the night air blew across Normal Heights, swaying the moonlit curtain of mist that overhung the valley yet scarce disturbing the flag as it hung at rest. Mystic Midnight's heralds proclaimed her coming in clarion tones; a drifting cloud for a moment obscured the moon and passing on, left all things as they were.

Not all, for on the southern wall of the old fort stood a military figure wearing a uniform of gray. On his head was an old slouch hat and in his hand a bugle. His face in the moonlight was boyishly young, and as he stood looking away toward the south, he bent his head as if to listen, then straightened up and placed the bugle to his lips. To the east, to the south, and to the west he turned and blew the call for assembly. Again he blew the call, and now there came a rustling louder than the wind. Up the embankment from every side came men in gray, ragged and unkempt, bearing the arms of years ago, to form in double line across the fort with faces toward the sleeping town. At last came one carrying a torn, faded flag, whose stars and bars were hardly discernable, and as he took his place every hand went up in salute.

Another cloud in passing for an instant cast a shadow over the hill, and when it was gone, beside the boyish figure of the bugler stood another, bugle in hand, but this one was dressed in blue.

He raised his bugle, and at the call came men in blue across the grass to form as on parade, facing the line of gray. Then at a low command, each line broke ranks and stacked their arms all together, and on them laid the torn, faded battle standards. Side by side in a cradle of bayonets lay the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. Then in one rank blue and gray, they formed across the east side of the fort. Far above them a light glowed as a star on the summit of the flag pole. Every face looked upward; every hand went up in salute. Then, hat and cap in hand,



they stood while somewhere a band softly played the "Star-Spangled Banner." Over all seemed to brood a spirit of peace and rest, and as the light faded a bugle sounded "Taps"—and the moon shone clear and bright.

—oOo—  
"LITTLE THINGS."

"Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,  
With its cares and bitter crosses; but a good world, after all,  
An' a good God must have made it—leastways that's what I say,  
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The happiness of this life is made up of littlethings—little kindnesses, little courtesies, warm handclasps, and genial smiles. These things have a double mission, for they not only make merrier the persons who delight in doing good deeds, but they increase the happy heart-beats of many others. It was Henry Clay, who said that in all the affairs of life, whether social or political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart. Perhaps once in a lifetime we may have occasion to do some great and heroic deed; perhaps we may never have this opportunity, but let us not forget that the daily world is calling for greatness in little things.

It is surprising to learn that apparently trivial things have often changed the course of many a person's life and turned failure into triumphal success. If we could only know the story of the people who have become famous—physicians, merchants, ministers and lawyers, we would discover that in almost every instance the beginning of their success could be summed up in these words that some one, some where, some time, said to them: "Within you there

are great possibilities for a splendid future." The speaker may have forgotten the words, but the thought that they carried has been of untold value.

In studying History, we are again surprised to discover that seemingly little incidents have had great and lasting results. The persistence of a spider in weaving its web renewed the hope within the heart of Robert Bruce, and as a result, English Rule was prevented in Scotland. Had it not been for a little boy in Holland who discovered a leak in a dike, a nation would have been drowned. The sentinels were aroused by the cackling of geese and consequently Rome was saved from the Gauls. A Scottish army was warned of the approach of the enemy by a pain caused by thistle. A flock of land birds caused Columbus to change his westward course, and by so doing America, or the New World, escaped the despotic rule of Spain. These little things remind us of Browning's words:

"A little more, and how much it is!  
A little less and what worlds away!"

Notice the results of the loss of a little time, yet some one has said we have more of it than anything else in this world. Help may come to a commander an hour too late—and the battle is lost, one hour before—it was won. The doctor may delay one hour for personal comfort—and the patient's life be gone. The engineer may lose an hour on the road—a fearful wreck the result. The alarm may wait not an hour to sound—and a whole city be in flames.

Then in school 'tis the minutes by which we measure. The student may be one minute late—a mark is added, somewhere(?), that mark may cause another letter on a certain card which changes—the *world* for some one. And it's only a little time.

Every student of mathematics has learned from experience, that a little mistake in his work causes hours of labor and an infinite amount of patience. Indeed, a mathe-



matical error hindered Newton for a number of years from demonstrating his theory of the laws of gravitation.

Often little words have great results as well as deeds. Everyone knows that a "yes" very often gives more happiness than the longest word in the English language could convey. "No," with the proper surroundings and at the opportune time produces that ease of conscience to be coveted by kings and queens of untold wealth. "At," when used at the end of some sentences unthoughtedly, can make a schoolboy feel as if he were ready for mountains to fall and cover him. "It," when placed after, "he thinks he's —," expresses an idea that poets might attempt in words resplendent as the glowing morn and yet not put it half so well.

In our language, both written and spoken, it is the little mistake that causes us so much worry and trouble. The omission of a comma often changes the entire meaning of a sentence, and a word misspelled or incorrectly used has been the cause of many persons failing to secure coveted positions.

In the field of Literature we appreciate the fact that all of our great poets paid the closest attention to minute details in all of their works. Why do we enjoy reading the *Canterbury Tales*? It is because Chaucer so vividly portrays the characters, not even omitting the least description of feature or dress. Wordsworth found inspiration in the daisy and the shadow that it casts. Robert Burns' best nature poem is entitled "To a Mouse." The song of the lark has influenced both the poet and the artist, and they in turn have helped us to appreciate more fully all the "messengers of spring." Even our great Junior poet scorns not the *little* (themes).

In every phase of life, whether industrial, political, educational or social, we find that the little things if rightly used count more toward winning success for us than all things else. Let us not forget that in this busy work-a-day world, if we would be happy here and hereafter, we must

take advantage of the opportunities to do the little kindnesses that daily present themselves to us, and then at the sunset of life these words from the Master's lips will seem dearer to us than the applause of all the world!

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

—oOo—

### THE JEWEL OF LIFE.

In the wee small hours of loneliness, when the world is all still and cold without, when dark clouds hover low, and soft snowflakes gently drift 'gainst the clouded window-pane; when the sad wind sighs with a dreary moan as he rocks the trees in the darkness of night; ah, it is when touched by the undisturbed solitude of such an hour that the golden chord of pure thought is set vibrating, and out of the depths of human soul the gems of life spring forth. It is then that pure, clean, beautiful thoughts arise as the crystal water from the bubbling fountain. And as is the diamond to the king's crown, so is a beautiful thought to the mind of man. Only the king's crown is a thing transient—passing with the passing of the years. The mind of man is a thing eternal—a thing not altered by the roll of time. The diamond of the crown is a jewel not living, but the pure thought is the jewel of life.

—oOo—

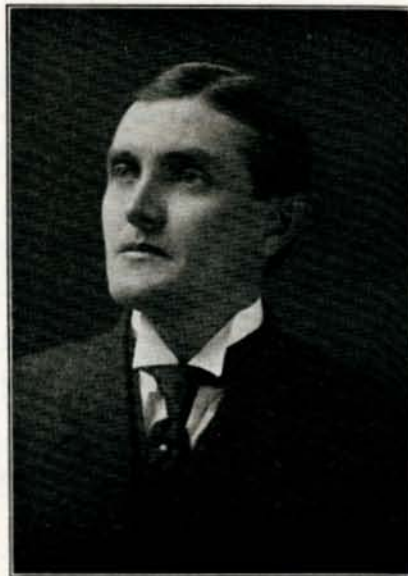
### Our Leader

According to the most ancient of all records, people have never been able to tell what, when or where things were going to happen—not even the most commonplace things, as rain or sunshine. But the most inexcusable happening not to be found in all the annals of History was the birth of Billie-in-State G. Craig. We do not know just when this event took place, as the records of that day are very unauthentic, but it is believed by his wife's parents to have



been sometime in his early childhood—probably in his infancy.

Immediately after his birth came his school days, and until this good day none of those who stood above him in the spelling class, viz., all of them, ever lose an opportunity to laud his dear old Scottish father for his benevolence in allowing Billie-in-State to share his board of plenty. And, too, we were about to forget to mention his mother, who before her marriage was Miss Henry; she toiled and



yearned to serve W. J. and the others, because through the terrible blindness of her mother's love she thought little Cra(i)gs were pretty. His father being Scotch, was a man of very admirable and peculiar characteristics. When the 'phone rang he would invariably say, "I mind it not." But we do not know that W. J. took after his father, but rather think from the man he made out of Billie-in-State, whom we—especially we Juniors—have learned to love as an older brother and to admire for his strength of character, that

his father must have always taken after "him" with a board.

We are glad that it is our pleasure to work under a man who sees life in its broadest sense and in its actual relation to all mankind. We think life has an optimistic as well as a pessimistic side, and furthermore, we advocate the development of the former and the squelching of every tendency toward the latter.

After his school days, during the vacations of which he cultivated tobacco on his father's farm, he taught in the rural schools for seven years, worked in a bank in St. Louis, taught in the Owensboro High School and in Colorado.

His favorite sport is hunting. He owns a bird dog—Budd—of which he is very fond; probably this devotion is due partly to sympathy, as each one has suffered from an accidental gun shot; Prof. Craig lost his thumb and Budd his temper.

Regardless of all the ups and downs of childhood, Billie-in-State J. Craig has developed into Prof. W. J. Craig, of the Science Department of one of the greatest Normal Schools in our land. No one in the institution is appreciated and loved more than this man.

He has made for himself the reputation of one of the best institute instructors to be found in the State. One of his greatest successes in this capacity was made at Columbia, Adair County, during which time the ladies showered him most extravagantly with flowers. But Cupid made a fatal attack on him and put a stop to the little flower girls' coquetry. Mrs. Craig has now been in Bowling Green about two years, and besides is a full-fledged honorary Junior, and as a secret we might tell you that Prof. W. J. has changed his black tie for a red one since about six months ago.

Putting aside all jokes, which we are allowed to spring promiscuously on each other, remembering that we are all Juniors, we cannot say in words what we feel in our hearts for our leader. We can show him better than tell him just



how much we honor and respect him. One and all wish for him and his a long and prosperous, useful and happy life, and may Heaven's richest benediction guard, guide and direct his footsteps is our sincere desire.

—oOo—

#### GOSSIP, A RAT—RESULTS.

If you could have been awake at a very late hour on March the 3d, and could have had so keen an eye that it could pierce the musky shadows that enveloped Normal Hill, you would have been surprised to see a Junior stealthily making his way to a secret passage in the still holy hours. Watching, you would have seen him scratch leaves and other coverings from a strong box, and tremblingly clutching it in one hand and groping his way with the other, bear it from its hiding place, then, as if borne by the wings of Mercury, take it to what seemed to be a consultation room, a very secret apartment. You then could have watched while the box was being pried open; and possibly you would have grown nervous, as did those watching, while this black-eyed Junior hit his thumb and mashed his nails in his struggles. But when the lid at last was off—you would have stared! For you would have expected to see—maybe gold, or brains, or thoughts, or "P's" or anything a Junior mostly craves. But the eager witnesses surely got what they expected—only more, for all stood with eager, mysterious expressions as Mr. Brown said, "And you actually kept this gossip right here on Normal Hill and even brought it here without a single person knowing?" The Junior replied, "Yes, but I'll tell you, don't you ever try to keep such a thing, if you have to manufacture a box that will hold it." Just then Chester Shaw stepped up to view the box; and, prone to break the harmony of things, instantly said, "But I guess in spite of all your trouble, things have torn themselves to pieces trying to get out into the world." "Oh, what on earth is that," shrieked Sadie Wade, as from under the mass of cut paper emerged a saucy little head and—the rat of which you have

heard, leaped out. With shudders and cries, the girls, Edna Ford, Sadie Wade and Catherine Combest, fled from the horrible beast, leaving the boys to mourn over the loss of such perfectly good gossip, collected for THE ELEVATOR, and do the best they could to piece some of it together.

The first scrap read like this: "Isom Mitchell sat until long past midnight, and studied, and thought, and thought—"

"Won't do at all," said Chester Shaw.

"But here's the rest of it," said Mr. Brown, "'about the color of her eyes and hair.'"

Next, Mr. Vincent found a scrap like this:

"Mr. Bert Smith is dead"

"Oh! horrors!" shrieked all of them, "but do you reckon this is the other piece?"

—"in love with a girl who wears glasses."

They next grew sympathetic over this:

"Miss Letitia Hocker wept long and bitterly in disappointment over her room-mate—"

But a scrap in the very bottom read like this—

—" 's not bringing her accustomed letter from the afternoon mail."

"Have I gone crazy?" said Mr. Brown; "listen here"—

"Mr. Compton spent several hours the other night listening to a Lark"—

"Do Larks sing at night?" Mr. Vincent found this scrap later, however, that fits—

—"ins."

"Well, I don't see this," said Mr. Wilson:

"Harvey Sweeney has been under the care of the doctor for sometime, because of the dreadful fear that he has lost a Penny"—

"Oh, that's easy," said one of the others, as he produced a slip with this word on it:

—"baker."

"I don't see that that makes it clear, but maybe I'm stupid."



Breathless with excitement they searched the box, when they had found this scrap, thinking they were about to make a great discovery:

"Of all the girls the very best, Mr. Bandy certainly likes Miss—"

And do you know, there were one, two, three, four, five—but the boys got tired counting the scraps that exactly fit that piece of paper. (Girls, aren't you glad?) This odd piece of news next claimed their attention:

"Miss Barry refuses to start out this beautiful spring weather with anyone"—

All thought she must be selfish until they fitted this on:—"who is not a Walker."

They are still puzzling over this:

"One of our Normal boys injured his heart badly not long ago while endeavoring to capture a Hawk"—

"Must have tried running," said Shaw. "This scrap fits there," said Vincent, "but just makes it have less sense:

—"ins."

Then this was found:

"Mollie Stenson was heard to say that she would just be overjoyed to get something that nobody else would have if they could possibly help it."

They agreed that she just wanted to be odd; but really there's nothing odd about it, for the rest of the paper read: said:

—"for nobody wants a Dunn."

The boys grew nervous over this:

"Miss Burks says she just can't stand boys—" until they found what seems to fit:

—"unless they are perfectly Frank."

"Read this," said Brown. "This certainly is a silly remark:"

"A boy was heard to remark the other day that in mind he sees a beautiful picture everytime he finds a lot of mud"—

"Not so very," said Vincent, "the rest is:"

—"for he always thinks of Wade."

They never did get the following straightened out, but they offer a reward for the best solution:

Scrap No. 1. "Lyda Mae Lewis sat in the front room of her home the other evening talking to a tall gentleman named"—

Scrap No. 2. "At the same time, a person was seen sitting on the doorstep who looked very much like"—

Scraps No. 3 and No. 4 are—"Compton" and "Bandy, but Compton wouldn't be on the doorstep.

That faithful Junior who made the collection knew well the proneness of gossip to leak out and scatter itself promiscuously about, and used every precaution to keep it; but that rat must have been in league with one of those persons who just knows by instinct where to find the things nobody told, that nobody saw, that nobody heard, but that everybody soon finds out. However, he's a staunch friend of Miss Henderson's, for all about that love affair of hers had been found out and he completely destroyed it, along with all the real news, like the way our boys won that splendid victory not long ago.

—oOo—

#### TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

Two little feet in their wee white slippers  
Of satin, silk and kid,  
Lead me a dance through the moonlit clover,  
Where fairy forms lie hid.

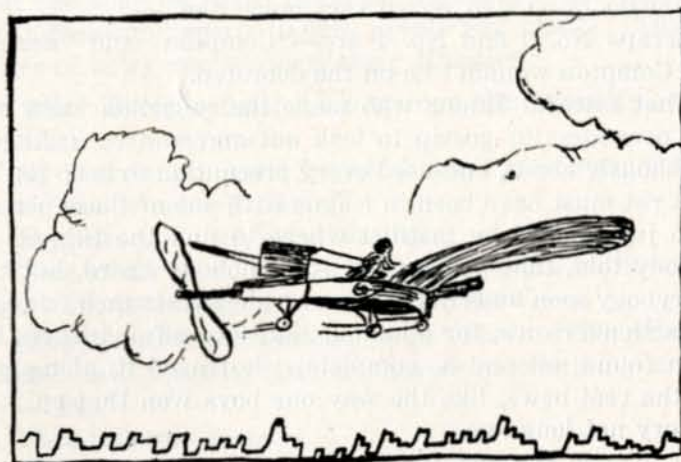
Two little feet in their wee white slippers—  
What if the grass is wet?  
'Twas often so in the days now over,  
When down by the hedge we met.

What if the years our hair have silvered,  
Since in the falling dew  
She smiled and called me her grown-up lover,  
There by the hedge of yew.



There by the hedge where live the fairies,  
Time has lost his sway;  
Still I'm only her grown-up lover,  
As I was on yesterday.

—oOo—

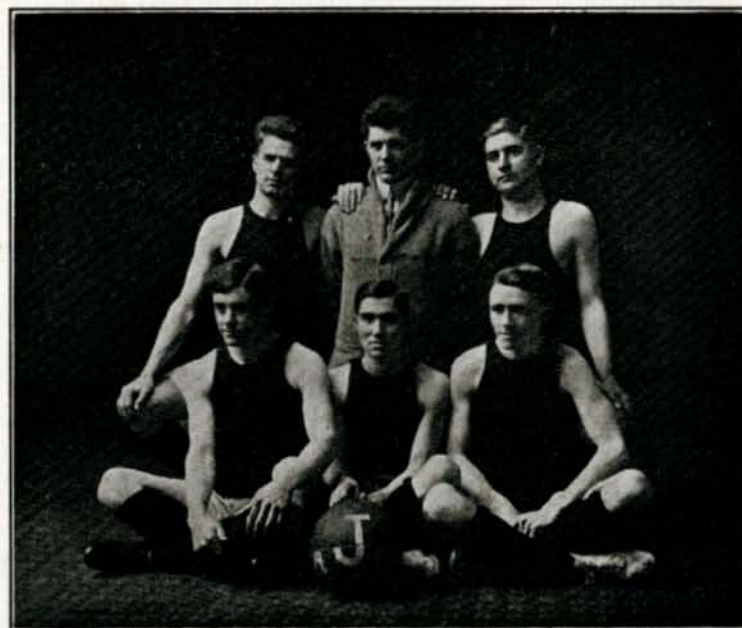


WHEN THE JUNIORS FLY.

The first attempts at navigating the air were made in balloons. Inability to control the ordinary balloons led to the invention of various devices. All of these may be classed under two divisions, those depending entirely on mechanical action for their flight and those in which the lifting power is provided by a balloon with a steering apparatus, known as the dirigible balloon.

The art of ballooning originated in 1783, with the experiments of Messrs. Charles and Roberts, who improved upon those of Montgolfiers of a few weeks earlier, by the substitution of hydrogen for heated air in the filling of balloons. All the attempts of aerial navigation were made at or near Paris. The interest then awakened in all departments of aeronautics has continued unabated until the pres-

ent time. It no longer remains uncertain what may be considered the most promising direction of improvement. The successful, rapid, safe and commercially practical navigation of the atmosphere is almost here. For with all the aeroplanes, biplanes, monoplanes, and other planes, it ap-



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

Front Row (right to left)—Bandy, Sadler, Brown.  
Back Row (from left to right)—Mitchell, Woodrum (coach), Hooks.

pears plain, that ere long some of these planes will be navigating above every plain of the country.

Among the many and varied kinds of air craft, the Zepelin machine is probably the greatest from the standpoint of size, strength and lifting capacity. It has a lifting power of from four to five tons, and its hull is about 445 feet in length. A strong framework beneath the hull contains the motors, propellers and cabins for passengers and crew. A



German company, organized in 1909, build and operate Zeppelin airships for the purpose of carrying passengers. One of their ships, the Zeppelin III, has made many voyages, carrying, besides the six operators, fifteen people, and flying a distance of two hundred miles in less than seven hours.

It is a commercial success—a luxury of to-day, but a convenience and necessity of to-morrow. And as I sit here reading the lines I have written telling of its crude beginning and development until to-day, when it is recognized as the way leading to better travel, I think of myself living in an age a century hence, but with the same companions and scenes about me. I imagine I can see a monstrous ship swoop down and light on the campus just in front of old Potter College, and in my vision I behold the Junior graduating class of 1914 rushing forth, with flying banners—black and gold, to board this monster of the air. There is Prof. Craig, our gallant leader, at the wheel, and every Junior knows that the great ship will be guided aright. Then as Mr. Guerin steps upon the deck, he becomes inspired and “hears another vision.” Last of all to board the great vessel are Mr. Pusey and Miss Hermon, as they set their tiny feet upon its outstretched wings.

All merry? Yes. Why? Because they hold in their hands the Junior certificates, and now are bound for their introduction to the world. While sailing over the plains of Warren County they move out upon the wings of the ship, where all is prepared for a reception as splendid and magnificent as the feast of a king, and begin dancing the Old Virginia Reel. Happy are the jolly Juniors up there between two worlds. Below lies an endless spread of hills, savage and sullen in the dying light. Above hangs a veil of violet mist as majestically on flies the great bird, scattering the Juniors from one end to the other of this grand old Commonwealth, where they are left to realize their own destiny and to influence that of the State.

Has the airship fulfilled its mission and expectations? I say yes. Even if it never does anything more than what

it has done by carrying to all parts of Kentucky these men and women, polished as they are by the diamond-dust of education and souls filled with visions and dreams of higher life.

“Sail on, O Ship of State.”

Sail on, O Juniors, strong and great.

—oOo—

## Who's Who, and Why

There is a Junior whose policy is now and has ever been that of accurateness in word and deed, and on this account no one has ever doubted the greatness of his achievements now or failed to prophesy wonderful things for the future. At present he is laboring faithfully on a very rare collection of “sayings.” He believes the thought embodied in them has been the chief factor in raising him to his present height. Being so well trained in childhood, Pierce can merely rely on his memory for these, as his mind is an orderly storehouse and never allows things to become confused. It would be no less than treason to here give the reader more than a hint of the contents. However, the wisdom of the first few will not only give a higher regard for the author, but make one resolve then and there to pawn his family silver, else possess this new edition:

“No use to lock the stable door after the milk is spilt.”

“Make hay while the iron's hot.”

“Fish of a feather flock together.”

“All's well that waits for no man.”

“It's the early bird that makes the mare go.”

But of course you'll read the others.

### *Childhood Recollections of the Famous Vincent.*

One just to look at me would instantly guess that my childhood experiences were not wholly ordinary, but neither you nor your brother Bill would ever guess that as a kid I was a complete master of slang. Nobody ever got anything on me in the slang line when I was a kid. But Mr. Claggett



has certainly unpropped me on that proposition, nothing but classical language for me henceforth and forever, by the great tin can. Why, when I was yet a very young hopeful I knew all the vocabulary of slang from "I shall worry" in the morning, to "good-night," at night, and no by-word ever scared me but "great snakes." You, of course, are not knocked off the Christmas tree in astonishment at the man I am, but you didn't happen to be standing around the corner anywhere to see my prospects when I was young. Often it wasn't anything for me to resist temptation—when the jam was so high I couldn't reach it. But my sins sometimes found me out at the elbows. My mother said I was an angel, when I filled the woodbox full.

Brother John said I was a mule—when I refused to play what he wanted to.

Sister Sue said I was an owl—'cause I would stay up late, on Sunday nights.

Dad said I was a fox, when I kept from going to the woodshed by pure shrewdness.

Little sis said I was a regular bear—'cause I tried to show her how much I loved her.

They all said I was a bird the first time I dressed up.

An angel, a mule, a fox, a bear, an owl, a bird, in fact, a regular zoo; I thought I'd be a real menagerie when I got to be a man. But you see, every time I got to feeling big, my mother somehow noticed it and that's just why the man who looks at me sees a man of grave and modest mien. For, take it from me, no more conceit or slang shall enter my classical brain—the memory of those hair-brush backs remains—

Like the flashing of fire-bugs in the dark at night,  
Like the twinkling of stars—all shining bright,  
Like the roaring of waters against the reef,  
Like the rumbling of thunder is my belief,  
Like a thousand needles, each as sharp as can be,  
Like a painful sting of a black bumble-bee,  
Were the sensations I had when my mother punished me.

Like the wailing of coyote on a wasted plain,  
Like the moaning of tree boughs or loud call of swain,  
Like the wheezing of pigs, when they're hungry and cold,  
Like the croaking of frogs when the wind blows bold,  
Like the yelp of a dog when there's a squirrel up a tree  
Were the sensations I had when my mother punished me.

Did you ever hear of a girl being famous unless she were a suffragette or a man-hater? Well, the Juniors are glad to state that among them is such a wonder. And what is the cause of her fame, do you ask? Why, you have surely noticed it. She holds the only possible key to that indescribably pleasing manner of hers. As a tiny child, when things went wrong and the other children made uproarious noises, this little maiden, the oldest among them, would slowly and deliberately rise and lead them from the room and bolt the door. And when from her work in a distant room the mother would hear many furious voices chiming out of harmony, "Sadie! Sadie!" and come to investigate, very likely the stately Sadie would be perched on the highest piece of furniture in the room, enjoying every article she wished, whether it were Ted's or Nancy's. (Just so has she ever had her desires.)

When she was sent to school, on the second day, only because she was ignorant of the rules, she did something out of order. The teacher, a very strict elderly lady, started to punish her, but with stately grace Sadie stepped aside and with, "I truly beg your pardon, madam," primly took her seat. The teacher, humiliated, and envious already, went quickly to her accustomed throne and the remainder of the day endeavored to imitate her new pupil. As you know, this same pupil came at last to the Normal, not having lost this charm but increased it year by year until now if you were to glance in Room 24 on Friday afternoon you would see even Prof. Craig sitting very straight and more or less comfortable looking, just because this girl whose other name is Wade occupies a seat in that same room; and



W. C. Wilson, for the same reason, never allowing his hands to get in the wrong position; and Mr. Hooks, whenever his voice is heard, using his most charming accent—just because of this girl who is “just a girl,” and yet has her name on the Who’s Who page in the greatest paper of the State.

It is easy to see why Mr. Leslie Woodrum is great in the athletic field, when we know some of the influences which he felt as a child. We are told that at the early age of seven years, he fell in love with—oh, well, he might “Dye should we tell her name. He had a formidable rival who was noted, among “the fellows at school,” for his “muscle. As girls always admire strength, little Leslie felt that he must excel his rival in doing “stunts.” Consequently, the dawn of every morning found him in the orchard hanging by one toe to a limb of the old apple tree, or lifting his body from the ground by one little finger, or perhaps swinging his body around a limb of the tree at such speed as to make 5,540 revolutions per minute, while his little brother stood by making such exclamations as “You sure are doin’ fine, Les.” Thus, as his love for the maiden grew, and his hate for the rival increased, so developed his athletic power.

Now, about Mr. J. S. Brown’s oratory—he just always was that way. Just as the light of day first smiled upon his woebegone countenance to welcome him into the world, and just as the mother, the father and friends bestowed upon him their first smile of greeting, there poured forth from his lips (or rather, lungs) a stream of eloquent oratory such as his audience had never heard before. There was a hushed silence among the listeners, everyone seemed to grow breathless under the sway of his wonderful oratorical power. Spellbound (or rather, at their wit’s-end) he held them for fully an hour. We are wont to believe that then and there the fairy god-mother bestowed upon him a blessing which is his unto this good day.

Many of us have wondered if Miss Mattie Morgan was born writing themes, since she astonishes us so with her wonderful power along that line; and, as a result of our curiosity, we have discovered her first manuscript, which is a description of her teacher, and runs as follows:

“My teacher she’s got eyes jus’ like our little calf they are so pretty an her mouth is a nice big round sugared doughnut an I wisht I could eat it an her ears they are purty too but you can’t see ’em cause she’s got oceans of hair over them to keep from hearing so much noise so she wont lose her nerves I guess an her feet well I never have seen them cause she wont go barefooted an her hands, now they are the only things that spoil her they are always spanking Jimmy Jones when we dont want him spanked.”

When we have read the description and noted the similes and metaphors which she as a child has used, there is nothing else for us to believe but that she came into the world in the form of a human, but in truth a little can of condensed themes upon every subject imaginable, which, when a little study was added to them became the writings that have received almost all of Mr. Clagett’s A’s, A+’s, A++’s, and so on.

—oOo—

#### WASHINGTON’S BIRTHDAY ON NORMAL HEIGHTS.

On the eve of the 22nd of February, 1914, two fairies met on Normal Heights; no eye beheld them, but soon the influence of their presence could be seen. First, the leaves of the calendar in the Dean’s office began fluttering back till they came once more to February 22nd, only this time the date was 1780. Next the fortifications around took on a formidable aspect, and only thirteen stars appeared in the flag as it floated on high. Then, New Vanmeter Hall became the home of General Schuyler, where preparations were being made for a ball to be given that evening in honor of General Washington’s birthday; the servants, Uncle Nero, Uncle Rastus and Aunt Sukey, were flying impor-



tantly about. The subject was of great interest to the entire family, especially Miss Margaret Van Renessalear Schuyler, alias Peggy, as it was her first ball, and Alexander Hamilton had given her a pair of slippers for promising to arrange so that he might dance most of the evening with her sister, Betty. However, before the evening came, one of the slippers had disappeared, and search as they would, it could not be found. Another cause of dismay was in the fact that the British had made a raid and stolen the things which had been ordered for the refreshments of the evening.

At the appointed hour the guests began to arrive, General and Mrs. Washington, the latter dressed in a beautiful dark red silk which she had woven herself from the brocade covers of some old chairs; Baron and Baroness Von Steuben, John Adams, James Madison, John Jay, de La Fayette and wife, Alexander Hamilton, also Light-horse Harry Lee and General Starks were among the distinguished guests; however, the General's entire army was there, besides many friends from town. Morristown

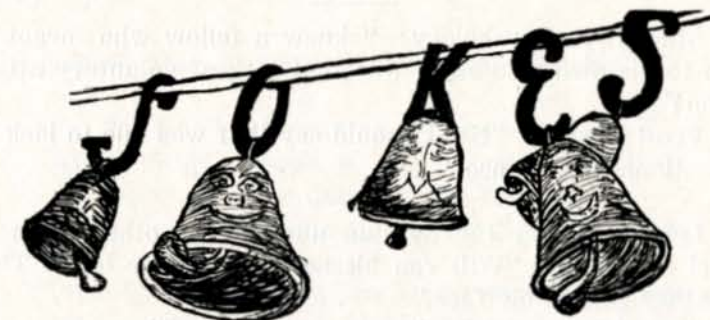
" . . . had gathered there,  
Its beauty and its chivalry, and bright  
Lights shone o'er fair women and brave men."

The young people planned to dance the minuet. General Washington asked Peggy to dance. She accepted, then hesitated and became very much embarrassed. After threats and remonstrances from the family, she begged the General's pardon and explained that she had been forced to come with only one slipper. The General very gallantly took off his to relieve the situation, when her rascal of a brother, young Philip Jeremiah, appeared with the missing slipper. Aunt Sukey soon hustled him off to bed again, and they proceeded with the minuet. Baroness Von Steuben was asked to play. After the dance the guests were entertained in various ways; some danced the Virginia Reel, others played games and charades, Uncle Nero and Uncle Rastus felt their

importance and were very anxious that the guests should have a pleasant time. The evening slipped by very quickly, when all at once the lights went out and all were in total darkness. For a moment every heart grew still, and the first thought was, "We have fallen into the hands of the British," but Uncle Rastus was equal to the occasion, and with quick wit announced that all was well, but owing to the scarcity of supplies during war times, the candles had given out, but all would be safely conducted home.

As the guests departed in all directions, things assumed their "Normal" aspect once more, and lest anyone should doubt the reality of all this, it might be best to give the names of the fairies who conceived this idea—Miss Kate Clagett and Miss Belle Potter.

—oOo—



FROM THE SMILE FACTORY.

Miss Reid (in English class): "Mr. Pusie, give me a good sentence using the word, 'notwithstanding.'"

Mr. Pusie: "The man's trousers were worn out not with standing."

Teacher: "Mr. Mitchell, were you present yesterday?"

Mitchell: "No, sir, Professor, I was sorter under the weather."

Teacher: "I hope it didn't hurt you."



"Poor fellow," exclaimed Mr. White, after reading the following: "Mr. Brown slipped on a polished floor and killed himself."

Chester Shaw: "Sort of a hard-wood finish, you might say."

New Student (to Prof. Craig): "I wish you would please write me a recommendation."

Prof. C.: "Why, why, you've just come."

N. S.: "That's why I want you to write it now."

Prof. Green: "A geologist thinks nothing of a hundred years."

Will Sadler: "Great Scott, I want to get to chapel this morning."

Student in Psychology: "knew a fellow who forgot to go to his own wedding; was that lack of voluntary attention?"

Prof. Burton: "No, I should say that was due to lack of emotional preference."

Leroy Crafton (at Lyceum number the other night to girl in front): "Will you please remove your hat? That feather gets in my face."

She: "Well, why don't you wear glasses?"

I admire Caesar and Napoleon, I love Washington and Lee—but, oh, you, General Unknown!

Lyda Mae Lewis: "I think Mr. Compton looks like a god."

Edna Ford: "Yes, like a Chinese one."

"When Flo and Ebenezer met,  
The tide was running low,  
That meeting some remember yet  
Who saw them, Eb and Flo."

Laura Cantrell: "Why isn't Chester Shaw at Society this afternoon?"

Edith Duke: "Sent to the pest house on general principles."

To Mr. Bandy (looking longingly at a car).

Owner: "Thinking of buying a machine?"

Mr. B.: "No, I just thought this was a *Ford*."

She looked up into his face with eyes glowing with interest and eagerness, and as his voice lowered with the importance of his theme, her expression kept pace with his tone.

To what was she so eagerly listening while the birds all around sang gladly of spring?—Why, the latest smallpox tale, of course.

Printed by request of Messrs. Sadler and Hines:

"Tis the last fly of summer, left crawling alone,  
All his filthy companions are frozen and gone;  
All feebly he drags himself into the sun,  
For he knows that the days of his glory are done.

"I'll not leave thee thou lean one to crawl on the screen,  
I'll swat thee, although thou art wrinkled and lean.  
And crippled and ancient and wholly unable  
To fly from the garbage pail onto the table.

"Thy sins done in summer shall not be forgot,  
Nor will I withhold the well-merited swat,  
For a fly in the winter is still but a fly  
(Hairy legged bandit that walks in the pie)."



## THEIR SECRET THOUGHTS.

"I thought I loved Miss Claudia Price,  
But I guess it was only a notion;  
Oh, if she would only think of me,  
Then I would second the motion."

—Leslie Brown.

"Valentine night is the best time of the year for marry-  
ing—you can separate without a divorce."—Bess Combest.

"I like to watch the honest game,  
I never enjoy the fakir;  
But the funniest thing in our basketball  
Was Miss Herman and Miss Pennebaker."

—Chester Shaw.

"I'm a quartet bass and basketball guard;  
I'm a genuine Junior, pure and hard."

—J. S. Brown.

"I failed, but yet you'll hear no moans  
Because I did not get Miss Jones."

—F. L. Hooks.

"Most any time my work I'll shirk  
To get one word with Marguerite Burke."

—W. C. Wilson.

"Some occupations are easily learned, but it's not so easy  
to become a Taylor (tailor)."—Nellie Wand.

Don't scorn to be a Junior, because you can't get through;  
Although they are knocked for boasting, it may not all be  
true.

They are loyal to the Kit-Kats, and they *love* the Seniors,  
too;—

Well, we won't say everyone does, but some there are who do.

There is a dauntless spirit that says we must win out,  
But we know to be conceited is wrong without a doubt.

So, please forgive our errors, and cheer us on our way,  
For we have once been Kit-Kats, and Seniors will be *some*  
*day.* —Juniors.

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