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UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. V, No. 7

Western Kentucky University

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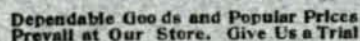
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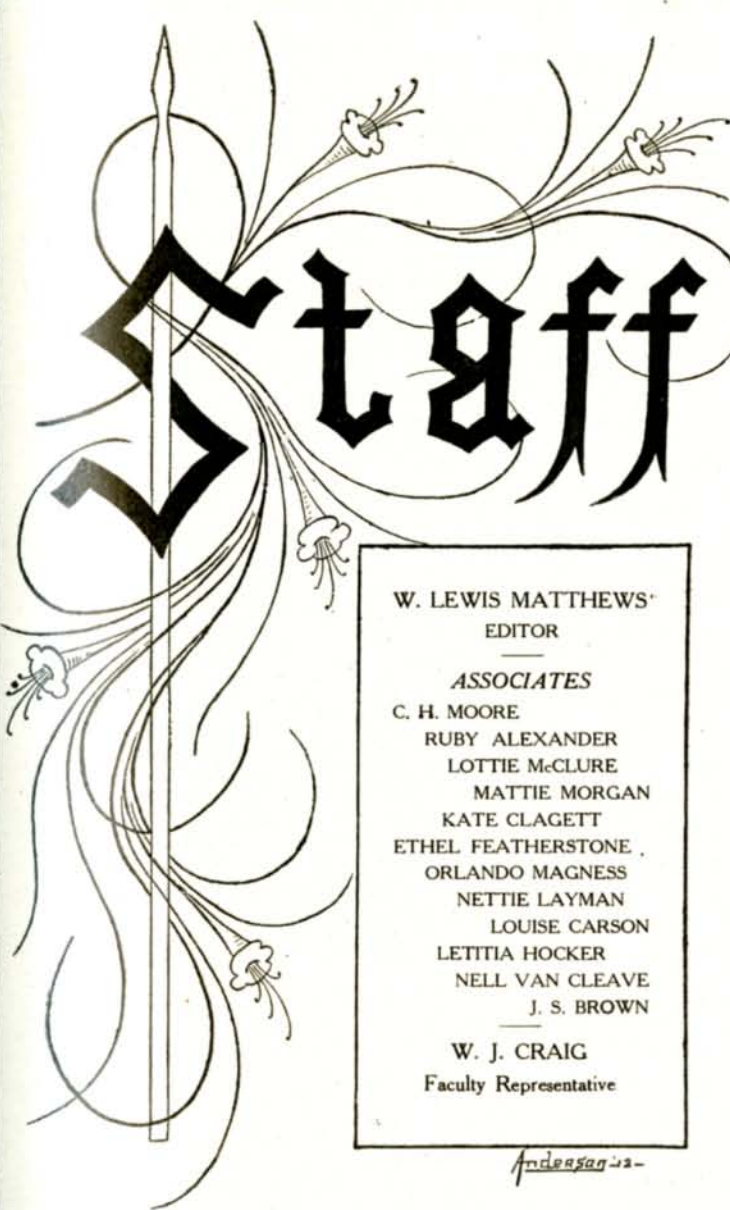
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THE ELEVATOR

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.

MAY, 1914

NO. 7

Concerning

During the early summer of 1910, there appeared in our language a term of such vivaciousness and distinct application as to secure for it at once a fat berth in our idomatic corps. The occasion of the origin of this term was the discussion pertaining to a fistic argument staged and waged at Reno, Nevada, on a July afternoon of that year.

Several years prior to that, a white man, named Jeffries, having made quite a bit of money by performing difficult feats of alteration upon the countenances and bodies of certain competitors, retired to a private life of indulgence, the undisputed king bee of alterationists. But, no! a cullud pusson named Johnsing suddenly appeared obstreperously demanding a recount. Then ensued a great argument in the pink supplements of the daily papers. One school of debaters argued that Jeffries having been, and gone away, could not come back. The opposing school held that his retirement had not in any way affected his ability to perform, and that he could come back. Thus began the phrase, "Come back," subject to use either as a noun or as a verb. The application has reference to any person who after having been out of a line of work for a while attempts to take it up again. Sometimes they "come back," and sometimes they fail. It all depends.

Joe Roemer will succeed. He is built of that sort of stuff. Eight years ago he left the teaching profession. Two years

THE ELEVATOR.

323

ago he decided to come back. He is now on his way and traveling some. Watch him.

Butler County, Kentucky, is the place, and September 25, 1884, is the date associated with his birth. At the rich, ripe age of eighteen he taught a rural school near Wood-



bury. Now, it seems that Inspiration has a sub-station at Woodbury. Dixie Hollins got supplied there; likewise P. C. Smith, W. T. Hines, and a host of others. So, by being on the spot, and thereby eliminating freight charges, Joe took on a large order. Then he entered the Normal School where Inspiration has its head office. Consequently Inspiration is a commodity in which Joe has ever been flush. From 1902 until 1905 Joe Sandwiched terms in the Normal in between

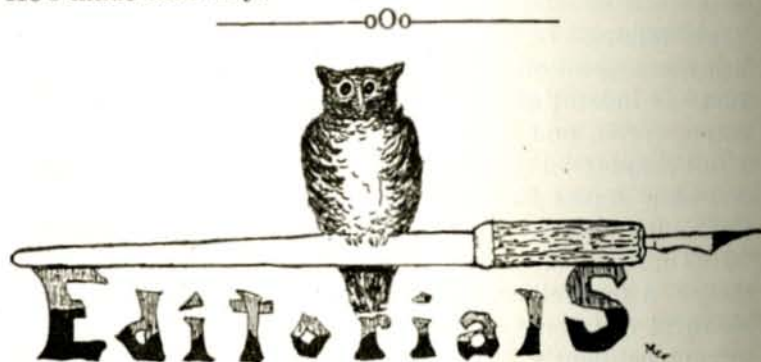
terms in the rural schools of Butler County. On his return to the Normal early in 1905, he became associated with another ebullient spirit, one Rupert Clyde Jordan. They took rooms together, and, having tastes in common, soon became bosom friends. At that time the Reconstruction novels of Thomas Dixon were at the flood tide of their popularity. By chance Joe got hold of "The Leopard's Spots," and read it, and then and there became the champion yearner after Yankee scalps. Jordan read the book, and immediately went his colleague one better in soulful yearning for abolition gore. They were in one accord filled with an unutterable longing to cross the Ohio or the Delaware or the Rubicon or something and emancipate the nation from its emancipators. There wasn't any stream of water handy with Yankees dressed for execution disporting on the opposite side, so they had to cancel that desire, and substitute a series of finals and perferoid orations whose temperature averaged about one hundred and twenty-three in the shade. It began to look pretty blue for the blue coats, but the crisis passed just in time; the warlike rumblings died away in the distance, and all was safe. That was Joe's nerve explosion. Everybody has one or more along about that period of life. Sometimes they are occasioned by politics, sometimes by religion, sometimes by some new fad in educational, or civic life. It doesn't matter what the cause is. They come and go, and leave the victims no sadder, but wiser.

Joe graduated from the Science Course of the Southern Normal, July, 1905. Then he spent a year in the B. G. B. U., learning how to assort figures. September, 1906, found him back in the Normal; July, 1907, he received his appointment as Bachelor of Arts. Immediately following that he accepted a position in the American National Bank, at Bowling Green. He remained there five years, but all the time the call of the school room, the lure of the pedagogical library was becoming more insistent and compelling until in September, 1912, he resigned his position and entered Kentucky State University, from which he will graduate during

the coming summer. His record at State has been most enviable. He has romped along in vanguard of all his classes. He has annexed a large part of the honors offered in his department of the University, among them being a prize offered by Henry Clews, of New York, to the student of any State University submitting the best essay treating of our relations with Japan. Also, in a recent contest including representatives from all departments, he was declared the premier debater of the institution. They say that in his set speech, he didn't loom up so formidable, but when he came up for his parliamentary rejoinder he started something. Although he "just talked," his words raised blisters wherever they hit. The fire department surrounded the auditorium and stood with its finger on the trigger of the hose until he had finished in one great flare of triumph. "Just talking" is one of Joe's long suits. He can talk an insurance agent out of attempting to talk him into an order. He is an indefatigable and irrepressible talker. Say a half-dozen words, and it's Joe's cue to come back at you with a full chapter. For instance, you have just been to the city and seen James K. Hackett in "The King's Game." You start out, "When I was in Cincinnati I saw 'The King—'" "Of Timbucktoo," cuts in Joe. "I read about him being there. A fine fellow, long, straight as an array, arrayed in his royal vestments of sandals and earrings." Here, you interrupt petulantly, "I don't see why you can't wait for me to—" "Finish," supplements Joe. "Now, how did I know what you started to say? I don't know myself. I'm just made that way. I sort of sense things. Maybe I'm a prophet. I don't know. But you hadn't ought to keep me here talking to me when I ought to be at work on my essay on, Bismarck the Man of Silence." Next year, Joe is going to Clark University, where nobody ever opens his mouth except to give the ultra final word on whatever it is he's talking about. But, believe me, Joe will be there with some "final words" about the time he matriculates. He will read his message to them in person.

I have thus far failed to mention two particularly important events in Joe's life. In 1908, he delivered the annual address before the Normal Alumni. The subject was Child Labor, a favorite topic among speech makers at that time. Joe made a great speech, going into the fundamentals of the issue, and deducing scientific conclusions therefrom. The other event referred to was his marriage, which occurred in June, 1911. Joe has been a pretty wise youth all along, but the wisest thing he ever did was to wed Miss Louise Beasley, whom every reader of this sketch knows and honors. She has been a very potent agent in Joe's coming back to the pedagogical fold.

As I said before, Just watch Joe come back. He will make it, all right, and will re-enlist high up in the ranks, too. He's made that way.



What Is a Home?

"Man is the only creature of culture." It is said that while the bee constructs its cell with surpassing ingenuity, it is not unlike the cell it constructed in the hollow trees of old. Also, most birds build their nests with marvelous skill, but they built them in the same way in the primeval forest; the lark sings with entrancing sweetness, but it uses only the same notes with which it greeted the dawn of long-ago.

Just how far these statements will hold true I am not attempting to say, but that it is a beautiful subject on which

to think, no one will deny. Four bare walls do not make a civilized home. There must be ventilation, light, and inner belongings which go to supply the needs of a civilized home. Even then the structure cannot be called a home. Living intelligence must enter, set the room in order and fill its atmosphere with companionable presence.

If the cultured home is the most important of all our institutions, and we take it that it is, are the schools of our land doing the most possible to make real homes—*homes* and not houses?

—o—

Read our advertisements.

—o—

Why not subscribe for THE ELEVATOR? We need your subscription, you need the paper. Let's trade.

Training School News.

On our exchange table we find a new paper—the *Training School News*. We have read it carefully from the first article to the last advertisement, and we find in every department those characteristics which go to make up a wide-awake school paper. One cannot read a single issue of this paper without feeling that it must be backed up by a brilliant staff of boys and girls who are willing to put forth their best effort in whatever they undertake. Success to the *Training School News* and all who are connected with it in any way.

—o— *Letter-Writing.*

On a certain page in the proper book you can find this sentence: "A correspondence between two persons is simply a conversation reduced to writing." But we would say on the subject of Letter-Writing that too few people fail to reduce—their letters fail to tell what they wish to tell, all because they use too many words for what they say. A letter should contain the desired facts, ideas, and feelings—if

it is the right time of the year for you to have feelings to express. For instance, if you are writing to a poetical friend and want to say (no matter if the temperature is eighteen degrees below zero and your ink frozen), "As I sit thinking of YOU I am transported to that realm where the babbling brooks of eternal bliss run on forever," of course that is all right; you are a privileged character under such circumstances; otherwise let your letters be as briefly as perspicuity and elegance will permit.

Of course, an editor of a school paper has nothing to do but write a few editorials every now and then (which are never read) telling people how they should do things. (Oh, well, as a minor part of his work he may be expected to keep on good terms with the business men of the city in which his paper is located, in order to get "ads," also he may be expected to solicit subscriptions, gather all the news of the school and field, keep up with the addresses of about a thousand subscribers—providing he has that many, write a few jokes when the joke editor is off at some summer resort trying to think up something original, or by chance he may be called upon to proof read; but all these are minor jobs.) So back to my subject—Letter-Writing. Yes, I had almost forgotten one important duty of an editor, and that is his correspondence (concerning the paper).

I take great pleasure in submitting to you the following letter, which came to THE ELEVATOR desk a few days ago, as a type of the kind of letters which it is the purport of this editorial to forever eliminate from future correspondence:

"DEAR EDITOR OF THE ELEVATOR:

"I have been very busy of late promulgating esoteric cogitations, articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations in which I am compelled to avoid all platitudinous ponderosity. My statements now possess a clarified, lucid conciseness, compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency. I have learned to eschew all conglomerations

tions of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and idiotic affectations. I let my extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without redomontade or thrasonical bombast, at the same time sedulously avoiding all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent vapidty. At all times I shun prurient jocosity and pernicious postiferous profanity, contumaceaus eccentricities, innocuous ambiguities and preposterous pathetic imbecility.

"A SUBSCRIBER."

If you do not understand the above letter in all of its details, it is not our fault, because, with all of our knowledge of Letter-Writing we have not attempted to change a single word but printed it just as received. (But just between us, we don't understand the profundity of it any too well ourselves, do you?)

On Letter-Writing let us say the following in conclusion: Express your thoughts in clear, simple English; write a legible hand; read the letter over carefully before sending, and if need be to express yourself clearly, write it again.

Here is hoping you'll get a prompt reply to all your letters.

The Senior Play.

The Class of 1914 will bequeath a new tradition to the school in the form of an annual Senior play. For this year, the Seniors have decided to render "Everywoman," a morality play of the present day. The cast has been selected and a twice-a-week practice has begun under the skillful and efficient direction of Mrs. Carl D. Herdman.

Athletics

Along with April showers and new Easter bonnets and newly planted gardens there comes a desire upon the part of hibernating baseball fans to hie out to the local baseball park and root vigorously for the victorious home team. Normal fans are no exception to the above universal rule, and just now the W. K. S. N. fandom is all agog with enthusiasm and joyous expectation, for our boys have had their initial trying out and they show all the old championship qualities that have lurked around their tents in bygone days, and a few new ones, too. Woodrum is with us with all of the speed and smokiness of yore plus a few new puzzlers picked up from an intimate, successful association with the Lexington team of the Ohio State League, last summer. Atherton, Allison, "Shorty" Allen and Isbell are again with us, and are working in midseason form from the very beginning. The entire school regrets deeply the loss of Capt. Jimmie Jones who, after working faithfully to develop a team stronger than even his peerless invincibles of last year, will not be permitted to reap the fruit of his labors. A number of new faces are seen on the team, also, although it must be said that they play for all the world just like veterans.

Bethel 3.

W. K. S. N. 1.

Whether or not Prof. Leiper saw the moon over his left shoulder or whether Woody left his rabbit foot at his boarding house, we do not know, but for some unaccountable reason the Fates and the figurers formed a league against us on April 4, hence, above tabulation. Now, if it had been the Ides of March, or even of April, we would not have complained, but—oh, well!

Batteries:

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
Bethel	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 3 5
W. K. S. N.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1 4

Murfreesboro Tennessee Normal 2-9

W. K. S. N., 3'13.

Our old-time adversaries from Murfreesboro, Tenn., were in our midst April 17 and 18 for the purpose of adding two more stars of glory unto our crown of victories. The first game was a pitchers' duel between Woodrum and Ridley. In the second session, two costly errors sent two of our boys cantering across the home plate. Then just to balance accounts, fickle fortune allowed a duplicate of the above in the sixth except that the Tennesseans were beneficiaries. In the eighth, however, some effective co-operative slugging sent little "Shorty" Allen across the plate with the winning run. At all other times both hurlers were in complete mastery of the situation. Woody's fan mill did effective work, fourteen casualties being reported.

The second contest was a batting duel in which the offerings of both pitchers were freely accepted. Ryan was batted off the mound at the end of the fourth, and Ridley, succeeding him, was invincible. However, the Normalite's lead was too great to be overcome. Mayo pitched good ball. His one bad inning was the fourth, when he was touched up for four tallies. The home boys' great harvest was in the fourth, when seven runs were garnered.

First Game.

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Murfreesboro	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	— 2 3
W. K. S. N.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	*	— 3 6

Batteries: Ridley, Smith; Woodrum, Smith.

Second Game.

Score:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R. H.
Murfreesboro	1	0	2	4	1	1	0	0	0	— 9 11
W. K. S. N.....	1	0	5	7	0	0	0	0	*	—13 13

Batteries: Rowan, Ridley and Smith; Mayo and Phipps.

Moot Politics

In the field of civic development, no one thing in the Western Normal is doing so much to make real and to give an actual insight into the sphere of politics and the science of law-making as the moot election and legislature, which were organized in this institution during the mid-winter term in 1913. In this election of last year a full slate of state officers, who had declared themselves as candidates, were nominated in a regularly called convention (two candidates for each office being nominated). Then came the election, which was conducted exactly on the plan of a city election, and greater interest, greater enthusiasm nor greater activity was ever seen in the actual game of politics. Soon after the election and qualification of officers, the moot house was organized on the exact plan of the Kentucky Legislature, with President H. H. Cherry as speaker, and W. J. Craig as assistant speaker. Every enrolled student of the Normal was admitted as a member of the House, and to those who watched the deliberations of this body it seemed that the legislation of Kentucky might well have been intrusted to them.

Following the plan of last year, on April third, New Vanmeter Hall was packed with enthusiastic students to hear the announcement speeches of those, among their number, who had felt the call to serve their state in some official capacity. And though many events in the history of the institution may grow dim and fast fade from memory with the passing of the years, yet this occasion will ever remain vivid in the minds of those present. Yes, when the now young Normalite has become old and weary in the service of the state, and when affected by the gentle stillness or the solitude of an idle moment, his mind wanders back once more to the days long since hazed by the mist of time; once more he scales Normal Hill; once more he stands upon the steps of Vanmeter Hall and drinks in the beauties of nature; once more he visits Latin Tower and hears the men-

tion of "Our old friend," but most vivid of all he sits once more in the chapel and hears these candidates saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen and fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth of the Western Normal: Since the dreamy days of my boyhood, since the days when I drove old Mewly down the long, hot lane to the pasture; since the days when I learned lessons from the busy bees in the apple blooms; since the days when I followed old Maud down the long corn rows and the water of life rolled from my sun-burnt brow, I have heard the call to serve my State. Since through all these years, I have seen the great common people trodden down by special legislation, money trusts, tobacco corporations, railroad organizations and steamboat monopolies, I believe that the old Blue Grass State is calling for a man who will seize these bulls of corruption by the horns and wrench their stubborn necks until they humbly kneel before the people and cry for mercy. I stand for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Now, fellow-voters, if you believe in these policies, I am the man for the job. And if I am elected to this office, I promise you that from the sandy plains washed by the Father of Waters to the Big Sandy and the blue-tinted Cumberlands, from the falls of the Ohio to the knobs of Tennessee, there shall be freedom for all and special privileges for none. And if you would see this grand old Commonwealth the greatest State that sleeps beneath the stars and stripes, give me your earnest support in this campaign. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in announcing myself as a candidate for Secretary of Agriculture."

Desiring to recall more completely in the details of this great campaign than his faded memory will permit, a bright idea strikes this old 1914 Normalite. He hurriedly climbs a ladder leading into the attic and there in a bunglety-bungled pile of old, useless, dust-covered note-books and other worthless junk collected in Normal days, he finds one valuable book, and turning rapidly a few pages of the 1914 ELEVATOR, he spies this article:

Moot Convention.

On April 11, the Moot Convention was held in New Van-meter Hall, and no more enthusiastic meeting was ever held on the Hill. Rousing cheers for the various candidates, parliamentary ingenuity and spell-binding oratory were the chief features of the convention. We regret that space will not allow us to print all the famous speeches on this occasion, but we feel it our duty to give to the readers of *THE ELEVATOR* the following, which is Haskell Miller's great nominating speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen and fellow-Kentuckians: I rise, not to speak in honor of him whom I shall nominate. He needs no honoring. Praising him is the plaiting of gold with cankered brass. His life is a jewel out-shining all words that may be uttered in its behalf. He has scaled the mountain tops, and passed through the valley of the shadow of death. He is a general in the ranks of progress, and the old flag of democracy is his standard of battle. Nominate him, and he will sweep this grand old Commonwealth by forty thousand majority, and he'll give democracy her greatest victory since King John issued the great charter on the sunny plains of Runnymede. Nominate him and he will strike off the bonds of political tyranny and bossism. He will pour out the balm of life upon the great common people and give them peace and justice. Elect this man to the office which he desires and he will lift our great Commonwealth from the quagmire and make the Old Kentucky Home the greatest State in all this land of freedom and bravery. From the rolling plains of the Purchase to the caverns of the Pennyroil; from the Pennyroil to the fertile fields of the Blue Grass; from the Blue Grass to the towering mountains of the East, he will wave the banner o'er us as we march triumphantly on to the song of victory, and the old eagle of democracy will scream for joy as we sweep on toward the goal of peace, progress and prosperity.

"Fellow-citizens, the State calls for her favorite son, and him we must elect. Choose him and he will sail the old ship

of state safely into the portals of glory where she will remain safely anchored forever. And so, Mr. Chairman, it gives me much happiness to place before this great convention, the name of the Hon. James Owsley Sullinger for Clerk of the Court of Appeals."

After many exciting contests, the convention adjourned, having nominated the following candidates:

For Governor—J. W. Vance vs. A. L. Skaggs.

Lieutenant-Governor—Walter Evans vs. Wm. Sadler.

Secretary of State—W. C. Wilson vs. R. W. Franklin.

Attorney-General—Schneider vs. J. T. Roach.

Secretary of State—James Ford.

Secretary of Agriculture—Pierce Guerin vs. Jack Crofton.

Auditor—Landerbilt.

Clerk of Court of Appeals—Martin Porter vs. J. I. Sullinger.

State Superintendent—Miss Nettie Layman vs. Miss Catherine Combest.

The popularity of these candidates made the election a most interesting one—hard-fought from the word go. As usual, the greatest interest was centered on the Governor's race. Of the two candidates, J. W. Vance is almost impregnable in a contest, and his opponent, A. L. Skaggs, is known as one of the most popular students of the institution. So this fight was hard-fought to the extreme. After a week of strenuous campaigning came the election, and when the returns were all in, the following statements were given out by the various candidates:

"I attribute my victory to the loyalty of my friends and to my own strenuous campaign."—J. W. Vance, Governor-elect.

"I fought an uphill fight and gained rapidly, but I got in the race too late."—A. L. Skaggs, defeated candidate for Governor.

"The people spoke in the interest of the State."—Walter Evans, Lieutenant-Governor-elect.

"I'll lay my defeat before the State Board of Health."
Wm. Sadler, defeated candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

If you wish to win the campaign whirl,
Just sow a sweet verse in the heart of each girl."

—W. C. Wilson, Secretary of State-elect.

"The literary skill and the poetic smile of my opponent wrought my inevitable defeat."—R. W. Franklin, defeated candidate for Secretary of State.

The remainnig officers elect are the following:

Attorney-General—Schneider.

Secretary of the Treasury—James Ford.

Secretary of Agriculture—Pierce Guerin.

Auditor—Landermilt.

Clerk of Court of Appeals—Martin Porter.

State Superintendent—Miss Nettie Laman.

These officers-elect gave out no statements for publication.

No one will doubt that our State will be safe in the hands of this gallant coterie of officers, and when the Moot House is organized we are sure that a great deal of progressive and constructive legislation will result. But the great good that is to come from these elections and assemblies, will result from the actual, working, civic knowledge which they give to the students of the institution. They gain more applicable and practical intelligence from one moot election at one assembly than they could gain by pouring over the dry facts of a text-book for a whole term. So, as for us, we care not what others may say, for we still must shout: "Long live the Moot House!"

—oOo—

Overheard

A new student in passing through the halls, heard Miss Heber Lewis say, "Why, hit is mine!" A wrinkle creased his forehead. Later he chanced upon Miss Hampsch saying to some little man, "Just ax me anything!" Another wrinkle—and with a shocked countenance he rushed onward,

only to catch the last words of Miss Carson, "Oh, yes, I'll wag it for you."

Oh, New Student mine, learn thou 'tis not through ignorance that they thus blissfully butcher the English language; just wait till thou, too, hast passed through two terms of Anglo-Saxon!

There was a young lady named Kate,
Who lingered so long at the gate,
Professor C. said,
You must be in bed,
My daughter, at ten before eight.

As It Is.

If all the world were themes and tests,
And all the water ink,
And all the time were spent with such,
Oh, when could a poor fellow think?

Hereafter.

Now, oh, students of the Normal School, I know your poor, tired imaginations are overworked, and to you who are finishing your course in English I advise a dose of fresh History dates as counterbalance; but can't you just let the days slip by, and imagine the end of the world has come? Then, first, let us observe some of the Normal angels, indulging in their favorite diversions.

Elise Dulaney is buried in a mountain of school catalogues, literally swallowing their contents.

Miss Reid is turning the pages of Webster's Unabridged, searching the correct pronunciation of words, and saying, "Excuse me," with the turning of each page, for it's disturbing the solitude.

Anna McCluskey, draped in "Woman Suffrage" badges, is shouting forth her cause, forsooth, a second Mrs. Pankhurst.

John Hanes is sitting with hands folded, gazing into space.

Mr. Magness, swathed in a Domestic Science apron, is tasting his just-made pies.

Mr. Turner is crocheting with his wife.

Harvey Roberts is just looking into her eyes.

"Shorty" Allen, on a miniature baseball diamond, is making a brilliant "home run."

Mr. Strahm is seated before a table loaded with all the eatables of all the ages, while nearby are all the musicians of all times, his willing entertainers.

Normal Delegation in Hades, and Why They Were There.

Miss Scott, murder in the first degree. (Witness, ye shades of all the mice which she hath doomed to death.)

George Page, buying votes.

Lucile Tubb, doing the Castle walk instead of doing the chapel walk.

Murrah Pace, burning so much midnight oil and thereby aiding the Standard Oil Company.

Isabel Herman, creating envy in the hearts of other girls.



LITERARY.

The Garden of Dreams

It all happened in the long-ago, in The Garden of Dreams. Beautiful was the land with its sweet, verdant flowers, crooning waters, and tranquil music; but far more beautiful was the palace with its unpolluted halls, its open windows through which waves of love vibrated, and its sacred volumes pure in their sanctity. No one had ever entered to corrupt and lay desolate this homeland, for between it and the world flowed a sacred river over which no one could pass, unless welcomed by the owner of The Garden of Dreams, who was the Fairy of the Trusting Heart.

The verdure of The Garden of Dreams was freshened and caused to blossom and fruit by the quiet, but never-failing waters of the river Faith, which was fed by many small rivulets of pure thoughts and kindly deeds.

In the springtime of life when the foliage assumes delicate hues; when the birds are warbling their most pleading love-songs; when the waters are rippling a gentle melody; when, in truth all nature is stirred by one mighty impulse of sacrifice and devotion, this Fairy rests in her favorite bower, revelling in the wealth of sweetness about her. This was the brightest of all days. Why, she knew not; but the longing of her heart had been replaced by a happy expect-

tation which caused her to gaze into the world with eyes eager to satisfy the hunger of the soul. Suddenly she bends slightly forward with parted lips, through which the breath trembles as she whispers reverently, "Oh, it is he!" The springtime of love had come. How long she cherished this dream, no one can tell, for love is not measured by time, but by the vibrations of the soul's happiness. She knew, although he had not spoken, that she was beloved, for in his manner there was an indefinable tenderness which made words valueless. Perhaps it was the knowledge born of affection which caused her to approach fearlessly that sacred river and admit only him, her Prince of Noble Thoughts. Proudly he steps upon the gleaming sands which yield to his footsteps only to fill the imprint with pure grains. "My dearest one," he murmurs. And she is satisfied.

Summer-time has come. With hearts aglow with the gift of heaven, they wander through the palace door into the inmost chambers, carrying peace and love. Days are spent in dewy bowers, where souls converse, and yet, no sound is heard, save the gentle calls of nature. Happy and contented they heed not the passing days until they are drawn by some subtle influence to their favorite walk beside the river, Faith. Slowly they pass along, each frequently gazing into the world. "How beautiful is life and all it brings," she breathed. "Surely in all the world there is none who would mar the glories that abide with trusting hearts." "May the river Faith be undisturbed in its flow," he said slowly; and they pass onward toward the sunset.

But their walks did not all lie within the radiance of the setting sun, for their hearts so bathed in Faith, were unprotected from barbed shafts. Autumn is coming, but they know it not. Already there is an unseen and unwelcome visitor in the Garden of Dreams, who also likes to wander by the river Faith. In his hand, he carries a concealed phial of doubt from which he casually lets fall a few drops into the water, causing it to become brackish. The Fairy shudders and draws nearer her companion, who would fain shield

her; but he, too, is affected by this doubt. "What is it?" she asks, with horror-darkening eyes. "It is nothing," he answers, because he does not know.

"Shall I live always thus?" she cries, while doubt is rendering her soul. "You are not the same, the world is not the same, and I cannot understand."

"It is your fancy," he says, wearily; "let us be happy, and forget."

But each lived years in the few succeeding days, for peace was far from the soul of either. At length the earnestness of her Prince and the truth of his words force her to gaze no longer upon the turbulent waters.

"I will think no more of this," she tells herself, but ere many days she is again drawn to the hated spot, where Faith's turbid waters flow. As she bends far out over the river, unwillingly listening to the whispered words of doubt, she feels a detaining hand, and turning, is supported by her Prince, at whose glance the wicked one flees.

"Oh, that we might live in the past," she sobs bitterly. "The joy of the past makes darksome the present. I dare not think of the future."

The Prince of Noble Thoughts, whose soul had been pricked by the same evil shafts, made answer:

"You do not trust. I have loved when you doubted. You have severed our faith." And thus they parted.

Days pass by; and the Fairy, whose heart had been placed in the crucible with sorrow, and had been chastened and beautified, again ventures near the river Faith. Slowly gaining courage, she gazes across the river. The tempter is not there, and her heart beats with happiness. She turns to go to her Prince, when she beholds him leaning far out over the river, listening to the Prince of Guile, while the waters howl between them blackened with doubt. She reaches out her hands entreatingly, while her heart cries out:

"Return, O my Prince of Noble Thoughts, for I have lived only since you came."

But he slowly vanishes beyond the river. She pauses in uncertainty, incredulity struggling for supremacy. She had doubted him, but why should he doubt her? As she realizes the significance of it all, she reaches out blindly and hopelessly for the world. A new element had entered her life, shattering the trust which had so long supported her. Winter with all its chilling blasts was upon her.

"I know life now," she said, and she thought her heart was steel. "I can never trust again. I'm glad he is gone." But that was only the first few days. It was winter, but the days were growing longer and the nights stretched into never-ending space. Yes, winter had come, but underneath the icy crystals snowdrops and crocus were budding forth a new life, pure and undefiled, which with the coming of spring would burst into a glorious bloom unequalled for beauty and tenderness.

Spring came at last; but the Fairy knew it not. She had lived and found a quiet joy in living. She had loved, and her heart was schooled in loving.

"I see it all," she said, "now I see it all. Looking back into the past I see the little troubles as tests by which our lives were refined and polished for usefulness; and we misunderstood. I wonder if he knows."

As if in answer to her half-murmured wish—for it was in the Garden of Dreams—her Prince of Noble Thoughts stood before her, months of longing expressed in his greeting clasp.

"We know, and we can't forget," he said, "for spring-time has come."

—oOo—
THE MONTH OF MAY.

Follow your soul to the sunlit meadows,
Sing all the livelong day;
Every bird will join in the chorus,
For this is the month of May.

The flowers a message to you are bringing,
List to what they say
Of new-born life exuberant, growing,
In this the month of May.

Rest on the deep green sward at even,
In the glow of closing day,
And drink in the peace of earth and heaven,
That comes in the month of May.

And when in slumber your eyelids closing
Don't forget to pray,
And thank the God who has given
A day in the month of May.

* * *

SPRING DAY.

Hark, the birds are singing singing,
Songs of spring;
O'er the earth their songs go ringing,
Waking everything.

Now the sunbeams dancing, dancing,
O'er the meadows go,
From the placid stream now glancing,
Till the earth's aglow.

List the bluebells tinkling, tinkling,
'Tis the close of day;
These the bells that now are calling,
Fairy hosts to pray.

W. C. WILSON.

—oOo—
THE DAFFODIL.

A crushed and faded daffodil—
What story in its golden heart

Lies hidden from the eyes of those
Who glance at it and then depart?

Perhaps a baby's tender hand,
As fragile as the fragrant flower,
Caressed and crushed the petals gay,
Which lost their freshness in an hour;

And then a hand as soft and pure
Touched the fair infant as it slept;
The mother found the faded flower
And placed it with the playthings kept.

Perhaps a friend of long ago
Gave it without a lover's thought,
And yet its sweetness thrilled the soul
Of her, who in its beauty sought;

And though the old romance is dead,
She sometimes fancies that again
The moonlight flickers o'er the face
Of him who was the only man.

If this be true, then it is meet
That crushed and faded is the flower,
The hope and sweetness all are gone—
They lost their freshness in an hour.

—oOo—

News

Edward Howard Griggs, one of the foremost philosophers and lecturers of America, was secured by the Lyceum Bureau for the week beginning April 20. Dr. Griggs was here a week during last summer term, and made so favorable an impression on both student-body and citizens that the institution felt itself highly fortunate in securing him for a return engagement. It was arranged that his invaluable lec-

tures should be offered during the term of largest enrollment.

Dr. Griggs possesses a quiet charm and simple dignity of delivery almost unsurpassed. His English is so perfect, his style so felicitous that any audience must be attentive when once he unlocks his treasury of words.

Added to this was the interest in the subjects themselves. Five morning lectures were given by Dr. Griggs on Education. In the first, he gave forceful expression to the aim of all education—character-building. Work and Play in Education followed, in which Dr. Griggs rendered immeasurable service to every teacher by removing much of the rubbish from the more modern educational theories. Control in Home and School pointed out a side of practical idealism which was eminently helpful. Personality in Home and Education, in which he emphasized the necessity of sincerity, justice, love, struck a responsive chord in every heart in the audience. The Value of History and English in Moral Development was the last and possibly the greatest in the Educational series.

Six masterly criticisms on Shakespeare were presented in the evenings, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *The Humanity of Shakespeare*, being the prelude and striking the dominant note of the entire series. *The Merchant of Venice*, or *Shakespeare's Ethical Awakening*, was most instructive and stimulating to further study. Was Portia merciful or not? *Julius Caesar*, or *the Man and the State*, was portrayed from the standpoint of the conflicting forces of the empire and the republic, with an effective searchlight on the character of Brutus. In *Hamlet*: Facing the mystery so much of the fog and mist surrounding this great drama was banished by the sun of his intellect as to leave every individual stimulated to work out his own solution of the mystery through further study—and that is the highest praise that can be given to anyone. *Macbeth*: The Tragedy of Guilt painted in strong relief the inevitable end of o'erleaping ambition. *The Tempest*: Shakespeare's Final Philosophy of Life was

treated as having its setting "in an island of dreams afloat in the golden sea of imagination."

With these, the Shakespeare series closed. How empty and futile mere words seem when we attempt to express a sufficient appreciation of a week's culture! Only those who have listened with that tense silence so characteristic of his audiences can comprehend the true meaning of the statement that Dr. Griggs will return next year.

The K. E. A.

K. E. A.—what magic symbols those! With more enchantment in them every year!

Truly the Goddess of Magic gave us a send-off for her festival. A double-header, hundreds of happy, care-free comrades, all anticipating the twofold pleasures of the trip, meeting old friends and receiving fresh inspiration and stimulus from the programme of unparalleled educational advantages—this was the constitution of the Normal party that left Bowling Green on April 30.

Both as to music and lectures, the sessions were distinctively instructive. One of the most educational of the addresses was the masterly one by Dr. Henry Suzallo, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Another subject, productive of much helpful information, was Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart's presentation of the Moonlight School. On the whole, the Association was of invaluable aid to every teacher—its aim.

With that in view then, it was no surprise to some, when the hot and dusty party left the train to find the Goddess of Good Fortune, Magic or what you will, there, too. She had been with us all the time..

Annual Music Festival

Not in the history of the city of Bowling Green have its citizens had the opportunity of enjoying such wonderful musical productions as were rendered on Normal Heights May the 7th and 8th. Indeed, they were very feasts to one's soul. They lifted one from the ordinary walks of life and placed him in airy regions of sublimity. The wonderful voices of the soloists and the beautiful strains of the orchestra, together with the rich harmony of the chorus made impressions on the souls and hearts of the listeners that will forever be a part of their lives.

Truly it can be said that this event far surpassed any of the three preceding annual Music Festivals. Many from Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, and many other cities in Kentucky and Tennessee, were present at the rendering of the three programs. The great Auditorium of New Vannomet Hall was crowded to overflowing with earnest listeners.

This great occasion, "The Annual Music Festival," was inaugurated in May, 1911, by the Musical Director of the Normal School, Prof. Franz J. Strahm. Every year he has labored unceasingly to make each festival greater than the preceding one, and each year has attained the goal striven for. Kentucky, the city of Bowling Green, and the Normal School are deeply indebted and thankful to Prof. Strahm for the bringing into their midst of this highly instructive and entertaining work. To Prof. Franz J. Strahm the laurels of success are due. It has been through his ability and perseverance that this annual feast has been made possible.

The concert opened Thursday night, May 7, with the Grand Concert, the performances of Gounod's Moteto "Gallia," "Olaf Trygvason" and Strahm's "Our Hero." The soloists that night were Mrs. Franceska Kasper-Lawson, soprano, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Frances Morton-Crume, alto, of Bowling Green; Mr. Gustaf Holmquist, baritone, of

Stockholm, Sweden and Miss Blanche Plummer, harpist, of Indianapolis, Ind.

The matinee Friday afternoon was a most delightful affair. It was an unique program made up of many varied and delightful numbers. One of the most entertaining and enjoyable numbers was the great cantata, "Fairies' Festival," given by the children's chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, under the direction of Miss Mary Armitage, Supervisor of Public School Music, of Bowling Green. The soloists of the afternoon were Messrs. William Clare Hall, tenor, of Chicago, Ill.; Milton I. Cook, bass, of Nashville, Tenn., and Franz J. Strahm, pianist, of Bowling Green.

The Festival closed on Friday night with a most fitting climax, the rendition of Sir Arthur Sullivan's sublime oratorio, "The Light of the World." In this the full orchestra, the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra of forty-six pieces, together with home talent making sixty pieces in all, the chorus of one hundred fifty voices, and all the soloists took part. The program closed with the "Hallelujah Chorus," from Handel's "Messiah," a most forceful finale, leaving in the souls of the listeners notes that will forever ring.

—oOo—

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Perhaps the one event of Commencement Week in which the most intense interest will be centered, is the sixth annual Oratorical Contst. Though the final programs of the Kit-Kats and Juniors, and the graduation exercises of the Seniors occur then, the Oratorical Contest is the common meeting-ground of all the societies. Here is waged the final combat for the highest honor within reach of the various societies.

With a determination to win this coveted glory for his class, each representative of the societies is hard at work. Mr. R. H. Matthews is the choice of the Kit-Kat Klub. The Juniors have not yet made a selection, but their preference seems most likely to fall on Mr. Berthal Vincent or Mr. J. S.

Brown. Why guess which, when either would be a credit to his class? Believing in the old proverb concerning the early bird, the Seniors long ago singled out their worthy representative, Mr. A. L. Cole.

As to the outcome, the final success of these earnest, talented men—well, all powers of prognostication fail us.

—oOo—

A Brief History of Music

Where shall we look for the origin of music? After ages of inquiry, no conclusive answer may be given. To the poet, music is an echo of the great invisible world; to the philosopher, it is the concrete expression of life in all its varying forms; if these conceptions are true, "since the world was music has been." 'Tis inconceivable to think that anything so divine in its nature and effect could have originated in the mind, however comprehensive, of any man.

So, it seems entirely probable that music's rapturous strains were long firmly imbedded in nature, there awaiting the liberating touch of man. The droning of the bee, the far-away dimly echoing murmur of the cascade, the rich cadence of the birds, as well as the tempestuous roar of the stormy ocean, or the impressive reverberations of the mighty thunder, have been caught by the clever musician for our delight and pleasure.

Consequently, music is the oldest of the arts. The song and the chant are its most ancient forms. How natural that it should be thus, when we consider these in their true light as being nothing more nor less than beautiful speaking! Faint echoes borne adown the corridors of time from earliest antiquity, assure us that these gifts were known and appreciated by our forefathers in that halcyon period of the earth's youth, the golden age, when it is affirmed that even "the morning stars sang together."

Then, far back in the bedimmed confines of unchronicled time, some one fashioned a very crude forerunner of our

melodious, highly developed string instruments; some one blew the first reed; some one discovered the blast issuing as a result of blowing the horns of certain wild beasts. So, when authentic history lifts the curtain from the mists of the ages, a number of rude musical instruments were in existence, all of which emitted harsh, discordant, unmusical tones, to be sure, but music to the hearers, we doubt not. Such are the humble antecedents of the highly organized intensely powerful expressions of harmony, rhythm and cadence of the present time.

The history of ancient music concerns itself with five separate, independent nations. In Egypt, the rich gathered at gorgeous feasts given in brilliantly decorated halls, where the rude harmonies of harps and pipes of every kind, delighted the languid listeners. The sacred Scriptures abound with references to the harps and cymbals of the Israelites; also of the captivating power of such great vocalists as Miriam, Deborah and others. Assyrian bas-reliefs and slabs tell the story of a nation's music, made upon cymbals and dulcimers—a music shrill and high pitched in its nature, and martial in its character. In polished Greece, music was inseparably connected with poetry and the drama and became a philosophy; also a kind of harmony and delicacy were cultivated to a degree unknown in the other countries. Rome furnishes an example of debased music and the pantomime, the dance, the licentious song.

When at last the star of the great Roman Empire had waned and from barbarian chaos, modern nations were slowly taking form, music was undergoing a similar transformation. Folk songs are the wild flowers in the realm of music. Through this medium alone could the suffering, oppressed peasants breathe forth the ecstasy of transient joys and the bitterness of ever-brooding, hopeless despair to great, sympathetic, Mother Earth. Every tribe had its own peculiar chants for every important occasion. The lonely shepherd out in the starlight with his flocks, the soldier returning victorious from the wars, the peasant mother

quaintly crooning over the baby in the cot, the sower going forth in the hope-inspiring springtime, the reaper when the harvest was o'er; each had his own individual expression of the mind with its responsiveness to tinge, color and natural beauty. The minstrel in England, the troubadour in southern France, the minnesinger in Germany told stories of historical and romantic interest in popular melody and thus laid the foundations for natural songs and ballads of a later day.

The first marked advance in the growth of music came at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries. Spontaneous, unwritten art began to give way to more formal art. Four independent schools of music sprang up almost spontaneously. These were the Belgian, German, Italian and English. Broad were the foundations for the opera symphony and oratorio that these schools laid. At this time, the madrigal, a species of light music of pastoral character, came into existence. No small part was contributed to music by the church, both in spirit and art.

The seventeenth century ushered in the golden age of music; an age when it attained the high estate of painting and poetry; an age when the opera, symphony and oratorio reached the zenith of power, a height so dizzy as to be the unrealized goal of all succeeding musicians.

The first of the immortals is Bach. Passion music, the connecting link between the oratorio and church music, was never composed by abler hands. In the playing of instruments he was a prodigy. The vocal portions of his productions are said to be unsuited for the human voice, but are marvelously adapted to instruments. Color, grace, and delicacy pervade the work of this quiet, unobtrusive genius.

Handel, after failing in the field of opera, found his true sphere in the domains of the oratorio. "The Messiah" is his masterpiece. So fully did the composer put his soul in this work that it seems to transcend the limits imposed by human frailty and to draw sustenance from immortal sources. His tremendous choruses, in their sublime effects, their

grand conceptions, their wonderful thrill and beauty, rise supremely above everything of their kind. The "Hallelujah" chorus is considered by many to be the most remarkable production within the realms of music.

Haydn has rightfully been called the father of the symphony. He is the author of the oratorio, "Creation," which stands second only to the "Messiah." As a writer for instruments he had no equal.

What Bach is to passion music, what Handel is to the oratorio, Mozart is to opera. A musical prodigy from early youth, he composed for instruments in every possible combination with ease; he united melody and originality in a way permissible only to the master.

All of these were masters in their chosen departments, but one figure towers head and shoulders above them in every department. He was the Shakespeare, the Michaelangelo, the Napoleon of Music. This was Beethoven. No symphonies have been, or probably will ever be, written that will take equal rank with his marvelous works. His great tone poems fill the highest mission of music—that of a regenerating force and power second only in importance to religion itself.

Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann have contributed to that restricted list of musical compositions that can never die. They are worthy successors of the great masters, and have played well their parts in securing for music its present lofty position among the world's great arts.

Wagner is the last of the illustrious galaxy. He is the bold revolutionary of the music world. Many of the established ideas concerning the opera he has antagonized. So, his standing is yet undecided by the hosts of critics. The final word is left for the future.

Gladly would we discuss some of the great vocalists whose voices have held spellbound monster audiences, whose fame is world-wide, but space forbids. Gladly, also, would we linger for a while over our modern instruments with their

wonderful melodic abilities. Sufficient to say that, modern music is largely dependent upon these two agencies for its effects.

Such is the history of music, the instrumentality of love, and peace, the language it may be of the angels, the prophecy of the life that is to be. Poets have bestowed their choicest gifts upon its shrine; the affairs of state have waited in deference to its entrancing strains; soldiers have gone fearlessly forth to battle and to death under its wonderful power; high resolves and aspirations have been born in the inspiring air of its softest melodies. The monarch, clad in imperial dignity, has been led captive by its charms. The humblest peasant has had a glimpse of the wonderful beyond through its enthralling influences. It is the great universal tie that binds all hearts; it is the great universal language that stirs all emotions. It knows no barriers, no confines; it pervades the whole earth from Africa's densest jungle to London's greatest palace. Under its magic charm the broken-hearted are soothed; the discouraged soul takes on new hope; the over-enthusiastic are restrained; the violent grow calm.

Well has the great poet summed it all up in—

"The man that hath not music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

—oOo—
AN ACRE OF GROUND.

—
If I had an acre of ground and plenty of time to spend thereon, I would transform it into an acre of beauty. In the center, or perhaps in one corner, I would have an apple tree, old and gnarled—the kind that is prodigal of leaves and blossoms but frugal with its ruddy fruit. This tree must

have wide, friendly branches, where birds may build and a booklover find an ideal perch "wherein to turn a page." Underneath should be spread a rug of blue grass, which, if it were torn in spots, I would patch with violets and dandelions. Along the boundary lines of my acre, I would have blackberry briars, and wild rose bushes, a few mossy rocks, some daffodils and hyacinths to brighten it in early spring, and a row of goldenrod to glorify it in autumn. Then I would invite every bird and butterfly and bee to come and spend the summer with me, and I should be very disappointed if the invitations were not accepted with pleasure. Perhaps I may never have a *real* acre of ground like this one—but I shall ever own it all on an acre of dreams.

oOo

EXCHANGES.

If any student has a margin of time it could be well spent in looking over our exchanges this time. As we have not had an opportunity for some time to express our appreciation of these, will say that the papers on our list seem to us to be growing and ever moving their standards higher in the field of progress and culture.

The Quill kept our thoughts pure for some time with that goodly number of interesting articles. Its cuts are good and it gives others the pleasure of its opinion.

Crimson and Gray has some interesting stories, but we searched long and diligently for a thought or two from the editor. At the head of such a paper he should have some worth-while.

Tattler, a few more cuts and some spirited nonsense would add flavor to your paper.

The *Blue and Gold* is a newsy little paper. There must be a delightfully clever mind or two working back of it.

The *Toltec* must have good contributors to be able to run an interesting serial. The editorials also gave our minds a little helpful exertion.

If anyone wishes suggestions as to how to arrange an all-round, good school paper, we refer him to our last copy of the *Criterion*.

Northern Illinois, your articles are all fairly good, but don't you think a longer story with original plot would add interest?

Record, we like the way you talk about exchanges, but are afraid to say what we think of the cover and "School Notes" this time for fear, if you consider our judgment, you'll become "puffed up."

Tooter—the articles are all rather short.

The Literary Department is what we like about the *Bugle* this time, but it is as usual a well-arranged, attractive little paper.

The *Rail Splitter* needs some distinct headings. It contains good things, but is lacking somewhat in arrangement.

The manager of the *Transient* knows a thing or two about running a regular newspaper, but would not it have a better appearance if the advertisements had a special place?

All praise to the Freshman Number of the *Echo*! It is not very large, but interesting from cover to cover.

High School Review, the literary articles this time are not so good, but from the catchy humor and wit that fills its proper place, we know that you have a good (?) philosophy of life.

We enjoyed our last number of *Red and Black*—such articles of general interest as "The Hamilton Burr Duel" are refreshing to a mind tired out from flights of imagination. A little more originality in your class notes would be an improvement.

Nesika Nawa, stir up a little more enthusiasm.

We have no adverse criticism for the *Argus* this month, but would like to have its opinion of the exchanges along with the acknowledgment.

We hope the slang will be forgiven, for it being our most common means of expressing enthusiasm, we are tempted to say the last number of the *Spectator* is a "top notcher"—But that's the last copy we have this month, and we do wish you would send us more exchanges to keep our minds from forever traveling the roads of Latin translations, Geometrical demonstrations, Biological inspecions and Historical by-paths.

—oOo—

Passing the Cayenne

Dean Kinnaman: "A plane bounded by curved lines is a curvilinear plane. Vincent, what is plane called that is bounded by straight lines?"

Berthyl Vincent: "Straightilinear."

Prof. Alexander: "Why are these triangles congruent?"

Mr. Dedmen: "Because, Prof., you can put one on top of the other and they will fit just exactly."

Mr. Elmo Thomas: "How do you know when you love a girl?"

Mr. Bert Smith: "That isn't hard; but the rub comes in when you try to learn if she loves you."

James Hullet: "You must do what I say, 'cause I'm the man."

Bess Leiper: "No, the man's got to do as the woman says; you can ask my mamma."

Mr. Towery (to Mr. Roach, who was standing rather dejectedly aside): "Fellow, what's the matter with you? The election has gone just grand."

Mr. Roach: "I am a defeated candidate."

Prof. Leiper: "Our boys treated the Tennessee Normal boys this afternoon."

Prof. Harman: "How, badly?"

Prof. Leiper: "No; Welch just made grape juice out of the ball."

At the Monday night practice the chorus began on the wrong note. Prof. Strahm groaned, "Oh, mamma! that makes goose skin all over me."

Mr. Walker: "I've just had my picture made."

Mr. Moore: "What for?"

Mr. Walker: "For a lecturer on Evolution. He said he thought he could use it in his work."

They strolled through the dewy meadows,
When stars were shining clear,
Their lives, it seemed, had no shadows,
And he called her his little dear.

They passed through the dim gloomy grove,
Where owls in low mournful band
Made him ask protection of Jove
And clasp her fair little hand.

At last, through the soft fairy mist
 They saw the home gleaming white,
 And he, her pink cheek gently kissed—
 'Twas her *father* saying "Good-night."

Prof. Stickles: "What part did the Jews play in Medieval History?"

"The Jews harp," quickly responded Mr. Sheffer.

Mr. Cannon (in Geometry Class): "That doesn't look like it is so."

Prof. Alexander: "We don't go by looks in here. If we did, I would leave right now."

Aid To the Injured.

There, little girl don't cry!
 Yo uhave made an N. P., I know;
 And the rainbow gleams
 Of certificate dreams,
 Are things of the long ago;
 But you'll make plenty more before you die—
 There, little girl don't cry!

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