

5-1915

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VI, No. 8

Western Kentucky University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records



Part of the [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Western Kentucky University, "UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VI, No. 8" (1915). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 17.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/17

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.

THE WESTERN KENTUCKY State Normal School

Established for the preparation of teachers for the schools of Kentucky. Courses offered leading to three grades of State Certificates—TWO-YEAR, FOUR-YEAR, and LIFE.

A specialist at the head of each department.

Unsurpassed advantages offered in the School of Music—Piano, Voice, Violin, and other String Instruments.

The spirit of the institution is democratic, tolerant. Worth counts for more than wealth.

New illustrated catalogue just received from the press. Write for it, and it will be sent you with pleasure. An attractive publication, giving full information concerning all items connected with the school.

CALENDAR

SPRING TERM OPENS April 6, 1915

SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS June 16, 1915

There is plenty of free tuition in each county for all persons who are entitled to it. See or write your County Superintendent, if you have not already done so, relative to free instruction.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

H. H. CHERRY, President,
BOWLING GREEN, KY.



BOWLING GREEN, KY., MAY, 1915

GARVIN'S BOOK STORE

SCHOOL BOOKS !

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

436 Main Street

Opposite Fountain

The Bazaar Dry Goods, Shoes

Bowling Green's Depend-On Store

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Dependable Goods and Popular Prices
Prevail at Our Store. Give Us a Trial

GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

Bowling Green Laundry Co.

The Most Modern Equipped
Plant in Southern Kentucky

OTIS TAYLOR

Normal Representative

T. H. AULL

BOTH PHONES

123

Cold Sodas, Prescriptions, etc.

VIRGIL R. SCOTT

Suits Made to Measure, \$15.00. Clothing, Ready Made, \$9.99

DRY GOODS AND SHOES

French Dry Cleaning, Steam Pressing and Dyeing

Both Phones. 923 College Street. Bowling Green, Ky.

IT ADDS TO YOUR TRADE

TO "AD"

IN THE ELEVATOR

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF A

Coat Suit, Dress, Dry Goods or Shoes

GO TO

440 Main Street

NAHM BROS

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT,

Call at the Savoia Cafe

316-318 Main Street. Opp. Baptist Church.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

We Serve SPECIAL MEALS for
Parties at All Times.

R. L. MORRIS

The Jeweler Who Pleases

It is the Popular Place

408

MAIN STREET

The Palace Confectionery

WHERE STUDENTS GO

To Enjoy Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets

Park Row and State Street

Suggestions for Teaching Language in the Primary Grades, 25c

Suggestions for Teaching Reading and Phonics, . . . 25c

ADDRESS

MATTIE LOUISE HATCHER

Western Kentucky State Normal

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

STUDENTS

CAN FIND A FULL LINE OF

New and Second-Hand Books and School Supplies

Of All Kinds at Lowest Prices

427 Park Place.

T. J. Smith & Co.

Students, Remember !

WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU
make our Studio your resting place
WHEN DOWN TOWN.

We make a *Specialty of Fine Photographs* and do all kinds of
framing. Carry a nice line of Kodaks and Films, do Kodak Finishings.
When in need of anything in our line, call on us.

THE DALTON STUDIO

Home Phone 212

930½ STATE STREET

Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Co.

BOWLING GREEN'S

LARGEST DRUG STORE !

STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

2 SUPERINTENDENTS—3 PRINCIPALS—10 GRADE TEACHERS

This is being written early in the season, but during the past week we have been asked to recommend for 15 September openings, Then why not

"Let's get in touch."

CONTINENTAL TEACHERS' AGENCY, (Inc.) BOWLING GREEN, KY.

W. O. TOY

THE PARK ROW

BARBER!

Everything Sanitary

Students Welcome!

S. B. DUNCAN

The Grocer

Thirteenth Street

Good Clean Groceries

See Him

FAMILIAR TO THOUSANDS

Here is a kodak picture of a building familiar to thousands of former students, whose memories of school experiences cling fondly and tenderly about this famous old castle-like building. It is the



home of the Bowling Green Business University, now by far the largest school of commerce in the South. Almost every state east of the Mississippi River, eight west of it, and Canada, England, Cuba, Japan, and Mexico have sent representatives to it. It receives annually nearly

FIVE HUNDRED CALLS

for commercial teachers and almost one thousand

four hundred for office help. It is enjoying its greatest prosperity, largest enrollment and most satisfactory work in its entire career.



Staff

J. S. BROWN
EDITOR

—

ASSOCIATES

LOTTIE McCLURE
NETTIE LAYMAN
M. E. HAROLDSON
LUCY BOOTH
ORLANDO MAGNESS
HELEN GRAY
ANNA McCLUSKEY
BELLE POTTER

—

W. J. CRAIG
Faculty Representative

Anderson-2-

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.

Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the postoffice at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION: TWELVE MONTHS, FIFTY CENTS; THREE YEARS, ONE DOLLAR

VOL. VI.

MAY, 1915

NO. 8

TRIANGULAR FINANCE

SOLUTION
BY
A.L.
CRABB



DIAGRAMS
BY
P.C.
SMITH

This is the Boat Excursion at Hilltop. Destiny lends a hand, and occupies some spare March and April moments in shaping ends up nice and tidy. First, the weather makes ready. Winter crawls down and off her throne, and her various handmaidens look for other jobs. The sun adjusts to a new focus, and the ice man grins a joyous grin. Somewhere sounds a fairy trumpet, and a troop of violets appears in My Lady's girdle. In the woods the dogwood blooms, and Professors of Mathematics recall where angleworms grow the sleekest. Spring is here, and the Boat Excursion is nigh.

The shopkeepers, who are wise after their kind, set up in their windows seductive arrays of hickory hats, kodaks, pennants, lunch baskets, and viands fit to repose therein. Having so done, they assume an attitude of watchful waiting near their front doors, and gleefully rub their hands. The Boat Excursion is nigh.

Meanwhile the fancies of the young men and the maidens have taken a light turn, and they have engaged in the

ancient process of natural and mutual selection. John has looked deep into Mary's eyes—away back beyond words, and reason, and intellect—and Mary has looked into John's eyes, only deeper; and so, it is all settled. Their souls are perfectly satisfied. But, to put their minds at ease, and to comply with the formal requirements, they put the matter into the words demanded by a cold, legal-minded, social order. Let me expose the contract they have entered into—no, not all of it; just a little part. John is to buy the tickets for the Excursion, and Mary is to provide the lunch. The Boat Excursion is nigh.

I've wondered some about that contract. In some respects it isn't fair. It leaves John out in the cold, so to speak. Of course, Mary's part demands a greater financial outlay, and an amount of work beyond masculine conception. Of course, she must work until the wee hours, and her energy having about frazzled out she wrapped the sandwiches into daintily paraffined packages, putting dainty touches of colored icing here, and locating dabs of rich, golden meringue there; and there must be some hand-painted, heart-shaped souvenirs ready for service. But, just look what an opportunity all this opens to Mary. Imagine the scene at lunch, "John, take some of this Waldorf salad. Oh, more than that. I know it isn't very good, but I did my best. I don't think the olive oil was quite fresh. And some of the fried chicken. You didn't know that I could fry chicken, did you, John? Won't you try another of the pimento sandwiches? It won't hurt you; it's fresh; I just finished them last night at midnight. Oh, no; I didn't mind it a bit; I liked it." And all the time, Mary's manner and look are saying ever so plainly, "I did it every bit myself, John. This is the hand that struck the match that lighted the gas that cooked it, John. And these are the fingers that belong to the hand that folded the napkins that tucked it away. As far as this lunch is concerned, I am the beginning of Alpha and the end of Omega; and all for you, John." Then, in the *English* language, "Now, here is a little souvenir that I fixed up with our names written on it. Keep it,

John, because if you do not, you might forget all about to-day." John, of course, vows that neither Time, nor Aphasia, nor Juries, nor any of the other Separators that be will ever



"JOHN BROWN WALKED HOME
PERTURBED IN SPIRIT".....

be able to separate him from the cherished memory of the day.

But, what earthly play of fancy does John's part of the

contract allow him? What cunning suggestions based thereon can he devise to give form and content to Mary's reflections? Stars in the heavens, and coons on the earth are no more alike than excursion tickets. For all known purposes, the creased, greased, crumpled ticket owned by Sam Johnsing is as desirable as the daintily folded one that nestles in the confines of Miss Patricia Bluestocking's mesh-bag. Just imagine for yourself the figure John would cut if he should appear at the ticket window, and demand in a loud voice, "Mr. Clerk, I want two of the prettiest tickets you have for this excursion. Let me see what you have to offer." Then, after having made a careful selection, if he should steer Mary to some secluded seat behind the smoke-stack on the "Texas," and spreading his choice of tickets before her, deliver himself to-wit: "Just look, Mary, at the beautiful tickets I have purchased. Ain't the printing cute; and just look what an exquisite autograph the General Passenger Agent has; and ain't this the sweetest little literary lyric what says, 'Void if not used for passage beginning on date of sale.' And, Mary, one of these is for you." Indeed, a cold chance has John of pulling off any sentimental idylls with nothing but an excursion ticket to back him up. Now, all of this is parenthetical; gratuitous, as it were.

Saturday morning dawns bright and balmy. All over the town there is a wild jangling of telephone bells out of tune, and alarm clocks still worse. The rooms and halls of the dormitories, boarding houses, and "Private homes that have kindly extended their hospitality to students" are fraught with bustling, and such remarks as, "Ida May, where in the world is my bracelet? Haven't you seen it anywhere?" "Yes, Lucille Goodman was in here last night and borrid it." "Ouch! gimme chloroform. This ain't no razor. It's a pair of forceps." "Oh! Oh! You put that French History down on them German tarts, and they're ruined; you hateful thing, you." "Say, lend me a collar. Any size'll do. A laundryman ain't fitten to live, no how." The Boat Excursion is nigh.

The sun swings up in the Eastern sky. There is a con-

fused clatter of feet and chatter of voices on all the streets that lead to McCormack Square. The street car company contributes its part of the babel by backing up into the square all the cars in its employ; big cars; little cars; healthy, robust cars; decrepit, superannuated cars; cars giving vent to the vigorous conversation of youth; and cars emitting the querulous, pneumatic grumble of old age. But all noisy, and in complements of the occasion. "All aboard for the Boat Landing," shout the conductors, and aboard climbs the noisy crowd; the basket-burdened crowd; the hickory-hatted crowd; the multi-colored crowd. Why, I think that if a rainbow should happen to peep down on that crowd it would likely remark, "Go to it, young folks. I'm quitting right here." The Boat Excursion is nigh.

Down at the wharf the boat "rides at anchor," awaiting its festive freight. Black smoke pours from its funnels, and it exhales in various localities as lustily as a Physical Culture class. The roustabouts have stopped shooting craps and are rendering chants descriptive of the prowess of the *Robert E. Lee*. That is the only authentic way of establishing the true steamboat atmosphere. Downstairs, on the boiler deck, the ladies of Sunshine Auxiliary, Group No. 2, of the Main Street Methodist Church, put the final touches on their refreshment stand, preparatory to business. Nearby, a crated calf en route to Perkins' Landing, bleats disgustedly. The pilot pulls a rope. There is a hissing, whining sound that finally emerges into a full-grown blast. The cars arrive and disgorge. The Boat Excursion is on.

Everybody attends Chapel at Hilltop, that is, everybody who is anybody. At Nine, the big electric bell booms, and simultaneously the class-room doors swing wide, each emptying its quota of students into the great corridor down which the current flows into the chapel. The members of the faculty sit in serried array on the rostrum. The President sits in front near the table. To his left, fingering his note for the morning's announcements in a preoccupied way, sits the Dean. There is a song, a scripture lesson, a prayer,

and then, the President springs to his feet, his face aflame with the joy of living, of fighting, of conquering. It's a noble face, the President's. It has in it the determination of a Wilson, the sympathy of a Lincoln, the fire and dash of an Andrew Jackson. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he exclaims, combing back his hair with a broad sweep of his hand, "we are fortunate in having with us this morning the Honorable, etc., etc."

The President is a positive genius at digging up "Honorable," and other celebrities for chapel speeches. He has dug up a line of them reaching from a President of the Nation to the Wild Man from Borneo. He loves to surprise the students at Chapel, and they dote on being surprised. Indeed, they are about the most surprised bunch imaginable when they are not surprised. And so, having rigged up the scenery, and rigged in the characters, and recited the prologue, let the story begin.

On the second Monday morning in May, the students of Hilltop assembled in Chapel for their daily surprise. The President sprang to his feet. "Aha!" said Cutey Matthews, the official wit of the student-body, for the benefit of the ears of his immediate neighborhood, "we are about to be introduced to Monsieur Tuneupski, the eminent Turkish violinist. Monsieur was alone with his faithful fiddle on the Titanic when that leviathan of the deep plunged to the bottom. There was no room for him on the lifeboats, so he floated on the air-tight case containing his fiddle for eleven days until he reached the Spanish Main, where he was rescued by a Persian pirate. Monsieur will now play for us on the fiddle, the case of which saved his life." But, Cutey was surprised that morning. The President himself delivered a great address on, "The Social Needs of the Human Soul," and concluded with the announcement that in line with his discussion, and the custom of years, the Boat Excursion would be held on the following Saturday. "Let us all go," was his peroration. "Let us strip ourselves of all artificialities. Let us commune with Nature and Nature's

children. Let us ring the rising bell in the human soul."

John Brown, Editor of *The Crater*, went to his room from Chapel, perturbed in spirit. I've seen children perturbed in spirit because of lack of sufficient funds to buy an all-day sucker. I suppose that if the Rothchilds were to learn that Australia, or the equator, or something else desirable was for sale at a price beyond their means they would become perturbed in spirit. Our spirits are so easily perturbed by financial matters. John had five dollars, but he wanted ten. Let him explain why as he addresses the furniture: "Doggonit all, why couldn't the Excursion be next week instead of this; I'd have that money from home by then. Five dollars, to take Mary Layman on the Excursion with! Five dollars! Now, wouldn't that jar your grandmother's watermelon rind preserves? I reckon it could be done, but who wants to be a miserly tight wad, anyhow! Who wants to take a girl like Marie Layman to the wharf in a crowded old street car, when a taxi ain't half good enough for her? Who'd like to say, 'Mary, look at the nice chewing gum I have brought!'—Yes, sir, that'd be about my size with five dollars. And, if the street car should break down, I suppose I'd say, 'Don't mind it, Mary. It isn't but two miles to the wharf, and we can walk; we need the exercise, anyway.' Five dollars! I'll have ten if I have to sell my vote, rob a bank, and ditch a train to get it."

However, John decided upon a plan that steered clear of criminal proclivities. He chose the ancient expedient of "making a touch," a method that doubtless was old when the patriarchs were young. John was fully conscious that the successful engineering of his plan demanded finesse. He knew that the money market at Hilltop, while usually tense, tightened with a jerk at the announcement of the Boat Excursion. After some mental balloting he elected Cicero Lutes, alias Hot Air, as his victim. Then, he thought deep in terms of finance.

Hot Air Lutes, Captain of the Hilltop Baseball Team, and would-be orator, sat in his room engrossed in an ardent pe-

rusal of "Gems of the World's Oratory." Hot Air was a tiptop ballplayer, but hopeless as an orator, but like many another he estimated his talents in the reverse order. There was a rap on the door, and, in response to Hot Air's invitation, John Brown entered the room. Somewhat flustered by the high honor of being visited by the Editor of *The Crater*, a member of the Senior Class, and a personage of high renown, all rolled into one, Mr. Lutes slipped on his shoes, kicked some soiled linen under the bed, and bade his visitor to sit. "Hot Air," began the Personage, taking the seat assigned him, "I came up to talk with you a few minutes about that speech you made the other night before the Neocomian Society on The American Eagle."

"Yes?" replied Mr. Lutes, filled with throbs.

"I am right, am I not, in assuming that you composed that speech yourself?"

"Every word—"

"I thought so," broke in the Personage. "It was a great speech. How many words does it contain?"

"Eleven hundred and seventy-six, but what—"

"Approximately twelve hundred; about four columns, I should say."

"What do you mean by 'four columns,' Mr. Brown?" asked Lutes, a great hope taking vague form in his mind.

"I shall be perfectly frank with you, Hot Air, I have about come to the conclusion that your speech is too valuable a contribution to oratorical annals to be lost. I shall, therefore, quite probably ask you for the manuscript of that speech, so that I may run it in *The Crater*." If an angel driving in a chariot of fire had stopped at that moment, and asked Mr. Lutes if he wouldn't like to ride up, very likely the reply would have been, "No, thank you; drive on, please." "If I decide to use it," continued the Editor, "I shall want the copy by next Monday, at the latest, or couldn't you let me have it, Saturday? I could go over it, then, and get it ready for the printer by Monday."

"Yes; but, look-a-here; Saturday's the Boat Excursion."

"I know it," replied Brown, several coats of deep gloom



"JOHN HAS LOOKED INTO MARY'S EYES AND MARY HAS LOOKED INTO JOHN'S EYES AND IT IS ALL SETTLED".

PAT SMITH '15

appearing on his face. "I know it well enough; but I cannot go, cannot go." Hamlet, at his soliloquy, could have listened to the tones with profit.

"Is your work that fierce?" asked Mr. Lutes, wonderingly.

"I shall be perfectly frank with you, Hot Air"—then came a dramatic pause—"it isn't the work. I simply haven't the money. I shall get some next week, but this week I'm broke. The subject is very painful, Hot Air, let us dismiss it. Is that speech in typewritten form?"

A great responsibility seemed to settle on Hot Air's shoulders. "But, Mr. Brown, maybe I could—"

"We will not discuss the matter further. Disappointments come to us all. I can bear mine," affirmed the Editor, bravely. "Now, about that speech—"

Again, Hot Air ignored the subject, however dear. "Mr. Brown, I'd be just glad to lend you the money."

"I thank you very kindly, Hot Air, but I couldn't think of presuming that far. Twelve hundred words, let me see."

"But, Mr. Brown, as a favor to me, let me stake you for that trip."

"If you put it that way, but no, I—"

"I insist," insisted Lutes; "there isn't no friend of mine going to miss that Excursion if I can help it. Will a five-spot take you?"

"Ordinarily, I should refuse to accept a penny," virtuously stated the Editor, but from you only, Hot Air, I will accept five, no more."

"Glad to do it. Hand it to you to-morrow at Chapel."

As the Editor of *The Crater* passed down the steps he winked to himself, and said, "Now, ain't I the human nature expert?" Still chuckling he turned into the street whereon roomed Miss Marie Layman. We will now leave John Brown for a while, and observe the deliberations and operations of Mr. Cicero Lutes, Captain of the Hilltop Baseball Team, and would-be orator.

When the Editor of *The Crater* had departed from his midst, Mr. Lutes sat for some time adjusting his mental

faculties to late developments. Then he addressed the furniture, "Well, I guess I'd better be up and doing, as the poet says. Me a lending a helping hand to a bankrupt brother, besides having a date on myself for the Excursion, and the sum of \$4.60 in my jeans. You sure let out a chirp that pop, old American Eagle. You cackled yourself right into print that time with only two weeks' notice. Shucks, Brown ain't stuck up after you once know him. Now, wasn't it lucky he came to see me. It'd be a low down shame if he couldn't go on the Excursion because he didn't have the money, and was too proud to borrow. I'll bet he wants the picture to go with that speech. Well, sir, since I'm in the relief fund business, I'd better be showing some signs of activity. I wonder how Dude Sweeney is heeled with spondoolix. Now, what do you know about Slick Lay being called home yesterday? That sure looks good to me."

Jefferson Sweeney, alias Dude, stopped in answer to a hail from behind. While waiting he flicked a film of dust from his shoes, and adjusted his tie. Sweeney was a fellow of one idea, and two instincts. His instincts were to preserve an immaculate exterior, and to indulge in theatricals at every opportunity; and his idea was in the form of a burning ambition to play on the Hilltop Baseball Team. "Howdydo, Sweeney," said Mr. Cicero Lutes, falling in step beside him, "that was some swell practice you put up with the Scrubs yesterday."

"Why, was you there?" asked the flattered Mr. Sweeney. "I did not see you."

"Oh, yes," cheerfully lied Mr. Lutes, "it's my business to scout around. You see, the Varsity's all the time a-needing new material."—A sudden resolve seemed to strike him, "I shall be perfectly frank with you, Sweeney. Slick Lay had to leave yesterday, and second base has to be plugged up. I've been thinking since I saw you in action that I'd ask Coach Craig to give you a chance at the place."

Compared with the thrills Sweeney was experiencing, the thrills of requitted love would have to be hunted for with a seismograph, "Oh, Mr. Lutes—" he murmured.

"Yes, I think we'll give you a chance, and if you show the goods, it's Slick Lay's uniform for yours. Could you come out Saturday and practice with me?"

"Why, yes, sure; but, why—Saturday's the Boat Excursion."

"I know it, Sweeney, I know it. The Boat Excursion is nothing to me, nothing at all to me. But, Sweeney, I'll not deceive you. I'll be perfectly frank with you. I can't go on the Excursion, because I haven't the dough. I invested in a set of Orations last week, and it left me high and dry. If I had known that the Excursion would be this week I wouldn't have bought it. I have some money coming in next week. Of course, you're going on the Excursion. Excuse me for mentioning practice for Saturday. I'd forgotten for the moment. Could you come out for practice on Monday?"

Sweeney was on the verge of renouncing the Excursion, so as to leave Saturday open for practice, but a happier thought occurred to him, "You don't care for the Excursion, Mr. Lutes?"

"Care for it! Why, Sweeney, I rather lose my eye teeth than miss it. But let it pass. I shall pay for my extravagance alone and in silence."

"You won't do anything of the kind," announced Sweeney with sudden and surprising determination, "you are going on that Excursion if I have to pawn my jewels to get the cash."

"Thanks, Old Man, but I couldn't think of troubling you—"

"Trouble!" scorned Sweeney. "It sure would trouble me if you'd refuse to accept it. I'll slip you a V to-night at supper."

"Since you put it that way, I'll accept it gratefully. I shall depend on you for practice Monday."

Lutes, turning in at Math. Hall for his Trig winked complacently to himself. Sweeney continued on his way. "If I'm any sort of prognosticator of signs," said he to the

limestone veneer of the walk, "Editor John Brown is about due to cough up."

John Brown was in the editorial sanctum that afternoon wrestling with a poem turned in for publication by Miss Pansy McClure, of the Sophomore Class. The poem opened thus:

"And now the birds' and beasts and flowers
Are doing all within their powers."

The further revelations of the poem were such that it devolved upon Brown to do all within his powers in the way of revision if the poem were to merit space in the col-

"MARY, LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL
TICKETS I'VE BOUGHT"



umns of *The Crater*. The job seemed hopeless, and he welcomed the tap at the door as a relief. Mr. Jefferson Sweeney, alias Dude, entered. "How doth the busy little Editor?" quoth Mr. Sweeney somewhat airily as he located his hat and cane on proper hooks.

"I am at present devoting my time and talents to the fine art of making bad poetry worse," sighed the Editor. "How goes it with you, Sweeney?"

"Everything is quiet along the Potomac, but there'll be something stirring anon. The Fates are busy, me lord, busy a brewing a switch in the line-up." Here, Sweeney in-

serted his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, and registered an air of mystery.

"Do these spells come often, Sweeney?" inquired the Edi-

"DUDE SWEENEY STOP-
PED IN AN-
SWER TO A
HAIL FROM
BEHIND?"



tor gravely. "The general line of your conversation indicates an overworked mind."

"We shall see what we shall see. However, let us heark-

en unto facts. There is in my native hamlet a school; there is in that school a course in Literatoor; there is in charge of that course a Prof. who for excellent reasons will hike for unknown parts at the end of the present term. The position is a dandy one; a cool hundred per, and a fine old place to live in. A certain father of mine, with whom I am influential some, is President of the Board. Literatoor, I understand, is the favorite food of the respected Editor of *The Crater*. I understand further that he will go forth as an instructor of the youth of our fair land 'ere many moons flit? Does your editorial mind gather the general trend of my discussion?"

Brown's power of self-repression forced some struggling emotions back under cover. "Only vaguely," he admitted, "but I'll confess that the subject sounds very much like one that interests me."

"Sure," said Sweeney, "it interests you, all right. Let me give you a synopsis of the matter in real English. We are going to need a teacher of Literatoor in the Clayfield High School. The most promising eligible that has swooped down on my field of vision is the renowned Editor of *The Crater*, and my opinion, as heir and assignee of the President of the Board, ought to have some weight. Would you like the job?"

"Does Rockefeller like cash, or does Teddy like fame?" asked Brown, feeling that his implied similes were rather weak and colorless.

"Good!" exclaimed Sweeney, "I shall write the pater about you Saturday."

"Not Saturday, Sweeney; you'll be going on the Boat Excursion then."

"There *you* go, Brown; I can't hear anything, it seems, but that old Boat Excursion. I meet with Tom, and he lines out a chant about the Boat Excursion; I meet with Dick, and he bills and coos about the Boat Excursion; I meet with Harry, and he has palpitation of the heart over the Boat Excursion."—Here, Sweeney negotiated an artistic change of tone and countenance. "No, I'm not going on the Boat

Excursion. I can't go; but I shall beguile away the lonely hours by writing to Father about you, Brown."

"But, Sweeney, why—"

"I shall tell him that you are clean, vigorous, and optimistic. Those are the things that he is strong for. And, Brown, I want you to come up to my room Saturday night, after you get back, and tell me all about the Excursion. That will brighten things up for me a bit."

"Why aren't you—"

"Because I haven't the money," broke in Sweeney. "You are a friend of mine, Brown, and I shall be frank with you, perfectly frank. I blew me to a guitar last week, and my paternal stipend isn't due till next. In the meantime, if boat excursions were a cent a thousand I couldn't buy the ink to print a single ticket. A guitar's a regular siren, a vampire, a bloodsucker," he continued, developing righteous indignation, "and this one has drained my heart's blood and left me a-gaspin'."

It is said that the brain of a drowning man covers a vast deal of territory. There are, to be sure, other conditions which encourage nimbleness of the mental faculties. While Sweeney was relating his tale of woe, Brown's mind was very active. His first conclusion was that he, himself, was a snob. This was predicated upon the fact that he was insisting upon going upon the Excursion, *de luxe*; whereas, one of his most worthy friends couldn't afford even steerage transportation. Next, it occurred to him that it would be most jolly to ride upon crowded street cars, and mix generally with the *hoi polloi*. And if Marie Layman were the sort of girl for him she would gladly discourage all forms of extravagance; also, very doubtless the Clayfield place was a desirable one; and did he not have five dollars coming in anyway, for had not Hot Air Lutes so promised?

The spirit of Democracy having effected the proper leaven, he took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket, and passed it to Sweeney, saying:

"Here, you siren-devastated mariner, you; take this

money, and catch the first car to the wharf Saturday morning. We are going on that and I want you along. Suppose you write your father to-night."

Fifteen minutes later as Dude Sweeney passed down the stairs leading from the editorial sanctum he winked with evident self-satisfaction in the general direction of Mr. Dude Sweeney.

That night at supper Mr. Dude Sweeney handed a five-dollar bill to Mr. Hot Air Lutes who, the next morning at chapel, passed it on to Mr. John Brown. And all were happy.

Great is the Boat Excursion.



—oOo—

Fact and Fancy

The Kit-Kat Klub, made up of normal, enthusiastic Sophomores, believes in the practical—which enables one to provide for physical maintenance; and the spiritual,—which enables one to enjoy the God-given beauties of life. These two viewpoints are illustrated in the following extracts from some Sophomoric effusions, which were the overflow of pre-conceived ideas, and pent-up emotions:

What I Should Do With a Plot of Ground

In the western part of Kentucky a little ways from Paducah, is a plot of ground which I am going to use for a school garden. The children in that vicinity are very much interested in this garden, and we intend to have the most picturesque little farm in all the neighborhood. Under my direction the boys will analyze the soil and determine what plant foods are needed. Then, if possible, I shall get them

and we will mix them with the soil and prepare the seed bed for sowing. We will grow most all plants that are common to that locality. A system of bookkeeping will be taught by having the boys keep a record of all work and expenses. We like to have the girls around, so a portion of the ground will be left for them to use in growing flowers. These flower gardens are the means by which I hope to develop an appreciation for more beautiful environment of the home. By farming, I wish to create in the boys a love for the soil, a most potent factor in the success of the farmer. When summer has passed and the autumn breeze steals gently across the country, glad hands will glean the field of auburn grain and store it in the school garner constructed by the future architects, while the last rose of summer is being plucked by rustic fairies. We trust by this plot of ground to originate a movement that will terminate in the obliteration of the common conception that the country school is a "little house, on a little ground, where a little teacher, for a little while, teaches little children, little things."

If ever the time comes when, under the reign of Socialism, the wealth of this earth together with the land, shall be divided among the inhabitants thereof, and I, under the new dispensation, shall receive my allotted portion of each, I think I shall wisely invest my share of dollars so that I may be sure of food and raiment for the future, and my plot of ground I shall utilize in carrying out a long-cherished, but probably fantastical idea. Should you come to see the finished result of this idea, I would lead you to a gate with this inscription above, "The Garden Symbolic," and under a triumphal arch of rambler roses I would let you view my earthly kingdom. There you will see hiding behind lilac bushes from a snap-dragon, tulip children and their playmates, the sunny marigolds. Johnny-jump-ups will be there in flocks (phlox) trying to exact the promise—forget-me-not, from modest and gentle violets. And there shall be the touch-me-not, which represents so well the attitude following forgotten vanes. The saucy-eyed daisy will flirt there

with the demure-faced pansy, and thus arouse jealousy in the heart of the yellow rose-buck. There Sweet William will lose his Bachelor Buttons at Four O'clock, while talking with the Pinks. Sweet Alyseum will try in vain to read the countenances of my Sunflowers, who in turn will gaze adoringly at the sun all day and sorrowfully droop their heads at night. Over the wall you may see the Honey-suckle clamber, with the Ivy clinging lovingly to its tendrils. The pure white lily shall not know of its villain cousin, the tiger lily; the morning glory shall not be told of its rival, the pretty-by-night. No cypress shall you find there, for the Rose is queen, and while she nods, graceful and stately, to her loyal subjects, sorrow will not dare to be a trespasser.

Daffodils of the Soul

Faith, hope, love, sympathy and inspiration are to the soul what beauty, fragrance and sweetness are to the flower. Were it not for these divine attributes of the soul that partially offset the more materialistic things of the human side, man's earthly pilgrimage would doubtless be one of dreary loneliness. When, in the bitter "wine-press" of human sorrow, what is it, if not faith, that lifts the misty veil that conceals a fairer realm—a realm whose beauty is only heightened and made more perfect when seen through tears? What is it, if not love and sympathy, that prompts a sailor on peaceful waters to extend the hand of help to a less fortunate voyager, whose barque is being driven toward the breakers by the adverse winds of life's tempest-ridden sea? When the evening shades are wrapping the earth in a mantle of gloom; when the distant horizon is all aglow with the flames of departing day and thousands of fleecy ships are drifting in seas of sunset gold, what is it, if not divine fires of inspiration, that cause the soul to burst asunder its earthly fetters and soar aloft with God and Nature? Is it not a feeling of hope and longing that possesses the observer when he beholds the vaulted heavens decked with countless myriads of shining gems? Yes, these are but the divinely

given influences that sustain, and uphold, the mystic child of fate in his transient passage, from the dim corridors of eternity, over the sin-blighted gulf of time, and into eternity again.

In every soul, a bed of daffodils is planted, but from lack of cultivation, a great many are crowded out by the weeds of life. The others grow and blossom, giving joy to all, who see them, but the one, who has planted and cultivated them, gets the most out of them; and the more he gives their blossoms or fragrance to others, the more daffodils he has for his own soul. The possessor of the daffodils has each of them named. The largest blossoms are called honor, love, hope, kindness, benevolence, sympathy and ambition. Generally one of these buds is prized highest of all. The others do not seem to be envious of the preferred one, but are auxiliaries to it.

In one bed of daffodils, ambition was cherished the most. Although storms often arose and it was crushed to the ground, sympathy, hope and kindness exalted him to grow stronger, so that he would be able to stand greater resistance in the future. Soon the sun came out, ambition raised his head, and said that he intended to grow until he would be the brightest of daffodils; but one small weed called failure grew, unnoticed, near ambition, and having seen his selfish desire, he determined to crush him. Ambition soon found that he was not receiving any food from the soil, and that his moisture was being absorbed by some one else. He was enraged, when he learned that failure was hindering his growth. He determined to overcome him, but failure had outgrown ambition, and it was not an easy task. Ambition drooped his head, but when the other daffodils found that he was in distress, sympathy was there with her compassion, love with her ardent feelings, hope with her trust in the future, honor with her respectful regard; all these showed kindness to ambition. Soon failure saw that he could not cope with these combined forces, and died from lack of moisture. Ambition in his dependent state out-

grew his selfishness and learned to appreciate kindness, love, sympathy, honor, hope and benevolence. Late in the season, the owner of the daffodils looked on them with pride, for there seemed to be such companionship between them. They nodded their heads at each other as if they were glad that they belonged to the same owner; and their owner was glad to claim them as all her own, for she had found them to be her greatest needs in life.

—oOo—

Who Got the Game?

Farmer What's His Name lived in a remote rural district inhabited by sturdy, honest farmers who were strangers, alike, to opulence and poverty. Mr. What's His Name had by hard work and frugality succeeded in amassing a small fortune and was recognized by all to be the wealthiest man in the vicinity. His eccentric ways, however, had subjected him to a great deal of criticism the community over. Nothing pleased him more than to have some one ask his advice in regard to some matters; and to take the lead in all business, social, and other projects and movements of the community was his extreme delight. Being clerk and deacon of the rural school, and school trustee, he supposed that a certain amount of reverence and honor was due him from his less fortunate neighbors.

In this community was a very promising young man, Barkus Gray, who had of late become very much interested in Miss Guess Who, the beautiful, accomplished and popular daughter of Mr. What's His Name. It may be said that Guess Who reciprocated the interest of young Barkus, whose native ability was supplemented by the charm of "that other thing" which he had contracted at the State Normal, but her father had determined that she should cast her affections upon another young man of the neighborhood who was nothing more than an ignorant blockhead; but whose father's bank account, in the eyes of Mr. What's His Name, made amends for all his physical, mental, and moral deficiencies.

So, in order to promote his schemes, the farmer had forbidden Guess Who's entertaining young Gray at their home. Offended at this injustice, which was prompted by no other cause than that his pocketbook was smaller than that of his rival, Barkus determined to humble the old man's pride. One of Mr. What's His Name's chief delights was to entertain the ministers and other persons of importance who came into the community. His home being superior, in most respects, to that of anyone else, he really thought that he was the only person prepared to properly entertain the minister. It was through this hobby of the farmer that young Gray decided to work his revenge.

Barkus and his most confidential friend, Urel Sledd, devised a plan whereby they could play a capital joke on the venerable old gentleman. It was agreed that Gray should leave home on a two or three-weeks' visit; return at the end of about one week as a minister disguised; lecture at the rural church; and be entertained at the home of Farmer What's His Name. If the plan proved a success, they were to remain quiet for a couple of months afterward, then reveal the secret and make a laughing stock of the old aristocrat.

So at a Saturday meeting, after the services were over and the house had been called to order for the transaction of business, young Barkus arose and spoke as follows: "Mr. Moderator, while in college I met a young minister of Nashville, Mr. Monroe, who is one of the best speakers I ever heard. I had a letter from him last week and he says that in a few days he is to pass through our county on his way to Cincinnati, and that if we desire it, he would be glad to lecture for us on Saturday night two weeks from to-day. If we decide that we want him, it will be necessary for some one to meet him at the depot. I would volunteer to do this myself, but have arranged to leave in a few days for a visit to my uncle in Colorado, and so cannot be here for the lecture, much to my disappointment."

It was soon agreed that the church should invite the gentleman to lecture. Mr. Sledd, who had previously consulted

with Gray, arose and suggested that Mr. What's His Name, who had a good mode of conveyance, meet the minister at the station and bring him out. Bro. What's His Name readily assented to this, remarking that it would possibly be necessary for him to go to town on that day anyway.

On the appointed day when the minister was to be met, Barkus Gray took the early morning train on the pretense that he was starting to Colorado; went to a neighboring town some thirty miles distant and awaited the afternoon train that would carry him back to his home town. In the meantime he procured a wig, mustache, minister's long coat, and various other articles; went to the hotel and effected a complete disguise. (It was generally understood that Gray had left previous to this.)

Farmer What's His Name arrived at the depot just on train time. As the train came to a stop, a well-dressed gentleman stepped to the platform. The farmer immediately guessed this to be the minister. They were very glad to meet each other and were soon behind a fine span of horses on their way into the country.

An amusing incident occurred on the way. When they were about three miles from their destination, on turning a short bend in the road, the minister saw Sledd, his chief accomplice, coming toward them.

Fearing that he and his friend on meeting would not be able to retain their gravity, he sprang one of his most catchy jokes, which put the farmer in an uproar and paved the way for his own escape. When they met, Mr. What's His Name drew his horses to a stop (just as Gray had expected) and introduced the minister to his neighbor, Mr. Sledd. They shook hands and were very glad to meet each other. After having Sledd promise to be at the lecture that night, they drove on.

On reaching the beautiful country home, the minister was conducted into an elegantly furnished parlor and was left to be entertained by Miss Guess Who while the farmer put away the horses, and his wife, with the remainder of the children, busied herself in preparing a supper that would

have been suitable to set before a Senior. Guess Who had a good voice, was an expert pianist, and so the time passed off very pleasantly. More than once Barkus was tempted to reveal his identity to his sweetheart but, fearing she might bring the whole plan to naught, he kept his peace.

At supper the brilliant conversation of the young minister won the admiration of all; and it was afterwards learned that Guess Who whispered to one of the smaller children as she passed through the hall that she really believed she could forget Barkus if she thought she could win Bro. Monroe.

When the What's His Name family arrived at the church about 7.00 p.m., the crowd had already assembled. Never in its history had such a number gathered at the country church. On reaching the door, Mr. What's His Name and wife led the way into the building, followed by Miss Guess Who and the minister. There was a general hum and buzz of whispers and comments as they moved down the aisle and took their seats near the pulpit. Never before did the choir sing with such spirit and vigor, and when young Barkus failed to take his accustomed place in the choir, all supposed that he was rambling amid the wilds of the Colorado mountains.

The preliminary exercises over, the minister, after being introduced by Farmer What's His Name, mounted the rostrum. After a few introductory remarks, he announced that his discourse for the evening would be more in the nature of a lecture than a sermon. However, his subject would be found in Job 14: 14: "If a man die, shall he live again?" As young Gray held a two-year State certificate; had a "P" in an Oral English Course; and had spent three terms in the Kit-Kat Klub, he was well fitted to fluently discuss the subject in hand. For more than an hour, he held the audience spellbound, and, at the close, everyone was leaning eagerly forward as if in spirit they had been lifted from the earth and swept far up near the "gates of day."

In this congregation was an old sister by the name of Primitive who was never known to attend church without

indulging in what is popularly termed in the rural districts as "shouting." Near the middle of the lecture the minister observed that she had begun to show unmistakable signs of giving them a general treat by means of her favorite pastime.

As Gray closed his lecture and stepped from the rostrum, Sister Primitive emerged from a dark recess of the Amen Corner, leaped into the center aisle, and began to pull off a system of gymnastics that would have put to shame the most professional acrobat. In the midst of these wild gesticulations and powwow stunts, she came over with a back-hand sweep, depriving the minister of both wig and mustache. The effect can better be imagined than described. There was an awful rush like that which precedes the violent outburst of a tornado. You could have heard the tick of a watch in the remotest corner of the room. Farmer What's His Name resembled a statue carved in marble; the organist's fingers froze to the keys; while the choir leader stood with mouth open as if petrified in the act of singing. Then, as the dumfounded audience recovered from the shock, a loud peal of laughter, rent by various cries and ejaculations, broke the stillness that had been akin to the tomb. Amid the confusion and uproar there was a sudden crashing of glass and window sashes. Gray had made his escape. And, a few moments later, was heard riding down saplings in the "deep tangled wildwood."

Farmer What's His Name was in a fury for several days. He declared he would imprison young Gray; threatened to withdraw his membership from the church; and gave expression to many other intentions which he was never able to bring to pass. His inability to get revenge in some form, however, was doubtless due to the fact that Gray had sought refuge in the State Normal and the old man could not learn of his whereabouts. When Gray leaves school and returns to his home, it is not known just how Farmer What's His Name will greet him at their first meeting, but it is not generally thought that he will meet him at the depot—un-

less it be to supplement his knowledge gained in the Normal with a concrete lesson in pugilism.

—oOo—



(This splendid and attractive issue of THE ELEVATOR is due to the work of the Kit-Kats, the first article excepted. You will find it one of the best issues of the year.—ED.)

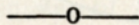
GREEN AND WHITE

Green and white are the colors of the Kit-Kat Klub, and after a moment's reflection we see the wisdom of the society in selecting these colors. Green was selected, not because it is an index to the character of the sophomores, but because the Kit-Kats, being an obliging bunch of youngsters, desired to adopt a color that corresponds to the general opinion that Juniors and Seniors bear toward them. White was chosen because it suggests purity and freshness, two predominant characteristics of Kit-Kats. They are pure because of their youth and of their high ideals of life; they are fresh because, as a rule, they are those rare personages, of the Western Normal, who have not endured the hardships of rural teaching, and because they are just beginning the battle for education.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CLASS

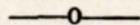
Sometime in the early history of the Kit-Kat Society, a member who was of a very practical nature suggested that

the permanent motto of the society be: "Work without shirk." The motto was adopted and never before in the history of the class has it been more splendidly exemplified than it has this year. In the class-room, on the athletic field or at his rooming place, you will always find the Kit-Kat working, doing his utmost to forward the interests of his society, his school, and his life. Visit his room at night, you will find him not making plans to evade some difficult recitation, but you will find him plodding steadily onward, in order that he, too, may be a Senior sometime. His life, while not rich in experience, possesses that determined desire to conquer which cannot be defeated.



CHARACTER OF THE WORK

The Kit-Kat Klub of 1915, like all progressive organizations, has been especially imbued this year with a spirit of practicalism. Under the splendid leadership of Miss Reid, they have been able to do some very constructive work which will greatly aid them, this fall, when they go forth into the rural communities to free Kentucky children from the bondage of ignorance. Instead of confining their programs to the rendering of debates on such subjects as the relative value of the cow and the horse, they have held such programs as Moot Institutes and teachers' associations and have had discussions on subjects of interest and value to both farmers and teachers.



THE KIT-KAT CLUB IN HISTORY

Since literary clubs are only bodies of human beings, they are as prone to point to and boast of an ancient and honorable ancestry as their several individual constituents. So, disregarding the hint of the wise man that the tracer of family trees is apt to find something 'hanging on a limb,' and risking the charge that the better part is understood, let us consider for a moment the prototype of the Kit-Kat Klub.

In the days of the good King William, many years after the old philosophers had decided to their own satisfaction the number of angels that could stand on the point of a needle, and long, long after they had given up the hope of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, there lived such men as Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Robert Walpole, Congreve, Addison, and Steele. These men with about thirty others, though not driven from home by an 'all-besetting terror,' found themselves meeting by common consent under the roof of one Christopher Catt, a pastry cook of Shire Lane. They had a community of interest. Each man gave and received inspiration which found its way into some very choice pieces of literature.

It seems that the Earl of Orrery and Lord Somers, presumably staid and precise old patricians, after a certain time entertained the others with their absence on account of the virility of some new recruits. But it is safe to say that, like the Kentuckian who went to California, 'they left the club for the club's good.' All of which emphasizes the tendency of the present Kit-Kat Klub to outgrow any persons who live merely because an existence has been thrust upon them.

Such a meeting of kindred spirits, though casual at first, naturally developed into a well-organized club, with definite ideals and purposes. And with growth came changes. From the culinary atmosphere of Chris' Catt's domicile, the place of meeting was moved to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, and later to specially built rooms at Barns Elm, the residence of the secretary, Jacob Tonson. And in connection with the last, summer quarters were established at Upper Flask, Hampstead Heath.

Concerning general procedure, content and extent of the meetings of this club little is known except what may be gained from Addison's more or less humorous observations on London Club Life. But we are told that Robert Kellner himself a member painted, of each of his fellows, a large portrait eighteen by thirty-six inches, since known as the Kit-Kat size. It is thought by some that the Club took its

name from those portraits, while others say the name is an abbreviated form of Christopher Catt, and still others say that the cognomen owes its origin to the fact that the Club once met at the Sign of The Cat and The Fiddle in Gray's Inn Lane. But, whether the name is derived from Christopher Catt, the cooker of pies, or from the pies themselves, we shall ever revere its memory and scatter in the pathway of the Kit-Kats of to-day, the leaves of wisdom and prophecy gathered from the flowers of the garden wherein rest the Kit-Kats of old, speaking, though dead. W. E. RIVES.

—oOo—
THE KIT-KATS' PRAYER

We are exceedingly thankful to thee, our esteemed leader, that thou dost permit us to meet once each week to carry on a good work. We pray thee that thou permittest us to continue this work for the enjoyment thereof. Help us to become strong men and women; strong and influential characters.

Thou knowest, oh, our beloved guide, that we are struggling creatures looked down upon by both the Juniors and Seniors. Yet as we would have them forgive us, so do we forgive them; and by thy care and guidance we will at last become heroic creatures.

Share with us our hardship, thou able director; be merciful to us, an enthusiastic mass. Guide, guard, and direct us in the paths of success, and we will share with thee all the glory that befalls us.

We ask it all for the Kit-Kats' sake,

AMEN.

—oOo—
A RELIABLE RECIPE

Into one normal body, put equal parts of wisdom, knowledge, common sense, and judgment. Do not stir, but let soak a few terms in the Western Kentucky State Normal School. Then, to soften this mixture, beat into it with the ladle of experience, a solution composed of pulverized cul-

ture and refinement, granulated humor, essence of beauty, and a few drops of attar of self-confidence. Add conceit the size of an egg and flavor with love to taste. Pour into a Kit-Kat mold and let stand a few hours, then turn out on the buttered platters of life to cool. Garnish with laurels and cherries and serve a la mode at any hour.

If the directions are carefully followed, a perfect Kit-Kat will be the result.



On Hallowe'en evening the Kit-Kats played the mad, merry pranks of All Saints' Eve in the Training School Chapel, which was well decorated in keeping with the occasion. All evening goblins were seen upon every corner and the weird cries of gnomes were heard. Early in the evening spooks, goblins, all the witches of Salem, and the ancient masters of Black Cats came to bob for apples. Now and then a witch, in a mystic way, would beguile a victim in her coon-talk. Near the close of the program very delightful refreshments were served, which were also in keeping with the occasion. The mystic hours sped rapidly until the town clock told the hour of midnight, then one by one the spirits of the mystic brotherhood flitted away to their native world. A no more delightful evening could have been spent by the Kit-Kat Klub than the evening of Hallowe'en.

One afternoon in November a delightful campfire party was much enjoyed by the members of the Kit-Kat Klub.

The crowd was assembled at their usual place of meeting, from which they were chaperoned by Miss Reid to a cedar grove a short distance from the campus. They reached the grove just at sundown. The boys set to work and in a short time had a crackling fire built of dry cedar posts and brush. As the twilight came on, the white limestone rocks faded into mere outlines and the undergrowth gave the appearance of tangle-woods. After the fire had burned down to a bed of embers, a delicious supper was prepared and served, after which many games were played. Throughout the evening the many merry voices of the grove echoed upon the stillness of the frosty air. Late in the evening the crowd was assembled about the fire, and after a number of yells were given, the party was dissolved and all returned to their homes. Never before was a more enjoyable evening spent by the Kit-Kat Klub.

In November the Kit-Kat Klub was highly entertained at an exchange party given at their usual place of meeting. Parcels were brought and exchanged, after which the boys and girls were arranged in couples and subjects were announced for them to talk upon. After this part of the program had been much enjoyed, the last part of the program was announced. Cards were distributed and each individual was requested to do what was assigned him on the card. This proved to be very amusing for all.

At four-thirty o'clock on April the second the members of the Kit-Kat Klub participated in a delightful social hour. Everyone brought comical subjects for conversation. This part of the program, together with the delightful music, furnished by the Victrola, afforded great pleasure for everyone throughout the hour.

Of Them It Is Said

Uel H. Sled: "A finished gentleman from top to toe."

Wilma Winkler: Truth walks beside him always.

Rhea White: The past and future join their happy hands across his shining presence.

Lonnie Owen:

"His soul sincere, his generous worth
Might well this bosom move."

Harvey Riggs: "He bears him like a portly gentleman."

A. C. Jones: "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Charles Lawhorn:

"Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength,
But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

Carl Winchester: "A man of strength, a man of place."

Roy Stuart: "His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles."

W. O. Christie:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Jerry Hudnall: "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted."

Jennie Gibson: "She dreads an instant's pause, and lives but while she moves."

James A. Hussey: "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow."

Gertrude Fitzhugh: "She hath indeed better bettered expectations."

O. L. Chaney: "I would that my horse had the speed of his tongue."

Maude Bush:

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel chase
A fairer form or lovelier face."

Addie Bidwell: "Sweet promptings unto kind deeds were in her very looks."

Ira Jackson: "A truer, nobler, trustier heart never beat within a human breast."

Frances Connover:

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew."

Beulah Rives: "We read her face as one who reads a pure and holy book."

Maude Miller:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been."

Bess Renfrow:

"Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener holds his breath to hear."

Thelma Roberts: "Less used to sue than to command."

Jessie Combes:

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind of music breaking from her face."

Eliza Smith: "And successful has been her sway."

Louise Walker: "She can harness a team with a logical chain."

Frances Browning: "And happy they who thus in faith obey their better nature."

Annie Cato: "The allseeing sun ne'er saw her match since first the world began."

Emma Keel: "Methinks there is much reason in her sayings."

Lillian Cart: "Ages cannot wither her or customs alter her infinite variety."

Clifton U. Jett:

"Six feet three,
Tall and handsome
As a fellow could be"

Virgil E. Burns: "As great as his ancestors."

Mamie Turner: "She wears her knowledge or wit but as the fashion of her hat."

Annie Cox: "There is something more than natural in her if philosophy could only find it out."

Ethel Rogers: "A life that leads melodious days."

Dova Grise: "In joys, in grief, in triumph, in retreat, great always, without aiming to be great."

Zoda Snyder: "Mischievous, thou art afoot."

Lillian Cummings: "When she departs, sorrow abides and happiness takes its leave."

Josephine Holmes: "Most generous and free from all contriving."

W. D. Cunningham: "I would make reason my guide.

F. B. Tarter:

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
There is no living with thee or without thee."

E. C. Whalin: "Manhood when verging into age grows thoughtful."

Jesse Runner: "Though modest on his unembarrassed brow, nature had written, 'Gentleman.'"

Nancy Johnson: "There was a soft and pensive grace, a cast of thought upon his face."

N. W. Gentry: "Know when to speak, for many times it brings danger to give the best advice to kings."

Ina Gardner:

True eyes,
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise.

Fred Coots: "Your gentleness shall force, more than your force shall move us to gentleness."

Edith Garst: "Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

Alice Jones: "Golden hair, like sunlight streaming."

Porter Lamb:

To business that we love, we rise betimes
And go to it with delight.

Catherine Miller:

"Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze into her eye."

Elbert Mills: "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Margie Ellis: "She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever then."

Vara Cook: "Brilliant hopes all woven in gorgeous tissues."

Mellie Dixon: "Eat, drink, and be merry."

Emma Albritton: "A+."

Barkus Gray: "He does well who does his best."

Homer Farris: "He knew what's what, and that's as high as metaphysic wit can fly."

Kathleen Thompson: "Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected."

Verta Browning: "And ease of heart her every look conveyed."

Roy Mayes: "The force of his own mind makes his way."

Roy Price: "His eye intent was on the vision future lent."

Vada Cain: "How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes."

Sue Miller: "'Tis beauty truly blent."

Maude Moore: "Constant as the northern star."



THE ELEVATOR

363

S. C. Phipps: "The will to do, the soul to dare."

G. C. Ferrin: "His ready speech flows fair and free."

Alma Asher: "Black eyes with a wondrous witching charm."

Grace Anderson: "How sweet and gracious, even in common speech."

Alvena Pennybaker: "She speaks, behaves and acts just as she should."

Zoda Smith: "Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers."

Beulah Clark: "Variety is the very spice of life."

Joe Neel Dixon:

"She is a woman, therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

Mrs. W. O. Nickolls: "She never rests, till she attains to it."

Ina Dehoney: "A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

Beulah Morgan: "A merry heart goes all the day."

Nina Rives: "For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

Blanche Barnett: "I feel her presence by its spell of might."

Opha Trail: "Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes."

Ruby Horning: "Whate'er she does is done with so much ease."

Martha Randall: "With child-like credulous affections."

D. A. Taylor:

"The proud he tames,
The penitent he cheers."

Eunice Stewart:

"Eyes that could see her on this summer day
Might find it hard to turn away."

Lillian Oats:

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace."

W. G. Sullinger: "No duty could overtask him."

Charles F. Moore: "An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man."

Oscar Gerald: "An honest man he is, and hates the slime that sticks on filthy deeds."

R. E. Jagers: "He hath done the work of a true man."

Guy Belew: "Broadcloth without, a warm heart within."

Charles Likens:

"Fain would I climb,
But that I fear to fall."

Vera Russell: "A spirit pure as hers is always pure."

C. Livingston: "Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way."

Guy Blunk: "Truth, simple truth, was written in his face."

Arthur Bell: "Noble he was, condemning all things weak."

Lee Elliott: "I dare do all that may become a man."

Everett Lashley: "But thou hast sterling sense."

Nina Murray: "That artless blush and modest air."

Roscoe Holmes: "How hard for real worth to gain its price."

Earl Miller: "A man of luck, a man of taste."

G. G. Craig: "Thy spirit, independence, let me share."

Truman Solmon: "Noble by birth, and nobler by great deeds."

F. O. Whitmer: "Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and child-like."

Addie May Leet: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Cretia Lykens: "Wholesome as air and genial as the light."

Clara Lee: "Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling."

Ray Jordan: "She has a voice of gladness, and a smile."

Graham Hollis: "She is the darling of my heart."

Dixie Helm: "I am contented, I do not care."

Sara Hendricks: "She still aspireth to eternity."

Walter Evans: "Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable."

Emma Daughtry: "Be to her virtues very kind, be to her faults a little blind."

Ural Coleman: "A little curly-headed good-for-nothing, and mischief making from his birth."

Bertha Boyd: "A quiet conscience makes one so sweet."

Ruth Hocker: "Is she not more than painting can express or youthful poets fancy?"

Sue Layson: "She looks as clear as morning roses, newly washed in dew."

Tommy Dehoney: "The sweetest noise on earth—a woman's tongue."

Vera Brewer: "A little rose-bud set in wilful thorns."

Eura Biven: "So pure and sweet, her fairy brow seemed eternal as the sky."

Mina White: "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece,—(and a Wanda goes in quest of her)."

Prince Sparks: "In wit a woman, simplicity a child."

Lowville Griffin: "Heart on her lips and soul in her eyes."

Bess Slaughter: "She is a winsome wee thing."

Alma Porter: "Great or good or kind or fair."

Elizabeth Matheny: "The joy of youth her health and eyes displayed."

Gertrude Mason: "Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Josephine Creasy: "Her every feature has a power."

Cora Duvall: "To some she whispers, others speaks aloud."

Oma Pitcock:

"Or light, or dark, or short, or tall,
The sets a spring to snare them all."

Mattie Reid:

"Here's to the maid of bashful fifteen;
I warrant she'll prove very thrifty."

Lucy Faust: Lovely as the sun's first ray.

Louise Adams: "She is indeed a rare one."

Anna Brown: "Her calm, majestic actions move us all."

Elva Smitha: "Like the dainty flower in May."

Mrs. Lawhorn: "A smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts with love combined."

Nina Simpson: "Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day."

Mabel Rector: "As pure as a pearl and as perfect; a noble and innocent girl."



THE KIT-KAT BASKETBALL TEAM

The term "skill" can be applied in many places, but the most appropriate application was demonstrated in the hands of the Kit-Kat Basketball Team this fall. When the girls stepped out on the floor to play their first game, their hearts were filled with enthusiasm and desires to win, and notwithstanding the little practice they had had, slipped over the floor in an easy manner, forcing their opponents to exert all their energy in keeping down the mighty guards and following the center and forwards. The girls who constituted the regular team were:

Margie Ellis, center.

Thelma Roberts and Grace Anderson, forwards.

Maud Bush and Bess Renfrow, guards.

The team was well supported by the help of the excellent substitutes, and the sympathy of the society. The greatest work of this team was shown in their splendid spirit to face defeat bravely. If they met defeat one day, they were happy to know that they had a chance to win the next day. When

they won, their faces fairly beamed; when defeated, they were always cheerful because they had tried. The main characteristics of the players were:

Miss Roberts: Pitching field goals from center line.

Miss Anderson: "What does that little guard mean to me!"

Miss Bush: "What's the use? I am guarding you."

Miss Renfrow: "Just send the ball down here; there's no danger."

Miss Brown: "Throw a high ball; I can catch it."

Miss Ellis, rising meteor, knocking balls from both ends of the field at the same time.

This team had the honor of playing the Seniors, who were the winners, the closest game of the season. The Kit-Kats established the motto: "If you cannot win all the time, you can be a good loser!"

—oOo—



Miss Thelma Roberts to Miss Nell Johnson: "What's the matter, that I don't see you with Mr. Norrington any more?"

Nell Johnson: "Why, the other day he almost mortified me by his ignorance."

Thelma: "How was that?"

Nell: "As we were walking down the street a youth whirled by on a bicycle, and Walter, after gazing at it a few

seconds exclaimed: 'Golly! ain't that queer? Who'd ever expect to see a man riding a hoop skirt?'"

He is a Loyal.

A Crowd of Sophomore Girls in a Room

Jessie Combes: "What kind of athletes do you like best?"

Mina White: "Runners."

Margie Ellis: "So do I, especially Sled runners."

Jessie: "Oh, girls, be serious."

Vera Brewer: "Yes, why don't you talk about something more practical! For instance, the distance from here to Chicago, and the length of time it takes a letter to go."

Mr. Mills to Mr. Gray: "The conceptive ability of these Juniors is remarkable."

Mr. Gray: "Juniors remarkable! Explain."

Mr. Mills: "Why, yesterday in Prof. Green's Geography class, he asked this question, 'Now, who can tell me which travels faster, heat or cold?' and Mr. Devasher very readily replied, 'Why, heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold.'"

Doings of the Faculty

Prof. Leiper—Murdering English Grammar authors.

Prof. Thomas—Learning to throw stones.

Miss Van Houten—Giving lessons against chewing gum.

Miss Reid—Studying criticisms of present-day American writers (Normalites).

Prof. Ford—Grinding limestone.

Miss Scott—Trying to draw up a method by which to bake a cake without sugar.

Prof. Grise—Getting rather spooney.

Prof. Arthur—Has about learned which is the harder, his head or a baseball.

Prof. Clagett—Lecturing on love, beauty, and birds—"That's abundantly worth while, as I take it."

Miss Potter—Seeking for a new color.

Mr. Craig—Trying to find another pocket to put his hands in.

Miss Rodes—Trying to find a note that will correspond with Miss Brewer's voice.

Mr. Byrn—Trying to discover a new color for next season's tickets.

—oOo—



It was Geography class, and Mr. Green had been asking what some of the different States were noted for. Looking up at one of the boys, he asked: "Tell me, Burns, what Rhode Island is noted for."

For a moment Burns was silent, then an inspiration apparently came to him:

"Rhode Island," he answered, in his quick, oratorical voice, "why, it is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest."

Mr. Barkus Gray, who had always had a great desire to study astronomy, was almost overjoyed when he saw "General Observation" on the board. He immediately put it on his program, feeling that his dreams had been realized. But imagine his disappointment when he found himself observing in the Training School.

Prof. Stickles (in History class): "Singleton, why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

Singleton: "For the same reason that the old hen crossed the road. You can't work any jokes on me."

A Junior to a Senior: "What are you preparing for?"

Senior: "A woman's home companion."

Victor Strahm (to his father): "Dad, what would you give for a voice like mine?"

Father: "Chloroform."

Mr. Rebarker (to Miss Lewis): "I hope my calls do not bother you."

Miss Lewis: "Oh, not at all! I never worry over trifles."

Mr. Sweeney: "Do you think obtaining the vote would make women masculine?"

Miss Turner: "Why, no. It hasn't had that effect on you."

Mr. George Robinson (to Mr. Alva Skaggs): "It looks like rain."

Skaggs: "I beg your pardon."

Robinson: "I say it looks like rain."

Skaggs: "What does?"

Robinson: "The weather."

Skaggs: "The weather, George, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."

Robinson: "What I meant was that the sky looked like rain."

Skaggs: "Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

Robinson: "Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain."

Y. M. C. A. SUMMER SPECIAL

1 Month . . .	\$1.00	2 Months . . .	\$1.75
3 Months . . .	\$2.50	4 Months . . .	\$3.00

Skaggs: "As if what would rain?"

Robinson: "The weather, of course."

Skaggs: "The weather, as before stated, being a condition, cannot rain."

Robinson: "The clouds, then, confound you! I may not know as much about it as you do, but I've got enough sense to get in out of it, and you haven't." So saying he raised his umbrella and walked away in a huff, leaving the precise Alva to be wet down, as it had by this time begun to pour.

E. NAHM & CO'S. Great Clothing Emporium

420-422 MAIN STREET

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Spalding's Athletic Goods
Kuppenheimer Clothes
Florsheim and Walk-over Shoes

TAKE A LOOK!

THE NEWEST GOODS AND VERY LATEST STYLES

In Everything That Men Wear

CAN BE FURNISHED YOU BY

THE ALLISON CLOTHING CO.

Call and Inspect Our Goods

PARK ROW

CHOICE FOOTWEAR!

WE'RE SHOWING THE SEASON'S BEST

FONVILLE SHOE CO.

INCORPORATED

920 STATE STREET

