

6-1915

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VI, No. 9

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. 9" (1915). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 20.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/20

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., JUNE, 1915

GARVIN'S BOOK STORE

SCHOOL BOOKS !

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

436 Main Street

Opposite Fountain

The Bazaar

Dry Goods, Shoes
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Bowling Green's Depend-On Store

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

THREE TEACHERS SECURE GOOD POSITIONS IN ONE DAY!

(5-17-1915) This morning's mail brought notice of the election of three of our candidates. Salaries: \$85—\$100—\$125. In to-day's mail we have been asked to recommend for \$9,850.00 worth of vacancies. Our records will show that these are not unusual occurrences.

"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

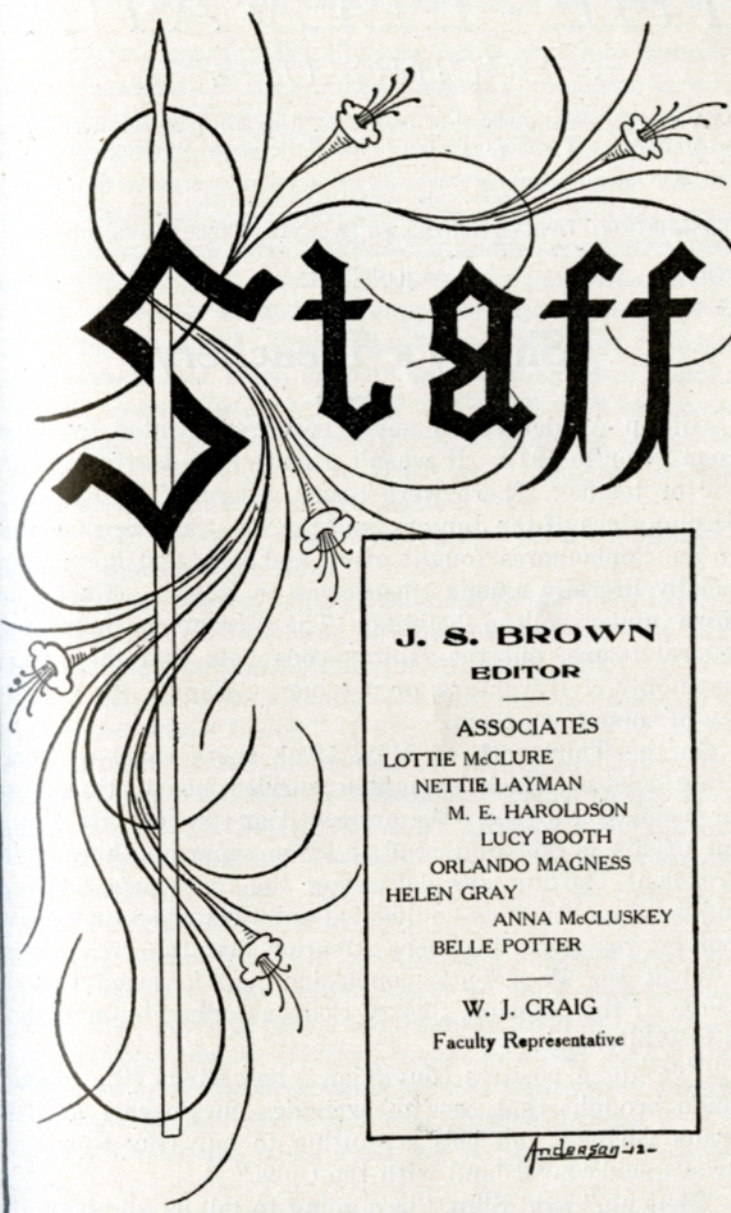
Good Clean Groceries

See Him



WE gratefully acknowledge our debt of gratitude for the best year the Bowling Green Business University has ever enjoyed.

The largest attendance, the best work, and an increasing demand for our product, combine to make our future altogether bright and inviting.



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 - 12 -

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.

JUNE, 1915

NO. 9

Shorty's Treachery

Hilltop Academy had never been represented by a ball team prior to 1910. It wasn't a matter of dearth of material or teams. There were teams galore. The First and Second nines of the Juniors, and the First and Second nines of the Sophomores fought often and long and lustily, and usually literally among themselves on Athletic Field, back down under college heights. The Freshmen maintained several teams, but the Hilltop code held that they might wage only civil warfare, or perchance, dispute the supremacy of some town team.

On the Thirteenth of May, 1910, there came to Coach Craig a letter which brought a worried look to that angular pedagogue's face. We noticed it at Chapel. He took it out of his pocket and read it three separate times while President Hardin was delivering the morning's address; and between readings he fidgeted and twisted so that pretty soon he was attracting more attention than the President.

When the President's conclusion had loosened the decorum of the occasion, Shorty Cooper nudged his neighbor, Slim Whitehead:

"I've got a positive conviction," he stated, "the missive that's brought that case of wriggles on Coachie is from Frank Chance, and he's a-wanting to buy Guy Burns. I always said Guy'd land with the Cubs."

"Shut up," said Slim, "he's going to tell us all about it." Professor Craig, Head of the Department of Chemistry,

had arisen and was making his way to the center of the rostrum. He was a tall, ungainly Scotchman, of whom it was a common saying that the only thing he ever did gracefully was to teach Chemistry. The students with due affection called him Coachie, a sort of tribute to his position as Chairman of the Athletic Committee. This, since the Chairman had performed no duties, and had had none to perform, was an unconscious bit of satire. Whenever Coachie was moved by some sudden or strong emotion, he lisped in his speech, and shifted his belt. These signs were infallible. In his announcement that morning both were plainly in evidence:

"I wish to see," he said, jerking at his belt with alternate hands, "the members of the Athletic Committee in Room Sithteen, at Two O'clock thith afternoon." He gave a final tug at his belt, and returned to his seat.

"What'd I tell you?" demanded Shorty. "I'll bet he's offered five thousand for him."

"Oh, shut up, Shorty," again demanded Slim; "because you brought Burns to Hilltop, and he's learned to catch a fly ball doesn't license you to get plumb foolish about him."

"I'm a natural borned judge of a ball player, I am. Just wait, and see who's foolish."

The Athletic Committee met at the call of its Chairman. Three members composed the committee: Coach Craig, Professor Randolph Percival Green, and Professor A. L. Macon.

"Thintlemen," began Coachie, "thith communication came to-day, and I have called you together to conthider it." Then he read the following:

"Athletic Committee, Hilltop Academy. Gentlemen: In order to determine the championship of the Pennyrile, we suggest a ball game between the teams of Hilltop and Bogden, to be played on the Hilltop grounds at a date which can be arranged after the acceptance of this challenge. Frank Hays, Chairman Athletic Committee, Bogden College."

"Now, thintlemen, what shall we do about it?" asked Coachie.

"Accept it," answered Macon, promptly. "Accept it before Bogden can back down."

"I counsel discretion," interposed Professor Randolph Percival Green. "I think it would be far wiser to inquire further into the nature of this purposed contest before entering into the consummation of the final details."

"Discretion nothing!" snapped Macon, "there isn't any discretion involved in tackling an institution that still teaches Harvey's Grammar."

"You are aware, thintlemen," broke in Coachie, "that thith inthitution has no ball team."

"We've got a dozen," said Macon.

"Clath teams, yeth; but no school team."

"Organize a school team," suggested Professor Macon; "you couldn't find a better range to select from."

"Would it be possible," inquired Professor Randolph Percival Green, "to select from the aggregate of players at the Academy a team of superior prowess?"

"It is possible," stated Macon with emphasis, "to get up a team at Hilltop that can lick the lights out of any team in this section."

"Then, on those premises, I vote to accept the challenge."

"Same here," assented Macon.

"It ith carried that thith challenge be acthepted. Now, how are we going to choothe the team?"

"Why, you do it, Craig; you know the game, and you know the men—"

"Can't do it," said Craig, determinedly. "It ithn't safe to mix Juniors and Sophomores like that. Besides, I have a young wife and a year-old son that need my companionthip for a while yet. You do it."

"Can't spare the time. I'm too busy on the manuscript of my new book. I nominate Professor Green to pick the champions."

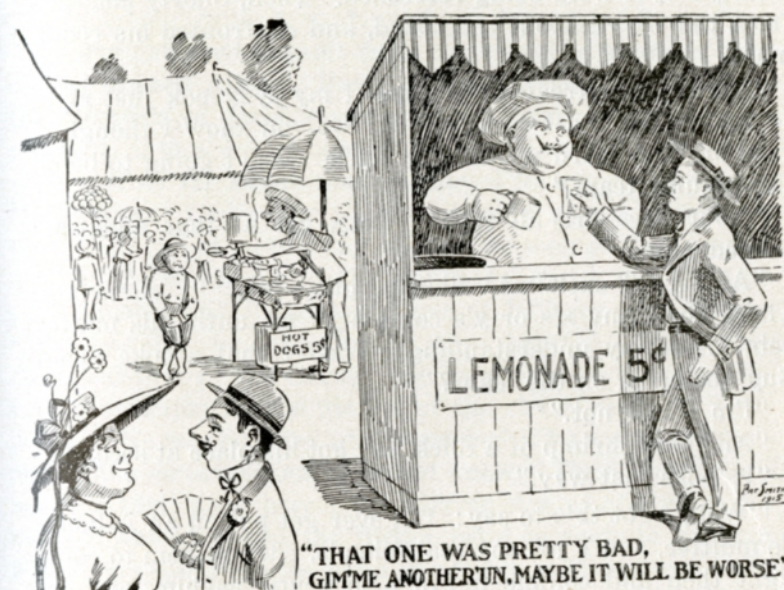
"I fear that I'll have to decline, too. I have not established sufficient familiarity with the sport to permit my assuming any managerial capacities."

"The only way for uth to get anywhere in thith matter ith to shoulder the responsibiity jointly. Leth call all the

players out for daily practith and choothe the best team we can mutually agree on."

The Committee agreed to share the responsibility of picking a team, and issued a call to all aspirants to meet for practice daily at 4.30.

Well, during the next two weeks, from 4.30 till candle-light, Athletic Field swarmed with perspiring students, each one filled with a great, unutterable longing to save the fair name of Hilltop from being dragged in the dust by Bogden's rough minions.



On the morning of the 26th, Professor Randolph Percival Green announced at Chapel that the championship game between Bogden and Hilltop would be played off the following Friday afternoon, and that the Committee would post its final selection of a team on Wednesday.

* * * * *

Slim Whitehead elbowed his way in to reading distance

of the bulletin board. When he had read the announcement, a puzzled expression appeared on his face:

"This will be the death of Shorty," he said. But just then Shorty strolled down the hall swinging a strap full of books, and whistling *The Girl I Left Behind Me*. Slim met him, and essayed to break the news gently:

"Shorty, let's go out under a tree and tackle that algebra."

"I'll tackle nix until I have refreshed me eyes with yonder line-up," replied Shorty, pushing Slim aside.

Presently, a series of explosions conveyed the news that Shorty's eyes were being refreshed. Then, Shorty emerged from the crowd about the board, and confronted his roommate.

"Slim," he entreated, "tell me if my eyes look just right to you. They must be a-failing. Do you know I thought I read on that board where Guy Burns wasn't going to be on the regular team."

"Your eyes are all right. Let's get at that algebra," evaded Slim.

"Algebra!" exclaimed Shorty, pityingly. "I guess not. There don't any x's or y's come nigh me until this matter gets inside my understanding. Wasn't that a joke about Guy not being on the team?"

"I'm afraid not."

"And that shrimp of a Slick Lay got his place at second?"

"It looks that way."

"Well, I got th' to say: If I ever get put on an Athletic Committee, and I got any real friends, I want them to come right then and confine me in a looneytic asylum, and set Jack Johnson to guarding me to see that I don't disgrace the name of the institution."

"But, Shorty, you know Guy did make an error in the practice game Monday," suggested Slim, lamely.

"Of course, he did. Ain't he human? And didn't he go right in and slam out a homer? Don't you suppose that if Solomon had been a second baseman he'd a never made an error?"

"I'd have chosen Guy, myself," consoled Slim, with continued lameness.

"Well, I should hope so," replied Shorty, scornfully; "as for me, I'm done. I don't root for no team picked by a committee that don't know a baseball bat from a banana; no, sir."

"You can't afford to quit, Shorty; you're the best rooter here, and the school needs you."

"It ain't what it needs that's going to help it. There's a circus in town Friday, and I'm going to attend and be present, and this ball game can head in whenever it sees fit."

* * * * *

Shorty detached himself from the crowd of students that surged toward Athletic Field, and wandered moodily off in the direction of Jacob's commons, transformed by the circus tents into a sea of billowy white. He was the lone defection from the ranks that journeyed to witness Bogden's humiliation. Ordinarily a circus drew a goodly patronage from Hilltop, but on this day neither the song of the calliope, nor the thump-thump of the elephants' tread, nor the jest of the clown had found any favor at Hilltop; and Shorty alone wended his way along the deserted street that stretched toward the circus. He didn't find as much pleasure in anticipating the glories of the circus as he had expected. He missed Slim, and wondered if he would see anyone at the circus whom he would know. Then, there were borne to him on the breeze the stirring strains of Dixie. He knew it was played by the Hilltop band en route to Athletic Field. He could see the band as plainly as if he were looking right at it: Howard Kinman, the leader, trudging grandly along in front; Little Guill applying himself diligently to his animated cornet, and Harvey Roberts rendering yeoman service in the low parts with his trombone. Once, Shorty stopped and looked back at Hilltop. The buildings had never before looked so majestic, and somehow their majesty troubled Shorty, but resolutely he turned his back and plodded ahead. The proximity of a circus had always brought thrills, but on that day thrills were strangely lack-

ing. Soon, his street converged with the street that led out from town, and Shorty found himself a unit in a motley parade that traveled circusward.

When he reached the show grounds he gave immediate heed to the vociferous pleadings of a dealer in pink lemonade:

"I believe I'll try a glass," he said, throwing a nickel down on the counter, "maybe I'll like it better'n I do your voice." When he had disposed of the contents of the glass, he pulled out another nickel: "Let me have another," he said, genially, "that one was pretty bad, and maybe the next'll be worse."

Being satisfactorily irrigated, Shorty made his way to a hamburger stand: "Cap," he ventured, "if you've got any made out o' real bulldog meat, I'll take one. You see, I got enemies," he explained gravely.

"I got the very thing," answered the ruddy faced proprietor, mopping his brow; "genuwine imported bulldog meat, fresh from Italy this morning."

The repast failed to promote the savagery Shorty desired. With sagging spirits he moped about the grounds. If only Slim were with him, he felt that he could attend to the details of the circus with system and despatch, but lacking Slim there was a general indefiniteness to everything.

Suddenly, he drew up with bulging eyes and bated breath before an alarming spectacle: On a stand before a sideshow a girl stood encased in the glistening spirals of a great serpent. After staring fascinatingly at her for several moments, Shorty decided that if that were a fair sample, the contents of the tent were worth investigating, so he paid his dime and passed inside.

Near the entrance, a Fat Lady overflowed the limits of her chair. "Ma'am," asked Shorty, interestedly, "what kind of food do you take?"

The Fat Lady ignored the query: "Buy one of my photographs to remember me by," she suggested, coyly.

Shorty studied the picture: "No," said he with decision,

passing it back, "I wouldn't have it for nothing. My album's full."

"On your way, infant," spoke the Fat Lady scornfully, "your nurse'll be a-looking for you."

Farther along was a booth at which the chief attraction, as explained by the flaming poster, was, "Nippoo, the most intelligent living gorilla; able to solve problems or tell ages; the missing link between man and brute." Shorty halted before Nippoo, and made a wry face at that intelligent creature. Nippoo responded by a growl and a wild dash at Shorty that caused its leash to rattle sharply.

"Here, youse," cried the keeper, sharply; "keep away from there. Do you want to be et up?"

"Your relative does seem a little vexed," said Shorty, passing on.

Presently, he became conscious that he had lost all taste for the sideshow, and so he waived the remainder of the attractions and passed out. Then, without any apparent reason for it, he recalled Slim's last words before they had parted that afternoon: "I know you've got a reason to be sore, Shorty, but come on with us. Don't be a traitor." Traitor! If anybody was a traitor, it was that committee. He had wanted Hilltop to win, but had the committee!

Shorty was awakened from his reverie by the husky voice of a barker:

"Ladeeze and Gentulmun; right this way for the great spectacular war drommer. See the gallunt charging soljers sheddun their life's blood; see the flashun bayonets; hear the roarun cannons; see the traitor executed at his opun grave. Admission to one and all, one dime, ten cents. Show starts in one minut."

Traitor! Shorty experienced a vague feeling that the spieler had become personal, but he paid his ten cents and entered. For ten minutes he witnessed scenes replete with the flourish and crackle of six-shooters. Despite the animation of the spectacular war drommer, Shorty found himself wondering how the game at Athletic Field was faring. Unwittingly the hope had crept in that Hilltop would win even

if handed a rotten deal by the committee. Then, his attention reverted to the drommer. The traitor was brought in for execution. His captors bound him hand and foot, and stood him blindfolded near an open grave. Shorty didn't wait for the tragic finish. With heavy heart, and hair that crinkled at the roots, he pushed his way out of the tent, and started in a dog trot for Athletic Field, a half mile away.

Hilltop and Bogden went to battle with the following line-ups:

HILLTOP		BOGDEN
Allison	Left Field	Gibson
Atherton	First Base	Strahm
Allen	Shortstop	Hoover
Gingles	Center Field	Vincent
Woodrum	Catcher	Wilson
Greer	Pitcher	Colley
Lay	Second Base	Clark
Jones	Third Base	Welch
Holland	Right Field	Lahorn

The game was a great one. It was played five years ago, but I'll warrant that the Freshmen at Hilltop to-day can tell you the story of the game, play for play.

Five breathless, scoreless innings swept by marked by superb pitching and fielding. Then, Slick Lay at Second committed a succession of errors that filled the bases. Immediately the Bogden section of the grandstand was transformed into a veritable bedlam: horns, bells, trumpets, feminine shrieks and masculine howls mingled in the raucous confusion. Leaning far over the edge of his box, Bogden's bewhiskered, bespectacled Professor of Dead Languages shrilly entreated Vincent to come on home from third base. Slick Lay, broken in spirit, looked helplessly across at the Hilltop players' bench, and Coach Craig beckoned for him to come on in. Slim Whitehead experienced a distinct surprise a moment later when Murray Brown trotted out to take the post which Slick had vacated. "I'm

glad now that Shorty didn't come," he said. Vic Strahm sauntered to the plate with instructions to wait Greer out, but the Hilltop pitcher refused to take any chances on sending a forced run across the plate. With two strikes and no balls called against him, he struck blindly at a fast straight one and a clean double whistled between Jones at Third and Allen at Short, and Vincent and Wilson scampered home, cheered along by roars of applause from the Bogden rooters. Greer then retired the side by striking out Clark.



Three more scoreless innings passed. It looked like a clean-cut victory was cinched for Bogden, when Colley fanned Allen and Gingles in the last half of the Ninth. Then the big pitcher weakened and walked Woodrum on four pitched balls. Greer followed with a single to left field, and pandemonium broke loose among the Hilltop supporters. Slim Whitehead gazing across the field met with another surprise: coming in a trot along the path behind the left field foul line was Shorty Cooper. Murray Brown, a notoriously weak hitter, strolled toward the plate, twirling

a pair of bats. Sudden and serious inspiration seized Slim, and he acted with promptness. Shoving and pushing his way through the struggling, howling mob to the aisle just behind the players' bench, he tried frantically to attract Coach Craig's attention:

"Yeth?" asked the Coach, with evident impatience.

"Coachie, please put in Guy Burns," he begged. "I've got a tip. Please put him in."

The Coach frowned, then brightened. "Maybe you are right," he said. He beckoned to the umpire, and whispered to him. That dignitary waved his mask for silence: "Burns now playing Second for Hilltop," he announced. Burns seized a bat from the dugout and fairly ran to the plate.

"What! What! What!" roared a voice near the entrance. It rang loud above the tumult, and everyone looked. It was Shorty Cooper.

"Oh, you Guy," he bellowed, waving his broad panama on high, "show that bow-legged, one-eyed, knock-kneed, goose-necked, paralytic what sort of pitcher he is. Slam it out, boy. Slam it so far that that clue-footed, bone-spavined excuse of a left fielder'll be a granddaddy by the time he gets back with it."

Two wide ones wafted by, and the Bogden pitcher was called out of the box, and Finn substituted.

"That's right," bawled Shorty, "take him out; he's helping up; he's a traitor. Tie his hands and feet, stand him by his open grave, and let him have it. Wow! Oh, Guy, look at that refugee from a widow's home that's pitching now."

Finn took an angry look at his tormentor, and cut loose with a fast one. Burns met it squarely on the nose, and the ball sailed high over the center fielder's head and out of the park for a home run.

Both Shorty and Slim were on the field waiting for Burns when he crossed the home plate. When Shorty had properly felicitated that hero, he shook hands vigorously with Coach Craig.

"Some game, Coachie," he said.



MERITORIOUS

Fads and Fancies! Yes, we have them in education just as we have them in other fields of human endeavor. Many new methods, systems and spasmodic revolutions come into the limelight of pedagogical theory—a few of these really new notions find permanent abode in the system of true teaching, but most of them when scrutinized beneath the microscope of fundamentals in education, are found lacking in their vital stamina and therefore rapidly die of their own weakness. In our State we hear the plea for Agriculture, Domestic Science, Vocational Education, a revision of the county examination, etc., all of which, if not carried to the extreme, will find a lasting place in our curriculum. But if we may judge from the May, 1915, examination, there is no danger of these reforms being carried to the extreme. Queer, queer, queer; yes, it's a queer thing that in every educational meeting where the subject is discussed, the ridiculous questions of examinations are ridiculed, and yet, and yet, and YET, when a set of examination papers are put out, it is perfectly safe to wager ten to one that there will be found questions that no one except a hair-brain would ever expect to know. It's enough to drive sensible young men and women out of the profession when they have studied long and hard on the essentials of teaching, only to meet defeat at the hands of the preposterous nonsense of an examination. Why in the name of star-lit heaven can't

we get a board of men who know that catch-question-tomfoolery in the head of a man does not make a teacher. But this is via. What I mean to say is, that along with Agriculture and other modern ideas, comes the demand for more Athletics in the schools, and this demand, too, has come to stay. We have at last come to the happy conclusion that it is not the function of the schools to make pale-faced, droop-shouldered walking-encyclopedias, but that along with and co-ordinate to the cultivation of the mind is the making of rosy cheeks and upright bodies. With this notion of Athletics in mind, this issue of THE ELEVATOR is given over wholly to a discussion of that subject, especially as it concerns the W. K. S. N.

DEVIATION

May we take the liberty to sidestep the general line of discussion just here to make mention of a land-mark in the institution that cannot be overlooked? Early in the spring, Dr. Cherry resigned as president of the W. K. S. N., to become a candidate for Governor. We regretted very much to see him go out from us, but we could not allow our selfishness to stand in his way. He went out from us a strong, clean, sincere man, hoping to do a greater service for his State, but in the course of events the political waters became too muddy for him—honor, good sense and patriotism said get out—and he got out, and thanks to our great Board of Regents, he came back to us, unspotted, stronger and if possible more sincere and more patriotic than he went out.

The attitude of the student-body toward Dr. Cherry was never so powerfully expressed than as when he appeared the re-elected President on June the second. The old chapel sounded and resounded, echoed and re-echoed, thundered and thundered some more with the applause of students, visitors and faculty. Yes, we are indeed glad to have our President back. No man in the United States can fill the place of H. H. Cherry in the hearts of the students and fac-

ulty of the Western Normal, and may he live long to serve this institution and the State of Kentucky.

OUR COACH

The Western Normal has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Arthur as coach in the athletic department. Under his direction our teams have all come out victorious, the football team excepted, and in that sport this was our first real attempt. The coach had only raw material out of which to make a team, and of course it is not expected that much can be accomplished for the first year, under those circumstances. We only played four games, losing three, but in the last game against Richmond our boys showed that they really had developed into a considerable football machine.

THE ELEVATOR is glad to hear that Mr. Arthur has been retained for another year, as that fact means better success for the athletic department next year.

ATHLETICS PRO AND CON

While there is a great demand for better physical training in the schools, it is well to note the objections offered to some conditions resulting from over-athletic training. The following clipping from the Courier-Journal illustrates this point:

Athletics—and After

A New York athletic expert has projected a discussion of the after-effects of strenuous training of the young. He was attracted to the study, he says, by the failure of "prep" school stars to justify in college athletics the hope held for them earlier; he concludes that over-training and depleted vitality in early youth are to blame. The whole subject is deserving of more attention than it usually receives at the hands of ambitious and indiscreet trainers and coaches. This critic is concerned chiefly with the "prep" athlete and his subsequent college career; but the arguments hold good

for the college star and his subsequent career in business or professional life.

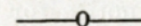
The New Yorker has concluded that the youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty has everything to lose—and very little to gain—by hard athletic training in that period; he may ascend into the firmament as a football or track star in the preparatory school, but the decline in his staying power—and his health—sets in rapidly thereafter. Thus he is not numbered among the stars at college.

The opportunity for observation is not so rich in the case of college athletes passing out into life, but there is abundant evidence that unhappy consequences frequently result. The cases are not precisely parallel, but they are related in a general way. Critics of football and other violent athletics would find here a better ground to stand on than that concerning the risk of injury or impairment during the years of play. This is not to say that ill effects necessarily or universally result, but they are sufficiently common to warrant greater caution than is usually displayed. The football coach—the crew coach—is interested in bringing the college athlete to the highest point of development for the immediate business hand; and he does it. At the moment, the recruit is probably about as efficient as the animal can be made; he will endure the strain of the game or the race without injury. But that sort of thing has no place in his life after he leaves the campus. They are worse than useless; they are a positive menace. Thus he finds his finely developed muscles and his highly developed heart out of adjustment with his later manner of life; and from being—at college—the most fit among his fellows, he finds—in life—that he is on the way to becoming the least fit.

Anyone in touch with college alumni will think of scores of instances of this sort of thing. Two definite ills—related, in a fashion—are common enough to the ex-athlete—nervous breakdown and tuberculosis. Nerve specialists give him a grim answer when he presents himself: "Take up violent exercise and keep it up until you are forty—not golf or walking, but something violent, something that will give

your over-developed heart and muscles a job to do. It will be unpleasant and inconvenient, but it's the price to be paid for that early training."

Coaches and trainers would do well to give this aspect of the matter more attention than is now their wont. It would not necessitate the elimination of the favorite college games; but it would mean a modification of the tremendous strain that the athlete must adjust his body to—and for which he is apt to be called upon to pay before he gets fairly started in life.



The Teacher's Relation to Athletics

There are teachers and teachers. There are teachers that get wildly enthusiastic over a game of baseball, football, or basketball, and there are others that can never understand why a crowd goes wild, when a long fly is knocked, or brilliant dash is made past the end of a football line, until some one explains what the play means and then—well, then it's too late. Then there are those who, although they enjoy a good game, do not care to take more than a passive interest in it, and there are yet others who want to be in the midst of the game, encouraging and directing the players, and taking a very active interest in its outcome. They are always ready to inaugurate and advance any movement that will secure for their pupils plenty of clean, honorable and valuable sport, and at the same time provide good, wholesome exercise.

It is the relation of this last type of teacher to athletics that the reader's attention is called to notice. He holds a very enviable position in the teaching world, and through the active interest he has in athletics in general, is able to reach and hold a grip on more pupils in his school than any other teacher. If he is fitted for the work of directing the athletic department at large, he should not be called upon to do a great deal more, especially if employed in a school where there are several teachers.

But the above applies to only a few of our large schools. What of the smaller schools, where only one, two, or three teachers are employed? Here, of course, the teacher is handicapped by having too much other work to claim his attention, yet there is a specific work that each teacher may do. He may not be able to organize a department of athletics, but the playground exercises give him an opportunity to do effective work in this field. In this, again, the two, and three-room schools, have an advantage over the ordinary one-room school. Let us notice for a few moments some things that may be done in a school that employs more than one instructor.

If the school is large enough, and near enough to other schools of its size, to support an organized ball team of any of the three popular varieties, there is plenty of work training, directing, and preparing them to meet other teams for one teacher to do. This work will naturally fall to the principal of the school, if he be a man. There is always much pride manifested on the part of the pupils when they meet in actual contest the pupils of another school, and this pride should be a valuable asset in the hands of the teacher in shaping the character of his school. So far, what has been said relates only to the boys of the school. But a great deal of attention should be given to inter-school athletics for girls. Basketball may be played by them almost the entire year, and a school is just as proud of a winning girls' basketball team as they are of a winning baseball team, or football team. Naturally, this work should all be under the supervision of one who knows the games, and who is able to give instructions for the playing of the games.

The playground athletics should also be under the supervision of a single teacher. This work may be done with equal results by a woman as by a man, and with the smaller pupils perhaps better. Local surroundings and conditions may determine largely what the nature of the work must be, but the wide-awake teacher will find some means of directing the playing instinct in those channels that mean the maximum growth and results. The chief thing to consider

in planning playground exercises is the need of certain kinds of development and the means of securing it. The rest may be left largely in the hands of the children.

Just a word as to the relation of the teacher in a one-room school to athletics. He must give his attention chiefly to the problems of the playground. Usually he is able to get material for only a basketball team and must rest contented without the others. But by directing the play of his pupils and introducing new and interesting games he is able to keep a grasp on the problems of his school that he would not otherwise have. The schools of Kentucky are crying for teachers who know the game. Can she find them in her midst?

—oOo—

Athletics in the Rural Schools

The same factor that marks progress in Education, will detain progress in the same proportion that it promotes it, if these factors are neglected.

One of the factors that is to-day blocking the progress of Education is the lack of recognition on the part of the teacher and school, of the vital importance of physical training. We, as teachers in the rural school, for too long have thought our only obligation to the community in which we affiliate, was to take the course of study and the subjects of the given grades and for six hours a day and five days a week drill into the lives of our students the contents of those books. Never for a moment have we thought that just outside the walls of our illy-ventilated school room the physical lives of our students were being greatly neglected.

When we go in the rural sections of our State and step on the "two by four" school ground, we see at a glance the first great drawback to athletics in the rural school.

We must first have more room on the school ground and then Kentucky can furnish the teacher that will stop the decay of physical power of our boys and girls.

Under present conditions, in the rural school, there is

not room for anything save town ball and a few similar games, but in our desire for more and better games, we must not fail to see the good in these few. They have been good and served a splendid purpose, but we should not permit our school system to progress more rapidly than the different factors that go to make up the system.

Where is the school that could not have a tennis court and general track exercise?

When you show me that school, I can show you a teacher in that school that is wholly lacking in initiative.

Community life is ready to do its part of anything that will help their sons and daughters, but they must first be shown the good that is to be gotten and then they will act. Can we blame them for wanting to know where they are being led?

Too often their leader of the past has had them totally blinded to their destiny, and too often their destiny has been such that would cause any inspiring soul to rebel and call for a new life and leader. So, let them know where they are going. Don't wait for them to find out, but show them, and then lead them to your support.

When Athletics is revived in the rural school a new life will begin. There will no longer be that spoil of our young physical power. The old house will have to give way to a new one; the naked clay will bring forth flowers of rare fragrance, and all life will blossom in appreciation of the new order of things.

—oOo—

Our Girls in Basketball

In spite of the fact that people of the Normal School usually have all the work they can do, we find a large per cent who make time, or take time to be athletic; who take up this "study" for which they receive no credit, but which is one of our big material things.

Away back last fall there was organized in each literary society in school, a girls' basketball team. There

GIRLS' VARSITY



was practice and practice and more practice for each team, and at last the season for the playing of the inter-society games arrived. Time and space do not permit the naming of each girl from each different society, but suffice it to say each game that was played was well done, and showed untiring work on the part of the girls and also on the part of the coach. As they won every game they played, the championship goes to the Senior girls' team, with the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen following in their respective order.

At the end of the inter-society basketball contest, a 'varsity team was chosen, composed of the best players from the different societies, and this team challenged the Logan College team to a match game. The challenge was accepted and the game played at Russellville. It was a good game, and each individual girl of both teams put up a brave fight, but the spoils were ours by the score of 12 to 8. We are pretty proud of our 'varsity team, and here's to them.

Now the basketball game are over, but tell me, are the girls any less enthusiastic over athletics? If you do not know, come to a baseball game some time and watch them march around the diamond all dressed in white and wearing red ties and carrying school banners; or watch them, or better still, listen to them as they yell and cheer for our boys. Did you say when did they cheer? Why, when "Athie" or "Shorty" steal a base, when Holand makes a home run, when Murray or Welch catch a man out, when our team is ahead in scores, but best of all, they cheer when our team is behind in scores. They cheer and sing for Western the songs which they have composed by the midnight candle, till the determination not to disappoint their vociferous auxiliaries so inspires the boys that they put forth still more zealous efforts and *win*.

The Normal spirit that characterizes the support, and the action and the voice of all W. K. S. N. rooters has truly been with the girls through all the games and much credit is due them. The whole school joins in congratulations to these

valiant girls in whose hearts are ever burning the bright fire of zeal and interest in every phase of our athletic work.

—000—

Our Varsity Basketball Teams

History tells us that the days of chivalry are past; that the flower of knighthood has withered and fallen to the ground to be trodden under foot by the ruthless steps of the years. No more do the youths sally forth into the world to perform great deeds of valor to be blazoned on their virgin shields.

But since History, as well as Nature, abhors a vacuum, there has arisen in place of this old-time Heraldry a new order of Knighthood. Again do the youths go forth—yes, and the maidens, too—and in the wide world of athletics do deeds that are graven deep on the shields that hang in the memory halls of their loyal followers.

Since this is so, let us look for a while into one of these shield halls of memory belonging to an enthusiastic Normalite and study there the shields of our Basketball 'Varsities.

Along one wall hang those of the girls. First we see that of Mary Brown, "most worthy captain, most excellent young guard." On this are carved symbols of strength, endurance, and eternal vigilance, with the motto, "Ready, aye, ready." Next is that of Lucy Booth, center, and on this we may trace the record of splendid team work, long shots, and the inscription, "Celeritas vincit." On the shield of Josephine Cherry, guard, we read: "Let the balls be ever long and swift." Pearl Jordan's hangs next, telling of the many fouls thrown by this skillful forward, with the motto, "Swing on to the ball, though the skies fall"; while that of Louise Jordan, forward, shows emblems of steadiness and strength. Then comes a shield filled with records of wonderful workmanship, and bearing the motto, "The goal is mine." This belongs to Laura Phelps, forward. Anna McCluskey's is graven with a clenched hand and the one word, "Tenacity,"

which well expresses the characteristics of this guard. The shield of Zona Lee Searce bears the inscription, "The ball's the thing." The last shield is a double one, and is carved with a panther, couchant, denoting Mary and Martha Holton's cat-like quickness, and also their propensity for reclining on the floor.



BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

So read the shields of our girls in the Hall of Fame. On the opposite wall hang those of the boys' team, and this is the story that they tell:

The shield of Captain Jones, forward, bears the image of a lion rampant, with symbols of strength and courage, and the word, "Beware." That of Strahm, the other forward, records pretty goals, and fouls thrown, and the inscription, "Excellency in all things." Next comes Belew's, graven

deep with this center's record for field goals, and the motto, "No goal is too far." Sadler, guard, has upon his shield the representation of a flea, symbolizing his ability for high jumping and illustrating his motto, "Here, there and everywhere." Lawson, as guard, has recorded on his shield, skill in the throwing of long, hard balls. Honored, too, are the "subs," Gibson, Murray Brown, McGinnis and Hammond, for their shields also hang in the hall, graven with a record of faithfulness and skill.

So we have passed the length of the hall. Perhaps in the years to come, many other deeds will be blazoned on these shields; but however this may be, they will ever be kept untarnished and shining by the proud memories of those who saw them fight and win.

—oOo—

Football

As has already been stated, the season of 1914 was the beginning of football in the Western Normal, and during this season some fine prospective players were brought to light. A number of these will form the skeleton for next year's team (1915). In the backfield it is expected that Gibson, the star halfback of last season, will again appear on the gridiron for Western. Dunn is also expected to take his place as fullback. Sadler will probably be in the game as quarter. Rogers will be there to hold down the pigskin, England will form one end of the line, Skaggs will probably be back for right guard, and there is also a possibility for some others of the 1914 team to return. This makes the prospect for next year's football team look much brighter than it did for the year 1914.

Here's hoping that Western will at least be able to break even with Murfreesboro next season.



FOOTBALL TEAM

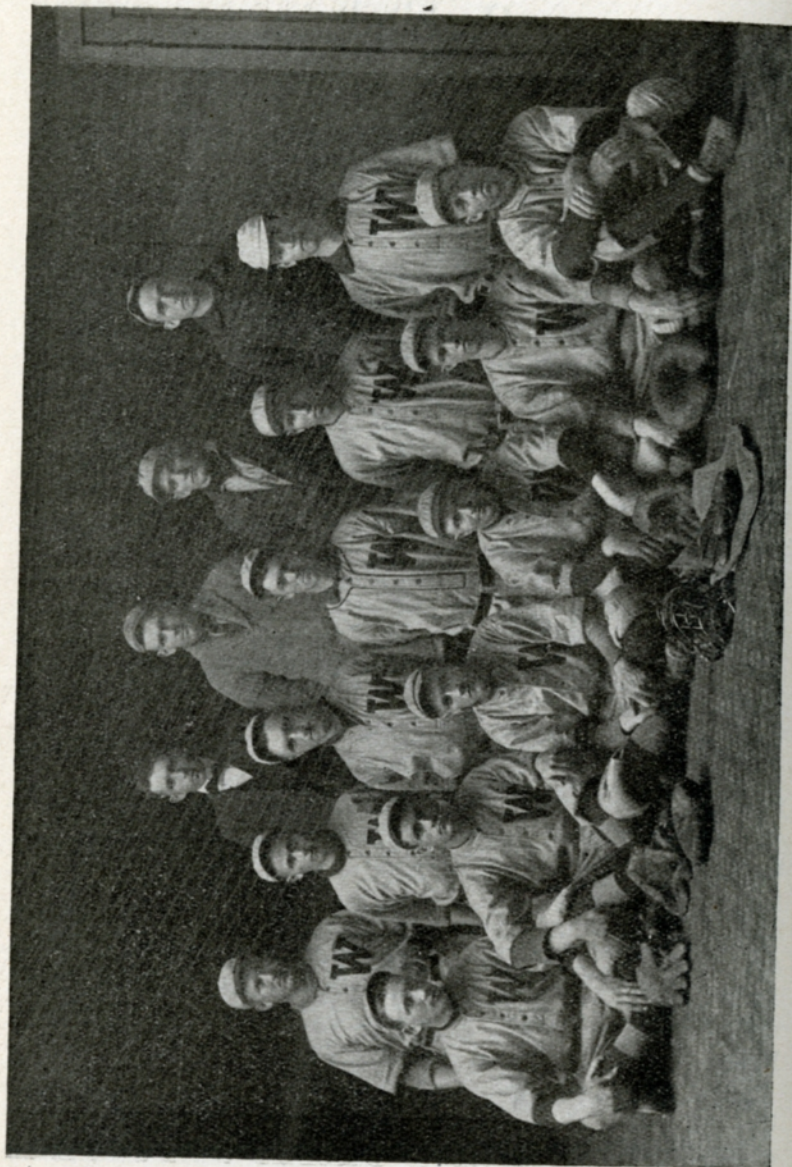
Baseball

The baseball season is just over, and it is very gratifying to note that despite some severe handicaps, our team pulled through with eight out of thirteen games to their credit. With the exception of the pitching staff, our team this year was the strongest we have had for some time, if not the strongest we ever had, and in making this exception we do not discredit for a moment the splendid efforts of Colley, Finn and Skinner, in their twirling, but they are all young and inexperienced, and could not be expected to hold the pace set by the old-timers, such as Woodrum and Greer.

Atherton again held down his old place at first, and it seems that he will continue to do so as long as he chooses to play the game for Western. All told, Atherton did the best playing he has ever done here. There was a time when Athie was somewhat of a fanner, but this year we were always glad to see him go to the bat when we had a man on third. It is a peculiar habit of his to let the first one or two strikes go by and then surprise the pitcher by batting out a sizzling grounder on the third stroke. Here's to Athie. We hope he will be with us next year.

The biggest surprise of the season was the work of Murray Brown. Murray has been trying for the team for two or three years, but owing to his wild throwing and weak batting he never made first team until this year; but through the coaching of Mr. Arthur, Brown developed into one of the best players on the team this season. His batting average is high; he made very few bad throws, and very few errors comparatively. Come on, Murray; you may play on our team next year. I should have said that Murray held down second bag this season.

Shortie Allen played his usually good game at *Short*, but it seemed that Shortie did not show as much improvement over his last year's work as did most of the other players. He did good work, nevertheless, and often batted the apple in the pinches.



BASEBALL TEAM

Welch held down third very efficiently this season. He is believed by some to be the surest batter on the team, but that may not be substantiated by the record. However that may be, we will take some more of Welch's best next year.

Wilson and Smith stopped the little sphere behind the plate, and they did it well. Wilson is not only a good back-stop, but also handles the stick well. Smith does not hit so well, but when he does hit he loosens the cover on the ball.

Allison, Holland, Lawhorn and Strahm did the fielding for Western in such a way as to spoil many a run that seemed safe. These men are also handy with the stick. Holland probably has to his credit more long hits than any man on the team.

It would not be doing justice to our good friends, the *subs*, if we failed to mention the good work they did in developing the men who really made the team. Among these are: Gibson, Strahm, Clark, Taylor and others.

Boys, we hope you will all come back next year and once more bring victory to Western.

—oOo—

The Field and Track Meet

One of the most interesting and enjoyable events of the school year was the field meet which occurred on the afternoon of May 8. The purpose of this meet was to select by means of contests a number of athletes to represent the Normal in the final track meet contest between the Eastern and Western Normals, to be held at Richmond.

Throughout the exercises a spirit of enthusiasm prevailed. The participators entered the various contests with a zeal and eagerness characteristic of the Normal students when engaged in any capacity. A large assembly of spectators were present, and from the continual cheering and other manifestations of support it was very evident that not only the contestants, but the spectators as well, had been seized with the athletic spirit. The most exciting event



FIELD AND TRACK TEAM

of the afternoon was the pole vault contest. Here the interest and suspense became very intense, due to a prolonged struggle between Evans and Marshall, the two chief contestants. The final result was a tie, both having successfully gone over the pole at a height of about nine feet, but neither being able to raise the mark above that point. The question was decided by Evans forfeiting his claim to Marshall.

The school had previously announced that a reward would be presented to the person winning the greatest number of points. This honor was won by Murray Brown, a member of the ball team, who took first place with a score of eighteen points. Boone won second place with seventeen points. The persons winning the various contests went to Richmond the following week and very creditably represented the school in the track meet held at that place.

This is the first year that the athletic department has held a regular field and track meet. By the results obtained from his first experiment, it is believed that a great additional stimulus has been given to the cause of athletics. Henceforth this event will be an annual affair.

—oOo—

Victory for Western

*Sung by the Girls at the First Game with Murfreesboro
(Tune, "Marching Through Georgia.")*

BY LUCY BOOTH

Bring the Normal pennant, girls, the dear old Red and Gray,
Let's march around the diamond where Western's going to
play,
For Western's going to win this game, that's why we're all
so gay!

Victory, victory, for Western!

CHORUS

Hurrah, hurrah, we're going to get your goat!
 Hurrah, hurrah, we'll make your Murphies croak!
 When our boys get through with you, you'll hardy be worth
 smoke!

Victory, victory, for Western!

Gee, we're always glad to see old Western at the bat,
 For Western knocks a home-run where'er the ball is at!
 Don't you Murphies wish that you could do a stunt like that?
 Victory, victory, for Western.

CHORUS

—oOo—

Good-Bye, Murfreesboro!

(Tune, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary.")

BY LUCY BOOTH

(*A prophecy that did not come true—being the marching
 song the girls sang before the last game with Murfrees-
 boro.*)

Yesterday we won the game, and we will win to-day!
 Murphies, if you want to learn, just watch the Western play!
 Latch Holland knock a home-run, and Welch and Wilson,
 too,
 While Atherton and Shorty Allen steal a base or two.

CHORUS

It's a sad day for Murfreesboro,
 And sad those Murphies seem!
 It's a glad day for Western Normal,
 And the winning Western team!

Good-bye, poor old Murphies,
 Go back to Tennessee!
 It's a sad, sad day for Murfreesboro,
 It's Western's victory!

Murfreesboro boys, just take this advice from me,
 Be careful when you go to bat or else you soon will see
 That Western pitcher in the box sure knows a thing or two,
 He put the *Finn* in *finish* and that's what he'll do to you!

CHORUS

—oOo—

The Tennis Club

Tennis is popular at the Normal. It attacks at so many different angles. Some play because they love the game; others play because they need the exercise; and possibly the larger number play because they want the social advantages offered by the courts. So, with all these classes to draw from, you would noturally expect spring's first bright days to find the courts crowded.

Yes, the courts were crowded this spring, and more, the spooner's corners were at a premium. Mr. Byrn, who, as you possibly know, is long for system, viewing the situation from the outside and not thoroughly understanding the real condition of affairs, said that a Tennis Club must be organized. Most lovers of the unadulterated sport agreed with him. So, notwithstanding the protestations of all those sentimentally affected, a meeting of tennis enthusiasts was called. Carl Adams, being more versatile in tennis and its various associations, than anyone else, was unanimously elected secretary. Carl surely loves the game, and some say that he is indebted to it. In the morning he plays for the exercise, in the afternoon he plays for the sport, and early in the evening he plays for the stroll to and from the court. Committees were appointed to prepare special rules and to arrange a definite time for each one to play. The individual

members arranged themselves in groups, usually of two, for the pleasant stroll to and from the field. And tennis playing was systematized.

The Summer Term will find ten courts ready for use and an expert to teach beginners. Toward the close of the Summer Term a tournament will be held, in which those who love the sport will play and upon which those who enjoy the social advantages will look. Such stars of last summer as Roy iMitchell, Dudley Lutz and Cary Bandy are back, and some interesting games are expected. If you like the sport, if you need the exercise, or if you enjoy the stroll, divide the time that you have for the "movies" with tennis.

—oOo—

Future of Athletics in the Normal

Do you remember back in 1912 that perspective of the Hill as it will be in 1925? What was the first building you looked for? So did we—all of us, and though it has been three years since we looked up No. 3 on that plan, our only gymnasium is still the Training School Chapel, whose 113 acute angles shout a defiance to all the heads, noses, and shanks in Christendom. The training School Chapel has been the cradle of athletics in the Normal, but the time has come when our athletic souls must have a more stately mansion. The time is not far off, as time is reckoned, when you, on returning to Normal Heights, will hasten past Vanmeter Hall, hurry by the Manual Training Building, and then pause—you are facing the gymnasium, the temple of harmonious development. What a magnificent place! It has every modern equipment, from dumb-bells and Indian clubs to a swimmin' pool. There it stands, the dream of every athlete, from Skinner and Welch on up. Then you will walk rapidly on back of the Hill to what in 1915 was a pasture of the Normal farm. Now it is a huge Athletic Field. See that great covered amphitheater! And look at the tennis courts, the golf links and yes, there is the diamond! How this would have rejoiced the souls of Holland and Colley!

The best thing about these dreams is that they are coming true, but long before they are realized the girls will have an all-the-time director of Physical Education. Every girl will take games, folk-dancing, golf, tennis and basketball, and no girl will be given a Life Certificate who does not know the pitcher from the umpire and a strike from a home-run. These hopes are somewhat remote, but hist! *Next fall* we are going to beat Murfreesboro at football. This is not false prophecy; it is truth. Then sometime, it may be next year, it may be the year after, but sometime, we are going to find another Woodrum. Sometime in the future there is coming to this school a pitcher who can twirl balls like a leaguer, and with him we will be invincible. We will throw down the gauntlet to everything in Kentucky and Tennessee. Our very name will strike terror to the souls of our foes.

The future of athletics in the Normal is dazzling. There are about six suns in the sky and not a cloud in sight. Some day the Normal will refuse to turn out any more lop-sided pedagogues; some day the student who mentally, stars in science, leads in mathematics, and excels in literature and who physically looks like a cartoon of starving India, will be extinct. Some day the W. K. S. N. S. will realize that physical training is just as essential as mental training. Heaven speed the day!

—oOo—

Past and Future

With regard to the Athletics for the past three terms, I have only a few things to say:

First, I desire to thank the faculty and student-body for their most loyal support and interest in the teams and athletic activities.

Second, to the boys who have played on the teams, I thank for their earnest efforts at all times to help make *our teams* the best; and also to those that tried for the teams and did not make the *first team*, the greater credit goes to them, for, knowing as they did after a short time of practice, that they

could not make the regular team, still they had the interest and spirit to "stick to it" and help Western prepare for other teams.

I trust that all have gained by their participation in athletics this year, and next year I hope that even more people will take advantage of the different athletics.

In conclusion, will say that inasmuch as many people judge the success of a team from the number of games it wins, we have been successful in this respect, and have also been recognized as being clean in our play—our tactics have been above reproach—the conduct of the players, both on and off the field cannot be criticised. So, from these things, reader, you may draw your own conclusions as to whether athletics this year has been a success or not in Western.

J. L. ARTHUR.

—oOo—

The Funny Column

Mr. Walker: "That ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Emily. Hadn't I better take it back and have it made smaller?"

Miss Barry: "No, Irvie; an engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I had to wear it around my neck."

Miss McCluskey (boastfully): "I plowed one time when I was in Mississippi."

Miss Searce: "What kind of a plow did you use, a walking plow or a riding plow?"

Miss McCluskey: "No, it was not a walking plow; it had horses hitched to it."

Heber Lewis "That girl has been saying all sorts of detestable things about me."

Nettie Layman: "You should not mind her, dear. She merely repeats what other people say."

Mr. White: "Our new students seem pretty weak in the use of grammar, don't you think?"

Mr. Anderson: "Yes, I seen they was 's soon 's they be-
ginned to talk."

Mr. Meers (firmly): "Understand me, madam, your extravagance will have to cease sooner or later."

Mrs. Meers: "Well, then, we'll make it later."

Miss Mae Rogers (to Prof. Grise): "I wish you were a

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

justice of the peace. You could marry me." (The question is, "What did Mae exactly mean?")

At the Dormitory

Rebarker looked across the table. The seat beside a pretty girl with *pretty* eyes, was vacant. Going over, he said, "Is this place engaged?"

"No, but I am. So it won't do you any good," replied the girl.

(Come home, Rebarker.)

At the Desk

Dean: "Have you read Virgil?"

Marjory: "No."

Dean: "What have you read (red)?"

Marjory: "Hair."

Economy is the Road to Wealth. Education is Power.

**BUY { CLOTHES, HATS }
YOUR { and Shoes From } DAVE RABOLD**

THEN YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH THE ABOVE

**C. A. MUNKLE } School Supplies
OF ALL KINDS**

For the Cheapest and Best

Next to American
National Bank

State Street

**MISS MAY POTTER, 1146 HIGH STREET,
Will Give You Lessons in**

China Painting, Oil and Water Color

AT REASONABLE PRICES

Orders Solicited for PAINTING and FIREING

WE WANT Your Patronage

And we are in a position to deserve it, if you will but let us serve you.

For both quality and price we think that you will have very good reason to make our store YOUR STORE.

Our label on your prescription means absolute guarantee of potent drugs, scientifically compounded.

We have the most complete line of toilet goods in the city.

CALLIS BROS.

Tenth and State Streets