

7-1914

## UA12/1/1 Elevator Vol. V, No. 9

Western Kentucky University

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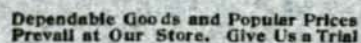
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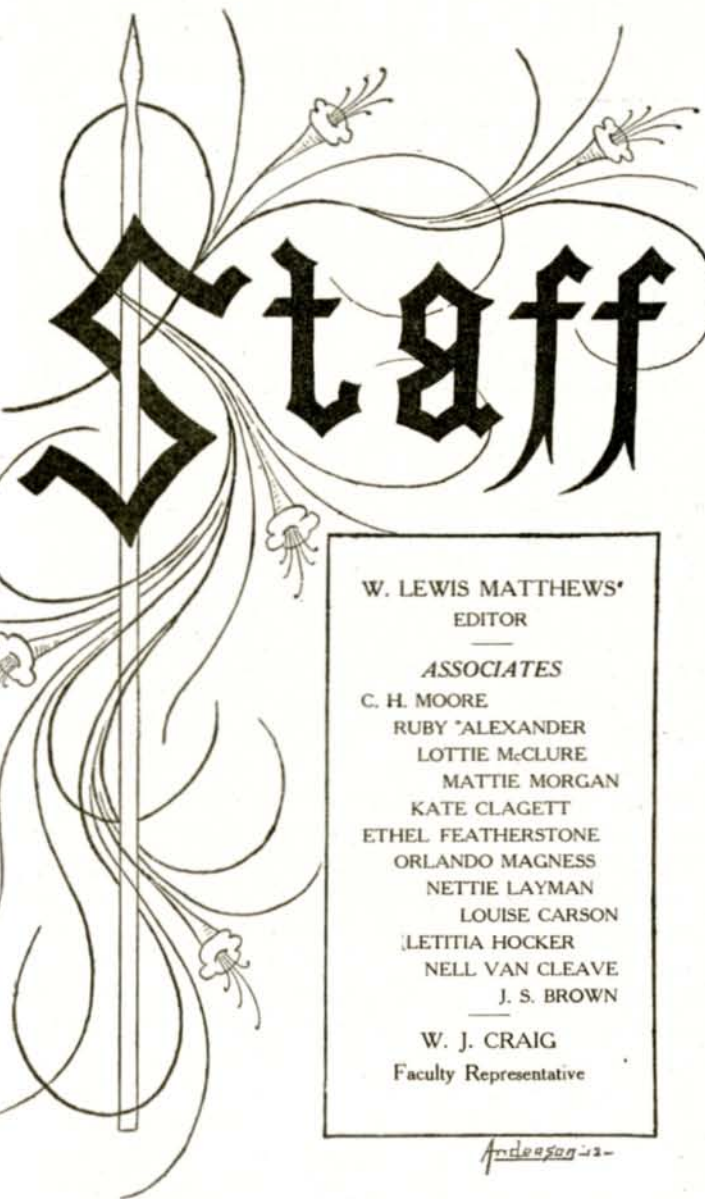
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# THE ELEVATOR

## GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

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VOL. V. JULY, 1914 NO. 9

### Alumni Address Before Class of 1914

(BY A. L. CRABB.)

Some fifty-one weeks ago I received notification of the action of the Alumni, by way of several zealous, well-meaning friends, and gradually the realization trickled in upon my cognizance that my Waterloo was lying in wait for me just around the corner of the calendar.

I will confess to you, frankly, my friends, that this speech has been a cruel taskmaster. It has kept my soul in an agonized condition for months. As an extortionist, it has Shylock backed up in charge of the ham sandwich counter at a rural school bazaar. He promised to burn the mortgage upon payment of a pound of flesh. Any reputable pair of scales will eloquently testify that this speech has demanded and gotten—fifteen. Maybe Waterloos have their good sides after all. St. Helena is said to have a good climate and visitors can speedily repair their speech-wasted frames by watching the waves roll in until bedtime and then sleeping late.

Having been assigned the duty of making a speech, the first thing to be decided upon was a subject. While deliberating upon this step, my brain perspired freely. There are many, many subjects out in the universe, and the committee insisted that only one speech was desired. The pro-

cess of elimination was long and painful. The nature of the occasion made certain demands.—The speech ought to be a paean of victory, a song constructed upon the we-have-finished-our-courses theme. My subject was finally inspired by the result of an incidental, accidental, ordinary dog fight. One day when I was weary and ill at ease, I seated near a city street and began to ponder on the complicity of things at large. From one direction there came sauntering leisurely a typical representative of the great common caninery, yellow, and scrawny, but democratic. Meeting it, there came a beribboned, befrilled animal whose appearance, and affected gait argued eloquently of the degenerating influences of civilization. They met. The cur spoke politely. The poodle lifted a cold, supercilious blase stare at the other, but answered not a word. Tige thought that the other might be suffering from a cold in the head by reason of recent involuntary association with a bath tub, and passed the time of day in a louder tone of voice. Percival Shelley la Swinburne de Hohenzollern yawned annoyedly and remarked that he was meditating upon Pragmatism, and would the other stand aside so as not to interrupt the locomotion of his thoughts. Then that dog from the back streets and alleys stepped forward and after executing a series of vigorous manoeuvres, handed over the keys of the job to the coroner.

I gave some little thought to the affair, although it was trivial, commonplace and coarse, in a way. Why had one dog survived, and the other been offered up? There was very little disparity in sizes. The survival of the fittest! Well, undoubtedly there are those who will disagree to that. The vanquished had the culture and refinement of his four hundred; the victor the uncouthness of the four million. Ah, it came to me in a flash of inspiration. Maybe not the Survival of the Fittest, but surely the Survival of the Fittestest, and indeed there can be little literal or real distinction made between the terms. And so, you have my subject—a revision of the honorable and somewhat ancient doc-



trine of *The Survival of the Fittest* so as to read *The Survival of the Fightingest*.

The fightingest have always survived. There have been battles—physical, mental and moral battles, since there has been time, and in every contest the Fightingest having snapped his belligerency to meet the conditions involved, has come out of the conflict victorious.

In the Stone Age, Ab the Cave Man had a rival for the object of his heart's affections. It wasn't a battle of wits. Williness in wooing had nothing to do with the outcome of the matter. Two cave men met on a dreary plain, and fought a terrible battle with club and stone. When one of them was dead, the other repaired with the bone of their contention to a shelf in a cave apartment house, where they lived happily ever after. It was the *Survival of the Fightingest*, fighting as men fought at that time. Time passed; likewise Ab and his fellows. Their successors did not change the fundamental principle of existence. Maybe a first faint gleam of intelligence gave them more effective weapons, but the outcome of all issues were still determined by fighting. And so, down through the years, the weakest of each generation died, and their works with them. The fightingest added each his quota to the sum total of human progress. The Cave Man's method of arbitration underwent very few changes until comparatively recent times. Weapons took on a higher degree of killing power. Man's primordial plan to kill if possible whoever and whatever opposed him, remained unchanged. Christ came preaching the doctrine of Peace. Men passed over the great central theme, and fought ferocious battles over trivialities. If times had not changed, instead of addressing a select body of survivors, I should most probably be occupying my time in shooting barbed arrows at the opponents of Close Communion—which in my opinion would be far worse.

The stories of the days of chivalry make mighty interesting reading for us who like our literature shot full of action, even as we like characters shot full of holes. Those

stories are sublimated accounts of the survival of the most skillful wielders of brute strength. Everything was used as an excuse for the working out of this principle. Lady Cinderella Pankhurst, on her way to the tournament, dropped her handkerchief, which she had just laundered that morning with a mind toward waving it in honor of the victor. Two knights sprang to pick it up. The one who failed to reach it in time did the next best thing. He thoroughly ventilated the interior of the more active courtier by means of his broadsword. Really, my friends, when you think of it, it wouldn't be an attractive thing to ride headlong with drawn spear at some other fellow who is riding headlong at you, realizing all the while that something is quite likely to happen. Also, that chloroform isn't invented and surgery at low ebb.—Personally, I prefer twentieth century arbitration, transportation, illumination and plumbing to the gory glory of the age of chivalry. Besides, Chivalry isn't dead. It has merely been placed on a more economical basis, and there are, to be sure, a number of other points to be worked out. For instance, it harks back to the vanity of Middle Age etiquette when two thin, tired, overworked, underfed laborers relinquish a seat on a street car in order that a portly, overfed, underworked lady with a matinee programme in her hand may be comfortably seated.—Chivalry isn't dead. Human life has merely assumed a higher value.

But, reviewing further the struggles of the survivors. The history of the different nations is merely a record of the survival of the fightingest. That test determined the elimination of the claims of different nations upon American territory. To take and to keep was the everlasting problem of the age. The nation whose men could select the most vulnerable spot of the enemy's forces, and then strike the hardest and shoot the straightest, gained the victory and, therefore, the territory.

Later there came a reaction. It had been gradually coming for centuries.—The rule that man cannot live except



by the shedding of another's blood came into disfavor. The great nations of the earth became conscious of the fact that whenever wits were substituted for bullets the results were safer and saner, that victories purchased at the cost of thousands of lives come high, that bloodless victories are none the less victories, that "come, let us reason together," is more commendable as a war cry than the old fateful call "to arms." And so Peace came to have its triumphs.—The old principle has not changed. Survival is yet the heritage of the fightingest, but the plans of battle have been revised. On spiritual fields, with spiritual weapons, are the battles of to-day waged. For instance, here in the Normal School the struggle is continually on. The fightingest, those who can honestly adapt themselves to whatever situations arise, those who can crowd sixty seconds of well-used time into every minute, survive. Those who cannot, waver for a while and then disappear.—And this is the supreme tragedy of life—the elimination of the non-combatants. Two sit together at work. One is chosen for a career of achievement; the other left in obscurity, and why? Who can tell into what unguessable depths of the past the causes reach? Who can tell where the causes and mainsprings of Destiny have their origin?

But since all things are to the fighter, who is the fighter, and why is he? What are the elements that fuse into his belligerency? What is his armament, what are his munitions of war that make him conqueror in the battles of life? I think that one of the prerequisites for successful fighting is Optimism, a belief in the rightness of things. Not necessarily a belief that whatever is to-day is right, but that whatever is to-morrow will be better. The Optimist is always the fightingest. The fatalist may kill men, but the optimist wins battles, because he believes that his cause will win, and ought to win. An optimist is one who is thankful for the wonderful memories of the past, for the realizations of the present and for the prophetic hopes for the future. One whose clarity of vision is not affected by temporary dis-



H. H. CHERRY

President Western Kentucky Normal School

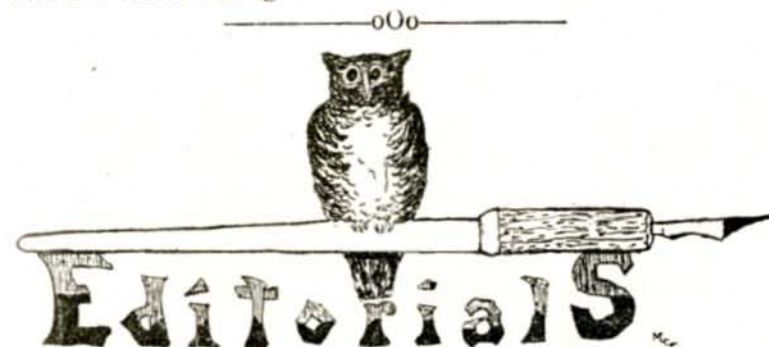


couragement. An Optimist is a doctor who can continue believing in the germ theory during a healthy season; a teacher who can, while reading a book on pedagogy, keep in mind that presumably the whole thing is about human beings; a preacher who refuses to believe that his doctrinal opponent is headed straight downward with the brakes off. The Optimist is God's chosen fighter in behalf of the world's progress. The fighter must be loyal to the cause for which he strives. Efficiency as a fighter and disloyalty are incompatible terms.—The fighter must be thoroughly loyal to the principles which justify his militancy; must believe in them, must hold them as sacred. Loyalty is the law and prophets of the true fighter. I am talking to teachers. Let me say that aside from incompetency, disloyalty is the stone upon which more teachers stumble than any other. On unwillingness to take orders from superior officers, a disposition to complain, and indulge in unfavorable criticism and comparisons, rather than create and build up. These are the earmarks of the teacher whose days in the work are numbered. The fighter must be scientific. This is the Twentieth Century Ab, and his methods belong to archaeology. The fighter who survives to-day plans all his campaigns, thinks out every move, and by taking thought he adds to his own strength. We use scientific methods in about everything to-day. For instance, when a beggar accosts a citizen of Louisville for a picayune, he is neither given the money nor refused. The scientific dispenser of alms conducts the mendicant to a laboratory, puts him through a Binet test, takes his thumbprints, and if certain reactions are had, he is given a cup of denatured sassafras tea, a card of membership in the Society for the Amelioration of Poor by the Hot Air Route and a blessing scientifically compounded.

But this enumeration of the assets of a fighter could be carried on to an attenuated infinity. I shall name only one more—individuality—that wonderful sum total of all other qualities which makes you you, and me me, and it it. The

fighter must be sanctified and set apart for his conflict by reason or an aggressive, pervading compelling personality.

This speech has not concerned itself with any attempt at oratory or logical arrangement. Its claim for merit rests upon the fact that it has as its motif a modern application of the fundamental principle of existence. From the earliest gleam of the twilight times to the noontide of the present the fightingest have survived—in personal combat, in war, in peace, at all times we have noted the survival of the fightingest, and its natural concomitant, the elimination of the weakest. And so to-day, in the presence of a clan of fighters, I make the wish that you may go from this occasion of good fellowship, merry quips and pleasant reminiscences, with a sterner realization that life is a battlefield, and to the fightingest thereon are the trophies, the laurel wreath and the victor's song.



To all who may pause a moment on the editorial page, we would say that the giving up of our work with the school paper is like waking from a pleasant dream. The two years of our work as editor have been short and happy ones. However, the way has not been altogether smooth, for we have had many difficulties to overcome, but we regret none of the hardships, for we feel that they have helped to make us stronger than we would have been. Every subscriber, advertiser and supporter of THE ELEVATOR seems like a per-



sonal friend, and in the years to come, when we are weary with the weight of responsibilities that may be ours, these bright days we have spent together will remain to cheer us.

We are indeed grateful to those who have had a kindly interest in our welfare; whose hearts were so stirred by our earnest efforts that they stood loyally by us at all times. As we come to the completion of this piece of work, which we hope will mark our school days with credit, we feel that peculiar thrill which comes to one who looks out upon a new field of work with a burning desire to conquer, to succeed in those things that help us to see our way more clearly as the years roll by until at last, aided by the star in the distance, we will be able to grasp the object of our hopes and ambitions.

The history of our entrance into the W. K. S. N. S. begins with adventure and discovery. Just what the history of our lives while here is—with their hopes, dreams, ambitions, successes and failures—for we have to a certain degree experienced them all—no one knows, not even the faculty. But in leaving we wish to say this, our experiences while here with both the students and faculty have been of such a nature that our leaving is like the parting from a country in which all our treasures are. And our Alma Mater will ever hold a sacred place in our lives.

One lesson we have learned while in this institution—a lesson characteristic of the spirit of those who here teach—the lesson of service. Throughout all coming years we feel that this lesson will never cease to ring in our souls as an inspiration when we are weary and an incentive at all times. As pioneers of a new day with us, all honorable work is laudable; and we promise to contribute our share to that labor which fills our own hearts to overflowing with happiness and benefits those about us, because it is the labor of service.

This is the last issue of THE ELEVATOR until October.

With this issue we have gone to the press a score of times, but whether we have scored a point in so doing or not we leave you with your good judgment to say.

To the associates of the staff we will say, if the paper has kept apace with the throb of progress—as we trust it has—then credit must be given where credit is due, and we take a pride in saying more credit is due you than your modesty will permit you to claim. And the editor keenly feels that deep and sincere appreciation which is not easily expressed in words. There shall never come a time when we will be the least unmindful of your loyalty and support. May you always receive in all of your undertakings that same co-operation and help which you have given us.

THE ELEVATOR has in a way become more than just an ordinary school paper, because it has a department known as "Concerning," which will stand side by side in merit with most any of the magazines of our country. For this department we are solely indebted to Mr. A. L. Crabb, of Louisville, Ky., a man whose success in the literary field is certain. The reason we say this department will stand side by side in merit with any of the magazines, is the fact that Mr. Crabb has submitted several articles to the leading magazines of our country for which he received not only handsome compensations but, also, an urgent request for other contributions.

We would not think our work as editor completed should we fail to use this opportunity to say to Mr. Crabb, we are truly grateful for his contributions and suggestions, which have made our paper work more pleasant than it could have ever been without them.

THE ELEVATOR faces the future with no small promise of success, because it is to be edited next year by an able and efficient man in every respect. We are proud that we can introduce to you a man who is well worthy of the position



as Editor—Mr. J. S. Brown. As we turn the work over to the new editor, we feel sure that the paper under his direction will soon reach that standard which we have striven so hard to reach ourselves—the highest in the land.

And now we pledge our support and hearty co-operation to the staff of next year, give our best wishes to all whom we have had the pleasure, privilege and honor to know, and from the editor's room we exit.

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## Announcement

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It is with very great pleasure that we have watched the progress of THE ELEVATOR for the past several years. Through the earnest, efficient and patriotic efforts of its former editors, together with the loyal and enthusiastic co-operation of their fellow-workers and the student-body, we have been permitted to see the paper grow from a very small beginning until it is now one of the best school papers in the country. There has been no standstill, but a steady and substantial growth has characterized THE ELEVATOR from the beginning.

This paper, as is well known by all Normalites, is wholly a product of the students. This being true, the managing force of the paper changes with the changes of the student-body. And so, after this issue, the management of THE ELEVATOR will pass from hands efficient and experienced to those which are new in the work. But THE ELEVATOR must go up. It speaks the sentiments of the institution and the command of these sentiments is always, "Forward march."

The new manager of the paper would feel shaky, were it not for the fact that we are sure of a hearty, wholesome and loyal support from all Normal students, both past and present.

We earnestly solicit the support of all who are in any way interested in the progress of the paper, and we shall appreciate, especially, any contribution that may come from

students who have gone out from the institution. THE ELEVATOR is a good paper. It must be better. It is going up. It must go faster. Some elevators are pulled while you stand on top, but this ELEVATOR is pushed while we are on the bottom.

Let's everybody push the ELEVATOR. J. S. BROWN,  
*Editor-elect.*

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## Commencement

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It was a glorious week. Eighteen brave, optimistic men and thirty earnest, enthusiastic women went forth from the portals of the Alma Mater, and resolutely set their faces toward the challenging fields of the great, busy world where they were eager to begin life's combat. It was a joyous week, yet, since the sweet is always accompanied by the bitter, the week was not without its elements of sadness. The many ties formed in the three years' stay must be sundered, the happy associations ended, the great host of friends bidden farewell. But the goal had been reached; the consummation so long wished for, had been realized; a bright future, in all its alluring splendor, lay invitingly before. "The greatest class in the history of the institution," everyone said, and the Seniors, tired because of the strenuous week, but happy, smiled and went ahead.

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### *Commencement Sermon.*

Dr. Nathaniel M. Butler, of Chicago University, was wisely chosen for this important duty. His theme was the teacher's great influence for better or worse in the religious education of the child. Having studied conscientiously and comprehensively the problems of child training, and possessing a deep and abiding faith in God and humanity, he was eminently fitted to discuss his subject, and the simple words of the powerful message struck home to the hearts of his hearers. We cannot pass on until we have given his



definition of culture: "Culture consists of two things: first, the intelligent appreciation of the best that has been done; second, an intelligent interest in what others are doing."

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*Closing Exercises of School of Music.*

Friday night, June 5, the School of Music gave a concert, and on Monday night, June 8, another, this one being entirely in the hands of the graduates of that department of the institution. The superb way in which these talented young people acquitted themselves showed that a new and even higher standard of excellence has been attained by our splendid School of Music. The program was as varied as it was interesting. There were selections light and airy, that whispered to the soul of love's first birth, of sheer joy of sweet, alluring dreams; there were those that called forth memories of the great struggles of life, of disappointment, defeat, sorrow, self-sacrifice, tears; some ran the whole scale of human emotions and made us sad and gay alternately. We predict great things for the Music Department.

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*Wednesday's Chapel and the Alumni Address.*

A number of delightful and inspirational talks were made by visiting County Superintendents and alumni. These were echoes from the field, and the reports of those in the thickest of the fray are always welcome to Normalites. Then the decks were cleared for the Alumni Address by the inimitable, versatile Alfred Crabb, the greatest wielder of the mother tongue that the Normal ever produced, so think we. Those whose good fortune it had been to read his articles under the caption, "Concerning," were slightly prepared for the treat in store for them. But only slightly so, for this manipulator extraordinary of the English dialect out-Crabb'd Crabb, so to speak, no comparison being handy. "The Survival of the Fightingest" was the subject, and we are sure that his science and originality are as worthy of

commendation as Darwin's, with the additional merit of containing no missing link nor any non-understandable theories. We prophesy that ere many moons shall wax and wane, this brilliant young man, whom THE ELEVATOR is proud to claim as its first Editor, shall command the respect, admiration and the shekels of the highbrowed dignitaries of the sanctums and sanctoriums of our great literary centers.

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*Alumni Association and Banquet.*

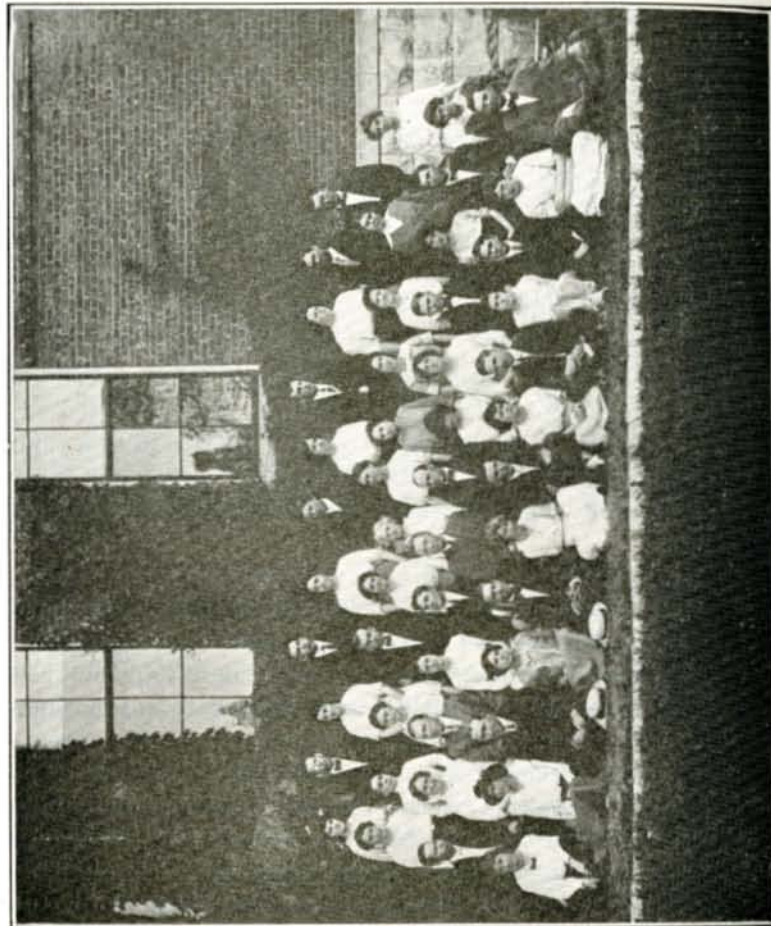
The association met Wednesday afternoon. Rev. J. M. Price, a graduate of the Scientific Course 1905, and since then of Baylor and Brown universities, was the able presiding officer. The meeting was largely attended and was enthusiastic to the core. Steps were taken to keep the alumni closer in touch with each other through the medium of THE ELEVATOR. Miss Mattye Reid was chosen president for next year, and Miss Mattie McLean was re-elected secretary. Mr. H. L. Donovan, who has acquired quite a reputation for oratory in the State University, where he is studying at present, was selected to deliver next year's Alumni Address.

Mortal eyes ne'er beheld a more beautiful scene than the alumni banquet on the lawn, Normal Heights. Gathered about the festive board were about two hundred people—Board of Regents, the faculty, visiting alumni and the graduating class of 1914, together with their fathers, mothers, sweethearts, many of whom had journeyed far to witness the exercises of the week. The banquet, consisting of six courses, was prepared by the Domestic Science girls under the skillful supervision of Miss Scott, who, by the way, is the best cook in the world, none excepted. We shall not attempt to describe the elegance, the splendor or the beauty of the banquet, for we cannot do it justice. We take off our hat in admiration to the Domestic Science Department and its able head because of their remarkable achievements.

Prof. J. L. Harman acted as toastmaster in his usual happy and splendid way. Toasts were responded to by J. D.



Spears, '10, Principal of Auburn High School, on "The Social and Economic Value of Fools"; Hon. W. J. Gooch, of the Board of Regents, "What Next?" Miss Mary Edmunds,



SENIOR CLASS, 1914

'14, "General Observation on Normal Heights"; Miss Tula Chambers, '12, "Sweet Peas, Dwarf Peas, and N. P.'s"; Miss Nettie Depp, County Superintendent of Barren County Schools, "Growing Old Early and Keeping Young Late."

Pith, point and humor characterized these splendid addresses and they contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

#### *Annual Address.*

This was delivered by Prof. Reuben Post Halleck, whose work as author, teacher and psychologist is too well known in educational circles to require any further introduction for the man. His theme was "The Teacher's Magic," which he divided into the magic of simplicity, of growth, of appreciation, of service, of suggestion. So magical was the speaker's presentation of his message that he held the almost breathless attention of the big audience throughout, despite the fact that the thermometer was almost at the boiling point. Dr. Halleck has a wonderful, gripping style, and he weaves psychology, romance and beautiful ideals together in a way most marvelous. His address will long be remembered.

After the address, the Class of '14, arrayed in caps and gowns, were commended by their beloved Premier to the King, who graciously extended his royal scepter to them and recommended that they should now receive the reward of their three-years' labors. Then the diplomas were presented in a fitting address by Hon. J. P. Haswell, of the Board of Regents.

The Class of '14 equals in number the famous Class of '10. Quite a number of its members already have had considerable experience in teaching. If the past work of the class is indeed an earnest of its future success, the outlook is indeed glorious. The '14 people have been chosen to positions of honor and responsibility all over our State. Kentucky's childhood will soon feel the impetus of these young, virile lives, as they put the sum total of their brilliant minds, their loving hearts, their unselfish lives into the great battle for the new, greater Kentucky. Great success is theirs, and we trust that, in the Alumni of the Western Normal no



minor or insignificant place can ever be assigned to the Class of 14—the greatest in the history of the institution."

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*The Class of 1914.*

Anna Lee Adams, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Eaythe Allen, Phil, Ky.  
 Bessie Beck, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Estella Bullock, Freedom, Ky.  
 Alta Barnhill, Philpot, Ky.  
 Mrs. Ora Blakeman, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 C. S. Brown, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Harriette Bryant, Owensboro, Ky.  
 J. W. Compton, Blood, Ky.  
 Maud Chambers, Owensboro, Ky.  
 Ruth Campbell, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Mrs. Lula Cole, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Gertrude Cox.  
 Orma Doolin, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 J. C. Davis, Morganfield, Ky.  
 Carrie Bell Davis, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Anna Lee Davis, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Carl Ellis, Sardis, Ky.  
 Ruth Eubank, Lecta, Ky.  
 Mary Edmunds, Glasgow, Ky.  
 Ethel Featherston, Arlington, Ky.  
 Finley Grise, Dallam's Creek, Ky.  
 Edith Hampsch, Henderson, Ky.  
 Letitia Hocker, South Carrollton, Ky.  
 Mrs. Vertie Koltinsky, Morganfield, Ky.  
 Beulah Lovelady, Glasgow, Ky.  
 W. L. Matthews, Marion, Ky.  
 C. H. Moore, Lewisburg, Ky.  
 Clara Moorman, Bowling Green, Ky.  
 Ruth Meek, Franklin, Ky.  
 Jessica Northington, Wickliffe, Ky.  
 Ora Pruden, Owensboro, Ky.

Carrie Benton Pennebaker, Bardstown, Ky.  
 Andrew Parker, Lafayette, Tenn.  
 George Page, Mayfield, Ky.  
 Murah Pace, Horse Cave, Ky.  
 H. W. Puckett, Clinton, Ky.  
 James Randolph, Yosemite, Ky.  
 Harvey Roberts, Lewisport, Ky.  
 Late Sheffer, Morganfield, Ky.  
 Maud Shultz, Narrows, Ky.  
 J. W. Snyder, Livia, Ky.  
 Edgar Sanders, Cade, Ky.  
 Minnie Mae Sweets, Livermore, Ky.  
 Bert Smith, Murray, Ky.  
 Bettie Shemwell, Benton, Ky.  
 John Wade, Pembroke, Ky.  
 J. N. Witt, Franklin, Ky.

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THE ELEVATOR DIRECTORY.

This partial list of Normal students and their positions for the ensuing year is indicative of the regard and esteem in which the character and work of the students of the Western Kentucky Normal are held by the foremost progressive educators of Kentucky:

Flossie Ackerman, Hickory Grove, Ky.  
 Susan Ella Allen, Pembroke, Ky.  
 Mr. A. A. Allison, Liberty, Ky.  
 Mrs. A. A. Allison, Liberty, Ky.  
 Sallie Arnett, fifth grade, Henderson, Ky.  
 Alberta Baker, Valley Station, Ky.  
 Mary Barnhill, High School, Buffalo, Ky.  
 Gwynneth Bartley, Hopkinsville, Ky.  
 Minnie E. Bergen, Masonic Home, Louisville, Ky.  
 Eula Bodine, Central City, Ky.  
 Beulah Baagher, McAlester, Okla.  
 Milton Boulware, Owensboro, Ky.  
 Edna Caldwell, Cudsville, Ky.



Eva E. Carr, Sturgis, Ky.  
 Alaura Cartwright, Princeton, Ky.  
 Louise Courtney, Owensboro, Ky.  
 Mrs. Etta E. Cragon, South Park, Ky.  
 Marie Louise Crow, Clinton, Ky.  
 Ada Darnall, Benton, Ky.  
 Ella Davis, Sturgis, Ky.  
 O. G. Davis, Principal, Woodburn, Ky.  
 Louise Dockins, Russellville, Ky.  
 P. W. Dodson, Scottsville, Ky.  
 Lucy Ellen Dowden, Beech Grove, Ky.  
 Mary Doyle, Louisville, Ky.  
 Nettie Drane, Cave City, Ky.  
 Kate Edwards, Hanson, Ky.  
 Carl E. Ellis, Principal Ward School, Paragould, Ark.  
 Edward H. Ellis, Adairville, Ky.  
 Lula Enoch, Mayfield, Ky.  
 Addie De Fevers, Munfordsville, Ky.  
 Elsie Flowers, Obion, Tenn.  
 A. C. Ford, Lebanon Junction, Ky.  
 Jas. D. Ford, Hickory Grove, Ky.  
 Mr. Homer Ford, Palma, Benton, Ky.  
 Mrs. Homer Ford, Palma, Benton, Ky.  
 Minnie Mae Fox, Drakesboro, Ky.  
 Lela Fruit, Henderson, Ky.  
 Lula Garrison, Scottsville, Ky.  
 Edna Gatewood, Waterloo, Ky.  
 Lillian Gill, Sullivan, Ky.  
 Betty Hogan, Elizabethtown, Ky.  
 Mrs. G. A. Haley, Kevil, Ky.  
 Emily L. Hall, Bardstown, Ky.  
 Mary W. Hampton, Ellston, Ky.  
 Chas. Henry, Greenville, Ky.  
 Ida Hickerson, Rineyville, Ky.  
 Josephine Hoffman, Madisonville, Ky.  
 Mrs. Ada Horn, Wickliffe, Ky.  
 Daisy Horn, Elk Creek, Ky.

Mary Van Horn, Beech Grove, Ky.  
 L. L. Hudson, Principal Larue County High School, Buffalo, Ky.  
 F. Irwin, Riverside, Ky.  
 Annie B. Jones, Melber, Ky.  
 T. R. Jones, Principal High School, Hazel, Ky.  
 Mr. W. W. Johnson, Clay, Ky.  
 Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Clay, Ky.  
 Roy Jordan, Bethany, Princeton, Ky.  
 Ruby Ione Kemp, Harris High School, Key West, Fla.  
 Georgia Kennerly, Russellville, Ky.  
 Margaret Kennerly, Russellville, Ky.  
 Sue Layson, Owensboro, Ky.  
 Verda Lloyd, Beaver Dam, Ky.  
 Tinie Lutz, Dawson Springs, Ky.  
 Edna Markman, Sturgis, Ky.  
 Lily Mattingly, New Haven, Ky.  
 Elsie May, Livie, Ky.  
 J. Raleigh Meador, High School, Cloverport, Ky.  
 Ruth Meek, High School, Glendale, Ky.  
 Mary Miller, Louisville, Ky.  
 Clyde Mitchell, Crown Point, Ind.  
 Ola Monan, Hickman, Ky.  
 Grace Morris, Dawson Springs, Ky.  
 Mai Jesse Morris, Hopkinsville, Ky.  
 Dora Mottley, Meador, Ky.  
 Addie Berry McClure, Leitchfield, Ky.  
 Rufus McCoy, Superintendent Schools, Cloverport, Ky.  
 Nona McDonald, Lebanon Junction, Ky.  
 Eunice McFarland, St. Joseph, Ky.  
 Sylira Nelson, Bardwell, Ky.  
 Fanny Newsom, White Sulphur, Ky.  
 Ruth Niles, Henderson, Ky.  
 Jennie Northington, La Center, Ky.  
 Sallie Nuckols, Utica, Ky.  
 T. P. Oliver, Lynn Grove, Ky.  
 Murah Pace, High School, Central City, Ky.



Carl W. Park, Fulton, Ky.  
 Hattie Pate, Island, Ky.  
 Carrie Pennebaker, Benton, Ky.  
 Oma Pitcock, Tompkinsville, Ky.  
 Rena Plaine, Mercer, Ky.  
 Erma Porter, Scottsville, Ky.  
 J. P. Powers, Covington, Ky.  
 Ora Pruden, Madisonville, Ky.  
 H. W. Puckett, Principal County High School, Clinton, Ky.  
 S. E. Ragland, Professor of Mathematics and Science, Louisville Training School.  
 Dennis C. Rayhill, South Park, Ky.  
 Emma Rudd, Kevil, Ky.  
 Effie Sadler, Caneyville, Ky.  
 Mabel Schrodtt, Poplar Grove, Ky.  
 Cecilia Seay, Fountain Run, Ky.  
 Ruby Seay, Hickman, Ky.  
 Ada Shaeffer, Owensboro, Ky.  
 Anna Shanahan, Guthrie, Ky.  
 Nobye Sharer, Rockfield, Ky.  
 Ophelia Shelley, Sutherland, Ky.  
 E. S. Sherron, Paducah, Ky.  
 Mrs. E. S. Sherron, Paducah, Ky.  
 Ruth L. Skaggs, Oakton, Ky.  
 J. W. Snyder, Bardstown, Ky.  
 Edith C. Stirman, Louisville, Ky.  
 Jessie Stone, Ocilla, Ga.  
 Etta Storm, Hawesville, Ky.  
 Minnie Mae Sweets, Livermore, Ky.  
 Mollie Tapp, Paducah, Ky.  
 Pearl Thomas, Wickliffe, Ky.  
 Tassie Mae Thorpe, Mayfield, Ky.  
 Kate Turner, Madisonville, Ky.  
 Grace Vass, Livermore, Ky.  
 J. B. Walters, High School, Simpsonville, Ky.  
 Nora L. Wedding, Central City, Ky.

Ellen Willingham, Water Valley, Ky.  
 Lelia J. Wilson, Earlington, Ky.  
 Mary L. Wood, Lewiston, Idaho.  
 J. W. Wright, Principal, Hanson, Ky.  
 T. W. Wright, Livia, Ky.  
 Addie Mae Yeager, Bloomfield, Ky.  
 W. L. Matthews, Principal of Livermore Graded and High School, Livermore, Ky.

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## News

In spite of the excessive heat and long-continued drought, the attendance at the Summer School is unusually large. This flattering enrollment is well repaid by the effort of the management to secure exceptional advantages for this Summer School.

With the coming of the warm months, interest in tennis revived. Every day the courts were occupied by eager contestants. The enthusiasm culminated in a tennis tournament held under the able direction of Miss Cronin, of Wisconsin University.

Many prominent speakers have contributed greatly to the value of the Summer School. Among these were Mr. O'Brien, of the Department of Agriculture; Dr. Paine, of Teachers' College, St. Louis; Dr. Rigdon, president of Winona Summer School. Dr. O. T. Corson returned this year for a week's work, which, without doubt, was one of the most helpful and practical features ever offered by the institution.

The School Text-book Commission, of which Prof. A. C. Burton was a member, has adopted the new civics by Prof. Stickles and the Latin Syntax by Prof. Leiper, for High School use.



The original Ben Greet Company, with Ben Greet himself in the cast, gave three open-air performances on the normal campus on June 29th and 30th. "As You Like" was presented Monday night; "Twelfth Night," Tuesday afternoon, and "The Tempest," Tuesday night. The superb acting of every part, characteristic of this company, was made doubly effective by the beautiful, leafy background from which they were rendered.

Miss Woods will sail from Montreal on July 18, after a brief trip through the Lake region. She will tour England and Scotland, returning for the opening of the fall term in September.

#### *Mammoth Cave Excursion.*

The last excursion to the Mammoth Cave offered by the Western Kentucky State Normal School, will take place on July 23, by way of the L. & N. Railroad. This is one of the greatest excursions of the year, because it gives an opportunity for a large body of Summer School students to take a rest in the form of an outing before going into their teaching work. All accommodations are offered and the party is to be chaperoned by a member of the faculty. A large number of students are anxiously waiting for the 23d, when the conductor will call, "All aboard."

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### The Orotorical Contest

For weeks the unbeknowing student had heard vague whisperings, stifled mutterings, had felt himself in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement, had wondered if some great happening were not near at hand. But when the annual oratorical contest was announced for June 6th, they knew. And the night came, and with it a body of enthusiastic students, loyally, whole-heartedly enthusiastic for some one, "their man."

After fitting introductions by the chairman, Mr. Burton, the following addresses were delivered: "American Ideals of the Twentieth Century," Mr. Berthel Vincent, Junior; "The Newer Patriotism," Mr. Andrew Cole, Senior; "The Call for Efficiency," Mr. Roy Matthews, Kit-Kat. The men and their subjects, alone, would be self-evident proofs that the program was indeed a high-class one, but allow us to say that each, with a masterful and eloquent style, made us listen, feel and understand.

But among the unforgettable things of the occasion, was the music. Is it not enough to say that Mr. Strahm played and Mrs. Crume sang, for all to know that it was thoroughly enjoyable and inspirational?

The judges had to decide for some one. After due deliberation the gold medal was awarded to Mr. Cole.

The Seniors were glad,—who could blame them? And, yes, some one was disappointed; but at least everyone might learn that oratory is a living factor among us, as so fitly exemplified by three great orations, orations whose thought, wording and delivery did honor to us all; and, too, that there exists such a spirit among us; such loyalty and goodwill to one another, that with a brave heart and a smile, we, one and all, gave congratulations to him who won the laurels, it mattered not on whom our hopes had rested.

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### The Newer Patriotism

(WINNING ORATION IN ORATORICAL CONTEST BY A. L. COLE.)

Looking backward over the dim vistas of time down which man has traveled from savagery to civilization, we see faint shadowings of the new ideals of to-day, catch low vibrations of sound that swell and deepen into the thunderous tones of the present, loudly demanding that man's liberation be completed. "The Ancient Kindliness" that sat beside the cradle of the race appears in new majesty, sweeps



back the curtain of opportunity and we have a new stage setting for a new drama of human action.

The air vibrates with new movements, new ideals build themselves into the plitical fabric as stones are built into the temple, the great peace movement sweeps onward and the glow of a mighty intellectual awakening lights the horizon. Around us all is darkness, but it is the purple glow of the dawn and not the dusk of the twilight. All about are the signs of a new day, for not since the thrilling days of the revolution, when the fires of patriotism were fanned by hatred of oppression and love of liberty has there been such a universal and widespread demand for the liberation of the people. Never before have men been so interested in the common welfare. Wherever there exists wretchedness or oppression, men are demanding that those responsible shall cease their oppression and give humanity an opportunity to apply itself to nobler ends. No longer is that government considered a success which permits the ruthless destruction of its human energies at the greedy hand of insidious plutocracy.

The builders of this nation who rescued it from chaos and gave order and form to the whole, labored constantly to safeguard the best interests of the people, but they saw not all the silent and sinister dangers that lurked among them, ever ready to sap the vital resources of the nation, and because they and their successors failed to detect this subtle force, we are to-day mired in the bog of special privilege. That this should have happened is to be deplored, but it need not discourage the patriotic, for it is under just such adverse circumstances and in such unforeseen crises that the real strength and power of both the American people and their institutions will be tested. We have successfully met every crisis in the past, we shall meet this one by the way we meet it, prove ourselves worthy a place in the galaxy of conquering nations.

For half a century we have had an unholy alliance of business and politics, for half a century business—that is, class

interests—has been the criterion by which government judged itself. If a measure was good for business, good for the nation; bad for business, bad for the nation. Under this fostering partnership trusts and monopolies prospered and waxed fat. Selfish in purpose and destructive in design, they have destroyed competition, secured control of



A. L. COLE

our industrial enterprises and concentrated the wealth of the nation in the hands of the protected class. So powerful have these organizations become that they have trampled the law of our country beneath their feet, subdued freemen of an independent country to servitude, and reduced defense-



less men, women and children to poverty, misery and distress.

We are proud, and justly so, of our industrial achievements, but have we ever stopped to count the loss of life and the waste of human energies that go with these achievements? In order that a few might reach the exalted heights of industrial kings, poor and oppressed individuals have been forced to labor under miserable and wretched conditions. They have appealed to those in authority to render their condition more desirable, but all has been in vain. Despondent and discouraged with the present order of things, and hopeful of no immediate change, they have appealed to the court of last resort. Marching out upon the battlefield, they have arrayed themselves against tyranny and plutocracy, and startled America sits supinely by, serving the massacre. The call of humanity and the cry of justice demand that such offenses shall cease, and it is to the eradication of such atrocious crimes and to the elevation of humanity that the life of the twentieth century is dedicated.

Our natural resources, the foundation upon which the future of the nation depends, are being destroyed by the same selfish interests, for personal gain and aggrandizement. To permit the destruction of our forests, the annihilation of our mineral resources, or to allow the soil of our country to be drained of its valuable elements and laid bare to destructive agencies, can lead to nothing but financial ruin and political decay.

To conquer these abominable and undemocratic conditions that have grafted themselves upon the free institutions of America is the problem that has taxed to the utmost the power and resourcefulness of the American people, but they are now determined that their government shall no longer be the ally of class interests and their ideals of a government subservient to the will of the governed slowly prevail. And the idea which a people have of their government, its nature and its functions is more important than any mere

question of governmental machinery. Deeper to-day than ever before in the consciousness of the people is the sense of duties owed by them to the government and by the government to them. For us to sit serenely and supinely by in such a crisis would be to prove ourselves weaklings, ignoble sons of noble sires. If we fail to act now we but dimly comprehend the strength and power of such universal ideals as grow up from the depths of anonymous life. Such ideals as the people to-day are insisting shall come to realization, not because they have been tested by logic or history, but because the mass of men are demanding they shall be tried out as a living experience.

Conforming to the spirit of the "New Freedom" and the new government which the people have placed upon the mission of government, we see great changes of the attitude of the business world. Giant corporations and trusts that formerly defied the government on every hand are to-day calmly submitting to the authority. Instead of a total disregard for the common welfare we find many of them co-operating with the public and appealing to their patrons for moral support. Great financial institutions are voluntarily abandoning the pernicious system of interlocking directorates. Now that the people are demanding a more just and efficient government we see the doom of every organization that binds the latent energies of the people, and the hand on the wall points to the day when special privilege shall lie a strangled snake in the cradle of progress, crushed by a new Hercules, the American people.

But setting free the brains and energies of the peoples is not all that the welfare of the nation demands. If she would enroll her name on the scroll of world powers a nation must conserve the energies she sets free. Higher patriotism demands that she conserve the best blood of the race. This she cannot do unless she curbs the spirit of militarism. The war god takes no weaklings, but always the flower of the land must perish on his altar. "Send forth best ye breed" is his command to the nation, and the best go forth to die.



The voice of history ringing through the ages proclaims liberty and militarism to be incompatible, as the star of militarism rises the sun of liberty sets. Israel was founded a free commonwealth, but liberty ceased when the military spirit trampled and over the protest of Samuel made Saul King. Liberty ceased in Greece when over the protest of Demosthenes, Alexander became supreme. Rome, drained by civil war of that patriotic blood that once made her mistress of the world, soon fell a prey to the barbarians of the north; and America has not yet recovered from the losses sustained during the civil strife. The thousands who perished during that awful struggle were the best that the nation could bring. Both North and South offered the flower of their manhood, and because of this our men of to-day are not so strong nor their hands so clean, though the men who are stood shoulder to shoulder with the men who might have been. France weltered in blood to establish liberty, equality and fraternity, yet when the man of destiny appeared on the zenith the grave closed over her great trinity. You may call the peace advocates dreamers and visionaries, but of such history shows the field of achievement to be full. First the vision, then the realization. The vision of peace will materialize, for the voice of political wisdom demands it; the great heart of humanity calls for it and God with the might of omnipotence is behind it.

The triumphant realization of these ideals becomes the mission of education. Our educators must be poets, philosophers and prophets, wonderful creators of constructive ideals which the plastic, active mind of youth will interpret in terms of patriotic action, until it molds the creations of to-day into the living realization of to-morrow.

We must have skilled, enlightened and courageous men to direct the affairs of our government, men who live to serve, not to plunder; to elevate, not to degrade; to construct and not to destroy; men of higher ideals and a greater sense of responsibility. We must have a more enlightened citizenship, with a greater appreciation of life and a

broader outlook upon the world and humanity. To attain this we must fling the gauntlet in the face of ignorance and let the reverberation of the blow ring from soul to soul until the achievements of man proclaim the power of knowledge. There was a time in the onward surge of humanism when Kentucky lagged behind, but the ground swell of the movement has at last reached her, and to-day we feel the urge of the mighty movement, and as the fire of knowledge burns brighter and brighter, a new race cast up from a sea of dead mentality will grasp the standards of the new ideals and repel the darkness of the past.

Yet not one of the priceless lessons of heroism taught by the past would we lose, so to preserve the treasures of the old life we must knit the threads of the old ideals into the woof of the new. Then like a delicate tracery in some priceless fabric, the spirit of old will show in the mantle of the new. Thus enshrouded and standing just within the dawn of the twentieth century, an age of political, economic and social reform destined to go down in history as the greatest epoch-making period in the annals of all time; when the whole world is in revolt against plutocracy and tyranny; when the great heart of humanity is calling for brotherhood and peace; when the mighty spirit of the melting pot is aglow with a sense of justice; and when the mind of man is calling for higher ideals and worthier purposes, in these varied forms of human activity we are called upon to contribute our part to the progress of civilization. Behind us the dead of countless ages have left their deeds to point the way; before us the tongueless silence of the future projects its anxieties and its fears. The fall of ancient civilization justifies apprehension, but at the same time history shows that all great movements go on and on until lost on the shores of infinity. Time shod with eternity grinds to dust, flesh and blood, tablets of brass and statues of stone, but the crush of his iron heel only augments the power of great movements. The thoughts and action of to-day will continue to mould the thought and shape the action of the fu-



ture. When the force of their irresistible power has leveled all tyranny on earth and squared the wrongs of all the ages, then and not till then will the star that glittered over Judean hills fulfill its mission in the heart of man.

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## LITERARY.

### Nifty's Shopping

Nifty Jones usually whistled and sang as he went about his work, but on the morning when the story opens Nifty neither sang nor whistled, and there was a little puckered frown on his brow and a preoccupied look on his face, all of which betokened that some troublesome question was up to Nifty for settlement.

Nifty was the "smoker" at Schoenning's Cold Storage. That is to say, his work consisted of wheeling great barrow loads of hams and sides from the salting room into the smoking room, where they remained until they absorbed enough of the smoke which Nifty's skilled hands coaxed from the hickory logs beneath to justify Schoenning's customers in passing them off to the retail trade as genuine country products. Then he wheeled them into the distributing room.

On one of these trips, as he was trundling his barrow

through the gangway, Casey Flynn, who presided at the lard tanks, caught sight of him.

"Nifty, me boy," he cried in alarm, "whatever is ating on you?"

"Ah, gwan," growled Nifty, "I'm just busy."

"Busy!" snorted Casey, "then it is indade quare how you could pull off them Caroso stunts yisterday, with the heaviest run of the sayson on."

"Nifty went on his way without rejoinder. There could be no doubt that he was dealing with a problem of moment.

"I don't like blue," he was saying to himself. "Hang it, why couldn't one of them have been blue!"

There, the secret is out. It was a suit of clothes that troubled Nifty; rather, it was two suits of clothes, and here's how it all came about:

Nifty doted on good clothes. That is how he came to be "Nifty." His real name was Terrence,—and while his Saturday night stipend didn't occasion any flurries in the realms of finance, he usually managed to wear clothes whose elegance excited the envy and wonder of his friends. "How do you do it?" was the inevitable question of those cognizant of the margin that remained when necessary expenses had been deducted from his wages.

The method by which Nifty accomplished this was singularly free from complexities, and yet his mother was the only living soul who understood it. He merely bought on the down market and held for a rise. Whenever, at the end of the season, the dealers would reduce their clearance prices to the lowest limit, Nifty would carefully select a suit of such quality as would insure it being good for next season's wear, and take it home. After which his mother would fold it daintily, insert some camphor in the folds, lay it in the cedar chest, and lo, at the beginning of next season Nifty would appear clad in an attire that bore a pleasing contrast to the cheap, gaudy plaids and stripes in which his friends celebrated the advent of the season.

This brings us to the cause of Nifty's worry. It was late



in August, and therefore time to buy for next Easter-tide. He had ransacked such stores as commonly came within his scope, but his fastidious taste had rebelled at all offerings. Then one day, on an errand for Schoenning, he casually looked in a show window—and his search was ended—right there in Old Gottlieb's window—where one would least expect to find it, was The Suit, of a rich, subdued brown, and impeccable in cut and finish. The tag said it was a thirty-six, and thirty-six was Nifty's size to a dot. Also, the price tag bore the legend, "Reduced from \$40.00 to \$18.98."

"I'll go in and get it right now," said Nifty to himself, but he didn't, for his eyes strayed a bit over to one side, and there was the Other Suit, a beautiful gray, and in price and style exactly the same as the brown. Nifty whistled under his breath. "Thunderation," said he to himself. Fully a quarter of an hour he weighed the Gray and the Brown in the balances. When he left there had appeared on his face the puzzled look to which you were introduced in the beginning.

That night brought sleepless hours, but no decision. He left for his work early the next morning, and soon his nervous steps were carrying him down the street toward Old Gottlieb's.

"I sure hope some guy's done bought one of 'em."

He caught himself with a gasp. A horrible idea came to him. What if there had been two guys and both were gone?

Neither the one nor the other had happened. There were the two charmers smiling coyly upon him and vying in the display of their allurements for his affections.

"To buy either one would bring on soeeycide for not getting the other, and if I don't get neither, the coroner'll get me on some heart disease with a name a mile long," soliloquized he. From which remark, Reader, you may infer the unpleasantness of Nifty's situation.

The change in Nifty was the theme of much conversation at the Cold Storage that morning.

Nifty's gone plumb nutty," said Crap Beckenbough, ceas-

ing from stuffing bologna as Casey Flynn passed. "Do you reckon he has fell off the water cart?"

"Nix," replied Mr. Flynn. "Booze ain't what's a-putting Nifty down and out. More loike the calico's are hookin' him in."

Nifty ceased urging the refractory fire to do its duty and straightened up. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Since he couldn't decide himself he'd avail himself of whatever counsel was expedient. But it must be done discreetly. Everyone believes himself a strategist, and Nifty, acting on that belief, set his wits to work. At the noon hour he carelessly suggested to Crap Beckenbough that they repair to Evan's Drug Store and partake of a chocolate fluff. Now, it was not of record that Nifty was committed to such reckless extravagance and, while Crap went, he was positive in his heart that he was accompanying a lunatic. Passing Gottlieb's, Nifty halted carelessly.

"How do you like Old Gottlieb's window?"

"All right," replied Crap, without interest, then he brightened, "Say, Bo; there's a stunner."

"Classy, ain't it?" said Nifty. "That brown's not either."

Crap's admiring eyes shifted as directed. "Well, I'll be—Does the old duck think his joint is on Fift' Avenoo?"

"Which would be your pick, Crap?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied Crap. Then, suspiciously:

"Trinkin' o' grabbin' one of 'em?"

"Well, if it wasn't so late in the season I sure would," answered Nifty, noncommittally.

"Nifty, if you get either, take the brown. It's got the other down for the count." There was a peculiar note in Crap's voice, and as they left his eyes lingered longingly on the gray.

Nifty ought to have been satisfied with Crap's advice, but he wasn't. He wanted further proof, and so with deep-laid strategy he lured Casey Flynn to the window and questioned him as to his preference.



"It's buying a suit you are, Nifty?"

Nifty again essayed the noncommittal role. "I ain't very well fixed for everyday clothes."

Casey remembered the kind of clothes congruous with work at Schoenning's Cold Storage.

"Ivery day," he began in an explosion that trailed off into inconsequentiality. "You don't decave me, Nifty. You'd best ask your loidy to help you shop."

Unheeding Nifty's stammered denials, he continued as if inspired by a sudden idea: "Anywan with the eyes of a disaysed pertatie would choose the gray."

Nifty thanked him and went home. That night a great peace came to him. He had chosen the gray.

The blinds of the show windows were drawn, but Gottlieb himself stood in the open door.

"Here's the dough for that gray suit. Box it up."

The storekeeper blinked under his broad spectacles. "It haf been sold. A Meester Beckenbaugh, he buy it."

A great weight settled on Nifty's bosom, choking off respiration. Finally:

"The brown one—" the tones were throaty and unrecognizable.

Gottlieb blinked more nervously than ever. "A gentleman of name Flynn buy it."

—oOo—  
LOUISE.

If I could fly away through boundless air,  
Alight inside that perfect place of rest,  
Behold the smiling faces waiting there—  
Oh, then, meseems, I should be wholly blest:  
For then the pent-up love would overflow,  
The dreams come true that I so oft have dreamed,  
The long, long nights be changed to day, I know  
My bliss would be complete as it hath seemed.  
Oh, joy! the time is flitting swiftly by,

The days, the hours, the moments, less and less,

The clouds will soon be lifted from my sky,

The rosy dawn transform my wilderness.

The sunshine of thy smile soon mine shall be,

Dear, dainty flow'r, my heart doth yearn for thee.

—oOo—  
PARODY.

Full many a brilliant Senior have I seen

Flatter the teachers, all, with beaming eye,

Treading with golden grace the campus green,

And gazing on new students that pass by.

But now we find the boldest ones to glide

With beaming ire upon his frowning face,

And from the forlorn class his N. P.'s hide,

Stealing unseen to Dean with his disgrace;

Even so one term this student old did beam

With all-triumphant splendor in his smile;

But oh, alas! he could not long be seen;

The N. P. cloud has masked him for a while.

Then, to the Seniors do we give this rule.

"Be kind to all who enter here in school."

—Eva E. Powell.

—oOo—  
VACATION.

When you're getting tired of living,

When your work is hard and dry,

When you hate the class and class-rooms—

Let me tell you what—oh, my!

Take vacation in the country,

Where all things are, God has made—

Cantaloupes and watermelons,

Pears and apples in the shade!

Grapes! no grape-juice in a bottle,



But the stuff right off the vine,  
Where you sit and pluck the bunches—  
My, but people, that is fine!

Yes, fried chicken, chicken gravy,  
Fresh tomatoes, beans and corn—  
That the day before were growing—  
Pulled while wet with dew that morn.

Eating's only half, by jingo,  
And the *littlest* half by far;  
Things are there you'd never dream of—  
But no screeching auto-car.

There are woods by spirits haunted,  
There are streams where waters cool,  
There are fields where lilies dally  
At the edge of a swimming pool.

There are songs as twilight gathers  
From the whip-poor-wills in the trees,  
And the mocking-bird seems an echo  
As he wings his way o'er the leas.

When the night has grown so stilly  
That you feel the solitude,  
And you lie and watch the twinkling stars  
With no worries to intrude—

That is just what I call living,  
And I'll find that great retreat,  
Where there's always peace and quiet  
And there's *lots and lots to eat*.

## THE DREAM.

The Little Boy smiled in his dream at night  
As he wandered to Twilight Town;  
And his face lit up with a heavenly light  
Through the shadows that drifted down.  
But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye  
In the light of the gray dawn's gleam,  
And out of the still we hear him cry:  
"I've lost my dream—my dream!"

And he told us then, in his childish way,  
Of the wonderful dream he'd known—  
He had wandered away from the Land of Play  
To the distant Land of the Grown.  
He had won his share of the fame and fight  
In the struggle and toil of men,  
Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light:  
"I want my dream again."

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew  
Till he came to the Land of the Grown,  
And the dream of his early youth came true—  
The dream that he thought had flown.  
Yet once again he smiled in his sleep—  
Smiled on till the gray dawn's gleam,  
When those near by might have heard him weep:  
"I want my dream—my dream!"

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth,  
And the smile of a mother's face;  
A hearth of oldtime faith and truth  
In the light of an old home place.  
He had won his share of the fame and fight  
In the struggle and toil of men;  
Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light:  
"I want my dream again."

—Grantland Rice, in *Christian Guardian*.



## Everywoman

"Everywoman," by Walter Browne, was presented by the Senior Class at the Opera House on the nights of June 9th and 11th. "The play 's the thing," and if the roll had been called on the first night, almost every student of the Normal would have responded "here"—so anxious were all to see their class-mates make their debut before the footlights. The second performance was given chiefly for the benefit of outsiders, whom the house could not accommodate the first night. This maiden effort along dramatic lines was highly successful. Let credit be given where credit is due: first to Mrs. Herdman's exceptionable ability as coach and her indefatigable energy; second, to Mr. Green's unflagging interest and enthusiasm; third to the conscientious effort of every member of the class; and last, far from least, to the sympathetic appreciation of the audience.

The play itself, modeled after the early English morality play, "Everyman," has the age-old charm of allegory.

"But a simple maid  
Was Everywoman in her early youth."

We find her with her three attendant graces, Beauty, Youth, and Modesty, ignorant of the world outside her home, dreaming of love. But to her, like the Lady of Shalott, "shadows of the world appear." Flattery visits her in her mirror and bids her seek King Love the First, her King. Then, although Nobody warns her, and Modesty bids her,

"Stay home with me—  
If King he really be, and would make thee his Queen,  
He will not fail to find thee."

And though Truth entreats her to follow her, Everywoman starts on her pilgrimage in search of love. With Youth leading, she comes to the city play-house, where she

becomes a star, "before whom men bow in worship." She finds one there whom she mistakes for Love, but finds to be only Passion, the play-actor. At his kiss Modesty leaves her; then comes Wealth, another pretender to Love's throne.

"When Modesty hath left her, and sense of duty dies,  
Should Everywoman weep, for then her Beauty dies."

Time, the "call-boy of the soul," beckons, and Youth also is lost to her. Despairing of finding Love, Everywoman turns to Wealth, but with her Youth and Beauty dead, she will have none of her. In abject misery she calls for help—Nobody responds. Truth appears, not old and ugly as she had seemed at first, but fair of face, and gently leads Everywoman's world-weary steps homeward; there she finds King Love the First, the son of Truth, who has awaited her through all the years. Modesty returns, and in her own home, with Love and Truth and Modesty ends Everywoman's pilgrimage in search of love.

The characters were happily chosen. Miss Shultz, as Everywoman, portrayed admirably the dewy charm of her youth, the poetry and pathos of her pilgrimage; the calm happiness of her journey's end. W. L. Matthews, as Nobody, shrouded in a smoke-gray robe, was a spirit, not of this earth earthly, conjured up from the Shadows of the Unknown Worlds, a voice speaking from the outer darkness. Beauty, Youth, and Modesty were all that their names imply and the part of the "faithful handmaid, Conscience," was gracefully rendered by Miss Pace. Miss Bryant's "Truth" had force and dramatic power; Mr. Snyder made a hit as "Stuff," and Mr. Jeff Smith as "Lord Witless" brought down the house. "don't you know." Mr. Bert Smith, in spite of his well-known reputation, was a very villainous villain on the stage, and twelve maidens, exceedingly demure, not to say dignified, in ordinary life, airily tripped the light fantastic toe as chorus girls.



To those who saw it, the play will remain a beautiful memory; a mystical tale, told to the sound of whispering music, half laughing, half sad, and wholly true. Pictures from the life of Everywoman will come to us in our own pilgrimage through the world; Everywoman kneeling at the feet of Flattery, Everywoman flaunting Truth, Everywoman wooed by Nobody, Everywoman weeping for a Beauty that is dead, Everywoman returning home to find true Love awaiting her. And the voice of Nobody will speak to us from the darkness:

"Be merciful, be just, be fair,  
To Everywoman, everywhere.  
Her faults are many, Nobody's the blame."

—oOo—

## Passing the Cayenne

One Sunday afternoon recently, Mr. Grise was heard to make the following plea over the 'phone:

"And please, Mr. McGinnis, do not send a large one."

He was seen driving with Miss Sweets an hour later. Could it have been a small buggy he wanted?

Miss ———: "There are good normal schools in my State, but I think it both educative and restful to go to other States when one can. I am trying to persuade some—or at least, one—of your teachers to return with me to Florida."

Why should this statement have made the tips of Mr. Whitehouse's ears turn red?

Mr. Devasher (at the Cave): "Nell, come here, please."

Nell Mimms: "Coming."

Nell Van Cleave: "Be there in a minute."

Nell Grooms: "Here I am, Rupert."

Mr. Baker: "Everybody asks for note-books. When I

reach the pearly gate, I shall expect St. Peter to call for my note-book and to give me a good or bad place, according to whether or not it is well kept."

Prof. Turner (in Geometry): "Mr. Pusey, what is a conic surface?"

Mr. Pusey: "Well, P'fessor, I just read that, and read it, and read it, and I couldn't understand it. I can't see anything comic about it."

Overheard in chapel, as Miss Rodes played the opening measure of "Blest Be the Tie that Binds":

"I wish that tie would break."

Miss Carey: "I am tired, notwithstanding—"

Miss Layman: "It wasn't standing that made me tired, either. It was writing."

It had been made a rule that no apologies were to be made for anything, but Miss Morris was heard to say:

"Excuse me please."

Mr. Parker: "You forget. No apologies."

Miss Morris: "Oh, I beg pardon! I shall not again."

Mr. Bandy: "Do you really want me to come back, Elsie?"

Miss Flowers: "Well, you know one must sacrifice one's feelings sometimes."

Carlisle Morse (at the Cave): "Mr. Green, these girls are flirting!"

Pierce Guerin (confidently): "Mine isn't."

Rudy Matthews: "That's all you know about it."

Miss Acker (in Roman History): "Give the most important event in the life of Caesar, Mr. Henderson."

Mr. Henderson: "His death in 44 B.C."



Miss Acker: "I can't understand why you call that the most important."

Mr. Henderson: "Because it concerned him most."

At the Cave, Mr. Walton had the unique experience of having two girls chase him at the same time. Their lanterns had gone out.

Edith Hampsch (reading the jokes in the latest ELEVATOR): "I wonder if the jokes will ever run out?"

Beulah Lovelady: "Not so long as the joke editors have mine and Mr. Baker's names to play on."

Clardy Moore: "Miss Van Cleave, I saw a girl as I came down the street who smiled at me."

Miss Van Cleave: "Pshaw! the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

Prof. Carpenter: "The word endings in Latin are like a dog's tail. By looking at the former, you know what to do next, because you then know the meaning of the word. By looking at the dog's tail you also know what to do next, because you then know the mood of the dog belonging to the tail."

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