

7-1915

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VI, No. 10

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. 10" (1915). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 23.
http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/23

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., JULY, 1915

GARVIN'S BOOK STORE

SCHOOL BOOKS !

NEW AND SECOND-HAND

436 Main Street

Opposite Fountain

The Bazaar Dry Goods, Shoes
Bowling Green's Depend-On Store Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

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

GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

Bowling Green Laundry Co.

The Most Modern Equipped
Plant in Southern Kentucky

OTIS TAYLOR

Normal Representative

T. H. AULL

BOTH PHONES

123

Cold Sodas, Prescriptions, etc.

VIRGIL R. SCOTT

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

DRY GOODS AND SHOES

French Dry Cleaning, Steam Pressing and Dyeing

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

IT ADDS TO YOUR TRADE
TO "AD"
IN THE ELEVATOR

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF A

Coat Suit, Dress, Dry Goods or Shoes

GO TO

440 Main Street

NAHM BROS

FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT,

Call at the Savoia Cafe

316-318 Main Street. Opp. Baptist Church.

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

We Serve SPECIAL MEALS for
Parties at All Times.

R. L. MORRIS

The Jeweler Who Pleases

It is the Popular Place

408

MAIN STREET

The Palace Confectionery
WHERE STUDENTS GO

To Enjoy Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets

Park Row and State Street

Suggestions for Teaching Language in the Primary Grades, 25c

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

ADDRESS

MATTIE LOUISE HATCHER

Western Kentucky State Normal

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

STUDENTS CAN FIND A FULL LINE OF
New and Second-Hand Books and School Supplies

Of All Kinds at Lowest Prices

427 Park Place. **T. J. Smith & Co.**

Students, Remember ! WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU
make our Studio your resting place
WHEN DOWN TOWN.
We make a *Specialty of Fine Photographs* and do all kinds of
framing. Carry a nice line of Kodaks and Films, do Kodak Finishings.
When in need of anything in our line, call on us.

THE DALTON STUDIO

Home Phone 212

930½ STATE STREET

Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Co.

BOWLING GREEN'S

LARGEST DRUG STORE !

STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

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

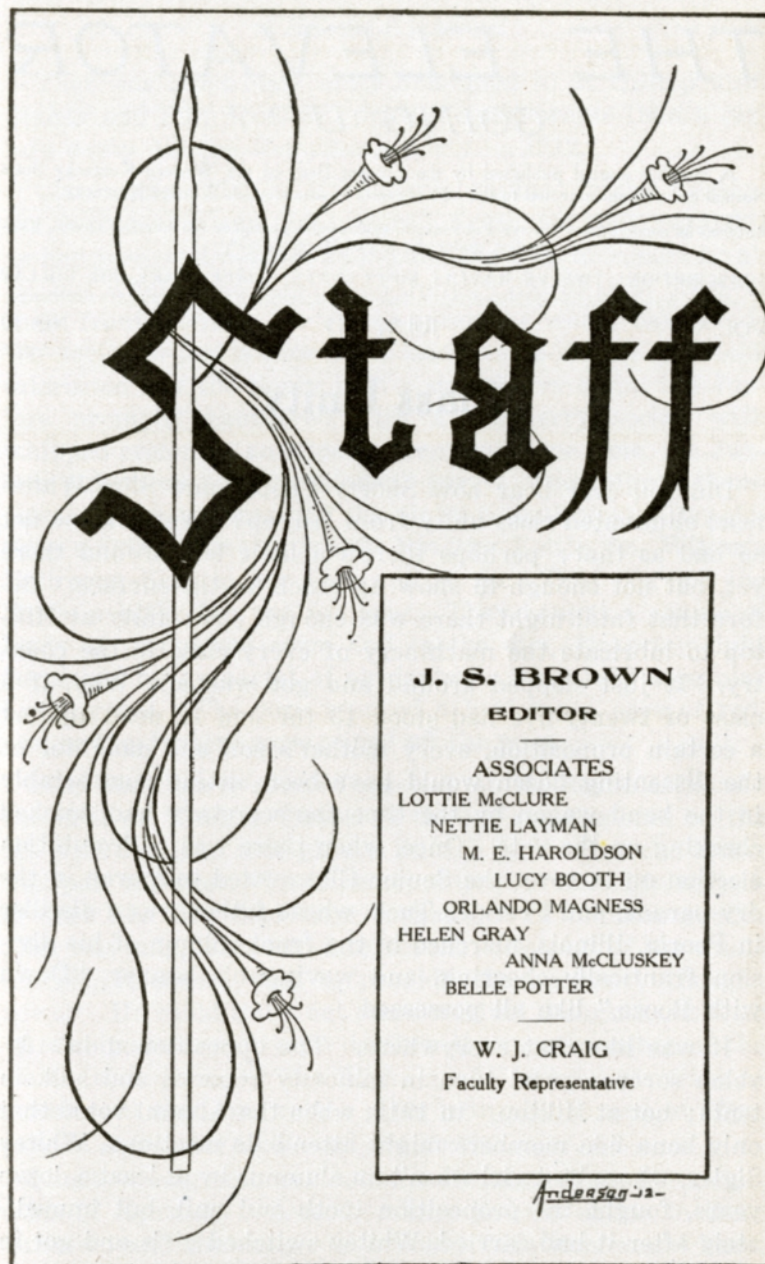
Good Clean Groceries

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.



Staff

J. S. BROWN
EDITOR

—
ASSOCIATES

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

—
W. J. CRAIG
Faculty Representative

Anderson

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.

JULY, 1915

NO. 10

Class Unity

Did you ever hear how Shorty Cooper and Slim Whitehead eliminated class unity from Hilltop? Well, maybe not so bad as that; perhaps there's a little left around there yet, but not enough to show up much on the surface. Before that fatal night there was enough class unity at Hilltop to lubricate the machinery of every class in the country. It just slopped around and got wasted. Why, if a class of twenty-five had stood 13 for and 12 dead against a certain proposition, every mother's son and daughter of the dissenting dozen would have been sitting comfortably in the band wagon by the time the secretary had finished checking up the vote. Once, when there was a Prohibition election on in town the Senior Class voted to march in the dry parade, and Freckles Tuck, whose father was a distiller in Peoria, Illinois, marched in the front column of his division frantically cheering, and waving his banner, "Down with Booze," like all possessed.

It was like that everywhere. The opposition didn't develop soreness, and turn in minority reports, and sulk in tents; not at Hilltop. In 1910, when the Alumni voted that only bona fide members might attend its meetings, Whitey Sigler, whose best girl wasn't an alumnus by at least a dozen years, fought the proposition tooth and nail, but immediately after it had carried, Whitey switched girls and got in line with the vim of an original booster.

That was what class unity amounted to at Hilltop until Shorty and Slim took and pried it apart worse than a certain party did the Republican party in 1912.

Class competition at Hilltop was confined to two classes: the Sophomores and the Juniors. Freshmen were regarded as hopeless, and Seniors as beyond the pale of honest rivalry, but what those Sophs and Juniors did to each other in their frantic efforts for class supremacy would have made the social organizations of a small town sit up and look interested. If the Sophs held a strawberry social the Juniors promptly countered with a raspberry social, with whipped cream as an added attraction. One time, the Juniors put on an "Old Fashioned" party. They rigged themselves in the costumes of the eighties, and played the old-time singing games: Jennie Put the Kettle On, Wilson's Ballroom, Skip to My Lou, and so on. That worried the Sophs a little, but not for long. They bought a couple of loads of unshucked corn, and in the dim, flickering light furnished by a quartet of old lanterns, they held a regular husking bee. The corn assayed a half dozen ears of red, and so the Juniors were wiped off the map.

Slim and Shorty roomed together at Ma Reynolds' establishment on Twelfth Street. I think Fate was sure on the job with a pair of field glasses in each hand when she threw that pair together. Their personalities dovetailed in together just like they had been turned out of a planing mill. Slim was long, lank, and intellectual. His part of the whole scheme, it seems, was to provide the necessary thought power. He could think out more original thoughts, whether of pure geometry or pure deviltry than any member of the class; and whenever the Sophs needed special planning to circumvent the Juniors the class naturally turned to Slim, and he invariably delivered the goods.

Shorty's long suit was action. He came from the mountains of Kentucky where they have to have action in their business, and the action he brought with him would have, with moderate care, lasted a regiment of Comanches for

a lifetime. He wasn't much on thinking out reasons or stratagems; his mental processes would sort of get crossed, and pretty soon he'd arrive at the beginning; but you could put into his hands the blue prints and specifications of a Junior catastrophe and go to bed in sweet assurance that our ancient enemies were standing face to face with hard-eyed trouble.

You should have seen the team work put up by that pair. It was big league stuff all the way through. "Slim to Shorty" was the box score indication of most of the diplomatic double plays put on and pulled off at Hilltop that season. They worked together like a pair of cog wheels.

One Monday morning, as Slim was washing up for dinner, Shorty burst into the room, bristling with excitement: "Heard it?" he demanded, pitching a strap full of books on the bed.

"Heard what?" asked Whitehead through a thick film of lather.

"Them Juniors; they held a meeting Saturday night, and had some East Indian Hindoo, or hoodoo, or something to hand them a spiel on 'The Higher Intellectuality.'"

"Well, don't they need it?" asked Slim from the depths of a towel.

"Sure, they do; but they need something else, too. They're strutting around to-day just like a lot of turkey gobblers having trances. I had to ram that ape of a High Water Duckett off the sidewalk to-day to keep him from walking right in to me."

"I've been so busy in the laboratory this morning that I even cut Chapel," said Slim. "So they are pretty rank, are they?"

"Rank? Well, I should sweetly snigger. After Chapel they formed down at the foot of the steps and marched two abreast up to the flag pole, around it and back—"

"Yelling like a bunch of catamounts?" interrupted Slim.

"No, that's the trouble. They didn't even whisper; they

just held up their heads, looked straight ahead and marched. All froze up on Higher Intellectuality, I suppose."

"I don't think Higher Intellectuality is very good for those yaps," said Slim, musingly.

"It sure ain't," broke in Snorty, eagerly, "and the question that's up to you, Mr. Slim Whitehead, is: Oh, what shall the antidote be?"

* * * * *

At Two that afternoon, Shorty knew that Slim would be in the Library, deep in the columns of the daily paper, so he hunted him up.

"The devil and Tom Walker's bust loose now," he spluttered.

"Shorty," said Whitehead in cool, even tones, "there may be truth in what you say, but your voice is harsh and loud, and your language isn't what it might be; also, Mamselle, the Librarian, has ears that are both chaste and keen. Let us, therefore, before we discuss this matter further, repair to the greensward." They went out on the campus, and sat under a spreading locust.

"Shorty," asked Slim, "there has come an inkling of this to me. Tell me all about it."

"Why, Pansy McClure's went and started a movement for the Sophs to even up with the Juniors for that Higher Intellectuality stunt of theirs by holding a swell reception and everybody a-wearing dress suits, and evening gowns, and such. Do you hear? Dress suits!" He spat the words out vehemently.

"I heard you the first time," observed Slim, gently.

"I ain't a-going to wear one, neither. I wouldn't be buried in one—not even if I'd just been hung for shooting a Junior. Dress suits, ugh!!"

"Since you mention it, Shorty, I entertain similar feelings of dislike for this dress suit soiree but the question is, what are we going to do about it?"

"Just not wear the blamed thing, that's all. Why, there ain't a hoss in Kehoe, Kentucky, that'd stand hitched with one of them things inside a mile."

"Rineyville, Louisiana, may also be said to have some prejudices in such matters. In fact, if the people there should ever hear of my wearing such a garment I don't believe they would be very anxious to have me return to their midst."

"They would me at Kehoe," snapped Shorty. "Oh, they'd be anxious a-plenty to have me return. They would just stand around and sigh for me to come back, so they could burn me at the stake."

When they returned to their room each found a letter waiting for him. Slim pitched his on a dresser pending a more convenient season. Shorty tore his envelope open and extracted the contents.

"Well, if this wouldn't asphyxiate you for want of air," he ejaculated. "Look a here, Slim, what that nut we elected President of the class has gone and done." He displayed a sheet of paper bearing at its top the legend, "B. Orlando Donovan, President of the Sophomore Class."

"Some class to Orlie," said Slim; "what does the letter say?"

"Get your dictionary, Slim, and uncouple the thing as I read it. Just listen: 'Pursuant to the best interests of the Sophomore Class, a call is hereby issued to all members to meet to-night at Eight to take action upon a matter of vital importance.' Say, Slim, doesn't that 'Vital importance' make a noise like a dress suit to you?"

Slim had opened his letter which was an exact replica of Shorty's and stood leaning against the mantel studying it carefully: "Fancy letter head, typewritten,—and say, Shorty, I'll be hanged if it isn't signed with a rubber stamp. Doesn't it occur to you, Mr. Cooper, that our esteemed little President is some lollipop? I wonder how he stands on this dress suit question?"

"For it, of course. Ain't this stationery enough to prove that, not to mention that growth of vegetation he's cultivating in his burnside region? Say, Slim," he continued, inspired by desperation, "you're a headliner in politics;

can't you do something to head off these lunatics before they butt into something that kicks back?"

"Shorty," reminded Slim, sadly, "you fail to hold in mind a few fundamental facts: two-thirds of this class are girls, and whenever the fair ones are concerned it's pure suicide to oppose any social misconceptions that might develop in their plastic young minds."

"Can't nothoing be done?" asked Shorty, hungry for action.

"Maybe," answered Slim, enigmatically, "but I predict a dress suit landslide at this election."

"I don't wear one," said Shorty. "I'm a member of this Sophomore Class in good standing, and with all my dues paid. There ain't a thing inside the boundary lines of human reason that I wouldn't do for it. My actions has always been loyal to the Sophs, and irritating to the Juniors. Time after time I've run risks to tie laurels to the Sophs, and tin cans to the Juniors; you know that, Slim. I know I ain't any top-notch in my studies, but I've never flunked. My record, as the advertisement says, 'hasn't ever scratched yet,' but if these hill billies put this thing over it's sure going to disfigure itself some. I wouldn't envelope my frame in one of them dress suits—not even if the President of the institution would get down on his knees before me and ask me to. I'm due to express myself at the meeting to-night; and when I begin, you skiddoo, Slim. There's going to be a conflagration. I'm the animal that kicked the lantern over that burned Chicago up, and this is my night to kick again."

"I'm going to speak in favor of dress suits at the meeting to-night, and I want you to follow suit" said Slim, with complacence.

"Went me to what? Mr. Slim Whitehead, would you kindly utter them words again? I think my hearing must have slipped a cog."

"Answer me this, Shorty, have you ever noticed in me anything resembling treachery?"

"I have not."

"Have you ever known me to quit any sort of crisis?"

"No."

"Well, listen here ; I'm as rabidly against this dress suit hobnob as you are. To be perfectly frank, I don't propose to wear one; but it's going to be voted all right. Then what are we going to do: kick ourselves out of the class? Not I, while there's such a thing as strategy handy. Now, Shorty, you do just as I tell you. You make the noisiest speech you can in favor of this to-night, and leave the rest to me."

"Slim, I know you are on the square, and that you've got something up your sleeve, but don't ask me. I can't. I haven't had enough practice in being a hypocrite for that, Slim."

"You do as I tell you; it's the only way out."

Shorty was silent for a full minute, then he raised his head wearily: "I'll try, Slim; I don't know whether I can do it or not. My tongue is liable to forget its cunning and cleave to the roof of my mouth, but I'll try. And remember, Slim, I'm putting a lot of trust in you."

* * * * *

President B. Orlando Donovan sat in the chair with conscious dignity: "It has been moved by Miss Pansy McClure, and seconded by Miss Marie Layman that on next Saturday evening the members of the Sophomore Class hold a formal reception; it being the purpose and content of this motion that said reception shall by its brilliance and grandeur eclipse any social event that has ever been held at Hilltop. Are there any remarks?"

Slim arose promptly: "Mr. President and Classmates: I rise to say that I consider this the most progressive step that has ever been taken by any class at Hilltop." Slim sat down amidst a round of applause.

"Are there any further remarks?" queried the President. Slim nudged Shorty with his elbow and kicked him on the shin, but Shorty sat glued to his chair, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the floor.

"Are there any further remarks?" again asked the sonorous voice of the President. Slim nudged and kicked again, and Shorty scrambled to his feet, a strange gleam in his eyes, and his scant growth of sandy hair reaching toward the ceiling:

"I have some remarks, Mister President. I am not an orator, but such as I am, I think this social shindig under discussion is a move in the right direction."—Here, Miss Pansy McClure's expression registered great relief. "I am for it because it boosts the Sophs and soaks the Juniors," continued the speaker. "I am for it because one of the things this college of arts and seances needs most is more scissor tails; I am for it because as a wiser one than I has said, 'variety is the spice of life,' and if dress suits ain't variety I'd like to know what is; I am for dress suits because they have been endorsed and wore by all the great men of the country, by George Washington, by Andrew Jackson, by—by Benedict Arnold." A nudge from Slim advised him that he was treading on dangerous territory. Shorty coughed and vigorously wielded a handkerchief to cover the pause, then continued: "For do not the pages of History tell us that Benedict was a swell dresser when he was sober? I am for them because it is my platform to be for anything that is right."

Shorty sat down, and listened miserably to the thunders of applause. When quiet had been restored, the President, in response to cries of, "Question, Question," mechanically put the vote. The result as Slim had prophesied, was a dress suit landslide.

Slim and Shorty walked home in silence. Inside the room Shorty sank limply into a chair:

"Ananias ain't got anything on me," he announced gloomily. "What little conscience I've got left will be an invalid the rest of its days."

"Cheer up, Shorty, and hearken unto speech," said Slim, "the first thing I want you to do is to obtain by burglary, stealth, or false pretenses two or three sheets of B. Orlando's official stationery, properly signed about half way down

the page with that cute little rubber stamp of his."

"Leave it to me. I've got a pull with Dumpling Adams, who takes up Orlie's laundry. Maybe he can lend a helping hand. What next?"

"Next is the downfall of dress suits. Listen, Shorty, and I'll tell you the whole scheme." When he had finished, Shorty said with reverence in his voice:

"I've discovered the Eighth Wonder. It's that brain of yours, Slim."

Wednesday morning Shorty brought in the stationery that had been requisitioned. Immediately afterwards, Slim accosted John Brown, Senior, and Editor of *The Crater*, as that dignitary was entering the Philosophy Class:

"Mr. Brown," said Slim, "I wish to look up an article in one of last year's issues of *The Crater*. Do you have any objection to my using the files in your office?"

"None at all," responded Brown, flattered by the dignified reference to *The Crater*. "Here is the key to the office."

"I've plenty of time," soliloquized Slim, en route to the office. "His class lasts an hour." He let himself into the office, and locked the door. During the next quarter of an hour there came from the office the muffled clatter of a typewriter in action. Then Slim emerged, and at a nearby mail box deposited two letters. He returned to Ma Reynolds' late that evening. Ascending the stairs, he met Shorty coming down on his way to the dining room. "Any mail?" he asked.

"Yes," said Shorty, with emphasis, "there is some mail; B. Orlando has commuted our sentences."

* * * * *

There was a sound of revelry by night in Hilltop's reception hall, a location wont to be gay, but on this occasion much gayer than was wont. The ceiling and walls were riotous with swinging festoons of white and green. Brilliant lights shone down upon fair maidens arrayed in togery that would have created a strange uneasiness in the heart of the Queen of Sheba. The same lights, be it said,

also revealed some brave youths who although encumbered with dress suits and kindred impedimenta, courageously persisted in the belief that they were having the time of their lives, and coincidentally administering a permanent discoloration to the Junior optic. The receiving gauntlet in which stood President B. Orlando Donovan, and Misses Pancy McClure and Zola Fairless, of the Sophomores, and Miss Mattye Wright, and Professor Randolph Percival Green, of the faculty, had formed early. With hands extended at regulation angle they touched the fingers of the incoming guests and sped them on to further festivities. Talk ran rife:

"Hello, Annabel; you look puffedly charming in that swell gown. Who is your dressmaker, dear?" "Maw, er, Mommah made it. Oh, Lorena, what a cute La Valliere. I'm so enthusiastic about La Vallieres, you know." . . . "Isn't Professor Green just splendid? As we came in tonight, Cutey Matthews brought me, you know, he says to us, 'it's really marvelous what a handsome couple you make.' " "Why, he said the same thing to Eb Baker and I." "He did, did he? Well, he's got to give me a better grade in Geography or my pater will write to President Hardin about it." . . . "Everybody's here but Mr. Cooper and Mr. Whitehead; I wonder why they don't come." "I wonder why, too. Wasn't that an elegant speech Mr. Cooper made at the meeting?" "It sure was. He may not be so much on English, but he's so expressive, you know." "Yes, and they say some of the boys made up a conspiracy and weren't going to take part until he convinced them with that speech." "You don't say; well, wasn't that grand?" . . . "Yes, Miss Wright, the weather is lovely, but, as I was telling Beulah, I think the weather is a little too humid." . . . "Oh, Mr. Hoover, don't you think the reception is exquisite?" "It's plumb superlative Miss Bailey; plumb superlative and then some." . . . "Well, Bill, believe me, you're a looker in them togs. Looks like you'd take to wearing 'em regular." "I may if they don't get too common around here. I'm choice about my doll rags." "Somebody ought to go after Mr.

Whitehead and Mr. Cooper; maybe they've forgotten about the reception."

Suddenly the tumult died away. The orchestra gave a despairing gasp, and retired from business. Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Cooper had arrived. For personal reasons they had elected to take no chances with the receiving line, and had entered by a window in the rear of the hall. Across the room they marched, Slim leading by a step. A reporter engaged to in a write up of the occasion could have remarked with all propriety that they were the cynosure of all eyes. There was something about them that attracted attention, that gripped it and held it fast. I think it must have been their clothes, which were indeed very noticeable. Slim's coat was of the immaculate evening cut. His trousers were the leathern chaps he had once worn in an amateur theatrical back in Rineyville. A military cap set at a jaunty angle rested upon his head, and his feet were encased in plush bedroom slippers. Shorty's garb would also have ranked high in point of incongruity. He and Slim had rented correct attire for one and divided it between them; Shorty drawing the trousers and the hat. In lieu of a coat he wore a brilliant red sweater, which he had decorated with yellow epaulettes. His shoes were of a startling tan, and he had on rubbers. Midway down the hall they stopped. "Greetings, Fellow-Merrymakers, one and all," saluted Slim gayly.

Shorty lifted his shining beaver airily: "Me, too," he said, bowing low. Not a syllable was spoken in reply. A solemn hush had fallen upon the fellow-makers.

"Slim," asked Shorty, anxiously, "ain't there something wrong?"

Then was Miss Pansy McClure constrained to lift her voice and wail: "They're drunk, they're drunk; don't let them come in here."

"Why, Miss Pansy, what have we done?" asked Slim, reproachfully. "We don't even know the color of wine when it's red. Besides, we're already in."

"Say, Slim, there ain't anybody else a-wearing costumes,"

interrupted Shorty in the manner of one who has made a great discovery. "I believe there is something wrong."

"Put them out, oh, put them out!" urged the strident voice of Miss McClure.

"Are you unwell, Miss Pansy?" inquired Slim, gently. "That's twice you've talked out without permission."

President B. Orlando Donovan bustled up. "What is the meaning of this insulting demonstration?" he demanded, pompously.

"What demonstration?" asked Slim; "what demonstration?" echoed Shorty; "Slim, I tell you there is something wrong here."

"This is a reception given by the Sophomore Class, and no clowns are invited."

"Explain that reference to clowns right now," insisted Slim; "to-morrow may be too late."

"Explain those horrible clothes," retorted the President.

"Clothes!!" cried Shorty, truculently. "I told you, Slim, something was wrong." Slim's eyes were wide as with wonder: "Clothes?" he asked; "then maybe you will explain this letter." "And this one," yelled Shorty, waving an envelope under the President's nose. "You didn't write and tell us to doll up like this?"

"I certainly did not," affirmed the President.

"You are right, Shorty," said Slim; "there is something Wrong. His Majesty, here, has put over a neat little April Fool on us."

"Oh, he did!" roared Shorty, making a dash at the President, who started on a hasty retreat. Slim, however, interposed an army about Shorty's middle, and restrained him from his prey.

"Let me to him," begged Shorty; "let me to him. I want to lead him out of here by the ear, and tromple that April foolishness out of him."

Miss Mattie Wright averted her horror-stricken gaze from the scene of the tragedy and exclaimed: "Is it indeed possible that I am in darkest Africa!"

Professor Randolph Perciful Green, with the responsibil-

ity of ambition upon him, hurried to the scene of action: "Desist, gentlemen, from this unseemly behavior," he commanded. "You two men go at once to your room and do not return here until your dress has been arranged in accord with the demands of propriety."

"Oh, we'll go, Professor; we'll go," agreed Slim, "but the end of this unhappy affair is not yet. Come on, Shorty." They started for the door, Slim leading by a step. Cutey Matthews, upon whom nothing ever weighed seriously for five consecutive minutes, giggled: "Oh, you Shorty," he chortled. "Wouldn't it encourage the homefolks to see you now?"

Shorty turned upon him so savagely that the vapid grin upon his face froze into a look of fear. "If you're downright tired of living," growled Shorty, "why, go hang yourself; I'm busy."

Passing out the gate, Slim sat down on the step and laughed till the tears came. "I'm an actor, me," said Shorty moodily. "Blest if I didn't get to thinking that Orlie really did write them letters."

"It will be many a day," mused Slim, "before the Juniors can touch that affair to-night."

Back in the hall, the Reception did its best to take up matters where they had been left off, but failed. The soul had gone out of everything. After a few false starts, the Reception gave up the attempt and wilted away.

* * * * *

On the following Monday morning President Hardin sat in his office engaged with his morning mail. A rap at the door evoked an invitation to enter, and Slim came into the room followed by Shorty. The President's eyes twinkled as he recognized his visitors. "Sit down, young gentlemen; is there something I can do for you?"

"We won't take much of your time," began Slim. "Last Monday night, the Sophs met, and agreed to hold a grand reception. We were all for it. Shorty, er, Mr. Cooper, here, made a speech boosting it, and it carried unanimous. Well, on Wednesday, I got this letter, and Shor—Mr. Cooper got

one like it." Here Slim handed the President a letter. That official took out of the envelope a sheet of B. Orlando Donovan's official stationery, and read therefrom: "*Dear Sophomore: It has been deemed advisable to change the reception, which has been arranged for Saturday evening, to a masquerade. You will, therefore, attend attired in as fantastical costume as you can devise. It is asked that you will not discuss this change with anyone, as we desire the utmost in originality. If this suggestion is followed, I think that we can assure you that the occasion will not be devoid of surprises. Of course, this restriction does not apply to roommates.*" "E. ORLANDO DONOVAN, President."

"We wondered some about that change," resumed Slim, "but we went ahead and got ready for it. Well, when we marched into that hall Saturday evening, every other soul there was dressed in evening clothes. Fantastic isn't a good word at all about the way we were dressed up. It really was something awful. We thought it might come in handy as evidence, and so Sunday morning we dressed up in our costumes again, and had this postcard made."

The President accepted the proffered card, and let his gaze rest upon it a moment: "Excuse me a moment, gentlemen," he said hastily, and retired into what the students called his *very* private office. During the ensuing two minutes an intruder in that sanctum would have witnessed a strange sight,—the sight of the President of Hilltop alternately looking at a postcard, and bending violently over the arm of his chair in paroxysms of mirth, but making desperate efforts to withhold the sound of his convulsions from the outer office. When he returned he explained gravely: "I happened to remember an important letter which I wished my secretary to write."

Slim again took up the narrative: "Now, Donovan denies that he wrote that letter. Somebody wrote it—"

"And we was the goats," broke in Shorty.

"And we were the victims," corrected Slim. "There was a general misunderstanding, and in the excitement of the

moment Donovan and Shorty—er—Mr. Cooper lost their tempers.—”

“It was my aim to dissect him, good and proper,” admitted Shorty.

“It was pretty hard on us,” went on Slim, “but we’ve thought it over and we’re of the opinion that it is best for the class for us to drop it. And so, we’ve taken up your time merely to give you a correct account of the matter first hand.”

“That Donovan party wrote the letter,” interrupted Shorty. “His looks showed it plain as—” A well-directed kick from Slim halted him in his wild career.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the President courteously, “I thank you for coming to me as frankly as you have. I believe that you are right in deciding to drop the matter. May I keep the postcard as a souvenir?”

“Sure,” said Shorty, generously, “we’ve got a doz—” Another judicious kick silenced him.

“Thank you, Doctor Hardin,” said Slim; “come on, Shorty.”

When they had gone the President indulged in a bit of philosophy that is as old as language itself:

“Boys will be boys,” he said.

Class Unity has never again been Hilltop’s long suit.

—oOo—

Leslie was really the dullest boy in class. One day, however, his answer to a question in Geography gave promise to a new dawn of intelligence.

“Which New England State has two capitals, Leslie?” asked Prof. Green. (This was while R. I. had two capitals.)

“New Hampshire,” quickly answered Leslie.

Prof. Green: “Indeed! Name them.”

Leslie: “Capital ‘N’ and capital ‘H.’ ”

Miss Likens (looking over her theme): “You don’t seem to care much for original ideas.”

Miss Reid: “No, we’d rather have good ones.”



THE END

This issue of THE ELEVATOR is the closing number of the year, and as the time draws near when we shall hand over the work of THE ELEVATOR to another, a certain degree of selfishness prompts another degree of regret, in that we must lay down the pleasant work as editor of *our paper*, and go hither into new fields of endeavor. But, notwithstanding our selfish regret, there is also a pleasure in knowing the management of THE ELEVATOR will pass into hands more efficient, and that *our paper* will go forward with a greater degree of rapidity.

The new editor has not yet been elected, but either one of the prospectives will render a highly efficient service to the paper, and so to the new editor, whoever he may be, we extend our heartiest goodwill and congratulations. Long live THE ELEVATOR and its staff, and all its readers.

OUR ADVERTISERS

In the busy humdrum of life we do not often stop to consider from whence cometh our daily bread. The same principle applies to most business enterprises. We go on from day to day doing all we can to advance our selfish interests, and think little about the valuable assistance we receive from others. But that we may in part, at least, steer clear of this selfishness, we wish to express to our advertisers the sincerest appreciation for the support you have given

us this year, and we trust that your ad in our paper has returned to you more than value received. Again, as a student-body, we thank you, and we'll not forget you in the future.

—()—
SUBSCRIBERS

To all its subscribers THE ELEVATOR says: "Good luck, a happy vacation, a fine school year, we'll meet again in October."

—0—
THE TRAINING SCHOOL

There is no vacancy that can't be filled, "nature abhors a vacuum." But when, at the beginning of this year, we learned that Miss Frazee had departed into fields afar, we thought there was one exception to nature's law, and that the vacancy left by her could not be filled, that the Training School temperature would drop below zero. But how sadly were we mistaken! Early in the fall one Miss Mattie Louise Hatcher squeezed into the Frazee vacuum, which vacuum being slightly too small has resulted in high pressure of the Training School ever since. And so THE ELEVATOR takes this opportunity to congratulate Miss Hatcher for the splendid work of the Training School under her management, and for her demonstrated ability to fill a vacancy which we believed unfillable.

—0—
MR. CRABB

THE ELEVATOR certainly would not exhibit the proper spirit if it failed to thank Prof. A. L. Crabb, of Louisville, for his splendid articles during the year. Mr. Crabb was the first editor of THE ELEVATOR, and it seems that from a literary standpoint, at least, he far outshines all his successors, and if present indications do not fail, he is destined to take rank in the literary world. THE ELEVATOR is fortunate in having such an able contributor. All thanks to him for his support.

News

The commencement exercises were opened with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday evening, June 6. The services were especially impressive. A large choir from the city rendered the music, which was well adapted to the occasion. Dr. Aquilla Webb, of Louisville, delivered the message of the evening. His theme was "Influence," and he spoke earnestly of the powers of indirect influence, and good and evil that might result from it. His message was one of thought and power, clearly and eloquently delivered.

The closing exercises of Commencement occurred on Thursday morning, June 10. President Jones, of the Tennessee Normal, at Murfreesboro, delivered the commencement address to the graduating class. He spoke of the greater efficiency of the present day, and what that efficiency rightly applied would mean to the world. President Jones has unusual powers as an orator, and his address was one that commanded the attention of the audience to its close.

One of the best things offered for the Summer Term was the address of Congressman Heflin, of Alabama. With unusual earnestness he spoke at length of the "History of the South," of which every Southerner should be justly proud. Mr. Heflin possesses a magnetism of character, that was very evident throughout his address, and held the audience under its sway to the end.

The Alumni address by H. L. Donovan will be printed in the September issue of next year.

The Senior Play

The Class of 1915 has made a record and has won a greater right to fame than the honored title, "The greatest class in the history of the institution." Great has been its

achievements and as a fitting climax came the play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The gliding moonbeams, flitting butterflies and dancing fairies had a beautiful haunt among the trees and flowers. A light wind stirred the leaves, and swung the trailing vines and blooms of wistaria. The music ceased and Duke Theus with his fair Hypolita entered to speak how, "Three days will quickly steep themselves in night, three nights will quickly dream away the time." But theirs was not all the love, for Cupid and the fairies were ever busy in the affairs of mortals.

Those who have read the play know how the King of the Fairies aided by his mischievous Puck made concord of the discord, but the one who saw it as interpreted by the Seniors is thrice blessed. The players were not players, but beings moved on by great forces—forces that moved them because they were soldiers or clowns or lovers or fairies. It seemed to them that they were on the great stage of life where each man plays a part. There was daintiness of color for the artist, music for the musician fun for the joyous and beauty, joy, and gladness for all.

The fairies said the farewell, "Trip away, make no stay, meet me all by the break of day," and then the lights died out on the good, bad, mischievous Puck. It was over!

The Oratorical Contest

The annual contest of oratory in W. K. S. N., with its usual interest and enthusiasm was held June 6th in the Chapel Hall. The following were representative orators, in the order of their place on the program: Mr. Ray White, from the Kit-Kat Society, spoke on "America in Its Relations to Peace." Mr. White's speech was strong, forceful, well-worded, well-delivered. He acquitted himself most creditably before the large audience.

Mr. G. W. Meuth followed. His subject, "Socialism vs. Democracy," was discussed with wonderful force and directness. When he had finished the Juniors were indeed

proud of their representative, and must have felt that they saw the yellow medal pinned upon him.

Following Mr. Meuth came Mr. J. S. Brown, the Senior representative. His subject was "Ideal Democracy." When he had finished the Junior confidence had dropped somewhat, and that of the Seniors was raised to white heat.

The last speech was delivered by Mr. Spillman, of the Loyal Society. He spoke on the subject of "Political Corruption," and so well did he speak that future classes must figure Spillman in the fight, as he has three more chances if he desires to use them.

After the speeches followed that ten long minutes, that seemed as many hours, while the judges were deliberating, but at last one of them (Prof. Harman) appeared on the stage and took plenty of time to announce the decision. In the meantime he took occasion to say that in the opinion of the judges the contest came nearer being entirely above the schoolboy type of contest than any they had ever heard.

Finally the decision was announced: Mr. Brown was declared the winner, the Seniors yelled, all seemed satisfied with the decision, and thus it endeth.

The winning speech is published in this paper:.

—oOo—

Ideal Democracy

Into the depths of nature's unfathomed mysteries man cannot see. He stands a mere atom upon the planet earth, able to see in part the wonders of the universe, its magnificence, grandeur and perfection. Passing in his review are the planets, stars, systems, all the hoards of heavenly lights declaring the glorious handiwork of an unseen power. To the physical eye the creation in all the splendor of its beautiful array is visible, but beyond this a dark curtain of mystery closes to natural vision the power which spake the universe into existence. The poets, scholars and philosophers of all the ages have failed to penetrate this veil and lay bare to the understanding of men the creative force. It is, and

forever shall be beyond the comprehension of the human mind, save through the soul by the eye of faith.

In like manner the great influences that move human life and determine the destinies of men and nations are not in the range of physical vision. Outward opportunities often result contrary to their possibilities—China with her ancient civilization and resources unbounded yet lies in sleeping stupidity, while Japan with limited possibilities rises to world power with unsurpassed rapidity. Italy with her imperial history as the home of classic civilization is to-day steeped in poverty and ignorance, while the low countries of north Europe, battling against a natural handicap, support a marvelous, progressive and intelligent population. In our own country, while the barren hills of New England hum with industry, the Sunny South with all her opportunities is only now waking from two centuries of sleep. In the development of men the same mystery prevails: From the depths of direst poverty mid the wildwood of Kentucky, a lad came into life and to-day the world pays homage to the name of Lincoln; while from the State of Pennsylvania, surrounded by a home of culture and all the power and opportunity that wealth could bestow, came Harry K. Thaw, the murderer. From the cultured East came Washington, Roosevelt, and Wilson; from the wild West of their day came Jackson, Benton, and Clay. The same aristocracy that produced the stately dignity of Washington gave to Jefferson the purest of democratic simplicity—it is not the outward formalities that determine the actions of man; it's their outlook upon the to-morrows; it's their ideal of accomplishment; it's the invisible power of hope in man that forms the fundamental basis of all human progress. For the race is elevated only as the sum total of its individuals progress, and there can be no progression of the individual save through the faith that by an effort of to-day to-morrow will mean a greater life in some respect. Upon this fact democracy has an excuse for being, for it is only through a democracy that the highest hopes of every individual may be obtained. Also upon this fact hinges all reform, social,

industrial, political and religious. For what is the function of education except it instill into the youths of the land the hope that somewhere out beyond the narrow sphere of present reality, somewhere out on the horizon of the future, out on the surging sea of time there is a possibility for noble achievement. The mind of man may of course be strengthened by mechanical education, but unless there is instilled the hope of a greater to-morrow for humanity that education is contrary to the scheme of the creation and therefore must fail. Aaron Burr had the finest education of this sort, yet he shot down Hamilton and betrayed his country; the Tweed gang of New York were educated, so was Lorimer, yet he bribed his way into the United States Senate; Don Roberts, of Indiana, is educated, but he is now serving his turn in the federal penitentiary for one of the most notorious election steals ever known in the history of the United States. These were men of power and learning, but they had no higher hopes than personal aggrandizement at the expense of righteous progress, and therefore must go down in history as failures.

Let the same standard guide social reform and it will be seen that all social work, charity and intended kindness bestowed upon the masses through intentionally good, are useless and positively harmful to the general welfare unless those upon whom such acts are bestowed are given a promising vision of a better day. For by an eternal law of human nature that which is lavished upon man without effort on his part is detrimental to his character. It's the square meal handed out to the loafer at the back door that keeps him a loafer and makes others; it's the bread line that brings the demand for more bread lines; it's the man on whom a fortune is bestowed that seldom rises to a high degree of usefulness in the world; it's misused charity that demands more charity, and the time must come in America when we shall realize that it is not more pecuniary aid that the down-and-out man needs, but an opportunity and a hope of surviving and rising in the world without disgracefully stooping to the mercy of his neighbors. It's not a question of

handing out more to the man at the back door; but of giving him a determined desire to do something for himself and his country. It is not a problem of more benevolent beggar-producing charity among the poverty-stricken, but of giving them confidence in their ability to rise above pauperism and be men among men.

Also in the field of industry many conditions are unwholesome to the social status: Lack of sanitation in factories, mills and shops ruins the health of our people and thereby destroys their prospects in life, long hours of labor that leave no time for recreation kill the spirit of men and send out broken-down women to become the mothers of future America; meager wages that keep the howling wolf at the door and turn what should be dignified labor into grinding slavery, but above all these is child-labor, the most dangerous of all social ills in America. No man works his horse until it has reached the age of maturity, but in the United States of America at the rate of four per minute it would require fifteen months for the laboring children to pass a single point traveling night and day. In the mills of Massachusetts, in the mines of Pennsylvania, the cotton factories of the South, yea, and in the tobacco fields of Kentucky, children in this land of unmeasured wealth and power are bound in feudalistic servitude. The North may point the finger of scorn at negro slavery of the past, but the most despicable slavery that has ever disgraced this country is the slavery of childhood. The South may point with derision to the army of Sherman, but the most destructive army that was ever mustered upon her soil is her own army of toiling children, the army of budding humanity being so ruthlessly destroyed at the command of industry of which it has been well said, "The thunder of twentieth century machinery is louder than the sob of the suffering child." These are some of the outward influences that seem to degenerate the social status of the people, but these things are fundamental in human progress only from the fact that they aid in the destruction of that unseen power of man to believe that a better day is dawning for him. Criminals and every other form of so-

cial degenerates are produced in the same way; it's the hopeless man that is dangerously useless to human society.

It is the same problem in religion. That religion which does not give a brighter prospect in the life of this world is useless, and if religion has failed as it undoubtedly has in some respects, it has not failed as a result of the teachings of the Christ, which, above all doctrines known to the human race give hope to the weak and fallen, but has failed through the narrowness of those religious advocates who have attempted to scare the world into salvation through the fear of eternal hell burning with sulphuric flames, never realizing that all goodness that comes from fear is cowardly meanness. The true doctrine of Christianity is a message of hope for the elevation of humanity; a doctrine of sincere hope, but we express our hope and faith by praying for peace on Sunday, and on Monday sending our ships laden with munition and engines of war to be used in the destruction of our fellow-men on the battlefields of Europe. This is the kind of religion that has failed. This is the kind of religion that has plunged the nations of the eastern continent into barbarous war, and if the church is ever reformed it must be done upon the sincere belief in the higher life of this world, as well as in the world to come.

And again from the arena of political demagogues comes the continuous wail of monopoly, boss rule, republicanism, democracy, and the people. There has been enough such stuff thrown out in the United States to have reformed the political world had it been worth the breath that threw it out, political reform does not consist of the howl for legislation and democracy—Congress may legislate until the trumpet of judgment has sounded, and the little politicians have gone out from the earth shouting "the rule of the people," but the government will be no better. The problem of the great American Ship of State is not more power for the passengers aboard, but of saturating their souls with the optimistic desire for the good of the ship as it plows on through the turbulent waters of national and world progress. To have an ideal republic there must be a democracy of faith

in the fundamental notion that a proper action to-day brings a better to-morrow. It's the hopeless nerd of voters that drags down the rule of the people and makes possible every governmental evil that exists. No man that looks forward to a better day will barter the sacred power of the ballot for insignificant pecuniary advantage. Give to the men of a democracy a hopeful outlook upon the landscape of life, and then the chord of harmonious and righteous government will vibrate throughout the nation, then Indiana will not send swarms of her citizens to the federal penitentiary for debauchery at the polls; then Pike County will not indict a thousand of her men for selling their privilege of government. After all, it is hope in the individual that stands fundamentally paramount in every sphere of human growth. It is to man as steam to the locomotive; it is to a nation as are the centripetal and centrifugal forces to the order of the universe. Until a promising vision becomes the ideal of a man no great achievement is ever wrought; to Columbus this vision meant, "sail on and on and on and on" until a new continent was given to the world; to the tall, awkward back-woodsman who stood at the mouth of the Mississippi and beheld the awfulness of slavery it meant the great emancipation; in Thomas Jefferson it meant the Declaration of Independence; in George Washington it meant Yorktown and the freedom of the Colonies; to the German army it means that the allied forces of Europe may surge against it to their peril; to our own country it means all that we have of good government and equality before the law.

Hence the inevitable conclusion: If the American nation is higher in the scale of ideal civilization, and sweep on in the path of glorious freedom and righteous government; if real democracy is to stand the test of time; if this government of the people is to stand as a beacon pointing all the world to the highest form of human control; if this country is to be in reality a land of peace, prosperity, liberty and love; it must continually struggle to lift the masses from the dangerous mire of pessimism and dark despondency to the plane

of optimistic light, and steep their souls with the great inward, invisible, unconquerable power of hope in the achievement of things now and eternally for the good of the human race, for this and this only will perpetuate ideal democracy throughout the ages to come.

—oOo—

Athletics

There is probably no one thing offered in the Summer School that is worth more to the principals of graded schools and the teachers of rural schools than the course of practical games which are being taught and practiced by Miss Cronin. To have a good school without a good playground and a knowledge of good games to be played upon that ground is next to impossible. The child has an excess of energy that must be worked off one way or another, and if it is not done by means of wholesome games upon the playground, it will be done through the child's mischief during school hours.

One great reform of the rural school is to introduce more enjoyable and wholesome play during recess hours and that in turn will greatly reduce the need for the hickory stick during the study and recitation hours. Many a boy has been thrashed for working off his excessive energy that should have been taken care of during the play hour.

It is indeed a very hopeful sign to see so many teachers of the Normal taking advantage of these practical games that are being offered during the summer. It means more happiness and less thrashing for the children of our State.

The most popular game for the students themselves during the summer term is tennis. We have about twelve courts, and they are usually *full up* in the afternoon. Some fine players are developing, and the tournament at the close of the present term promises to be interesting and hard-fought.

But to get back to the subject, the athletic feature of the

summer school is alone worth to the ordinary teacher all the term costs. Come next summer, and see for yourself.

—oOo—

The Class of 1915

Farewell! The Class of 1915 is leaving Alma Mater. Down from Normal Heights into the ignorance—darkened vales of Kentucky they go, bearing torches of education, swords and shields of enthusiasm and resolution. Will they win in this fight for a better Kentucky? Aye. For when has the Class of '15 failed in aught that they set their desire upon? "Make this class the greatest in the history of the institution!" cried their king, and they almost doubled the number of any preceding class. "Let us win in athletics and oratory!" Lo, every game was won, and the orator's laurels. "Excel last year's reception!" they resolved, and the Training School Chapel becomes a Fairyland where gauzy social butterflies flitted, and dazzled moths fluttered about Beauty's candle.

"The Play's the thing!" next cried the class, and "Mid-summer Night's Dream" was realized in all the glamour and delight of a dream.

Then came graduation, the supreme moment. But over the glory and gayety was the shadow of the parting. Farewell, Alma Mater and classmates, farewell.

These are the graduates, the great Class of 1915: Mary Barrett, Josephine Drake, I. L. Arnold, Gwynneth Bartley, A. L. Cole, Hattie Richardson, Grace Vass, Guy Whitehead, Metta Mathis, Heber Orene Lewis, Nellie Hardin, C. E. Bandy, Mary Brown, Nettie Layman, Pearle Jordan, Lizzie Shaw, Earl Sullinger, Mabel Percy, Edna Ackers, Ruth Stephens, Herbert Rebarker, Lela Keown, Eula and Beulah Hester, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. White, Anna McCluskey, Otis Porter, Woodfin Hutson, Huel Larkins, Lottie McClure, J. S. Brown, Nilla Hancock, Ruth Skaggs, Lucile Goodwin, J. H. Sweeney, Gladys Turner, Mary Green, C. W. Anderson, Lucy Booth, Mrs. J. H. Lloyd, T. H. Lykens, Carrie Cotner,

Edna Gatewood, Victor Strahm, Lois Cole, Orlando Magnes, Emma Luttrell, Carl Adams, Mary Crow, Zoma Lee Searce, Nell Wand, F. V. McChesney, Lillian Meador, Oma White, Leslie Shultz, Goldie Shanahan, Irvie Walker, Leslie Brown, Nannie Hicks, Vivian Braeme, J. D. Falls, J. B. Hutson, Louise Carson, Estelle Drake, Will Sadler, Ethel Clark, Estella Woosley, F. G. Burd, Belle Potter, Addie Eskeridge, Carsie Hammond, Mary Miller, Ellen Rutter.

—oOo—

The Class of 1916

These are the Juniors, that happy-go-lucky bunch who claim that "we have the best times of anybody." But along with good times there are good works, also, to the Juniors' credit. Surely Prof. Craig has a right to be proud of them as he waves his hand in the air and proclaims, "Those Junior boys and girls, they're *all right!* See?" Their good works may be seen in the Dean's office, set down in little green volumes, thus: "10, 10, 10.....E-x." That's the way a Junior's class record looks. And the good times? Ah, who has not heard of the Witche's Bower last Hallowe'en, or the Festal Board on Valentine's Day, or the Frolic at Prof. Craig's barn. Sure, the Juniors have the best times of anybody, *they* think—and what Junior gives a green apple what a Senior or a Kit-Kat thinks about anything? But that which makes the Juniors envied by every student, from the Loyal to the Graduate—is, they will be the Class of '16. Oh, Juniors of to-day, Seniors of to-morrow! You stand before the golden gates of Opportunity that open into the fair Gardens of Renown! For you the Future holds all her treasures—victories to win, laurels, and all. Ask of her and you shall receive.

These are the Junior folk, the people of the 1916 Class: Jewel Austin, Frances Allen, E. E. Allison, Ernest Ather-ton, Lois Adams, Hilda Bean, Louise Boettger, Mrs. J. S. Brown, Georgia Brandon, Murray Brown, Mary Barry, Kathleen Brashear, Lillian Beeler, Mildred Bennett, F. P.

Bell, Virginia Bell, Hazel Bogges, Olivia Briston, H. H. Bennett, Andrew Benedict, Lima Boyd, Atlanta Bynum, E. H. Cannon, Archie Campbell, Mrs. Annie Copeland, H. D. Copeland, Frances Covington, Ethel Cherry, Margaret Clement, Josephine Cherry, Gertie Clemons, Raymond Champion, Roberta Cox, Mattie Capshaw, D. Y. Dunn, Mae Donovan, Elsie Dodson, Margaret Dudley, Jeanon Day, Geneva Dorsey, Ella M. Donelson, L. T. Dickerson, Jess Drake, Imogene Doss, Rupert Devasher, Naamon Duke, Golda English, Arthur Ford, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Fitzhugh, Nell Farley, Frank Ferris, R. W. Franklin, Dorothy Gregory, Helen Gray, Audley Greer, Sallie Grundy, Hewitt Gibson, Nell Grooms, Bryan Garnett, Mayme Gray, Mary Elizabeth Guilfoile, Mary Griffin, Judith Hunt, Katherine Hendricks, Pearl Holland, M. E. Harleson, Mary Harding, Vivien Hastie, Chas. Henry, Mary Henry, Georgia Hunt, Frank Irvin, Ola Johnston, Robert Jones, Georgia James, Lucy Jackson, Elizabeth King, Golda LaHue, Mary Lewis, L. A. Lauder milk, Lizzie Bell Langley, Lummie Luckett, Ruth Lacy, J. C. Lawson, Vonnie Lockett, Edna Lee, G. W. Meuth, Gertrude Meek, Beulah Mudd, Jane Moseley, W. R. Meers, Betsey Moorman, Eva Morton, Lizzie Morris, Ruth McGinnis, Susie Mason, Guy Montgomery, Lena Morgan, Dora Motley, Carlisle Morse, Sallie Morton, Wallace McDonald, Hattie Neagle, T. P. Oliver, B. M. Owen, Rex Phelps, Laura Phelps, Clydia Price, Fannie L. Price, Nettie Pence, Era Puitt, H. R. Riley, Nell Richards, Mayme Robinson, Edgar Royse, G. B. Rogers, Callie Reid, Will Richards, Pearle Roam, Mae Rogers, Nannie Robinson, Roy Robinson, Howard Sadler, Sam Sears, Jewell Sledge, Sanda Singleton, Alva Skaggs, H. C. Stevens, T. S. Simpson, Rebecca Shultz, Mrs. Carl Sebastian, S. C. Taylor, Elmo Thomas, E. D. Thompson, Louise Travelstead, G. W. Turner, Annie Underwood, Carl Vincent, Elbert Vincent, Lillian Watts, Hula Watwood, Esther Wood, Ella Williams, Delia Workman, Delia Wallace, D. U. Wallace, Katherine Young.

Jokes

Rebarker: "Do you think whiskers would improve my appearance?"

Skaggs: "I hardly know, old chap. What variety do you contemplate cultivating, the kind that bristle or the species that droop?"

Agent: "I would like to show you something that a child can manage."

Mr. Veu Casovic: "We don't need it; but have you anything that can manage a child?"

A gentleman riding with an Irishman came within sight of an old gallows, and, to display his wit, said, "Pat, do you see that?"

"To be sure I do," replied Pat.

"And where would you be to-day if the gallows had its due?"

"Oi'd be riding alone," replied Pat.

"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said the wife as she laid down a copy of a technical magazine which she had just been perusing, "and it appears before long we'll be able to get pretty nearly everything we want by just pushing a button."

"It will never pay here," growled the husband. "You would never be able to get anything in that way."

"Why not, John?"

"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

Miss Scott: "What is the difference, Miss Winsett, between plain and fancy cooking?"

Miss Winsett: "Plain cooking is when you put the whole of the egg inside the pudding. Fancy cooking is when the yolk's inside and the white's outside."

Two small children were playing in the yard. Bobby, who was an American, ran in the house to get his flag.

Elsie, who was born in England, said: "Bobby, I don't like the American flag. It looks too much like a stick of peppermint candy."

"Well," replied the small hero, "if it does look like a stick of peppermint candy, there is no nation that can lick it."

They sat on the velvet green grass on Normal Heights, as the sun cast his last bright rays over the landscape.

"Why are you so pensive, Lizzie?"

"I'm not pensive, Guy," said she.

"But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

"Well, I didn't have anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

"No."

"Well, will you be my wife, then?"

Mr. Morse: "What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?"

Miss Mason: "I would say you were the laziest fellow I'd ever met."

Harelsion: "Do you think a girl should learn to love before she is twenty?"

Dunn: "Nope; too large an audience."

Mr. Wilson (in Latin 5): "What is the meaning of *facilis*?"

Mr. Pusey: "Easy."

Mr. Wilson: "What do we have derived from that in the English?"

Mr. Pusey: "The Faculty."

Roy: "What are the best fruits of courtship, Thomas, old boy?"

Mr. Thomas: "I should sap dates and pairs."

Mr. Walton: "Are you particular how your chaperone looks?"

Miss Guilfoile: "Yes; I like her to look the other way."

Willie: "Maw, does a widow know where her husband is?"

Maw: "Well, she knows he is where he can't flirt with other women, my son."

Paw: "Willie, you go out and play ball for a while."

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

He: "Then you are not interested in my welfare?"

She: "No; but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested, but enthusiastic."

They were strolling at sunset on the university campus and he inquired what degree she pursued. In answer she said, "I aspire to be a M. R. S." (And he didn't catch on until four hours later in his own room.)

Boys, if you want to be successful when calling on your girl, try this plan: Always carry—

Perfection in your manners,
Affection in your heart, and
Confection in your pocket.

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

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

FALL SESSION OPENS . . . Tuesday, September 7, 1915
SECOND TERM Monday, November 15, 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.