5-22-1922

UA97/7 The Cardinal, Vol. 1, No. 10

Ogden College

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A FAREWELL TO OGDEN

When first I saw thee, stately Ogden, perched upon the lofty site; down deep in my heart there nestled a spot of admiration and love for thee.

When first I entered those historic halls and beheld their antiquities, within my heart that spot of love fastened ever closer and firmer, and the instructors, the men whom I met as I entered these halls, I see them before mine eyes now, ever interacting me and telling me the way of the path that leads to the best and greatest men. The love for these men who were my friends found its way into my heart that day and it will always stay there, as fresh and sweet, no matter where my feet may roam, where my task may lead me, that love will ever be the same for these dear friends of mine.

And so, as I loved thee, and these halls and instructors the first day, their traditions, their activities and their habits melded their love into my heart, which will stay there with an iron grip forever.

And so, my Ogden, I loved thee at first sight. I learned to love thee more and more as each day for four years I came to thee with my troubles, my sorrows and my joys.

But now I realize that my greatest love for thee is when I'm about to leave thee, Old Ogden. This greatest love has fastened as an iron band around my whole heart. And as each day brings the approach of my departure from these loved halls and sacred traditions, that band of love ever tightens. And as the wheel of time turns, day by day, making the past fleeting years of life; no matter where these days and year may take me; no matter what my hands may do; no matter what trail my feet may tread, Ogden, Old Ogden, my love for thee will ever be burning within my heart as a torch light, guiding me to the greatest path of man.

A SENIOR.

HOW TO STUDY

Knowing how to study is certainly a very essential factor in obtaining an education. The reason so many schools and colleges are putting out men today who are not thorough in their lines of chosen work is because they never knew how to study when in school. They rose by on "jacks," had a good line of bull, or trusted to luck, just risking it hit or miss, and as we all know sometimes it hits and sometimes it misses.

"How to Study"—only three little words to contain so much. They only cover half a line, yet they extend over all the field of a successful education. If "How to Study" covers so much let's see how we can best study and see how we can obtain a better education.

When the day of study begins, we should have a definite schedule to go by. Have everything, study, rest and play in its regular order. The very first thing in the morning should be study, and when we study we should work, do "nothing else" but work. When a book is picked up, never lay it down until the lesson is completely mastered. It is better to have just one lesson exact—have it perfectly—than to have them all by halves. Never should we let the mind wander to anything, but let it be centered upon only one thought and let that thought be "study." And above all things while studying, we should never think of our fair girls and the coming Sunday night, for so dangerous is this ground that the book and lesson may be laid aside and entirely forgotten.

Next on the schedule we should have play, and when we play we should play like the "very dickens."

An then at last when our play is over we find rest is next on the schedule. We can crawl in bed—and Oh Boy! How we can sleep!

Thus we have the end of a perfect and sensible studious day.

THE MYSTERY OF ROOM 13.

Jerry Bacon had almost completed the final chapter of his latest novel, "The Mystery of Room 13. Throughout the last three months he had toiled incessantly. Upon this one work was to depend his success or failure in the realm of fiction. All his splendid talents and resources were brought to bear in this one effort. So far, his previous works had attracted considerable attention. In fact, he had lately received a very complimentary offer from a large New York publishing company for an option on his next novel. All the different characters had been worked out to the most minute detail. All the scenes leading up to the climax were finished. The only part that remained unfinished—or rather, "undecided"—was the death scene. The climax of his novel was reached when a beautiful young girl is found mysteriously murdered in room number 13, a lonely hotel bed room. The question that had been puzzling him for days was as to the most sensational and horrible way to have the crime perpetrated. Which would have the most telling effect upon the readers, to have the crime done by administering poison, or by the dagger?

While still undecided, he received notice from the New York firm to present his manuscript immediately for acceptance or refusal. He was now on his way to the city. As the trip was a long and lonesome one he had decided to take his sister, Alice, with him to keep him company. Besides she had helped him many times in deciding such perplexing questions as were in his mind. In order to reach New York quicker it was necessary to change trains at a lonely wayside junction. To make matters worse their train was already several hours late and when they reached the junction they found to their dismay that their train had left nearly an hour before. What was to be done? The only housing facilities of which the little village could boast was a ramshackle, dilapidated three-story hotel. It was nearly dark and a dizzyly rain lent

(Continued on Page 3.)
The Cardinal

THE CONSCIENCE

The voice of God in man and the sense of duty has been born in every man since the beginning of time. The cave man had his conscience. He had the regard for his tribe as to which was right and which was wrong for them to do. This voice of God within man has guided him through all the dark periods of history. It has brought him from the dark to the light.

The conscience has so elevated man, that he is above all other earthly beings. If it were not for that spark of conscience ever burning within the soul of man, he would now be dwelling with the lowest, feeding with the swine and drinking from the cup of ignorance.

We see as every lapse of time has rolled around, the conscience has been developed. This development has been through the upward climb of civilization. This everlasting fire which keeps the race of man ablaze is very valuable. Sin would triumph if it were not for the conscience telling man right from wrong.

Reason may be driven from the human mind, but the conscience always stays. It may fade; it can be extinguished to some extent; it can be driven into the background; it may burn very low and feeble, but it is never entirely gone. It is ever there in the soul of man, waiting to be strengthened by the will.

Kant, one of the world’s greatest thinkers, has said, “The two greatest things in the world are the stars above and the moral law within the soul of man.” The greatest evidence of God is the all mighty conscience of man. For man can believe in God only from the moral law within his soul. It is universal in all men. It is as sublime as the Heaven above. It shows us the absolute law of the human race which has guided man since time began. Every victory of human life has found its faith and starting point in that divine conscience of man.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together,
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody’s pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest danger may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne alone
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

—Selected.

LEST WE FORGET

If the way seems hard and if the way seems long,
Just keep sweet and sing a song.
As the days come and go—
So is the life of men we know,
In the great egg wheel of life itself,
Some men are chosen and some are left.
And those who are left, forever wait
For fortune to come and open the gate.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is of’t interred with their bones.
not forget that. Why not poison her?
It really doesn’t matter how it is
done. Our purpose is to make the
deed just as ghastly as possible.”

The little negro’s eyes almost
burst from their sockets.

“Why not drive the dagger
into her heart and let the blood
pour out and crimson the floor? or
hack the body to pieces, cut the
arms off, and from the trunk and
place it where no eye can see it? There
would be the mystery—the mystery of
room thirteen.”

At the mention of room thirteen,
the negro rolled his eyes toward
the number over the door; great heads
of sweat stood out on his shining face.
He gasped for breath. Outside the
wind moaned through the trees, and
an owl called a wierd who-o-o.

“Yes, I will use the dagger. We
must make it as terrible as possible,
and I want to get it over with. We
haven’t much time. It has been on
my mind for days. You hold the light
while I finish—when we are through.
when the job is off my mind, we can
spend more time on outside things.”

At the mention of “outside things,”
the little negro gave a yell and
sprang for the stairs.

“Boss, boss,” he cried, “dey is
killing a possum up dere; dun cut
her head off. Oh Lawd, have mercy
on dis child. Dey said dey’s gonna get
the ones outside next. Aw boss, our
time is come. Didn’t I dun tol y’
bout that room?”

Then the frightened ascent of
the old man up the stairs while the
little negro crouched in a corner be-
low with chattering teeth and trem-
bbling body.

Knocks on the door followed, and
an explanation to the bewildered old
man who went stumbling back down
stairs. He gave the little negro a
kick with the words: “Git to bed,
you superstitious little fool.”

Quiet and night came over the
hotel and over room thirteen.

Next morning the couple were on
their way to New York. It is need-
less to say that his work was ac-
tcepted and read by thousands, but
none were filled with terror as was
the little negro bell hop.

Jack Valeninao

Presley: If your brakes don’t work
going down hill what would you do?
Ward S.: Jump out and put a stone
under the wheel.

Say, old man, is my tire flat?
Joe S.: Well it’s a little flat on
the bottom but the rest of it is all right.
THE STRAIGHT ROAD

There are roads that pass through splendor, and ways that seem sublime; there are paths that lead o'er vale and mead; old roads since man knew time, yet since the first man traveled with his laughter and his care, the straight road was the great road—it's the shortest distance there. We yearn aftimes for new roads, for a short cut o'er the way, and sometimes weep when paths are steep—our path of life today.

Joke: "I see. They will be getting tired of moving about so much."
Response: "Getting tired?" said John. "Why bless you, sir, they are quite used to it now. Every time they see a furniture van, they run into the yard and lay on their backs with their feet in the air, waiting to have them tied."

Pubic: "How wonderful it is to see the sun sink down to rest among the trees.
Tich: "Yes, isn't it? I could sit here and watch it all night.

Jimmy: "Gosh, a Jane must be interested in a guy when she begins to pick threads off'n his coat.
Tommy: "Nothin' to when she begins to pick hairs off'n it.

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and intrusted her savings in her keeping.

"Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to be married," said the mistress.

"So I is, missus, but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in de house wid dat strange nigger?"

A surgeon was performing an operation on a patient when a fire started in a warehouse across the street, illuminating the whole operating room. Having finished, the doctor said to the nurse, "I think the patient is coming to; you had better pull down the shade. "I don't want him to think the operation hasn't been a success."

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"Ma, I wish you wouldn't call me your little lamb when folks are around."
"Why not, Eddie?"
"It makes me feel so sheepish."

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Some people think that college spirit is confined to athletics, but it is found in every department of the school. It is not college spirit to destroy school property, to be disrespectful to your professors, to cheat your way through a subject, to fail to support school activities, to fail to acknowledge any misdemeanor that you might commit, to purposely disturb a study hall or to knock your school.

It is college spirit to support any enterprise into which the institution may enter, to resent any insult to the good name of the college, to be prepared in all your studies, to be respectful to your professors, and to aid in keeping the grounds and buildings in as good order as possible.

Recently a class entered their room before the instructor arrived, and two or three boys immediately set in to rearrange it. As soon as they had finished they sat down with a very innocent look on their faces. However, in the meantime several other boys had been busily engaged in rearranging the room, and it was in perfect order when the instructor entered. This is an example of what college spirit can do in the class room. The small group of trouble makers have made no disturbance since that day.

GEORGES CARMICHAEL.