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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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Concerning

Sweet are the uses of just about everything. The extremely fat and extremely lean knock down weekly dividends from the side-show proprietors. Jimmie Archer is the greatest catcher in baseball by reason of having had a certain muscle curled up by an accidental application of boiling soap grease. Tom Harris, the champion stutterer, claims that his impediment has saved him from many a scrap by refusing to vocalize hot-headed impulses until he had cooled down sufficiently to adopt a sensible revision. A silken mustache wins the heart of the dear devotee of Laura Jean Libbey. A broad sombrero and a coat of alkaline tan turns the trick with the fair frequentress of the movies, while the Charming Co-ed surrenders at the sight of a nose-guard streaked with blood stains, or a little iron rust. A cowlick wins for a boy a place in the village band, a good memory makes a good politician, and a bad memory insures a star witness for the defendant in the prosecution of a trust for violating the provisions of the Sherman Act. Kindness radiates good cheer, and even cruelty has its use. We must have dentists.

Melancholy—but thereby hangs my tale. Edmonson County is the birthplace and home of Mammoth Cave. Every season thousands upon thousands of Normal School students, printers, brewers, stone-cutters, missionary unionists, ward heelers, theologues, etc., visit that magnificent

abrasion and strew the interior with commonplace bromides. A careful statistician has estimated that the vocabulary of the Cave is limited to twenty-nine words, of which twenty-three are adjectives, one an unprintable word used by a printer immediately after trying to poke his head through the ceiling of "Tall Man's Misery." The other are adverbs. But this classification is neither here nor there. Not very far from the Cave is the birthplace of the melancholiest ap-
en stock of himself he decided to adapt his penumbra of sorrow to his personal advantage. "If Brigham Young can break into lyceum spotlights because of the multiplicity of his Hymeneal acquisitions," soliloquized he, "or if Eleanor Glynn can get herself ostracized from polite society by writing a book on polite society, why should I worry because I look worried?" Thus it appears that our hero had a sense of humor, despite his mournful exterior, and was endowed with unusual mental perspicacity, or in psychological phrase was "quite beyond." He was at this time a saw-logger, and occupied his moments when not eating or sleeping in persuading rafts of logs to float down Green River to market. Betimes, when he could get the raft into adocile condition, he would encourage and strengthen the dolefulness of his mien by a carefully prepared series of rehearsals. Also, he cultivated his intellect whenever convenient by thinking out thought after thought, on subject after subject, until his mind was just as receptive as his appearance was deceptive. Next, he hitched his raft and taught two sessions in a rural school. When he had given out the last stick of striped peppermint on the last day of the last term, he frowned a "good-bye" to his pupils, and entered the B. G. B. U.—"Goodness!" gasped Prof. Harmon. "Cheer up, can't you? You look like you'd been asleep in a graveyard dreaming of Custer's Massacre." "My face is my fortune," was the answer, "and I don't meddle with capital." Now, separate yourself from any ingrowing idea that my subject was a grouch. He is the best-natured, most democratic fellow you ever heard of. He is, however, quite vain of his appearance, even if it does belie his true self. It isn't everyone who can be the most melancholy person in the world. When those B. G. B. U. officials had weighed him in the trial balances, they found that about the only thing which he was wanting was a job. They helped him get one as teacher in a commercial school at Allentown, Pennsylvania. He proved to be a thoroughly capable teacher, but he wasn't satisfied. The truth of it is, he had competition.—The murkiness of the Pennsylvania atmosphere prohibited him from getting in his best licks as a purveyor of melancholia. Also, he didn't specially care for commercial work. So he resigned, and entered the Western Normal, where the sun shining bright made a splendid background for his pensive poses. He got on splendidly. His work elicited vigorous nods of approval from the Faculty, which shows that he was going good. He made an abundance of chapel speeches in a tone about as cheerless as John D. Rockefeller would use in singing "Silver Coins Among the Gold." But everybody listened to those speeches and went away to ponder. There was food for thought in them. When he had acquired his diploma, July, 1912, he applied for the principalship of the Lewisburg School. The President of the Board took a look at him. "Principalship? Not by a jugfull. Avant! Vamose! Skidoo!" spluttered that worthy, at the same time ordering his office boy to run out and investigate the eclipse which appeared to be coming on. "Can that negative loquacity, and sit down while I tell you why I'm going to be your Principal and how I'm going to be your Principal," replied the imperturbed candidate. * * * Inserting a few asterisks for brevity, we arrive at the fact that he is on that Lewisburg job to-day—the melancholy head of a magnificent school. Magnificent because its head is in spirit optimistic, democratic, progressive and indefatigable—

"Who is he?" Oh, I'd forgotten. Boy, page P. G. Smith, of Lewisburg.

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Alumni Antiquities

Colby Hinton, of the primeval days, is ward principal in San Antonio, Texas.

Joe Moore, Scientific 1900, was recently nominated on the Democratic ticket for State Senator. Moore is a political
power in his native bailiwick, Hardinsburg and thereabouts.

E. L. Cooper, Scientific 1904, is rendering efficient service in the capacity of County Attorney for Marshall County.

Clifford Harkey, Scientific 1902, is a rising young physician in Paducah.

T. W. Felix, '06, is principal of the graded school at Lou Ann, Arkansas.

A. J. Caldwell, '05, is superintendent of schools of Hammond, La. It is a current fact that Hammond has one of the most progressive school systems of the Creole State.

John Dodson, 1900, has charge of the Chair of Pedagogy in Central College, Pella, Iowa. Dodson recently took his Doctor’s degree at Harvard University.

C. M. Hughes, 1899, has resigned the superintendency of schools, Baton Rouge, La., and accepted charge of the schools of East Baton Rouge Parish, the latter place offering a larger scope for his activities.

Just mention anything having legal associations in Paducah, and one naturally thinks of Eaton and Boyd. Both members of this influential law firm are graduates of the Normal, and still very much interested in its welfare.

J. M. Price, '06, is a prominent young minister of Benton, Ky. Price has graduated from Baylor University and Brown University since leaving the Normal.

1908 Class

Miss Flora Stallard, the first graduate of the W. K. S. N., and the only graduate in the Spring Class of 1908, was married to Mr. J. B. Thomas, of Maud, Ky., December 29, 1913, at the Henry Watterson Hotel, Louisville, Ky. They left immediately for their country home, which is located some few miles from Maud, Ky.

The graduates of the Summer Class of 1908 have been and are doing very successful work:

Mr. W. E. Bohanon, Principal of the Graded School of Wickliffe, Ky., is doing most excellent work in that little town. The citizens of Wickliffe say, “there is none better; give us Bohanon again.”

Mr. Frank E. Cooper is now Principal of the School of Kehoe, Ky. Reports come to the office that he is doing very praiseworthy work, and as a teacher he is not excelled by anyone in that part of the State.

Mr. H. L. Donavan, of Maysville, Ky., is making a splendid record in State University.

Mr. Donavan deciding that it was not good for man to live alone, took unto himself a wife, one of his class-mates, Miss Nellie Stewart. They are both doing excellent work, as students in the University.

We are very proud of the fact that Miss Betsie Madison, one of the leading students in Wisconsin University, is one of our graduates. We are also glad to state that Miss Madison will be with us again during the Mid-winter and Spring terms. She will be assistant teacher in the Domestic Science Department.

Misses Nancy and Wylie B. McNeal are giving their Alma Mater cause to be very proud of them, for they are doing most excellent work as students in Chicago University.

Mrs. Annie Proctor-Thomas, of Franklin, Ky., reports
that her work is most interesting. She has decided that
housekeeping is much more pleasant than teaching, and ad-
vises others to do likewise.

Mr. Buford Sherrille has graduated from Indiana Uni-
versity since leaving here, and is now doing a very great
work in the Pineville Schools of Eastern, Ky.

Reports come from Sunshine, La., that they have a man
from the Western Normal who is doing a very efficient work.
Mr. Roy Tuck is the much prized one.

Mr. Herman West is doing much in the upbuilding of the
school of Carlisle, Ky. He is much pleased with his posi-
tion as Principal of that school, and reports an interesting
work.

Miss Verbal McMullin, of Henderson, Ky. Success is the
word that tells of her work.

1909 Class

The class of 1909 have added much to the reputation that
the 1908 class made and are making for the W. K. S. N.
Unusually good reports are coming in of the work of 1909
class.

Miss Mary Lee Atkins is doing admirable work in the
Graded School of Covington, Ky.

Miss E. Nora Bridwell reports that she has a very inter-
esting school at Solitude, and that she is very much pleased.
This means, of course, that Miss Bridwell is doing an ex-
cellent work.

For the past few years Miss Mary Atwood Hobson has
been doing very successful work in the Bowling Green city
schools. As to the standard of her work it suffices to say
that each year she is elected unanimously by the City School
Board.

Miss Fannie Hutcheson is one of the High School teach-
ers of Auburn, Ky. Auburn boasts that they have one of the
best teachers in the State.

Miss Bessie Fogle, now Mrs. Judd, and Mr. M. H. Judd
are teaching in the Lexington schools. They write that
their work is very interesting.

Miss Mary Jarboe, the assistant librarian in W. K. S. N.
for several years, is now Mrs. H. B. Donaldson, of Bowling
Green.

Mr. R. H. Marshall is now in Illinois University. He re-
ports that his work is very interesting.

For the last few years the school at Horse Cave, Ky., has
been making record-breaking strides in advancement. We
do not wonder, when we know it has been under the man-
agement of Mr. T. H. Napier. Mr. Napier reports the pros-
psects for 1914 of the most successful year he has yet had.

Mr. C. M. Payne is showing the people of Rison, Ark.,
what the Western Normal stands for. He is doing a very
successful work, and we are proud of him.

Miss Sue Proctor, a teacher in the Western Normal Train-
ing School, is now in Boston, spending a vacation. She will
probably be there for several months.

Mrs. Virginia Redmon is one of the most successful teach-
ers that the Louisville Graded School has. She reports that
she is enjoying her work very much.
Miss Geneva Sanders writes us that her work at Clinton, Ky., is very interesting, and she hopes to make 1913-14 the most successful year in the life of the school.

Mr. C. M. Sammons—dead.

Miss Cora Stroud, Principal of Calhoun High School, is one of the leading teachers of McClean County. She is doing much for the advancement of education in that county.

Miss Annie West, now Mrs. A. B. Jennings, is living in Wichita, Kans.

Miss Coral Whittinghill is not teaching this year. She is at her home near Glendene, Ky.

Mr. J. F. Wethington is attending Wisconsin University. He is making a very excellent record.

Mr. M. C. Wallis, of Beaver Dam, Ky., has moved onward and upward in his work.

1910 Class

Miss Mary Beeler, now Mrs. T. H. Napier, contributes not a little, we suspect, to that remarkable success that attends her husband in his work at Horse Cave, Ky.

Miss Lorraine Cole has been connected for some time with the Bowling Green city schools.

Mr. Herbert Guffey went to the Vidalia, Ga., Collegiate Institute, immediately after receiving his diploma. He is still there, and writes that this year is the best yet.

The work of Miss Nellie Smith, as instructor of Latin in the Madisonville High School, is of the highest order. The people there appreciate her labors by increasing her salary each year.

Col. Henry Pyles is making good at Maysville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Crabb reside in Louisville, where the former writes for The Elevator and incidentally directs one of the best managed ward schools of the city, and the latter is happy and contented to be his housekeeper. Mrs. Crabb is probably better known to the '10 Class as Miss Bertha Gardner.

Miss Myrtle Duncan, after working a while in Florida, has joined the victorious Normalite host in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Elizabeth Drake is likewise in Louisville, notwithstanding the strong protest of Columbia, where she taught very successfully for a time.

Also Miss Hontas Dunn has heard Louisville's call. The big city's gain was Murray's loss, as she has abundantly demonstrated in her labors in these places.

Miss Nettie Depp is the State Normal's first County Superintendent. The good people of Barren County wisely chose her for this position last November. No doubt they had heard of her achievements at Scottsville, Ky., where she was located for a time.

Miss Marie Gore is perfectly satisfied to remain at Mayfield, Ky., where she has had charge of the second grade for the last three years. And the Mayfield folks are perfectly satisfied for her to remain, also.

Miss Lora Goodwin has prospered for the past three years at Paducah, Ky. She is still there. Nuff said.

Mr. Burrett Hinton has been, for the past three years,
the efficient principal of one of the Paducah ward schools.

Mr. Jas. Holloway is Superintendent of Schools at Owens- ton, Ky. The Normal is justly proud of Mr. Holloway, for he has shown himself to be one of Kentucky's best educators.

Mr. Boatwright is engaged in the teaching work at Huntsville, Ky.

Mr. J. D. Burton has answered the call of The Great Teacher, "Come up higher."

Mr. Leland Bunch, after building up a fine school system at Livermore, Ky., has joined the Normalite corps at Paducah. This city, as well as Louisville, knows where to look for good teachers.

Miss Katesie Bailey is enjoying her work at Paducah, Ky. She has been very successful in her chosen occupation at all times.

Miss Mary Virginia Campbell is located at Morganfield, Ky.

Mr. James Caldwell is teaching at Minerva, Ky.

Mr. Thomas Canon is doing a great and laudable work at Mayfield, Ky.

Miss Annie Campbell, after teaching for some time in the Bowling Green city schools, has now entered the Business University, with a view of preparing herself for teaching the commercial branches in a high school.

Miss Laura Chambers is now Mrs. A. M. Stickles, and is happily situated in a new, beautiful home out on the Nashville Pike.

Mr. Ezza Baucom is Superintendent of Schools at Elk City, Okla., where he is doing a great work.

Miss Ruth Alexander is now a student in Indiana University, after a successful experience as a teacher.

Mr. W. C. Bell occupies a responsible position at Owensboro, Ky. He was formerly at Central City, where he did a great work.

Miss Bettie Colley, now Mrs. McCracken, resides at Green- ville, Ky.

Mr. Elbert Guill, of Salem, is well known in Western Kentucky educational circles.

Mrs. O. G. Byrn was known in the days of '10 as Miss Nancy Shehan. She and our energetic registrar have recently moved into their new home on Fourteenth Street.

Recently in a mass-meeting of men held in the Training School Chapel, one of the Adair County students paid an eloquent tribute to the work and worth of Mr. Chesterfield Turner, at Columbia, Ky.

Hustling, energetic W. S. Taylor has a splendid position in the Department of Agriculture of Texas University, Austin. Since graduation he has found time to teach in the Normal and to receive a degree from Wisconsin University.

Miss Lula Wheeler is very pleasantly located at Sedalia, Ky., where she has been for some time.

Miss Mamie Thomas has a good position at London, Ky.

Mr. Blackburn Spears, after launching a brilliant career in an important position in our educational organization in
the Philippines, heard the summons of the Master to enter into his reward.

Miss Alva Tandy is located at Fulton, Ky. She has a position in the Graded School there.

Mr. J. D. Spears is radiating "life, more life," in his splendidly equipped Auburn, Ky., High School.

Miss Ella Hopkins is now located in the vigorous young State of Oklahoma, at a handsome salary. Formerly she was at Wickliffe, Ky.

Mr. J. B. Johns has creditably filled two or three good positions. At present, if we are informed reliably, he is not engaged in educational work.

Miss Faith Kimball is teaching in her home State of New York.

Mr. W. E. Miller is teaching at West Plains, Ky.

Miss Lena Palmore is at Marrowbone, Ky.

Miss Annie Belle Ray is one of our Paducah alumni.

Miss Minnie Shugart has been doing such efficient work at Williamsburg that she was invited to stay another year.

Miss Lula Allen has passed to her eternal reward.

Mr. S. L. Hudson, from Clinton, Ky., is making good.

1911 Class

Miss Margaret Acker has for some time been teaching in the History Department in W. K. S. N. The character of her work is plainly shown by the great love and admiration of the students.

Miss Willie Fogle, who is now Mrs. H. G. Guffey, is delighted with life as she is spending it, in Vidolia Collegiate Institute, Vidolia, Ga.

This is the third year for Mr. Lester E. Hurt at Sedalia, Ky. This fact is hardly needed, however, as evidence of his successful work.

Miss Nannie Stallard, now Mrs. J. G. Wooton, is just enjoying home at Cox's Creek, Ky.

Mr. Paul H. Seay is holding high the standard of the Normal by his masterful work as Principal of the Commercial Department in Lockport, Ill.

For several years Mr. P. G. Smith has been the educational leader in Lewisburg, Ky. The promise of an additional five thousand dollars for the enlargement of his school plant tells how well he has led.

Miss Belinda Crenshaw is now teaching at Shepherdsville, Ky. She reports very much pleasure in her work, which means it is nothing short of splendid.

Miss Blanche Vanmeter, now Mrs. H. W. Wesley, feels sure, since living on Lookout Mountain, Tenn., that the good in life is more than worth the getting.

Mr. C. W. Bailey seems to be just keeping things moving at his home near Madisonville, after several strenuous years of the very best teaching work.

Mr. William Benge is doing admirable work in Tompkinsville, Ky.
Miss Mary Collins writes that she could hardly be better pleased than at Shepherdsville, and we hear that the pleasure is even greater on the part of the residents of that place for having her.

Mrs. Chesterfield, formerly Miss Anna Chatham, is doing very efficient work in Columbia, Ky.

Miss Blanche Carr was wanted the second time at La Fayette, Ky., so she is now there continuing her helpful work.

Miss Tula Chambers is doing very successful and enjoyable work at Utica, near her home town.

We are glad to know that Miss Eliza Stith is still doing the great work of which she is so capable in the city schools of Bowling Green.

Mr. J. W. Odell is enjoying the Southland and doing praiseworthy work as Principal in Lecanto, Fla.

Miss Ella Worthington is at Owensboro, where her work is indeed pleasing to herself and all others.

Miss Mollie Waters is giving perfect satisfaction to the people of Hickory Grove, Ky., with her conscientious work as teacher.

Miss Elizabeth Davis is still teaching at her home, in Fulton; it seems the people there realize their good fortune.

Miss Julia Franklin is now at Crab Orchard, and the usual report comes from there as from every place she works, "she can hardly be surpassed."

Miss Mary Northern is teaching for the second time in Paducah, Ky. To those who know her it is not necessary to say her work is of the very highest type.
in the Louisville public schools. This is her second year there.

Miss Rosa Lou Ditto was compelled, on account of serious illness, to give up her work at Hardinsburg, Ky. We hope that ere long she will be restored to her wonted health.

Miss Lena Dulaney has been employed as assistant librarian by her alma mater since the time of her graduation. Her untiring zeal as manifested in her incessant labors in behalf of others, has won for her the goodwill and the esteem of the entire student-body.

Miss Mary Crutcher taught very successfully in the Louisville schools in 1912-13. We are unable to obtain information as to her present work.

Miss Della Combest has been compelled by ill health to relinquish her position in the Louisville schools. She is at present at her home at Phil, Ky.

Miss Della Combest has been compelled by ill health to public schools of this city. She then joined the “double life” class—being the first of the Class of ’12 to do so.

The tragic death of Mr. B. C. Gibson, while a student of Columbia University, New York City, is too well known to ELEVATOR readers to require further comment. A life with the promise of a brilliant future was brought to an early and untimely end by the death of Mr. Gibson. But he is sitting now at the feet of the Great Teacher.

Mr. E. E. Gardner, after accomplishing a highly successful work at Drakesboro, Ky., is now laboring with the same untiring zeal at Bevier, Ky.

Miss Hollie Finn is located for the second time at Whites-

ville, Ky. An interesting fact about the Class of ’12 is that a great many are teaching for the second time in the same community. Of those who have changed, most have done so over the protests of the community in which they had been located. Hurrah for the ’12 Class!

Supt. H. W. Loy is an indispensable force at Sturgis, Ky. Already he is fast becoming known as one of Kentucky’s most energetic and capable educators.

Miss Maude Meguiar is for the second time at Seven Hills School, Owensboro, Ky., at an increased salary. It is unnecessary to add that her reputation as a teacher is considerably above par in those parts.

Mr. B. H. Mitchell took his diploma and went immediately to Eddyville, Ky. They are still keeping him. Looks as if his sentence was of the indeterminate kind.

Miss Arleen Mannix is located in Oklahoma, and is doing a splendid work there.

Miss Mary McDaniel has been teaching in her home town, Hickman, ever since she graduated.

Miss Susanna Pickering is located for the second time at Durango, Colo. Whether it be the North, East, South or West that Normalites are at work, they succeed just the same.

Miss Lula Rigby has been employed by the Scottsville Graded School ever since she received the life certificate. While in school she contributed many drawings and cartoons to THE ELEVATOR. We are glad that success has attended her in all lines of endeavor.

Miss Gabie Robertson was last year at Moorman, Ky.,
This year the Louisville people secured her services, and the many complimentary reports from there attest her rapidly increased popularity as a teacher in our great metropolis.

Mr. S. C. Ray is directing the machinery of the Sparta, Ky., High and Graded School for the second time.

Miss Verna Robertson has received the reward of past good labors in being re-elected to her position in the Murray Graded School.

Miss Lottie Payne specialized in Domestic Science in Wisconsin University, taught one year in the Normal and then Dan Cupid pierced her with one of his darts. She is now Mrs. Collins, of Tucson, Arizona.

Miss Mable Squire is “showing” the people of Overland Park, Mo., for the second time, what she can do as a teacher.

Two years is a short time, but Mr. Oscar Shamwell has found it long enough to obtain a degree from Indiana University, and to launch what promises to be a highly successful career, at Sebree, Ky.

Miss Pearl Turner taught in 1912-13 at Scottsville, Ky. The people there insisted that she should stay, but to no avail. At present she is in Florida.

Miss Opal Taylor has been for the past two years one of Louisville’s very best teachers.

Supt. G. H. Well’s work at Falmouth, Ky., is eminently satisfactory to his constituency there. His long experience and ripe scholarship has given him a well deserved place in the forefront of Kentucky’s educators.

J. D. Wortham is doing a great work at Boston, Ky. Like so many of his class-mates, J. D. is a “repeater.”

1913 Class

Misses Ruby Alexander and Kate Clagett are doing post-graduate work in the Normal.

Miss Sue Ellen Barnhill is teaching in the Seven Hills School, Owensboro, Ky.

Many are the reports that come telling of the strong work of Miss Catherine Braun in the Madisonville High School.

ELEVATOR readers have recently heard of the good work of Mr. Garnett Barnes, who is principal of the Greensburg school system.

Mr. T. H. Barton is bringing things to pass as the principal of the Bandana High School, Bandana, Ky.

Miss Susan Cullom is principal of schools at Calhoun, Ky.

Paul Chandler is now a student at the Wesleyan University, Winchester, Ky.

Miss Nettie Drane has a position in the High School at Cave City, Ky.

J. D. Farris is specializing in English at Chicago University.

Miss Katherine Hawthorne is located at Guthrie, Ky., where she has a good position in the Graded School there.

Miss Jennie Lynd Hodges is doing fine work in the Louisville schools.

Miss Eliza Hale has joined the “double life class.” She is now Mrs. Hespren, and resides in this city.
THE ELEVATOR.

Miss Ella Judd is making good as a teacher of English in the Indianapolis schools.

Miss Ruby Knott is principal of schools at Lovelaceville, Ky. She is doing a good work there.

Mr. R. A. London is having great success at Paint Lick, Ky.

Miss Hazel McCluskey is busily engaged at Burkesville, Ky.

Mr. I. L. Miller did post-graduate work in the Normal School up to the holidays. At present he is in Indiana University, where he is specializing in Mathematics and Science.

Mr. DeWitt Martin is principal of the school at Island, Ky.

Mr. D. P. Morris occupies a splendid position as head of the Hardin, Ky., school system.

Miss Mary Seargeant is doing efficient work in the Louisville schools.

Mr. W. A. Simmons is leading the forces of education at Hiserville, Ky.

Miss Ruth Tichenor is doing praiseworthy work in the Louisville schools.

Mr. Gordon Wilson is one of the best students in Indiana University, so we are told.

Mr. H. C. Weir is principal of the High School, Adel, Ga.

The Class of '13 is now busy winning its initial spurs.

Judging from reports now coming from the field, not a few of these will join the ranks of the "hold-overs." The glory of a school lies in its alumni. This being true, the Western Normal is thrice blessed, for the labors of her graduates have been of a character eminently worthy of any institution. By their fruits ye shall know them, and it is with a feeling of exultant pride that we point to the glorious achievements of our alumni. May their years be many, their labors abundant, their rewards adequate, and above all may their heritage to the future be that of a higher cultured, more efficient, more aggressive citizenship, that shall make the new grand Kentucky a reality and not a fond illusion.

In this issue we have attempted to give the readers of THE ELEVATOR all the alumni news that the staff could possibly find at all. It has been no easy task to gather such news, and we here express a hope that all who read this issue will be considerate of all mistakes which may appear regarding the locations and other facts concerning our graduates.

We have tried to gather some information concerning the people who graduated from the school before it was made the State Normal, but we have not been able to find all the information we desired.

We are hoping that by next year the people in charge of THE ELEVATOR will have personal letters from each of the graduates, and in this way they will be able to give to the readers of THE ELEVATOR an alumni issue that is worth while.

We are indeed glad to print in this issue the address made
by Mr. James Knoll to the Alumni Association in 1913. It was a great address, as it here stands to speak its own merit.

Mr. A. L. Crabb, the first editor of The Elevator, was unanimously elected by the Alumni Association as orator for 1914. All who know Mr. Crabb—and that means practically all who have attended the Normal—are looking forward to the occasion with the anticipation of a great treat.

In the last issue of The Elevator we made the statement that this issue would contain material which would help solve the rural problems, and at that time we thought a part of this issue would be made up of Mr. Galpin's lectures. Mr. Galpin is of the Wisconsin University, and has delivered a series of lectures here on the rural problem. And as we are not able to give his lectures this time, we are still hoping to be able to print a part of them, at least, in the future.

The next issue of this paper will be in the hands of the Kit-Kat Society. "Well," remarked a senior, "the Kit-Kats are the most enthusiastic bunch of people that ever rallied around a great leader." "And who is their leader?" asked a by-stander. Just then a hundred voices shouted, "Miss Reid!" Nuff said, the Kit-Kat issue will be a success.

Our Advertisers.

Our advertisers are still in business at the places advertised. They have traded with us—it is now up to you who believe in fair play to trade with them.

Start the New Year right by trading with our advertisers.

Now!

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am now ready to take your subscription to The Elevator—50c per year or three years, $1.00.

Since 1914 is "Home Coming" year for the Alumni Association, we are looking forward to the event with great ap-

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"We build from within, but we attract from without."

Smile.

"We build from within, but we attract from without."

Smile and be happy. Why not? I know of no one who should be happier than the leader of children. If you are a teacher, then look up and smile, because you have a right to smile and be cheerful.

Your expression, we take it, is no higher than that vouch-safed by the spiritual condition or ideal on which your aspirations enduringly rest. People are largely judged by their expressions and actions.

If this law of outer correspondence with the inner life be not true, what mean the drawn features of the miser; the sneak face of the thief; the empty gaze of the gossip; the open countenance of the honest man? If this law be not true that peculiarities of expression come of corresponding qualities of mind and motive, what mean the glaring eyes of Lear; the designing aspect of Iago; the ambitious mounting of Lady Macbeth; the jealous tread of Othello; the lamb-like meekness of Desdemona; the vacant start of Ophelia?

If this be not true that people are judged by the spirit and temper of their outward appearances, why do we speak of the pleading pathos in the face of Little Nell; the lordly mien of William of Orange; the commanding air of Napoleon; the conquering presence of Wellington; the Stonewall form of Jackson; the lion front of Lee; the stern majesty of Lincoln?

Not long ago I heard a great man lecture, and he said the great problem of the American schools to-day was not only how to make two blades of grass grow where only one formerly grew, but also how to make two graces grow in the human heart and show on the human face where only one formerly grew and shown. And I am of the opinion that the statement is worth the thoughtful consideration of all who wish to do the most good in the teaching profession.
I do not believe any teacher can warm his schoolroom into sunshine while his own life, like Neptune, swings through an orbit of ice. But your smile and happiness must be genuine. You may pass a counterfeit dollar several times, but you dare not often impose upon the youth a forced or pretended smile. Children are discerning enough to detect the marks of fraud and to discover the points of variance from the genuine one.

You may not be able to compose a song, but you can fill the world around you with grand harmonies; you may not be able to paint a picture or write a poem, but you have the blessed privilege of teaching the boys and girls to enjoy a picture and to live a poem, and what is greater?

Then if you believe that whatsoever the boy soweth the manhood of his life shall reap, teach him to smile and be happy. And this you cannot do unless there is some sunshine in your own life.

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News

The demise of "blue Monday" occurred some months ago. The shock from which the late gentleman never recovered was in the form of an announcement by President Cherry that henceforth the chapel hour on Mondays would be in the hands of the Music Department. The interment was conducted by the Dean of the School of Music and his corps of able assistants. The Monday musical programs which have resulted from that fatal announcement continue to be a source of inspiration throughout the week, a panacea for ills ranging from homesickness to despair, an attraction to the citizens of Bowling Green and to students of other institutions.

A merited recognition has just come to Professor F. J. Strahm. His new composition for chorus and orchestra presentation is in the hands of the Willis Music Company, of New York, which is one of the largest in the East. An exceptionally large royalty is to be accorded. This production will be rendered at the Music Festival in May.

One of the most enjoyable features of the term was the social on December 5. The entertainment was in the hands of Dean Kinnaman's class in Pedagogy. Games which would be suitable for use in rural communities were played, and a paper containing directions for playing those games was given to everyone. Thus the evening was one of pleasure and profit.

On December 19th, Ross Crane, the eminent sculptor, held the attention of a large audience. He sketched some beautiful scenes and modeled from clay busts of many well-known men with amazing facility and skill. The Lyceum Course this year promises to be the greatest ever offered by the school.

How proud we were when from the car windows as we turned our happy faces homeward for the Christmas-tide we looked up and saw that imposing spectacle on Normal Heights. Its grandeur had increased since that hot day in September when we returned to our Alma Mater. The beautiful campus has been graded and sodded, concrete walks and steps lead to the main entrance, and the effect of the whole suggests the terraced gardens of the old world.

A friendly rivalry between the boys and girls of the Senior Class resulted in the rendition of two secret programs, one presented by the young men of the society, the other by the young women. The boys displayed rare generalship in their selection of the proper man for each number. The most unique feature of their program was that each man answered the roll-call with a toast to womanhood. The girls proved their ability to keep secret the nature of their program, which turned out to be a play given on the chapel stage. The end was one of beauty—in their peasant costumes, of rainbow tints, the girls danced an old folk-dance.
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A large number of visitors was present for each program.

Miss Surmann has organized a violin class in the Training School, with the intention of developing a children’s orchestra. The class took a prominent part in the Christmas exercises of the Training School, and was a credit to their enterprising and skillful teacher.

You—Alumni—as well as we, have often wondered how our president, Atlas-like, has been able to uphold his world of multitudinous duties, the administration and weighty responsibility of the school he has created and into which to give it life he has breathed his own breath. Evidently the Board of Regents saw the necessity for him to rest; for they granted President Cherry a month’s leave of absence. To recuperate and enjoy his well-earned vacation, he went to Florida.

An evidence of his continued thought of the school came in the form of a letter of greeting shortly after his departure. When it was read at chapel the enthusiastic and sustained applause evidenced the deep appreciation of the student-body. A motion that the students should reply with a letter of greeting and best wishes, made by Mr. W. L. Matthews and seconded by Miss Letitia Hocker, was carried unanimously. A committee of Miss Morgan, Miss Hocker and Mr. W. L. Matthews was appointed to draft the letter.

Early in the fall Mrs. Crume made a short trip to New York City, where she took a short course in voice culture under the famous specialist, Arthur Laurason. On her return trip she gave a recital in Hamilton, Ohio. Mrs. Crume will return to New York for the holidays and resume her studies. While there she will sing for the Victor Company.

Mrs. Crume has organized about twenty young men into a Glee Club. This work is progressing nicely, and the class has promised to give a performance at chapel in the near future.

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Langham-Turner

A musician does not always think of his music, nor a sculptor of his art, neither does a mathematician continually meditate on surds, binomial theorems and conic sections. Of course, mathematicians think of surds and things most of the time, but in their margin of life you can’t tell what will-o’-the-wisp their scientific, logical minds will give chase to. Take for example Prof. James Franklin Turner, assistant expounder of radicals and quadratic equations in the Western Normal, in his margin of life he doesn’t even think of logarithms, nay, not even simultaneous equations—that is, judging from appearances. It may be that he has been misjudged and that that pre-occupied air he wears during his margin of life indicates that he has exploded the old belief that one plus one equals two and is convinced firmly that one plus one equals one. Prof. Turner always demonstrates his propositions before promulgating them to the world. This probably explains why he secured a vacation and went all the way to Columbia, La., to confer with Miss Helen Josephine Langham on December 24. The result of the conference was, Miss Langham returned to Bowling Green with the Professor as Mrs. Turner; the result of the demonstration has not yet been made public, but as Professor Turner’s smile varies in proportion to his distance from home, it must have been satisfactory.

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Basketball

I am no prophet, nor prophetess, neither am I a witch, wizard or fortune teller, not because I have not enough sense,
but, rather, because I have too much, for, I know if I should pose as such and prophesy, hint or suggest that either one—Independents, Kit-Kats, Juniors or Seniors—would be champions at the close of the series of basketball, it would be the last of me. Therefore, I am not going to rush in where angels dare not tread.

Never before was there so much mutual interest on the part of the whole school, and so much rivalry between each society as there is at present in regard to the championship in the series of basketball games now being played.

By constant practice, during which many a victim was conveyed to the hospital or doctor's office; and shattered teeth rattled on the floor; while blackened eyes hid themselves behind enlarged noses, there grew (out of this, the time of the survival of the fittest) two teams from each society, one of boys and one of girls, which are to play a series of twenty-four games. On the whole, the Spizzerink-tum (if you are not acquainted see Webster's 1014 edition) of each team is so evenly balanced that it would be hard for anyone to say that either one has got anything on the other, and nobody knows who's going to be who.

The last combat will be waged on February the fourth, when the two most victorious will meet in final contest, and who shall wear under his belt the scalps of the conquered I will not say—I assert nothing, not even that I assert, but if you are not then present, let me beg you to watch for the next issue of THE ELEVATOR and get all the results, for this (the series) is about the greatest thing in the way of athletics that has been pulled off for some time.

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TRAINING SCHOOL.

[Below we print the composition of an eighth grade student of the Training School. We also print the assignment as was made by Miss Graves, the teacher of English in the eighth grade. The class had made a thorough study of the poem before this assignment was made. And as you will see by this splendid composition, the English work of the Training School is of the highest type.—EDIToR.]

Assignment:

Write a description of the picture suggested by the lines, "A Stranger—'the Good.'"
1. Write one paragraph.
2. Picture one moment of time.
3. Make your picture clear and interesting by thinking of point of view, plan, and descriptive words.
4. Use the past tense of verbs.
5. Do not begin each sentence with the subject.

(BY MISS MARJORIE CLAGETT.)

The moon had just risen slowly and majestically on the great Sahara and changed the burning, scorching, many-colored pictures to a delightfully cool and pleasant one. It was also very impressive, and, gazing across the desert, one felt very small and insignificant. Off in the distance to one side ran a range of low, rugged hills; to the other, a high plateau, but in between as far as eye could reach stretched what seemed to be an ocean of moonlit sand. In the foreground of this picture, to which neither words nor palettes and paint brushes can do justice, rising, like an island out of the mighty ocean, was a small oasis. Round about were pitched the tents and other paraphernalia of an Arab encampment. Camels were kneeling in the sand, looking more like carved statues of patience than flesh and blood. Standing in the door of a tent was a man, tall and stately, wearing the wonderfully white robes of an Arab priest. His kind and noble face was different from that of most of the Arabs, and a touch of sadness made it seem almost celestial. He was listening to the impassioned words of a man who stood before him. This man was very unlike the other, with his dark clothing, torn and travel-stained. There was a hunted look in his eyes and the evil expression on his dark swarthy face was increased by a scar running across his
temple. His camel, a poor, jaded creature, was kneeling on the sand and giving forth a pitiful sigh, indicating that it had been driven fast and far. The moon sifted down through the palms and calmly surveyed the scene.

IN SEARCH OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

(With an Apology to Elena Hallowell Abbott.)

(By Miss Belle Potter.)

In the first place, it had no right to rain on Christmas Eve. Snow, sleet, ice, anything but rain, would have made cold feet stamp, cold fingers snap, stiff faces jerk into smiles and say, "What fine Christmas weather!" but a drizzling, dripping, summer-time rain, that took the crinkles out of one's hair, and put crinkles into one's backbone, was as out of place as a black dress at a wedding.

In the second place, what right had the Christmas Spirit, though somewhat bedraggled it is true, to be rampant in the streets on such a day? Even the big Employer Man, whose voice was like the click of her typewriter keys, had held the Christmas Spirit in his hands long enough for it to rub off and make him wish the Girl a Merry Christmas. Her mouth curled up like a withered rose leaf at the thought.

As she sloshed along over skirt-lifting crossings, in among hat-clawing umbrellas, she looked for all the world like a big Christmas doll that had been left out in the rain till the corners of its red mouth had run down into its chin, its rosy cheeks washed clear away, and its golden curls matted like a skein of wet embroidery silk.

Suddenly she stopped, and while the crowd knocked her back and forth until she felt like a punching bag with the wind all out, the lost-child look in her eyes changed to one of pitiful determination. Pressing into a crowded shop, she took a deep breath of the Merry Christmas air, and dragging her slipping overshoes from counter to counter, she searched anxiously over their contents, timidly asking a question now and then; but the clerks, and the crowd, and the big glowing red bell over head seemed to point their finger at her, and say: "You're a fraud. What use to pretend? Don't we know that you have no one to buy presents for? Don't we know that the Christmas Spirit runs when he sees you?" And all the bells in the big store seemed to clap their clappers and repeat, "Don't we know, don't we know," and distracted late-shopper faces, half envying, half pitying, looked "Don't we know," and twisty-mouthed clerks sighed, "Don't bother to pretend. Don't we know?"

So the Girl didn't try to pretend any more, but like a frightened child, ran from the bells and the lights and the tormenting Christmas Spirit; ran and stumbled and ran till she slammed the door upon them all and shivered out of her soggy clothing into her ugly, but serviceable, kimono; sat down on her cold-hearted register, and felt for five minutes in harmony with her surroundings.

Not for long, however. Far down in the basement regions, she heard the faint "Pop, bang!" of the just-moved-to-the-city little boy's fire crackers. From the room below came the smothered giggles of the just-married couple, filling each other's stockings. Her heart felt like a squeezed lemon.

"Well, he'll never know it, anyway," she stormed, and rescuing her ink-bottle from the watery grave in the pitcher where she had thrown it because she had no one to write to, she sat down, and coaxed her numb fingers to write. As she thrust the closely-written sheets into their envelope, she felt as if a rude hand had pushed her out of the gay scenes she had been describing, back into the dingy loneliness of her boarding-house room.

"I will have a party," the Girl shrieked to herself. "I'm just twenty-one, and it's Christmas Eve, and I'm going to have a Christmas tree."

Across the hall lived The Grumpy Old Man with the Santa Claus beard. Quick as a rabbit across the road, she scurried over to the big black door and knocked. It flew open so quickly that her heart turned a hand-spring. "Have you
any Christmas Spirit in your room?” she inquired feebly. Then, while surprise and anger were having a tug-of-war with his face, she hurried on, “Anyway, it’s raining, and Christmas Eve, and I’m just twenty-one, and I’ve no one to buy presents for, and—you have a lovely Santa Claus beard—we wouldn’t have to buy that.” Surprise won, and The Grumpy Old Man’s face broke up into bits. The Girl clapped her hands. “That’s fine! How well you play your part.” The Spirit of Christmas hopped up the steps slowly, step at a time.

“Let’s fool them,” giggled the Girl.

The Grumpy Old Man joined his face together enough to bark, “Who in the thunder are you, and who in the thunder do you want to fool?” The Spirit of Christmas backed hastily away.

The Girl’s heart felt more like a squeezed lemon than ever, but she would not give up. “Won’t you come,” she whimp-pered. “To fool nobody in thunder, but all the Merry Christmas people, and the bells and candles, and the Christmas Spirit. Let’s buy things and things and a tree and come home and you be Santa Claus and I’ll be a little girl.”

Rain-faded big dolls in serviceable kimonas are hard to bark at. The Grumpy Old Man felt as if some one had laid his stiff old heart in a piping-hot skillet, and for fear it would completely melt, he slammed the door. The Girl crumpled into a little brown heap.

When he re-appeared muffled in a bearly overcoat, he scolded her in a bearly voice, “Why aren’t you ready?” The Girl scuttled into her pile of sad-looking clothes, and together they proceeded on their fraudulent way; at the bottom of the stairs the Girl stopped. “I forgot something,” she said. When she came back she held ostentatiously in her hand, a letter. When the Grumpy Old Man wouldn’t notice it, she remarked: “This letter is a great big lie!” and waited to see the effect of her statement. The Old Man chuckled a bit rustily, but said nothing. “Well, it is,” she insisted defiantly. “He said I was a doll, and not fit to earn my living.

I wrote to him to-night and told him about the loveliest party I was going to—a mock Christmas tree party—and then after I’d told him, I had to have one, you see.” “I see,” said the Grumpy Old Man.

By this time they had reached the shops—and they really did fool them. Tired clerks smiled and wondered, and brought out their gayest toys. The Girl bought and the Old Man bought—only he wasn’t a Grumpy Old Man any longer, and the Rained-on Doll got painted again, someway, and her mouth got turned up right, and the Spirit of Christmas walked right into her coat pocket and began to pump up her flat heart. And the biggest joke of all between the Old Man and the Girl was, that they were perfectly miserable all the while and nobody guessed.

At last they were back in the boarding-house room, only it wasn’t a boarding-house room any longer, but a Merry Christmas party room, with bells and holly and a baby tree like a little green mountain covered with star-light—and candy, and toys, and a big baby doll. Then the Girl hid her face while the Old Man put on his red plush-on-one-side Santa Claus suit, and pulled on his snow-edged Santa Claus cap, and cried, “Merry Christmas!” The Girl jumped up with a scream of delight, and danced around the tree with one overshoe flopping on the floor like a fish out of water.

“For Miss Little Girl,” called out St. Nick, and gravely handed her a set of dishes.

“Oh, let’s have a party,” she cried. So they had to stop a while and drink muddy-looking water and munch much ten-cent-store candy. Santa Claus had trouble with his beard, and they had to fish it out of the cup, dyed a beautiful light brown at the ends, which was the funniest thing you can imagine.

At last every gift was delivered. They played dolls a while; they ran all the mechanical toys till it sounded like a skating rink; they ate till they felt like the inside of a candy pan. The candles on the tree began to wink and go out, as if tired of the play. The Christmas Spirit began to shiver
and shake, and edge toward the door. The Grumpy Old Man told gray-haired jokes, and the Girl laughed loudly; she laughed so, she began to cough, and the cough opened the door in her throat that she'd been holding fast shut, and something like a sob came out—but of course it wasn't. She looked up quickly to see if he heard. The red plush suit seemed trying to choke him with soft strong hands for his impudence in domning it. The last candle was blinking. The Spirit of Christmas slipped out the key-hole.

But as he went out he met a strong big person and decided to stay with him. The Big Person opened the door softly, and saw—His Girl trying to hold the life a bit longer in a tiny red Christmas candle; an old man with a red Santa Claus dress, and an age-drawn face clasping a big doll in his arms.

"Why, I'll buy you a million candles," he said a moment later. And the Girl said in a muffled voice, "What fine Christmas weather!"

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Students at the Normal School aren't there wholly from altruistic motives. To be sure, they hope to be of service to the world; to leave some pedal impressions on the shifting silicate of time by which tokens, inquisitive Sherlocks may be moved to ejaculate, "Egad, Watson, a beautiful case, indeed! Notice the peculiar formation of that basilar phalanx. That could have been acquired only by a school teacher tip-toeing to catch bad boys drawing caricatures of himself. Ergo, those footprints were made by a pedagogue."

But a Normalite from the time he enters the front door, until he graduates out the back door—as Chesterfield Turner would put it—has always present the intense desire to read a letter written on the official stationery of the School Board at Wampum Pole, or some other place, to the following general effect: "Dear Cyril: Your letter and shipment of recommendations received. We have decided to let you have our principalship, etc." Then does the contents of Cyril's cup of happiness rise to a new flood stage. He memorizes that letter before he leaves the room, and out on the street, although he knows it verbatim, he takes it out of his pocket, reads it, puts it back into his pocket and time after time with rapid recurrence he completes the same cycle, trying all the time to affect the pre-occupied air of a business man who wishes to reassure himself of an important point. Filled with exuberance, he walks on air. His dreams are materialized. His ships have come sailing home. The old order is passed. Forgotten is the night when he garnered two monster raccoons from a tree up which Old Tige had chased them. Sunk into oblivion is memory of that memorable day when clad in his first long trousers he walked four times past Sue Jones' house whistling a foolish little tune and holding his face averted, managing, however, to observe from the corner of his eye that Sue was an interested spectator of his peregrinations. Pushed out into the cold are the myriad little romances of youth by this one great romance of a job as principal. But it is a more tangible reality than the glossamer haze and sheen of romance. It is official recognition of one's work and worth. It is feminine flippery and masculine tiggery; cold cream and safety razors. It is bread and butter.

If, then, to be elected to a fitting position is such a great and wonderful thing, the how is worthy of consideration.

The first thing, of course, is to be worthy of the position sought. This being worthy implies a number of things: Steadfastness of character; trueness to one's self as Shakespeare remarked or was it Polonius, or one of the editors;
firmness and gentleness blended to a nicety; professional preparation, of course. The ideal applicant ought to be able to recognize instantly old friends—and enemies. "Why, hello, Logarithm, old boy. How is the sine qua non?" Hey, there Split Infinitive, avaunt ere I erase you. I'm a bear on grammatical etiquette. Good morning, Mr. Historical Date. Sure, I recognize you. You landed with Columbus, didn't you, and so on. Last and most, there must be an abundance of common sense, or more properly called sense of fitness in things. Then when all these requirements are at hand, or in hand, plan your moves carefully. You have certain collaterals to place on market. The market is extensive, but subject to enthusiastic fluctuations. Look carefully and cautiously before you leap—or write.

Having settled on a Board in whose employ you believe you would be congenial and efficient, get intensely busy. First, write the Board a letter, tentatively paving the way for further overtures. This letter, while innocent enough per se, asking for various particulars, should be something different—connived and compiled with the idea of stimulating the bored Board to sit up and adjust its specs to a different focus. The Board has cause to be worried. It has read letters of application post-marked all the way from Kerbunkum, Maine, to Whoopie, Nevada, all of which have exhibited a striking similarity. Each applicant has implied between the lines that nature and art have entered into a conspiracy in making him the exact man for the place, each has dove-tailed in a lot of personal data, schools attended, time spent in each, number of times professors have patted him on the dorsal vertebra, measurements vertically and equatorially, denominational allegiance, experience, favorite poets, comestibles, etc., and each one has misspelled recommendation. Naturally, the Board has developed a case of gangrenious pessimism. The thing for you to do is to apply a refreshing salve of originality and uniqueness through the medium of your letter. Did you ever hear how Irvin Cobb startled those blase Manhattan editors into giving him a
job? He had written personal letters to all of them, made formal applications in person, in fact had done all of the formal things he knew to do, but he remained bountifully jobless. Then he did the unusual thing. He wrote to each editor pledging his word to the effect that he was the coming writer of America, and should the editor fail to annex his services that he (Cobb) would refuse to assume responsibility for consequences; that to-morrow would positively be the last day upon which he would consider an appointment to a position; that editors desiring to employ him would form in line on the west side of the street upon which his room fronted. Doors would be opened promptly at Ten. As a matter of fact, they didn't wait to form in line. Cobb had five offers before night. Now, I don't advise that you try a letter like that.—Board members are addicted to apoplexy,—but just route your letter via a different line, with a change of scenery in every sentence.

Two particular instructions: Cremate your Model Letter books before you open fire on any Board, and don't mail a single letter until it has been thoroughly checked over by a specialist in spelling.

I can see in my mind's eye the scene that will occur in the Board's office upon the reception of your letter—provided you have followed instructions. The President tears it open and reads. A look of bewilderment gathers on his face. He collapses forward on table. Colleagues rush around. "Gimme air," gasps the collapsed one. The request is received and filed. The President recovers and exhibits letter. "Look a there, gentlemen," he says. Business of colleagues reading letter and needing air. Motion for further correspondence carried by wild acclaim. Janitor asked to dispose of competitors' letters.

In your next letter be careful to carry your innovation a little further. Another caution: Of course, your services are valuable and worthy of a price, but I don't believe I'd attune my song to that theme very much. Hamlet lined up in his employer's office on Saturday evening and yelled, "The
Alumni Address

(ALUMNI ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. JAMES KNOLL BEFORE THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF 1913.)

Mr. President, Fellow-Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen:

How fortunate it is that the Creator has endowed the nature of men with a love for reminiscence. In His wisdom He has given us that trait which impels us to renew occasions of the past, not merely that we may revive the memory of former times, but that we may consider the present, and the future, and their problems in the light of the experience that we have left behind us. It is in obedience to this impulse that we have met here to-day; and as a subject for consideration on this occasion, I can think of none more appropriate than that of Education. I am aware that the writings on this subject are legion, but I have set down here the plain statements which register themselves in the minutest detail upon his sensorium. The perception was so exquisitely sensitive that all impressions registered themselves in the minutest detail upon his sensorium. The result of such knowledge is seen in those immortal dramas, wherein humanity and life are delineated with a faithfulness attained by no other genius since the world began. Another case in point is that of Capt. James B. Eads, the engineer celebrated for his works on the Mississippi River. From his boyhood Capt. Eads worked upon the river, from the ripples on its surface to the gravel on its bottom. And to-day stand the Eads Bridge at St. Louis and the Eads Jetties at

THE ELEVATOR.
the mouth of the Mississippi, monuments to the engineer who knew with thoroughness and exactness what goes on within the moist bosom of the Father of Waters.

Such examples illustrate the meaning and desirability of exactness in knowledge; we may now consider the success or failure of our usual methods of education in that respect.

A recollection of childhood days will no doubt reveal to most of us the fact that about the first bit of information imported to the juvenile mind is that the earth is round like a ball. This statement, though not exactly true, is easily understood by the childish intelligence, and for that reason is admissible at this stage of its development. But it is just at this point that our manner of educating often fails. Instead of keeping pace with the growing intelligence and correcting and amplifying the approximate knowledge imported at each stage of its development, we very often allow this approximate knowledge to monopolize the mind; and, to cite an example, a great many people pass through life believing the approximate fact that the earth is round like a ball, having never had their knowledge in that respect developed beyond the primary stage.

To illustrate, consider the successive stages encountered in acquiring an exact knowledge of the shape of the earth. As said, the first stage is a belief that the earth is round like a ball. In a fuller consideration, however, it becomes necessary to teach the budding intelligence that the diameter of the earth at the equator is greater than its diameter from pole to pole. For this reason it is seen that our first hypothesis is untenable and that the earth is not exactly in the shape of a ball. We then say that the earth is a sphere slightly flattened at the poles. This involves a knowledge of the properties of the sphere, which, of course, convinces the intelligence that the earth could not be a true sphere if any portion of its surface is flat. The mind is then prepared to receive the accurate information that the earth is an oblate spheroid; and when it is taught further, and in logical sequence, that an oblate spheroid is a solid generated by the revolution of an ellipse about its minor axis, then the mind has arrived at an exact knowledge of the shape of the earth. Of course, a knowledge that the earth is round like a ball is no doubt accurate enough for the average mortal. Such knowledge, however, would not have been accurate enough for Commander Peary when he went in search of the Pole; it was necessary for him to know that the earth is an oblate spheroid.

The development of knowledge thus outlined may be compared to the use of scaffolding in the erection of a building. In order to facilitate the handling and placing of material in the structure the builder erects a system of scaffolding, which is raised in successive stages as the building progresses. This scaffolding is not a part of the structure and is, of course, removed when the building is complete; it merely affords a platform from which the builders can work and handle their tools and materials. Similarly, the approximate teachings imparted in successive stages, as outlined above, serve as a basis from which the true and accurate knowledge of the subject can be imparted. They are proportioned to be easily grasped by the mind at each period of its development, and thus afford the teacher a means of building up the mental structure.

But unfortunately the analogy very often ends at this point. Instead of imitating the builder and using our scaffolding merely as a means for erecting a finished structure, we too often erect the scaffolding and neglect the building entirely. We are content with approximate knowledge, instead of using such as an aid in grasping an exact knowledge of the subject in hand. What would be thought of a carpenter who would set up his scaffolding and then quit work without building a house? And yet, metaphorically speaking, this is often what we do in the business of education; and as a result, a great many of us are allowed to grow up with a more or less rickety educational scaffolding instead of the complete structure we ought to have. The scaffolding, be it remembered, is a necessary aid in constructing the
educational edifice, but it should not be mistaken for the sole object of our building operations. It is imperative to make use of it as a means and not as an end, and when no longer needed it should be removed so that the finished edifice stands forth—the object for which we have been striving, a thorough, complete and accurate education.

A corollary of the principle of exactness in education which I would also insist upon is that of proceeding to first principles. The tendency in the hurry and rush of modern life is to reduce all working knowledge to rules which can be carried in the memory, but to overlook the fundamental principles upon which the rules are based. The engineer, for instance, carries the working knowledge of his profession in the shape of mathematical formulas; but unfortunately the engineer is somewhat scarce who can deduce all of his formulas from their basic mathematical principles. Formulas and rules should be the result of study and not its object; that is, a knowledge of first principles should first be inculcated and then the rules may be formulated.

This method, however, is not followed as commonly as it should be; and too often we make blunders by following rules we do not understand, very much as a parrot repeats phrases the meaning of which it does not know. Rules are a concise and convenient method of expressing knowledge; but very seldom can a rule be made to cover all cases, and hence there are usually exceptions. As a result, if we blindly follow rules we are certain to blunder when we encounter a case where the rule fails to apply; whereas, a knowledge of the fundamental principles upon which both the rule and the exception depend would enable us to meet the occasion successfully.

A case of this nature occurred some time ago in the failure of a certain large bridge. The bridge had been designed and the plans drawn for a certain size and load; but before building it was decided to enlarge the bridge and increase the load which it should carry. This, of course, necessitated changing the plans and re-designing the bridge so that it would be strong enough to carry the increased load. Now, in the work of re-designing, it appears that the designers merely increased the results of their first design by some rough and ready method of percentages without investigating mathematically whether the method was correct; and subsequent experience proved that it was not correct, for the bridge fell into the river under its own weight during construction with an appalling loss of life and money. Had the engineers responsible for the design of the bridge investigated their methods in the light of the primary mathematical and mechanical principles involved, they would have discovered their error and avoided this catastrophe.

Such occurrences should impress upon us that there can never be enough of insisting upon a knowledge of first principles rather than a memorizing of rules and formulas. It is best to first know the principles in the case and then the rule may be deduced.

We have said that the hurry and rush of modern life has inclined us toward this blind following of rules and formulas; but it has had a more pronounced influence in causing us to neglect that which should be a most important part of the education of our youth—I mean the teaching of polite manners, good breeding and courtesy. Almost daily, observation suggests that it might be better if we would leave some other things off our school curricula and devote more attention to the elimination of rudeness and ill-breeding among our young people. Of course, it may be argued that the home is the proper place for the teaching of manners; but when we reflect that the possession of ever so much knowledge cannot atone for ill-breeding and boorish manners we must admit that it becomes a matter of concern to the school, also, to prevent the defeat of its endeavor.

As illustrating our point, I will quote a passage from one of the celebrated letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to his son.

"I dare say that you know already enough of Architecture," Lord Chesterfield writes, "to know that the Tuscan is
the strongest and most solid of all the Orders; but at the same time it is the coarsest and clumsiest of them. Its solidity does extremely well for the foundation and base floor of a great edifice; but if the whole building be Tuscan, it will attract no eyes, it will stop no passengers, it will invite no interior examination. People will take it for granted that the finishing and furnishing cannot be worth seeing where the front is so unadorned and clumsy. But if upon the solid Tuscan foundation the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian Orders rise gradually with all their beauty, proportion and ornaments, the fabric seizes the most incurious eye and stops the most careless passenger, who solicits admission as a favor, very often purchases it. Just so will it fare with your little fabric, which at present I fear has more of the Tuscan than of the Corinthian Order. You must absolutely change the whole front, or nobody will knock at the door. The several parts which must compose this new front are elegant, easy, natural, superior good breeding; an engaging address; and genteel manners."

Thus Lord Chesterfield wrote in the eighteenth century; and there is little more to be said concerning the utility of attention to manners and breeding in the education of youth. Perhaps it may seem somewhat out of place for me to speak of these things in this connection; but when we see so much rudeness and ill-breding, I have thought it apropos to suggest more careful attention to these things, without which mere scholastic learning becomes as a jewel in the head of a toad.

It is to you as teachers that I have addressed these remarks; and as I am not a teacher myself, I would not be understood as criticizing those who are. I have only observed the results of the teacher's efforts, and have endeavored to set before you the reflections of a layman upon them. In your hands, of course, repose the possibilities of the coming generation; it is your function to train these possibilities into realities. How will you do this is the criterion by which the lay mind will judge your efforts. As one of the greatest teachers known to history has said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

My plea to you, then, is, above all things, to require exactness among your pupils. To borrow another illustration from Lord Chesterfield, I will quote his description of a painting by Carlo Maratti, an Italian artist of the eighteenth century. "The subject (of the painting) is 'The School of Drawing.' An old man, supposed to be the master, points to his scholars, who are variously employed in perspective, geometry, and the observation of the statues of antiquity. With regard to perspective, of which there are some little specimens, he has written 'as much as is sufficient'; with regard to geometry, 'as much as is sufficient'; again, with regard to the contemplation of the ancient statues there is written, 'there never can be enough.' In imitation of the old master, I would say of other things 'as much as is sufficient'; but of insistence upon exactness in education I would say 'there never can be enough.'"

I would appeal to you as teachers to train the youthful mind in habits of exactness. Insist upon a thorough and accurate knowledge of whatever subject is studied. When you give problems, require that the results be worked out accurately and exactly. When you set forth rules and formulas, require that their derivation, the reasons for them, and the principles upon which they depend be thoroughly understood.

During my own school days I constantly observed a disinclination on the part of students toward the labor involved in thus delving to the bottom of their subjects. The tendency always is to memorize the rules and formulas and use them blindly without regard to their real meaning; and to regard the problem as solved if the right method is used, without regard to whether the numerical result is correct. My appeal to you is to correct this tendency; for not only does it appear in the student's attitude toward scholastic problems, but it will continue in his manner of attacking the problems of life after his school days have been left behind.
Lord Kelvin, the celebrated English scientist, has said "nothing can be more fatal to progress than a too confident reliance on mathematical symbols; for the student is only too apt to take the easier course, and consider the formula and not the fact as the physical reality."

During my student career I had two teachers who impressed upon me these principles of exactness and thoroughness and who in all cases insisted upon accurate work and thorough knowledge of fundamental principles. They trained their students into these things as a matter of habit; and if they had never taught us anything but this, the time spent under their instruction would have been well employed. In the multiplicity of present-day knowledge, it is better to know a few things and know them well than to have a mere superficial knowledge of a great many things. The time seems to have passed when one could imitate Sir Francis Bacon and "take all knowledge to be his province."

We would better follow the example of Sir Isaac Newton and content ourselves with a judicious selection of a few pebbles along the beach of the great ocean of knowledge.

I would appeal to you further for more attention to the development of manners and good breeding in the rising generation. The gentility of anyone's actions may well be considered an indication of his character; and it is of course unnecessary for me to insist upon the relation of education to character. The honored President of this institution has always taught us that the development of character is the principal aim of education.

I have spoken of this subject of Education mainly from a utilitarian point of view; and I have set before you only such ideas as have been suggested to be in my daily experience. You remain within a somewhat restricted sphere and guide the development of the embryonic mind. I am without this sphere, and have to some extent observed the performance of the mind after it has left your tuition. Perhaps it is presumption on my part to speak of my experience in these matters; but if I have suggested any new ideas or recalled forgotten ones to your mind; if I have justly scored any deficiencies in our educational methods or if I have said anything suggestive of improvements in them; in short, if I have led you to a thoughtful consideration of this vitally important theme, then the purpose of our meeting has not been defeated.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

Clute's Agronomy. By Willard Nelson Clute. Published by Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio. 296 pages; fully and admirably illustrated; price, $1.00.

Intended for use as a text-book in cities and towns where agriculture is taught. The practical nature of the matter presented in the book has been proved by several seasons' work with classes in a large high school. The course presented in this volume is designed to cover a half year of work in the laboratory and school garden to be given in the spring semester. No previous knowledge is needed, either in botany for the study of plants or in chemistry for the preparation of the soils, etc. Practical exercises furnish necessary experience and copious references afford opportunity for further investigation. Much attention is given to the improvement of the home grounds in the vegetable and flower garden, on the lawn, etc. The book will inspire every student with a love for gardening.

Long's American Literature. By William J. Long. Published by Ginn & Co., Columbus, Ohio. 481 pages; splendid illustrations throughout the entire book; price, $1.35.

This volume is a companion to Long's English Literature, so widely commended since its appearance four years ago. The material is organized on the same general plan as in the earlier volume, and the book is particularly distinguished by its emphasis on our literature as a national development.
Most noteworthy is the disregard of all political and geographical boundaries and the recognition of the importance of the national spirit over the sectional. The book is national in character. This plan permits a systematic grouping of writers and offers a better opportunity to emphasize the relation between them. The book is therefore especially adapted for text-book purposes.

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WHILE YOU WAIT.

Cheer Up!

Miss Pennybaker (doing practice teaching in the model school): "What animal is found in South America whose fur is utilized by man?"

William: "The alligator."

Herald: "Oh, yes! Oh, yes! All ye who are fond of harping on the shortcomings of Mother Eve and Bluebeard's wife! The thirty girls of the Senior Society kept their program a secret for three weeks!!" Nit!!!!

See Girls' Basketball Rules.

Miss Harriet Bryant was entertaining her "steady" last Sunday night. Miss Prudent, who was in the next room, was astonished to hear Harriet say, after a short pause: "That's a fool on you!" And Miss Prudent wondered if it was a chicken or a canary!

Cause.

Too many girls
Too willing for beaus;
Too many pictures
At too many shows;
Too many teachers
Too hard to please;
*
*
Too many grade-cards
With deadly N. P.'s!

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THE ELEVATOR.

When the last trump blows, of course we will have some regrets for leaving this dear old earth—but there will be compensations! For when the world comes to an end Ruby Alexander will not say, "Hurry up!" There will be a funny joke in THE ELEVATOR.

The echo in Vanmeter Hall will have received its eternal quietsus. The hard-worked adjectives can climb back in the dictionary and take a rest, for Clardy Moore will be on his way to the undiscovered country.

Wonder Who?

Miss Anna Lee Adams shyly dropped her eyes.

"Can't you give me some little words of encouragement?" implored Mr. ————

"Well-er," blushed Anna Lee, "I think your conversation is very elevating."

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Dick Morman took a double-header from one of the library chairs the other day and was severely injured. At first it was thought only his smiling apparatus was put out of commission, but closer examination proved that the injury was internal and serious, being that most painful thing—a sprained dignity.

In Grammar Three.

Mr. Leiper (glaring at a too-inquisitive student): "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Inquisitive One: "No wonder so many of us fail in our exams!"
A Special Invitation

Is Given to Students

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to make it a kind of headquarters—a place
to meet your friends—to leave your pack-
ages while down town. We want you to
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