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WHERE STUDENTS GO
To Enjoy Home-made Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets
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Of all Kinds at Lowest Prices
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ATHLETIC GOODS
Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Drug Company
Corner Park Row
and College Street
Nearly $200,000.00

That is the amount received by those whom this Agency placed within the last twelve months.

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SWEET SIXTEEN comes but once. Let the PORTRAIT preserve that age.

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The Grocer
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Good Clean Groceries.
See Him.

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Everything Sanitary
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Ladies' Work a Specialty
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Picnic Lunches a Specialty
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CHEAPEST AND BEST
ALL KINDS OF
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ORLANDO MAGNESS
NETTIE LAYMAN
LOUISE CARSON
LETTIE HOCKER

W. J. CRAIG
Faculty Representative
Concerning

Something new is the 1913 slogan. As a matter of fact, it has been the slogan all along. Christopher Columbus’ great grandstand play—was inspired largely by Christopher’s desire to spring something new on those blase Genoanians. It is hardly probable that C. C. could have dreamed, with the limited facilities for dreaming available in the late fourteen hundreds, of the possibilities involved in his westward cruise. The “something new” craze has not abated; rather it has become intensified. They say that a Paris designer recently hung himself because he couldn’t evolve some sort of unheard of something to add to, or take from some unheard-of portion of ladies’ wearing apparel, whereas the consensus of opinion is that those designers who do accomplish such feats are the proper and logical candidates for execution. “Something new” is the thing. To accomplish something new is the universal ambition. Mostly it’s a laudable one. It has given us most of the things we have. It is directly responsible for this article. So far as I can discover, no male citizen of Kentucky has ever written an article about a woman. I believe it can be done. If I succeed, list me in the catalogue of pioneers. However, I set to work with apprehensions.

The spirit is willing, but my pen is very blunt. My subject is an excellent one, an it were, ilze I’d turn back now. No future Joaquin Miller would ever represent me as urging my lagging genius to “write on! write on! and on, and on.”

There is considerable rivalry among three counties as to which one shall claim possession of Miss Mattye Reid as its collateral for stocks in general self-gloration. Let’s hear the arguments advanced by counsel for each.—Jefferson: “Mattye Reid was born and reared here. She attended school here, and received a diploma here. Every summer she comes here to visit. This is her native county. She is familiar with the time-table of the interurban cars. How, then, can she belong elsewhere save as a temporary external transfer which under the law is nihil et void?” Jury visibly affected. Breckenridge: “How can Jefferson County claim Miss Reid, in the light of the fact that she voluntarily alienated herself therefrom, and came and abode in Breckenridge? For four years she was principal of a school located within the corporate limits of Hardinsburg. She received and deposited mail at the local office, patronized local stores, adopted local customs and has often been heard to
THE ELEVATOR.

Miss Reid has a splendid physique, being strong and erect. She is at home in the open, and is thoroughly durable. Once she made the trip from Glasgow to Tompkinsville by stage. This trip is at variance with the rubber-tired lovers’-lane system of transportation. It involves all of the invigorating effects of a bucking broncho, a scenic railway and college hazing rolled into one. Furthermore, it lasts from early morn to setting sun. Did Miss Reid wither and require the attendance of a neurologist? She did not. She alighted prim and erect and exclaimed, "Truly this has been a delightful drive. Landlord, has the evening meal been placed on the festal board?"

No one could be more loyal to the Normal than Miss Reid. She unhesitatingly, gladly gives her best service to its cause. Sometimes her loyalty calls for sacrifices. She makes them. Once upon a time, to use one of her favorite phrases, she was the only representative of the Normal present at an institute. Naturally, the conductor asked her to make a speech. The courthouse was dirty and the seats were in bad repair. She had on a neat street dress, but the dignity of the State Normal was at stake, so she went to the hotel and arrayed herself in her new rage de Gage hat, and crepe de shine dress trimmed in Irish lace with the point priced upwards, or the price pointed upwards, I’ve forgotten which. Then she went back to the institute and delivered a memorable address. Her clothes were ruined, but the dignity of the Normal was superbly upheld. What further proof of loyalty does one need?

Miss Reid’s class room work is beyond serious criticism, but her influence by no means stops there. With rare tact and intelligence she teaches, talks, listens and sympathizes.

Now am I not a pioneer?

She belongs to all. To begin with, she is a teacher, and one of the best. She has taught in Jefferson County, in Hardinsburg, in San Antonio, Texas, and in the Normal School. Her special line of endeavor is attempting to inculcate a befitting esteem for English a la Woodrow Wilson, within the minds and hearts of her students. To her mind, pure English comes from above, but slang always goes about chaperoned by Old Nick himself. They say she would fain revise the title of the old balad, “Believe me if all those endearing young charms” so as to turn the “Believe me” part out on the streets in its native habitat.

The jur y presents a fine lachrymose display as it retires.—I prythee pause a moment, avid reader, while I mop my fevered brow. This pioneering business, even under favoring auspices, sort of harrows up one’s soul.

While the jury is out, let us in an unimpassioned manner and in a style unhampered by any congestion of phraseology or forensic prestidigitation submit a resume of Miss Reid’s career. She doesn’t necessarily belong to any one county. In respect to the counties of Kentucky, she is a cosmopolite. She belongs to all. To begin with, she is a teacher, and one of the best. She has taught in Jefferson County, in Hardinsburg, in San Antonio, Texas, and in the Normal School. Her special line of endeavor is attempting to inculcate a befitting esteem for English a la Woodrow Wilson, within the minds and hearts of her students. To her mind, pure English comes from above, but slang always goes about chaperoned by Old Nick himself. They say she would fain revise the title of the old balad, “Believe me if all those endearing young charms” so as to turn the “Believe me” part out on the streets in its native habitat.

ref to it as ‘our town.’ Lastly, she is known and well liked by every worthy inhabitant of the county. Wherefore and therefore, plaintiff prays that henceforth she is designated as being from Breckenridge, as construed by Blackrock in his library of legal lore entitled, ‘Torts, Ex-torts and Retorts.’” Time called, while the jury recovers its equilibrium. Warren: “The most important things of Miss Reid’s life occurred in Warren County. Here, she was a student in the S. N. S., graduating with honors from that institution. Here, she learned to read Chaucer and Bernard Shaw in the original. Also how to place her literary contralto in all of the various elocutionary registers. Following that, she was duly elected by the Board of Regents to teach in her alma mater, which she has done during the past four years, with great credit to herself as well as the institution which she serves. She has left her imprint on our lives, and her life has been similarly affected by us. We ask for justice in the name of the Magna Charta and the Appeal to Reason.” The jury presents a fine lachrymose display as it retires. — I prythee pause a moment, avid reader, while I mop my fevered brow. This pioneering business, even under favoring auspices, sort of harrows up one’s soul.

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A Letter from Sunny Italy

(We are indeed glad to give to the readers of THE ELEVATOR the following letter, which is direct from Miss Belle Caffee, one of our Training School teachers, who is visiting all the important countries of Europe. At present, she is visiting in Italy, and has written a most delightful account, as you will see, of her visit to Rome. This letter is but a foretaste of the treat that is in store for the Training School, and the student-body as well, when Miss Caffee returns to tell us of her wonderful trip.—EDITOR.)

PENSION BOOS, ROMA,
VIA DEL QUIRINALE 43,
PALAZZO ROSPIGLIOSI,
November 8, 1913.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I leave Rome to-morrow, and I'm going to try to do the impossible; that is, to give you some idea of it in a single letter.

My first few days in Rome were really disappointing. I had expected to see an old, old city, a city of bygone memories and old ruins; and lo! and behold, I was in the midst of a big, modern, bustling, fashionable city, with broad streets, clanging street cars, tooting automobiles, and even clattering aeroplanes.

And then I went to the ruins. How scanty they seemed! Do you know they are all fenced in, and guarded, and one must pay a liva to tread where the Caesars have trod! The first thing to see is the Colosseum, the gigantic open-air theater, where chariot races, and pugilistic fights in which the defeated one was killed, and fights of wild beasts with men used to amuse the rich and heartless Romans. Here many Christians perished. The ruin is beautiful yet, although entirely robbed of its marble facing. It was long used as a quarry, and we have seen many churches made of the stones taken from its walls. The rude barbarians that

controlled the city in the Dark Ages even took the iron bands that helped to hold it together and melted them to make weapons. But even as a ruin it is grand and awe-inspiring.

Later we saw the beautiful arches, and broken columns and marble floors,—the scanty remains of courts of justice, and temples and fountains of the old Roman Forum. We saw a fragment of the rostra where orators strode back and forth, moving the Romans to whatever deeds they chose. We saw the spot near which “Great Caesar fell,” and the house where the Vestal Virgins offered their sacrifices to the gods. But the whole space seemed small, and cramped. We wondered how, from this small space, the whole world had been governed, and why even to-day, the name of Rome inspires millions with admiration and awe.

But we had more things to see, and more about these same things to realize. This forum is very low, away down below the level of the city. It has been carefully excavated, but much of the old Roman city is still twenty or more feet below the modern one. In fact, Rome is built upon itself, layer upon layer, like a coral reef, with only the top alive.

Here, in another part of the city is another and later forum, the Forum of Trojan, with a mighty monument consisting of a single lonely column. It has a spiral space going around and around, clear to the top, with pictures of battles and victories cut into the solid stone. The figure of the emperor on top has given place, however, to that of a saint! From the position of the broken columns in this forum the location of the various buildings has been determined. Not all of this has been excavated; for city streets and valuable buildings, some of them historical monuments themselves, are above it. We took a dirty walk in the slums. We saw a part of a circular wall, all that is left of another magnificent theater. The lower archways are occupied by workshops and dirty shops where we were not at all tempted to buy their fly-covered food. Dirty children followed us piteously for “Soldi! soldi!” Soon we came to the entrance of an old, old church, and saw in front of it five
beautiful Corinthian columns, the remains of a beautiful temple to a heathen god. And so it is, day after day, as we walk or ride about the streets. We are continually coming across these architectural fragments, now incorporated into other buildings or carefully guarded by the city. Looking out into the Tiber we see a single arch of a beautiful Roman bridge. We see the triumphal arch of Janus Quadrifous, the round temple of Vesta, and the great Pantheon, a great round building with a hole in the top which has supplied the temple with light and air for nearly two thousand years. (For it is still a temple in daily use, now consecrated to the One God.)

Then we visit more ruins, now on the hilltops where the ruins of Emperor's palaces are more and more extensive and cover acres and acres of ground. And finally we begin to realize how extensive the old Roman city was and how many ages it had. At last, we go to Tivoli, twenty-five miles out of the city. We tire ourselves out exploring the ruined palaces of Hadrian, a few miles away, and walk along the avenue where Egyptian priestesses marched in solemn procession to the Egyptian goddess, Serapis. One day we took a ride along the Appian Way, where the Romans buried their dead. Here we saw the great brick cores to their tombs. The marble facing was all gone. Headless and armless statues occasionally gave pathetic evidence of the beauty that must have been. Then we visit the Catacombs, and with cautious steps tread in the paths of the hunted and persecuted Christians, or with straining eyes examine their rude carvings in memory of their dead, or peer into the graves of the martyrs, lighted by the flickering candles we carry.

So, gradually, I have realized that Rome is not merely a big, modern city, but the site of a tremendous city of forgotten times—a city that committed suicide.

But while I'm finding this out, I am realizing, too, that Rome is something else. I go past a spacious building, look through an archway, take heart, walk in—and I am in the courtyard of a mediæval palace! We have been allowed to go in a few of them that have been turned into art galleries. Very beautiful they are with their marble halls and gilded ceilings and lovely gardens decorated with marble statues. They are full of records of the strife of one faction against another, of Giulf against Ghibelline, of one prince against another. How I wish I could read it all! [Ah! Here's something I can read! A cannon ball in a marble step leading to a marble hall. That's a recent landmark—or war mark—left in 1837—a touch of the modern in the heart of the mediæval.] But I can read enough in these old palaces, which are still so fine and strong, to know that Rome was a great mediæval city, where princes fortified their own houses, and fought their terrible feuds to bitter ends, where beautiful ladies and handsome princes lived some of the wonderful romances we may read in books.

And much of this story is written, not in books, but in pictures and stones. For Rome is a City of Art. Everywhere you see not only statues and paintings and mosaic pictures and fine architecture, but you see the things growing under the artists' hands. In the Forum is a man making a sketch of the ruins. At the baths of Caracalla is another with canvas and tubes of paint. In a workshop we hear the chip, chip of the marble as a man cuts out a marble figure. There, a woman is wearing a brilliant silk shawl. This old church has a picture that has a million copies scattered over the world. (I am sending you a copy on a card. Look for St. Michael and the Dragon.) In a room in the palace in which I am living is the original of Guido Reni's "Aurora." I've long had a copy of that hanging in my own room in Bowling Green. Here, surrounded by the hovels of the poor, is a fountain famous all over the world. There, in front of the King's residence, is a group of gigantic stone horses and men. In odd nooks and corners of the city are paintings of the Virgin, where people may stop and say a prayer. In this quarter is palace after palace containing rare paintings and sculpture. Here is a large art gallery containing long rooms of pictures actually priceless. There a little one, an academy of art where I saw my own familiar
"Baby Stuart," said to be the real original, and the picture of Beatrice Cenci, whose beautiful face and sad history the whole world knows. And this great mass of buildings rising one against the other and guarded at every door—what is that? The great Vatican, the residence of the Pope, where one can walk miles past the famous art treasures of the world—where Raphael and Michael Angelo did their best work and where the most famous Greek statues are. Rome is literally filled with art in every nook and corner. Even the buildings illustrate the art that is called Architecture, from the ancient Greek and Roman, through the Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque, to our own familiar modern.

But all this time I'm seeing that Rome is still something else. If I look over the great city from one of the hills, I see dome after dome rising over the smaller structures—not spires as in Germany and France. These are over the churches of the city, some one tells me that there are four hundred churches in the city, and I could almost believe there are eight hundred. The churches are open, and I have gone inside of many to see the beauties of painting and sculpture and architecture inside. If I am looking at the Colosseum, or a beautiful fountain or a noble column, I am almost sure to see a neat white marble tablet inscribed in Latin to one of the many Popes of the Church of Rome,—who indeed have done much in preserving the old monuments of Rome. The very street cars are labeled San Pietro—San Giovanni. For at one end of the city stands the largest church in the world—the great St. Peter's, and at the other end "St. John of the Lateran." If I watch the ever-interesting people in the streets, I'm sure to see among the soldiers and beggars and beautiful children and energetic business men, groups of black-robed priests or brown-robed brothers, or maybe a group of black-gowned Catholic students, or perhaps a group of nuns. If I examine a mass of sculpture above a doorway, I often see a papal hat of carved stone crowning the whole or perhaps a group of six little balls, which is the family sign of Pope.
When the Yule-Log Burns

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry!"

No, the school was not having an attack of spontaneous combustion. Mr. Woodrum did take an uneasy trip to the lower regions and have an interview with the furnace, from which he returned sooty, but satisfied that the cause of the trouble was not there. Mr. Craig hastened to the laboratory with seven-league boots strides, but found there nothing worse than the hydrogen sulphide in which young chemists live, and breathe, and have their being. In short, reports of all serene came from the danger points, yet every chimney on the hill seemed to be qualifying as a young volcano. The smoke became so dense that back-row students could not see their open books before them, and accordingly, an intelligent answer became as scarce among them as a new song in Chapel.

The smoke continued to roll forth, and the Faculty, with the exception of two or three who maintained a blushing silence, got very busy trying to explain the phenomenon—aI all to no purpose. Any younger in the Training School could have told the excited pedagogues that it was the twenty-ninth of November and everybody was taking the last chance offered to mail a letter to Santa Claus in the fire.

Modern scientists are inclined to look upon poor old St. Nicholas as a has-been; yet, though not attempting to class Mr. Edison, Mr. Claus has quite a bit of science to his credit. He has all the smoke from the Christmas letters collected, I think by the fairies, but you can believe it is by the ether waves if you prefer, and then run through an electric press, and presto! there are the original letters just as clean as a cake of Ivory soap!

Now, of course, everyone says Santa Claus is a mere su-
DEAR MR. CLAUS:

I am going to be unusually modest in my wishes this year, only two requests, dear sir. First, I want a beautiful colonial mansion set in a grove of age-old oaks; you see, I have found by experiments that twelve people can live on five cents a week, and I want a suitable place in which to prove my discovery to the world. In the second place, like Salome, I want the head of my mortal enemy—the Domestic Science rat; if pickled in vinegar I could eat it with pleasure; however, I prefer it with a halter around its neck so I can hang it over the door as a warning to all his kith and kin. That disgusting rat gets into everything—even THE ELEVATOR!

Wishing you a Merry Christmas,

Yours truly,

IVA SCOTT.

P. S.—Enclosed find a menu for your Christmas dinner:

First Course.

Sympathetic soup, served warm.
Second Course.

Hearts baked in happiness, stuffed with love. Creamed with.

Smile-berry sauce.
Sun-lightbread with bliss patties. Cheer.
Third Course.

Humor salad. Winsome wafers.
Fourth Course.

Wisdom pudding served with milk of humankindness.
Fifth Course.

Liquid laughter distilled from blameless lives.

NOTE.—All plates should be warmed with good wishes before serving.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I have three wishes which I call the Siamese triplets, because one without the other would be about as useful as a barbecue without meat. First (and really I'm not trying to ask for the impossible), I want a real Live Man to pitch his tent in Bowling Green. Second, I want the Live Man to take me driving in a sleigh all his own with a buffalo robe for my feet and a horse like Alexander's Bucephalus. Third, I want it to be on an evening full of moon, and stars, and snow. In other words, this wish of mine is only my version of the historic combination, the Time, the Place, and the Man!

Sincerely,

(MISS) VAN HOUTEN.

DEAR SAINT NICHOLAS:

Though I have asked you this before, And covetousness I deplore, 'Tis not through greed That thus I plead— Whate'er you bring, I still want Moore.

LOTTIE McCLURE.

Dear Grandpa santyclaus is got a awful bad feelin to my insides because John Davis brot a lot of cake to scool and i ate it so as he wouldnt get sick. (John Davis is a awful bad little boy—he said I was a hawg). dear santyclous I love you an pleas give me a gun crismus with lots of shoots in it an a pair of long pants an a box of fishin worms.

your little friend, EDDY SANDERS.

p.s.—there is a bird here called a Pass an please tell me how to catch him. i can catch lots of Passed-Weaks and Not-Passed cause all I have to do is sit down and they walk rite up on me an ete outen my hand but that Pass bird flies so high I cant even pull out his tail feathers darn him. unkle Isaiah Miller says I cant catch a Pass cause im so Meek but I don't know what hes talking about. EDDY.

p. s. 2—my mama says I musnot say darn but miss Mattye Reed my teacher she's an awful nice lady and she says for me to use the rite word to espress my feelins in written englissh.

MR. S. CLAUS,

Dear Sir: I have heard that man wants but little here below, but wants that little bad, I'm just realizing the truth.
of the statement. *Please send me Something Sweet from Louisiana.*

Respectfully yours,

FRANK TURNER.

Dear Mr. Claus,
I write because I have a small request; Give this to me, And I will be A slave to your behest.

'Tis not rare lace, Nor Helen's face, To charm the hearts of men; 'Tis not a frill Nor sugar pill Nor yet the gift of pen.

'Tis not dear gold, Nor lovers bold, Nor wealth in land nor sea; A crown of fame, A worshiped name, Would not be ought to me.

All wishes vain I would disclaim; Now St. Nick kindly note— While other girls May beg for curls, I simply want To Vote.

LETTIE HOOPER.

BELOVED SAINT:
This Christmas we wish for work, for good-fellowship, for love.
For work, so that our way of life may not be a winding path, treacherous with stones of indecision and choked with weeds of neglected opportunity, but the broad highway of accomplishment.
For good-fellowship, that the least of us may not stand out in the cold this Christmas day, but may be warmed by the fires of friendship.
For love, that we may remember Whose birthday we keep.

THE WHOLE SCHOOL.

News

Three valuable days of instruction and interest were those spent among us by Dr. Galpin, of Wisconsin. Dr. Galpin's theme was the rural community as a social center, and he spoke out of the fulness of a rich experience. The afternoon lectures were illustrated with scenes of his own experiences while engaged in this vital work in the State of Wisconsin.

A unique program, illustrating the artistic, the burlesque and the non-artistic in music, poetry and art was given at chapel, November 19. Concrete examples of each class of poetry and music were given by various members of the faculty, and pictures representing the different kinds of art were displayed. Dr. Kinnaman, Prof. Green, Prof. Strahm, Miss Louise Strahm and Miss Van Houten aided in making the program a success.

We are glad to hear of the strong work being done by J. M. Porter, of Golden Pond, Ky. He seems to have quickened the pulse of the life of the entire community.

From every direction come splendid reports of the success of former Normalites. H. H. Johnston is doing a marvelous work at South Park, Ky. A highly successful school fair and bright prospect for a consolidated school in the near future tell the story of his greatest achievements. R. A. London won eight first prizes at the school fair in his county. T. H. Barton is bringing things to pass.
Barnes writes that he is happy in the work at Greensburg, Ky., and so we know he is succeeding. And there are others—and others. A brighter day is coming to My Old Kentucky Home. Reactionaries are on the run. Forward march, ye hosts of progressive educators!

Much is being said and thought nowadays around the Normal, concerning rural school problems. November 26 the Seniors took charge of chapel exercises. Six short speeches, all on rural problems, were delivered by Misses Letitia Hocker, Lottie McClure, and Messrs. J. C. Davis, J. W. Snyder, H. M. Yarbrough and C. H. Moore.

The unusually fine weather has been used by the large corps of workmen in rapidly pushing to completion the work on the grounds. It is a never-failing source of enjoyment to watch the hill grow in beauty and splendor as the days go by.

(Below is a comment made upon our November issue of The Elevator by a man who knows the “ups” and “downs” of a school paper. Though his name was not signed to the comment, we feel safe in saying he was sitting on the beach of Lake Michigan when he made the comment.—EDITOR.)

DEAR EDITOR:

Would it be of interest to you to know what the November Elevator meant to me? The postman brought it as I was starting for a walk. I went over to the Lake, sat on a stone near the shore, and in reading it was soon almost oblivious to my surroundings. Each department, each article, each cut brought memories—memories pleasant and—

The editorial on Thanksgiving and the meaningful little poems caused me to reverently bow my head in thanksgiving. “Four Years Ago” brought images of the first Elevator, and the face of each editor. To “Bluff,” I said “True.”

“Concerning” brought grins; memories of pleasant times with the writer; and a recollection of the subject. After reading “Hallowe’en,” the memories of other times and the same places, were so keen, I looked away for a while and watched a little tug out on the lake violently puffing away. “News” recalled the football game between the Reds and Grays, played on a certain chestnut hunt at Cherry farm; the champion basketball team of ’13; the old gravel walks and the beautiful campus; and faces of some “New Students” I know.

I firmly believe there must have been fairies among the rocks about me and on crests of waves not far away, when I was reading some “Hill Happenings Under the Moon”; and for fear (?) they might take me away, I quit thinking of them and turned to “Grins,” which served their purpose. You know what “Training School” brought to mind; but my “Practice” was always a pleasure. “Exchanges” caused me to see the “Exchange Rack” in “The Temple of Science,” which, in turn, very vividly reminded me of a backward-tipped chair; an unEarthly noise (in there); and a sprawl upon the floor.

The cut with “Good Roads Day” recalled tramps to the old tennis courts; while “Oratorio and Lyceum Course” brought to mind Costa’s “Eli” and many inspiring entertainments and lectures. “From Two P.M. Till Seven”—writer, you didn’t know when you wrote it, that it would lead me back to Kentucky; to the autumn time; to the old home and to the two dear old people there, did you? I know not how long I would have stayed back there, had not two voices awakened me from my dream, and I found it was growing dark. The voices were of a little boy, somewhere behind me, who said:

“Come back here; you’ll fall in that lake!” And a little girl down on the beach in front of me, who said:

“That won’t hurt.”

Some notes from Graves County Normalites:

Mr. John Roach, of the 1913 oratorical contestants, is doing excellent work in his school at Boaz.
Misses Ellie Miller and Olivia Caldwell are having much success in their new school building at Gum.

Mr. James B. Adams, of the High School at Lowes, has organized a school club that promises to be something new in the way of an aid to advance the cause of education.

Mr. J. O. (Bud) Rickman and Mrs. Ovie Wilson are making progress at Lynnville. Mr. Rickman's friends will be sorry to learn of the death of his mother, on November 14. THE ELEVATOR extends its sincerest condolence to Mr. Rickman in this hour of deepest sorrow.

Woodfin Hutson's Hickory Grove High School is growing daily. Evidently Woodfin has caused those people to see a new vision. It's just like him.

Miss Mary Yates is teaching her second time at Feliciana, and like a true teacher, intends to better prepare herself by entering the Normal when her school is out.

Miss Rosa Schmidt and Mr. Shaeffer are having a record-breaking attendance at Dogwood. They carried the largest number of pupils to the fair at Mayfield, of any school in the county.

Miss Cole longs for the day when she can be as certain of any one thing as Miss Hoeker is of everything.

Miss Tubb (translating one of Cicero's letters in the Cicero class): "How glad I would be to see you, to clasp you in my arms, and if we recovered—"

The softening influence of the Yuletide makes itself manifest in all, as the holiday season descends upon us. Here are some of the evidences:

Miss Ruby Alexander has enlarged the circle of her speaking acquaintances from six to a dozen.

Miss Heber Lewis awaits more cheerfully each Sunday night the approach of the young man who is yet an ideal.

Miss Mattie Morgan has been observed to smother a half-
concealed smile, and then to blush guiltily at the heinousness of the offense.

Miss Eubank is the exception to above rule. Being saturated with joy because of the arrival of a Prince Charming after years of waiting, she could be no more exuberant.

Miss Oliver has intensified her heart-breaking smile. (Breaks the boys' hearts, to be sure.)

Many of the girls note with pride, additional contributions to the Christmas gift fund, from the masculine element.

After much tribulation we have collected the following mottoes, famous sayings, etc.:

Never speak until you are spoken to.—Miss Northington.

To be infinitesimal in stature and infinite in speech is the height of my ambition.—Miss Burks.

I would rather star in a basketball game than to lead my class.—Miss Pennebaker.

Give me a vote or give me strychnine.—Miss McClure.

Among other presents, Miss Lida Mae Lewis received a box of Dr. Walker's giggle killer. Dear, thoughtful old Nick.

We hoped to have a match-box in this department, but some of the girls requested further time, as they were not quite ready to make definite announcements.

Watch these columns for the latest developments in the matrimonial stock market.

Miss Schultz wishes to announce that she will have her work so arranged that she can receive callers after the holidays.

Lost—A penny-picture of J. W. S. Reward, a peanut.—Miss Hampsch.

Miss Annie Lee Davis was heard telling her sweetheart how far she could make $10.00 go if she were housekeeping, and it ran like this: "Well," she said, "I would buy one hair curler (15c), face powder (50c), chewing gum (75c), collar for dear little Fido ($1.50), one ostrich feather to go on my hat ($4.00), bread (20c), birthday present for you (30c), two dozen calling cards (75c), toothpicks ($1.00), and—and, oh, I might spend the remainder (85c) foolishly."

Miss Kate Claggett declares that on Thanksgiving she was best entertained by the turkey—without the trot.
to the clerk. “Could you tell me what color set would be most appropriate for a light-haired, blue-eyed person?”

Mr. Randolph spent the evening with Mr. Miller lately.

A few weeks ago a fearful fire broke out on Normal Heights. But with their usual quickness of thought and action, our boys rushed to the scene, bravely leaped through the flames and soon it was extinguished. Who said the Normal did not produce heroes?

Mr. Edgar Sanders is hopefully awaiting a political prominence in his Christmas stocking, though he is not definite as to species.

Mr. Nal Hooks lost his powder puff recently.

Mr. Robert Green stuck a pin into the little finger of his right hand, not long since. Bear up, old man; perhaps it may not prove serious.

Mr. Leslie Woodrum, our Basketball coach, is much girl struck these days.

Mr. Billie Matthews while sleeping, conceived the idea of a patent way of tipping hats by means of a pocketed electric button. He is now spending his margin of life to realize his dream. All success to you, Billie, in your undertaking.

Mr. John Davis tipped his hat the other day.

At present writing Mr. Arnt Stickles is sorely distressed. Not long since he lost a red lead pencil, length two inches, rubber gone, point broken, and teeth prints near the end, and has been unable to recover his loss.

Mr. Walter Compton was recently seen in the parlor of Miss Lida Lewis, until Sunday was yesterday.

Mr. Orlando Magness has concocted a new species of plum pudding, worthy of the Boston Cook Book.

Mr. Cary Bandy sneezed the other night, became afraid of night air, failed to appear at a certain house at the appointed hour, lost one link in his girl chain.

We have, all unknowingly, developed a poet in our midst, no other than Mr. W. C. Wilson. Here is his latest effort:

I have power, goodness, beauty, a brilliance to dazzle the sun. Yes, all those things for which my heart hath longed—save one;

And so, my dearest Santa Clause, I love you so, Wilt thou not this Christmas-tide, please bring a beau?
CHRISTMAS.

We are glad that Christmas is almost here. Because the approach of Christmas brings to us once again that peculiar thrill, known only to childhood, when we would hang our stockings by the side of the chimney and then could hardly wait till the morning for the gifts which we had dreamed of, waited for, and somewhat merited because of our external signs of an unusually good disposition for a period of about four and one-half days prior to the coming of Santa Claus. None of us are too old to remember our childhood experiences, I am sure.

But it was in the long ago that the world experienced its first Christmas morn, when the Christ-child was born in the manger. It was on that eventful night that the shepherds, keeping watch over their flock on the lonely plains near Bethlehem, heard glad tidings of “Peace on earth, good will to men.” It was across those far-away Eastern plains, the wise men journeyed to make their rich gifts to Him who is the hope and salvation of the world. The Shepherds are gone. The flocks, too, are no more. Of what land the wise men were, we do not know; we only know they, guided to the stable by the Christmas star, paid their tribute to the Christ-child and went away. But there is something which is not gone—it cannot go. Throughout all the centuries which have come and gone, it has remained. That something was in the song the angels sang over the sleeping flock, that first Christmas morn on the far blue hills of Galilee; it was set to earthly music, and will live on forever, calling from out the vanished years, the memory of Him who returned from Bethlehem to his home through the Garden of Gethsemane and by the way of the cross. That same something is here to-day, teaching us the true spirit of Christmas—to love and to give. It teaches us to give because of the pleasure it brings to both giver and receiver.

If you want to see heart-aches turned to heart-throbs of joy, give a few presents, this Christmas, to the little children who least expect it, yet who most deserve it, and with your gifts do not fail to put in a sympathetic word and a friendly smile, for a gift without love is worthless.

Nothing in the history of the world has done more to lift the whole race to a higher plane of civilization than the spirit of Christmas. But you must do something for humanity if you expect spiritual splendors surpassing your dreams to burst upon your sky. The angels are not waiting to weave your prayers into crowns unless you are deserving of a crown.

Find some time to brighten the lives of those who would otherwise feel that in all this world there is not one joy for them. If we do this, we will be able to recall once more that childhood thrill which will go a long way in making this the happiest Christmas of our lives.

WHERE WE GO IN THE ELEVATOR.

This issue takes you into the realms of Childhood Fancy, where the Flowers of Imagination and Anticipation grow. It takes you where you can never go save by the permission of him who favors us each issue with a “Concerning.” It takes you to sunny Italy, where you can stand under the blue skies that bend their sapphire arches above the far-famed and sea-girt bay of Naples. It takes you to view the ruins of Rome. It takes you through all the various workings of our own school—giving you some idea of the personal good spirit that exists among the students.

NOT YOU, BUT YOUR FRIEND.

You who believe The Elevator is a good paper, tell your friend about it. We want your friend to subscribe. And we promise you now that the next issue will take you right into the rural community, where educational history is being made, and show you some rural work that is being done which should enlist your sympathy and aid.
THE ELEVATOR.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 817,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm. The shortest and middle chapter, the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the eighth of the 118th Psalm. The longest name is in the eighth chapter of Isaiah. The word “and” occurs 46,627 times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the Second Book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the eighth chapter of Esther; and the shortest verse is the 35th of the eleventh chapter of John. In the 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The name of God is not mentioned in the Book of Esther. The model prayer is the seventeenth chapter of John. The thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians is the most practical. It contains knowledge, holiness, wisdom and love.

THE TREE OF LIFE AND KNOWLEDGE.

—Clipping.

Class Notes

It is one of those ministers of good, this spirit of the institution. From the opening week you are under its spell. Nor can all the evil spirits and ominous incantations of that potent eve—Hallowe’en—break your beneficent bondage. Rather is it pleasantly counted as a cause for thanksgiving. And when the glad Christmas-tide comes, out of the fullness of your heart you realize what a factor it is in your life and your relation to the heart-beats of humanity.

Just so is its child, class loyalty. This manifest sympathetic interest in your class-mates is a veritable Yule-log to your life in the cheery warmth and glow it imparts. When your school days are past and the embers on the class hearthstone have died out, phoenix-like you will rise from its ashes to higher and better things in life.

The Kit-Kat Klub.

The Kit-Kat Klub is a society of newcomers, travelers in a strange land who are benumbed at first by the strangeness of their new environment. After a brief sojourn, however, their verdure assumes a less vivid tint, due, chiefly to the ministering care of that peerless leader, Miss Reid. Under her inspiration, leaders are raised in both boys
and girls. After enjoying unique and interesting programs, as their recent discussions of women's colleges and prominent normal schools, every member of the class is thoroughly imbued with loyalty to the clan of Kit-Kat.

The Junior Society.

The Juniors—oh, the pride they take in that name and their emblems of black and gold—have found in Mr. Craig a worthy leader. (And in their opinion that is, indeed, a high tribute.) In Mr. Guerin they have a Demosthenes who would rival that ancient orator. Mr. Vinson and Mr. Magnes have perfected the eulogy to a degree that ancient orator. Mr. Vinson and Mr. Mag-ness have perfected the eulogy to a degree that ancient orator. Mr. Vinson and Mr. Magnes have perfected the eulogy to a degree that ancient orator.

The Senior Society.

The Seniors, as befits such a royal company, have at their head both a king and a premier. A company of Solons, the Witan of the school, so they think, they have produced a constitution and group of laws which attest their legal proficiency. In securing its passage they proved their mental capacity by the mastery of the labyrinthine mazes of Parliamentary Law. Among them a Herodotus has written "A History of the World," which for its brevity and freshness is unrivaled. Under the lead of the prince of premiers, Mr. Green, the Senior Class of 1914 is holding aloft their banner of green and gold.

Chestnut Hunt Day

(BUT NOT THE CHESTNUT HUNT.)

When it comes to downright contrariness, the Missouri mule doesn't flaunt the palm of victory at all. That trophy goes to these men who do nothing but lie awake o' nights planning some new-fangled weather stunt to pull off on the people and then get up next morning and stock out a little flag to tell them a few hours in advance what they have decided upon. It keeps the whole Red Cross delegation busy in times of peace polishing Uncle Sam's conscience because he uses the people's money for setting this gang of weather-men up over them to call up a rain when everybody wants sunshine, and hail-storms, thunder and lightning every time there's going to be a big gathering anywhere. I believe there is a weather trust. The Senate ought to investigate the matter, and if they find one, "bust" it.

Not many people are courageous enough to defy these weather-men, but when it comes to a little matter like courage, Normal students can give the Old Guard lessons any day. The weather-makers have to call all the elements into play before they can daunt a Normalite.

On Friday, November 7, the weather-men found out that we were going to have the annual Chestnut Hunt, and they got busy immediately. They made out very nice weather for all the other states; then they took all the "leavin's" of rain, hail, wind, sunshine, clouds, heat and cold lying around handy, scrambled them together, handed them out to Kentucky and said, "Here, take this, and if you grumble we'll give you some climate next time."

Nevertheless, half an hour before starting time a large crowd was gathering at the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut. The drivers, when they saw how it was raining, promptly cancelled their engagements, and Miss Reid, who was the transportation committee, had to do some downright flirting over the 'phone to persuade them to come on. Four rain-proof wagonettes were finally loaded up and started, then more coquetting over the 'phone and another wagonette and an auto-truck appeared. By this time it had ceased raining and gone to pouring. Miss Reid happened to notice phenomena and said, "As the weather is cutting up like thunder (or words to that effect), let us go to Lost River." The suggestion was unanimously accepted and the last chestnut chaser was off.

NOTE.—On account of the fact that the characters have
become separated, it becomes necessary (following the precedent established by Mary J. Holmes and Bertha M. Clay) to divide this novel—for it is a novel—into chapters. This is a very modern novel. It won't be like any you have ever read. It has over a hundred heroes and as many heroines. When there is such a multitude of them, we modern novelists bunch them together into a kind of job-lot-assorted-sizes herd and deal with them in groups. There are no villains at all in this novel. They all stayed at home and wrote themes. It's interesting, though, anyway.

CHAPTER I.

"Not far advanced was morning's day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
To surrey's Camp to ride."

Group No. 1 arrived at Lost River cavern, built a fire and played games, Miss Ragland, Miss Van Houten and Mrs. Alexander starring.

CHAPTER II.

"Slowly in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight."

Group No. 2 arrived at President Cherry's old homestead, were invited into the house by Mrs. Bailey Cherry, and here they sat before the old-fashioned fire-place and talked and popped corn.

CHAPTER III.

"Civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Group No. 1 made coffee on the fire and ate dinner. Everything good under the sun.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

Group No. 2 ate dinner in the barn loft with Miss Dulaney as toast-mistress. For Miss Scott's benefit it is added that the ration was balanced.

CHAPTER V.

"There's no place like home."

In the early afternoon Group No. 1 and Group No. 2 start reluctantly homeward. Before night they were all reunited in Bowling Green, where they lived happily ever afterward. The weather-men reformed and sent sunshine for the Greater Warren County Convention.

FINIS.

P. S.—I hope you like modern novels. If you don't, I won't write any more. This is a realistic novel and is wholly free from "fine writing." For instance, in Chapter I I did not say "Group No. 1 perambulated down the vine-clad hill to the cavernous cave wherein Missing River vanishes," but simply, "Group No. 1 arrived at Lost River." "They got there" would have been better still. You will note that the weather-men are not introduced into the novel proper until the last chapter. I brought them in there to take the place of the villains. This novel would have been so exciting with the villain in it, but I'm a realistic writer, and if the villains didn't go on the chestnut hunt, I couldn't put them in.

P. S. No. 2.—There was a group who had engaged transportation via the hay-wagon line, and couldn't go on account of the rain. They scattered out in groups and went to the Normal and to their boarding-houses and ate their dinners. I couldn't get them into the novel.
A prophecy pointed to a successful career when the Normal boys began their work in Athletic Park. That afternoon a snowy cloud tipped with gold hung over the Park till the sun disappeared, then the stars seemed to wander from their orbits to meet in consultation. The astronomers shook their wise heads and could make nothing of it, but Mr. Manchester, who was watching for a sign, understood. The team knew nothing of the prophecy, but it practiced and developed with the enthusiasm that has made the Normals famous. After an interval the coach decided that the time had come, that all was well, so he and the team journeyed to Elizabethtown in fulfillment of the sign. In the first half of the game against the Elizabethtown boys neither side won a point, but in the last half the Normal spirit was aroused and our boys scored twenty points. The opposing team was humbled, for it had conquered a number of teams—Bardstown twenty-eight to nothing. We had confidence in the team, for it had the energy, determination and enthusiasm that are necessary for success. The boys have now laid their football suits aside for a time, but they will don them again next year to accomplish numerous and great victories.

The basketball season is on. The girls and boys—Seniors, Juniors, Kit-Kats and Non-Societies—are enthused. There is something in the atmosphere that reveals the excitement. Each society has a full team of persevering players who are entering the games with zeal and earnestness. Each team intends to get all the benefits that come from practice, and each has made a solemn pledge to carry off the honors in the match games. The wisdom of the Seniors, the determination of the Juniors, the enthusiasm of the Kit-Kats, and the quickness of the Non-Societies, must meet, and who can guess the result? Each team is loyal to its coach, director, captain and other members of the team; and each is strongly backed by its society. The players are gaining more than the exercise—there is a discipline learned and a concentration acquired, the class spirit is aroused, and a keener interest is taken in all the work.

Greater Warren County Convention

November the 12th was a day so beautiful and life-stirring that those pressing toward Normal Heights must have felt that it was prophetic of bright and encouraging results for the movement upholding the great principles of helpfulness and uplift, the cause that was urging them to the Greater Warren County Convention. In itself the meeting was indeed a great success: the crowd was much larger than was even hoped for, the day was perfect, the dinner a success and the helpful, inspiring speeches and enthusiastic spirit all that could have been desired. While we are sure that no one came within the walls of Vanmeter Hall without
feeling the stir of worthy emotions and without the birth of newer and larger ideas on the work for the sake of humanity—and especially the betterment in every noble way of Warren County.

Everything helped to make up that atmosphere which is inspiring and lasting in its impression. Each motto there placed, gave in a clear, definite way food for much reflection—a sentence that awoke in minds and hearts noble desires and manly resolutions. The speakers of the day were thoroughly filled with the spirit of the occasion, and aided the vast audience to see the vision, and not only see, but plan the realization of that Greater Warren County and eventually that Greater Kentucky which is to be.

Surely, if nothing greater and broaded, the ones who were present felt the desire to see their own homes better, higher in thought, richer in the things that are really worth while. They felt the need for land to grow better corn, better products of all kinds, the need of more healthful conditions in places they had seen, and greatest of all, the desire to have a share in making things better. If this be true, who can estimate the value of such gatherings, for the surest way to better the future conditions is to touch the individual and especially the growing, the fresh-minded boys and girls that have every prospect and hope of becoming agressive citizens.

Even those who could not get the benefit of the speakers' thoughts looked on the contrasted pictures of homes and farms as they exist in the improved and unimproved community, thus gaining an idea that may do much to hasten the realization of the dream of the two men who have been the guiding factors of this movement, President Cherry and Mr. John B. McFerran. We truly believe that many lives responding to this uplifting, brotherly influence, will reach out and awake others, and others, and others, until this great movement starting in the communities of Warren County shall have moved all citizens to lives of thought and service for a thrice greater State and nation.

These men with the interest of the county and State at heart, with deep sympathy and consideration for all humanity, with abiding faith in the brotherhood of man, and the highest resolves of perfect patriotism, have in their minds the image of community, city and state as they will be when every citizen gives the greatest service, the most earnest use of mind, heart and strength of which he or she is capable. Not being persons who can see a great opportunity to direct struggling humanity in the way which leads to higher achievements and ideals without being that guiding spirit, they have sought to touch the individual and fire each soul with the all-encompassing desire to raise the state to the highest moral and intellectual plane, by improving the immediate surroundings. Out of this grow, more intelligent use of natural resources, better roads, more progressive schools, happier homes and purer hearts.

By the Farmers' Chautauquas in the communities of Warren County this individual work was begun; in this county convention it was shown that the waves of purposeful, working, high resolve had spread throughout the county, and the influence already moving outward until, as standing on the bank of some lake we see the ripples widening and increasing until they reach the furthermost part of the opposite shore, we know that this spirit of progressive, uplifting service will have an influence on the State and nation wonderful in its magnitude.
The time of my birth, the place, my lineage and all other things usually told by us pompous ones, who, in order to satisfy our own desire to talk of self and hoping to influence young minds to become great, I have not space and time to tell.

The truth of the business is, I never asked about such things, and, my beloved parents not wishing to tax my brain, told me nothing.

As a child-rat I was always and ever hungry; there was not a minute in the day when I was not stuffed to the uttermost, a thing I have since learned will be responsible for shortening my life. In order to pacify the only darling of the household, my father and mother smelling a tempting smell of cheese ventured to get it for me. Alas and alack! I cried myself to sleep; for two hours I did not taste food, and, finally, in utter desperation, dared to brave the perils of a household.

Trembling and quailing with all the fear of one who has no self-reliance, I, after ages it seemed, got to the door. Dumb with grief and blind with tears, I did not hear or see the approach of two mighty feet, a checkered apron, and a broom.

If you ever want anything to restore your equilibrium, just let one of those cooks from the “ould sod” hit at you and use some Irish dialect. This was the shock that restored my mind, and for the first time in my life I ran and ran. When I could run no more, and arriving at the conclusion she must have stopped a long time ago for want of breath, I lay down.

To sleep? No. To dream? Perhaps. To think? Yes. A dull monotony enveloped me, but if I were ever to think I must do it now. Pitfalls loomed up before me, the hot sands of the desert seemed to scorch my very flesh, all the things the innocent and unworldly fall heir to, stood out in bold relief. To one who had never thought of thinking, to get by these things was impossible. Sleep, the balm of all cares, for the time solved all perplexities.

On awakening and feeling very keenly the want of food, and the hazards of a few hours before but misty dreams, I started once more to brave the terrors of mankind. After a short while I came to a place from which the volatile oils of vegetables, with all their repugnance, came boldly. Having been brought up in a more delightful atmosphere, I immediately began a retreat.

Hours, it seemed, I traveled. A faint gleam trickling across the road spurred me on. The home from which so kindly a light had shone was a haven of noise and poorly cooked foods. How much bravery it took to swallow the morsel I dared eat, no one will ever know, and right then and there I made up my now mature mind to seek better rations as soon as possible.

Crawling into a hole I thought unoccupied, I walked headlong into the apartments of another of my race. Quite a congenial companion she was, and, in the presence of so fair a dame and wanting with all my soul something to feast on, talked with her until very, very late. Thoughts of a
happy home flitted across my mind, but the high cost of living acted as a check-rein to the question that was burning my heart to ashes.

What luck we rats have! From this day on I am a fatalist. After several hours of wandering in a very noisy place, though indeed quite musical, I walked into a most delightful room—a kitchen. So different is it from the usual kitchen, I at first thought it must be a foreign abode—for I had heard many wonderful tales of places across the sea.

On reflection and investigation, I found it to be a domestic science apartment—the home for a couple of hours each day of all who wish to become cooks. After three years, I am still there, and though my experiences have not all been pleasant ones, I have learned much. My dull bachelor mind has grasped many things, which had I known sooner, would no doubt have changed the solitude of my last days to a joy forever. But now I can only tell the things I have found out, hoping and praying that the rest of my sex will heed, and thus save themselves from the torture of single blessedness.

The sight of so fair and cruel a creature as the teacher fills me with dread, and yet I cannot live without her. The horrors of impending war she has caused me to realize with much forcefulness, and, with a great voice I scream for International Peace. Once I walked into a cage she had bated. Click! The door of my prison closed; but—not to fasten. The thorough scalding she had given the cage expanded the bars, and the door, being of material of not as great expansion, did not catch. How I blessed her for being so careful! However, my faith in womankind died that night, and since then I only see things from under the corner of the ice-box.

No doubt you will say so narrow a view is not able to convince one of the ability of the cooks in embryo, but a restricted view is more than most people get.

Laboriously do those girls work. The physical torture of Job fades into a dim background, when you once witness the torture of beginners. The fear of gas stoves exploding, the many and varied utensils, the proper mixing of materials would daunt a heart less courageous than theirs, but for the sake of our stomachs they endure it all.

Right here let me say, domestic science is not only cooking. What erroneous ideas we do have! Arithmetic with all its complexities, chemistry, physics, physiology, and biology must be used. Who of us would work out the calories in a beefsteak, would find the sum in a muffin, and lastly, work for days trying to get the total in a luncheon? Such a luncheon as it was! Servings for twelve and flowers galore, all for a dollar and fifty-four cents. Who of us appreciate this? I learned all this too late. Had I known the high cost of living matters not to such as those, the heartaches and longings of a lonesome man would have ended on the night I spent in a dark and dreary hole years ago.

My strength is spent. Of late I have found nothing to eat, so completely are all crumbs and left-overs used to prepare something else. But with my last breaths, let me bless the one who makes possible all I have told and who furnishes to those with whom she comes in contact a model by example, and bless the girls, who by proper feeding, have prolonged my life several years. Lastly, let me intreat all my sex, if they would wed and live happy ever after, to look for a scientific cook.

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Passing the Cayenne

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Mr. Yarbrough (thinking of the Botany class not meeting on Friday) : "I am not going to stay in class this time tomorrow, if it's this pretty."

Miss Effie Duke: "Oh, you are going to skip class?"

Mr. Yarbrough: "To-morrow's Friday."

Effie: "How bright you are!"

Mr. Yarbrough: "Yes, bright enough to know when Friday comes."

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The Hardship of Living with a Suffragette.

Miss Hocker refuses to let her room-mate use the Ency-
clopedia Americana because she has discovered that under “Eve” it merely says, “See Adam.”

Miss Orr: “I know the tango and the turkey-trot, but what’s the St. Vitus?”
Miss Pruden: “It’s the one you do with a trained nurse.”

Mr. Sweeney: “I am glad that we have currant roll today for a change.”
Mr. Brown: “Look here, chap, do you mean to insinuate that we have been having back numbers?”

Mr. White (pointing to the card file in the library): “Why is that called a file?”
Miss Ragland: “Because when you use it you are made sharper.”

It is awful hard to break a habit. Only yesterday Chester Shaw was seen at the toy shop, crying for a tin horn.

If you can’t trust Fitzugh, upon whom can Eu-bank?

Has Miss Van Houten caught you with her new joke? Listen and I’ll slip it to you and make you wise:
Miss V. H.: “Do you know how to make a Maltese cross?”
(—) “No.”
Miss V. H.: “Just pull his tail.”

Mr. Clagett (trying to explain an allusion in English): “Do you know much about golf, Miss McCluskey?”
Miss McCluskey: “No, I wouldn’t even know how to hold the caddie properly.”

Miss Mimms (on seeing Reynold’s “Angel Heads”: “Oh, how beautiful! Aren’t their expressions touching, they give such an impression of holiness and sublimity. What is the name, do you know?”
Prof. Turner: “‘A Bunch of Kids,’ I think.”

Bess Combest: “Do you think Catherine has much musical talent?”
Prof. Strahn: “Well, she has’ two hands.”
Elise Dulaney: “I can’t make anything out of Mr. Guerin.”
Edith Duke: “Oh, I can; he has a lot in him when you know him.”
Elise: “Has he? Well, I’m sure it’s a vacant lot.”

Miss Pace: “Isn’t it sad to see all the leaves falling from the once beautiful trees and leaving them to rear their bare, unsightly branches to the sky?”
Mr. Mitchell: “It sure is bad; every one of the ‘blame’ things will have to be raked up and burnt by some poor ‘guy.’”

But He Was Allowed to Stay.

Traveling through a rough country during the holidays, Mr. Lutz was forced to ask to be allowed to remain for the night at a farm-house. Not ever lacking in explanations, he said to the lady: “I have come here for an especial purpose to-night, as everywhere through this country I have heard the most glowing tributes paid to your coffee. And as I am very fond of coffee, I could not rest until I had had an opportunity to taste some of yours, knowing it must be very excellent.”

The lady, with a peculiar stare, asked, “Why, who told you?”
“Why, it’s the common talk of the country. Everyone seems to know of it,” replied Mr. Lutz.
“Well,” said the woman, “I naturally wanted to know, as there has not been a drop of coffee here for fifteen years.”

If ever anything goes wrong with THE ELEVATOR, it will be due to the operator trying to run it through the roof, having the speed and force required for buildings of great altitude.
Appropriate Quotations.

(After Mr. Vincent, quoting at length a serious selection from Shakespeare.)

Miss Williams: "The devil can quote scripture for his purpose.'"

Miss Shultz (reading a familiar "saying" from a book): "Didn't Benjamin Franklin say that?"

J. C. Davis: "Oh, I don't know. I can't remember all these things the Presidents say."

In all this world of love and life,
There's always trouble brewing,
With note-book work and other things,
And nothing ever doing.

The time will come, the Christmas-time,
When every thought is roaming;
Away with books, I'll do no work,
For homeward I am going.

With cakes and pies and sausage, too,
And other things delicious,
I'll make a hit, and hit right hard;
I'll show that I'm ambitious.

For one long year I've waited thus,
To greet this glad vacation;
And now it's come, I'll raise a muss,
Or stir the whole creation.

YOU DON'T KNOW

Sometimes, just what would be an appropriate gift for HER or HIM.

In selecting gifts there is nothing more important than that the gifts be appropriate.

There is no more effective way of displaying good or poor taste than in the selection of gifts.

You are judged by the gifts you send.

YOUNG MAN

you can give HER nothing

more appropriate than a nice box of HUYLER'S CHOCOLATES. We will have a large assortment, FRESH, for the holidays, and if you send HUYLER'S, you will get credit for knowing good candy.

We have a large assortment of Toilet Waters, Perfumes, Toilet Atomizers, Combination Boxes, Manicure Sets, etc.

YOUNG LADY

you can give HIM nothing

more appropriate than a Box of Cigars—we have the largest assortment in the city—or a Pipe. We have them—Briar, Merschaum, Bakelite or Amber.

A PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN

would make a very appropriate gift for HIM. We have the new Self-Filler in various styles, sizes and prices.

Make Our Store Headquarters While Doing Your Holiday Shopping

CALLIS BROS.

TENTH AND STATE STREETS