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BOWLING GREEN, KY.

THE ELEVATOR

"Going Up?"

DECEMBER, 1909

PUBLISHED BY THE
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BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP!

BOWLING GREEN, KY. DECEMBER, 1909

Vol. I No. 2

THE RELATION THAT SHOULD EXIST BETWEEN THE STATE NORMAL AND CITY SCHOOLS.

In reviewing the relation that should exist between the State Normal and City Schools, we are discussing institutions which should be very closely related. The State Normal has its existence because of the public schools; while the public schools could hardly expect to be a success, if indeed, they survived, were it not for Normal Schools or institutions which would do the work of the Normal.

The Normal School should be the fountain-head of the public school system of the State. Some may challenge this statement, and say the State University should have first place. Pre-eminently the business of the University is to make scholars, while that of the Normal School is to make teachers. And as teachers, make the schools. I take the position that the Normal School should be the heart of the public school system.

The current belief has been, and to some extent still prevails, that the teaching profession differs from other professions, in being more readily acquired and easier to put into practice. I cannot conceive of a more mistaken idea. Teaching is a Fine Art, and so weighty a charge should never be intrusted to amateurs. Will the master mechanic permit the unskilled hands of the High School graduate to use his delicate instruments? Does the man, who has a case before the law, go to the High School, or even the College graduate for his advice upon the statutes of the state, or get him to plead his case before the jury? If these things are of so great importance as to be entrusted only in the hands of the trained and skillful, how much more should the training and how much greater the skill of the hands that are to handle a human soul, enshrined in such a delicate mechanism as the body of a little child?

The time is not distant, if it has not already come, when the young teacher who wish to teach in the city must be a trained teacher. High School graduates are no longer thought to be any better prepared to teach than to take up one of the other professions. City Superintendents and school boards are demanding of those who knock at the door of the city school, something more than scholarship, and I do not believe it would be amiss to say, something better than scholarship—the impartation of it. Every teacher should be a fair scholar, but this is not the main thing. What makes the teacher, is the passion to make scholars and many times the great scholar has no such passion whatever. However great the, emphasis we place upon scholarship, we must admit that freedom, ease, confidence, power in presentation and skill in questioning are the elements of teaching, which should hold first place in professional training.

Let us consider briefly where this training can best be procured. Will it be in the college or university, pursuing a classic or scientific course? Or, on the other hand, would it be better to attend a Normal School, where along with your classic and scientific work, you are trained how to direct the thoughts of the child? The college and university have their field, and in it they cannot be surpassed, but they are no better prepared to make teachers than preachers or doctors. The city needs is more better trained teachers. Teachers trained in Normal School (for Normal Schools are the only places the teachers can get the necessary professional training) under men and women who have spent their lives in the study of education and its problems.

In discussing this subject, one of the most prominent city superintendents in the State, said that the Normal Schools must feed the demand for teachers of the city schools. He also said that the best teachers would naturally drift into the cities because of better salaries, longer terms and its finer opportunities for growth and culture. If the Normal School is eventually to supply the city schools with teachers, then the relation is, as I see it, as the relation between the teacher and pupil, with the Normal as the instructor and the teacher as the learner.

With the Normal School as the instructor of the city teacher it should have upon its faculty men and women who have had experience in city schools; it must have its annual training school and its department of Domestic Science; it should take up such...
problems as the delinquent, the truant, the street gamin, the child from the slums and many other problems of this nature, all of which the city teacher will have to face, sooner or later; and last but not least, the Normal should have a training school, beginning at the first grade and continuing through the twelfth, where the teachers of the city schools go to give them a chance to observe the model teaching that they may be inspired with new hope and fired with great ambition.

The training school should be one of the principal features of the Normal School, for it is here that the teacher gets her practical training in school room management. The subject matter and the details of school management are brought out and discussed by wise critics and expert teachers here, as in no other place. This is a training every teacher should have; though many students who are preparing to teach, lead themselves to think it is not worth while. As a student in the Normal, I believed that all that was necessary for a teacher was a clear understanding of the subject matter to be taught. But after more than a year's experience, I believe that every teacher should be trained as a student. If I knew how to take my classes, I would be able to do better. A student is taught, a teacher is trained; and perhaps the subject of training is the most important part of the educational work, and the one most neglected. For the student can be trained in the Normal, but the teacher cannot be trained in the city schools. Teachers are more adapted to meet these needs than other institutions, foreign to our state.

Herman Lee Donovan.

Paducah, Ky.

SOME VERY LION STORIES, BY THEO. DORE ROOSEVELT.

(Translated from the Original Lionese by Dr. A. J. Kinnaman.)

Several months ago I got tired of running the United States. I had been doing so for almost eight years and could have continued indefinitely, but a surfeit of power grew monotonous. As my subjects had become a set of mollywaddies, I decided to lead them out to Bill Taft and come once more where something was doing. I wanted to hunt lions. I am a Lion of Lions myself, and ordinary unlightened African lions are no legitimate prey.

My first adventure occurred two days after my arrival; we were going by rail through the Things-a-majig country, when suddenly the train stopped. I had not given orders for anything of the kind, and was naturally very much incensed. Upon going forward I found that a drove of leopards were standing on the track, and the cowardly engineer had been afraid. I stepped back into the coach and seizing a small mouflon threw it into the midst of the leopards, where upon they fled precipitately; after which the engineer pulled the train to the end of the division.

After leaving the railroad, we began our journey through thick and jagged jungles, seeking many lions and tigers as we went. Of course, the major portion of the slaughter belongs to my credit. One night as we lay asleep a monarch of the forest came to the train, ready to pounce. With one spray from my Bokey, my faithful servant, the lion evidently placed just about the same appraise-ment upon Wooky Bocky as food as the average Southern Democrat places upon Booker T. Washington. As it pushed him roughly aside and unwaried as to my identity, came right on into the camp. Being aroused by the noise, I turned on the light. But when the thing beheld who it was, it became all a tremble and with true democratic instinct would faint have sunk away, but gnawing my boxing gloves, I gave pursuit and put the lion out of commission with a stiff upper-cut to the jaw, then carried him into camp on my shoulders.

The next day a very singular incident occurred which, had it not been for my magnificent presence of mind, could only have taken a different termination. While walikg under a coconoo tree, I was struck on the head by a falling nut and knocked senseless. While I lay there unconscious a huge rhinoceros, attracted by my smell, came out in open plain where I was lying down, and diced a portion of my body beginning at my feet. When I came to my senses I was horrified to find that only my head, arms and shoulders protruded from the creature's mouth, and that he was rapidly gorging them down. My long and successful experience in disposing of nature fakirs and undesirable citizens came to my aid, and with exceedingly great effort and some larger portion of my body beginning at my feet, I got myself out of the mouth of the unseemly monster's forehead and, using it after the fashion of a paragon, plunged it into the lion's heart. When I reached it, I crawled out and rejoined the rest of the party.

The sunsets we behold in this section of Africa are spectacles of gorgeous beauty. The sun sinks beyond the western horizon into a sea of golden glory, from which long after it has almost died from sight. As the dying minutes pass, the flood of color in the west wanes and softly shades into sapphire and opalescent gray. Down in the forest the eight birds chirrup and twitter, and ever and again heard are the bellowings of the panther. The shadows which come up out of the calm deepen and darken and the melancholy air bodes of mysteries and hidden things. The last faint glow that marks the path of the descending sun dies dimly away, and in that kingdom which is not for mortal eyes the Night Queen sits on her throne. (When it comes to writing, that's going some. Any body that can write like that doesn't need to take any more Rhetoric.)

I had occasion to save the life of one of my bodyguards in a very extraordinary manner the other day; I had gone to Gambol while out on an exercise jaunt and was sitting on a large rag of stone wondering if Bill Taft had enough sense to adopt and exploit Bill Bryan's theories as his own like I used to do. The canvas was in plain view about two miles away, located in a sort of grove which centered a large prairie. One of my servants had ridden about a mile out to the grove to gather some fruit for dinner. Suddenly I perceived a great cata

mount to spring up from the grass and make for the native, who, dropping his nectarines, fled like the wind. The catamount evidently was living black and with human-like intelligence, attempted a wonderful feat; it sprang on the servant's horse which browsed nearby and clutching the bridle in its mouth, spurred the horse on and jumped it over with its long claws. Seeing that my servant was about to be overtaken, I hastily adjusted the sights on my rifle and aiming at the catamount's left eye, fired. The blow struck the animal just at the inch from the eye and accomplished instant death. I have hesitated to mention this event by virtue of missing the eye but, as the distance was found to be 12,000 feet, I think that the shot was fairly good for me.

A PROPHETIC.

(Originality is a delightful quality in anything and this 'Prophesy' by Miss Myrtle Duncan, certainly hath that virtue. The usual run of prophets is foreseeing evil and saying respective class ultimately raised unto the seventh heaven of matrimony—and nothing more. Note the difference.—Ed.)

Thus saith the Dean to the Life Class, "Go get thee final and put therein thy head, and not into thy mouth. So they got thee final and according to the word of the Dean and put them into other heads. And the word of the Dean came unto them the second time saying, 'Take the final which thou hast got which are in thy
heads and arise, go to the chapel and deliver them before the multitude.

So they went and delivered their final as the Dean had commanded. Among them, there be those who forget. "This is thy lot, the portion of thy measure from me," said the Dean, "because thou hast forgot, I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, neither grant thee a Life Certificate. So they departed into secret places weeping for their pride, and their eyes did wax sore, and run down with tears because the Dean had thus spoken.

And there be those among them who forget not, and unto them the Dean said, "Hear ye, and give ear, be not proud for the Dean hath spoken through you; give glory to the Dean, your leader."

"Behold the days come when I shall raise unto the Life Class a President," saith the Dean. "A certain Turner, Chesterfield, by name, who shall reign and prosper and execute judgment and justice unto the class. And out of your number you shall choose a Secretary, young and beautiful to behold, yes, and very amiably, and unto her you shall give the power to stand before the assembled class and read to them the program."

"Behold," saith the class, "we are against them that make the programs. The time shall come when we shall feed them with wormwood and make them to drink the water of gall."

Thus saith the faculty to this anointed class, "We have guided thy feet in a pedagogical path. We have gone before you and made the crooked places straight; we have given to thee the treasures of Method according to Sandison and Thompkins. Now, therefore, go ye to thy several schools, teaching the children of Kentucky; go and hesitate not knowing that ye shall give an account of thy stewardship."

And it came to pass as it was thus spoken.

(1)

REVISED VERSION.

1. The pony is my helper. I shall not flunk.

2. It maketh me to have good translations, and leadeth me to much glory.

3. It raiseth my standing; it leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.

4. Yea, tho' I plod thru the fourth book of Virgil, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy words and phrases they comfort me.

5. Thou preparst my lessons for me, in spite of my teachers, thou crammest my head with fame. My standings are high.

6. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life, and the pony shall dwell in my house forever.

(1)

TESTIMONIALS.

No movement within the last 137 centuries has found as immediate and hearty response from the people as has the Elevator—just read.


Sirs,—Enclosed, find ten million dollars in payment of one year's subscription to the Elevator.

It's worth it. Of course, you will pursue a neutral course with reference to my oil factory.

Yours,

John D. Rockefeller.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1, '09.

Dear Countrymen:—

I send herewith my personal check for five hundred thousand with which to buy yourselves gold medals for heroism. Be sure and mention incidentally that I'm willing to run for the presidency again, in case my party demands it.

Lovingly,

William J. Bryan.

Constantinople, Nov. '09.

Brethren:—

Ship me at once all the Elevators you have on hand for use in my immediate household. I propose to distribute them among my wives thereby eliminating much conjugal strife. To all married men, especially to those of numerical tendencies—Your paper is a great boon.

Thankfully,

Abdul Hamid, Sultan.

La Center, Ky., Nov. 1, '09.

Dear Boys (and girls):—

Should you ever have an extra copy, send it to me. I want to offer it as a premium to the pupil who ranks first in department, attendance and study. Nothing else is good enough.

Fraternally,

C. M. Sammons.
creatures below; and the stars peeped through the branches of the trees just casting aside their autumn robes.

Sheeted apparitions silently went on their way until at the sign of the pumpkin they were hidden to the last bit of the home of Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman.

"Suddenly there came a tapping.

As of some one gently rapping."

The doors were opened and ghostly figures glided in by two's and by three's, having assumed the forms of witches and wizards, but destined to answer when the Life Certificates are presented in August 1910, as:


Great delight was afforded as each ghostly figure went slowly forward to salute the other members of the group.

No word was there spoken, for the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token; long they waited, wondering, fearing lest by bad luck they should not choose or be chosen, and in this they were engaging in guessing, but no syllable were they told to choose for better or worse.

When the laddies had chosen the lasses as partners for the evening, they were obliged to stand in the corner, remove their disguises and reveal their identity.

Long before Hallowe'en, Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman had let it be understood that Hallowe'en was the greatest event of the year, so the students desired of the guests that balm and sunshine of the emergency and the tradition and the class of the Hallowe'en. But the Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman, after the most delightful evening, followed fast, and followed faster to the realm of mysteries, never more to meet again, at the wish of ye pumpkin, yet, each knew that by other ghostly figures, having the same aim, this scene would be acted over in each successive year, yet unborn and in accents yet unspoken.

--THE ELEVATOR--

GIVING UP? YES! Well, take THE ELEVATOR.

THE LIBRARY.

Of course, our librarians are the best ever. We made that statement last month, and we believe it still more as the term passes. It is really a pleasure to ask aid of either Miss Magland or Miss Jarboe, and the library has attained such proportions as to justify the student in believing that aid may be secured him in any literary line that may be desired. We append an additional list of publications received in the library.


HALLOWE'EN ENTertainMENTS.

THE LIFE CLASS.

On Friday afternoon, October 22, 1909, the Life Certificate Class met to render its weekly program. Dean A. J. Kinnaman, his face illuminated with a smile, arose and began to thrum the class in his pocket. The class awaited with expectant eagerness, for the smile of the Dean is always full of hope and promise. Presently the Dean drew from his capacious pocket a large bundle of letters, addressed in a nervous hand to each of the forty members of the Life Class. The contents of these letters were as follows:

"All ye young men and maidens of the Life Certificate Class.

Attired in ye most deceptively waye are brought to joyn in ye weird sportes of ye witches. And in ye dreme tellynage and magik, mette on ye hour of seven-thirty Saturday evening, October 30th, in ye year of 1909.

At ye synee of ye pumpkin.

On that night the moon shone bright and clear, sending the gladness of heaven to all dish. It is hard to say which method caused the greatest consternation.

After each one had been made fully aware of his future, by way of beguiling their sad sisters to amuse delightful refreshments were served by Mrs. Kinnaman, Miss Belle Caffee, Dean Kinnaman and son, Howard.

Having partaken liberally of elder, doughnut, poppyseed and chestnuts, they were now in the best condition conducive to dreams. That indeed was a pleasant feature of the evening, all were interested, but the occasion caused Miss Mamie Thomas to dream thus:

"I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers, and as fast as I dreamed it went into numbers.

On the night of Oct. 30, at 7:50 sharp, you are to wander alone in the dark. If witches and wizards thy pathway disturbe, Take wings and assume the shape of a bird.

Fly softly and gently and do not sing.

Until you come to a group of fairy queens, Junee, Jenny, and Jessie of Park, the head of Tenth Street.

At the sign of the pumpkin ye are invited to meet.

There will be witches and wizards from the four corners of the earth, each filled with an abundance of joy and mirth.

Then slowly and steadily enter the gate, Take hold of the hands of the other, and straight;

Revelations great and grand Will be told, while ye around the wall are invited to stand.

Blood-curdling stories filled with horror and phantoms Will be told by the witches and wizards that night.

Then becoming so disturbed I could slumber no longer.

I awoke thankful that I was of that number." Soft music was rendered by Miss Beldon, which so moved the Dean that he placed a table in the center of the room and by some unknown magic wrought wonders too starting to relate.

As each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor, the witches and wizards, after extinguishing thanks to Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman for the most delightful evening, followed fast, and followed faster to the realm of mysteries, never more to meet again, at the wish of ye pumpkin, yet, each knew that by other ghostly figures, having the same aim, this scene would be acted over in each successive year, yet unborn and in accents yet unspoken.

--THE ELEVATOR--

Each witch and wizard, having felt the pure atmosphere of a true and beautiful homelife, received a ray of the leaden lamp to go to the unoccupied debtors' purposes in life from the reflections of the two torches fast burning to a close.

--Mr. Campbell and Miss Riley gave some very interesting readings.

It was late when Prof. Leiper and Miss Reid, being tired out, desiring their heads nother, gently reminded us that it was time to go—and we did so, realizing that we had had one of the best times of our life.

--Notice Madison.
THE ELEVATOR.

WITH THE PIERRIANS.

This society is now enjoying a prosperous and healthy life. It seems to have been inoculated with the virus 'vim, vigor and vitality.' A keen interest in the society's welfare, and a joyous enthusiasm, are common characteristics of the Pyririan Tribe. On Friday afternoons when the regular work and cares of the week have been dispensed with, and the Population and Minibus congregate to commune, with messages of good cheer, and when the assembly hangs breathless on the words of an embryonic Demos-thene, and when the party clashes with the other in parliamentary combat, upon the floor and the minority, by some strategic maneuver and still consistent with the "rules of war," precipitates confusion among the cohorts of the majority, unexpectedly, flanks the enemy, forces a retreat, and the motion's lost. It is then that joy enters, most into the soul of the student, and he can nestle in the diversity of things, thoughts, banish every doubt and care, far away, and let "sunshine settle on his head."

The Pyririan's celebration on Hallowe'en evening, shall not be forgotten. The charms and spells of the night were made a reality, for the devil, witches, and other "beings," were in evidence. A program was rendered. The weird ghost stories made the blood run cold, and made each one think: "The goblins'll get me if I don't watch out." The room was most appropriately decorated. Refreshments were served; music interspersed, and everything necessary to make the occasion a happy and delightful one, was had. The society is indebted to the genial guardian of its interests, Prof. Perling, and extends its hand to him, that the pleasure of the night was made possible.

H. W. Gingles.

THE FOUR-YEAR CLASS.

When the students were wondering what they would do on Hallowe'en, the Four-Year Class worried very little over the matter for it was sure that its large-hearted superintendent would arrange something for it. So, one morning, a few days before Hallow-e'en, kind Col. Guilliams extended to us a most cordial invitation to spend the evening at his home, No. 630 Eleventh street. On arriving, the boys were ushered into a room on the right of the hall and the girls to the left. Halves of familiar quotations were given to each, then the boys faced the girls whose quotations matched their's. This novel way of "pairing off" was very amusing. Col. Guilliams then gave us a few choice selections, from the best composers, on his splendid piano, which were very much enjoyed.

Delightful fruit punch and wafers were served, after which the boys and girls, very loathe to be, were again separated. And now a queer-looking package which each guest brought with him was made use of. This proved to contain a sheet and pillow case. When next the boys saw the girls it was out on the lawn, in the soft light of a waning moon, but they were now grim, ghestly looking ghosts. And the boys had the same appearance when they joined the girls shortly after, in sepulchral tones and with many ghastly gestures, each boy succeeded in securing him a partner, then came the ghost-march into the house. With the lights turned low and everything having a gloomy-looking appearance, the most weird ghost stories were told, causing the stoutest heart to beat some faster.

Then came with the unmasking the knowledge of whom one had for a partner. Shortly after we bade Col. Guilliams and his wife "Good-night," and assuring them that we had spent a most delightful evening with them, and that we had thoroughly enjoyed their kind hospitality.

JAKE FARRIS.

THE POET'S LAIR.

THE STUDENT'S VERSION OF THE PSALM OF LIFE.

I.

Tell me not in accents joyous, Students are put here just for fun Just to laugh and talk and frolic From early morn till set of sun.

II.

We must work and we must study, With "Diploma" as our goal; 'Durence thou art and dunces remainest Was not spoken of the soul.

III.

Here at school we think and ponder On our Latin, Math, and French, From September until May days As our knowledge we do clench.

IV.

Days are long and lessons longer, And our hearts the brave and strong Fail us when Mr. Perling tells us "Get these points up well and strong." -Ora Lee Markham.

THE ELEVATOR.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in Roman letters, I must be all the next term Ere I lose additional fetters, Or, percentage I can learn.

Life is real, work is ample, But Arithmetic is not its goal. If I could solve all examples Then 'twould have some interest for my soul.

Not in Ratio, nor in Banking Is our destined end or way, But, so planning that our ranking Will advance a step each day.

Lessons long, when time is hastening Try our patience, 'tis strong and brave, And on learning, we are wasting Precious time, we ought to save.

Trust no helper, how'er kind, Always on yourself rely, All self-reliance aids the mind This you'll realize by and by.

All the teachers remind us We can make our mark at last, And enjoy the future before us From the troubles that are past.

Col. Guilliams we'll call to aid us, In all problems strange and queer, For he has certainly made us The last ten weeks, to see things clear.

We will then be up and doing With our school work all complete, Up the ladder, still pursuing, State Normal, in retreat.

Extract from "The Lamentations of Lucille Wade." -O—

THE SOLIQUY OF W. S. TAYLOR.

(Occasioned by being told that he would be required to take a big test this term.)

The passing strange that bleak misfortune doth follow thus hard upon a season of most rapturous delights. It was but yesterday that three and twenty maids did upon me bestow smiles that caused the young blood in my veins to rush in impulsive flow to descend its vital circuit, and every deed didst then have a futilsome joy and every joy an outlet found in the accomplishment of some appropriate act. But behold! what changes come! An hour ago as I passed by the desk whereat the Master sits and holds sundry converse, he with significant beck did fetch me to his side, and midst a flood of merry blinkings, did impart his nimble decree whose weft content with royal seal put untimely extinction upon pleasant things, and turned away the very fundament of my being.

Alas! Alas! Seven times alas. The path which with such lovely primrose wreaths enshrineth my lightsome journey hath with abruptness chanced 'en to a gloomy way all littered o'er with dead men's bones, and with horrid accompaniment, a gleam of sheeted skulls the way illumine with sulphurous gleamings, bear unwelcome consort. And, by some subtle magic, those bestrown flowers...
the quick transformation made to hideous serpents whose slimy folds with close-fitting entwinings about my feet, constitute dread embryos, the most frightful worm, and is entered by what weird economy it is that Destiny had so wantonly placed its adverse judgment directly upon my joyous transports, and doth upon my harrowed soul such sorrows set that I would travel downward sink if his stalwart shoulders were compelled to bear their weighty load. Alas! Alas! Nine times alas! Soft! Soft! A thought betrays this racked brain. I'll away to the bootmaker's and his craftsmanship beguile with shining shekins till he doth against my need devise a supple canopied off with long and sinewy oars with which he does great space by rapid devourment may be purchased and on the immediate date of their completion, I'll hasty embarcation make upon my dismal pilgrimage up Salt River. Alas! Alas! Eleventh times Alas!

THE CHESTNUT HUNT OF 1909.

By Miss Gertrude Grimsley.

For quite a number of years it has been the custom of the students and faculty of the State Normal to break away from their regular routine and spend a whole day in an outing. This is always an occasion of great enjoyment and is looked forward to by the students with pleasure. A place chosen for this day's sport is the Cherry farm, about eight miles from the city.

The outing of October 29, 1909, was one of the most pleasant ever experienced. The four dyspepsies forgot their afflictions and enjoyed a hearty dinner.

The most important feature of the day (except the dinner, of course) was the baseball game between the students and the faculty. Many of the students were not sufficiently distinguished themselves not a little. The batting of Prof. Alexander and the running of Prof. Putnam was especially commendable.

The party returned to the city about 6 p.m., making the air ring with enthusiastic yells for President Cherry.

The students were absolutely forbidden to take any sort of fire-arms, but one young lady committed an atrocious crime by taking the most powerful of guns—a (Mr.) Cannon.

Oh, yes! If you ever go persimmon hunting, be sure you take Donn Kinnaman along to climb the tree.

BOOK REVIEW.

The Committee well review the books of the late books as are brought to its attention.


This book is one of the very few texts on Agriculture that justifies the appellation, "Practical." The list of contents are well chosen and well written.


In these days of manual training, this Mankinery book is a delight. It tells the boy simply and clearly how he may make the modern world of machinery his own, and the illustrations are numerous and pointed.

The Lost of the Mohicans and The Pathfinder, adapted by Miss Height and published by the American Book Company under the Elective Reading list. Only copies of these immortal books, only those portions which do not bear directly on the story and which are not suited to the average boy and girl are omitted. For the earlier grades these editions will be found excellent.

In "The Land of Long Ago," Eliza Calvert Hall continues the character sketches of the good Kentucky folk, and the reader will find this book no less delightful than "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." All Kentucky, and Warren county in particular, should be grateful to this author for showing the world the simple home life of our rural people. She has done for this section what Wilkins Freeman has done for New England.

One of the most charming features of the book is the prologue, from which the following lines are quoted:

"The scenes are changed, but we and they are actors in the same old play. Their hopes and joys, their griefs and pains. Bind us fore'er to square or char, and set us down again, dear Lord, Those shades that wander to and fro In the dim Land of Long Ago."

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston

PERSONALS.

Misses Gabe Robertson and Lizzie Kittinger are in charge of the school at Moorman, Mulhensburg county.

In mentioning the status of the school at Uniontown, we omitted mention of the fact that the faculty there has been re-enforced by the addition of little Miss Ora Bohannon, aged twenty-eight days.

"As a letter from home," writes Professor-to-be Marshall, of The Elevator. We thank him and will be right glad when he comes home, all girl about with mathematic lore.

H. M. Denton, Classic '96, also makes some pleasing comments relative to this publication. Mr. Denton is now in his second year at the Yale Law School, and the promise of a great future lies before him.

The Student, which is the organ of the student body of the Eastern Normal, furnishes some very interesting reading, "The Right of Way," a short story in the October issue, is especially good. We are proud of our colleagues in the cause.

We are glad to announce that the popular song, "Under the Shade of the Old Frisbie Stairs," composed by Prof. Green, is receiving favorable comment in musical circles.

The first number of the Lecture Course was given in the right of November 9th, by the Gertrude Goodnight Miller Concert Company. The number was one of the strongest that has been given within the existence of the Lecture Course. The members of the company gave an informal program at chapel the next morning.

Mr. P. G. Smith, who was recently called home on account of sickness, has returned to take up his work. We are glad to have Mr. Smith in our midst again.

Miss Beatrice Scarbrough has first grade work in the graded school at Murray.

Miss Ila Hiett has charge of the eighth grade in the same school. Both Miss Scarbrough and Miss Hiett expect to re-enter the Normal at the earliest opportunity.

The new Y. M. C. A. building has been completed and equipped and many students are taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by the Association.

Miss Dora Watkins has the eighth grade of the graded school at Bland county. An acquaintance of Miss Watkins, now in school, remarked the other day that he considered her the best grade teacher he ever saw.

"The Paduahians," as Misses Kernes, Hoe-wischer and Scott were commonly called, while in school, are teaching in the Paduah schools. We learn that their work is characterized by marked success.

Mr. H. W. Puckett, known mostly as "High Water," principal of the school at Arlington, Ky. (P. S.—He is married.)

Charles M. Jones, Science '97, has been elected teacher of Mathematics in the Douglass Normal School, Douglass, Ga.

Mention has been made relative to Miss Pearl Hindman, having been elected Superintendent of Schools of Adairville. We take pleasure in adding that Miss Jennie Higgins was elected to the same position in Garrard county and Miss Sallie Ford in Carroll county. We expect great things of these counties.

Politically speaking, C. W. Fulton, erstwhile teacher of Drawing in the Normal, was enson at the recent election to represent Fleming county in the Kentucky Legislature. Congratulations!

Mr. E. Murray Blanford, Classic '06, has a position in the Departmental service. He is located at 1204 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.

C. R. Cummins, Science '96, has been employed as principal of the graded schools at Kentwood, La. The Kentwood people evidently find Normalites satisfactory, as J. A. Arnett, Classic '06, held the position during the two preceding sessions.

Louisiana has served as a sort of pedagogical quarantine station, or rather, trying-out ground for a host of Normalites, and some have lived it well enough to pitch their tents there for keeps. There's A. M. Smith, of Abbeville, La., who has been master of normal schools almost since he graduated in 1903. He can keep on being superintendent just as long as he likes, too, for his strong servives have brought Vermilion to be reckoned as an educational stronghold among the parishes of that grand old young state.

Mr. Roy B. Tuck was recently elected principal of the graded school at Sunshine, La. He took charge of the work there on Monday, Nov. 25.

Mr. S. E. Tanner is principal at Adairville, Logan county. He held the same place last year to such mutual advantage that neither Tanner nor the people at Adairville could see their way clear to let go.

Miss Bufe Bruer, Science '96, has grade work at Hickman, Ky. Miss Bruer was one of the very first to send in her subscription.
Mr. C. A. Summers, Class '06, has recently been elected county attorney of Barren county.
Mr. Summers delivered the Alumni address at the Commencement, occurring during the summer of 1907. Had The Elevator been in existence then that really great address would have reached a much broader field.

The same need may be mentioned as applying to the Alumni address given by Mr. Wilboyte, July, 1908. The speech was too great a one not to have reached more lives. Mr. Wilboyte is successfully discharging his duties as Secretary of the Continental Employment Bureau of this city.

J. M. Price, Scientific '06, is in Baylor University, at Waco, Texas. After leaving school, he felt constrained to enter the ministry, and toward that end lies his work in Baylor. The great field that he has chosen will find an able worker in Mr. Price.

We are in receipt of a handsome little brochure containing the course of study of the school at Arlington. It is apparently well arranged.

Prof. A. C. Guffey, whose fine face we are glad to present herewith, is principal of the Commercial Department of the High School at Oklahoma City. His salary is now $1,800 a year. He graduated from the Bowling Green Business University a few years ago and for three years taught in Pennsylvania.

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