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H. H. CHERRY, President,
BOWLING GREEN, KY.
The Elevator

"GOING UP!"

Vol. I. 
BOWLING GREEN, KY., FEBRUARY, 1910. No. 4

THE OTHER SIDE.

The problem of educating the boys and girls of this great commonwealth has been occupying the minds of the best educators of the land for many years, and to my mind, the problem will not be solved for many years yet to come.

The principal reason why I believe the task to be difficult in the extreme is the fact that evidence has not failed to increase in direct proportion to the increase in educational advantages.

In the January number of The Elevator, I noticed an article, written by Eugene Wood from which I infer that he is extremely optimistic. He makes a very beautiful picture for the imagination, but I fear that his optimism has affected him as it has many others of late—that is, to the extent of causing him to overlook the facts. It is true that there are schoolhouses scattered all over this land, and that the boys and girls of today are to be the rulers of the land tomorrow, and a that, and a that, but according to the school records of 1908, it seems to me that one must needs look in vain for the little ones winding their way toward the schoolhouse. The census for 1908 was 738,012, and only 441,337 were enrolled, and the average daily attendance was only 293,691. In other words, only 59.67 per cent. of the pupil children were enrolled and the average daily attendance was 39.66 per cent. of all the pupil children, or 66.55 per cent. of the enrollment. If we should rejoice at the time when less than 40 per cent. of our boys and girls attend school, pray tell me when we should weep.

I feel that the outlook is indeed a gloomy one. It would seem that with the great number of teachers who are now manifesting such great interest in preparing themselves for the greatest possible degree of usefulness, that all would soon be as we wish it, but there has grown among the young people of today, a feeling of indifference and contempt of appreciation for the splendid educational advantages that are now being offered them.

I have accused everybody on the top side of one or another being responsible for this state of affairs, but the more I think over the matter, the more I think that no one in particular is to blame for it, and as I, true to my nature, must blame something or somebody, I am going to place the blame where no one in particular, but everybody in general may take issue with me.

IT IS THE AGE IN WHICH WE LIVE.

I do not claim to be able to sustain myself, but I am going to make a few statements which I believe to be in support of my ideas.

We have heard statements concerning great men, how they started in life, how they studied and worked, rising, in many cases, as if by magic, from the utmost depths of poverty's vale to the most dizzy heights of honor, power and usefulness, until the truth has become so evident, that the green, gawky, awkward country boy or girl, when they get started rightly, is the one that makes the highest mark in life. The percentage of such boys and girls, however, is much smaller than ever before, and the percentage of those who get properly started is still smaller, while the number who are very wise, even wiser than their parents, is correspondingly greater.

I saw an article in the Southern School Journal, which was calculated to make such questions as: "Where are the Watt's?" The Franklin's? The Whitney's? and so on, unnecessary, by referring to the fact that the fields of science and invention are crowded with such men. Now I maintain that, with few exceptions, the men who have those fields today, are favorably with the ordinary men of times gone by, and, while we can count on our fingers the names of men who are now doing those things which claim the attention of the world, they should have hundreds of companions.

Going back to the country boy, I believe that the only reason why he always makes good is that his mind cannot wander far from his work. He has only his homestead and the neighbors for a radius of three or four miles, and his books to worry over, and his mind can make the circuit in a jiffy. His life on the farm, although accompanied with more joy and contentment than it will ever be again, he looks upon as a mere existence, miserable in the extreme. So, his thoughts...
THE ELEVATOR.

The children who answer the call of the bell today have different environments than those of twelve years ago. The woodman's ax has felled the forest that covered the undulating hills which stretch toward the West. Today they have no forest-eld hills for a playground. The few small oak leaves still standing here and there appear like sentinels guarding a broken camp of nature.

The lives of the boys and girls who romped in this woodland twelve years ago, ran as quiet as streamlets by which they sported. Thames drew crowds of children for us, as they passed by in their constant flow, seeming to say: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." As the winds came rushing through the woodlands, the older members of the forest stood almost unmoved while the younger members bowed and waved at the wind's command. So it is in the human family; the youth is easily swayed, his environment while the grown-up person is but slightly changed by his surrounding.

On entering the forest one voluntarily not only breathes in the whole air vibrated with the music of birds. Many birds were probably sung a symphony of harmonies, of enchanting sounds, that fills the soul with ecstasy and the heart with dreams. Man should not be overly proud, for even the birds are not total; they have one thing denied to many a mortal man. The birds from the trees near the roadside warbled their melodies and thus cheered the heart of man as he passed by, while many men pass their days by and never speak a word of good cheer.

In this woodland where the birds sang so sweetly, there was every variety of wildflowers. Many, ready to greet every breeze that swept by bore upon its wings the intermingled fragrance of the grass-flower, the sweet-williams, the boy-breeches, the lady-fingers, the blue-bells and the violets. If man would speak gentle words and perform kind deeds, they would be borne upon every breeze under the heavens, and thus, "Peace on earth and good will among men" would be established and retained forever.

We would spend most of the play-time gathering flowers in the margin of the woods while the whole woodland of flowers stood untouched before us. Man spends most of his life gathering gems of knowledge near the sea-shore, while the unbounded ocean of truth remains undiscovered before him. As we walked in this woodland playground in the morning, we sighed as we saw the sparkling dew-drops disappear. But we smiled in the evening as we saw them all rest in the gorgeous dyes of the rainbow which arched the eastern heavens. From the dew-drop and the rainbow this lesson we gained: The pure that wittcher earth will not be lost in oblivion, but they will blossom more brightly in your Sylvan Fields.

One can never forget this early experience with that Divine Teacher, Nature. Thus be it said:

"If near to nature's heart you stay, All ill's will flee from you away. Tho' you hear not in form of song, How perchance love you will long."  

If I had my early school-days to go over a thousand times, I would say, give me a woodland playground—

Where every tree with music of Nurse rings, And every breeze bears happy thoughts upon its wings.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT FINALS.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF GREECE TO MODERN CIVILIZATION.

The Greeks were artists by nature. They were most exquisitely sensitive to the beautiful. Vagueness gave them pain like a blow. Everything they made, from the shrines for the gods to the meanest utensils of domestic use was beautiful. It is said to have been noted by the Greeks as something strange and exceptional that Socrates was good, notwithstanding that he was ugly in feature. Not only did they attain a degree of excellence in art, but they were fond of the study of things of antiquity, yea, every modern nation, in literature. Here, as in art, they are yet the teachers of the world.

Therefore, turning our eyes toward the ages of antiquity, we can see Greece in her glory, as she towers to the sky in art, literature and philosophy—a teacher, a guide, a beacon light from that time until the present moment. Not only do we have the art, the study of antiquity, their literature heralded from the pages of history, but we can see them manifested in every phase of human progress. Indeed, we may be more aware and humbled to those heroes of antiquity, for having worked out a system of material, physical and intellectual freedom to be utilized by the coming nations of the earth.

J. B. JUINES.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

And now the question for us is, what shall we do with the negro? In seeking the solu-
tion of this problem, there are three facts that must be considered: First, the negro is here. Second, he is here to stay. Third, he was brought here through the influence of the white race, and not at his own desire. And it had as well be admitted as a fact, that equality does not and cannot exist. Under these conditions, what will better the relations of the races without injustice to either? What will aid most the states of the nation dealing with the negro and his draft on society? The answer given by most students of the problem is, "Education."

But the proposition, For it is a known fact that schooling has often made a more audacious criminal, and a greater draft on society; that it has often led him to rebel against his condition and contend for that which is unjust and denies him. So the question arises, will education promote harmony or discord? If educated, will the negro become a law-abiding people, accepting equality, or a lawless people, rebelling against equality? The Southern redman now that 51% of the colored prisoners are illiterate, and only 10% have been trained in any definite line of work. Government statistics show in a township in Louisiana, for one month's school is maintained, 11% are illiterate, and only 55% of the people living together as man and wife are legally married, and that in a section in Virginia where the influence of one of their institutions predominates, 39% are illiterate, and only 15% of the marriages are illegal. Records further show that the negroes who have trained in higher institutions seldom become prisoners; but a really educated negro is a benefactor to society.

In the higher institutions, as Tuskegee, the students are taught morals and cleanliness, and to work; and while there they are required to use this knowledge in their daily walks of life. Then considering these facts, and remembering that in very few exceptions in the instances where schooling has made the negro a greater burden to society, he had only acquired a smattering of king customs, but really knowing that he was negro, it is concluded that the solution of the problem lies in proper education.

G. C. Moore.

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

In an age like this, preeminently commercial, is there not danger of drifting too far toward the practical and losing sight of that spirit, that sentiment in which the true life above earth is to live in a loftier atmosphere; that spirit that is able to convert a humble home into a palace where love, truth and purity may dwell. I would not depreciate the practical, but I would emphasize the necessity of looking after the spiritual, the sentimental side of life, which, it seems to me, is the greatest joy of childhood.

Ask the average child above six years of age what Santa Claus brought him Christmas, and he will laugh you to shame, and if you persistently try to get the less of it, he will tell you that they do not believe in practicing the life of the pious upon their children. Such parents must, to be consistent, do away with the fables and child-stories which are such a delight to childish imagination, knowledge, will, and a joyous way, inform you, that he has outgrown such nonsense.

What is fast doing away with this sweet, sacred custom, will tell you, that the truth is in the remembrance of a happy childhood. Even the practical man must admit that the life and teaching of Him whose birth we celebrate at Christmas, have done more for the world than the influence of any other human being who ever came into it.

When the babe was born in Bethlehem there was not in the whole world a single roof to whose shelter the sick and dying could be taken without pay, not a house for the free use of the poor, no provision for the poor sick, no poor house, no school for the poor, no school where the poor might find free instruction, no chance for the poor boy or girl to climb upward. There were great civilizations then, but Christianity, health, luxury, philosophy, school such as the modern world has not equalled; but what place had the poor, the enabled, the unfortunate, the suffering? People lived for no higher purpose than bodily existence, and to witness their enemies burned at stake, or torn to pieces in the arena. Such were the conditions when Christ came with the single message—"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and thy neighbor as thyself," and made the world what it is today. Contrast it with what it was at his coming and call the spirit that will do the same thing you will, but after all it is only Christianity.

That we have abused this celebration admits of no doubt, and in ways too obvious and too numerous to be mentioned here. That one present of Christ's coming is out of all spirit with his teachings and his life is also true; this is no fault of His, but ours, and remains for us to rectify. It is now the duty of all of us to remember that it is not only an institution of great social power, but also spiritually may become children again, thus not only setting old age at a greater distance for themselves, but causing a spirit of youth to be found in the heart of father and mother. Henry Grady describes so beautifully his last Christmas at home that I cannot refrain from giving it here:

"I do not think I ever felt happier than when I reached the home of my boyhood. I got there at night. My mother had saved supper for me and she had remembered all the things that I liked. She toasted the same cheese over the fire. Why, I hadn't tasted anything like it since I put off my round-jackets. And then she had some home-made candy she knew I used to love, and bless her soul, she made it just fifteen days ago, so sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me, and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she was glorified in my coming home in every boy that whistle along the street. When I went to bed she came and tucked the covers all around me in the dear old way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and so peaceful and so full of tender love and tender memories that I cried grateful tears until I went to sleep."

Is it any wonder that his life was and his memory is still a benediction to his beloved Southland.

Then let us not forget nor forgive the sentiment, the true spirit of Christmas, but as teachers see to it that out of its observance may come the highest good. It is worth while.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF YALE.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 6, 1910.

EDITOR OF THE ELEVATOR: Impressions are the effects which objects produce on the mind and if one should attempt to write a detailed account of his impressions of Yale it would, probably, be more than those who are interested in the Elevator would care to read. For Yale is a great institution extending beyond the United States what the Western Kentucky State Normal is doing for Kentucky and the South—making men and women of character and ability, that they may be more useful in life to their fellowmen and their country.

About the first impression one has of Yale after he has visited the Campus, her many beautiful halls, dormitories, lecture rooms, art buildings, libraries and museums, is that it is not only an institution of great social power, but also of long standing, great influence and historic interest.

The impression that Yale is one of the three colleges of Colonial times; Harvard, Yale, and William and is the thought in New Haven in 1716 by the Puritan founders of the New Haven Colony who landed at Quinncipie in 1638 and that from her halls have gone so many men of greatness and strength
of character who have been leaders in shaping the history of America, fills one with a spirit of admiration for Yale and what she stands for. There is a great inspiration about Yale and all great universities that cannot be described. But to me as an old student of the S. N. S., this inspiration seems to be the same that filled the air about the old Normal School and inspired young men and women to greater efforts for better than the old Kentucky.

In reading history I am impressed with the fact that Elihu Yale, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Eton and other leaders of the new settlement especially desired and looked forward, with eagerness to the time when a college could be established at New Haven. That they believed that schools and colleges were necessary in a state "whose design is religion" and, as President Cherry and other leading men of Kentucky believe, that intelligent and educated men alone could make a state strong and great. So in the old town records of New Haven one finds the purpose of this school in 1701: "For the better training of youth in this town, that through God's blessing they may be fitted for public service hereafter, either in church or in commonwealth." My impression of Yale is that this purpose has been accomplished and that her influence is felt throughout the world. This same purpose, the training and fitting the youth of Kentucky for a life of greater usefulness than a hundred instructors and the high grade of instruction given to the student body through recitations and lectures by noted men of the country.

One is impressed with the large student body of nearly 4,000 young men from all parts of the world; that whatever they undertake is done on a great scale, either in work or play; drawing together a crowd of 36,000 people from all parts of the United States. These and many other things about Yale impress me of her greatness.

May the time soon come when the W. K. S. N. will so impress the youth of Kentucky of her greatness and usefulness.

H. M. DENTON

WELCOME.

(The New Students)

In the name of every student of the Western Kentucky State Normal I welcome you with all the cordiality contained in that word—welcome. We never tire of that word. There is a world of meaning in it when it comes from the heart and, therefore, I have condensed a whole volume of greetings into the seven letters, w-e-l-c-o-m-e.

I am proud of the opportunity to give you welcome because I am proud of being a student of the institution which is awakening a deeper and stronger interest in the greatest struggle that Kentucky has ever known and, the result of which will change the destiny of the human race and advance civilization beyond the brightest dreams of those who win the victories.

Most of you whom I am welcoming are Kentuckians. If some are not, then let us welcome you into our sun-crowned commonwealth. Then, when that is done, we open our doors and arms and hearts to receive you into the "Normal." If welcome were flowers we would give you one of you an armful of American Beauties, as you came in our front door. If human hearts were banquet halls we would invite you right into ours.

To every man who has a heart, home is the dearest place on earth, but all at some time are called to leave that home for a while anyway. You who have come here at the beginning of this new term must feel that you have come into a new home and that you are a thousand times welcome.

You will find in our president one sympathetic friend. Last year I found every teacher just as true and sympathetic, asking always a straightforward earnest performance of your duty and never demanding anything other than your best.

Don't think of becoming discouraged or lonely. Remember you are here among a host of friends and, "There ain't no hoo deep can't somebody pull you out." And now again I will repeat, thrice welcome, with the hope that every hour of your stay among us will be filled with pleasures which will ripen at length into precious memories.

Nancy H. Sheehan.

"My diminutive friend," said Miss Chambers, to a little girl in the first grade of the Practice School, "I elucidate from your expression of the subject matter that your work has not been intensive. Next!"
and application of her subject as he had never heard it done before. Now, the point to this reference is that the young lady had inadvertently omitted the portion of her speech dealing directly with its connections and applications.

One of the editors was once a member of an amateur country debating club, and on one particular occasion was assigned to defend an impossible subject of a historical character; the historians contributed absolutely nothing to his cause, so to supply the deficit, he invented and inserted into his speech liberal quantities of supposed history, citing imaginary historians as authority. He lost the decision, but, at the close of the program, was vastly amused to have the only judge who supported him to come up and say, 'I just can’t see how them other fellows voted against you after all the history you gave. I’ll lay four bits that there hadn’t a one in the house read that history but me and you.'

The ELEVATOR is now at the fourth story stage. And, by and large, we are mighty proud of ourselves. We have passengers absorbed from Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Texas, Oklahoma, California, Washington, Idaho, Massachusetts and Connecticut—real live, fired passengers with paid fares, too. Now, don’t you think that’s a pretty good territory to cover within the first four months?

Again, The ELEVATOR urges that the merchants advertising through its columns receive your especial consideration in such purchases as you contemplate. You understand that your advertisement price does not cover the cost of publishing and mailing, consequently, The ELEVATOR is only made possible through the liberal patronage of those who carry advertising with us. Remember that fact, please, and buy accordingly.

Lecturers come and go. Likewise, the speeches they give are subject to the same rules as are houses of prostitution. Ex-Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, had for his subject, "Our Country," and he treated it with special reference to our great possibilities, and some of the dangers that threaten us. It was a great, well-balanced lecture, entirely devoid of any of the rancor and vitriol that is typical among political speakers. The chief dangers referred to by Gov. Glenn are the growing tendencies toward non-observance of the Sabbath, and the lure of the cities.

The general effect of the speech itself was greatly enhanced by the strong, unique personality of the speaker.

Dr. Ott came a week later and gave his great address on "Sour Grapes," otherwise called, Heredity. The nature of the theme, coupled with the magnificent manner in which it was considered made it very probably the greatest lecture ever delivered in this city. "Marriage," stressed the speaker, "is conducted on too small a plane. When it is raised—when the issuance of marriage license is conditioned upon the presentation of a clean bill of health, morally and physically, from both parties, there will come through the workings of the laws of heredity, a much higher class of citizenship."

May the tribes of lecturers and lectures such as these increase.

Young man, young woman, is that History paper worrying you? Has that Literature thesis gotten upon your nerves? Are you sitting up nights with that term final? Why not ask the Librarians to help you out. They will gladly do so if they can. If they cannot, you are in a mighty bad fix.

Do not hesitate to let us know if you fail to get your copy of The Elevator within a reasonable time. We’ll gladly send a duplicate.

Going up? Well, pay your four bits and get aboard.

A TRAGIC TRAGEDY, ENTITLED "THE BREAKING OF THE GOLDEN BOWL."

(Act I, Scene I.)—A room containing the usual boarding-house implements, including wash bowl, pitcher and two students. Foyeur and Tuyeur. Foyeur reading letter.

Tuyeur—"I entreat thee to grant me personal of thy message."

Foyeur—"Nay, nay, pretty one! Its sacredness of no such permission makes allowance."

Tuyeur—"It boosts me to see that letter; methinks it presses matters of such dire import that my attention were of prompt necessity."

Foyeur—"Rave on, but see it thou shalt not, if e’en my life blood spills in prevention."

Tuyeur—"Thy maudlin threats affright not my intention; that letter I see ere my purpose cools."

Foyeur—"And were thy purpose a soothing caldron. I’d cool it straight—(Strikes him. They fight. In the struggle the bowl is hurled on the floor and broken, whereat they fall apart and gaze with horror at the broken fragments.)

Tuyeur—"Tis cooled now. Aye, were each fragment an iceberg as towering wide as Olympus, and hereditarily wedged about, twould not increase the rigor which Adversity hurries through my frame. Upon my soul, Premonition sadly sits and warms of empty sorrows, short to come."

(Door flies open and landlady rushes into the room.)

Landlady—"By my troth! Tis strange that one may not in one’s own house, sleep and dream the dreams that heaven sends to refresh those whose spirits are distressed from honest toil, without being rude awakened by such commotion as were Gabriel convening the mortal hosts for final jurisdiction."

Foyeur—"What’s this? What’s the this? Oh, vandals, by your riotous caperings you have visited swift destruction upon my precious bowl. Your wan image should there be in it. Even ""Shut your dirty mouth."

Tuyeur—"You shall swift and similar restoration make, e. else that sky and highway will your lodger chamber coldly furnish, and against the consumption of the purchase, I’ll your chattels hold as personal surety."

Foyeur—"This is happiness ejected from the temple of my being, and simultaneous entrance made by self-wrought misfortune. Thank, at least, the heavens! Think for upon thy keen perception hangs possible escape from the consequences of antecedent crime. Alas, there is no escape. Tuyeur, we are undone. Your curiosity hath conspired with my pugnacious spirit toward the accomplishment of our downfall. Three days ago, I made haste to the goldsmith’s shop, and did tentative commerce make for a brooch of burnished gold. Hence, in which the clothe fair Rosalind’s wrist, in joint recompense of love and Christmastide; and at the bookseller’s stall, I did spy a parchment volume, bound in leathers, by the name of Shrepankin and, recognizing Juliesta’s taste, I had it set aside with view of immediate payment, followed quick by amorous presentation to winsome Juliet; and other Cupid’s projects dwell in mind. But now, what ghost metamorphosis hath rapturous expectation undergone. Oh, Rosalind! Oh, Juliet! The eadence forecast of your avowales stand nipped by the landlady’s proud contumely, the approximate cost of you crushed receptacle’s successor, and the firm established refusals of other tenants to keepers to offer forth lodgement to those whose further payment is enforced by present inability. Yes, good Tuyeur, we must complete requital of our destractive handiwork procure, although it puts malicious contradictions upon our Christmas visions.

"Who breaks a bowl, for it in full must pay E’en though it drains his shelds all away."

(Exit)

(Act II—Scene I.)—A quasimastery shop with keeper standing beyond counter. Tuyeur and Foyeur enter. Keeper goes briskly forward to meet them.

Keeper (bowing) —"I give you greeting, noble sirs; your cheery countenances accord a pleasant counter to outward conditions. For seventy and two hours material earthly hath worn a robe of immaculate white, save where man and man’s instruments have left their pondering imprints. And in the Oriental prints, Argosylly has adorned quite. Trewere only warm where friendship and good company put counteraction upon external coldness. Is there aught among your merchandize that might tempt you upon your fanciful desires?"

Foyeur—"Your cordial sophistry, good sir, hath a superficial fault. There is no cold, but in those souls in which frigid Calumity forces unwelcome intrudance. A strange thing is it which men call life; yesterday, warm with ecstasy’s ceaseless pulsation and encircled with flowers whose exotic perfume breaks a breath of that exquisite means of livelihood. But today, by sudden weavings of treacherous fate, our life current’s genial flow is reduced to polar extremities. Enough! (Takes fragment out of pocket) We would buy a bowl of the pattern in which this fragment set significance. Hast such for sale?"

Dealer—"Aye, else were my craftsmanship in vain."

Tuyeur—"The price! The price! Name it ere supreme gnaws my vitals out."

Dealer—"Five ducats, sir."

Tuyeur—"I paid you both faint and fall to the floor, their toes raised heavenward. Quick curtain."

(Exit)

"How did that Two Year buy get the splinter in his hand?"

"Oh! He was scratching his head."

—Ex.
Demosthenes had come from a stamping tour which extended throughout Greece. His speeches had received excellent attention, and he hadn't "forgot" once. The morning papers had done a thriving business in heralding the brand of his oratory, but everybody agreed that his too much of a teetotaler to ever be elected to anything.

The tenor, or, more strictly speaking, the baritone of the remarks he made on this particular tour was the general badness of Philip, who lived over in Macedon, having inherited the Presidency of that pretentious from his pa. The speeches had so aroused the great common people that it was currently believed that Philip would be indicted at the next session of the grand jury.

One morning, as Demosthenes was in his underground Elecourion, mastacizing gravel as per the Course of Study outlined by the correspondance school which presided over his case, a telegram was handed him. It was from the Pyerian Society of the Western Kentucky State Normal, and proved to be a challenge to meet the members of the society in joint debate, and also signed by P. Wellman, C. Well, Miss A. Wells, Misses Wesley, Evans and others. "Nostice," said Demosthenes, "I may be pretty fair at speechifying, but I know my limitations too well for anything like that."

One afternoon in the Ethics class, Prof. Guilliams adjusted his glasses and delivered himself as follows: "The ordained function of woman in today's world is to carry the commercial world, not a devotee at the shrine of Fashion, not often as a school mistress, but as a home-keeper. 'Tis then, young ladies, that unity is established with the great purpose of the Creator: 'tis then that love glorifies the soul, and the golden days go sweetly by. I beseech you that you find your vocation as Life Assistants to good men, and thereby fulfill your divine mission." Whereat, three maids in the annex corner, namely, Misses Thomas, Goodwin and Kimball nodded vociferous assent.

"I am," said Mr. Baucum, "unalterably opposed to the prosecution, now being carried on by the government officials, against the Sugar Trust."

"And why?" dreamily asked Mr. Cannon, as if he disliked to abstract his thoughts from Erato's classic--no, scientific walls.

"Well," replied Baucum, "Just 'cause its as certain as the world to involve some of the Normal girls."

The geography of a woman's life:

Cape of Good Hope--Sweet Sixteen.
Cape Flattery--Twenty.
Cape Lookout--Twenty-five.
Cape Fear--Thirty.
Cape Farewell--Forty.

Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, and buy your tickets to the great show; the most strikingly stupendous, spectacular exhibition ever exhibited to civilized man. Do not push, merely crowd, Ten cents, one dime, one-tenth of a dollar. Pass it over, get your ticket, and go on your way rejoicing. Let your eyes feast on the most wonderful achievement of all time. Here is your ticket, young lady; pass right on in and witness for yourself the gorgiously bewildering display that awaits you. We charge you, my boy, thank you, and you will thank me afterwards. Say, you Pyerians, stand back and let those Life Certificates by. Where did you study etiquette anyway? Come right on up. Just a few more left. No, miss, we don't take postage stamps; that is, unless you have already ticked 'em. The chance of a lifetime to behold the only "F-" in captivity. Captured in Miss Stallard's room by W. S. Taylor, the mightiest Nimrod of the age. The show opens in one minute. Come on.

EXCHANGES.

The Etonian, High School, Elizabethtown, Ky. Shows good school spirit and advances an unique idea in having each of the several grades edit one issue during the year. This plan ought to stimulate some good natural competition.

The Record, Girls' High School, Louisville, Ky. An elegant paper, if we may safely use the adjective in this connection. It seems to us that the editors and the class write up occurring in the January issue is quite excellent.

The Messenger, Richmond College, Richmond, Va. Three premiums for greatness in a school paper. Plenty of advertising patronage, plenty of talent in the student body, and a liberal quantity of enthusiasm. From results, we judge that The Messenger has its share of all three. It is well printed and the material is strong. Furthermore, it is larger than any school magazine that has been brought to our attention, and, in respect to the cover, few of the national magazines have anything on it. It is with deep pleasure that we notice that the Business Manager of The Messenger is a well-known Normalite--Mr. S. A. Caldwell.

The Classic Letter, '06 Classic Class, S. N. S. Too often Commencement marks the beginning of the disintegration of a class as such. To prevent this, the Classic Class, '06, has adopted a praiseworthy plan. Through its chosen editor it publishes annually an artistic pamphlet containing letters from the individual members. These letters are real heart-to-heart talks in which "full particulars" are given. We ardently commend this plan to other classes.

PERSONALS

Miss Ethel Powell, Classie '06, is teaching at Hinesdale, Ky. We hear that the excellent record she made as a student holds good with respect to her work as a teacher.

Jack Arnett, Classie '06, failed to get a place in our "Epitaph" list of last month, because we were unable to get authentic notification of the affair. However, we are glad to rectify the omission by stating that he is married and intensely so, and that he lives at Kentwood, La., where by way of occupation, he is engaged in the insurance business.

Clifton P. Cook, who was in the Normal last year, has purchased a farm in Christian county, and has become a devotee to the Simple Life.

Miss Erell Kineda, than whom there is not a more loyal Normalite, is employed in the graded school at Liberty, Ky.

There isn't inside or outside of the United States, a more enthusiastic teacher than one J. T. Harwell, Classie '06. He is principal of the High School at Lake Arthur, La. He talks school, thinks school, writes school, and, what is more, teaches school. He has stimulated a very fine school spirit among the people of Arthur. Here is one instance.

With the aid of his pupils, he arranged an entertainment, and thereby raised sufficient funds to defray the expenses of his graduating class, the C. S. A. Reunion at Memphis, last June.

Gordon Wilson, principal of the graded school at Moscow, Ky., writes that the present session is a strong one. It will close in April, and Mr. Wilson will immediately enter the Normal.

Perey Davis is making a great record for himself in the University of Georgia.

Owen T. Lay, a student in the Normal during the winter and spring terms of 1908, is assistant in the Special Weather Bureau office at Boise, Idaho.

Clarence James is principal of the High School at Rienzi, Miss. He reports very favorably upon his work, and states that he expects to be in the Normal all of next year.

Among the several Normalites who recently assumed the duties of County Superintenden- tant is Miss Jennie Carpenter, who, since January 1st has been at the head of the schools of Bullitt county.

Alonzo Miller is superintendent of schools at Muldrow, Oklahoma. He apparently has the Normal characteristic of "Coming to the front:"

"I am nearing the close of the most successful year of my teaching."—Miss Eva Rhodus, Campbellsville, Ky. Of course.

A. S. and I. W. Wallis are teaching and packing their trunks alternately, down in Trigg county. On the twenty-fourth of January, they will join that innumerable caravans which Normalward wends its way.

H. G. Ray has been teaching in Simpson county, but he is getting ready to matriculate, too.

Miss Edith Farrell is a grade teacher in the schools of Louisville. We are glad to learn that she will resume her studies in the Normal soon.

Miss Jennie Ettet has so disseminated the Normal spirit among the people of Oakville that several recruiutd from there are to be enrolled with us shortly.

Miss Spellman, of Louisville, has been added to the faculty. She has charge of the work in French and German.

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