Spring Term Begins April 9th

The next regular term of the Normal will open April 9th. Many, many former students and a number of others who will be here for the first time, are writing that they will enter then. The beginning of the Spring Term will be an excellent date to enroll. However, the work is arranged that students can enter at any time and get classification. Not a day has passed since the opening of the Mid-Winter Term without new students registering.

The Summer School of 1912

The Normal is already at work on a plan to make the Summer School of 1912 far-reaching in its influence and a strong factor in the development of the educational life of the South. The Summer School organization will attempt to double last year's enrollment and to, at the same time, offer many new and special courses of study. Regular and special work will be offered; and in addition to this, many high-class Chautauqua programs will characterize the occasion. Persons desiring to do so may pursue regular work or take only one branch or one series of lectures. Teachers who have been busily engaged during the entire year and who do not desire to do heavy work may combine rest, recreation, instruction, inspiration and relaxation by electing light work. The school will be conducted on Normal Heights, one of the most delightful places in this country for a Summer School. It is, indeed, an ideal spot to spend a few weeks during the summer. The Institution has a handsome campus and will be glad to arrange for more than one hundred tents for persons who desire to adopt this method of living during the next Summer School. Arrangements will be made for women, as well as men, who desire to live in tents while in attendance. The grounds will be looked after from a sanitary standpoint as well as carefully disciplined. Students will have an opportunity to do self-boarding or to take their meals at nominal rates near the camping grounds. Persons, as nearly as possible, should furnish their own tents, or rent them before coming to Bowling Green. All who would like to become one of the two hundred camping party on Normal Heights during the Summer School of 1912, should write us concerning their purpose. Persons desiring private board in elegant private families can get same at nominal rates. Board in School Homes can be had for $11.50 per month, everything furnished.

The Summer School Opens June 18, 1912

Summer School Bulletin mailed on application.

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A Review of the Junior Class

One who has never experienced the trials, sorrows, homesickness, pleasure, joy, and bliss that go with school life, has missed the greatest thing that can come to the life of a girl or boy. Go with me back to the old country home. Oh! What pleasure is there when, after great anticipation, the long-wished-for time comes, when Garnett Barnes, then quite a youth, bids his mother a sad farewell. Probably, too, some dreamy-eyed maiden causes his young heartstrings to throb in sorrow. As he steps on the car and starts on his way to W. K. S. N., several other girls and boys are experiencing the same joy intermingled with sorrow, all bound for W. K. S. N.

The morning sun rises, shedding a halo of gladness over the little city of Bowling Green. Some girls and boys, having spent a restless night wondering what the day would bring, start for the Dean's office. With trembling steps they approach one whose very being seems to proclaim knowledge and wisdom. Each one steps haltingly to the side of this man, who is no other than our worthy Dean Kin- neman, but when he, with his usual smile, bids you welcome, you instantly lose all fear and forget that only yesterday you left your best girl, promising to think of her constantly.

With books under arm, you then search for those never-ending class rooms. After getting into every one but the
right one, you at last find yourself in Col. Guilliam's grammar room. Oh, what joys then follow! After much passing through the hall, you discover a door to your left. Timidly pushing the door, you enter a room filled with many students. Here you heard for the first time the soft voice of Miss Ragland, saying, "No talking in the library, please," and the verdant Freshman wonders why they continue to talk. So passes the first year.

The next year, the greatest of all years, for who can know more than a Sophomore? He looks back at the Freshman and declares with unusual vim that he never acted half so—when he was a Freshman. It is during this year that he learns what to say in order to make a "hit." "Where his teacher will throw hardest, when to strike and when to dodge." "How to make the best impression and do least work."

By this time he can hurl a few Latin and German sentences at the new students, who calmly take them in.

In September, 1911, a band of hard-working Juniors were called together by a noble, sympathetic, and enthusiastic leader, Prof. Green, and a class was formed. Each member was ready to put forth every effort to make his Junior year one of profit. Yes, we had to debate, but who cares for that, although we did receive all sorts of sarcastic replies from our opponents?

It is during this year that we find in our class people of every talent. Who has made such a record in cooking as Bertie Layman? (Blessed be the man who wins her fair hand.) Where can you find greater singers than Miller, Barnes, Parker, and Montgomery? The heavenly host of angels silence their harps of gold when these boys give vent to their souls' desires in such melodic tones. Clay and Webster raise their heads in wonder and admiration when Jones, Jaggars, Nichols, Matthews, Stillwell, and Taylor lift their voices in oratory. Who can absorb more geometry in Mr. Marshall's class than Carson and Jennie Lynd?

Well, Juniors, let's keep our record, and be just as good Seniors next year as we have been Juniors this year.
body. It is our aim to make this the most successful year in the history of the Normal in the field of athletics.

The baseball season has opened up, and it now appears that we have the best material we have ever had. Several old players are in the game this year, and we are gratified to know that there are also some new ones who are equally as good sluggers as they. The prospects are fine for great victories in the near future.

The Faculty Game.

The annual contest between the faculty and the regular team was played on Thursday afternoon, April 4, the last day of the Mid-Winter Term. It is upon this occasion that the veteran sluggers of the faculty attempt to show the boys how to play real baseball. Prof. Strahm, the debonnaire umpire, was on the job loaded to the brim with a full supply of "sethrikes" and "fal-bawls." In order to give emphasis to his knowledge of baseball his son, Victor, was employed to assist him in giving the decisions. The game started off with the sort of "ginger" that is common for professional players. Clagett was on the mound for the faculty and really pitched some classical ball. He was succeeded by Reams in the last half. Webb did some artistic stunts with the big mit as well as with the "big stick." The first bag was held down very gracefully by Leiper, the second by Taylor, the agriculturist, and the third by Reams, the coach. Craig watched over short, making only a few reaches into the airy domain in vain hopes of tacking on to several flies that passed his way.

The gardens were decorated by three other members who did notorious work. Green guarded the right field, Marshall held center with mathematical precision, and Byrn kept the ledger on left field. Of course, it took the best material among the student-players, with Greer, Woodrum, and Thomas as pitchers, to beat the faculty; nevertheless, the game ended with a score of 15 to 2 in favor of the students.

The first real match game of the year was pulled off at Ogden Park on Friday afternoon, April 12, between the Normal and the Vanderbilt Training School, of Elkton. This game, as well as the one on the following afternoon, was an intensely interesting one. Blackwell and Dr. Reardon, of this city, were the umpires. When the contest was over, the score stood 5 to 1 in favor of the Normal. The principal features of the game were the pitching of Woodrum, the batting of Jones and Allen, and the base running of Atherton for the Normal. Purnell, the third baseman of the Vanderbilts, led off with his hitting. Barnett pitched a ball that was not so hard to hit as it was to dispatch to parts unknown, few long hits being made by the home team. Woodrum did fine work on the firing line, giving the visitors but three hits during a nine-inning game.

The running of Major scored for Elkton during the third inning. The Normals ran in three scores on their first chance at bat, but they succeeded in reaching the home plate only twice during the rest of the game. Watkins, Allen, and Lawhorn scored in the first inning, Watkins on Jones' hit in third, and Allison made a nice two-base hit in the fifth and scored on Atherton's hit to left field.

The line-up was as follows: Normal: Woodrum, p.; Manchester, c.; Atherton, 1b.; Jones, 2b.; Isbell, 3b.; Allen, ss.; Watkins, rf.; Lawhorn, cf.; Allison, lf. Vanderbilt: Bishop, c.; Barnett, p.; Norris, 1b.; Williams, 2b.; Purnell, 3b.; Bell, ss.; Fuqua, rf.; Grissom, cf.; Major, lf.

The Last Half of a Double Header.

For want of space the details of the game cannot be given in full. The outcome of this second contest was not as satisfactory as that of the previous day. Defeat was the share of the Normal this time with a score of 3 to 0.
The dim shadows of evening are creeping over the land. Stillness reigns. In tree and grass where the voices of the day have just been evident, one by one the night-loving insects light, as it were, their twilight candles, or pour forth their quaint songs of praise to gathering darkness. The trees, now covered with their tender leaves, seem to sigh their content as the sun hides his almost too warm rays beyond the distant horizon; softly the birds whisper to each other as they seek desirable places for the night. Likewise, the lights of the town come out and the higher form of nature—man, seeks his home. The voices of the town are but a subdued murmur.

But now a shrill sound breaks the general quiet of the air; 'tis the familiar whistle of the evening passenger. As the train comes to a full stop at the station, among others who leave the cars, two men are particularly noticeable, who turn toward town with quick, energetic steps. They are attractive without that appearance of self-appreciation, rather than the realization of other's good qualities. Indeed, now, each has forgotten self in his complete enjoyment of, and fellowship with, the other. At a glance, we see one, a man with clear, noble countenance and manly form, showing clearly that the world has been very generous with him, by his manner and general appearance. At the second glance we see his eyes glowing with the ardor of a delightful friendship and kindness in their gray depths. We know by the firm yet softened lines of his face that should we ever have ought from his hand, that complete justice would be rendered, kindly if deserving, sternly if otherwise.

The other, a more slender man, with abundance of energy showing in every movement, makes us know at once that he is always ready to act for whatever is the furtherance of a noble cause. His face is thin without any evidence of ill health, his eyes gleam with purposefulness and humor, his
THE ELEVATOR.

every feature speaks of keen enjoyment of life, and of whatever good it offers.

How they hurry up the street! It seems the town is very familiar to them, for now and then a look of surprise or astonishment crosses each face as they pass some building of late construction. Though their eyes are busy taking in quickly every feature of the streets, their pace quickens even as they pass the business center of the town. We supposed they would stop at a hotel. Can they be physicians hurrying to save pain or even life? No, from their manner we feel that no great suffering or relief depends upon their movements, now. There seems to be a place of common interest toward which their steps are directed. Yes, straight up College Street they are going, and as they gain a clear view of the beautiful buildings, crowning a hill at a distance, throwing their dark outlines against the sky, still slightly red in the west from the sunset, they pause as if drinking the wine of complete contentment, as their eyes take in the beauty and magnificence of the scene.

They see the lights from one building where late this Friday evening some work-loving society still labors, or shall we call it labor? They change their minds as they reach the campus and see the Juniors coming from the hall. These two men, if we now may read their thoughts, are thinking that such work with such a leader can never be what some call labor, was never indeed in the past. Just now the leader, still with that charming smile and manner that makes the stranger or friend feel that some one heartily sympathizes with him, sees these visitors and hastens toward them. They are evidently not strangers, and not forgotten friends, for with a warmth of manner that cannot be mistaken he greets them. He has more than seen them before, he must have worked and sympathized with and had ambitions for them. By the look of satisfaction he gives one knows he sees that their dreams have been realized. He is asking for other Juniors of a certain time, and did we hear the words Nineteen and Twelve? Now we are thor-oughly interested in their emotions—they were members of this class, the old class spirit is with them again.

While watching the Juniors, as they depart for their rooms with cherished hopes and lofty ideals, looking back through the years, as in a dream they can see many dear, familiar faces where strangers now walk.

Again they live over the old days there in school when as members of the Junior society they had first learned how to remain faithful friends and yet fight to the death, if need be; the pleasant days of Senior work, and then the eventful night when, armed with diplomas, they marched proudly out to fight the battles and face the real problems of life—to put their theories to the test. Then those first few years of trials when one had been struggling to make good as a salesman and the other using all his energy over dingy law books. But the odds against them only made victory more glorious in the end, and with a strength for fighting, acquired by fighting, the next years were more easily passed over. They could distinctly remember the thrill of delight which passed over them when their first real triumphs came, as an appointment as head salesman and the winning of the first case in court. Their dreams of that time had been realized, now as president of a large mercantile establishment in his home county, Ohio, and as the most renowned orator and lawyer that Crittenden has ever produced; yet they found their goal had moved before them and was still viewed from afar.

The Has and the Are.

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of reaching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been,
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

—Ladies' Home Journal.
The season is with us once again, and stern old winter is a thing of the past.

There are many, many things to tell us Spring is here. The little brooks have again taken up their merry babble as they flow through the dale to join the brimming river. Old Mother Earth has decked herself in her brightest and freshest robes to welcome Spring. Nature is calling to us from all sides. Birds on swinging boughs are singing their sweetest songs. Around pink and white blossoms the roguish little bees may be seen, and felt, too, should you intrude. The air is laden with the most delicate perfume. This world seems alive with a thousand voices.

Why should not our hearts be light and keep time to the merry pace? Nature is at her best. This is one of the seasons when she can call forth our very soul, it seems, and charm it with thoughts sublime. You catch a glimpse of heaven for the time being. You wish that your soul could dwell here, but duty says "Nay," and you are called back to this earth again, a better and wiser child.

God’s handiwork is seen everywhere. How we wish for an artist, paints, and brushes to paint Spring as viewed by lovers of Nature. It would be a priceless picture—a talent unknown.

---

**A THOUGHT.**

Through our life does ring and sing
A grandly glorious sonnet;
And that life when in the spring
Has love’s sun upon it.
Roses bloom and fade away,
And the sun’s declining;
But a spirit born to-day
Forever will be shining.

---

**SPRING.**

Cold winter has left the lonely land;
From field and fallow he drew his hand;
And now they sparkle and gleam and glow,
And fairy flowers begin to grow;
Made by the hand of the fairy queen,
Who weaves in green the glorious sheen.
And now we think of the old green wood,
Where we did play as only youth could;
The forest it says, “Come back again,
For every tree is still your friend.
They wave their arms and call to you,
And flowers would laugh if you wandered through.”

---

**THE GOLDEN AGE.**

How our imaginations were thrilled when in our childhood we heard of the glorious “good old times” our fathers and mothers had in that distant past, when they were children together. With attentive ears and anxious hearts we have listened to many a story of the “log-rolling” or “corn-
shucking," which was attended by the usual festivities, and where good will and cheer prevailed. They were the good, old times, the Golden Age of the long ago.

When our intellectual horizon expands we learn of the magnificent Age of Pericles, where democracy thrived and the influence of great men prevailed; a period of universal peace and prosperity. In our fancy we may picture to ourselves all the beauty and grandeur of that age and we may try to realize what the freedom of the classes meant to the individual then, but would we be satisfied to barter the age of the Twentieth Century for the Golden Age of Athens? Rome was in her perfection during the reign of Caesar Augustus, and her dominion covered nearly all of the then known habitable world. The monster of war was held captive within the gates of the two-headed Janus, and there was peace and good-will among men. Truly, this was the Golden Age of Rome. Yet, how different from the life of to-day! If it were possible to combine the most magnificent ages of the Past, how few would be willing to exchange the Present for them! Even though we may oftentimes wish that we could carry our place of habitat into the land of supreme luxury, the "golden age of milk and honey," yet that pleasure is already ours if we would only stop to consider. Wise is he who realizes the opportunities of To-Day and can sincerely say, "I had rather live to-day than any other day of my life." For the Present has been, and may we hope it will ever continue to be, the age of Promise, in reality the truly Golden Age.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

---00---

**RHYMES.**

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play;

---00---

**THE ELEVATOR.**

Living uncared for, dying unknown,
But the Junior hive has never a drone.

Have you never been a Junior?
What? No! Well, now, say,
It is up to you to get there,
And without an hour's delay.

Get a move on; be a Junior;
Be progressive, take your chance;
Let the world know you are in it,
With the grit that makes advance.

I stopped near a stream at twilight,
In the shade of a tall pine tree;
And while gazing there upon the tide,
I spied a Junior upon his knee.

And he said to the lady fair to see,
"If you were not a Kit-Kat, dear miss,
Who would you rather be?"

Beneath his earnest gaze,
She dropped her loving eyes and sighed:
"I'd rather be yours truly, sir,"
She blushingly replied.

When I go courting I'll be wise;
I'll do my courting by surprise;
For surface indications ain't
No rule on what's below the paint.

---00---

**WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A FESTIVAL.**

We are going to have a Festival,
And it's goin' to be in May;
And it's going to be the greatest thing
Whatever wuz, they say.

'Twill be one o' them there spring affairs,
The kind you read about,
So folkies get you ready now,
It's time to do about!
THE ELEVATOR.

We must talk about it, sing about it,
   Praise it to the skies;
We must make it known to everyone—
   It pays to advertise.

There's a-goin' to be such singin'
   As was never heard before;
Five hundred voices, old and young,
   And for goodness' sakes, what's more—

An orchestra from Memphis town,
   The finest in the land,
And for high-falutin music, well,
   They simply beat the band.

They are goin' to sing "Creation,"
   I don't know what that is,
But Professor Strahm's a bossin' it,
   And I know he knows his biz.

I 'tended one o' them practices,
   In the chapel hall one night,
And that Dutchman sure did know at once
   When they warn't singing right.

The tenors they got off the key,
   And sung more awful notes—
Professor Strahm jumped up and yelled,
   "Don't sing like Billy Goats!"

When he got them back on the key again,
   The harmony was complete;
And the music that great chorus made,
   To me was wondrous sweet.

There's people coming from afar,
   To show their talents here,
That they're the best that can be had
   There is no doubt or fear.

So we must get together, now,
   And make this thing a "go."
We must talk about it, sing about it—
   Boost it, don't you know.

THE ELEVATOR.

For we're going to have a Festival,
    And it's goin' to be in May;
And it's goin' to be the greatest thing
    That ever was, they say.

'Twill be one of those spring affairs,
    The kind you've read about;
So folk'ses, get you ready now,
    It's time to do about.

A list of resolutions for the New Year found in a pocket of a winter coat:

1. To act like a—fool.
2. To flirt with every girl I see.
3. To tell the truth once.
4. To propose eight times and accept every proposal.
5. To speak gossip only.
Summary: To be the meanest boy possible.

NEWS AND OTHER THINGS.

WANTED—Some one to sit by me in chapel. Call at the office for name.
FOUND—A tear-stained letter to Ida Rhea Taylor signed with the initials W. C.
WANTED—To know why the oscillations of nebular illuminations cause such incomprehensible, seismographic effects upon the disintegrating elements of the atmosphere.—G. I. Barnes.
WANTED—A Leap Year proposal.—Claude Croft.

LOST—Two iron-gray hairs, one-tenth inch long, from the upper lip of Virgil Clemons. The finder will please return the aforesaid articles to the owner, as they are a part of his wonderful mustache and, too, he has only seven more such left.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." Our old friend, G. C. Morris, writes that "girls are no good, anyway," that sentimentality is another name for lack of gray matter, that love is a myth. W'at next?
THE ELEVATOR
GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

GORDON WILSON, Editor

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VOL. III.
MAY 1912.
NO. 7

EDITOR’S CHAT

Here’s the May Elevator, the special Junior issue. They’ve done well, and let’s tell them so. The editor is too anxious to have you appreciate the merits of this issue to detain you with any long-drawn-out editorials. Go, read the real paper; it’s O. K.

Our exchanges will be taken care of in our next two issues.

One of the most instructive and helpful chapels of the season was conducted by Mrs. Beauchamp, State President of the W. C. T. U. Her theme was, “Injuries of Nicotine.” The applause given by the young men was encouraging, and only proves that the Normal boys are exceptional in appreciation of the pure and noble, and that they intend to teach the children of Kentucky the danger of the dangerous weed.

On one Monday morning in March the Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Settle, rendered an excellent musical program; one that was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. Realizing the elevating, inspiring influence of music, we as students heartily appreciate the fact that in our school we have such competent instructors in charge of that department. We are also proud to know that among our fellow-students these instructors find talent sufficient to justify their ability as teachers. Let us aid and encourage this work in every possible way, and be prepared to enjoy the next program, which we hope will be presented to us soon.

M. Conner Ford, an Ohio County boy and an ex-Normalite, will devote his time this summer to working with the boys and farmers of Daviess County. They have a splendid enrollment in the Corn Club, and we are anticipating a prosperous year for the boys, assisted by this enthusiast.

R. O. Williams writes us from Waldo, Fla., that he often longs for the privilege of once more being in the Normal School.

George Page, an enthusiast in Agriculture, has gone to Jefferson County to assist in the organization and instruction of the Boys’ Corn Club.
"No law is any better than the individual who made it."
—H. H. C.

"There is but one way for this country to fail; that is for the individual to fail."—H. H. C.

Many have heard and responded to the call, "Back to the Farm." With the coming of the mocking-bird, the blooming of the flowers, the appearance of the tiny green leaves, there always comes to those of us who have lived on the farm, the inclination to throw our books aside and return to the country, where everything is so pure and free. To respond to this call when it is possible for us to remain in school, thus giving ourselves that preparation which will make us useful men and women when we do return, shows a marked weakness in character, but to remain in school, no matter how persuasive the call is, is one point gained in the building of a strong and aggressive character.

Such another awakening along the line of Agriculture has never before been experienced in Kentucky. Scarcely a paper goes to the press without columns of talk about Agriculture. At present the organization of Boys' Corn Clubs is sweeping over Western Kentucky. Dr. Fred Mutchler is devoting a great deal of time to this important work. It is predicted that about 5,000 boys of Western Kentucky will be enrolled in this organization. This is indeed one of the greatest movements toward lifting Kentucky to the position she should occupy. Prof. Will S. Taylor is here assisting Dr. Mutchler in the work. The farmers everywhere are enthusiastic over the organization.

This is not only a farmer's work, but it is a teacher's work. In this movement the teachers can render the state a most efficient service. The time is coming when a teacher who does not know the elementary principles of Agriculture will be looked upon by the progressive teachers as the scientific doctor looks upon the quack. The students of the W. K. S. N. S. have the very best opportunity to give themselves a liberal preparation for this work. Let's be enrolled among those who go out from here into the rural schools and teach the boys and girls those things which will better enable them to become useful men and women.

"THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF KENTUCKY."

An Wednesday evening, April 10, the student-body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School convened in joint session at Vanmeter Hall for the purpose of electing State officers for the Commonwealth of Kentucky. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Nichols, and steps were at once taken for the election of a chairman. Pres. H. H. Cherry was nominated and unanimously elected. After taking the chair and making a few remarks regarding the purpose of the meeting, Mr. W. O. Wicker was elected secretary.

Nominations for State officers were now in order, and the following members of the faculty were elected: Prof. R. P. Green, Governor; Prof. Craig, Lieutenant-Governor; Dr. Kinnaman, Secretary of State; Prof. Gilbert, Secretary of Treasury; Prof. A. C. Burton, Attorney-General; Prof. W. S. Taylor, Commissioner of Agriculture; Prof. Wilson, Auditor; Miss Reid, Superintendent of Schools; and Prof. R. H. Marshall, Clerk of Appellate Court. There being no further business, the convention adjourned.

The House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Kentucky met in Vanmeter Hall on Friday evening, April 12, for the purpose of organizing the House and electing its several officers. Mr. W. O. Wicker, ex-assistant clerk, called the House to order and presided until Pres. H. H. Cherry was unanimously elected Speaker. The Speaker-elect was ushered to the chair by a committee of three, appointed by Mr. Wicker, and after a few brief remarks, the oath of office was administered to him by Judge Alexander, of the Court of Appeals.

Nominations for the officers of the House were now in order, and the following were elected: Mr. W. O. Wicker,
The House was immediately notified by the Senate that they were duly organized and ready for business. After a few resolutions were adopted, the House adjourned to meet again in regular session, Friday evening, April 19.

A great spirit of enthusiasm was manifested in both meetings by both student-body and faculty. The General Assembly no doubt promises to be one of the greatest events in the life of the institution. The students certainly appreciate the great efforts made by the President in the establishing of the General Assembly of the Western Kentucky State Normal School.

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Junior Society.

"The sun rises alike for the rich and the poor, and with its great glaring eye, views the wicked as well as the good, the hideous as well as the beautiful things of earth."

Eula Denton, with her manner so blithe and gay, Scatters sunshine for us all along the way.

Heady Dunagan, so charming and full of deceit, You will never be able to beat.

Woodfin Hutson is noted for speeches far and near, Some think they're caused by love of the Normal, so dear, But we know that is the only time he has to talk, For a wise little wife, now by his side doth walk.

Jennie Lynn Hodges, so modest and mild, Has power to tame earth's fiercest child.

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Hazel McClusky's winning ways Will bring lovers throughout her days. I. L. Miller, who is full of vivacity, Makes folks wonder at his audacity.

Zona Lee Scearce, with her active mind, Leaves all sluggards far behind.

Mary Lee Taylor must fish to capture a foreigner, For German, French, and Spanish are the studies for 'er.

Arthur Roark's good opinion of self Will help him reach the topmost shelf.

For a test of your discrimination, The Hester twins are the best in creation.


Ruth Tichenor, Maud Schultz, and Grace Vass, Certainly are the beauties of our class.

There are Clara Moorman and Lorena Waddell, Whatever they do, they do real well.

Leila Keown talks from sun till sun; But Carrie Cotner is never done.

Misses Knott, Hyde, and Allen have made a wise decision, In setting the standard of their ideals, precision.

Leslie P. Jones, an orator of much fame, Will, no doubt, immortalize his name.
THE ELEVATOR.

Foremost in all her classes is Bertie Layman; Close by her side, stands Anna D. Shanahan.

Nona Carson, so calm and quiet, Is always pleasing to the sight.

To him, who no woman fears, We recommend Miss Nora Meers.

Late to bed, and early to rise, Is hard on Mary Sargent's big black eyes.

We yet have hopes for Elizabeth Green, For at work, she is always to be seen.

Paul Chandler, the beau-ideal of our wonderful class, Plans a new conquest every time he looks in the glass.

"How far that little candle throws its beams. So shine our redheads in a naughty world." George Montgomery, Iva Rea, Andrew Parker.

"Mum's the word when you speak."—Genie Armstrong.

"Make the little things count."—Ruth Campbell.

The Juniors declare the glory of God in Barnes, and his recitations show his handiwork.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."—Annie Robertson.

"Sigh, and the world sighs with you."—Eva McKendree.

"Look up, not down."—Etta Potter.

"Accuracy first, then speed."—Mayme G. Paris.

THE ELEVATOR.

"Be not weary in well doing; Climb the ladder till the last round is reached."—John Wade.

Eva Rhodus—"To be seen, not heard."

Flora Hedger—"A problem."

Add Tartar to the sweet.

Ethel Squires.—She is from Missouri, and she has to see it all.

Mattie Morgan.—A chip off the old block.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."—Josephine Drake.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."—Beverly Vincent.

"Be contented with nothing but the best."—W. L. Matthews.

Virgil Clemons, with manner demure, Will make good, we're sure.

We, a last year's Junior won, When we gained Nell Peterson.

"Carry Domestic Science into the Rural School."—Ida Judd.

"Some are born great, Some achieve greatness; But I have greatness thrust upon me."—T. H. Barton.

If there's anything you wish to know, Just ask Marie Louise Crowe.
Neither Jewell Hawkins nor Nilla Hancock is a poet, but they hate for folks to know it.

"Abhor vanity; cling to virtue."—Daisy Horn.

Bedford Turner.—"There's a motive in his manliness."

"All's well that ends well."—Georgia Bell.

Miss Tichenor (leaving Geometry room): Prof. Marshall has called on me six days out of the last seven.

Prof. Marshall: Now, Miss Tichenor, you know I didn't call on you Saturday and Sunday, and you needn't tell it.

Y. M. C. A. basketball game,
Professor Reams seated, with a very swell dame;
Whistle blows, what a sound!
Foul on Reams! Arms around!

Miss Hodges (studying Medieval History): The person who said that History is Literature had never read Mother Goose.

Student: Miss Sargeant, why are you taking that meat home with you?
Miss Sargeant: I am rooming by myself, and I want it for a watchdog.

Prof. Stickles: Miss Wand, when did Charles I. begin to rule?
Miss Wand: Wh-y-y-y he hasn't begun to rule yet.

Committee on Class Pins: Miss McClusky, which of these pins do you like the best?
Miss McC.: I don't like any of those. I prefer the B. G. B. U. Button.

Mr. Stillwell started to the Hill Monday morning.
Fellow-Student: Stillwell, who has been sitting on your hat?
Mr. S.: Wh-y-y-y, I don't know who has been sitting up there.

Wanted.—To exchange a grade on Kentucky History for a credit on Medieval.—Senior.

Why doesn't the Kit-Kat subscribe for THE ELEVATOR? Because he is not yet "Elevated."

Prof. Strahm (in Music): Why don't you rest, there, Turner? Can't you see it's marked rest?
Mr. Turner: Yes, Professor; but I am not tired.

Mr. Hudson: That milliner of yours must be a bird.
Mrs. Hudson: Nonsense; she has neither wings nor feathers.
Mr. H.: Yes; but just look at this bill of hers.
Prof. Leiper: Miss Potter, can you decline love?
Miss Potter: I don’t know, Professor; I never have yet.

Lost—On Normal Heights, a little yellow dog without any earmarks except its tail, and it’s cut off.

Miss Maggard: Don’t you think Miss Palmore has an awfully sad face?
Miss Wright: Yes, poor girl! A face like hers is enough to make anybody sad.

Prof. Green: Mr. Thomas, what minerals are mined in Virginia?
Mr. Thomas: Wheat, corn, and oats.
Prof. G.: Why, Thomas, minerals are something dug out of the ground.
Mr. T.: Oh, I know now; it’s ‘taters.

If Mr. Magness would plant cotton this year, would Miss Mary Pick-ett?

Pat Powers, the weather forecast for Frisbie Hall, always prophesies Rains.

If milk is worth four cents a pint, what is Dolphus Butter-worth?

Mr. Thomas (to Ruby Alexander): Ruby, how many senses are there?
Ruby (promptly): Six.
Mr. Thomas: Six? Why, I have only five.
Ruby: I know it; the other is common sense.

Mr. Bandy: Was that girl laughing at me?
Bess Combest: I don’t know; she often laughs at nothing.

Prof. Green: How many seasons are there?
Mr. Pusey: Three.
Prof. Green: Name them.
Mr. Pusey: Baseball, basketball, and football.

“A man smiles when you speak of his level head, but call it flat and he gets mad.”

Prof. Clagett (looking over Mr. Wilson’s paper): Why, this spelling is abominable.
W. C.: Professor, this ain’t no spellin’ lesson; this here is a composition lesson.

Edna Caldwell (to Prof. Marshall): Are you coming to our social Saturday night?
Prof. Marshall: No, I expect not.
Miss C. (anxiously, a few minutes later, as Prof. Marshall is leaving): Say, Prof. Marshall, are you coming?
Prof. M.: No, I’m going; can’t you tell when a fellow’s coming and when he’s going?

CUTE SAYINGS OF THE SENIORS.

Della Combest: Brother caught a fox last winter.
Playmate: What did he do with it?
Della C.: He threw the fox away and kept the rest of it.

Inquirer: Why was Washington City so named?
Bobbie London: It was named in honor of a great man, just as London, England, was named after me.

Salee Summers: Mamma, why do people call me Summers? It ought to be just Summer while I am so young.

First Year in School.

Little Verna Robertson, not yet knowing how to make all the script letters from the print, was seated at her desk.
writing the sentence, "Mary and Jane love flowers." Up
lifted a little hand.

Mr. Wilson (the teacher): All right, Verna, what is it?
Verna: I don't know how to make love.
(Note.—Mr. Wilson showed her.)

Harry Mitchell: Pop, give me a nickel.
Mr. Mitchell: Why, Harry, you worry me to death.
What did you do with the one I gave you last week? You
are such a forbearing child.
Harry: I didn't buy four bears with that nickel. I only
got one Teddy.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is Guy Byrd like a river?
2. Why is Miss Reid like a child?
3. Why is Professor Webb like a leach?
4. Why is Professor Marshall like a hen?
5. Why is Professor Wilson like a queen on her throne?
6. Why is Professor Reams like a spoiled child?
7. Why is Dean Kinnaman like a newspaper?
8. Why is Professor Green like a major's daughter?
9. Why are not the other Professors' names mentioned?

Answers.
1. He is ever running.
2. She fondles the Kit-Kats.
3. He is ever drawing.
4. He is ever sitting.
5. He always looks down.
6. He is ever bawling (balling).
7. He is ever making announcements.
8. He leads "the" society.
9. Some are too holy to mention; others are terrifying to
hear.