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SUMMER SCHOOL  
Western Kentucky State Normal School  
BOWLING GREEN, KY.  
June 18---SIX WEEKS---July 26  
1912  
Academic, Professional and Special Work Offered  
A Large Faculty of Educational Experts will Have Charge of the Work  

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING  
The Training School will be open for Kindergarten and Grade Work.  
The course will be given by regular instructors and several critics. Educationalists of ability, from a distance, have been secured for special lines of instruction.  

NORMAL HEIGHTS  
The school now occupies its new home on Normal Heights. There is not a more ideal place for a Summer School.  

COURSES OFFERED  
Kindergarten, Primary Methods, Drawing and Penmanship, Music, Physical Education, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Nature Study, Agriculture, Biology, Physiology, Latin, Geography, History, Geology, Physics, Chemistry, English Language, Grammar, Rhetoric and Composition, Literature, Ethics, Psychology and Child Study, French, German, Mathematics, etc. Persons desiring to do regular work will have an opportunity to do the same, and will be given credit for regular courses for all work thoroughly done.  

COMMENCEMENT  
The Graduating Exercises of the State Normal will be held July 24-25, 1912. The music on this occasion will be of the highest order, and addresses will be given by educators of national reputation.  

Special Excursions and Rides to Mammoth Cave and Down Big Barren River  
Summer School Bulletin, giving full information, will be sent on application. For further information address  
H. H. CHERRY, President,  
BOWLING GREEN, KY.
Better Goods For The Same Money
Or the Same Goods For Less Money
In Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes
At J. Will Stark
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Bowling Green, Ky.

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Mrs. S. M. Demmond, Milliner,
For Hats, Hair-Dressing,
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New and Second-hand Books and School Supplies
OF ALL KINDS AT LOWEST PRICES
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Corner Main and Center Sts., Opp. Postoffice. Both Phones 463

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Stationery and School Supplies, and will appreciate your patronage.

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Use the above blank if you change your post office address. Be sure to give old address as well as new.

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THE ELEVATOR,
BOWLING GREEN, KY.
GENTLEMEN:
You may enter my name as a Subscriber to the Elevator. Enclosed you will find
FIFTY CENTS FOR ONE YEAR.
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Address

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IS THE BEST PLACE FOR
Text-Books and Supplies
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The Prescription Drug Store.
We carry a complete line of
Fine Toilet Articles, Parker’s Fountain Pens,
Huylers’ Candies.
Try Our Sodas.

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Mrs. S. M. Demmond.
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The Clothing House of Taste!
Williams-Osteen Clothing Co.
908 State Street
THE FIGHT IS ON
for the best teaching places. They are closing up every day.
We believe we are closing our share of them and that you are
depriving yourself of valuable assistance by not calling on us.
Registration is free.
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The Analysis of Glen Lily Lithia Water,
MADE BY THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.
shows this famous mineral water to be absolutely pure. It is
pleasant to the taste, too. Delivered any place in the city, daily, in
thoroughly sterilized gallon jugs, for 10¢ a jug, or 50¢ per week for 7 jugs.
HARRY W. POTTER, MANAGER. NEW PHONE 233.

STUDENTS!
Remember the “Golden Rule”
Those who patronize you, do you even so unto them.

FRENCH DRY CLEANING
Quick Service. Old Clothes Made to Look New, at
DAVE RABOLD’S, The Tailor and Men’s Furnisher
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE BAPTIST CHURCH. BOTH PHONES.

LITERARY
First Aid to the Injured

ANONYMOUS.

At the W. K. S. N. S. students come and go forever. It
has been worked out by reliable statistics that practically
the same number go as come—this being permitted by the
beneficent lowness of the mortality rate—and then, practi-
cally the same number come back as go. However, this only to individuals and not to the occupations which the individuals pursue. Not as many feminine teachers leave school as enter, and not as many come back as leave. The County Clerk and the minister lobbying for the firm of D. Cupid & Co., Incorporated, Manufacturers of Felicity and Fixtures, have stitched on alterations to the pedagogical careers of several of the aforesaid class. The vocations of the men change not. They persevere on until ultimately they are retired on Carnegie pensions. There is a legend that once a young graduate, with a bright future about a decade in front of him, fell fluently in love with a fair colleen who wasn’t a matriculate of the Normal. Consequently she didn’t understand some things. She conditioned her “yes” on his promise to provide a brown stone bungalow on Easy Street. After teaching a few sessions, he noted that the contractors weren’t dropping around occasionally to offer pointers on the latest architectural flourishes, and that their wives didn’t attack his wife’s front-door-bell with ingratiating smiles on their faces and engraved cards in their hands. Besides, real estate on Easy Street seemed very high just then. So, to make his promise good, he quit teaching and went to work. The usual programme is for the two to start out some rosy summer day, he with a diploma and a contract to teach the Sourwood Mountain School in one hand, and her hand in the other, and tightly clasped in her otherwise unoccupied hand nests a brand-new copy of Mrs. Rorer’s Cooking Recipes. The moon flits by on silken wings. He provides the dough for the dough and she kneads it and solicitously attends to such other needs as arise. Thus things jingle on as merrily as a dinner-bell until one spring day he distributes the red striped peppermint, hands the key of the schoolhouse over to the trustee, and goes home to tell her that the Call of the Normal has come to him. She confesses that she has been similarly taken. Then through the watches of the evening and night they sit, going over historically, hysterically, and realistically their courtship days, and attempting to formulate some form of excuse as a basis for a pilgrimage to the Normal. Finally they agree upon one that has some of the marks of plausibility. It doesn’t matter so much what it is—anything serves. Then they pack up the family telescope, and buy a ticket for that suburb of the Normal School known as Bowling Green.

Let me pause to explain that it isn’t at all necessary for the student to be married to have the Call of the Normal constantly dinning in his mind’s ear. I merely use that class for dramatic effect.

Well, about 9.15 the morning after their arrival, they go into Vanmeter Hall and sit down in the same seats as of yore,—or, the ones that would be the same if the Normal hadn’t got up early one February morning and moved itself. Contentedly they sit through the extra sizes of chapel exercises—but, nay, not so! Suddenly springeth up the President, giveth a violent yank to his locks and delivereth himself to-wit: “Ladies and Gentlemen: Fellow-Stockholders in the Democratic Project for the Education of Kentucky’s Childhood: We are glad to have with us this morning a former student who has achieved, etc., etc."

Here this article arrives at its beginning. Its purpose, which hitherto has been a deep, dark secret, shall now be divulged. It is a complete correspondence course in the art and science of delivering extemporaneous, impromptu speeches—at chapel or elsewhere. It proposes that voices that once quavered and shrilled shall ring clear cut as a clarion: that knees which once smote together shall stand unsainted and unassailed. Wherefore, list and learn.

First of all, have something to say. Forget what you have heard of impromptu speeches. After giving the matter some years of thought, my opinion of them just about coincides with the old farmer’s opinion of giraffes. After looking one over, he muttered as he turned away in disgust: “Shucks, there ain’t no such animal!” Nothing worth while has ever been spoken of by tongue that the mind hadn’t
previously collected and organized. Every so-called impromptu speech that contains a more substantial element than superheated air would, if analyzed, develop very obvious tests of perspiration and midnight oil.

Let's have an illustration: Once they held a meeting over in an Egyptian desert. A speaker's table formed a common center around which stood the multitude. In the background were cannon with mouths all a-pucker. Above fluttered the Lilies of France. The chairman, for instance, Marshal Ney, arose. "Fellow Messieurs," he began, "we are glad to have with us this morning a distinguished countryman who has achieved, et cetera. The Honorable Napoleon Bonaparte will now address us with a few remarks on whatever subject lies uppermost in his heart." The speaker named got up, folded his arms across his pudgy bosom, assumed a rapt, St. Helena expression, and pointing to some strange shapes in the distance, began: "Forty centuries are looking down upon you"—whereupon the historians and the paragraphers for the Associated Press got busy. Now, I'll wager every penny of the money I'm to receive for this article that N. B. had sat up till 11.30 the night before working up that speech; turning through the history to find when the first century opened its eyes and began looking down, then through the arithmetic to find how many years are required for a century according to French tables, and finally making the necessary reductions, deductions, and summaries. The moral appended is: "Make preparation. Lay by in store some choice gems of thought against future embarrassment." So far, so good. Preparation is assured henceforth.

Let us now take up and suggest what kinds of preparation should be prepared. Be sure that you have a half-Nelson on the phraseology you use. In other words, make your language sound like you feel and look and act. Otherwise, it smacks too loudly of preparation. In case you use another's thought, array it in such peculiar and unique phrases that there will be no fatherly recognition on the part of its
parent. It goes without saying that manuscript should not be used. Once in a thousand times a speaker has individuality enough to overcome the depressing effect of a typewritten speech. It is fatal to attempt it the other number. Principalities, principalships, and eyelids have dropped and fallen from read speeches. Omit the this-reminds-me's. Such analogies are so antique and absurdly common that the long-buried remains of Mike and Pat and Uncle Ned take theidgets when they are used. Work in all the alliteratives you can. "Apt Alliteration's Artful Aid" is about the most artful there is, especially when it is apt. Then again, try to use some word alien to your audience with a familiarity that will set your hearers guessing.

Once, on the occasion of a lecture, the writer was rapidly falling asleep. The speaker's words had dwindled into a distant hum. Suddenly, a word forced itself upon his soporific faculties. Something knocked at the door of every brain cell and told the inmate to get up; something was doing. Consciousness struggled, righted itself. "Hiatus," that was the word, and then out of the mental fog grew the context—"There is a hiatus in the matter." I don't know what the matter was, but I found hiatus later that night (in the dictionary), and since it has been one of my best friends. Take the suggestion for what it is worth.

There are but two kinds of enunciation that are really effective,—the one clear, clean-cut, and rapid; the other, the inimitable, long-drawn Southern drawl. Take your choice, but keep them apart: they have antipathies.

I shall now, in accordance with all established precedents, distribute samples. However, those given below are only applicable for use in chapel. Models for other occasions will be furnished on application.

Try this one. When your name has been called, arise and say: "My Friends, it is indeed a great pleasure to be with you this bright morning. I had not expected to be called upon for a speech, consequently what I shall say will come directly from the heart. However, I prepared a few notes on the paramount issues of the day, in case I should be asked for a speech." Here, draw slowly from the inside pocket about a ream of paper, and read a number of statistics concerning the Chinese Exclusion Act, also, the progress of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in Guam. Then close with a peoration in which the American Eagle builds her nest and raises a large brood on Normal Heights. This is not a new one, but, if carried out judiciously, would, I think, bring down the house.

Then this: Arise majestically, hold your arms and hands in position for ready use, gauge your voice to the standard oratorical pitch and begin: "Mr. President, Friends of the Faculty; Advocates of Aspirations from Allen and Adair; Brain Builders from Ballard, Barron, Breckenridge, Butler, and Bullitt; Champions of Childhood from Calloway, Carlisle, Casey, Critten, and Cumberland; Dreamers, Doers, and Developers from Daviess; Educational Enthusiasts from Edmonson," and so on through the alphabetical list of counties, closing with, "Fearless Fighters from Foreign Fields." Then bow to all quarters of the hall and subside.

And now, my friends, if after following the above directions carefully and conscientiously, you fail to attain a high degree of ability in speech-making, the writer passes you up. Saying which, he gesticulates gracefully and retires.

The Purpose of Industrial Education

"Whatsoever makes the world better, whatsoever makes life brighter, whatsoever makes the child stronger, whatsoever brings the heart nearer humanity and heaven nearer the heart—that ought to be taught in every school."

I believe that industrial education does this. We all know that agriculture is the most widely extended and the most important industry of our country. Our nation's prosperity depends upon the farmer, and any improvements made along agricultural lines benefits all other industries. If ag-
Agriculture is to compete with the other industries, it must rest upon a scientific foundation.

The Department of Agriculture, the faculties of Agricultural Colleges, and the Experiment Stations have recognized this fact, and our public schools are demanding that it be taught.

Agriculture not only gives definiteness to work in nature study, but it is closely related to geography;—in fact, it is more or less closely associated with every branch of study and is often the means of keeping the boys in school longer.

It seems to me if there was no other reason than this, that this one would be sufficient.

We have taught the "three r's" and have not made our schools interesting and practical, until our boys are dropping out of school just at the time they should be the most interested.

If we want to keep the boys in school, we must give them something they like, make their work practical. Too many of our boys are going to the cities, when we need more of them on the farm. We need more educated men in the country; more men that know how to get out of the soil what there is in it. We all agree that country life is the most independent life one can live, and it is the best place for our boys. There is where the air is the purest, where the grass grows the greenest, where the flowers bloom the brightest, where the birds sing the sweetest, where we come close to Nature and to God.

It doesn't make any difference what vocation in life the boy chooses, it is important that he know something of the country, for we get everything from the soil. He should learn to use his hands as well as his brain; therefore, teach Agriculture and Manual Training in our schools. Prepare the boy for life!

Then, since the home is the greatest factor to civilization, it should be an earthly paradise. It should be a place where all the members of the family can come together after the day's labor is over and find rest, peace, and sympathy, where

love abides, where all can share one another's joys and sorrows, a place where the little ones find their ideals of culture and refinement, the center around which clusters the best and noblest in life.

Then some of our reasons for placing Domestic Science and Arts in our schools are as follows:

First: Growth of our cities.

The changes in our industrial systems have caused us to make changes in our living. Our cities are larger and becoming larger all the time.

Second: New home conditions.

In past years the women of the household not only attended to the household duties, but wove, spun, made the clothing, and often worked in the fields. Now we can get nearly everything from the factory and store ready for use, the women have entered other fields of work, and the household duties are being neglected.

Third: Reduction of living expenses.

In the past few years our living expenses have increased and many poor people do not know how to reduce expenses and still live. Then, why not give our girls the practical side of life?

Teach them the value of foods, what foods contain the most nutrition for the money expended, and how to properly prepare this food.

Did you ever stop to think how many homes are wrecked on account of the women's not knowing how to keep house? If you had a child ill of fever, would you send for a farmer to come and prescribe the medicine for that child? No, you would send for a skilled physician; one that knew his business. Yet, we put our girls at the head of homes to train and mould the characters of our future generations without giving them any special training along that line.

Frances Willard said: "The mission of an ideal woman is to make the world home-like." Women have always, and will continue to be, home-makers. They why not prepare the girls for their mission in life? Train them to be better
home-makers; how to make more beautiful, attractive, and sanitary homes. Train them to select, buy, and make their own clothing. Teach them the value of a dollar and how to properly spend it.

When the girls are in the intermediate and grammar grades they are easily interested in the things pertaining to the home; why not train them while they are interested?

Is it not time that we look beyond the little horizon of yonder field and train our boys and girls for the best and the noblest in life? Then let us put industrial work in our schools.  

Mrs. Dora R. Barnes.

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"The Vision of Young Men"

(The Winning Oration.)

Years ago in a foreign city, long after the dead hours of midnight, a bugle rang our clear, and penetrating the darkness that comes before dawn, it pierced the deepest recesses of sleep and sounded a great note of action and adventure. To what duty it called and whither it led they knew not, they only knew it was a command; but a great company of those who came out of their dreams to hear it were shaken by its imperative call.

Hosts of men are paralyzed because they hear no voice save those that weaken and betray them—the voices of weariness, indecision, and skepticism. If they arouse themselves, it is to take account of their discomfort. They drug themselves with the narcotic of fatalism, of irresistible power. They lull themselves into sleep with a thousand excuses and evasions, and while they lie in a stupor of weaknesses the bugle rings out and a thousand men about them spring to arms and march to victory.

In this age of the much talked-of universal peace, when the demon of war seems forever past, there comes a call for soldiers. Calling for men of high purpose, men of real
manhood, not of the dazzling, showy kind that depends on wealth or fashion, but that quiet, self-reliant manhood, that seeks only the right thing and dares to do it.

If it is a fact that the American Government has become corrupt, it is because the home is corrupt. If the home is corrupt, it is because the individual is corrupt. Then, in order to purify our government, we must purify the home. If there is any one thing that is most needed in America, it is men of pure and positive character, who are the fathers of the boys and girls that are to mould the future destiny of America. Especially is this true in regard to our boys. Mr. Ott tells us that “men are ready to put the musket to their shoulder to protect their girls,” which they should do; but they forget and let the boys run free to all the vices of the land. It would be a folly and shame to neglect the sacredness of our girlhood, the purest, sweetest, and best of all things. But it is a greater folly to think that we can have pure girlhood after the boyhood has been degraded. In the name of the future generation, in the name of the homes that are to be established and maintained by the boys when they grow into manhood, it is time to have the boyhood of our country clean.

Let us not be optimistic in turning a page and looking on the dark side of our great nation. While it is a fact that we have the greatest, grandest, and freest of all nations, a nation whose bosom is filled with untold treasures, from the skyscrapers of New York on the Atlantic to the Queen Land of California; from the bubbling waters of the Niagara to the pine-clad hills of our dear old Southland,—a nation the world loves and admires; yet there is a danger that stands out before the American people, and that danger grows larger and larger as the years pass. We have drifted from the principles upon which our government was founded. To-day we find ourselves bound hand and foot with political bands. To-day the word politics is a by-word on the American lips, and the word politician suggests graft to the American mind. You ask why such a state of affairs exists?

The answer comes ringing back. It is because we have been putting into politics men with little heads, little hearts, and little souls. The Americans will not tolerate this much longer; they are waking up and ere another decade, if a man like Woodrow Wilson comes out in politics they will not send up a howl all over the land—he is a college man and not a politician; but if he has a pure character and stands for good principles they will rally to his support.

We need men who can stand before the law-making bodies of our land and defy the greatest money power on earth; men who cannot be bought and sold like slaves; men who value their vote far more than their political heads. Unless we have such men there is a calamity awaiting America,—politically, financially, and industrially.

Oh, Americans of to-day, who have been nursed in the arms of liberty; who have been rocked in the cradle of democracy; who have never tasted the bitter fruits of aristocracy, there comes an appeal to you that unless you respond to the call of Education to-day, you shall soon wake up in the hands of a mighty monster; that monster is the slave of the twentieth century.

When we look out over the hilltop and see the eager sun rush from his hiding place and kiss away the bashful blush of the morning of the twentieth century, we see a nation of ninety millions of people, composed of every nation, kindred, and tongue, the great masses of which have heard the imperative call of Education, and before many years have passed, every home will have felt its influence.

This is an age of concentration; it calls not for the educated only, not for talented men, not for geniuses, not for jack-at-all trades, but for men who can do one thing as well as it can be done.

At this dawn of the twentieth century we are brought face to face with many problems that must be solved. Such as the problem of purifying the ballot, the regulation of the trusts, the great labor question, the question of natural resources, the temperance question, and the question of edu-
cating the masses and not the classes. The solution of these
must come from statesmen, men who know, men who will;
men who will stand for principles and be leaders instead of
torch-light heroes. This age is weary of polite, weak camp
followers, weary of servility, weary of bowed necks and
knees bent to corruption. The men who solve these great
problems of to-day must, as Mr. Watterson expresses it,
have courage like the Spartans of old, when Xerxes led that
great Persian host against the Pass of Thermopylae, where
only three hundred Spartans were in charge.

If we had men like that at the head of our government to-
day, we might truly say: "A government by the people and
for the people." But so long as our legislatures are doing
all they can to help the rich man get richer, in place of help-
ing the poor man to make a living, so long will we have to
spend large sums of money for penitentiaries and insane
asylums.

Shall the minds of the Americans be fed with falsehood
as they have been for the last quarter of a century? They
have been blinded long enough. Both rich and poor are
asking for men to fill our legislative halls, who are willing
to deal out justice to the weak as well as to the strong,
whether the world applauds or hisses.

The world is suffering not from too much achievement,
but from too little improvement; not from too much theory
and too much program, but from too little actual service.
To know conditions is valuable; but to establish and organi-
ze work with efficient leadership, to take advantage of the
knowledge and to carry out actual transformation of soci-
ety, is the great need of to-day. It is social action in con-
tact with social reality that is needed to enable us to carry
out our ideal leadership, to organize into doing associations
rather than resolving associations.

It is said that we have enough laws on our statute books
to furnish a program for social action for one hundred years
of progress, if they were only carried out. There are
enough reform societies to redeem all Africa, and yet how
long has the greatest nation been sleeping in heathenism
until a Washington was born to lead them out of bondage
of slavery. But to-day the Chinese can thank God that they
are a free people. How long, oh, how long, did old Kentucky
sleep in her bondage of ignorance until a leader was born,
not on old Mount Vernon, but on the banks of Barren River.
His struggle has been a fierce one; at first he found only a
small band of men for his army; but like Washington of old
he knew they were the bravest that America could produce.
They have suffered many hardships; they have met hosts
on the field of battle; they have crossed the Delaware and
captured Trenton; and only last winter they were forced
to camp on the bleak field of Valley Forge. At times it
 seemed all hope was gone; but not once did this brave hero
think of defeat. He went forward until he heard the bell of
liberty ring out for Kentucky childhood.

We have some very able men devoting their lives to a
principle and doing a heroic work, but we need a multitude
more. There will be a mighty struggle, yet do not forget
that the cause of humanity always triumphs in the end.
But we must be in earnest. A century ago when men faced
death on the gallows by declaring for liberty, they were in
earnest. At every step in the career of our grand old na-
tion, men have been in earnest. The men who are to lead
the great host of Democracy for the next decade must be in
earnest.

As we gaze out into the future, we see a land of golden
opportunities, a land of sunshine and bliss, a land where
misery and distress ought not to be found. For, to the true
and noble men we have to-day, we will add hundreds more.
Many of those who have been working in the vineyard do-
ing what little they could, now find that they have passed
their zenith. Their endurance and activities are growing
shorter; they can work in clearing away the rubbish; they
can chop down the underbrush; they can still help to make
the road over which the army shall pass; but advancing
armies, conquering armies must be led by young men whose career is before them.

Rise to the occasion, meet the demands of the time, answer to the call of the age, respond to the cry of humanity, and your name will be written against the sky in letters of glory, and you shall win the blessings of all generations to come.

L. P. Jones.

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News About Normalites

Otto Roemer, B.S. 1909, and his good wife came back to old B. G. for a visit early in June. They will teach again next year at Moreauville, La., at which place Mr. Roemer is principal of a rural Consolidated and High School.

T. A. Humble, Senior 1911, returns to Leitchfield as Superintendent.

Elmo Thomas, of oratorical fame, will teach at Denham School, Calloway County.

S. C. Summers, otherwise "Sallie," and G. Ivan (Long) Barnes expect to matriculate in the Medical Department of Indiana University in September.

Oscar T. Shemwell, the famous Corn-Dodger and Soup magnate, will enter Indiana University this summer for special work.

Paul H. Seay, Senior 1911, returns at an increased salary, to the Commercial Department of the Lockport, Ill., Township High School.

Chas. L. Taylor and his brother, Prof. Will S., enter Wisconsin University in September for special agricultural work.

Verna Robertson, Senior 1912, will have charge of the Second Grade in the Murray Graded and High School.


H. W. Nichols, of athletic-oratorical fame, Hardin Graded and High School.
THE ELEVATOR.

Nellie Smith, back to Latin Department of Madisonville High School.
Ruth Hopgood, back for the fourth year at Ashbysburg, Hopkins County.
D. P. Morris, Senior 1912, Slaughtersville.
Ray Taylor, Walnut Hill, Caldwell County.
Inez Orr, Fifth Grade, Mayfield.
Marie Gore, Senior 1910, Second Grade, Mayfield.
Lora Frisby, Assistant in Mayfield High School.
James B. Adams, Hazelwood Graded School, Jefferson County.
Ruble Orr, Assistant in High School, Mayfield.
Lorene Colley, Powderly, Muhlenburg County.
Clara Lee, Graham, Muhlenburg County.
Gordie Young, Greenville Graded and High School.
J. Riley Kirk, Esq., back to Central City.
W. C. Bell, Senior 1910, back to Central City.
E. H. Cannon and Hontas Dunn, Cherry Graded School, Calloway County.
Stella Denton and Oliver Hoover, Senior 1911, Robard Graded and High School, Henderson County.
Helen Meador, Gunter’s Flat, Calloway County.
Alice Broadus, Eighth Grade, Mill Creek, Okla.
Myrtle Johnson, Fourth and Fifth Grades, Livermore Graded School.
Virginia Hudson, Principal Oakland Graded School, Warren County.
Ruth Skaggs, Primary Grades, Oakton Graded School, Hickman County.
Greenville Harrison, Primary Grades, Lone oak Graded School, McCracken County.
Susie Graham, Stephensburg, Hardin County.
Everett Shultz, Union Hill, Ohio County.
Lottie Collins, Seventh and Eighth Grades, Crab Orchard Graded School, Lincoln County.
Esther Wood, Primary Department, Rochester Graded and High School, Butler County.

THE ELEVATOR.

Anna Mae King, Rossington, Ballard County.
Calie Hanes, Cave Spring, Warren County.
Nellie A. Cummings, Rural School, Jefferson County.
Eva McKendree, Viola Graded School, Graves County.
Mary Brown, Macedonia School, Grayson County.
Rachel Coffman, Hawkins School, Hopkins County.
Oma Pulliam, Chestnut Point, Allen County.
Kelley Overby, Slater, Ballard County.
Hubert Anderson, rural school, Simpson County.
Cordelia Whitehouse, Willisburg, Ky.
C. E. Allen, Central Grove, Ohio County.
Ethel Rollins, Slaby Grove School, Ballard County.
Susan Peffer, Principal Graded School, Calhoun, Ky.
Pearl Downward, Third and Fourth Grades, West Point Graded School, Hardin County.
Haskell C. Miller, Allen School, Barren County.
Ethel Moore, Jones School, Adair County.
Mabel McKenney, Hall School, Logan County.
Add Tarter, Bethany, Casey County.
Essie Harrison, Grindstone, Calloway County.
Peesie Roax, Sunnyside School, Graves County.
Oliver Hoover, Senior 1911, back to Robard Graded and High School.
Mae Wilkinson, Linnie, Casey County.
Gwynneth Bertley, Iron Hill, Christian County.
Martha McClanahan, Fifth and Sixth Grades, Pemroke Graded School.
Nevadus Turner, rural school, Marshall County.
Kyle Bunch, Cohron, Warren County.
Elizabeth McGee, Oak Ridge, Christian County.
Helen Gray, Sullivan School, Hardin County.
Mattie Reid, Nabob, Barren County.
Fulton Haynes, Penn’s Chapel, Warren County.
Dollie Smith, Watson School, Calloway County.
Anna D. Shanahan, Mt. Pleasant, Warren County.
Laura Phelps, New Zion, Butler County.
Claudia Price, Bear Wallow, Hart County.
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Nellie Wand, Little Muddy, Butler County.
Maud Shultz, Narrows, Ohio County.
J. D. Wortham, Principal, Boston, Ky.
Mary Maggard, Kleinwood School, near Hisienville, Ky.
Eva Brown, Principal, Habit, Daviess County.
Carrie Buchanan, Ennis, Muhlenburg County.
Eldon G. C. E. Ilen's School, Muhlenburg County.
Charlie Lawhorn, Calvary, Casey County.
Mabel Ivyl West, rural school, Todd County.
Effie E. Coffey, Mintonville, Casey County.
L. F. Dickenson, rural school, Casey County.
Ibbie Wesley, Principal, Bethelridge, Casey County.
A. A. Allison, Dove, Casey County. (For the fourth time.—Ed.)
Mrs. A. A. Allison, Wess, Casey County.
Ruby Baugher, Reburn School, Union County.
M. B. Wooten, Mt. Ayr, Barren County.
Hattie Ellis Cox, Third Grade, Owensboro Public Schools.
Hattie Veale, Ligon, Graves County.
Ima Roemer, Hadley, Ky.
A. B. Carlton, Paschall School, Calloway County.
Luby Thurmond, Vancelev, Calloway County.
Kathleen Grable, rural school, Logan County.
S. C. Taylor, Chapman, Ohio County.
Ethel Brown, Cedar Dale, Muhlenburg County.
Maultye Jenkins, Hardison, Muhlenburg County.
Myrtle Carver, Mt. Vernon, Todd County.
Atlanta Bynum, Joppa, Marshall County.
Essie Cross, Primary Department, Wilkerson, Graves County.
J. B. Hutson, Stone, Calloway County.
Emma Allbritten, Macedonia, Calloway County.
Sedalia Birkhead, Rosehill, Daviess County.
Reubie Burton, Harding School, Calloway County.
Aubrey S. Hendon, Spring Hill, Calloway County.
Hattie Mitchell, Pool School, Caldwell County.
Violet Overfelt, Highland, Green County.
Eva Rhodus, Jericho, LaRue County.
Arthur Ford, Rush Point, Monroe County.
R. B. Clements, Principal, Olmstead High School, Logan County.
Mrs. Una Newman, rural school, Logan County.
A. C. Bryant, Cold Water, Simpson County.
Clarence Boswell, Flat Rock, Warren County.
Mrs. Ann D. Wheeler, Third Grade, Owensboro Public School.
D. P. Curry, Frazer, Green County.
F. E. Webb, Independence, Adair County.
Claude Harmon, Blair's, Russell County.
Dora Mottley, Liberty, Warren County.
T. B. Cook, Red Hill, Allen County.
H. C. Stephens, Brownsville, Ky.
Verna Howell, Mt. Pleasant, Warren County.
G. E. Everett, Superintendent Crab Orchard Graded and High School.
Harry C. Weir, Principal Campbellsville Public School, Taylor County.
S. C. Ray, Principal, Sparta, Ky.
Jesse Williams, Dullam's Creek, Logan County.
Emma Smith, Second Grade, Central City Schools.
C. H. Jaggers, Cub Run, Hart County.
Robert Hood, Locust Grove, Calloway County.
Raymond Champion, Principal, Fox Creek Graded School, Anderson County.
Erin Kelley, Haddock's, Christian County.
Pearl Thomas, rural school, Ballard County.
Chas. R. Bell, rural school, Ohio County.
Mrs. W. O. Nuchols, East Island, McLean County.
Velma Neville, rural school, Hart County.
D. R. Lutz, Nortonville, Hopkins County.
Bettie Bingham, Principal, Waverly, Union County.
Mary Joe Austin, Assistant, Waverly, Union County.
Lillian King, grade work, Lewisport Graded School.

Pruitt Dodson, rural school, Daviess County.
H. W. Nichols, Hardin Graded and High School, Marshall County.
Ruth Loyd, Herbert, Hancock County.
Mary Pickett, Cool Spring, Adair County.

F. G. Burd, Hardyville Graded School, Hart County.
Eula H. Denton, Third and Fourth Grades, Guthrie, Ky.
Lida Pendleton, Principal Lower Pleasant Grove Graded School, Davies County.
Anna Ramage, Lone Cherry, Livingston County.
Gay Layman, rural school, Graves County.
Ethel Hodges, Hailewell, Hickman County.
Zada Smith, Mt. Zion, Barren County.
Edna Gatewood, Waterloo, Hart County.
Mary Wyatt Lambert, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Grades, Waterloo, Hart County.
Warren County Academy, Smith's Grove, Ky.
Dellazine Hardin, Allentown, Meade County.
Lula Royse, rural schools, Adair County.
Edyth Lyle Allen, Creston, Casey County.
Grace Vass, Bonnieville, Hart County.

Genie Armstrong, Principal, Simpsonville, Shelby County.
Ruth Thompson, Camp Knox, Green County.
Ruby E. Carman, First, Second, and Third Grades, Lynnville, Graves County.

Bunnie M. Johnston, McClelland, Muhlenburg County.
Mary Yates, FELICIANA, Graves County.
Jenny L. Etter, Grammar Grades, Auburn Graded and High School, Logan County.

Vannie R. Lockett, Peafield, Metailske County.
Fred H. Hillyard, Colon, Crittenden County.
Roy Mayhew, Adolphus, Allen County.
Ethel Hays, Monticello, Barren County.
Roscoe R. Overby, Kane Creek, Ballard County.
Irvie G. Walker, Church Grove, Marshall County.
Alma Easley, Sweatt, Butler County.
Lottie Hightower, Prospect, Logan County.
Lizzie Teague, Mannington, Hopkins County.
Hattie Gamblin, rural school, Hopkins County.
K. Lois Robinson, Dyer's Hill, Livingstone County.
Mae Scott, Mud Springs, Livingstone County.
W. B. Furgerson, Furgerson, Hopkins County.
W. B. Smith, rural school, Barren County.
Virginia Melton, Hunter, Henderson County.
Nell Miller, Simpson, Adair County.
F. V. McCchesney, Principal, Lone Oak, McCracken County.
Carl Vincent, Poff School, Edmonson County.
Charlie F. Moore, Black Sulphur, Caldwell County.
J. C. Davis, Boxville, Union County.
Bedford Turner, Oak Grove, Barren County.

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Reubie Little, Principal, Palma Graded School, Marshall County.
Janie Malone, Mershon's Bridge School, Trigg County.
Mary Huggins, Fruit Hill, Christian County.
Alta Barnhill, Primary Department, Canmer Graded and High School, Hart County.
Olive Cato, McKinney, Christian County.
Bettie Shemwell, Second and Third Grades, Benton Graded School.

Annie Cato, Shiloh, Christian County.
Bessie B. Harrison, Carl, Christian County.
Lily Mae Rogers, grade work, Boston Graded School, Nelson County.
J. C. Dycus, Fairview, Lyon County.
Alleyne Boyd, Antioch, Logan County.
B. C. Orange, Bremen Graded School, Muhlenburg County.
C. W. Wright, Principal, Hanson High School, Hanson, Ky.
Mrs. C. W. Wright, Seventh and Eighth Grades in same school.

Lela Keown, Huntsville, Butler County.
Albritie Bardin, Big Creek, Adair County.
Cora Earl Shelton, Garnettsville, Meade County.
Mary Griffin, La Center, Ballard County.
Curtis Emerson, Motheral, Graves County.
George Lovan, Trabue, Hopkins County.
W. Moorman Ditto, Principal, Glendeane Graded School, Breckinridge County.

Jennie Lynd Hodges, Long Grove, Hardin County.
Ernest M. Haynes, Coldspriag, Meade County.
Noma Parker, Adams, Christian County.
Will Young, Greenville, Muhlenburg County.
R .H. Bratcher, Sixth Grade, Leitchfield Graded School.
Mrs. E. J. Logsdon, Highland Park Graded School.
Erma Porter, Alvaton, Warren County.
Maude Meguier, Fourth and Fifth Grades, Seven Hills, Owensboro, Ky.
Sara Williams, Hebron School, Bullitt County.
F. S. Maxey, Beech Grove, Monroe County.
Rexford Phelps, Lenard Oak, Butler County.
Marie Louise Crow, rural school, Hickman County.
J. Harvey Sweeney, Principal, Hardwell High School, Washington County.
B. H. Mitchell, Principal, High School, Eddyville, Ky.
Edwin D. Thompson, Hickory Grove, Monroe County.
Mayme Shown, Pleasant Ridge, Daviess County.
Lena Foster, Ovil, Christian County.
Mary Lahue, Shady Grove, Grayson County.
Bessie Miller, Poplar Log, Monroe County.
Mattie Capshaw, Principal, Gamaliel Graded School, Monroe County.
Laura Hollaway, Union Hill, Monroe County.
Katherine Milner, Principal, Graded School, Mossville, Ky.
Bessie Rice, Primary and Drawing and Penmanship, Elkton Graded School, Todd County.
Etta Potter, private class in Expression, Elkton, Ky.
Belinda Crenshaw, Senior 1911, Fifth and Sixth Grades, Cave City.
Beulah Ferguson, First and Second Grades, same.
Lulu Cosby, Fourth Grade, Mayfield.
Grace Wesson, Wright's, Graves County.
Lula Rigsby, Senior 1912, First Grade, Scottsville.
Mattie Morgan, Fifth Grade, Princeton.
Iva Rea, First, Second, and Third Grades, South Carrollton.

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THE ELEVATOR
GOING UP?

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

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EDITOR'S CHAT

AU REVOIR.

For sixteen months the present editor has sat in the chair of state directing the best school paper in the United States, and "in the course of human events," it now becomes necessary to abdicate in favor of a more worthy successor. Whether the editor has "fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith," it remains to the supporters of THE ELEVATOR to say, but in this connection he desires to
formally recognize the loyalty of student-body, faculty, and
friends of education to him and his staff while he has been
in charge. Especially does he desire to thank the staff for
its untiring efforts to make THE ELEVATOR what it should
be. The hours spent in working for our paper will be treas-
ured memories in the editor's keepsake-box of the past.
Once again: "Good-by."

CHAPEL SONGS.

Tennyson once wrote a poem, the refrain of which was,

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

The twentieth century counterpart of Tennyson's brook is
to be found, not in the long-drawn-out speeches heard in
chapel; not in the romantic love affairs of the Normal, con-
stant as they are; not in the endless round of coming and
going of students,—but in the songs that are sung week in
and week out, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest,
cold and heat at our chapel exercises. Why, we've stood up
for Jesus, marched to war, bound our hearts in Christian
love, joined in our "sweet land of liberty," and chanted
"Holy, Holy, Holy," until any student in school can sing any
part of the above songs without even looking at a song book.

We thought some unusual happening would change the
course of affairs, but the morning after the barn burned we
solemnly admonished all soldiers of the cross to stand upon
their pedal appendages. If our hearts had suffered pains
as many times as we have sung

"When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain,"

we'd long ago have been confirmed invalids with no hope of
recovery.

"Of the making of many songs there is no end, but, ver-
ily I say unto thee, the singing of any other than twenty-

THE ELEVATOR.
eight, thirty-eight, three, forty-five, eighty-nine, and one hundred nineteen is a weariness of the flesh."

OUR NEW EDITOR.

It is a pleasure to know that The Elevator is to be in such good hands next year. Our successor, Mr. William Lewis Matthews, of Crittenden County, is in every way qualified to wield the pen of the editor, and we bespeak for him a prosperous year. As students and friends of education, let's lend him our most loyal support, and aid The Elevator to rise to those heights.

"from whence the eye
Sees the earth as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.'

ATHLETICS.

The Normal baseball team has shown what our boys can do. With proper support we can manage anybody in the State. Coach Reams is sure that we can, and he ought to know. Let's "play ball" even better next year.

THIS ISSUE.

Now, since we've handed you such a large dose of Normal spirit in this issue, suppose you help boost The Elevator everywhere the W. K. S. N. S. is known, beginning, like charity, at home. It costs money to get out commencement issues, and let's make the thing a "go."

SUMMER SCHOOL.

The work of the present Summer School seems to insure that the great term of the future will be this one. The teachers of graded and High Schools are gradually finding that we can give them what they are seeking, and that will make President Cherry's prophecy of the summer term some day materialize.

There have been many weddings recently, but owing to the rush the editor has decided to leave them for his successor to report.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Being called upon to assume the responsibilities as editor of The Elevator for the ensuing school year, I take this opportunity to say to its many enthusiastic readers, that I approach the task with a desire to see the paper maintain its present high standard.

I am not unmindful of the efficient work that has been done by the present editor. Seeing this, I would shrink at the magnitude of the responsibility were I not reminded by the paper's many loyal supporters that the unexcelled faculty and student-body in this great school, stand ever ready to lend their support in times of need.

Promising to give the work my best effort, I earnestly solicit the co-operation of all that we may elevate The Elevator.

W. LEWIS MATTHEWS.

The Cave Trip

To relate all the incidents, pathetic and ridiculous, of the '12 Cave Trip would be an endless task. However, we mention some of them, beginning with the beginning, which was at four o'clock Thursday morning, June 13, when the party left Frisbie Hall.

As we passed through town we awakened two policemen from their slumbers and the things they said would not look well in print. About twenty-five of the boys started, thinking that they would walk the entire way, but almost before the Park City had faded from view it became evident that some had thought again. When breakfast-time came we ate the lunches we had brought with us. As Magness unwrapped his lunch he announced the fact that he
had two eggs, but that one was rotten. J. Ottie's immediate response was, "Give it to me."

Dripping Springs was first reached about seven-thirty, and left by the rear guard about noon. There were approximately 7,586 1/2 blisters to be bathed in these waters, which, by way of contrast, seemed to be about twenty degrees below zero. White, Wade, and Webb had the blister market cornered. We came near losing one of our boys near this point, when he discovered a good-looking country girl. His next discovery, however, was in our own crowd.

Soon after passing Dripping Springs the chief matter of interest was dinner. Professor Green thought that it would be well to get part of the dinner from the farm houses along the way. He approached one and asked the lady if he could get some cold biscuit. She informed him that there were none left from breakfast. He then asked for onions, but she said that they had not begun gathering them yet. Determined not to be foiled, he asked for some milk, but the good lady said that all the milk on the place was some that had been left in the baby's bottle—he went on. An elaborate two-course dinner was finally served, consisting of water for the first course and onions for the second.

By the time the last of the party passed along the road, the people were so well trained that upon the approach of one who looked like a Normalite they would proceed: "Come in and get a drink; the others passed on about an hour ago; it's so many miles to Mammoth Cave; take the right branch of the road at the next fork"—all this without even being asked.

As they hobbled along slowly and painfully, Wade remarked to Johnson, "If future punishment were in walking instead of fire, I'd mend my ways." Finally a turn in the road through the woods revealed the long-looked-for end of the journey. After a rest about the hotel, some of the boys went to the camping ground and picked out a place where the tents were soon pitched.

The champion walkers among the girls are Misses Boyd and Dunn, who walked from Dripping Springs to the Cave, passing on the way many boys who were anxious for honors for excellence in walking. Rayly and Roark made a record-breaking walk, reaching the Cave in six hours and fifty-five minutes, which is said to be two hours less than the trip has ever been made before. There were about fifteen who walked the entire trip over and return, making altogether nearly one hundred miles. The prize of $3.50 for the fellow who walked all the way and made himself most useful and agreeable about the camp was captured by Mr. Webb.

Notwithstanding the long trip over a still rougher road, the fatigue felt by the party after arriving was, indeed, remarkably slight. After enjoying the novelty of the first night of camping we were ready on Friday morning to go through the first route of the Cave. Here we passed through the corkscrew and saw the Mammoth Dome whose vastness and magnificence overwhelm the beholder. But the greatest of all was the ride on Echo River. As we entered the boats we thought of the ancient conception of the underworld where the boatman Charon rowed the spirits of the dead across the river Styx. And as we rowed slowly down the river and heard re-echoed back the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," we thought thoughts and enjoyed an experience that we had not known before, and one which we are utterly unable to describe.

On the afternoon of the same day we went through route two, the most attractive features of which were the Star Chamber, with its sunrise, and Monument Hall, where we erected a monument in the name of the Normal School, and heard an address by The Right Honorable Coakley Howell, Esq., on Lincoln. Here, also, were the remarkable Martha Washington Statue and the Bridal Chamber, closely followed by the Hornet's Nest. The next day, Saturday, we took route three. This part of the cave shows signs of having been occupied by the Indians. The Indian Council Hall
and Great City were especially interesting, and here where
the council fires formerly burned, and the war-dance was
heard, we sang the Indian love-song, Red Wing. On this
day dinner was served to the party in the Cave by Judge
Janin, who showed us many courtesies which we thoroughly
appreciated. Sunday morning we visited Colossal Cavern,
seeing the great Colossal Dome and some very remarkable
gypsum formations.

The guides were very courteous to the party and cracked
many jokes. The guide once called attention to a spot on
the ceiling which resembled a human face; he said it was
a man’s face, and when asked why not a woman’s, he said,
"Because it has the mouth shut.” Again, when showing a
deep pit, he said that it was 176 feet until a dog fell into it,
but had been only 172 feet since. When asked to explain,
he said that when they drew the dog out, they drew out
four feet. There are one thousand and one things, both in
camp and Cave, that we enjoyed and would like to tell you
about, but cannot.

To the kindness and cheer contributed by our chaperones,
Professor and Mrs. Green and Mrs. Settle, add the good-
fellowship of the camp life and the indescribable grandeur
of the things we saw, and you have an occasion never to
be forgotten by those who enjoyed it.

It is to be wondered if ever a jollier crowd took a more
delightful outing. Everybody was in a good humor all the
time and enjoyed everything connected with the trip, from
Boston Baked Beans to John Davis’ pipe.

S. C. Summers.

Oratorical Contest

On Wednesday evening, May 29, the student-body, desir-
ous of being led into the bright realm of fancy by the lofty
thoughts and smooth-flowing expressions of oratory, as-
To whom their leaving was a source of regret; but there was another work calling them, and we join in wishing for them a bright future, as they enter upon their new duties.

In the place of Professor Webb we have been able to secure the very able service of Miss Van Houten, who comes to us very highly recommended as a teacher of Penmanship and drawing.

--- oOo ---

BOOK NOTICES.


Includes "Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," and other favorites. Most selections have humming melody.
CHAPENOTES

ECHOES FROM DR. CADMAN.

One day with Plato beats a cycle in Cathay.

General Von Moltke held his tongue in seven languages.

The loom of Time is weaving the tissues of History.

Anybody in America can be a lady or a gentleman by means of a bathtub and a Bible.

The first thing one sees in England is an Englishman: the first in New York, a Hebrew.

War is never moral except when it better's something worse than itself.

The beerage and peerage of Parliament.

America's credo: "It was in the beginning and is now, but we'll have it changed."

An Englishman is a volcano under an iceberg.

THE KIT-KAT SOCIAL.

It was indeed with thankful hearts that the members of our society blessed the day that made them Kit-Kats and "let them in" for such pleasant things as Miss Ruby Alexander's entertainment. About forty of our band responded to this welcome invitation, and in the language of our friend, Uncle Remus, "put their feet in their pocket and set out to" Professor Alexander's. Even the most dignified of Kit-Kats drove dull care away and resumed their long-past childhood in such games as "Ruth and Jacob," "Running-Waters" and the Normal favorite, "Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley Grow." The more courageous of the company were led by winding and by devious ways to the mystic place where the dread Witch of Endor revealed the future and tore the veil from the past. After this trying ordeal it was but fitting to refresh the inner man, so all distinguished themselves in this contest. The refreshments were so good that—well, the ice cream simply melted in the mouth. (Please everybody laugh!) And now, dear reader, while we all have such becoming smiles on our faces, take a peep at us as we make way with the goodies which our priceless Ruby and her sister have so artfully prepared.

Here stands Nell Wortham with dreamy eyes; disturb her not, for her thoughts are roaming—to Lexington.

John C. Davis is next in view: the Great Human Chameleon is he. When "social night" comes he blossoms forth as a Kit-Kat, at other times descends to the Pyrian. In spite of the well-known dislike young ladies have for the whole family of "Reptilians" (Don't tell Dr. Mutchler that, if it isn't biologically correct), they don't exactly run from this chameleon.

Cary Bandy there—yes, he has a frightened expression at present, though his usual one is exceeding amiable. Mr. Bandy has just been told something about his future wife which has upset his equilibrium.

The young lady in pink is our hostess, who looks very charming to-night: perhaps you thing her eyes look wistful, but it is only the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity which impart that expression.

We would like to point out others of our distinguished society, but—(tempus fugit). All good times must come to an end.

"'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true." So we said "Good-night," after what we all agreed had been one of the best times that ever happened to the Kit-Kats.
The Elevator.

Baseball has been a sensational feature to both the local fans and student-body of the Western Normal since the first game was announced at the beginning of the season.

Now, as we review the contests we can all declare with one accord that the Normals have fought a good fight and have nobly won. The record of the team for this year has excelled by far that of any other year of the past, and it is indeed the standard of excellency by which all future efforts should be measured. While the leaders of the movement were comparatively few, yet there has been a greater enthusiasm manifested in baseball than ever before. Especially has this been shown by the girls who with their well-planned yells and songs, filled the last games on the local diamond with real vim and spirit. Just keep the noise going, girls, for with your support we intend to make next year a boomer.

Out of ten games played, the Normal won eight, two games being lost on the second trial with Vanderbilt Training School and with the Middle Tennessee Normal. The following is the schedule of the games from the beginning:

Friday, April 12—Elkton at Bowling Green; score 5 to 1 in favor of Normals.
Saturday, April 13—Second game between same, score 3 to 0, in favor of Elkton.
Saturday, April 20—Normals at Glasgow, score 14 to 0, in favor of Normals.
Saturday, April 27—Normals at Elkton, score 13 to 3, in favor of Normals. The boys put this one over easily, which settled the tie of the former games. Woodrum twirled masterful ball, and the youngsters got but few hits off of his delivery.
Friday, May 3—Middle Tennessee Normal at Bowling Green. Score 5 to 3, in favor of Kentuckians. Although the Tennesseans were in good shape and had good intentions, they could not connect with Woodrum's twisters very well. Allison and Jones did good work with the slim stick. The game was well attended.
Saturday, May 4—Second game between the same. Score 5 to 4, in favor of Tennessee. This game was led off by Thomas, as pitcher, but was succeeded in second inning by Greer. The Tennesseans had good support, while the Normals got somewhat rattled in the first three innings. The game was close, but the visitors were dismissed with the honors.
Friday, May 10—Western Normal vs. Eastern Normal, at Richmond; score 4 to 2 in favor of Western. These teams contest each year for the Normal School championship, and it always creates the greatest interest. This game proved to be a pitchers' contest, which was well supported on both sides. Woodrum pitched the fastest ball of the season, striking out sixteen men. Edwards sprung many tactics from the center of the diamond and kept the visitors guessing on his delivery. Much enthusiasm was shown by the Eastern fans, but they had to take the defeat. The second game, on Saturday, was rained out.
Monday, May 20—Western Normal vs. Middle Tennessee
Normal, at Murfreesboro; score 9 to 0, in favor of Western Normal. This was the final contest for the championship between the two schools. It resulted in an easy victory for Woodrum and his giants.

Monday, May 26—Eastern Normal at Bowling Green; score 4 to 0, in favor of Western. Another rubber was pulled off this time, which was the most exciting of the whole series. Each team showed up in its old-time vigor, with Woodrum and Edwards in the box. Nevertheless the Western boys had method in their madness, and again won a hard-fought battle. A large crowd witnessed the game. The weather again interfered, and the game was called off on Tuesday on account of rain.

Wednesday, June 5—Manual Training School, of Louisville, at Bowling Green; score 4 to 0, in favor of the Normals. This, the final contest of the season, was another victory for our boys. Manual tried faithfully to carry off the honors, but the lads failed to score.

THE TEAM.

Blackwell—Catcher.
Woodrum, Capt.—Pitcher.
Atherton—First Base.
Jones—Second Base.
Manchester—Third Base.
Allen—Short-Stop.
Lawhorn—Right Field.
Isbell—Center Field.
Allison—Left Field.
Substitutes—Thomas, Greer, and Chandler.
Coach—G. H. Reams.

ITEMS.

Prof. G. H. Reams deserves much credit for the work he has done as coach and leader of athletics. He has proven a good leader of those matchless sluggers who were ever
ready to bring down the trophy and to declare the victory theirs. He is held in high esteem by all who have been connected with him and his work.

Leslie Woodrum has starred as pitcher this year. He won every game he played, and struck out over fifty players during the eight contests. He has made a fine record and has a splendid future. He will be with us again next year.

Our young catcher, Blackwell, happened to a very serious accident in the third inning of the last game of the season. He broke his left leg in sliding against the home plate on a forced run. It is hoped that he will soon recover.

The year of 1912 will be well remembered as the banner year for the Western Normal baseball team.

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THE ELEVATOR.

Oh, now 'tis June, and all the earth
With life and gladness thrills;
The song-bird in the leafy boughs
The air with music fills.
Thus spring within us all doth make
The heart with gladness swell—
And spring is in the hearts of all
The Kit-Kats, 1912.
The Kit-Kats, 1912, have wishes bright and fair,
Our hopes are filled with sunshine,
There are no shadows there;
And, though we leave schooldays behind us,
Our school ties are not riven,
For if we meet no more on earth,
We hope to meet in heaven.
We've worked right hard
Through this whole year;
We've had much pleasure, too;
And now we really hate to think
That the year is almost through.
But in the Book of Promise,
As everyone plainly sees,
There's already written for many of us,
Most charming prophecies.
And though, as yet for many,
The pages are white and bare,
We hope in the dim, sweet future,
That promises exceeding rare
Will cover these beautiful pages
Which now are blank and bare.
Now, let us turn the pages over
And read them, one by one,
So we'll learn from the few who've decided
What race in life they will run.

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ATHLETICS
Our president still is a president
Of a great school for girls,
And they all love him dearly,
For he smiles at their pranks, and twirls
His mustaches long as he winks and blinks
At their furbelows and curls.
Elmo is an orator,
And as he goes from land to land
He often thinks, while charming all,
Of the dear old Kit-Kat band.
Mr. Croft is a principal,
And he has assistants true;
Miss Lambert is one,
Miss Palmore is one,
And Miss Sadie is there, too.
Miss Caldwell teaches a rural school,
She manages awfully well;
Her pupils have learned the first lesson,
Which, of course, I need not tell.
Miss Catherine Combest, so we're told,
Has lost both heart and hand;
They say she's decided to tune her life
To "Alexander's Rag-time Band."
Nelle has decided to be a "Cooke"
In more ways than one,
And finds that cooking and being a Cooke
Is more than any fun.
Mr. Magness has taken unto himself
A kind and loving wife, and he passes for a teacher,
But she says he really should have been
A "shouting Methodist" preacher.
Ida Rhea and Bess are teaching
In a Western land;
They say they are making a hit out there
As they go hand in hand.
Mr. Wilson is a missionary
In the land of the "heathen Chinee,"
W. O. Toy
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