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My God! I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright—
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light.
So many glorious things are here
Noble and right
—Adelaide A. Procter—

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GROWTH is a gradual process. You cannot in a single day scale the heights from your present intellectual plain; neither can you in a moment leap from the common into the perfect ideal. All life is a growth, and all growth is gradual, if it is to be permanent. "Nature will not preserve that which it takes no time to acquire." You need not expect to sweep away the barriers of life at a single impulse, but with a well-balanced mind, with no doubts and fears, you will be able to conquer failure, overcome the enemies of knowledge and gradually but surely accomplish your purpose in life. Men may have the gifts both of talent and of genius, but unless they have also that calm judgment which comes from growth to dictate the when, where, and the how those gifts are to be exercised, the possessors of them will conquer only where nothing is to be gained.

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Nature.

How much time do you spend with Nature? Some one has said: "There is no school that disciplines the mind, and
THE ELEVATOR

broadens thought like contact with Nature.” It is the sweet voice of solitude that woos the spiritual forces of our better self into service and persuades us to stop—reflect, and turn on a new current of thought. The poet has said:

“By all means use some time to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.”

What is more beautiful than the russet tents of autumn? Spend some of your time in the afternoons aside from books, go where you can gaze through the rift in the clouds (if it is not there, make one.) Don’t lose an opportunity to be with Nature whenever and wherever you can. There is nothing sweeter than to lose yourself in the fathomless deep of solitude, for here you get those lessons that cannot be taught by man; they must flow out of the heart of Nature, when the breeze is playing upon your cheek, and where every tree is a prophecy of the new life that is to be.

“Here Nature does a house for me erect;
Nature, the wisest architect.”

Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is not founded on reason, but rises from warmed imagination. “It is nothing more or less than faith in action.” Such is the enthusiasm of poets, painters and sculptors. That extravagant hope of the hero that gives him confidence of success is nothing more or less than ardent zeal which forms noble ideas, and prompts pursuit of laudable objects. We are talking about that kind of enthusiasm that overcomes all opposition, storming the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. Then do not hesitate to feel enthusiastic about your work, for the enthusiast convinces and prospers where wealth would scarcely raise an interest. Set the spirit of enthusiasm afloat; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like a pleasant smile, influencing and inspiring all those with whom you come in contact.

THE ELEVATOR

The Elevator, on its way up, is trying to give the information and news that its many readers desire. With this issue we are starting a movement that will give us a short contribution from each county delegation, containing both “news” from the school and from the field. We hope in this way to make the news column much longer and of more interest. Send us the news! The Elevator is starting its fourth year, and every present and former student should feel that it is his duty not only to have his name placed on the subscription books, but to make contributions in a literary way to the make-up of The Elevator. We need you to help us.

Won’t you do it?

Why?

Each student should subscribe for The Elevator.
First—Because it gives the news connected with the institution, you cannot otherwise get.
Second—It plays its part in creating that school-spirit which pervades the Western Normal.
Third—It is a means of preserving all papers, news items, essays, stories, poems, etc., all of which you will treasure in after years.
Fourth—It keeps graduates and other former students in touch with their Alma Mater.
Fifth—Its subject matter is original, unique and interesting.
Sixth—It is an enterprise of the school that needs your cooperation just the same as other phases of the school work.
Seventh—It is the students’ paper.
Eighth—It stands for progress.
Ninth—It is an expression of loyalty.
THE ELEVATOR

As in the days of Whittier, so to-day do we sing the song of Corn!

"Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!
Let other lands exulting glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,

THE CORN SONG.

The cluster from the vine.
We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us, when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow."

Through these lines, comes the call from the field; and one's heart is thrilled, as in memory he visions the autumn harvests of his childhood, on the farm. The span between to-day and yesterday is a brief one—and, so 'tis easy to slip into childhood again, and be thankful for the blessings of the home. 'Tis easy to begin the round of duties, just where they were dropped.

"Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.
We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.
All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair;
And waved in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair."

As in memory one re-lives the Aprils, when all Nature pulsates with renewed life and vigor; the Mays, when budding life makes glad the heart; the Junes, when comes the fruition of life's promises, he feels again that restful sense which comes with a rich harvest!

"And now with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.
There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.
Where'er the wide old kitchen-hearth
Mosby's Thankfullest Thanksgiving

Poor old Mosby! It would take many a hard knock to wear the rough edges off and polish him up for social purposes. Literally and figuratively he had never been out of sound of the cow-bell. He came from one of those districts not infrequent in Western Kentucky, where the ways of the large world have never penetrated; where some geographical or social barrier, having shut the people off from their fellows, they pursue the simple tenor of their way undisturbed by the strife and din from the busy world. Back in this secluded place the call of the Normal had sounded, and Mosby Wethers answering "Present," took up his Harvey's Grammar and Ray's Arithmetic, arose and set out for Bowling Green.

Tuesday before Thanksgiving Mosby was enrolled and duly classified in the Western Normal. After paying his registration fee and his room rent and board bill for a month he was nearly bankrupt.

"Gosh," he said, "this would soon break Rockefeller up at this rate"—that is, he would have said it, had he known there was a Rockefeller in the world.

Room Five at Cherry Hall is not the most inviting place in the world. There is an iron bed, a student's table, two chairs looking like Barnum's fat man frequently had sat in them, a rusty stove, and a dilapidated washstand that had been sent over from Frishie Hall when that building received new furniture. Here Mosby found himself installed.

He had unpacked his trunk—not that it was a laborious task at all or that there was any especial significance attached to it, but that it merely preceded the preparation he was making to thoroughly scrub his travel-stained countenance before supper. He looked vainly around the room for somewhere to perform his ablutions. "If they don't want me to wash on this thing, they can just take it out of here," he said, and placing the bowl back upon the washstand he
dipped his hands gingerly into the water. Now, Mosby had been used to washstands all his life, but the washstands of his acquaintance stood in parlors with fancy covers. While pictures of the family’s kith and kin, and things of that nature decorated the walls of the room. The Wethers family washed out on the porch steps, where they could splash water at pleasure. Perhaps you are not interested in the washing of the Wethers family. You should be. It is very important, and justice to Mosby demanded this explanation of it.

As Mosby hung up the towel, there came a rap on his door. Before he could say, “Come in,” the door opened and the only two students he had met—Tom Long and Harry Payne—entered.

Long was a Junior or, as the Kit-Kats say, “One of those bragging Juniors.” He was very accomplished. He had graduated from the Elementary Course, taught a year, and now when he came back he said perspiration instead of sweat. He never sweated any more, not he. He perspired altogether. (What a sad condition of affairs it is when people go to perspiring instead of sweating! Never trust a student when he ceases to sweat. It’s an abnormal condition, and he is not wholly responsible for his actions.)

Payne had his peculiarities, also, and his hobby. He didn’t ride his hobby, however. It was too small. It was a mere colt. It really consisted in the use of the word iridescent. That word was honey to his lips and music in his soul. One of the Normal students, while teaching in Oklahoma attended a barn dance one night. “How iridescent these lights are,” said a voice, and she did not peep around the post to see, she knew it was Harry Payne. He was always disappearing suddenly and then turning up again at the most unexpected time and place. No matter what happened, he always bobbed serenely up again as iridescent as ever.

“How are you making it, Wethers?” asked Long. Weth-
The Chestnut Hunt

The Western Kentucky State Normal School believes not that an education consists solely of the completion of a course of study as outlined in a series of text-books. It knows that such a policy is detrimental to the best interests of the teacher in that it fails to give an adequate equipment for the meeting of the many crises that arise in subsequent life. Of the many educational features presented by the Normal in addition to the regular class-room work, there are several occasions in which one can combine a little recreation and a study of those things not obtainable from books or instructors, but are hidden from the superficial, in the bosom of the great outdoors. One of these occasions is the Annual Chestnut Hunt.

Friday, October 11, was the day designated for this year. Promptly at the hour specified, a goodly number gathered at the base of Normal Heights and were, by means of automobiles, hay wagons and wagonettes, being rapidly transported to President Cherry’s birthplace, eight miles from the city. All, did we say? No, a sturdy band of thirty-two young men, led by that fearless, undaunted leader of men, President Cherry, set forth valiantly on foot, with Billy, the hero of the day, and his driver, Dean Kinnaman, bringing up the rear and constituting the commissary department of the footmen.

Each party, upon arrival at this picturesque old homestead, first partook of copious draughts of some of the best well-water we have yet tasted, and then plunged immediately into the great woods at the rear of the house. How all of us did enjoy that ramble!

What could inspire one more than the roaming through the woods on an ideal autumn day? And this forest is truly the forest primeval. Upon the steep hillsides giant chestnut trees proudly reared their great tops to the sky, obscuring patches of cerulean blue with yellow and gold.
of buds bursting with their burden of delicious fruit, looked down temptingly upon the daring Normalites. Beeches were in abundance, too, stately in size and shape, bearing upon their smooth bodies many quaintly carved initials that told us that many, many years ago, others as full of life and happiness as this joyous band, had roamed through these woods. Grapes, too! Many of the smaller saplings were black with this luscious fruit, inviting us that many, many years ago, others as full of promise, this luscious fruit, inviting; artists, gifted with great genius, of the glory of the fall; artists, gifted with great genius, their piness in golden autumn, when they have spent lifetimes of toil in a vain effort to reproduce all her splendor; yet the half has never been told. We can only say to our fellow-man, If you have never experienced the inspiration and joy derived from a day spent with Nature, when she calls from the fields and woods to you next Autumn, obey the voice; it will do you good. But we must return to our narrative.

After the morning's ramble, all gathered near a little spring that gurgled forth from the side of a hill, and there partook heartily of a lunch with which all had provided themselves.

The afternoon was given to athletics. First was the shoe race, a humorous event in which Henry Yarbrough was easily the winner. No one was surprised at the outcome of this race, as Henry was so much older than any of the other contestants, and consequently had had so much more experience in taking off and putting on his shoes. Next was the relay race between the societies. Much interest was manifested in this race, which was a very exciting one, ending at last in a hard-won victory for the Seniors, much to the dismay and discomfiture of the confident Juniors and the ambitious Kit-Kats. Then came the football game, resulting in a victory of 2 to 0 by the Reds over the Grays. After this the return to town was begun, everyone happy and brimful of new life, ready to begin anew with greater zest, the work of the classroom.

We have never seen a better example of the Normal spirit of good-will, fellowship, and hearty co-operation than that manifested upon this occasion. Everyone rendered a ready service in an effort to make the day an epoch in the history of the institution. In this, they were successful. Among the side-features of the day we must not fail to mention the fear of Dr. Kinnaman that some famishing Normalite would purloin Billy's rations; Mr. Byrn's unseemly haste in returning to the city, thus foregoing the exquisite pleasure of walking back; Mr. Vinson's innocent mistake of a manure-spreader for a new-fangled mowing machine; the rowing of a party half-way across Barren River in search of a drink; Mr. Magness' assiduous efforts in behalf of the comfort of the ladies; President Cherry's hard-luck speech to the walking delegation before starting, and some remarkable sprinting stunts by the Kit-Kat relay runners.

A great day, a happy occasion.


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Hallowe'en Hilarity

A few days before October 31, many mystic messages, bearing the sacred seal of the black cat, were sent out by the members of the four societies of the Normal. The messages were to the effect that all spirits should assemble for a meeting on All Hallow's Eve, at the trysting place—New Vanmeter Hall, in Hobgoblin Hollow.

Promptly at half-past seven the ghosts assembled at the sign of the jolly jack-o’-lantern. They were met by seven black witches, who conducted them to various parts of the auditorium. The hall was decorated with shocks of fodder and autumn leaves.

At the first peal of the bell, the ghosts assembled in the front hall to begin the grand march. Weird and uncanny, indeed, was the long line of black and white robed figures that silently wended their way to the stage.

The second tap of the bell was the signal for the music by the Hobgoblin Orchestra. Beethoven’s funeral march at The Death of a Hero, was one of the selections, and tin pans, combs, whistles and lard cans were the instruments used. At different taps of the bell, other ghosts came forward to relate tales of joy and woe, or stories that made the blood freeze in your veins and your hair stand on end.

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CORBETT McKENNEY.

It was with deep sorrow that his friends at the Normal learned of the death of Corbett McKenney on November 5. He had been ill for several weeks with a complication of diseases, and his death was hourly expected for many days. At his request he was buried at Elk Lick Cemetery, in the community where he was teaching, near Lewisburg, Logan County. Being rational to the very last, he cheerfully bade his relatives and friends good-by and left messages of hope and good cheer for his pupils and absent friends.

(Mr. McKenney was a student here in 1908, 1909, and all of 1910-11.)
The Oratorio and Lecture Course

In the progress of the Normal in various departments, the Music Department has kept a steady pace in the march upward.

Three years ago there was organized a society known as the Oratorio Society of the Western Kentucky State Normal School. It was composed of persons from the school and from town who could carry a tune in a basket very well if they had the cover on tight. Any way, if one could sing moderately well and had the inclination to join, he was admitted into the society. The membership is still kept up in this way.

That first year witnessed no great results. Two or three programs were rendered.

In the second year changes were made. Prof. Franz J. Strahm, whose ability was recognized by everyone, had charge of it. A keen interest was manifested, and the programs given attested the earnestness and enthusiasm that prevailed.

Last year, the third year, witnessed the greatest results, so far. A chorus of about one hundred fifty or two hundred voices was trained in a marvelous way. It was marvelous in that the voices for the most part were wholly untrained, and yet they were so skillfully directed that it was as if they had had much training in vocal work.

The present year bids fair to surpass by far the efforts of any previous year. At the first meeting there were about sixty soprano voices, twenty-five tenor, forty alto, and thirty bass, and these numbers have been increased at each succeeding meeting till there are now perhaps two hundred.

The work at the present is Costa’s “Eli,” and the intention is to have a greater and grander May Music Festival than we have ever had. The four leading singers will be imported as heretofore, as will also the orchestra.

One secret of Prof. Strahm’s success in the work is his cheerfulness. It radiates from him and enters into each member of the chorus, till one finds that it is, besides an hour spent in singing, one spent in laughter and pleasant thoughts—truly one in which “dull care is driven away.”

Here we might quote some of the humorous remarks made by our genial director, but just to see them in print and not to hear him say them, would be like seeing a piece of iron which has lost the glow and brightness and heat of a moment before.

The Lecture Course of this year promises to be the very best we have yet had. Below are the names of some of the numbers to be given, with the date:

Professor H. L. Southwick, President Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass. Lecture and Shakespearean Recitals, November 14.

Leland Powers, Impersonation from Dramatic Literature, December 11.

Ernest Gambel Concert Company, Vocal, Violin and Piano Solos from Operas, December 12.


Skovgaard, Violinist, March 7.

Newell Dwight Hillis, Series of Lectures, April.

Music Festival, includes two Concerts and Oratorio, May 8 and 9.
Miss Sarah Wilmer, Character Interpretation of Dramatic Masterpieces, May 13.
Coburn Outdoor Players, June.
O. T. Carson, Editor Ohio Educational Monthly, June 30, July 2.
Henry Oldys, Lecture on Birds, June.
Rabbi Wm. H. Fineshriber, evening address in June.
Bishop C. E. Woodcock, Baccalaureate Sermon.
Edward Howard Griggs, Lecture and Platform Orator, July 20 and 25.

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**NEWS**

**WARREN COUNTY.**

(HEBER LEWIS, CONTRIBUTOR.)

We are standardizing our rural schools through close supervision, by making every school pull up in a point of organization and efficiency equal to the very best school in the county.

By our Improvement Leagues, all school premises have been made clean and sightly. Both curtains and shades are placed to the windows, the floors oiled and nice pictures and mottoes hung on the walls.

In the class-work we follow a daily program as outlined in state course of study. Each school is well graded and classes are called and dismissed by the tapping of a bell. Dismissal and calling of the pupils into the room never takes over two minutes, even in the large schools.

Seventy-five of the eighty-one schools exhibited work of their pupils on October 26 at our School Fair. This was a great demonstration of the efficiency and untiring effort of Warren County's rural teachers.

In our Corn and Domestic Science Clubs, we have 1,300 members, 600 girls and 700 boys.

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**THE ELEVATOR**

The school sentiment is good, and the children are enthusiastic and obedient. Many of the schools are making an average daily attendance of ninety per cent of the census. In fact, we are very proud of the progress of our rural schools.

**OHIO COUNTY.**

(ROY MITCHELL, CONTRIBUTOR.)

To-day the Normal interest in Ohio County is greater than ever before. The superintendent, the teachers, and the people at large have begun to realize the benefit to be derived from Normal training.

Our best teachers, the ones who are really teaching, the ones who are building up their communities, the ones who are making citizens, the ones who are doing a noble work for the future of Kentucky, have, at some time, breathed the wholesome air and caught the enthusiastic spirit which characterizes the W. K. S. N.

By the efforts of our worthy superintendent, and the faithful work of former students, we hope to greatly increase our delegation this year over former years.

This is our aim, and we will acknowledge no defeat, but instead will push onward until victory shall crown our efforts, by putting Normal-trained teachers in every school of our county.

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**LIVINGSTON COUNTY.**

(JAKE FARRIS, CONTRIBUTOR.)

Livingston County has only two representatives in the Normal now, but at the beginning of the winter term there will be many more. Those who were in school last year are now in the field actively engaged and making good in the great work of teaching. Our county is awake to educational progress, and while she does not stand foremost of all the fifty-one, she does not stand at the bottom.
THE ELEVATOR

HART COUNTY.

The State Normal spirit is being carried by many former students into the different parts of Hart County. With very few exceptions, the teachers of Hart County, who have attended the Normal, have gone back there to teach. Several are teaching in rural schools, while others have graded work. The four Graded and High Schools, with Normal graduates at the head of each, are surpassing previous years in attendance and efficiency. The great work of these leaders, as well as that of the other Normal students, is causing an increasing number to attend the Normal School, every year. Horse Cave is soon to construct a $20,000 High School Building. Prof. Napier, who is superintendent of the school at that place, should be congratulated, as, no doubt, his efforts helped to make the people realize this needed improvement. In fact, the work being done by the teachers of Hart County is paving the way for a great revolution in our schools.

BALLARD COUNTY.

(KATHRYNE HAWTHORNE, CONTRIBUTOR.)

Ballard County is well represented in the W. K. S. N. S. this year. This county will have two students who will graduate in the Life Class of 1913; also one will graduate from the Teachers' Course in Music; while several others will complete the Intermediate and Elementary courses.

Reports from the field say that the former students of Ballard County who are teaching are doing splendid work, not only in Ballard County, but in other counties and other states. Those who are now teaching and many others will return to the Normal in January to resume their work.

BARREN COUNTY.

The Barren County delegation numbers only seventeen, but this is the largest representation we have ever had at this time of year. In the field we have a large body of loyal students who are carrying on their work with a spirit and an aim. At the opening of the mid-winter term, look out for Old Barren; we are expecting the majority of her teachers to find their way to Bowling Green for the purpose of entering the W. K. S. N.

GRAVES COUNTY.

The outlook in Graves County is extremely flattering. Great gain in attendance this year. Modern buildings are being erected. Consolidation idea gaining ground. More than seventy-five in high school. More than one hundred prospective graduates in the common school course. Many teachers will attend the Normal at the close of schools. Much school improvement is being done through leagues and otherwise. More interest is being shown by parents and teachers, and a very healthy school sentiment is steadily growing.

A Few Observations

(BY H. M. YARBROUGH.)

On Saturday morning, October 26, 1912, The Student sat in his room poring over Latin verbs and geometric theorems, all oblivious to the bright, fresh air outside and the soft October sunshine that fell among the leaves all red and yellow and gold, covering the trees that shaded his window.

As he struggled with a Latin verb mightier than either pen or word, his desperate efforts were suddenly disturbed by a commotion in the street below his window. So engrossed was he that he merely gave the matter a passing thought, vaguely wondering a little at the cause of the noise, and as the sound of voices and footsteps died away down the street, he resumed his Herculean task of conquering a refractory Latin verb. But he was again dis-
turbed by the sound of voices in the street, and going to the window this time to learn the cause, he saw, going up the street toward Normal Heights, a large wagon loaded to its capacity with school children, and every child pouring out the exuberance of his youthful spirit in a genuine, well-executed school yell. When he saw this, The Student suddenly realized that to-day had been set for the Warren County School Fair.

He turned once more to his work, but again and again he was disturbed, and in spite of visions of unlearned lessons, angry teachers, and zero grades, he could not resist the temptation to turn from his tasks and watch group after group of happy children as they joyously wended their way to Normal Heights, where the Fair was to be held. When he heard the music of the band accompanying the parade, he threw aside his work entirely to watch the procession and to enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

As he watched, the orderly, well-regulated, and seemingly interminable lines marched proudly by with all the spirit and enthusiasm of a little army. It was a stirring as well as an impressive sight. Group followed upon group of boys and girls all clad in uniforms, with flags flying and banners held aloft. The pretty school mistress who walked at the head of her school, the big boy who carried the banner, and the tiny tot who could scarcely keep up with the line, had all joined in a spirit of enthusiasm and good fellowship for a day of enjoyment and profit.

Being thoroughly aroused by the inspiration of what he had seen, and feeling an irresistible desire to see more, the Student visited the exhibits in Recitation Hall in the afternoon. Passing through the great crowd on the campus he overheard such remarks as, "Our school made the best showing in domestic science," or "Did you see the display of our school?" from some sturdy farmer or some matronly woman whose manner betrayed a personal pride and interest in the matter.

When The Student entered Recitation Hall he beheld an interesting and lively scene. Threading his way slowly through the closely packed crowd that thronged the long hall, he saw to right and left, long rows of displays from the individual schools, and every display beautifully and artistically arranged. Here and there were groups of delighted children gathered around some exhibit that testified to the excellent work of both teacher and pupils, and the delighted expression on the faces of the groups made the blue ribbon unnecessary to show that a prize had been won there. Nowhere was the keen interest that characterized the day more in evidence than here, where the splendid work of the schools was on display.

Passing from the hall The Student paused on the steps and began to philosophize to himself. Surely, he thought, this occasion is the result of much praiseworthy effort on the part of pupils, teachers and school officials, and will certainly be the cause of much good. The interest aroused among pupils and parents in education, and the spirit of friendly rivalry fostered by events of this kind, must go far toward solving many of the problems that confront the rural teacher. It means—but just here Ivan Barnes, who kept the crowd moving, touched The Student on the arm and asked him to move on and make way for the portly lady with a baby carriage, so his philosophizing was at an end.

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PERSONALS

Alfred Crabb, ex-editor of THE ELEVATOR, reports educational awakening in Paducah. "The people," he says, "are giving their co-operation to such an extent that the capacity of the buildings and the teaching force are both being increased."

We are glad to learn of the success being made by Miss Mary R. Myers in the State Normal of Texas.
Miss Blanche Thatcher sends in a good report from Covington Graded School.

Miss Mary Crutcher is accomplishing great things at Spottsville, Ky.

Chas. L. Taylor, Junior ’12, is now in Wisconsin University studying agriculture.

O. L. Cunningham writes from Washoe, Montana, that he likes the West, but expresses his intentions to enter the W. K. S. N. next summer.

Mr. H. W. Wesley reports that he and Mrs. Wesley are pleased with their work at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

C. H. Jaggers has a good position at Springfield, Ky.

From B. F. Stillwell, at Farmington, comes the report of progressive work.

T. E. Gill, Senior ’10, Principal of Dycusburg Graded School, is doing high-grade work. Such schools are Kentucky’s pride.

B. C. Orange is making good in Bremen Graded School.

THE ELEVATOR, THREE years, ONE dollar.

Here are a few of those on the firing line:
H. W. Puckett, Principal, Hickman County High School.
Lucy Jackson, First and Second Grades, La Center Graded School.
Mary Griffin, Shady Grove.
Oliver Caldwell, Holloway School.
Eula Hester, Black School, Ballard County.
Nonie Grubbs, East Cairo.
Mrs. Ada B. Horne, Rowletts, Ballard County.
Verbel McMullen, ex-Life Graduate, Language Department, Wickliffe.

Caldwell Countians who are also Normalites:
Mrs. Myrtle Rogers, Old Field.
Minnie Crowder, Principal, Otter Pond Graded School.
Rufus Lisanby, Harris.
Carolisie Morse, Crabb.
Floris Morse, White Sulphur.
J. C. Vinson, Good Spring.
Elmer Cow, Whites.
I. M. Mason, Kennady.
Jewell Logan, Hall.
Maymie McChesney, Primary Department, Fredonia Graded School.
R. A. Thomas, Bellbuckle.
Hattie Mitchell, Pool.
Virginia Colbert, Briarfield.
THE ELEVATOR wishes them success.

Jesse Williams is teaching at Southern Academy, Trigg County.

F. L. Hooks has charge of the school at Lola, Livingston County.

THE ELEVATOR EXCHANGES.

To read our exchanges is to get the best that is going. Not only this, but they help us to see our mistakes, and to improve thereby. We must acknowledge that our exchanges add their mite to the ascension of THE ELEVATOR. Therefore, let us have more of them. In this issue we have only space to make mention of the following:

We welcome The Owl on our exchange table. It has proven itself the wisest fowl in Elkton, Ky.

The Spectator continues to be one of our best exchanges. We like to read your paper because the L. M. H. boys speak with conviction.
THE ELEVATOR

To win the prize of matchless lore,
Warren Land! My Warren Land!
Thy Normal Heights as shrines of old,
Will glow with beauty yet untold,
Beyond the dream of vision bold,
Warren Land! My Warren Land!

Kentucky is our guiding star,
Warren Land! My Warren Land!
She reigns a queen both near and far,
Warren Land! My Warren Land!
Thy Normal Heights and ramparts gray,
With floating flags will mark the day,
Of triumphs won in peerless way,
Warren Land! My Warren Land!

The Morning After

Now, this doesn’t mean the morning after the old gray horse died, nor does it mean the morning after the election. Oh, no! The events on this particular morning were far different from those on the above-mentioned mornings. To satisfy your curiosity as to the particular morning and at the same time to correct any guess you may have made as to the particular morning, I’ll tell you the time.

But, first, how many of you have guessed that it was the morning after the tornado had passed over and around and through? Well, had you been in Room H. the morning after—Hallowe’en, you would have thought that a tornado or some similar expression of disfavor of the elements had been along.

I’ll not tell you how Room H. looked—and it had always been such a dignified, orderly, Deanish-like room—but suffice to say the History of Education class stood huddled about in groups, one being able to find a place that looked like there was room enough for one to sit. So, orderly Room H. had to be given over to the janitors while Dean Kinnaman marched the History of Education class over to the Museum. Now, would there be anything about this
place suggestive to you? There must have been to some members of the class, or else it was the night before that produced the following results, as seen by an observer:

First, Misses Davis, Dulaney, and Thompson became lost and had to be looked for. They were finally corralled in the chapel and brought to the Museum by Mr. Farris. The number now increased from eighteen to twenty-one. There were still more absentees, and upon looking around we found that Misses Hale, McClusky, Coleman, Adams, and Flowers were missing.

It was learned later that Miss Hale had not recovered sufficiently, from a scare given her by a ghost, to come to class. The change in the weather, together with the night before, accounted for Miss McCluskey's absence. Miss Coleman was behind with her walking in the earlier part of the night, and was consequently behind with her sleeping in the earlier part of the morning. Miss Adams tried her fortune by looking over her shoulder into a mirror and was so pleased with the face of the man she saw there that her dreams were prolonged into daylight hours. Miss Flowers had not studied her lesson, and so could not come to class.

When Dean Kinnaman asked the question, “How many have prepared the lesson for to-day?” the hands of Mr. Martin and Miss Whitman were raised, while shouts of “Put 'em out, put 'em out” resounded throughout the whole Museum.

Since no one had prepared the lesson, Dean Kinnaman decided to read to the class. His selections were from a book about Pestalozzi, and he read in such a charming manner that soon Miss Davis was sound asleep, while Miss Thompson was nodding between paper wads which she directed towards Miss Davis' head. The reading was going on very smoothly when a loud snore from Mr. Miller caused a titter to come from those who were sufficiently awake to hear it; but Dean Kinnaman thought the laughing was at a passage he was then reading from a love letter from Pestalozzi to his dearly beloved Anna.

Miss Braun improved her time by preparing her Domestic Science lesson, which was the darning of a hole in a piece of cloth. Miss Hawthorne passed the time very pleasantly by grading the examination papers of the third grade arithmetic class.

Miss Green and Miss Judd wrote notes to each other as they did when they were little blue-checked-apron schoolgirls.

Miss Judd noticed that Miss Davis was sleeping in a rather uncomfortable position so she preceded to take Miss Edmunds' motor cap and put it under Miss Davis' head.

About this time the 8.20 bell rang and the scene which followed reminded one of that on a 3 a.m. train as it pulls into a terminal. There were yawns, stretches, rubbing of eyes and gathering up of books, etc., and Dean Kinnaman in his goodness said, "Well, well, this is the morning after Hallowe'en isn't it?"

CHAPEL.

In the wondrous city, Bowling Green,
Upon a hill-top grand,
A building is that can be seen
From all surrounding land.

In majesty and grandeur stand
Its pillars in the sun,
Admired by men from many a land,
And praised by everyone.

The Western Normal School is this,
'Tis known from far and wide.
Its training great you should not miss,
For 'tis Kentucky's pride.

Now enter into it we should,
Into the entrance fair,
With colored glass and polished wood,
With steel and marble stair.

The chapel now is in full sway,
THE ELEVATOR

And in each separate seat,
A scholar sits who comes each day
The faculty to meet.

And there they sit upon the stage—
That faculty so grand;
Women and men of every age,
Secured from every land.

And now all rise to sing a song,
"Come, Thou Almighty King!"
Though it's been sung through ages long,
In chapel now does ring.

And Cherry then begins a speech,
But means not that to say,
Yet all our hearts now does he reach,
Uplifts us all each day.

Announcements are now made so fine,
By dear Professor Strahm.
When talks he of pertzimmon wine,
We simply can't be calm.

The Normal March for us he plays;
At runs we do him cheer;
And then when back he comes, one prays
"The Music Box" to hear.

In majesty the Dean does rise
To make announcements few,
But many more are handed him
Before he does get through.

Yet list we not to them, forsooth,
We look at others there,
To see just what they do. In truth,
For calls we do not care.

"Prof." Craig sits back in graceful pose.
Behind him, if you look,
There is Miss Scott, the one who sews,
And knows well how to cook.

THE ELEVATOR

Then is Miss Reid. Whate'er is said,
We know her thoughts in each case,
Because she nods or shakes her head,
And wrinkles up her face.

Behind, as if they wish to hide,
Miss Acker, McLean, Frazee,
Miss Adams, and Van Houten bide,
As silent as can be.

We never hear from them, some way;
Though women as a rule
Just talk too much, so all men say,
They do not in this school.

And Mister Green, with face so bright,
Yet frown he sometimes will.
He makes our hearts or dark or light,
With joy or sadness fill.

And Wethington is there, also;
And Stickles with learned look,
We feel he never could be slow,
And knows most every book.

Now glance we to the other side.
"Prof." Clagett we see there;
His shoulders seem not very wide,
As he leans back in his chair.

Alexander is late to-day,
And on his face a frown;
Scratches his head in pensive way,
In a back seat sits he down.

Miss Ragland, Dulaney, and Wood,
All sit there in a row,
They act as prim as teachers should,
And fold their hands just so.

Then Miss Rodes, Surman, and Chestnut,
The three musicians fine,
We'd love to hear them play, sure, but—
Cherry won't stop on time.
THE ELEVATOR

And Mister Strahm with lovely curls,
Sits in a chair so small,
As his thumbs he absently twirls,
We fear that he may fall.

Now comes Guy Byrn, ay, far from slow,
With such important airs,
And takes his seat on the front row,
Over his glasses stares.

And now we have surveyed them all,
Announcements have been read,
The Dean's opposed that after chapel call,
And all words have been said.

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds," we sing,
With accents soft or loud,
And so the hearts and voices ring,
Of all those in the crowd.

Chapel's ended without a care,
Just so my tale is done;
And if you've never yet been there,
You've missed a world of fun.

ELEVATOR EXCHANGES

Let us hear the Voice of the O. H. S. every month. It certainly sounds good to THE ELEVATOR.

Our sister, The Student, from the Eastern Normal, is growing in enthusiasm and earnestness. At the present rate of growth she will soon develop into useful womanhood.

Otaknam, Mankato, Minn., is one of the best High School papers on our exchange list. All honor to your business manager.

Nesika Waya, Daton, Wash., comes to us bristling with the athletic spirit. Go on, boys; your record is good. We believe in athletics, too.

Don't grumble with conditions—put them right—make the best of them, or go where they are better.—Ex.

THE ELEVATOR

CHAPEL ECHOES.

“Personality is a great human self-hood, that will grow if permitted.”

“No student needs praise for making the average grade, for the great rank and file of students can do that. For you to deserve honor and praise you must rise above the dead level made by the masses.”

The great difference in the rank and file of students is not mental or physical qualification, but mere determination.—Dr. Craig, of The University of Minnesota.

“Make friends and your friends will make you.”

The higher purposes and aims of education are to open the way to the infinite.—Prof. Alexander.

Find the right, and place the act or the decision at that point.—Pres. H. H. Cherry.

No matter if you know all the books, no matter if you have subdued all the world, you will amount to nothing unless you have the love of God.—Dr. Cato.

An unplanned life is a calamity.—Rev. J. Cherry.

My brain is as dry as a left-over sea-biscuit.—Prof. Clagett.

Let me urge that you avoid these after-chapel calls as far as it is at all practical.—Dean Kinnaman.

“Any man who eats more than he pays for is a rascal.”

The greatest thing you can construct is a character.—Prof. Gilbert.
Passing the Cayenne

“I am surprised,” said Dr. Kinnaman to Prof. Alexander, who was indulging in Sunday morning fishing, “to find you fishing here, my dear sir.”

“Why,” asked Prof. Alexander, “d’ye know of any place where they bite better?”

“I want my hair cut,” said Julian, flinging himself into the barber’s chair.

“Any special way?”

“Yes, off.”

“Wife,” complained Mr. Stickles, “why do you suppose people always say I have such a large head?”

“I don’t know, I’m sure, dear,” said Mrs. Stickles. “But never mind, there’s nothing in it.”

At the teachers’ conference one of the principals arose to propose the toast:

“Long live the teachers.”

Dr. Mutchler was heard to ask, in hallow tones, “On what?”

(This was before our ships came in.)

Mr. London: “Did you ever stop to think, dear,” gazing at his plate of lobster salad, “that the things we love most in this life never agree with us?”

Mrs. London: “Will you be so kind, sir, as to explain whether you are speaking of the salad or me?”

Don’t let Prof. Stickles miss your vacant chair or vacant face:
For a book for tardy marks is kept right in its place.
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W. LEWIS MATTHEWS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of November, 1912

E. P. LASHMIT, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 4, 1916.)