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Western Kentucky State Normal School
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

The present educational awakening will develop in our State a stronger teaching profession, a better-paid profession, stronger and better organized single-teacher schools, graded schools, high schools and, in the near future, many consolidated country schools.

The demand for qualified teachers is already greater than the supply. The call for teachers during the next few years will be much greater than it is now. Teachers are paid much better salaries to-day than a few years ago, and the qualified teacher will hereafter command a fine salary, and, at the same time, have an opportunity to render the Commonwealth a patriotic service. There is already plenty of room for the live teacher who is trained for his work, but little, if any, room for the teacher who is not willing to prepare for the great work he has chosen to do.

The teachers of Kentucky have a right to be encouraged over the great educational awakening that is now sweeping the State in the interest of the child. Educational leaders are needed everywhere. New positions are calling for executives and educational managers, as well as instructors, are opening daily, and unless the teachers of Kentucky prepare for this responsible work, many of these positions will be filled by persons who do not live in the State. There is a strong demand for qualified young men to take the principalships of our best schools. We know of no better field for strong men and women who are willing to make proper preparation than the teaching profession. The smallest reward one receives who enters the great field of teaching is the salary attached to it; yet, the citizenship of the State is beginning to appreciate the work of the teacher, and is willing to pay a good salary for an efficient service.

Under the Normal School law, the institution now has the power to issue the ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE, the INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, and the LIFE CERTIFICATE. These entitle the holders to teach anywhere in Kentucky for two years, four years, or for life respectively WITHOUT FURTHER EXAMINATION. Information as to the amount of work required for each certificate will be furnished when desired.

Hundreds of Kentucky teachers will enter the Western Normal during the present year for the purpose of giving themselves better preparation for the work of the school room. We promise the best work in the life of the institution.

Fall Session opens ........................................ September 10, 1912
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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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EDITORIALS

THE EDITOR'S THOUGHTS.

Yuletide.

Christmas is a time for giving instead of receiving. Who does not remember the rapturous thrill of some Christmas morning in childhood on awaking to find that "Santa" had filled his stockings with soul-satisfying presents? That was the real Christmas to you then, and so it is the real Christmas to-day to some other child.

But as we pass through the different ages of man we greet this holiday—that is two thousand years old—with a different greeting to what we gave it when we were children. We see it as a day when God made to this world His Christmas present—His only begotten Son. And whoever thinks of this day and of Jesus reverently feels the pulse of love grow stronger. He who lets the day pass and does not muse upon the marvelous love of Him who said: "Lo, I am with you alway," has not found his better self. This suggests that we need to study ourselves. Is it a fact that there is nothing of which the average person knows less than himself? Strangers at home! Men know books, lands, arts, laws, creeds, but remain in the porch of the temple of Life.

How many do we find in this Christian age who robe the physical in purple and fine linen, while mind and soul, so to speak, are roaming the commons in hunger and in rags. Our social life has upset the divine plan of life and has sub-

stituted an artificial plan in its stead, notwithstanding the light of two thousand years is ours to enjoy. Our pianos sometimes have finer polish than our Christmas music. Men and women are starving for spiritual food in twentieth century conventionality! Human souls lost in the dead form of things—floating with the driftwood of life! But He, who was nailed to the cross by human cruelty and human ingratitude, would not have these things so, for as from the mysterious sources of the Nile the waters flow down the long incline to enrich the desert sands of Egypt, so from the deep of infinite love upon erring mankind still flow the tides of His love. It is that love that has followed man from Eden, and wherever it has been welcome, it has been the guardian of the race through all the ages.

Christmas then should be a time when we meditate upon the attributes of the soul, its delights, hopes, fears, affections, faith, its conscious kinship with God, and its intuitive convictions of immortality. We know not how nor when nor where, but to those who pursue a nobler life will come somewhere, somehow, sometime the knowledge of a grander life. It may be on the Isle of Patmos, or in the Wilderness of Judea, or by the Burning Bush, or along the shores of Galilee, but he that is willing to deny himself for others and is at the same time hopeful, courageous and determined in his purpose is the one that gets the full meaning of Yuletide.

Our Advertisers.

Students, do you want to be happy and make others happy during the holidays? If so, buy your Christmas goods from our advertisers. They will treat you right.

We are glad to report that a great many are taking advantage of our low subscription price to THE ELEVATOR. But we need many more three-year subscriptions in order to make the paper what we would like to make it. If you
THE ELEVATOR

want THE ELEVATOR to have a jolly Christmas, send it one dollar and it will thank you thirty times in the next three years by bringing you the news.

Under the Literary Department this month some quotations expressive of the spirit of Christmas are given. They are not given merely to fill space, but because of their literary value and the sentiment they express. You have read them before, perhaps; and may be they are old to you; but after all, is it not the old friends, old books, old pictures, old places, old everything which we prize? Even if you do not care for the quotations, perhaps there is some one who does not know them and will appreciate them. So may there be no criticism.

First Aid to the Injured

THE WHAT'S WHAT OF TERM FINALITIS.

Some among you will begin this article, if at all, with sneers and scoffing. When you have grasped the idea and purpose back of its production you will remain to complete its perusal with a solemn seriousness begotten of the realization that you need its counsel. It concerns itself about a malady very prevalent in your midst. The name of the trouble is "Term Finalitis." It is not recorded that fatalities have resulted from its attack, but an appalling amount of woe and suffering attends its progress. Its ravages are confined to student-bodies of scholastic institutions, but here it is no respecter of persons. The blanched face of the young schoolgirl, and the quavering knees of the husband and father attest its impartiality. It is not contagious, but is spread by inoculation. The doctors and wise men of the faculties administer the serum, fondly expecting the results to forever eliminate bashfulness, self-consciousness, awkwardness, and ignorance from the systems and characters of the patients. The symptoms which mark the existence of the disease are materially as follows: There is a mighty rummaging about in libraries by various faculticians, each wearing an expression of countenance as who should say, "Find me more subjects. Oh, my soul!" Subsequently, a number of students exchange the roseate glow of health for the dull saffron of morbid fear. The usual midnight stillness of the town begins to be disturbed by the whirr of the gas and electric meters. Strange, strident noises vent themselves abroad. Dark brooding sits fast upon landladies' faces. The disease commonly runs its course in four weeks. As a rule, the climatic period occurs at night, attended by such profound agitations of the earth's crust that the local seismograph requires the help of an assistant to fully accommodate the stress of business devolving upon it. Then affairs gradually resume their normal serenity.

Let us now diagnose the conditions of an individual case. Algernon Cholmondeley arrives in school from Flintlock, Redtop County. He is, we will say, from a physical standpoint entitled to qualify as a "White Man's Hope." The wisps of hay which still cling to his person do not conceal a mien of highly intellectual proportions, and he moves hither and yon with an elastic tread that bespeaks a consciousness of power and an uncomplicated conscience.

Time passes along in sweet accord with the forecasts of the gentlemen who publish the calendars. One day, a teacher calls a meeting of the class. Algernon attends, light of heart and debonair. He comes out with an expression that could only properly belong on the face of a neurotic engaged in reading the works of Edgar Allen Poe. He has been inoculated. From that time he is a changed youth. He becomes morose rather than merry. He shuns sleep, and abhors the very thought of food. He turns feverishly through many books. He writes down weird, uncanny things. He stands before a mirror uttering wild, inarticulate sounds; gyrating fearfully meanwhile. The doctors and wise men observe and smile gleefully. It is a beautiful
The other victims come together in arch Small red number. Algernon recognizes the piece. He has often heard it before— at funerals. It is the signal that the clinic is ready. They file in, Algernon leading. Suddenly his heart experiences a compelling desire to obey the laws of gravity, and starts for the center of the earth. The clatter of applause recalls vaguely to him that once even a general on a bloody field asked his men not to cheer, since some poor fellows were dying. They mount the platform and seat themselves. The facultician in charge stands and says: "We acquire our knowledge through experiments either visual or manual. Some weeks ago we inoculated your friends here with Finalitis serum, the greatest psycho-therapeutical discovery of the age. The progress of the infection is due to culminate to-night, and we have invited you, believing that your observations may be of great assistance to you in your crusade against the disease of illiteracy. We will now scrutinize closely the throes manifested in the case of Mike Johnson." Algernon sits rigid whilst ice cold chills ripple about his body, followed hard upon by applications of molten iron. His stream of consciousness seethes and eddies, bearing upon its turbulent tide strange bits of wreckage. Once more he is a boy, standing under the old persimmon tree below the barn. He hurla a stick up into its branches and dislodges a plentiful harvest of the frost-ripened fruit. He hears his mother call, but doesn't answer, knowing that she wants him to carry in wood. ("We should then profit from the example of Greece and Rome, and be up and doing to prevent the greatest nation upon which the sun ever shone from suffering a similar fate.") His mother calls again, urgently, and he, with reluctance, abandons the feast and starts home.

In the distance a faint voice is saying, "The next patient is Mr. Algernon Cholmondeley."

It is all over. He gradually emerges from an anaesthetized state, and in a dazed way receives the congratulations of his friends upon his recovery. The faculty tells him that it was a magnificent success and that six or eight more inoculations will effect a complete cure.

You ask upon what information I am able to detail so definitely the minutiae of the case. I answer that during other days, Term Finalitis was my favorite affliction. And now, having enumerated the symptoms, shall I fail to prescribe? Escupalian shades forbid. We shall not consider the elimination of the disease. There is no likelihood that serious complications will manifest themselves, and there is a probability that it does serve some good purpose; in other words, that the Finalitis serum is antagonistic to certain other toxins of graver propensities. I shall only attempt to suggest a treatment that will enable the patient to undergo the attack unscathed.

The "Brass" treatment is said to be the best. It should be begun several weeks prior to infection, and consists in taking internally at short intervals large doses of a strong solution of brass; and, also, of liberally applying the same externally. This exerts a peculiar psychic influence upon the patient, in that it relieves his mental tension, and permits him to stand coincidentally upon both feet, and at the same time, to transact a satisfactory disposition of his manual extremities. These remedial measures should be attended by an applied Course in Reading. During the primary stages of the treatment, the patient should achieve a mastery of Locke's "Essay Concerning the Human Misunderstanding," an interesting monologue, specially adapted toward the ramification of the human system against the ills hereinbefore discussed. Re-enforce this with an earnest study of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." This thrilling volume takes up language where the dictionaries leave off,
and a patient who has established a familiarity with its style has gone far toward emancipating himself from the shackles of an inefficient medium of expression.

Following these directions carefully, and ere long Term Finalitis will have lost its sting, and the Committee on Recommendations will be casting affectionate glances in your direction.  A. C.

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**News**

All beauty-loving Normalites will be pleased to know that the work of beautifying is still in progress on Normal Heights.

Nicely painted, and attractive walls, in the Potter College Building, are turning our recitation rooms into places of attraction. The work is not stopping within the building, but it has spread itself in such a way as to turn the rough grounds in front of New Vanmeter Hall into a beautiful grassy slope, thus going far toward making the campus of the W. K. S. N. S. one of the most attractive in the South.

From Miss Fannie Gray, Principal of Tolu School, comes the report of first-class work.

Leslie Brown reports a record-breaking attendance for his school this fall. Says he will be among the first to return after Christmas.

It has been reported that Miss Iva Hicklin is doing excellent work in the Marion Graded School, Fifth Grade.

From Rudy H. Matthews comes the promise of success, and an early return to the Normal in January.

We are glad to hear of the success of Mr. Fred Hillyard, Crittenden County.

The Normal casts its good influence even as far South as Acilla, Ga., in the work of Mrs. Dora Barnes.

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The coming campaign, in the nomination for Sheriff of Hopkins County, will be watched with interest by the Normal students of that county, as Tom Logan, a former student of the old Southern Normal School, is a contestant for the place. Tom was a good student and a fine fellow. We wish him success, and believe that, with his ability and many friends, he will win.

Miss Tress Koon is teaching a splendid school, White Hall, Crittenden County.

Miss Annie Cato, Christian County, writes us of her success.

Mr. P. M. Braden, at present teaching in Nelson County, will return in the spring.

The following are a few of the many successful Normalites in Calloway County:
- Lois Boatwright, Blakely School.
- Bee Crisp, Pleasant Grove.
- Miss Brooks Radford, homesick for Normal.
- Atlanta Bynum, Kirksey Graded School.
- Frank Radford, and success.

All honor to Mr. R. H. Bratcher, Leitchfield Graded School, Leitchfield, Ky.

Miss Nellie Scifres sends glad tidings of success, and furthermore says, let THE ELEVATOR come.

It is said that the Spring Creek School, Simpson County, is running clear success, as they have for their teacher Mr. Herbert Anderson.

Prof. H. L. Southwick, President of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass., gave an interpretation of one of Shakespeare's masterpieces (Henry VII) on November 14, in New Vanmeter Hall. It was most highly enjoyed, especially by readers of Shakespeare.
Calloway County.

It is useless to mention the position of Calloway's delegation, for everyone knows she stands first in quantity, and second to none in quality. In the ebb and flow of our number we hold the fort with eighteen. But as soon as the midwinter term begins we are expecting a hundred or more.

We meet every two weeks and discuss such problems as the Boys' Corn Clubs, Domestic Science, Consolidation, and Supervision of our Rural Schools. We not only discuss the problems, but we are aiding our co-workers, who are fighting the battle at home, in their efforts to do these things.

Reports come daily from the field of the success of the Normal teachers. One college man, of Calloway, says: "I can tell the schools that are being taught by Normal teachers." He further says he can tell on which side of the hall they teach, when there are two or more in the same building. And let me say that we have two life graduates in the same school of eleven teachers, and they teach on the same side of the hall.

Lyon County.

(N. G. Martin, Contributor.)

The educational life of this county is slowly but steadily advancing. This awakening, in a large measure, comes as a result of the training of a large per cent of our teachers in the W. K. S. N. S. The work of the teachers, who have been students in this institution, prove conclusively that the county needs more Normally trained teachers, and since this fact is being recognized by our people, there is a growing demand for this class of teachers.

The attendance at the Normal during the fall and winter terms from Lyon is small. This is due to the fact that the student-teachers are employed in teaching; but throughout the mid-winter and spring terms Lyon County will have its full quota in the Normal School.

The county, through its teaching force in institute assembled, July, 1912, passed an enthusiastic resolution commend-
the alarm clock of progress did not have long to ring until
the spell was broken, and now she, arrayed in full armor, is
in the front ranks of the battle against ignorance.

Our delegation in the W. K. S. N. S. is not as large as
some, but we are zealously trying to increase the number.
Owing to the long school term, the teachers can only attend
in the summer, and the advantages offered by the Louis-
ville High School causes most of the grammar school gradu-
ates to attend there.

The rural schools are in good condition; many new
houses have been built; attendance is good; the compulsory
law is being enforced when necessary. Improvement
leagues are present; not the passive, but the active kind;
the kind that really accomplishes something. Many of them
have added libraries, charts, maps, etc., to the school besides
improving the outward looks of building and grounds.

Many of our teachers have climbed Normal Heights and
are anxious to be on the Hill again.

The school term in this county has been increased to eight
and ten months.

Our aim in Jefferson is to have better equipped schools,
better attendance, more pupils in high school, and, above all,
to push Kentucky to the front where she rightfully belongs
and will eventually stand.

Spencer County.

Spencer is about the smallest county in the Western Divi-
sion, and lies so near to the Eastern that some of the coun-
ties may have forgotten that they have such a sister. She
is going along quietly, working out her own problems. Aid-
ed by a Superintendent, whom her teachers think second
to none, she is improving her school houses, building new
ones, establishing libraries and increasing those already es-
tablished. She has been accredited with having about the
largest, if not the largest per cent of libraries according to
the number of her schools, of any in the state.

Owing to unpreventable delays her corn show and school

exhibit has been postponed to December 21.
She has no supervisors this year, but is planning for them
and is trying in every way to be a wise mother to her chil-
dren, furthering their interests in every possible way.

Simpson County.

(EDGAR THOMPSON, CONTRIBUTOR.)

On the surface the attendance at the Normal from Simp-
son County seems small, but when you look a little deeper
you will find it good—probably above the average. Last
year we had more than fifty per cent of our teaching force
in school, and have a good attendance this fall. I believe we
will have at least seventy per cent of the teachers in the
Normal before the close of the present year. The influence
of the Normal is penetrating every nook and corner of our
little county.

Those who knew its previous condition cannot fail to note
a steady and healthy growth toward that ideal about which
we hear so much said. In many cases where once stood
weather-beaten, knife-carved, pistol-shot, time-worn, un-
painted and almost forsaken shacks, now stand modern,
well-equipped buildings. In a number of these houses, there
are teachers with more or less training in the Normal, who
are being led on to victory by a Superintendent who also has
been a student of the W. K. S. N. S. If Miss Warren don’t
watch, her little sister, Miss Simpson, will come in on the
carpet that she now guards so jealously.

Christian County.

Christian County schools stand for progress. The new
High School at Hopkinsville is all that was hoped for, and
the outlook for rural schools is bright indeed.

There is a movement on for consolidated schools, and it
is probable that Christian will have the next consolidated
school in the State.

We have one of the finest agricultural sections in the
State, so it is well that our boys and girls should be taught something of agriculture. Accordingly, a Boys' Corn Club was organized last year; there was also a Chrysanthemum Contest for the girls. This year the organizations have grown much stronger.

The county school fair was held at Kelly, and did much to awaken interest in the rural schools; the work in Domestic Science and Domestic Economy being especially good.

McLean County.
(BY MISS SUSAN PEFFER.)

The Calhoun High School, which was the first county High School to be organized in McLean County, is experiencing a year of exceptional prosperity with Mr. J. W. Dillepay as principal.

The Calhoun Graded School, under the supervision of Miss Susan Peffer, has enrolled every child of the census and twenty others. Ninety per cent of the enrollment are in attendance. Miss Peffer is assisted by five young ladies of whom three, Miss Effie Moseley, Miss Beula White, and Miss Myra Johnson, have been students of the Western Normal.

Miss Cora Stroud, a graduate of the Life Certificate Course, is at the head of the Island School for the fourth year. The school continues to make a splendid record in scholarship and attendance. Miss Stroud is assisted by four young ladies, of whom two, Miss Ruth Lindley and Miss Addie Powell, have been students of the Western Normal.

Mr. Leland Bunch, a graduate of the Normal, is spending his third year at the head of the Livermore Graded and High Schools. Since Mr. Bunch has had charge of the schools, two new teachers have been added to the faculty and a new school building, modern in every respect, is under construction and will be completed early in the new year.

Mr. D. W. Miller, who is principal of the Rumsey School, teaches through an open window. He has been crowded to the outside by the large attendance. The County Board of Education has given him one assistant, and is making arrange-
Things are humming in the Athletic Department just now. The girls' basketball teams, representing the Seniors, Juniors, and Kit-Kats, are in the limelight now; the contest for the Inter-Society championship is on, and every team is doing its very best to land the great banquet which is to be given on December 17, the close of the season. For hard, earnest work; intense, good-natured rivalry; enthusiastic backing by the societies in particular and the school in general; novel rooting and immense attendance, no previous athletic contest has rivaled the efforts of these girls. Small wonder, though, for from the time the referee's whistle informs us that the game is on, until the heartless time-keeper breaks our spell by declaring the game over, the spectators are treated to a real demonstration of what the Normal girl's pluck and determination can accomplish. In the short time they have been playing, the girls have developed an astonishing amount of dexterity and ingenuity in handling the ball. The field work, guarding and goal-throwing, we are quite sure would compare favorably with the efforts of many older teams.

The first contest was fought out on November 6, between the Seniors and Juniors. After a thrilling game between two well-matched teams, victory at last settled on the Junior black and gold by the narrow margin of 9 to 8. The next day the triumphant Juniors arrayed themselves against the Kit-Kats, an unknown and untried aggregation, who amazed everyone, including their own supporters, by severely drubbing the Juniors at the rate of 28 to 3. Since then, every Wednesday and Thursday afternoon at four
They have a team well worthy of the society. When defeat comes to them as it occasionally does, they bob up as dauntless and hopeful as before. For swift, snappy field work and efficient guarding, they have earned an enviable reputation. Miss Lovelady, as a goal thrower, is considered by every loyal Junior as invincible, and Miss Hike's work as center has attracted considerable attention. For first-class ball these "Green-ites" never disappoint. Miss Birdsong is their able coach.

But the Hill is resonating with the shouts of triumph issuing from the lusty throats of that militant young body, the Kit-Kats. Their team is under the supervision of Miss Reid, and she, with her consummate tact, skill, and power of organization, has developed a team that so far has been a riddle to Seniors and Juniors alike. Miss Cantrell, of the first team, and Miss Jones, of the second, play center alternately, and "mutually excel one another," as Lincoln happily put it on one occasion. Also every wearer of the green and white is dead certain that Miss Basham has the ball so bewitched, that when she thrusts it at the basket, it just can't help going through. Misses Pennibaker, Van Cleave, and Pewitt measure up to the standard in their respective fields, too. In fact, this team has shown itself strong in every phase of the game, and hence its remarkable record.

Following are the results of their labors reduced to cold figures:

November 6—Juniors 9, Seniors 8.
November 7—Kit-Kats 28, Juniors 3.
November 13—Kit-Kats 22, Seniors 6.
November 14—Juniors 24, Seniors 18.
November 20—Kit-Kats 18, Juniors 8.
November 21—Kit-Kats 19, Seniors 4.
November 26—Seniors 4, Juniors 3.
December 4—Kit-Kats 14, Juniors 4.

The boys' basketball teams are working steadily away, and no doubt they will figure prominently later. The inde-
pendent team, under the able coaching of Mr. Byrn, is said to be in a class to themselves. The Kit-Kat Klub has two teams that are grooming for the approaching battle. Teams from the other societies will be organized later.

Football has been introduced for the first time this fall. So, of course, no work other than that of a preliminary nature, was attempted. While not all was accomplished that was desired, yet a substantial beginning was made, and it is hoped and expected that next year we will have a team able to cope with the squads of like institutions.

The exceptionally fine fall weather has lengthened the life of our tennis court, and almost every afternoon some of our folks may be seen enjoying an hour's recreation at this interesting sport.

We are pleased with the large reinforcements of our army of boosters. Yet there is room for more. Say, you hermit, do you know that we have achieved remarkable, yea, phenomenal success in every phase of athletics yet attempted? We have demonstrated also that we can enter the realm of athletics in the right spirit and with the right attitude. It is just the Normal way. Other fields of legitimate and delightful sport are awaiting us. Why not cross over and conquer?

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To Know, to Have, to Be

[The following article is a speech that was made in chapel by Dr. B. F. Cato, Pastor of the First Christian Church, and we believe it will be of value and interest to the readers of THE ELEVATOR.—ED.]

About seven years ago I read an article in some magazine, outlined as my talk to you shall be this morning, and the impression on my mind was so great that I have never been able to get away from it, and the thought is so simple and so beautifully impressive that I have no desire that it shall ever fade from memory.

There are three races above all others which have cut a large figure in human history. There are three peoples which above all others have stamped their ideas and ideals upon the texture and temper of our Western world. There are three lands which above all others are sacred to the minds and hearts of men. The first of these three lands is Greece. Greece had one supreme ambition. Her over-mastering passion was to Know. She was intellectually alert, keen, wide-awake, hungry for knowledge above all other nations of antiquity. The supreme man in Greece was the philosopher, the man who loved wisdom. The supreme institutions in Greece were the schools of philosophy. Of course, she crowned her athletes, also her orators and her artists, but the brightest crown was for the man who loved knowledge, and when the name of Greece is mentioned, there rises before the mind's eye first, Plato the mighty thinker.

The second sacred land is Italy, and Italy is Rome. Rome also had one supreme ambition, and that was to Have. Rome liked knowledge, but never loved it. Her philosophers she imported from Greece. She had her illustrious scholars and orators, but she never produced a poet so original as Homer, nor a philosopher so illustrious as Socrates, or Plato, or Aristotle. Her great men were not the lovers of wisdom, but the men whose ambition was to hold, to conquer, to rule, and when the name of Rome is mentioned, the man who naturally comes before the mind's eye is Cesar, the conqueror.

The third sacred land is Palestine. She also had an over-mastering ambition, but that was not to know. It is true that she liked knowledge, but with all her genius she never carved a statue that the world has cared to keep; never painted a picture that the world has cared to look at; never wrote a book of science that won immortality; never created a system of philosophy worthy to be compared with the systems of Greece. Nor was it her supreme ambition to

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conquer, to rule. She had her generals all the way down from Joshua to Judas Maccabees, but she never produced a general worthy to stand with Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Scipio, Caesar, or Napoleon. Her supreme ambition was to be, and her great men were men of character. Look at some of the names: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, David, Elijah, Isaiah, John the Baptist—all of them men. And when we come to Him who is the consummate flower of Palestine we see Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of men.

All of which is an allegory, for in describing these three lands I have been describing the three dominant moods of the soul. All of you are living in one or the other of these three lands. In which one will you build your home?

It is God's will, I take it, that we are all to pass a little time in Greece. It is only right that we should have a desire to know. The instinct for knowledge is divinely implanted. There is a period in the life of every normal boy and girl when the great ambition is to conquer knowledge. That is proper in its place, but it ought to be a passing experience. After all, knowledge is only temporary in its nature. What do you know? Certain facts in science, in history, in mathematics. But what will all that amount to on the day on which you render an account to the King of kings?

There are others who have passed on to Rome and their ambition is to have. Many use their knowledge as an instrument for getting things. Thousands of men and women are living nowadays in Rome. Rome was wrecked on the rocks of greed. These persons are dominated by the passionate desire to have things, have stocks and bonds, have dresses, have jewels, have automobiles. Now is the time, I think, to open the inspired Book and read, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is well to remember that whether we have much or little, we have it just a little while, for out yonder before everyone of us, there is a narrow gate, through which no land has ever yet been carried, nor any bank stock, nor a dress, nor a jewel, nor a thimbleful of diamond dust. Nothing goes through that gate but the man, the woman.

Let us pass on and live in Palestine. The supreme ambition is not to know, nor yet to have, but to love, to love God and humanity. This is the consummation of every truly successful life. Christ dwells, in the Scriptures, not upon what a man knows, nor upon what he has, but always and everywhere upon what he is. Listen to his beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the meek, blessed are the pure in heart, blessed are the merciful. Do you notice that the supreme thing is mood, spirit, disposition, temper?

To be, then, is the one thing essential and to be is to love. Paul has given us the great secret: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or as tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." No matter if you do know all the books, and subdue all the kingdoms, you have thrown your life away unless you are like God.

"It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
    It matters much.

"It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
    It matters much."
"It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much."

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HOLLY BERRIES.

The holly was once wont to grow
With waxen berries white as snow,
Until Yuletide long ago,
And thereby hangs a tale;

She grew the forest trees among,
With every gust she lightly swung,
On every branch the berries hung
Like stars—so white—so frail.

Since heat could melt and cold could freeze,
Since monks have prayed on bended knees;
Since kings have issued their decrees,
The mistletoe was known;
But the holly grew so fair bedight,
With lonely splendor lit the night,
And no man saw the wondrous sight,
All crystalline, alone.

A king once rode afar afield,
A bleeding deer flung o'er his shield,
when naked winter trees revealed
The emerald and white
Of holly, that like cameo
Was clearly cut against the snow;

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IN THE CHRISTMAS CANDLELIGHT.

If you know that some one cares
How life fares with you;
If to know a tender wish
Bears loving thought all through;
If to know mean aught to you—
Know it, Dear, and know it true.

If to know your least success
On the road from day to day,
Some one waits to praise, to bless;
If to know your every way
Guarded is by word of prayer
Lest the hour bring extra care;
If to know mean aught to you—
Know it, Dear, and know it true!
And may the knowing lend its cheer
To Christmas Day and all the year.

MARY CROMWELL LOW.
MY FORECAST.

I know not if the day be fair,
I only know that you are there,
And that, whate'er the weather be,
A Merry Christmas makes for me.

Wishing you three hundred and sixty-five happy days, and hoping that the spirit of the Christmas Time may help to make each one happier and more blessed than the last.

I am thinking of you to-day because it is Christmas, and I wish you Happiness. And to-morrow because it will be the day after Christmas and I shall still wish you Happiness; and so on clear through the year.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Greetings to you at the Old World's end, and Godspeed to you for the New Year—and all the years.—EDWIN MARKHAM.

So may the New Year be a happy one for you; happy to many more whose happiness depends on you. So may each year be happier than the last.—DICKENS.

CHRISTMAS TEARS.

The day returns by which we date our years;
Day of the joy of giving,—that means love;
Day of the joy of living,—that means hope;
Day of the Royal Child,—and day that brings
To older hearts the gift of Christmas tears.

Look how the candles twinkle through the tree,
The children shout when baby claps his hands,
The room is full of laughter and of song!
Your lips are smiling, dearest,—tell me why.
Your eyes of love are full of Christmas Tears.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Review of “The Call of the Wild”

The intense excitement prevailing throughout the civilized world and the mad rush of hardy adventurers into the Klondike, as a result of the discovery of gold there, and the peculiar obstacles that these men found awaiting them, form the basis for the stirring incidents that are so vividly and concisely given by Jack London in “The Call of the Wild.” The ability of Buck, a large, sagacious dog, to meet promptly and successfully, each one of the many crises that come into his life, gives unity to the narrative. The purpose of the book, evidently, is to show that when the restraints of artificial civilization are removed from man and domesticated beast and they, instead, are involved in a hazardous struggle for existence as a result of being under the law of “the fang and the club,” then the veneer of culture falls away and a retrograde movement toward the primitive state is made by them.

The plot is not at all intricate. A dog, a huge, intelligent St. Bernard, is stolen from his cozy quarters in the palatial home of a prominent judge, who lives in ease and comfort in a sun-kissed valley of Southern California. After several disagreeable experiences he finds himself in San Francisco, where he forms the acquaintance of the cudgel, which is wielded by the strong hands of a man in a successful attempt to subdue the dog’s stubborn will. Then he is sold to a mail-carrier of the Klondike. After his arrival there, he learns the law of the fang while witnessing the death of another dog, resulting from a severe fight. As the most valuable member of a large team of sled dogs, he makes several arduous journeys through the snow and ice. Falling into the hands of some inexperienced tender-feet, while in this weakened state, he is rescued from certain death at the hand of one of his enraged drivers. John Thornton, his deliverer, gains the love of this dog by his many kindnesses, which are amply repaid in the saving of his life by the
grateful creature. While engaged in a perilous journey in quest of a lost gold mine, Thornton is killed during the dog's absence. When Buck returns he inflicts summary vengeance upon the slayers and then joins a pack of wolves and becomes a terror to the natives of the region. In this simple line of action, there is a fascinating study of the changes undergone by the mind when new and unexperienced impressions come to it.

Only one main character appears in the "Call of the Wild"; all others are secondary in importance. The downfall of the lovable, civilized Buck until he reaches that stage where he gladly listens to the call of his wild kin, the wolves, could never have been traced so deftly or fascinatingly by one who neither knew or loved dogs. Of the minor figures there are two classes: The dogs and the men. The dogs may further be divided into two classes: First, those that are good-natured and characterized by a single failing, such as Dolly, Dub, Pike, Curly, Billie, Skeet, and Nig. Second, the cruel, jealous, revengeful type of which Spitz, Joe, and Sol Leks are vivid examples. Of the men, John Thornton, who conceals noble traits of character under a gruff exterior, is by far the best drawn. Others worthy of mention are the treacherous Manuel, whom one despises; Hall and Charles, two cruel blunderers that are decidedly out of their rightful place; and Perrault and Francois, two well-described French-Canadians possessing the saving virtue of being kind to the sled dogs. While all the characters are well defined, Buck, only, is destined to live among the great characters of literature.

The author shows himself to be a master of dramatic narration, by the skillful way in which he relates the many thrilling incidents of the story. The treacherous over-mastery of Buck; the conquering of his outraged, stubborn spirit by his purchaser; the cruel murder of Curly by the huskies; the wild flight of Buck from the hydrophobia-stricken Dolly; the death struggle with Spitz, while the
man of highest ideals. But the novelty of subject-matter, the unusual theme, the little character studies and the vigorous style of the author, insure for the book a permanent place in the field of genuine literature.

THE LIBRARY.


The editor wishes to say on behalf of Miss Florence Ragsland, our Librarian, and Miss Dulaney, the Assistant Librarian, that they have so readily responded to the need of every student that the Library has become a place where a large number of earnest students are to be found at all times of the day. We believe that this is proof within itself of the efficient work of our librarians.

CLIPPINGS.

He that hath money and refuseth to buy a school paper, but looketh over his neighbor's shoulder to see the contents thereof, is likened unto a donkey who, having a manger full of hay, nevertheless nibbleth that of his neighbor and brayeth with glee.

A Gentleman.

A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs.

The Origin of Sayings.

The lion's share embodied the sarcasm of old Aesop, in whose fable, at the conclusion of their joint rest, the animals announce their wish to divide the booty, the lion claiming one-quarter by reason of kingly prerogative, one-quarter for his superior courage, one-quarter for his dam and cubs. "As
for the fourth quarter,” said the lion, “let who will dispute it with me.”

“Every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost,” is a cynical slogan derived from the Spaniards. It is said that His Satanic Majesty once conducted a school of magic at Toledo. At the end of the term the graduating class was, it appears, made to run through a long subterranean hall, the President of the institution being entitled to the hindmost if he could catch him.

“A feather in one’s cap,” is derived from Scotland. Among the woodcraft enthusiasts it was the custom for the individual first to kill a woodcock to pluck out a feather and place it in his cap. Oliver Cromwell conferred dignity upon this expression when, on his refusal of the English Crown, he observed: “Royalty is but a feather in a man’s cap; let children enjoy their rattle.”

A thoroughbred gamecock shows only red and black feathers, and the crossbreed is known by a white feather in its tail. Hence, “to show the white feather,” conveys a strong notion of cowardice, from one point of view, at least.

One may search the Scriptures in vain for any illusion to Job’s turkey. The expression, “As poor as Job’s turkey,” had its origin in the brain of a humorist, “Sam Slick.” He described this bird as being possessed of but one tail feather, and as of so feeble a condition that only leaning against a fence that it was enabled to gobble.

The ancient Greeks are responsible for the expression, “To throw dust in one’s eyes.” Epaminondas, wishing to surprise the Lacedemonians, is said to have caused 16,000 cavalry to advance in front, kicking up a great dust that the wind blew into the faces of the enemy, thus bringing them to a flank movement he was executing with a view to taking the coveted heights in their rear.

“Barking up the wrong tree,” may be referred to the mistake sometimes made by hunting dogs when the game flies from tree to tree.

“Dead man’s shoes,” is undoubtedly to be traced to an old Hebrew custom. On the transfer of an inheritance the successor received a shoe belonging to the deceased owner. “To eat humble pie,” is to be ascribed to the fact that in feudal days the umble or inferior parts of the deer were baked in pies for the poor retainers.

“Whole hog or none,” refers to the alleged custom of Mahommed to allow his followers to eat all except one portion of a pig, which portion, however, was that if a Mahom­medan did not wholly avoid the use of pork, he might as well run the risk of consuming the whole portion as to eat any portion thereof.

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Passing the Cayenne

Dear Reader! When down in the mouth, think of Jonah; he came out all right.

Gosh, ain’t we progressing? A good many years ago, when a boy got a whipping at school, he received another good licking when he got home. But in these progressive days the father and mother wipe his tears away and go straightway to wallop the teacher.

Matthews (in Biology): “By George, Moore, when I look at one of your drawings, I stand and wonder—”
Moore: “Why—how I do it?”
Matthews: “No,—why you do it.”

Mr. Anderson: “Have you ever been through algebra?”
Mr. Ellis: “Yes, but it was in the night and I didn’t see much of the place.”

“There are some spectacles,” said some one in chapel, which one never forgets.”

“I wish you could tell me where I can get a pair of them,” exclaimed Mr. Claggett; “I am always forgetting mine.”
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A Box of Matches.

Prof. Wethington—Miss Van Houten.
Eva Mercer—Mr. Hood.
Miss Judd—Mr. Smith.
Frank Farris—Miss Pennybaker.
Catherine Hawthorne—Mr. Stone.
Judith Boxley—"Pat."

Miss Layman (to Misses Goodwin and Van Cleave): "How is v-o-l-i-x pronounced?"
Miss Goodwin: "Volix (volix), I think."
Miss Van Cleave: "If it is Latin, it is volix."
Miss Layman: "It was pronounced Vol. IX when I went to school."

Miss Heber Lewis (trying to think of some toasts to give at a banquet): "Say, Lida, I think we will have toasts."
Lida: "Oh, pshaw! Who ever heard of toast except for breakfast?"

Grover: "May I kiss you when I leave to-night?"
Abbie: "Mr. Jones, you may leave the house at once."

Mary Edmonds: "Prof. Alexander, I can't stay in this close room; it affects my heart."
Prof. Alexander: "Don't worry, Mary; that is not your weak spot."

Miss Wright: "My hands are so rough to-day, but I couldn't find my cold cream anywhere last night."
Mr. Hood: "I have noticed so often your hands were cold, but Anna Belle, I wouldn't have thought you'd put anything on them to fool me that way."

A Sunday School teacher was trying to teach her pupils to say grace. She asked one, whose father was a deacon,
Next, *application* it would be called,
As he rolled up both his sleeves.
And *cogitation* follows fast,
In its wake *inspiration* leaves;
But *consternation* strikes his soul
As he reaches *stagnation's* stage.
In *desperation* still he writes, but lacks another page.
The clock strikes one, his work is done,
He has worked his soul's salvation.
But at what a price, at what a cost!
The last step is *prostration*. 