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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 today 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
Second Fall Term opens........................ November 19, 1912
Mid-Winter Term opens........................ January 23, 1912
Spring Term opens............................ April 3, 1912
Summer School opens.......................... June 16, 1912

There is plenty of free tuition in each county for all persons who are entitled to it. Trust you will see your County Superintendent, if you have not already done so, relative to free instruction.

For further information, address H. H. Cherry, President, Bowling Green, Ky.

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W. LEWIS MATTHEWS
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Faculty Representative
As the hour-glass is an emblem of life, so the little particles of sand represent the years that go by. We cannot watch the sands run without astonishment, for they pass almost imperceptibly, and likewise to our surprise another sand in the hour-glass of life has passed. But we welcome the New Year, for with it comes new hope, new life, new opportunity. The editor and his staff wish for the readers of THE ELEVATOR a New Year full of promise, one that shall know no defeats.

"Front the year
And feel no fear.

Make no row
But do it now.

Sing and Smile,
Make life worth while.

Up and on,
The crown to don.

Put wrong to rout
Stamp evil out.

New Year.

Learn to forget
Things you regret.

Shun angry words,
They smite like swords.

Work and hustle,
Life's a tussle.

Never borrow
From to-morrow.

Fear no censure—
Dare to venture.

He that's lucky
Must be plucky.

Prompt and ready
Keep you steady."

—0—

Our Ideal.

Something good is the eventful purpose of every life, whether that good be of high or low degree, relative or absolute. Our ideals, according as they are high or low, held with life-like and life-long tenacity, are great illuminators and refiners of character.

At the beginning of the New Year it is well for us to ask ourselves the question: "What is the final attainment to which I am looking and for which I am longing and laboring?" This question is the foe of hypocrisy and the inspiration of sincerity. This New Year's morning of 1913 held the history of every New Year's morning gone—the sunrises and dews; this evening holds the gray shapes and phantoms of every foregone twilight. So gathered into our lives are all our thoughts, feelings, emotions, and ideals from babyhood to this hour. And we believe the most horrible tragedy of the ages is the assassination of the soul's ideals—the breaking of faith with one's personal integrity. But on the other hand if by our ideals we have a beautiful picture
for our eyes; a beautiful song for our ears; a pure impulse for our hearts; a worthy purpose for our lives, these will help us to reach the final attainment to which we are looking and laboring.

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Books.

Books are in themselves friends, either good or bad as the case may be. A book is valuable for the ideas it starts in the mind, rather than for those it puts there. No knowledge is of vital moment to a man, which is not reproductive within him, which does not in some sense work itself into character. Then we should make an elaborate selection of the best books only. If we can read but one volume in a year, let that one be worthy of a scholar's ideal of good reading, all the more so because it is but one. If such a thoughtful selection was made by the students of literature, it would not be long until that group of authors whose names are destined to float on the current of all times would become known to every schoolboy. Our choice of authors should cover as large a range of literature as can be read in a scholarly way. As a rule the average student is guilty of skimming the surface of everything that falls in his way, without penetrating anywhere; in other words, the mind is like a bird—always on the wing. This is not scholarly reading, and no one will pursue it long. But on the other hand he who is in earnest and possesses a literary taste will choose his reading with care and then read in books and not through books. It is harmful, for instance, ever to read a book for the sake of talking of it, or to be able to say that you have read it. There is such a thing as intellectual integrity, and the price of it is above rubies.

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Originality.

In these days we hear so much said about originality; everywhere I go people are talking about it; but what do they mean? Every human being is intended to have a personality of his own, to believe for himself and not for another; but it is almost impossible for a man or woman who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, on every occasion, to determine whether a thought was another's or his own. Some one has said: "I would rather be the author of one original thought than the conqueror of a hundred battles"; but men and women of strong minds will frequently find that some of their best ideas have been penned by other hands. The most original writers borrowed one from another. If we can advance something both new and true, so much for it, but if we cannot and can repeat what is old, more briefly and with more elegance of style, this also becomes our own, by right of conquest.

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Life.

Life is but a long vacation to the man who loves his work.

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"Concerning."

Through this column in our paper we hope to acquaint the new students with some of the former graduates of this institution.

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To Subscribers.

ELEVATORS are mailed only to those who have paid up subscriptions.

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The Law of a Good Normalite.

The law of a good Normalite requires:
1. That he shall be a subscriber to THE ELEVATOR.
2. That he shall be loyal to his school.
3. That he shall be cheerful, happy and pleasant even under rigid examinations.
4. That he shall be courteous and polite towards all with whom he associates.
5. That he shall keep himself in good health.
6. That he shall cultivate his powers of observation, thought, and reasoning.
7. That he shall have a laudable ambition, and shall strive in sincerity and honor to render such service in the teaching profession as will prove the efficient training of the Normal.

The next issue of THE ELEVATOR will be gotten out by the Kit-Kat Club. And we are predicting a good issue.

Concerning

The ages of this man are four, namely: Rustic, scholastic, linguistic, and geographic. Naturally they overlap and bob up unexpectedly at times, but in the main that division will hold.

The first age began in 1882, some eight miles north of Mayfield, Graves County, Kentucky, and continued throughout the larger portion of a score of years. During this period he fought, climbed trees, garnered several trillions of tobacco worms to their ancestors, grew stone-bruises, attended the public school at Oak Ridge Crossroads, and lunched thereat on sorghum and cold biscuits. Then, under the stress of sudden ambition he matriculated in a Normal School at Huntington, Tennessee, thus entering the second age. He wasn't particularly promising at first blush. True, his brow was constructed somewhat along Corinthian specifications and his trousers lacked in length—all of which pointed to the White House or to the rotary chair of the college president; but the evidence was far from conclusive. Any jury would have acquitted him of the charge without retiring. He remained at Huntington parts of two years, his mental horizon steadily acquiring growth and his trousers steadily annexing territory. During each of the interims he would raise enough tobacco to provide wherewith to keep body and spirit in a state of unity until the time would again roll around when he could raise enough tobacco to provide sufficient revenue to muffle the howl of the wolves before his landlady's door until the advent of the next tobacco season when—oh, shucks! let's short-circuit this tobacco-raising business, and land our hero at a Paducah bookstore in the capacity of Dispenser of Diamond Dick and Other Delectables. This was in the spring of 1901. The life soon palled upon him. He couldn't derive much congeniality from association with Laura Jean Libbey and neither William James, Virgil, nor Tarr and McMurray hung about the store much. So, he eschewed urban life, the profession of
bookseller, and hied him to the tall timber of his primeval days. He arrived just in time to be offered charge of a small country school; the vacancy having been created by the illness of the regular teacher. This was his first and only experience in rural schools. Shortly following the expiration of the term he entered the Southern Normal School at Bowling Green. Here he found a sympathy, a kindredship somewhat of the success he has attained. Indeed, the virile personality of the Professor made a permanent impression upon the life of his pupil. His methods, his manner, his merry quips. Hear him in his class-room to-day: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with much pleasure that I note in our midst this morning the eminent scholar, Mr. Johnnie Jones, who will now arise and discourse at length on the Productivity of the Piedmont Region." Doesn't that smack of Dickey? Not a bit of plagiarism—merely absorption, and further back some one passed it on to Mr. Dickey. Come to think of it, there's mighty little originality in the world. We cull a trait from this source, a tendency from that, and so on, the sum total being our character, and wisdom consists in having made good selections.

He graduated from the two courses of the Southern Normal, completing the higher at the age of twenty-one. This primarily concludes his second age, although it may be stated that he has spent five summers in Chicago University. Upon graduation at the Normal he was offered charge of the Latin and Greek, Professor Dickey having accepted the Presidency of the Bowling Green Business University. He filled this place with great credit for four years. When the Western Kentucky State Normal was established, he was made head of the Department of Geography. The prestige that this department has gained under his leadership is a part of public record. It's a growing department under a growing leader.

All things considered, good fortune has ever accompanied his footsteps. The stars in their courses have surely striven in his behalf. He was born and reared far from the maddening crowds. The blessing of poverty was his (the opulent and the affluent tell us it is a blessing). He has been uniformly successful in whatever he has undertaken. A devoted wife and two interesting children crown the enumeration of his beatitudes.

He is a genial man and usually scintillates with good humor. Yes, "scintillates" is a good, applicable word. It was a prime favorite of his during the linguistic days. In a two-minute speech he could use it a dozen times with such adroit finesse as to convey the impression that a different word had been used in each instance. When he switched from Ovid to Redway and Hinman, he weakened on scintillate and formally adopted "conservation" and "marvelous," and if his former stunts with scintillate were unusual, his manipulation of these two does not fall a whit short of marvelous. Around those two words he can execute runs, trills and arpeggios with such consummate technique that would doubtless make William Jennings Bryan wish he had studied harder while attending the School of Expression. It is said that he is developing a tendency toward the psychological term "to function." We hope not. No halos of sentiment overtop it. No sense of rhythmic cadence attends its use. It harks of the dry bones of compulsory Reading Circle literature. But because of special mention of these favorites don't get the idea that he is cramped in his verbosity. On the contrary, he has a supply of words entirely adequate to put any meaning he may have in mind past the intellectual confines of his hearers, and that's the main use of words, anyway.

And then, statistics. Oh, yes; he knows statistics. He fairly exudes them (or is it "it"). If some cold, dreary morning breakfast should be late, it would be a facile task
for him to take the data at hand and demonstrate to his class that if everything increased and decreased in proportion during the next decade, biscuits would become microscopic and beefsteak a lost art. But on the first reappearance of the sun, his melancholy would doubtless be dissipated, and he would reach down into his pocket, draw therefrom a second statistical sheaf and straightway prove incontrovertibly that by taking a slice of Pike’s Peak and conserving the forests on one side and subjecting the other side to scientific treatment enough foodstuff could be produced to plentifully supply the American people, the inhabitants of Guam, and two-seventeenths of the population of Patagonia.

He has several interesting avocations. One is church work. He is a Methodist, and, being one, is of course enthusiastic in his adherence. For years, he has been at the head of one of the literary organizations of the Normal School, and it is quite safe to say that with the exception of the President of the institution which he serves, there is no better parliamentarian in the state. Also, he has thoroughly informed himself upon political affairs. He can tell the causes, actual measurements, and results of every political move and side-step that has occurred since 1890. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of the past summer. It is whispered in certain circles that once upon a time a bee of family politiealis buzzed alluringly about his ears. He was tempted, but brought himself together with a jerk and ordered the siren aft. It went, but at a more convenient season it may buzz again. Quien sabe?

These are a few rambling, but mostly accurate statements concerning a man whose name, by the way, is Robert Powell Green.

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Owen Moore went away one day
Owen Moore than he could pay;
Owen Moore came home one day,
Owen Moore. —Ex.
G. Ivan Barnes has accepted the principalship of the Seven Hills Graded School, Owensboro, Ky. We know G. Ivan will make good, by the reports coming from St. Petersburg, Florida.

Notwithstanding the many things given us every year through the Lyceum Course, we feel safe in saying that it is not often that we are favored with such wonderful talent and personality as was given us in the person of Mr. Powers on December 11. Everyone seemed to enter into the wholesome atmosphere which his interpretation of David Garrick carried with it. After such programmes we must not fail to admit our increase in strength, for in listening to an artist, such as Mr. Powers, we are inspired to greater things in life.

I am sure all will agree that the soul is dead that did not respond to the lovely strains of music which filled New Van-meter Hall on the evening of December 12. I believe that we can now more easily understand the truth of these lines: "Music is a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that mursms of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the song of another shore." As loyal students, we feel our indebtedness to this institution for such soul-cleansing recitals as the one just mentioned.

E. E. Baucom, Senior '10, has written us of his success. He is teaching in one of the best schools in Elk City, Okla.

Mr. H. W. Gingles, on his way to Louisville, paid us a visit on January 3. Mr. Gingles is preparing for the medical profession.

Mr. Martin C. Walters writes us of his second year's success at Hope, Ark. Furthermore, he says there is a splendid opening in Arkansas for "good" teachers.

Mr. C. T. Canon, Life '10, is still having success as principal of the Mayfield High School. He writes as follows: "I am enclosing the necessary lure to keep the best student-paper in the state coming to my address for three years, and hope that I shall not miss a single copy. Anything that points to the uplift of the W. K. S. N. S is in my line of work, for that is the power that makes the teacher of Western Kentucky, and the teacher sets the pace of progress.

Russell County.

(J. B. Walters, Contributor.)

Although Russell County has only six students in the Western Normal, this is twice the number she had last fall; and we expect a large delegation at the opening of the midwinter term. All our Normal teachers are making good in their schools, and their influence is felt over the entire county. This year we have added a graded school and have hopes of another soon. A great educational awakening is on, and all hopes are centered in the W. K. S. N.

Monroe County.

(E. C. Palmore, Contributor.)

The little hill county of Monroe, although thirty miles from a railroad, is very much alive at present. Its first pike is under construction; new schoolhouses are being built and the old ones have been repaired.

Out of the sixteen pupils that attended the Normal last year fourteen are teaching at present. We are hoping to double our number this year over any previous delegation.

Daviess County.

(Miss Pruden, Contributor.)

The educational interests and conditions in Daviess County are steadily growing. Many, many things remain to be done, and many improvements and changes yet to be made, before the school work will be up to our ideal of what it should be; nevertheless we, as a body of teachers, have con-
confidence in ourselves and each year marks considerable progress.

The School Improvement League work has been in progress for five years, and has resulted in libraries, pictures, other equipment, and the individual drinking-cup law, which was practically in force before the Commonwealth required it.

The Boys’ Corn Club was organized last year and has been the means of an increased educational interest and enthusiasm both on the part of pupils and patrons. We sincerely hope that the organization of a Domestic Science Club will be the next decided improvement.

We hear favorable reports from the field regarding increased attendance, in fact it has not been necessary, so far, to prosecute any under the compulsory attendance law. We have supervisors who are rapidly bringing the school work up to a high efficiency. The Board of Education built six new schoolhouses last year.

The Daviess County delegation has stood next to Warren in number for some time, and is second to none in quality. The cry for Normal-trained teachers is heard every year. We feel this speaks success for our faithful ones who have attended the Normal and have carried the spirit of the institution into the field.

Misses Worthington and Finn, former Life graduates from the Normal, are doing matchless work in the Utica and Whitesville High Schools, respectively.

R. C. Gibson, of 1912 class, is in Clark University this year.

Mr. G. L. Barnes, Misses McGuire, Ficklin, and Clark are holding the fort most successfully at Seven Hills Graded School.

Miss Shawn is at Pleasant Ridge Graded School, busily engaged in her second year’s work.

Misses Pendleton and Bell are at Pleasant Grove Graded School.

A number of our most efficient resident teachers are doing most successful work in other fields, among whom are Misses Mary and Altha Barnhill, Eva Becker and J. R. Kirk.

We want more county news.

THE BASKETBALL PARTY.

On Tuesday, December 17, there occurred in Cabel Hall an event that we trust may hereafter be annual, nothing more or less than the basketball party, given by the Seniors and Juniors to the champion Kit-Kats. For days, sighs and moans had been heard from all sides; girls—“Oh! that I had only played basketball!” boys, “Oh! that I had only rooted a little harder for my team, so that I would be invited!”

But it was too late, for nothing could induce the basketball girls to let any but a staunch, tried and true basketballian within the doors of Cabel Hall on that memorable night. No, they might not even have a peep at the festivities therein, not a glimpse of the mistletoe-decorated chandeliers, of the merry crowd of men and women in festive attire—least of all of a certain room above, where a delightful salad course was served and where as a table centerpiece, was a miniature basketball court, perfect in every detail, from the green K’s on the Kit-Kat’s mitties, to Mr. Manchester’s fatal whistle. This brought thoughts of those thrilling, exciting, though sometimes heart-rending games, played on a similar court in the Training School Chapel.

Besides, there were many things to furnish an abundance of fun and frolic. If you have never played bric-a-brac, you can never imagine how perfectly idiotic one feels to have, blindfolded, supposedly stepped with utmost care between a row of breakable objects, only to find the floor empty when the bandage was removed. Just ask Miss Reid how she felt. And then what a shock the boys received, for, having thought they were kissed by a pretty girl under the mistletoe bough, they later saw it was just Mr. Manchester.
after all. Yes, they really played "Blind-man's Buff," "Ruth and Jacob," and all those old games, but what fun!

The last sight to be seen was in the kitchen,—for there assembled a group of Juniors and Seniors to wash dishes, and there were the most dignified men of those classes, clad in long aprons, their arms to the elbows in dish-water. All seemed to enjoy that.

But just to close. If you are a girl and want to enjoy life, play basketball. If you are a boy, well, do thou likewise.

R. A.

Information Bureau

(Department conducted for the benefit of distressed and perplexed young people of the Normal School. All questions should be sent in the first part of the month.)

Dear Editor: I am sorely distressed. Miss Judd says that she is going to throw me over. I fear my life is wrecked. Do you think my case is hopeless?—Bert Smith.

Ans.—Cause yourself no uneasiness. Don't you know how girls throw?

Dear Editor: Should you ever throw a kiss?—Pierce Guerin.

Ans.—Not feeling sure I asked Miss Lucy Booth, and she said: "It is never polite to throw things at people; always give them."

Dear Editor: Lost—A wink. How should I go about finding it?—Bert Roundtree.

Ans.—There is no need for me to discuss this question, as the article in question was returned by Miss Ethel Smith yesterday afternoon.

Dear Editor: I want to meet a young man of the W. K. S. N. How should I go about it?—Anna B. Wright.

Dear Editor: I am very much in love with a young lady. How should I propose?—Tolbart Oliver.

Ans.—I don't know, but if you would go to Mr. E. B. Baker and get a copy of the proposal he has been overheard practicing on, you might get the information you desire.

Dear Editor: My friend gave me a chafing dish for Christmas. What would have been suitable to have given in return?—Neola Cates.

Ans.—If you were intending to use the chafing dish in entertaining him, I would suggest a bottle of medicine.

Dear Editor: Am calling upon Miss Lily Jones, and am very particular as to how I should act. Under what circumstances should I offer my arm?—Bradley Logan.

Ans.—Do not offer your arm. Offer your hand and heart. Do this on bended knee.

Dear Editor: What is the best method of making a fellow propose?—Ruth Eubank.

Ans.—Hide behind the davenport when Mr. Palmore calls on Miss Conover and you will soon find out.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

The Senior Class has had some interesting meetings this year and some things have been accomplished.

The temporary officers were Mr. Gordon Wilson, President; Miss Ella Judd, Secretary, and Mr. J. D. Farris, Jr., Treasurer; who served till the permanent officers, Mr. I. L. Miller, President; Miss Katherine Braun, Secretary, and Mr. F. C. Grise, Treasurer, were elected.

The members of the class pride themselves on their class
pin, which they have worn since before Christmas. It is a tiny pin in 18-karat gold, and black enamel, with W. K. S. N., '13, in gold on it. It is perhaps the most attractive class pin the Senior Class has ever had.

On Friday evenings, December 6 and 13, the class gave its Term Finals in New Vanmeter Hall. They were as good, if not better, than any finals previously given. The subjects, for the most part, were interesting and helpful.

While the Senior girls did not come out victorious in the recent basketball games, at the same time they did not go down in ignominious defeat, and in each game played, the girls made it quite interesting for their opponents, growing stronger with each game.

The program committee, Mr. Barton and Misses Beck and McClusky, prepare very interesting programmes, which are made more interesting when the members of the class get the discussion of various numbers well under way.

The Senior Class "is not dead nor doth it sleep," but it lives to do the task expected of it. Come to a meeting some Friday afternoon in Room H, and be convinced.

THE JUNIORS.

The enthusiastic interest and earnestness of purpose that have always characterized the Juniors, are steadily growing this year. The society is large enough in number to keep things from being dull, and there is always something lively happening in the society. That there is some splendid talent among the Juniors has been evidenced by the high character of the literary programmes that have been rendered. Under the skilful leadership of Professor Green some valuable work has been done along the lines of debating and parliamentary practice. The question of public debating is being made a special feature of the work, and some noteworthy events along that line are expected to happen among the Juniors in the near future. If the present enthusiastic effort continues, every member will certainly derive an invaluable benefit from this year's work in the society.

KIT-KAT SOCIETY.

Everyone is familiar with the zealous, high-grade work done by the basketball girls of the Kit-Kat Klub. The same spirit that characterized their playing pervades every meeting of the society. No member ever shirks any duty, but spares no labor in trying to make the rendering of the programme a success. A feeling of good-will and loyalty is found at every meeting. The society this year, under the efficient supervision of Miss Reid, is not only trying to keep the high standard set by its members in the past, but to add new laurels to its already lustrous fame and make of it a real honor to the State Normal School. Our ideal for the society is high, but with such material as composes our band we shall realize it. Nothing can daunt us.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

(BY H. M. YARBROUGH.)

The door of the cell closed, the bolt clicked into place as the warden turned the key, and Raymond Kenton was a prisoner. He stood for a moment listening to the retreating steps of the warden as one dazed, then turning about in the dingy place and seating himself on the edge of the hard bed, with his head resting in his hands he fell to reflecting gloomily on his past and the circumstances that had brought him to this position.

Raymond Kenton had been reared in a family that was
respectable but poor. When Raymond grew to intelligent young manhood he was ambitious and, unfortunately, his ambition took the form of an unreasoning desire for wealth, and then when he fell in love with Madge Thornton he felt that his own lot was too poor to ask her to share. He believed that the farm which had always been his home offered no opportunities for gaining the wealth that he coveted, so he determined to bid good-bye to his parents and the home of his childhood, to seek his fortune in the city, little knowing the obstacles to be met or the handicaps he must suffer in taking such a course.

As he was industrious and intelligent he had little trouble in finding employment, and once hired, he soon won the confidence of those for whom he worked. Although he was gradually promoted and his salary was increased as he became more efficient in his work, Raymond soon learned that to accumulate a fortune in a large city is no easy matter. At the end of five years he found that he had scarcely made a beginning on the fortune he had so ardently expected to win when he began.

By this time he had become bookkeeper for the firm in whose service he had been all this time, but his promotion had not been so rapid nor his salary so great as he had wished. He was becoming discouraged. It seemed utterly impossible for him to meet the demands of his position and save any part of his income. Life was only a weary routine of duties from day to day, a continual grind of toil, and what was its reward?

One night he had worked later than usual, and after closing his books for the day he sat at his desk for a while before leaving, and fell to musing on what seemed to him five long years of failure. He had failed to accumulate money and that had been the object of all his effort and toil. As he sat reflecting thus, his idle gaze fell upon a package of bills that he had counted and laid aside on his desk to be locked away in the safe. He picked up the bulky package and toyed with it absentely. How much that one package would mean to him if it were only his, and yet what a small item it was in the daily accounts of the firm. He held up the package curiously for a moment and thought of its value. Then he suddenly started a little as though some strange idea had intruded on his thoughts. He wondered if it would be possible—and yet the very thought was repulsive to him, and he arose and started to the safe with the package. Just as he turned from the desk he was startled by the office clock striking the hour of midnight, and he paused. "After all," he thought, "have I not earned this paltry amount many times over? This is only one of the many nights in the last five years that midnight has found me on duty, and how has the firm repaid me?" He thought of the many weary hours of toil he had spent and of how little he had gained of the wealth for which he was so earnestly striving. Here at last was his reward for the taking. Only a few strokes of the pen and no one would ever be the wiser. Even if by any chance the loss should ever be discovered, his previous honesty and trustworthiness he thought would exempt him from suspicion.

With this in his possession he could ask Madge to share it, and she need never know. Here was happiness and competence within his grasp, and to refuse it meant perhaps many more long years of toil and nothing gained. He picked up his pen and twirled it nervously in his fingers. The muscles of his face grew tense and the perspiration started from his forehead. He started violently at a sudden sound, but it was only a loose sash blown by the wind.

An expression of determination came over his face and, opening his ledger, he worked excitedly but with extreme care for some time. Then he put away his ledger and glancing nervously around he slipped the package under his coat and quickly left the office.

So skilfully had Kenton concealed the shortage that it would probably never been known had it not been for an event that he had not at all expected. A new partner was taken into the firm and an accountant was employed to audit
the books. This accountant discovered the loss, and it was at his instigation that Kenton was arrested.

Now, as he glanced around at the bare walls and iron grating he could not realize that he was in a criminal's cell. Only the discovery of his crime had brought home to him its reality, and the shock of his arrest had been so great that he could not yet realize its full significance.

He thought of the disgrace his act would bring upon his parents, and the thought was overwhelming. He felt as though he could never face them again. He thought of Madge and wondered if she would not cast him off entirely. Then again he was impressed by the unreality of it all. Was it possible that he who had always looked upon crime as a thing afar off, as something foreign to his nature, with which he had nothing to do, was it possible that he himself was now a criminal in the eyes of the law and of his fellow-man, and that if found guilty he must spend some of the best years of his life in a felon's cell?

As the full meaning of his position slowly dawned upon him, he wondered how he had allowed the mad desire for wealth to gain such influence over him. He thought of the happiness that might even now be his, had he only been content to make the best of his lot at first. If he only had it all to go over, he would make the most of his humble circumstances, but now the deed was done and all that was left for him was to meet the punishment of a common criminal and to wear a dishonored name.

On the night following his imprisonment Kenton slept but little. He spent most of the night in walking the floor of his cell, trying to compose himself and to think clearly on his position. Once he slept and when he awoke he dreamed that his imprisonment and his crime were all untrue and that he was again free. He was as free as he was in the days when he roamed the boundless fields and woods of his childhood home, when the cares and the strife of the world were all unknown to him. He awoke with a start and could hardly realize that he was still lying on the hard bed in his cell.

When morning came a change had come over Kenton. He saw clearly now what it all meant, but his attitude was one of determination rather than of resignation. His whole expression was that of a man who has at last conquered himself. Now came the bitterest part of his experience, but his mind was fully made up, and he would not flinch, so he wrote a long letter to his parents and one to Madge. What would otherwise have come as a heavy blow fell more lightly upon those who read those strong and hopeful letters. On the day set for the trial, when Raymond Kenton was called upon to answer guilty or not guilty of the crime with which he was charged, in a clear and steady voice came the answer, "Guilty," and calmly he heard the sentence pronounced fixing his punishment at three years in the state prison.

In a quiet rural community in a Western State stands a little cottage. Vines grow over the door and roses bloom in the garden in summer. All around lie the vast undulating lands of the prairie dotted with peaceful homes and in the distance can be seen the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies. This is the home of Raymond Kenton and his wife, Madge. Although the lesson was a severe one, Raymond has at last learned to look for happiness in the things about him, and that contentment is not a thing to be bought.

As the old year silently passes away,
And the birth of the new is here,
Let's resolve anew, let's watch and pray,
For in Him we can know no fear.

A year is on the threshold going out
Into the night.
The mists of old misdeeds crowd all about
And blind our sight.

But through the year that is to come, our feet
No more shall roam.
The light from that dear face above, at last
Will bring us home.

ABBBIE COOPER.
"If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed,
Try again!
Never stop with what you've done;
More remains than you have done;
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!

"If you've won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again!
Send your guidons to the fore;
Strive to seize one standard more;
Still ungained are palms galore;
Try again!

"If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
For future sow the seed;
Try again!
Rise with sacred discontent;
Realize that life is lent
On highest searches to be spent;
Try again!"

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"Hands off the public schools! They stand
For what is highest in this land;
And they must stand, as they have stood,
The nation's undivided good.
To Jew and Gentile, rich and poor,
They are the ever-open door
To that condition which must be—
If we expect safe guarantee
To freedom and those rights of man
Which place this nation in the van
Of progress and maintain it there,
Their lamps of knowledge, shining fair
In town and country, everywhere
Dispel the darkness, and their light
Burns for the everlasting right—

THE ELEVATOR

The right that no sect dares dispute
Nor any doctrine substitute
Some theologic sham to take
The place of what is God's own make.
In thronging cities, quiet towns,
By wooded vales and meady downs,
The schoolhouse stands on sacred soil,
The shrine and symbol of a God
Whose truths unchanging and divine,
In unity forever shine.
And the children of all lands
And varying faiths, join brother hands
In that one faith, the creed of creeds—
Man's betterment in all his needs."

THE LONGEST WORDS.

Below are said to be the longest words in the English language:
Subconstitutionalist.
Incomprehensibility.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Honorificabilitudinitatis.
Anthropophagenerian.
Disproportionableness.
Velocipedrianiatical.
Transsubstantiationableness.
Proantitransubstantiationist.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF THE WISE.

They Say.
He who hesitates is lost.
Beauty is only skin deep.
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
Necessity is the mother of invention.
Love conquers all things.
A stitch in time saves nine.
Better be wise than rich.
The pen is mightier than the sword.

And Then
Look before you leap.
A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
All things come to him who waits.
There is nothing new under the sun.
Love is blind.
It's never too late to mend.
A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.
In time of peace prepare for war.

CATERPILLAR.
Mr. Caterpillar (may his tribe decrease)
Awoke in May from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight near his room
(The moon was bright, almost as light as noon),
A man writing in a book very old.
Refreshing sleep had made Caterpillar bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—Dr. Mutchler raised his head,
And with a look made sad with study and care
Said, "The names of pests that lay our orchards bare."
"Is mine one?" said Caterpillar.
"Nay, not so," Replied the Doctor. Caterpillar spoke low,
But angrily now, and said, "Well you may dare
To write me as one who will do his share."
Dr. Mutchler wrote and left. In autumn late one day
He came again, much wiser than in May,
And showed the names of big and little pests,
And lo! Caterpillar's name led all the rest.

Exchanges

The Exchange Editor wishes to say that no part of his vacation during the holidays was as profitably and enjoyably spent as that portion which was used in examining the various exchanges that find their way to our desk. Every one seems to be brimful of life, vigor and progress. This augurs well for the institutions they represent, for a school paper is the severest test that can be imposed on the initiative and originality of a student-body. In fact, the charm of the average school paper is in direct proportion to the amount of above-mentioned traits found there. So, while we have criticised rather freely, yet we bear in mind constantly that our ideal of a school paper may not coincide with others. So, if we mention something which to us is a slight defect in your paper, while to you it is the magazine's chief glory, go right ahead as if we were not on the map. And THE ELEVATOR, whilecourting your honest opinion, will reserve the same right. Then it must be borne in mind that some student-bodies cannot publish such papers as others, owing to small patronage, lack of ads, etc. As all editors know, it takes the money and lots of it to get out an up-to-date, well-illustrated, A-1 paper. So, in our brief reviews we hope we have done no one an injustice, and we must say that all of you have enough merit that we want to see you again.

The Clarion, Appleton, Wis., is very strong in departmental organization and abundance of cuts. The short stories are of the thrilling type, but artistic, nevertheless.

The Transit, Lexington, Ky., is very interesting, because of unique subject-matter. But couldn't some of your embryo civil engineers construct a few cuts to help the general appearance of the paper?

The Clarion, Hartford, Conn. "Thanksgiving Memories" is very good. A joke department would help you.

Dedalians Monthly—one of the very best. The breezy spirit of progress, so characteristic of the Lone Star State, is exhibited from cover to cover. The exchange department is the very best we have seen. We wish you much success; we are quite sure you deserve it.

Blue and Gold, Aberdeen, S. D. Your jokes were splendid. The editorials are from a sane, practical pen. The German department is a novelty.

The Tattler, Sparta, Tenn. The strongest feature is the
THE ELEVATOR

literary department, which is good. Some cuts are needed. The poor typographical work detracts materially from the paper.

The Toltec. We wish to join your large circle of admirers. Your literary and editorial departments are good. One fault with your exchange department. Why not publish what you think of others instead of what they think about you?

The Crucible is almost an ideal paper. We were much interested in the myth concerning the origin of Pike's Peak.

The Kum Tuz, Prosser, Wash. It is certainly nice to be able to print one's paper on his own printing press. The one crying need of your paper is a better arrangement of the ads.

The Crimson, Spectator, and High School Record, all of Louisville, Ky. These are the organs, respectively, of the Manual Training High School, the Male High School, and the Girls' High School, of that city. They are all so good that we are glad every time we read them that they grew on Kentuck soil. The "Bureau of Informashun and Butey" in the Record is the most unique thing we have yet seen in school papers. There are many masterful handlers of English residing in Louisville, if the literary departments are a sure index. We congratulate all three, and wish them success without measure.

Clippings from Exchanges.

A school paper is an institution where the editors get all the blame, the managers all the experience and the printers all the money, when there is any.

If, when you pick up a copy of the Blue and Gold, you should see your name in print, we hope you will not be offended by any chance remarks that our editors or contributors may have made about you. It is all in the game. Each of us must receive criticism offered in a kindly spirit, with compliments. In this way, you can show your co-operative spirit. Besides, the world is full of hard knocks, and you are just being prepared for your high dive into the sea of life.—Blue and Gold.

Amen! ELEVATOR readers please heed and remember!

Teacher—What is nicotine?

Bright Eighth Grader—Nicotine is so deadly a poison that a drop on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man.

THE ELEVATOR, W. K. S. N. S., Bowling Green, Ky., ranks as the very best on our exchange list, this month; a standard by which all exchanges might be judged.—Bugle, Monroe, Mich.

Thank you, kind Bugle; you blow mighty sweet to us!

Sorry we haven't space to review all. Be patient; we will get around to you later.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The following new books have been sent to the editor's desk, from the American Book Company: "Hygiene for the Worker," by William H. Tolman, Ph.D. The book is short and emphatic in essentials, recurring frequently to important points and topics which are treated in relation to alcohol, tobacco, home hygiene, and the particular necessities of cold and hot weather.

"The Story of Hawaii," by Mary Charlotte Alexander. This is an interesting story, full of adventure, and spiced with songs and stories which were handed down from father to son.

"Benjamin of Ohio," and "Antoine of Oregon," by James
THE ELEVATOR.

Otis. These stories are splendid to show children why and how the descendants of early colonists fought their way through the wilderness in search of new homes. To excite in the hearts of the young people of this land a desire to know more regarding the building up of this great nation, and at the same time to entertain in such a manner as may stimulate to noble deeds, is the real aim of these stories.

"The Swallow Book." The story of the swallow told in legends, fables, folk songs, proverbs, omens, and riddles of many lands. Gathered by Dr. Giuseppe Pitre, but rendered into English by Ada Walker Camehl. This little book is rich in mythology and is charmingly written. "The Creation of the Swallow," "Why the Swallow's Tail is Forked," "Why the Swallow Builds Her Nest in the Window," and "Why the Swallows Are Not Molested," are legends that are thrilling and always read with eagerness.

"Swallow, lift your little voice, And cheer me in my work; 'Twill aid me in the task I do, And shame me when I shirk."

CHAPEL NOTES.

We have not yet measured the possibilities of this great land of ours.—Prof. Green.

Whatever your profession is, back of it must be a liberal preparation.—President H. H. Cherry.

When our boys and girls cease to love their homes, the day of our doom has come.—Supt. T. C. Cherry.

Every act which a man commits follows him through life.—Prof. Leiper.

"Levity never did make a man."

THE ELEVATOR.

If you want a barometer for civilization, study the home.—Supt. T. C. Cherry.

"I believe absolutely in fundamental preparation."

"Let's make the world brighter and more optimistic by being brighter and more optimistic."

"The time has now come when the dollar is going down and human life is going up."

Let us set our ideals high and then try to keep up with ourselves.—Prof. Craig.

"There's a greater value being placed upon education than ever before."

"If echoes from the field amount to anything, there is about to descend upon us the greatest body of students we have ever had."

"The danger that I see facing our republic lies deep down in the heart of the home—in the lack of parental authority."

The man or woman who helps to make good citizens is doing a noble work.—J. Whit Potter.

What does the Western Kentucky State Normal School mean? It means better schools, better homes, and better men and women.—Prof. Chandler.

A taste for literature will be a comfort in the time of distress, and will restrain you in the time of prosperity.—Prof. Clagett.
Passing the Cayenne

Prof. Stickles (in history): "Mr. Jones, what can you say of the Medes and Persians?"
Mr. Jones: "Professor, I never kept track of those minor league teams."

The intimate friends of "Captain" Woods were invited to a Pergola Breakfast Saturday morning, December 26, at Zinnia Lodge, the home of Miss Woods, on Fourteenth Street. The "Captain" is here after a long absence abroad with his troops, and is the recipient of much personal interest and social attention from his many friends.

Prof. Clagett: "To-morrow, I shall give a lecture on Keats."
Miss Drane: "Oh, Professor, what are Keats?"

Mrs. Craig: "Will, there's a man at the door with a bill." Prof. Craig: "Tell him we are well supplied."

Dentist: "Let me see. I'll have to treat four teeth—eight teeth—eighteen teeth—"
Clardy Moore: "Hold on, there! Four teeth, eight teeth, eighteen teeth! What do you think I am—a comb?"

When is a hammock not a hammock? When it is a spoon-holder.—Ex.

WANTED.—At least one trip in The Elevator.—Nell Coleman.

Mr. Byrn: "My dear, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs—"
Mrs. Byrn: "Good heavens, Guy! What can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

THE ELEVATOR.

Howard (home on vacation from college): "Daddy, are the days of miracles past?"
Dean Kinnaman: "Yes, son; they are past long ago."
Howard: "Well, how is it, then, that you can turn your horse into a barn?"

Prof. Alexander: "What's the matter back there? Who's making all of that racket?"
Jesse Grise: "Nothing, Professor, only my book was trying to form a parallel line with the floor."

On the pedestal on the stage in New Vanmeter Hall sets a beautiful copy of the famous headless and armless antique statue called the "Winged Victory."
A new student the other day asked Mr. Martin: "And, what do you call that?"
"That," replied Mr. Martin, "is the statue of 'Victory.'" " 'Victory,' is it," the new student remarked. "Then, I'd like to see the one of the fellow who got licked."

Victor: "Papa, was that gum-drop good that I gave you?"
Prof. Strahm: "Very, very good, Victor. Why did you ask me?"
Victor: "Oh, I just wanted to know what you thought about it; 'Barney' spit it out three times."

Miss Brown: "Do you know of anything to use that will keep my hair from falling?"
Mr. Farriss: "Well, I don't know of anything better than hairpins."

New Year Resolutions.

Mr. Strahm: Resolved, If I can't get any leaner, I won't get any fatter.

Miss Van Houten: Resolved, I'll use all of my influence
to correlate the Science and Drawing Departments.

Miss Wood: Resolved, I'll just keep that mistletoe above my door until I do get results.

Miss Surman: Resolved, To "fiddle" away another year.

Prof. Stickles: "I am real hungry for an old-fashioned dinner. Do you know of any place where they serve goose?"
Mrs. Stickles: "Why, dear, I believe they'd serve you at the "Dixie."

WANTED.—Some one to make fires. Would prefer an experienced Coal Man (Coleman).—Harvey Roberts.

WANTED.—A sure cure for the giggles.—Agnes Bading.

WANTED.—Some one to cheer me up.—Miss Wright.

WANTED.—Some one to recite my love verses to.—Mr. Beard.

WANTED.—To know if Elsie Shaw is really married.—Mr. Guerin.

If Mr. Grise went fishing and fell into the water, would Sadie Wade?

If Lois is Cole would Pennebaker?

Should Annie Belle Wright (write) would Callie Ried?

Literary Cast of W. K. S. N.

Innocents Abroad........... Mr. Parker and Miss Ford
The Lass With the Delicate Air........... Miss McDaniel
The Firing Line........................ The Faculty
Voices in the Night............. Mr. Leiper's boarders
Wit and Wisdom.................... The Juniors
The Best Man........................ Mr. Adams
Master of Men........................ Ethel Hikes
The Fighting Chance............. To get a passing grade
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