2-1913

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. IV, No. 4

Western Kentucky University
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, 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.

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Spring Term opens.............................. April 8, 1913
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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.

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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

Foreword.

As announced last month, the editor and the regular staff of contributors have given the management of the present issue into the hands of the Kit-Kat Klub. With fear and trembling, but with a determination to do or die in the attempt, we take up the difficult task of holding our beloved school paper to its present high standard, and of saying something really worth while to its rapidly increasing host of readers. Every department, every article, with the exception of "Concerning" and "Normalettes," every contribution of any kind is the product of willing, but new and untried hands. So, gentle reader, if your critical eyes should chance to discover an error here and a discrepancy there, remember that we are the first year folk of the Normal—and that we have done our best.

Capt. C. J. Vanmeter.

The Commonwealth, the city, and the school sustained a heavy loss when this estimable man passed to his reward on January 8. By this sad event, the State has lost a true and tried citizen, who was foremost in every laudable enterprise; Bowling Green, one of her best and most constructive men; many institutions, both public and private, their ablest friend and most liberal benefactor; the poor and dis-
tressed, that one who more abundantly than anyone else, attended to their wants and needs with loving and lavish hands; the State Normal School, a stanch supporter, who, "in need proved a friend indeed." Withal, he was a modest, unassuming man, going about his work in the least ostentatious way, preferring to exert silently a mighty force for righteous sentiment and permanent advancement in his sphere of action. As an expression of gratitude for his generous and abiding interest and for liberal gifts of money to the old Southern Normal, the old chapel hall was named in his honor, and when, as a State institution, the school changed its home to Normal Heights, the new Auditorium received the name of New Vanmeter Hall—a fit monument to such a useful life. After a long, successful career, he sleeps, but his works live in the hearts and lives of that innumerable host whose capacity for usefulness has been increased, and who are foremost in the great battle for education now being waged throughout the length and breadth of the State.

To the New Student.

When you read these lines, you will have been with us about a month. If your experience has been like ours, and we wager it has to some extent, at first you felt an overpowering sense of loneliness; the tasks seemed insurmountable; it was difficult to adapt yourself to the instructors and the new order of things; in fact, a new, complex life had, with startling suddenness, unfolded itself before you, and it was impossible, for a few days, to move easily and quickly in the new sphere. But how about it now? Have you found the old students sympathetic and ready to extend a helping hand? Are you beginning to realize the fact that your teachers are more interested in your welfare than you, yourself? Have you not felt that exquisite, tingling thrill of ecstasy, following the merited plaudit, "well done," the reward of the diligence of the better part of the night before? Does life mean more to you than it did a month ago? Are
not the rosy tints of a glorious future full of promises already, diffusing themselves upon the expanding horizon of the present? If you can answer the above questions in the affirmative, you are infected with Normalitis and nothing short of death will stop your irresistible march to graduation and subsequent fame. Remember, however, that the way to Fame's laureled heights is beset by many pitfalls, leads through perilous mountain chasms, over almost impassable barriers, through the hot sands of the desert, where the weak faint by the way, but the cheering thought comes that the rugged road has been trodden by others no better equipped than you and I, and who now stand on the summit and encourage us with beckoning hands to make the attempt. So, let us, both you and I, stop long enough to ask the question, How goes the battle?

---

Some Ways of Wasting Time.

1. Gossiping with a neighbor during the hours that are imperatively needed by the teachers' assignments.
2. Retiring about the dead hour of midnight, every night in the week, thus wasting strength and vitality and decreasing the ability to grasp mentally.
3. Standing in the hallway consuming not only the time of the idler, but that of the busy student who is delayed in reaching his class because of congestion of the hallway.
4. Attempting to take six or seven subjects, ending weak in all and strong in none.
5. Giving no heed to class recitations of others or to the instruction of the teacher.
6. Whispering or writing notes in chapel instead of listening to the speaker of the morning. This one is the greatest crime of the six.

Not many of our people would have to plead guilty to any of the above misdemeanors. Let us beware of developing a tendency toward any of them.

---

A Few Stray Thoughtlets.

Through the medium of a cultivated personality lies the approach to originality.

No one who fails to interest himself in others need wonder why others are not interested in him.

Success in life is in proportion to the amount of cultivation of the spirit of loyalty and interest during the preparatory period.

Life is one continual test in which our abilities and shortcomings are being constantly judged by those whom we suspect the least of being interested.

If a hard, unpalatable task confronts the individual, and he masters it by dint of sheer will power, it is an infallible sign that he is the man for any emergency.

Though a man be able to speculate learnedly about the fourth dimension of space, yea, even to add a few scientific facts to the consensus of knowledge about the constellation Hercules, and yet has little enough common sense to ask the price of eggs per pound, he is a fool in the sight of his neighbors and a drawback to the cause for which he professes to stand. Moral: Don't overlook common sense.

When the common, everyday things are no longer worthy of the student's notice, something is radically wrong in his educational make-up.

One of the greatest of the blessings in disguise that comes to the able student is a humiliating failure in class work, occasionally. It is the very best remedy for a swollen ego bump.

The atmosphere of the Normal is such that certain types of animal life find it impossible to survive long. Some examples: The knocker, the brainless dude, the perpetual grouch, the slothful, the low-minded, the fellow who is looking for a good time as the world terms it. All of these misfits soon pull for the tall timber or else reform and make an attempt to be a somebody.
The next number is in the hands of the Juniors. Knowing the ability and spirit of this class, we do not hesitate a moment in prophesying a great issue. C. H. M.

---

Concerning

Say, "John D.," and a puzzled expression will develop on the face of the average frequenter of the Normal School. There are two parties so named within his ken, and the puzzled expression indicates that he is trying to determine from the context of your remarks whether you refer to the gentleman whose habitat is Wall Street, just off Broadway, who may be adequately described as old, dry, bald, sere, and kerosenish, or, to the gentleman whose hands hold the helm of the Auburn (Ky.) High School. Who is not old, not dry—oh, no! not seared that you can tell it, and whose hirsute equipment is altogether capable of attending to its functionary tasks. There is another interesting distinction: The John D. of Wall Street is reputed to maintain one of the largest and most varied assortments of greenbacks, coins, bonds, stocks, deeds, and mortgages in existence: the Auburn John D. is—a High School Principal. He, Mr. Spears, is our hero.

John D. Spears was born and reared in Simpson County, Kentucky. No available records give the date of his birth. That does not matter. The paramount, predominating fact exists: he was born. Vidi, vici—(making allowances for the proper variations in person). He is directly related to President Buchanan. Also, to the Ballards, which family was, in earlier days, the flower of Kentucky pioneers; which in modern times manufactures flour for everybody.

The story of John D.'s early life is substantially the same as chronicled by every biographer of a country-bred subject. He plowed, sowed, and reaped as millions of other lads have done, and when came the autumn days he joined the groups of martyrs in the cross-roads schoolhouse.

Of course, it had been predestined from before the foundation of the world that John D. was to be a teacher. Once, however, Destiny seemed to waver in that determination. A traveling show exhibited one night at the schoolhouse. Maybe the play was Uncle Tom's Cabin, maybe, East Lynne. John D. witnessed the performance with staring eyes and bated breath. Let others follow their chosen courses;—for him, total annihilation alone could separate him from a career illuminated by the garish rays of the footlights. But Fate, recovering from her momentary lapse, held tautly to her original purpose thereafter. Many of us who recognize his innate histronic ability sigh lugubriously oftimes for the lost privilege of sitting in the "roost" whilst he trips across the proscenium and carols with soulful profundity, "I'm a gay old rooster from Shanghai," or, else, attired in Elizabethan garb emits from sepulchral depths the ejaculation, "What, ho, Old Sport!"

Well, John D. knew a thing when he saw it, and he saw that Fate had arrived on the ground and taken charge. So, when he arrived at the discretionary age of eighteen, he went over to the trustee of a neighboring school and advised that meritorious patriarch that he had come to assume presidency. The trustee, who was cognizant of a fact when he knew it, handed over the keys.

Thus, John D. taught, not only that school but other schools scattered about over Simpson, Allen, Warren, and Logan counties. During the interims, he attended school at Franklin College, Ogden College, and the Southern Normal School.

About this time the School Board of Scottsville was casting about for a Principal. They chose John D. He took the system they had, dry cleaned it, pressed it into shape, and inserted some fancy insertion, and, lo! it was as good as new. Then the people in their gratitude elected him Mayor. He supervised school affairs from Eight to Four, and mayored the rest of the time. Later on, to preclude the possibility of his being stricken of ennui, the City Fa-
there made him Street Commissioner, and his good work in that capacity resulted in an appreciable decrease in the local Life and Accident Insurance rates.

Soon, he was longing for other jobs to conquer. The solons were at their wits' end. There were no other positions available. They asked the Jailer to resign. That worthy said that although he liked John D., he'd go to jail first. The Sheriff, likewise, said he'd see himself legally hanged before he would abdicate. When John D. was informed of the failure to get other jobs for him, he smiled placidly. "Oh, well," said he, "I'll occupy my spare time promoting a new school building," and it was not many moons until a flag fluttering from above the new brick school building proclaimed to the world that John D. was still there.

Meantime, he had married, and written a Question and Answer book. The marriage was the outcome of a romance begun in childhood, and has materially contributed to his success. The compilation of the Question and Answer book bears no relation of result to his marriage, and yet, in the nature of things, he gathered considerable data from that source.

In 1909, he decided to leave Scottsville, to the great regret of the citizens of the town, and the teachers of the county, a large number of whom had been coached by him. They remonstrated, but in vain. He departed hence, and in a brief space we find him a member of the faculty of the Bowling Green Business University. He taught academic work there for a few months, resigning to enter the Senior Class of the Western Kentucky State Normal. That was in September, 1909. He made a fine record in school. He soon became imbued with the "Spirit of the Institution": zealous, democratic. Oh, yes, he made another sort of record on the strength of that democratic score—that of missing more classes than any other Senior student has ever done.

One afternoon at Three, he rambled into Room —. "Well, Professor, am I ahead of time?" "Mr. Spears," spoke the Professor in refrigerated tones, "the class to which you refer convened this morning at Ten. Kindly explain this chronological discrepancy." Then did John D. rend the air with his cachinnations. "Well, I um, Professor," he stammered when he had calmed down sufficiently for words; "the joke is sure on me. When I left home, early this morning, I was primed to the muzzle for that recitation. Down on Twelfth Street, I met Old Man Jebediah Bunkum, the rip-roaring fiddler in Allen County. He got to telling me about the Old Fiddler's Contest over at Yessie. I hadn't more than left Old Man Jeb, when I ran right smack against FitzJames Hornblower, candidate for Legislature from Simpson County. That Hornblower person is the spanglingest white man south of the Mason and Hamlin line; but I finally got away from him. Coming up State Street, after I had passed a fellow, I said to myself, 'I've seen that man somewhere.' So, I turned around and hotfooted it after him. I caught him down on the Square, and, who do you reckon it was? Uncle Nate Slick, the man I boarded with when I taught school down at Coon range, in Logan County. Uncle Nate had the best coon dog I ever laid my eyes on, and he told me that the old pup is still living. When I left Uncle Nate I came right on—." But the Professor had swooned.

Shortly after graduation, he accepted charge of school affairs at Auburn. That involved the organization of a new High School. He organized it, and did it well. Under his supervision the school has flourished. An addition costing $7,000 has just been completed, a furnace put in, and provision made for chemical and physical laboratory equipment.

It is a good, growing school, and its Principal, Mr. John D. Spears, is one of the coming school men of the state. Indeed, a large installment has already arrived.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Ambition</th>
<th>Greatest Fault</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miss Bading</td>
<td>To complete the Elementary Certificate Course; gives piano solos that are too long.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Wallace Beard</td>
<td>To call Miss Pennebaker, Carrie; weakness of the heart.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Bell</td>
<td>To be a cornfield lawyer; lack of consideration for his unfortunate listeners.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Booth</td>
<td>To be poetical; speaking softly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Brandon</td>
<td>To pass in Grammar Three; always telling the one sitting near her.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Bressie</td>
<td>To learn how to cook; too slow.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Butterworth</td>
<td>To be a bachelor; believes in celibacy for himself.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Laura Cantrill</td>
<td>To be leader of the “Boots Without Shoes Club”; gets angry with program committees.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Mattie Cantrill</td>
<td>To rival the sweet songs of the birds; smiles at only a chosen few.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Maude Cantrill</td>
<td>To take life easy; “I don’t know.”</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Chester</td>
<td>To avoid all kinds of public speaking; inclined toward argumentation.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Cheek</td>
<td>To complete her name; lack of self-confidence.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Clayton</td>
<td>To be a rhymster; too much inclined to moralize.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Cole</td>
<td>To become a Page; inclined to cry.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Compton</td>
<td>To be gallant; too conspicuous.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Cox</td>
<td>To become the wife of an eminent geographer; shirks her lessons.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Donahue</td>
<td>To teach a moral to the English class; absolutely refuses to talk loud enough to be heard.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Drake</td>
<td>To be noticed; whistling.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Flowers</td>
<td>To appear demure; aversion to study.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr. Oliver—To become an eminent geographer; complimenting his teachers.
Miss Pennebaker—To be champion basketball player; perfectly satisfied with herself.
Miss Porter—To be a famous poetess; too much inclined to day-dream.
Miss Pewitt—To look pretty; giggling.
Miss Reid—To be good; afraid to go home in the dark.
Miss Roam—To cook for two; inclined to quarrelsome.
Mr. Rogers—To become an expert "center"; talks too loud.
Mr. Robertson—To be able to write flowery love verses; lack of attention in class.
Miss Shea—To be modest; talks softly.
Miss Shaw—To ad-Vance; breaking promises.
Mr. Shirley—To know all the Kit-Kat girls; he hasn't a "turn" for getting acquainted.
Mr. Taylor—To be a farmer; too much inclined to argue technical points of Scripture.
Miss Truman—To be a school teacher; can't learn grammar.
Mr. Turner—To make a good impression; conceited.
Miss Usery—To be good; no fault.
Miss Underwood—To scatter sunshine; can't keep a mirror.
Mr. Earl Venable—To become leader of a big trust company; thinks himself very popular.
Miss Van Cleve—To become a novelist of fame; likes to criticise.
Mr. Vincent—To become an orator; always studying Bryant.
Mr. Walton—To be a spell-binder; too wearisome.
Miss Wade—To be a doctor's assistant; low-pitched voice.
Miss Watwood—To be babyish; whining.
Mr. Walker—To be a noted cynic; too much like Jacques of old.
Mr. J. R. Whitemer—To be considered very wise; asks teachers too many questions.
Mr. Webb—To win fame as an athlete; very dignified.
Miss Wright—To be pretty; inclined to be silly.

In the busy world of to-day, there are many kinds of occupations in which men and women may be engaged. But no one of them is a more important factor in the attempt to beautify the surroundings of mankind, than the making of various things. A part of the people engaged in this work, we will call builders.

The mason, with his trowel, mortar, and stone, lays the strong foundation of some beautiful building that is planned by the skillful architect and constructed, according to the plan, by the ready carpenter, with his implements and the best material that can be procured.

Another contributor to the beauty of the structure is the artist, who, with his paint and brush, delicately tints the walls, making of them beautiful pictures that need no other decoration. The sculptor, also, contributes a portion of his labor towards the further adornment of this building, his gifts consisting of statues and images of the good and noble that will be an inspiration to the owner of this wonderful specimen of human workmanship.

If the material is not good, if the location is not well selected, if the plan is not mechanically perfect, and if the workmen do not thoroughly do their part, this structure will not stand against the mighty winds and raging storms of the coming years; but if all of these essentials are carefully observed, the building will stand for ages to come, a monument to them that planned and constructed it.
Now, each of these builders has a special work to do, which, when combined, completes the whole. But there is another builder, who must possess the skill and knowledge of these five, and not only this, but while they have the privilege of selecting the site upon which they will construct their building, he must work in any lot that may be placed before him. And not only must he be able to make the best use of a good location, but also, to take that one that is not so good and so use it that the temple which he builds will not be less beautiful, nor less able to withstand the tempest. The work of this builder must stand throughout time and also be so constructed that it will enable its owner to live throughout eternity.

This builder is the teacher, and the temple is Character, while the owner is the Soul of the Child. The site of the temple is the Mind, upon which, the teacher will often find more or less useless material that must be removed ere the building begins. The tools with which he works are, a Knowledge of Child Nature, Discrimination, Patience, Suggestion, Advice, Warning, and the most important of all, Example. He must also have before him always, an ideal plan, carefully worked out, which he will strive closely to follow. Because of its importance, this structure must be built of the very best material.

Using his skill and knowledge as a mason, this builder will first lay a firm foundation, whose cornerstones are Love, Faith, Truth, and Justice, between which are pillars of Energy, Desire, Self-reliance, and Perseverance. Then, as a carpenter he will follow the plan made by him as an architect, and upon this foundation will build the strong walls of Temperance, Purity, Kindness, and Charity. Crowning these walls will be a gilded roof of Kind-deeds and Loving-service. The roof is partially supported by lofty columns of Godliness, Meekness, and Self-denial, and surmounted with domes of Happiness, Peace, and Contentment. The entrance to this temple is guarded by Knowledge and Self-Control, who close the door against such enemies as Envy, Ignorance, Intemperance, and Selfishness.

Now, this builder, as an artist, with the most exquisite colors, paints upon the walls, pictures of all the beautiful things of Nature and Art. Then, as a sculptor, he chisels the statues and images of Lofty Ideals and places them within the temple to inspire and encourage the inmates, Thoughts, to soar onward and upward. The temple of Character built in this way will be able to meet the winds of Passion and Revenge, and withstand the storms of Sorrow and Temptation.

Teachers of Kentucky, we are the builders of to-day. Shall we go forth into the field where so many glorious possibilities await us, ill-prepared, and construct the temples, assigned to us, in such a way that they will soon be wrecked by the tempest, and leave the owner on the very brink of destruction? No! Let us thoroughly prepare ourselves, and with the requisites of an expert builder, enter the limitless field of labor and be “Workmen that needeth not to be ashamed.” Let us so build these temples of Character that they will, in the far distant future, stand as monuments to the builders, and adorn the spiritual world, as the material temples adorn this earthly realm.

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The Reason Why

BY NELLIE VAN CLEAVE, B. VINCENT, WALLACE BEARD.

The rain fell drearily and monotonously from the thick, gray clouds hanging low over the sodden earth.—gray as the clouds. Twilight was approaching, and, to the man standing at the window, trying to peer through its dripping panes, everything seemed dull and gloomy. His state of mind suited the day, for the surging emotions of several hours previous had given place to weariness and despondency. His shoulders drooped and his brow was wrinkled as though some thought were troubling him. His room,
usually so cheerful and satisfying, seemed to reflect the mood of its inmate, for even the red and gray pennants hung limply from the wall; the table almost groaned under its load of books, pens, ink, and theme paper; and the floor was littered with crumpled balls of paper suggesting that the room had been the scene of an attempt to write a term final, or some other production requiring equal concentration of mind. Was it surprising that the unhappy student lacked so necessary a thing on this day of all days—the last of the basketball series?

Why were the Kit-Kats—young, inexperienced, lower classmen—why were they universally victorious? Impulsively tearing from his coat the knot of black and gold ribbon, once crisp and fresh, now damp, crumpled and dejected looking, he turned from the window and threw himself into his arm-chair before the dying fire. Looking with unseeing eyes into the coals, he tried to work out some solution to the puzzling problem.

As he sat there lost in thought, the sound of the rain gradually ceased, giving way to the songs of birds, the music of a murmuring brook, the whisper of a soft and gentle breeze, the chirp of many insects. The light of the fire first faded, then grew brighter and brighter, until it was the light of a beautiful summer day. The walls of the little room receded and disappeared, being replaced by low, rounded hills, grass-covered and dotted with great widespread trees. These low hills surrounded a valley, fresh, green, and fragrant with the newness of spring. Through it ran a musical little brook, overhung with trees and bordered with delicate wild flowers.

It was indeed a delightful and refreshing spot, but it was not all this that so held the wondering, fascinated gaze of the beholder. In the valley, all eagerly striving to catch a flitting, shimmering, dazzling butterfly, now here, now there, now lost to sight, now almost within reach, were three figures, each so very different in appearance, yet each with the same end in view.

One was tall and thin, but stooped, with glasses on his nose and a cane in his hand. For full a score of years had he chased the brilliant butterfly, which ever lured him on. Several times during that long period he had had the joy of feeling that it was his, but always it had escaped and now he was old and stiff, and felt no longer that victory was a matter of so great moment. Still he strove, hoping that by some chance it would become his and he would feel once more that thrill which used to so stir him after a triumph over his fellows.

The second figure was younger than the first, and seemed to bear upon his broad shoulders a great weight of responsibility, but with it was an air of such assured self-confidence, such complete belief in his own ability to carry the burden, such arrogance, almost, as to make one feel that the weight was one assumed that others might more readily note his importance. He, too, was hoping—nay, planning—to capture the butterfly, but he was not hurrying, for that would not befit his dignity. Once, the elusive, shining thing came toward him and he put forth his hand to welcome it, but it darted away, leaving upon his face a puzzled expression of innocent wonder. But surely, he thought, it is only playing with me, and will be mine in the end; and on he went, all his confidence restored at the thought of final victory.

The third figure was the most striking, the most attractive. Slender with the slenderness of youth, quick with the quickness of youth, attractive with the attractiveness of youth—all these he was and more. From his shoulders floated a mantle, beautiful in texture and exquisite in coloring. The white of its under side represented the spotlessness and the purity of his aspirations; the delicate green of its outer side stood for the freshness and the springtide of his life. His enthusiasm was so great and his movements so swift and graceful as he, too, pursued the glittering prize, that the eyes of the looker-on lighted up as they fell upon him, then saddened—he knew not why.
As he watched the three, one tottering forward as fast as he could, trying at least to keep his eyes on the coveted object; the second, moving with dignity and expecting each moment to be given an opportunity to welcome it into his possession; the third, using every faculty of mind and body in a supreme effort to capture it; as he watched them, he began to see what needs must be the result.

As last, after one more great, exciting effort, the capture was made and the butterfly was safe where none could wrest it away; safe in the hands of the youthful aspirant. But his happy face clouded as he turned and saw those other two; the one despairing, hopeless, the last opportunity gone forever; the other with unbelief, wonder, and surprise, each struggling for mastery in his face.

As the eyes of the three met for the first time, comprehension dawned on the faces of the defeated ones, and they turned slowly away, for, in the eyes of the victor, they had seen such depths of enthusiasm and loyalty, and such earnestness of aim and seriousness of purpose that they wondered why they had ever pitted their efforts against such a one—one whom they had heretofore imagined careless of all save the joys of life. Now, they realized their mistake.

The light faded and all was quiet. Once more the student sat in his room before the blackening coals of a dying fire, and outside the rain fell softly and gently. Over his chair stood another student and a smile was upon his face. A bedraggled knot of red and gray still clung to his coat lapel.

"Hello, old fellow," he said, "have you been asleep?"

"Yes," answered the other, "I suppose I have; but I have learned why the Kit-Kats won all the games."

"Oh, you have! Would you mind explaining where you got such information? Kindly relieve my curiosity. I haven't taken the matter as seriously as you have, perhaps, but still I would like to know why we were defeated."

His friend told him the dream in a few words and, when he was through, they sat there for a long time, thinking.

At last, with one accord, they replenished the fire, turned on the lights, and sat down to their work. Outside, the rain had ceased and the moon was peeping from the silvered edges of a ragged cloud.

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**THE ADVENTURES OF A KIT-KAT.**

It was on the chill eve of Ground-hog's Day;
A snowstorm was veiling the land in white,
And whirling flakes hid the landscape from sight;
When a lone, wand'ring Kit-Kat lost his way.

For hours he strayed through the fast-falling snow;
No hint of direction, landmark, or path,
Cheered his weary journey; the wind's wild wrath
Taunted him,—but this was a strange, queer house!

At last he came to a weird-looking house;
It was nearing dusk, the violent storm
Increasing; the windows, rosy and warm,
Tempted him,—but this was a strange, queer house!

Kit-Kats are reckless and fearless and bold,
So he stepped to the door and loudly knocked;—
No answer,—again; the door was not locked
And he wished to escape the bitter cold.

He entered a room filled with firelight glow;
An armchair yawned a welcome, and a book
Lay open, inviting his careless look;
Now let the storm strangle the night with snow!

Dancing flames, cushioned chair, a book to read—
But what manner of book is this? Behold,
"Fate's Record—the Future Grades, Briefly Told,
Of the Kit-Kat Klub." Lucky find, indeed!

And there in the firelight the Kit-Kat read
As follows: "G. Wesley Turner, a sage
To season with education the age,
A rural school teacher, I should have said.
Lois Cole will help organize corn clubs
In Page County, Iowa; Nell Van Cleave
As a singer shall win the laurel wreath;
Fame will smile on these two fair young rose-buds.

In spite of his suggestive cognomen,
No grocer is Adolphus Butterworth;
Nay, he shall be a poet, and all earth
Re-echo with his rapturous poem.

That modern Socrates, Clardy H. Moore,
Wields a pen that is mightier than a sword,
But he'll meet Miss Xantippe, mark my word!
This has happened in the Normal before.

As years roll on, Love will overcome fear,
And Ruth will no longer be a Coward;
Her heart (unlike Quebec) will be o'erpowered,
And captured by Montgomery, I hear.

The sound of a footstep outside the door
Warned the startled Kit-Kat that he must flee
Or else be found trespassing; hastily
He dropped the hook and leaped across the floor,
Flung up the window and out in the night
He fled. The storm was over and the moon
Hung on the western horizon; for soon
Day would dawn; in the distance Normal Height,
Dark, cedar-crowned, against the sky's pale gray
Loomed; he journeyed toward it, as, one by one,
The stars disappeared ere the rise of sun,—
In the early morning of Ground-hog's Day.

LUCY BOOTH.

BRYTE KIDD WINS OUT.

The Faculty in meeting sat, each brow garmented with a
corrugated cast of expression which indicated that the brain
underneath had taken up hard work. The matter which
was stirring up such mental travail was whether or not
Bryte Kidd, an inhabitant of the Senior Class, should be
graduated.

"Never," asserted Professor Alex Andre, "have I probed
such depths of ignorance. The multiplication table is 92,-
000,000 miles above his level of comprehension. I vow by
the perimeter of the Fourth Dimension that I'll not sign his
diploma."

"Me, too," spoke up Herr Leip, Head of the Department
of Bad Languages. "Not at all, that young Kidd is person-
ally persona non grata to me, ex officio; but he has shown an
acute obliquity in his Oratio Obliqua clauses, and I always
demand signa cum laude work. I refuse."

Here, Miss F. Ray Zee, of the Experimental Station,
sprang to her feet. "He cannot graduate. He must not
graduate," she cried. "Only yesterday, I had him teach the
First Grade a lesson in Classic Architecture, and he got
Imitation of Energy in the wrong place, and left out the
Socialist Impulse altogether."

And so, in order, the members spoke with such an una-
nimity of ideas till it seemed that a fatal crimp was about
to be put on Bryte Kidd's aspirations. It came time for
M. Beerton, of Reading Two, to deliver himself. "Hist!"
said he, and at the tone all histed. Plainly something
brewed. "Bryte Kidd is fully entitled to graduate. Hear-
en. Yesterday, I watched him cross Main Street at Center.
There were an automobile and a street car within a block,
and yet, he didn't dodge."

Whereupon, the objecting members perceived themselves
fooled, and scrapped for the privilege of being first to sign
the diploma.

News

Mr. Estus Mitchell, a former Normalite, who has been
successfully engaged in school work during the autumn and
early winter, is now in the Normal again.
Miss Mattie Capshaw has again entered the W. K. S. N. S., after having taught very successfully, a school at Gambiel, Ky.

Mr. Ben C. Gibson, a Life Certificate Graduate of the W. K. S. N. S., writes from New York City expressing his great appreciation for his Alma Mater.

T. B. Cook, of Holland, Ky., a wide-awake Normalite, is making good.

Catherine Hendricks, of Woodbin, Ky., is again with us, after having taught, with marked success, during the autumn.

R. P. Davis and C. J. Bibb, former students of the W. K. S. N. S., are now in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, Pa., and they are making good in their work.

John L. Clayton, Superintendent of Schools of Edmonson County, writes enthusiastically of his schools. He says that the teaching force of his county will have a large representation in the Normal this year. Hurrah for Edmonson!

The W. K. S. N. S. deeply appreciates the co-operation of the good citizens of Bowling Green in providing for the large student-body.

Too much praise cannot be given the faculty and office force for their skillful and expedient management of the enormous amount of work that came in the arrangement of programmes and the enrollment of students. As a result of the work having been carefully planned beforehand, the student-body was enrolled without delay, and the work of the school was again in progress.

Elmo Thomas, of oratorical fame, is teaching a subscription school in Calloway County.

With the opening of the Mid-Winter Term comes several valuable acquisitions to the faculty. Everyone is glad to see Prof. A. C. Burton in his accustomed place, after spending the fall in Chicago University. The seemingly inexhaustible supply of humor and the marvelous personality of this modern hero of “Bingen on the Rhine,” make for him a large place in the affections of the student-body. After some years’ absence Mr. Frank Turner returns as assistant in mathematics, and already seems to have the work well in hand. Mr. Wilson, who in the past has given only part of his time to the teaching of Latin and Grammar, now has all his time given to this work. He is one of the most successful of all the junior members of the faculty. The Agricultural Department is strengthened by the return of Mr. M. C. Ford, a former student. He believes and preaches a more sensible and scientific mode of farming in a very contagious way. Miss Scott, of the Domestic Science Department, has secured Miss Lottie Payne, a graduate of the Class of ’12, and who has since done special work in the University of Wisconsin. Also Mr. F. C. Grise, one of Logan County’s best rural school teachers and one of the Normal’s strongest students, is connected with the Language Department; Mr. Clyde Mitchell, a youngster, ex-president of the Kit-Kat Klub, has two classes in penmanship; and Miss Gertie Clemons is again at her post in the library. These are progressive, live young people, who now are justly reaping as a result of vigorous and faithful sowing in other days. THE ELEVATOR wishes them success without measure.

Mr. Gordon Wilson spent several days of last term in Marion County, looking after the interests of the Normal there. We hear that the labors of this indefatigable laborer were crowned with abundant success.

Mr. W. L. Matthews, the popular editor of our paper, was absent the last ten days of the Mid-Winter Term on account of the critical illness of his sister. We are very
of the faculty gave a reception to the students. The occasion was immensely enjoyed by those present. Quite a large number of the new students looked like they were more resigned to their lot, next morning. From this attitude we infer that Cupid was present in conveting and converting power.

Calloway County.

This large and enthusiastic body of students are rejoicing because of the addition of ten new recruits and many old ones to their ranks. They now number about sixty, and many more are soon expected to swell their number. Some of the Normal's very best hail from this section of the Purchase, and they are bringing things to pass in the rural schools there. If each of the one hundred and twenty parts of Kentucky were as progressive as Calloway, the Russell Sage Commission would have to place our state among the first, instead of among the last.

Miss Ethel Chestnut, the efficient voice teacher, was forced to return to her home before the holidays because of illness. Mrs. Crume, of Nashville, has filled satisfactorily the position during the absence of Miss Chestnut.

Miss Lottie Hicks, of Murray, a former Normalite, entered the Business University recently.

Miss Alta Oliver, of Hazel, Normal student in 1907, '08, '09, is doing splendid work in the High School at that place.

From far-away Fulton comes the good news that Mr. T. R. Jones is having a very successful time there.

Friday evening, January 31st, the wives of the members of the faculty gave a reception to the students. The occasion was immensely enjoyed by those present. Quite a large number of the new students looked like they were more resigned to their lot, next morning. From this attitude we infer that Cupid was present in conveting and converting power.

Adair County.

(G. W. Turner, Contributor.)

Never before in the history of Adair County has there been such an educational awakening as is taking place under the leadership of our enthusiastic superintendent. New school buildings are being erected and furnished with modern equipment; school grounds are being made more attractive; and general health conditions are being improved.

Many of the teachers of the county have, at some time, been students in the W. K. S. N. S., and in recognition of the excellent work done by them, the County Board of Education has recommended, to the sub-district trustees, the employment of Normal-trained teachers.

We have a larger delegation in the Normal now than ever before, and several others are to enter later. We are looking forward to a time when our county will be a banner county of the State, and this must come through the W. K. S. N. S.
July, 1912, a regular course was established in the rural schools, and extended through the school term under the supervision of Miss Ida Judd. During the term she made two complete rounds of the county, and in some places as many as three, staying in one district as long as three or four days. Miss Judd carried with her a small equipment, consisting of an oil stove, cooking utensils, and an outfit for canning fruits.

Great results have been realized from this work, and there has been shown all over the county an interest never manifested before. At the County School Fair there was a wonderful exhibit of the children's work—needle-work of all kinds, and dainty cakes, breads, jellies, etc., which attest to the good achieved. The school at White Stone Quarry, taught by Miss Daisy O'Dell, has accomplished most satisfactory results. It has a well-organized club of twenty-nine members, and at the Fair won the prize for the best appearance, and first prize for their booth, besides several smaller prizes. The Oakland School, with Miss Virginia Hudson as principal, has a strong club, and is doing good work. Many of the schools have given box-suppers to buy equipment, and one school cut and sold logs for cross-ties, that they might buy a stove. At another school there is being constructed a building for Domestic Science and Manual Training only. There have been two Home Economic clubs for women organized in the county.

Many of our people who have been in this department are now reaping success in their different fields. Miss Ida Judd, former supervisor of Warren County, is now teacher of the fifth grade and all Domestic Science in the Crab Orchard Public Schools. Miss Pearl Strader, who was formerly at Crab Orchard, is now in the Graded Schools of Lexington. Miss Mary Garth is specializing in Domestic Science at Stout Institute. Miss Jessie Acker will enter Stout Institute next year. Miss Opal Taylor, who is now teaching in Muhlenburg County, won several prizes at the School Fair in that county. Miss Annie Robertson, primary teacher at

Moorman, has had charge of the Domestic Science in her school. Miss Pearl Nave, assistant teacher in the Livermore High School, has a well-equipped laboratory and an excellent class of High School girls. Miss Lottie Payne, who has been a special student in Home Economics in the State University of Wisconsin, has come to be an assistant in the Domestic Science Department of our school this term.

There has been a general awakening in this work in Warren County, and through it many other places have been reached. Miss Scott is a pioneer in the work of Domestic Science and Arts in Kentucky, and through her influence many girls will be prepared to fill woman's highest mission, that of Home-making.

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The Opening of the New Term

For many weeks, we had been anticipating the coming of a large number of students from the various homes in the State, and now that the term has opened, we know our expectations were not in vain, for the enrollment is greater, by far, than any previous one at this season of the year.

We knew that they were coming, so we made preparations, in order to be ready to receive them. On Friday afternoon before the opening of the term, the three societies, representing the divisions of the courses of study, met in a mass-meeting, to form some plan for the reception and placing of our new students.

Everyone entered into hearty co-operation with our worthy leaders, and as a result, representatives met the trains and found boarding places; a committee was stationed in the rotunda to explain the bulletin board and help the new students to make their programs; and in the Domestic Science Department, hot chocolate was served by Miss Scott and her class to all those who were weary and needed refreshing.

The spirit, the joy, and the gladness with which the old
students welcomed their co-workers, were shown by that smiling face, hearty handshake (not the two-fingered one which is used in so many places), and a “glad to see you,” or some other appropriate greeting.

Promptly at 9.30 on Tuesday morning chapel convened, and what a sight met our astonished eyes! We were expecting a large crowd, but not that great assembly of people. It seemed as if people from the uttermost parts of the earth had been collected in that one spot, so many there were. As we gazed across the sea of faces in silent approbation, the regular chapel music began. School was opened with perfect unity and harmony and we were launched upon another ten weeks’ voyage. What will be the result, who can say? For time only will tell whose ships have braved the tide and weathered the storms through the perilous journey, and have at last entered safely into the harbor of content, which comes after a well-directed, arduous term’s work.

ROY MITCHELL.

Athletics

Basketball, the athletics of the season, is again coming into its domain, after a slump of many moons.

The Kit-Kats, whose squaws have so ruthlessly defeated all opponents, are now developing some young braves, who, by their dogged determination and aggressiveness, are looming up like an oak amid myrtles, and bidding defiance to all comers whatsoever. Their line-up is as straight as a young birch and as supple as a willow. Rogers, the big chief and guard of the center, often bumps his head against the firmament of the gymnasium in order to bat the ball to his colleagues. Hooks and Compton can throw goals under any and all circumstances that guards and distance can combine, while Mitchell and Newcombe make the brain whirl and the jaw drop at their seemingly impossible plays.

The Independents, a band of unsophisticated young bloods coached by Mr. Byrn, are coming—as they say—into form, by grooming their scalp locks and rehearsing their war dance nightly; but little they dream of that day in the near future when their merriment shall cease and their scalps be drying in the wigwam of the Kit-Kats.

The two other insane and heretofore vainglorious tribes, whose names the Kit-Kat does not deign to mention, have seemingly buried the tomahawk and smoked the calumet, excusing their indifference by saying that their vigils with books and councils with teachers will not permit. They think to deceive, but the Kit-Kats, whose eyes are as those of eagles, know that their hearts are as pale as their faces, and that they should be apparelled in petticoats.

Being monarchs of the hunting grounds in the forests at home, and apparent guardians of the honor of their Alma Mater abroad, the Kit-Kats will furnish the virile blood to go upon the baseball warpath in the spring. Their whoop shall send terror to the hearts of their enemies; with them shall the diamond sparkle; and with their teeth will they rend their victims while their ears are soothed by the music of the death song.

G. B. R.

Art Donations

Loyalty and helpfulness have always been foremost in the minds of the students, but never expressed in a more effective way, than by the earnest effort to acquire culture and by the capacity for the beautiful, which has been shown in the Art Department during the last few months.

In former ages man was content if his house was dry, his coat good, and his tools strong; but now has come an age when man’s house must have beautiful walls, when woman’s dress must have harmonious hues, and when speakers’ truths must be robed in words of beauty; in fact, an age when beauty has become a commodity.

So, in view of this fact, Miss Van Houten, the enthusiastic and worthy leader, has put forth a strenuous effort to
lead her students to higher ideals, where they may look around and appreciate the beauties of mother nature. And when this high sense of appreciation has been developed, the babbling brook, the green meadows, the vine-clad hills, and the birds pouring forth notes in inspiring anthems, will mean much toward bringing that high sense of appreciation for the things that surround us in the daily walks of life.

One of the plans devised to assist this great work, is that every drawing class contribute a picture and frame of their own selection; for this will create a desire for the beautiful; a love for nature; a decorative sense; and will instill into the minds of the students a character that will mean much toward attaining the things of a higher life.

This plan has been put into operation and three classes have made contributions. One of which, "The Lark," by Breton, presents a very striking view, which brings thoughts of the good, honest country life, and the joyous expression on the face of the crude peasant girl with parted lips as she gazes up into the sky, tells us the birds must be pouring forth the sweetest of melodies.

Behind the cottages in the distance one may see the rising sun and know that a busy day is just beginning, for the girl, with sickle in hand, is on her way to the fields.

Another is "Christ in Gethsemane," by Hofmann. This shows Christ in the garden with hands crossed and eyes lifted heavenward, offering up an earnest prayer, while the expression on His face tells of the intense agony then being endured.

Upon viewing this impressive picture one's mind is carried backward to Bible times in the Holy Land. And in fancy one can see the Master and His disciples as they, with slow and weary step, cross the small brook Cedron and enter Gethsemane.

Then in imagination Christ may be seen as He withdraws from the group to pray, and during this time Judas is mak-
There are no kingdoms nor crowns in this world, except for the individual that wins them by personal worth.

There is more strength in a cable one inch thick and three inches long than in a silk thread forty miles long; life is not measured by length.—Prof. Alexander.

The best anchor a man ever carried on the stormy sea of life is the love for his fellow-men.—Prof. Alexander.

Man is a fundamental unit of unity.

The saved will save and life will teach without an outward show of conventionality.—Pres. Cherry.

Personal requisites for growth: Honesty in its broadest use; a sense of personal responsibility; a certain fearlessness, and usefulness.—Prof. Craig.

The only valuable heritage that we have in this world is the ability to appreciate the finer things of life.

Most of us desire to live a long time. If you want your life to count for the most, do not consider length of years and days and hours, but the depth and breadth of life, which is love and service.

I hope this institution is nothing more or less than a democracy in the broadest sense.

Every great human achievement takes its first step in faith.—Pres. Cherry.

It is the small things that reveal character. The larger things test character.—Prof. Zaner.

There is life in contest and growth in contest.

Exchanges

It is a source of much gratification to the Exchange Editor, to welcome the ever-increasing number of exchanges. At no previous time in our history have we been favored by so many. We urge the students of the Normal to consult our files in the library. The reading of these papers will be helpful, educational, and inspirational. Also it will aid in the understanding and appreciation of our own Elevator. In addition to the large number of these papers we discussed last month, we wish to briefly review the following:

Brightonian. Some cuts and short stories would increase the interest of your paper.

The Palmetto and the Pine. We enjoy the very atmosphere that pervades your forest.

Otaknum comes to us with some splendid stories and poems. A few jokes are needed.

The Megunticook. The literary department is good, but we would like to see a few more cuts.

Red and Black. One of the strongest papers on our exchange list. We enjoyed your Christmas number very much, especially your stories and jokes. The cuts are splendid, and the athletic notes are unusually good.

The Spectator. The cuts are suggestive and the athletic notes show a very high spirit in this department.

The Remuda. Your paper is good in that it touches the various phases of school life.

Golden Rod. Your paper is deficient in that you do not
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have any short stories or cuts for your departments, otherwise it is very concise, interesting and clever.

Lake Breeze. You are very neat. Your Christmas stories are good, especially "Rose Harding’s Christmas Eve."

Hurry, boys, and put more jokes and some exchanges in your paper. We have great faith in the Owl.

The Argonaut comes to us full of good things. It does us good to read the short stories.

The East Tennessee Teacher. Your literary department is well worth while. Your athletic reports reveal to us your interest in this important phase of school life.

The Herald. It seems that the strongest feature of this paper for December is Athletics. Still, the story, "Elinor’s Christmas Inspiration," is interesting.

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Information Bureau

(Department for the special benefit of those of tender years or those who, because of overwhelming perplexities, insolvable by the ordinary mind, need the help and advice of the trained expert employed by this department. Satisfaction guaranteed, or you may ask another question. Certain classes of questions, as of woman suffrage, the ages of the feminine members of the faculty, etc., are tabooed.)

DEAR EDITOR: I have a tendency to go to sleep early every night. Can you suggest something to keep me awake? —Zella Pelly.

Ans.—Take English 1 under Miss Reid.

DEAR EDITOR: What must a girl say when her lover proposes?—Junior Girl.

Ans.—This question perplexed me very much, and I have finally decided to refer you to a well-known authority on such subjects, ex-Editor Wilson, sometimes known as Gordon. Perhaps he knows the exact wording to be employed on such an occasion.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell me and the rest of these poor boys a sure way of getting a life partner?—I. G. Walker.

Ans.—Miss Van Cleave has kindly consented to answer your question in part, at least.

DEAR EDITOR: When one is asked a very embarrassing question and doesn’t know just what to say, what would you suggest as the proper thing to do?—Lyda Lewis.

Ans.—In most cases the proper thing to do is not to answer at all; but in your case, Lyda, I think the only thing for you to have done was to have said either “Yes” or “No.”

DEAR EDITOR: On what page do you usually write the jokes?—Lois Cole.

Ans.—On George Page.

DEAR EDITOR: I am sometimes called upon to address large audiences and always find that it is impossible to speak slowly and distinctly. I suppose it is because I am so nervous. Can you suggest a remedy for the stage-fright?—Roy Mitchell.

Ans.—I have not had very much experience along that line, but I can refer you to one who has. Ask Mr. Newcombe.

DEAR EDITOR: I am distressed about the lack of color in my face. Can you give me a suggestion as to how I can remedy this?—Elsie Shaw.

Ans.—Miss Van Houten says that you do not know how to
mix your paints in order to obtain the best results. If you will go to her she will be very glad to give you a few lessons along that line.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just arrived in the city of Bowling Green. I am going to start to the Normal on Tuesday morning. As I have never attended school before, I would appreciate any information you can give me about what is expected of a student there.—Antha Hill.

Ans.—The following are all the instructions needed; first, pay the enrollment fee cheerfully; second, take five—no more or less—subjects; third, be ten minutes early at chapel and at recitations; fourth, work unceasingly; fifth, play basketball; sixth, join the Kit-Kat Society. If you follow these instructions, you will soon be regarded as one of the powers that be.

DEAR EDITOR: How many P. W.'s can you graduate with?—Rupert Luton.

Ans.—Don't worry about such trifling matters, Rupert. You will probably not be able to make so high a grade as a P. W.

DEAR EDITOR: Can you advise a way by which I may pursue my lessons?—J. C. Lawson.

Ans.—Get behind them.