4-1913

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. IV, No. 6

Western Kentucky University

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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, 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.

Mid-Winter Term opens..........................January 28, 1913
Spring Term opens..............................April 8, 1913
Summer School opens..........................June 16, 1913

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 tuition.

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

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Editorials

The April ELEVATOR is written by the Senior Class of 1913. Every contribution of any kind in it has been the work of the Class of 1913. Our class numbers not so many as some of the classes of former years, but it is one which can do things, and has exercised an active leadership in school this year.

Green and Gold.

There is a unity extant in most assemblies, organizations, and institutions. We know of that existing in this institution. We know its force, its meaning, its effect. As a symbol of the unity between the Senior Class and the other classes of the school, the Senior Class of 1913 has adopted green and gold as its colors. The green taken from the colors of the Kit-Kats, the gold from the Juniors, unite to make the colors of the Seniors. In like manner is each Senior Class made.

Chapel Echoes.

“Great thoughts are often repeated thoughtlessly.” We fear that we sometimes do not consider seriously enough the great thoughts presented to us during the chapel hour. We have given in this issue some of the best thoughts gleaned
Little Things.

"It's the little things that count," has become a slang expression, but there is more truth in it than we generally attribute to it. Even when nature would make a thing especially rare and beautiful she makes it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews, little lakes are the stillest, little farms are the best tilled. Little birds warble the sweetest notes, and little flowers are often the most fragrant. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but think of the magnitude of the truth taught. Little books are read the most and little songs are the dearest loved. "Day is made up of little beams and night is made radiant and glorious with little stars." So, let us set great value on the little things of life. Little by little do we gain knowledge; little by little is our character formed. Let us choose that the little things that go to make up our lives shall be of the highest quality and standard.

Work!

It is the slogan of the Normal! Nine times out of ten—and sometimes justly—it is the excuse given for not doing more. The average Normal student knows scarcely anything but work. It is that by which we strive to grow and develop; that for which we live. Sometimes it looms up before us so high that it seems a mountain which we can never climb; sometimes it piles up on us so heavily that it seems a burden which we can never make lighter. Even at these times, the thought comes, that, those who have the most to do get the most done; so comforted, in a way, we plod onward, striving to lessen the height or the weight.

Would we be happy had we not this burden of work? Why, work has been the normal condition of man ever since the fall and his expulsion from the Garden of Eden. Even in Eden he was expected to render some service—to take care of it. Let us consider ourselves fortunate that we have work to do, for men rise to nobleness through industry and not through idleness. He who has nothing to do—no need to toil—is to be pitied, for he will be a loser in life.

We like these words of Charles Kingsley: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

Commencement.

A new order of affairs has taken place with regard to this important event. Instead of July this year, Commencement will be held about the middle of June. This is done for two reasons, chiefly. First, at this time there are more students in school than in July, and this great event will reach more people. Second, it gives a better chance for the Alumni Association to be much larger, as it is at this time that so many of the schools are closing. We sincerely hope that the number of the members of the Association who will be present this year will be very large.

Historic Bowling Green

Perhaps no other city of the Southland is richer in places of historic interest than Bowling Green. There is something in the atmosphere of the place that speaks of heroes past and present. Whatever may be the vocation of man; whether he be an idealist or a realist, he may find among the beautiful hills of this city the haunt of his own particular muse.

The field is a rich one, and has in its midst some worthy laborers. Listening to stories of the Beautiful Bowling Green as told by Mr. John Younglove, one realizes what a progressive people has chosen this spot as a heritage. Mr. Younglove has been one of Bowling Green's most honored
citizens for sixty-nine years, contributing much toward the making of a greater Bowling Green. Younglove's Drug Store, on State Street, is one of the old buildings of the city, having been built in eighteen hundred forty-two.

Through the works of Mrs. W. A. Obenchain, of Chestnut and Fourteenth streets, Bowling Green scenes and characters have secured a much coveted place in the literary field. James Rumsey Skiles, one of the city's greatest benefactors, has been immortalized by "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." He, himself, was the bridegroom in "The House that Was a Wedding Fee." The minister in the story, Joseph Lapsley, is interred in the Presbyterian Cemetery on College Street. Passing out Greenwood Pike about two miles we may see the house that by this story has been made famous.

Other noted buildings were made so by the successive occupancy of the Confederate and Federal troops during the war between the States. Because of the peculiar topography of the city and the protection afforded by the Barren, it was considered to occupy a strategic position and to be a very important link in the Confederacy's Northern chain of defense. Since to abandon it would mean to expose Tennessee to the enemy, Brigadier-General Simon B. Buckner, in command of a brigade of Confederate troops, three regiments of which were Kentucky infantry, entered the city. Later he was joined by General Albert Sidney Johnston and General W. J. Hardee. The Union troops, fearing an attack on Louisville, began to press upon Bowling Green in overwhelming numbers, and on February 14, 1862, Bowling Green was evacuated. Before leaving the city, both bridges over the Barren were burned; also the depot, round-house, and other public, and private property, valued at seven hundred fifty thousand dollars. The iron railroad bridge, part of the piers of which may yet be seen at the foot of College Street, so successfully withstood the explosion of the mines in the towers of the piers, that thirteen rounds of cannon were necessary to destroy it.

The Federals, not knowing of the evacuation, from their position on Baker's Hill, threw shell after shell into the city, thus adding confusion and terror to the desolation. At length, the somber war clouds parted, to reveal a bit of fluttering white—a token of peace and amity. The Confederate line of defense was now broken, and the Union army pushing on to the southward, left Bowling Green to forget that hostile armies were ever within her limits, were it not for the places made famous by their occupancy. Remains of the old forts yet crown the commanding hills of the city. On Copley Hill, now Normal Heights, is the best preserved one of these forts. In its midst a magnificent United States army flag is soon to be raised by the school. On College Hill, now Reservoir Park, one thousand men were sheltered behind mounds of Bowling Green soil. Other hills fortified were: Webb Hill, on Beech Bend Pike; Baker's Hill, beyond the footbridge; Price's Hill, between the hills just mentioned; Buckner's Hill, near Thomas' Landing; Underwood Hill, on Park, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.

Many of the old buildings which were used for various purposes during the war may yet be seen. The residence of Mr. Lucian Potter, on State Street, was the headquarters of General Buckner; that of Judge Burnam, on Center Street, was the headquarters of General Johnston; while the residence of Mr. Blackburn, on the corner of Adams and Tenth streets, was used in the same way by General Hardee. General Rosecranz was named General of the Army of the Cumberland in the Sisters' School, opposite Frisbie Hall. The Union Hospital was at 714 State Street. It is a two-story frame building, afterward remodeled and used as a residence by Mr. W. S. Ragland. The Courthouse, clerk's office, and market-house once stood in the center park. They were used as prisons during the war and were afterward found to be so worthless, that new buildings were necessary. The town then voted to select new sites.

Bowling Green has long been the center of colleges. More than a hundred years ago a college stood on Reservoir Hill. This college was burned and never rebuilt, but on Copley Hill there arose two sister colleges, Ogden and Potter, the
Letter now the Western Kentucky State Normal School.

The history of Bowling Green is not yet completed. By the earnest work of her citizens and of the students of her colleges, she is building a fortification that will stand long, and influence not only Bowling Green, but our great nation as well.

Letter Days

September.
Tenth: Opening of Fall Term.
Twentieth: Organization of Societies.

October.
Eleventh: Annual Chestnut Hunt.
Twentieth: School Fair and Corn Show.
Thirty-first: Hallowe'en Entertainment.

November.
Eleventh: Henry Lawrence Southwick's Lecture.
Nineteenth: Opening of Winter Term.

December.
Sixth: Senior Term Finals.
Eleventh: Leland Powers in "David Garrick."
Twelfth: Ernest Gamble Concert Company.
Thirteenth: Senior Term Finals.
Basketball Games.
Seventeenth: Banquet to Champion Basketball Team—Kit-Kats.
Twenty-first: Christmas Holidays Began.
Thirty-first: The "Weary Load" Again Toted.

January.
Twenty-eighth: New Term Opened. Men's Class in Domestic Science Organized.
Thirty-first: Social to New Students.
given, many aspiring souls arose and in utterances ranging from the wee small voice to the stentorian orator, each in his turn, laid strong claims upon the great altar of public opinion and begged the gods and powers that be to elect such as would keep the oath of office inviolate even unto the end of their political lives.

Previous to the day of announcements, each society had been assigned certain parts of the work necessary before an organization could be effected. The Seniors were made a Committee on Election; the Juniors were given the task of formulating a platform; the Kit-Kats were chosen as a Rules Committee; and to the Loyal was assigned the work of arranging plans for a preliminary organization. The Seniors, in their usual business-like way, soon had their part of the work in readiness. The Juniors, after many a wrangle and tangle over the plank labeled "Woman Suffrage," came to the front with a splendid platform, which was accepted as a whole without so much as a single amendment. The Kit-Kats contributed a set of rules that would do justice to an experienced body of law-makers. The Loyal, not to be outdone, came to the front with a preliminary organization so perfect that the first meeting of the Assembly started off with such fire and ambition that the interest has not yet lull.

Mr. G. W. Meuth called the House to order at 8 p.m., March 14. Prof. W. J. Craig was chosen temporary chairman and showed much ability in handling the gavel. Reports from committees were heard and accepted, after which nominations were made for the various offices. It was at this point that eloquence poured forth in great torrential gushes. We dare say that no such mortals ever lived as those who were pictured to us by those glowing tongues of flaming oratory. Two candidates were chosen for each office. This entitled them to have their names placed upon the ballots. Tuesday, March 18, was observed as registration day. It was necessary for all voters to show their registration receipts before they were allowed to cast their ballots. Friday afternoon, March 21, was given as a half-

holiday, and was known as Election Day. The city ballot boxes and booths were secured for the election. Printed "Instructions to Voters" were posted and explained to those who had never cast a ballot, and so well were the instructions followed that not a single ballot was thrown out because of the lack of understanding how to vote or because of political corruption. There was much electioneering done by those who were seeking office. Badges and other printed matter were freely distributed by the friends of various candidates.

After the polls were closed and the counting of the ballots began, the crowd quietly dispersed to partake of the evening meal. By 7 p.m. Vanmeter Hall was all astir awaiting the announcement of the election returns. As these were given from the stage much cheering was indulged in as each candidate's vote was given out.

The successful candidate for Governor was Mr. Finley C. Grise, who won by only nine votes over his opponent, Mr. Harry Weir. The other successful candidates are as follows: Lieutenant-Governor, J. H. Sweeney; Attorney-General, J. W. Vance; Secretary of State, J. W. Snyder; State Treasurer, J. D. Farris; Auditor, A. A. Allison; Clerk Court of Appeals, A. C. Ford; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Lois Cole; Commissioner of Agriculture, George V. Page. With this body of officials at the head of affairs, we are assured of efficient services for the entire session of the Moot House of Representatives.

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NATURE'S TREND

We are very well satisfied with what we have until we see some one else with some things we like better.

It seems perfectly natural for some people to think themselves great. If they did not, who would?

Some people live so rapidly that they do not recognize the present time until it is past.
THE ELEVATOR.

Class Roll

Ruth Tichenor.
“To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is
And ne'er made anither.”—Burns.

Ruby Knott.
“I am sure cares are enemy to life.”—Twelfth Night.

Woodfin Hutson.
“They have eaten me out of house and home.”—Henry IV.

Paul Chandler.
“This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.”
—Love's Labor Lost.

DeWitt Martin.
“For Seniors come and Seniors go,
But I keep on forever.”—Tennyson.

Thurman Barton.
“Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.”—Pope.

Nettie Drane.
“Oh, it is excellent to have a giant’s strength, but it is
tyrannous to use it as a giant.”—Measure for Measure.

Albert London.
“In sooth I know not why I am so sad.”—Merchant of
Venice.

Mrs. Blakeman.
“Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstasy.”—Cooper.
THE ELEVATOR.

"I am the very fruits of courtesy."—Romeo and Juliet.

Ella Judd.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?"

Eliza Hale.

"The glass of fashion and the mold of form, The observed of all observers."—Richard III.

Susan Cullom.

"A maiden never bold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself."

Ermine Gooch.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low. An excellent thing in woman."—King Lear.

Leslie Miller.

"Raus mit ihm!"

Harry Weir.

"My cake is dough."—Taming of the Shrew.

Garrett Barnes.

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."—Keats.

Anna Lee Davis.

"It is not wise to be wiser than 'tis necessary."

Jenny Lind Hodges.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, Lend me a pencil."—Julius Caesar.

Bessie Beck.

"I was born for other things."—Tennyson.

THE ELEVATOR.

"Stabbed with a white wench's black eye."—Romeo and Juliet.

Kate Clagett.

"A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing, and mischief-making monkey from her birth."—Byron.

William Simmons.

"A bold bad man."

Anna Lee Adams.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Hamlet.

Finley Grise.

"L' etat c'est moi!"—Louis XIV.

Catherine Braun.

"Bid me discourse. I will enchant thine ear."

Sue Ellen Barnhill.

"Her stature tall: I hate a dumpy woman."

Ruby Alexander.

"Doubt that the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt that"—I’ll root for the Senior team.

Hazel McClusky.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

Katherine Hawthorne.

"Sweets to the sweet, farewell!"—Hamlet.
The Western Kentucky State Normal, as a part of the Educational Organization of Kentucky, is a great Telegraph system. The chapel is the battery or dynamo that charges every student and faculty, as well, with that spirit of enthusiasm and that desire to render a greater service for humanity each day. The class rooms, through the teachers, are the stations that give out the messages of Life—more Life through a better education. And the students are the live wires whose duties it is to carry this spirit of enthusiasm and these messages of more Life to every boy and girl in Kentucky.

The teachers are doing their part in this great system; they are giving us the messages. Have we received the charge from the great dynamo, and are we eager to carry these messages to the childhood of Kentucky, making a greater citizenship, and thereby snatch our grand old state from the lower ranks and place her in the front of her sister States?

Athletics

Girls' Basketball.

Since Christmas basketball has retained its hold upon the hearts and minds of the girls, and the practices have been carried on with as much pleasure and enthusiasm as formerly.

Miss Reid kept up her competent training of the Kit-Kats with increasing zeal.

Miss Birdsong felt it necessary to give up coaching the Juniors. Though sorry and unwilling to part with her, they found an excellent coach and enthusiastic supporter of their cause in Mr. Byrn.

The Seniors also lost their faithful Mrs. Leiper. Yet

Victory of Mind Over Matter.

During the week beginning March 2nd, a disconsolate, dependent group of Senior Basketball girls might be seen discussing with downcast hearts, the coming Basketball series. "No hope, no chance, no show for us; not because of our being especially old and sedate, as they seem to think us; not because of a lack of ambition and courage to win or die; not because of an absence of life and energy, enthusiasm and spirit, do we expect to lose; but—well, how can such poor little weaklings as we, hope to overcome the immensity of such propositions as Juniors or Kit-Kats? Yet, after all, 'tis better to be little and lose, to live and die, a Senior, than to be large and win, yet breathe and expire a Junior or Kit-Kat.

But it has been said, and truly for once, that " 'tis always the unexpected that happens." It happened on March 11th, when the first game of the after-Christmas series was played. The score was 19 to 13 in favor of the Seniors.

Then on the following day, with no less fervor and determination, the Senior girls completed their conquest of glory, by breaking the Kit-Kat's record of having won every game they had played. The score was 10 to 8 to the downfall of the Kit-Kats.

On Thursday the last of the series was played, the Kit-Kats surpassing the Juniors by 14 to 8.

The Seniors had won an undeniable championship. But after all, why did it happen so? The unexpected had come to all. After sufficient thought and concentration of mental energy, the Seniors can come to but one conclusion, the solution cannot be otherwise than this—'twas simply and plainly a victory of mind over matter. Delve into the problem your-
self, look at it from every standpoint, yet you can find no better reason. In all ages and conditions, the mental man has succeeded in overcoming the physical, and now ask the Dean if the same hypothesis would not apply to Basketball. But whatever you may say or think or do, the "small but brainy" Seniors most assuredly won and the eternal why? has been unquestionably answered.

Baseball.

The most promising baseball season since the beginning of this great game at W. K. S. N., is now opening up. To one interested in manly outdoor sports, it is an inspiration to visit the triangle after 4 o'clock in the afternoon and watch the practice of a bunch of the most enthusiastic youngsters that ever performed on the diamond. Not only are they enthusiastic, but they possess the raw material for a team that can cross bats with any college in Kentucky and finish in the winning column.

Every man is making the fight of his life for a place with the regulars, and no position seems absolutely certain unless it is that of "Capt. Jim" (Jimmy Jones) and the "Mighty Woody" (Leslie Woodrum).

The determined spirit among the players is probably due more to the keen interest of the student-body than to anything else. And after all this is the surest symptom of a winning team. For when a man feels that he has the hearty support of a student-body fifteen hundred strong, he will slide though it takes the skin off; and face the pitcher, though a swift curve caves in a rib.

The athletic authorities have been especially fortunate in being able to secure the services of Mr. Rhoads as coach for the 1913 season. He comes to us from State University, where he played on the varsity and he has also had a wide experience in college athletics of other kinds. Mr. Rhoads understands all the finer points of the game and at the same time knows how to instill them into the boys. Under his direction we can see nothing but success.

The Crooked Pin

It was very still in the grove. The late April sun had begun to cast long evening shadows across the needle carpet—shadows like warning fingers to rambling students, "This way home."

From his place of concealment, on his knees behind a clump of buckberry bushes, that had just put forth delicate green leaves, the Artist seemed to find the picture absorbing. If we could have peeped over his shoulder—which would not have been easy in a literal sense, in view of the quite considerable size of the Artist and the minute proportions of the aperture among the buckberries; but if we could have looked over his shoulder, we would have wondered at his expression of gratified surprise; for to our eyes would only have appeared a little brown slip of a girl, seated beneath a twisted cedar; a girl of eighteen or twenty, with listless dark eyes and wind-piled hair, a Normal student, evidently, from the pile of biological specimens in her lap which she is busily sorting.

Let us suppose, however, that our Fairy Godmother, whom we choose to own, nowadays, only under the name, Imagination, and who, poor lady! often expires for want of exercise—let us suppose that our Fairy Godmother has given us the power of seeing through the eyes of the Artist, and presto! before us is a picture, gold washed with sunlight, a background of soft, dark cedar green, and the central figure an elf, a wood sprite, with the most beautiful hands in the world, hands not too small, but exquisitely molded, hands that express every mood, every emotion; hands that an artist would give five years of his life to
paint! The longer he looked, the deeper grew the conviction of the Artist that here, at last, was The Ideal, and already, in fancy, he was putting the finishing touches on his dream picture.

Being a lover of nature, a secret, and it seemed even to himself, an impractical, desire had long been his, to paint the Spirit of Delight—not in the conventional form of a pink and white sylph with diaphanous draperies, but as he had grown to know her in his dreams; a leaf brown, wind-blown figure against the forest green, head thrown back and only the profile of parted lips in view, yet with all the unexpressible lure and delight of far-stretching fields and boundless woods expressed in the outstretched hands.

Unconscious of being either a wood sylph or a Spirit of Delight, the Girl was revolting some none too cheerful thoughts in her small brain. A happy, busy, practical, little body generally, she had waked this Saturday morning with a surprising feeling of being very tired, of being bounded on the north by a pile of unprepared lessons; on the south by a basketful of mending, marked, "urgent"; and on all sides by a very work-a-day world indeed. She had a desire, for her unusual, for something to happen. Near the end of the day she had strolled off to the woods, and added one more straw to the camel's back by bending her favorite pin in an effort to unearth a beetle who much preferred to remain in his native heath. She thrust the pin into her coat, disconsolately, and sat down to sort out her specimens, wishing the world would rotate in the opposite direction to vary the monotony, and wondering who had said, "'Tis always the unexpected that happens."

When the Artist emerged from the bushes with his painting kit on his shoulder, she stared at his apparition with a sense of gratitude for its unusualness. Now, the Artist was blessed, tho' some may question the adjective, with that mercurial gift known as Artistic Temperament, which so often accompanies the Spark of Divine Fire. With all the ardour and impetuosity of his nature, he began to tell the astonished Girl of his dream picture, his search for the ideal, and his earnest desire to sketch her hands. "The face, the figure, I have painted a hundred times," he cried; "they have been indelibly impressed on my brain, but the hands, the soul of the picture, are elusive, and unless you allow me the sketch I beg, the work of my life will never be completed!"

The Girl examined her hands with new interest—she had never thought of them as remarkable before. When she began to understand the significance of this beautiful adventure that had befallen her, she gave her consent to the Artist, and with sudden embarrassment, tried to conceal the admired members by tucking them under her chin. In raising her hands, the crooked pin, which she had thrust in her coat, treacherously caught and tore the tender palm, and with a cry of pain she sprang to her feet. In perfect unconsciousness, she took the very pose of the dream picture, head thrown back, lips parted, hands extended—but with a trickle of blood dripping from the slender fingers.

Who can understand the intricacies of the artistic temperament? The Artist never painted his "Spirit of Delight." Perhaps it was superstition, perhaps the sight of the wound offended his taste, or the accident may have broken the charm and genius refused to burn. At any rate, the Girl with the Most Beautiful Hands in the World, among her treasures still keeps a crooked pin as a reminder that each day is not always twin brother of the next. -

"The Dignity of Labor"

In every age and country, until times comparatively recent, compulsory personal servitude seems to have been the lot of a large, perhaps the greater portion of mankind.

The world has been exceedingly slow in according labor its due. For thousands of years, pillage, plunder and organized robbery, called warfare, were honorable pursuits, and the man, who labored that all might live, was despised.

In the flight of time, it was but yesterday, that the toiler
of the earth was driven with the lash and either sold on the
block like cattle or tied by an invisible chain to the soil he
tilled. In the yesterday of time even the employers of labor
were despised. The men who conducted great industries,
who practiced the useful arts; the men who made the earth
habitable either by mental or physical toil, were looked down
upon by a class that considered it honorable to rob the work-
ing man of his bread; a class that, while possessing the
pride of the eagle, had only the character of the vulture.

But, great has been the advancement since that day. The
last century brought with it higher ideals, more truth and
more common sense; and it announced to the world that
he is honorable who creates; that he should be despised
who can only consume; that he who gives to his race an
additional loaf of bread, an additional comfort of any kind,
is indeed a benefactor, and that he is a curse, who tramples
down what others build or without compensation devours
what others create.

The century brought with it still greater things. Not
only did it lift the employee to a position of honor, influence
and power, but it severed the chains of the serf; it burned
the auction block, on which the laborer and his children
were sold; and it brought ideas. It taught the working man
to extend his hand to his fellow-laborer; it taught him to
organize, and not only to read but to investigate, to con-
sider, and to look ahead; so that to-day the laborer and his
cause, at least theoretically, demand the homage of all
civilized men, and the greatest states in Christendom have
set apart a day to be annually observed as a holiday in honor
of labor.

It is altogether fitting that we should pay homage to that
force which lays the foundations of empires, is responsible
for the making of mighty states; that force which has made
it possible for cities to grow, learn to flourish, for in-
dustries to thrive, and is the controlling power in all the
possibilities of human achievements, which combine to move
the world.

The men that are making and moulding this age, are the
kings and princes of the land; they are the ones whose ca-
reers, future history will deign to record among the great
of the world.

The men who gather at banquets, dressed in "fine linen
and fair raiment" may imagine that they are the state, but
such is not the case; many of them are mere parasites,
eating bread for which others have toiled. All could be
wiped out of existence and the nation would go right on.
But suddenly remove the workingman, and the country is
wholly and irretrievably lost.

The record of the laboring man has always been one of
patriotism; supporting the flag of his country in times of
wars and his hands earning the taxes in days of peace. Yet,
laborers for the public good, especially, have had to wait
long and patiently, oftentimes uncheered by immediate re-
results or compensation. The seeds they sow sometimes lay
hidden beneath the snows of winter and before the spring-
time's sun appears to warm them into life, the husbandman
may have passed to his rest.

But, in the language of the essayist, "Work," says nature
to man, "in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou
work, and thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether thy
work be coarse or fine, planting corn or writing epics, so
only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, shall
bring a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No
matter how often defeated, you are born to victory." For
the greatest reward of a thing well done is to have done it.
Yea, all the beauty or glory or dignity pertaining to labor
depends upon the end to which it is the means.

Work within itself is a rich source of pleasure; not only
is it a duty and necessity, but a blessing; only the idler feels
it to be a curse. Occupation drives away care and the small
troubles of life, and the busy man has no time to pine or
fret, but:

"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's richest treasure peace and health."
"The gods," says the poet, "have placed labor and toil on the road leading to the Elysian Fields." Certain it is that no bread is so sweet to man as that earned by his own labors, and again, let that labor be what it may or where it may, although it may not dazzle with the promise of fame, it will, if faithfully performed, give the satisfaction of duty to self and humanity fulfilled.

We, of to-day, who must labor, should strive to maintain those conditions under which the greatest possibilities are open to every citizen of the nation. And while we may not be able to heap up millions for future generations to squander, we can leave them a far greater asset, a country where intelligent, manly, honorable effort will be properly rewarded; a country in which the laborer will not only be worthy of his hire but will have open to him and his posterity all the "paths of glory" and fields of honor. He shall occupy more exalted positions than any he has yet known, and moving onward, shall pass through toil to rest, through combat to victory. And finally,

"When the last dawns are fallen on the gray,
And all life's toil and ease complete;
They know who work, not they who play,
If rest be sweet."

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**Outline for a Conglomerated Theme**

- **Vision** ........................................ Pres. Cherry
- **Ambiguity** .................................... Dr. Kinnaman
- **Antithesis** .................................... Dr. Mutchler
- **Perspicuity** .......................... Mr. Clagett
- **Elaboration** ........................ Miss Ragland
- **Specific Instance** ................. Mr. Stickles
- **Climax** ................................... Mr. Strahm
- **Choice of Words** .................. Miss Frazee
- **Parallel Construction**/Mr. Wethington and Miss Van Houten
- **Retrospective Narrative** .......... Mr. Alexander

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**German Play**

It is a truth that no matter how well we like a thing, we will after a time grow tired of it and we welcome a change. No more interesting or enjoyable program—if not so instructive—has been given at chapel this year than that given on Tuesday, March 18, by some of the students of Miss Wood's German classes.

It was a laughable play dramatized by Misses Hazel McCluskey, Ruby Alexander, Annie Lee Adams and Belle Potter, from a story by a German writer. While every word, both singing and speaking, was given in German, yet the acting was so cleverly done that it conveyed the meaning of the lines to the audience. The name of the play is "The Princess Who Would Not Laugh."

---THE CAST.

- **King** ................................ Mr. I. L. Miller
- **Queen** ................................ Miss Belle Potter
- **Princess** ................................ Miss Eva Mercer
- **Younger Princess** ................. Miss Nora Maddux

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**Audible Thought** .......................... Mr. Wilson
**Confusion of Images** ............... Mr. Craig
**Minor Devices** ........................ Miss Scott
**Anti-Climax** .......................... Mr. Rhoads
**Mood** ................................ Miss Acker
**Variety** ................................ Miss Reid
**Contrast** ................................ Mr. Burton and Mr. Byrn
**Repetition** .......................... Mr. Leiper
**Series of Reasons** ............... Miss Dulaney
**Union** ................................ Miss Surmann
**Hyperbole** .......................... Mr. Green
**Exposition** ............................. Mr. Turner
**The Traveler's Sketch** ........ Miss Woods
**Euphony** ............................... Miss Rodes
**Direct Proof and Refutation** .... Miss Payne
THE ELEVATOR.

Court Ladies—Miss Jessie Northington, Miss Mildred Roll and Miss Mallie Graham.

Herald .................. Mr. J. M. Porter
Rich Man .................. Mr. Carl Ellis
Musician .................. Mr. Victor Strahm
Court Officer ............. Mr. B. T. Shemwell
Poet .................. Mr. E. B. Baker
Frau Eberstein ............ Miss Irma Porter
Heinrich Eberstein ........ Mr. J. D. Farris, Jr.
Rudolph Eberstein ........ Mr. R. A. London
Ludwig Eberstein ........ Mr. J. D. Farris, Jr.
Old Woman ................ Miss Hazel McCluskey
Little Girl ................ Miss Annie Lee Adams
Tall Man .................. Mr. G. T. Hinton
Blacksmith ............... Mr. Jeff Smith
Angry Man ................ Mr. Carl Ellis
Fat Cook .................. Mr. C. S. Brown
Nurse .................. Miss Edith Hampsch
Child .................. Master Harold Gilbreth
Commandant .............. Mr. Paul Chandler
Parson ................ Mr. T. H. Barton
Parson's Wife .............. Miss Ruby Alexander

The story is as follows:

The King and Queen (Mr. Miller and Miss Potter) regret very much that their elder daughter (Miss Mercer) is always so sad, and will pay no attention to the suitors who come to woo her hand—saying "Nein" to each who comes. The King announces that he will give his daughter in marriage to any man who will make her laugh, but if he fails to make her laugh he is to be whipped.

The King and Queen with the Royal Family are seated in the throne room one day when the herald (Mr. Porter) announces a very rich man (Mr. Ellis). Even the glowing description of his wealth can bring no smile to the lips of the Princess, so he is punished by the officer of the court (Mr. Shemwell).
A famous musician (Victor Strahm) is announced, but even the melodious notes of his violin can bring no response from the Princess, so he is punished.

A celebrated poet (Mr. Baker) comes, and his disappointment because his verses pleased the Princess not, is keenly felt. A mother (Miss Porter) enters with her sons, Heinrich, Ludwig and Rudolph, and instructs them to woo the Princess. They have a quarrel as to which shall be first. Heinrich (Mr. Farris) with his Psalm singing and banjo playing attempts to win a smile from the Princess, but is only punished for his efforts. Rudolph (Mr. London), who is a soldier, comes, preceded by his commandant (Mr. Chandler), and goes through many military maneuvers, but fails to win the Princess. Ludwig (Mr. Farris) wanders aimlessly along holding a fish on a string. He meets an old woman (Miss McCluskey), who possesses a wonderful Golden Goose, which holds fast anyone who touches it. The fish is traded for the Goose, and each trader goes on. A little maiden (Miss Adams) comes along and wishes to stroke the Golden Goose, but no sooner does she touch it than she utters a cry of pain and is held fast. A tall man (Mr. Hinton) seeks to pull the maiden away, but he is held fast. The parson (Mr. Barton), seeing the girl between the two men, tries to separate them, but is compelled to come along. His wife (Miss Alexander), in a rage, tries to get him away, but all in vain, and she, too, is forced to hold to the parson. A blacksmith (Mr. Smith) wishes to stroke the Golden Goose as the procession passes his shop, but he is compelled to come, too. An angry man (Mr. Ellis) runs out and kicks at the Smith and he is forced to hop on one foot. A nurse (Miss Hampich), with the child she has in charge (Master Gilbert) is caught in the procession, and lastly, a cook (Mr. Brown), all floury and doughy, comes along and upon being called a "fat cook" strikes at the one who taunted him and with a yell of pain is held fast. When the procession comes before the Princess she bursts into loud laughter and the parson marries her and the man who could make her laugh.

One of the court maids suggests a dance, and the play ended with a German Folk Dance (The Circus), which contained many beautiful and graceful figures. A song sung in German accompanied it.

Each character was in German costume suitting his station in life. It was interesting to note that a real live golden rooster was used for the Golden Goose.

A French play will perhaps be given soon.

THE ELEVATOR.

Y. M. C. A. Social

The Young Men's Christian Association fills a great need in the lives of the young men of the Normal, and does many things for their pleasure and development.

In order that our young men might know something of the work and privileges the Association offers, the whole building was opened to them during the week of February 3, when any student might enjoy the baths, swimming pool, gymnasium and all privileges free of charge.

On Saturday evening, March 1st, the doors of the Y. M. C. A. were swung open to all Normal students, and for three hours the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed the hospitality of the Association.

The first event of the evening was a concert by the Y. M. C. A. Band, which played some beautiful selections. Then followed some work in the gymnasium on the various pieces of apparatus by some of the more expert and experienced men. The work on the parallel bars, rings, horse, buck, and horizontal bar was especially good.

A basketball game between the Normal Dormitory boys and the Normal members who live out in town proved very interesting and exciting, and ended in a victory for the non-Dormitory boys—score 21 to 19. The following was the line-up:

Dormitory Boys: Pogue, r.g.; Roberts, l.g.; Lee, c.; Smith, r.f.; Wade, l.f.
Normal Town Boys: Phelps and Lloyd, r.g.; Crafton, l.g.; Singleton, c.; Strahm, r.f.; Combest, l.f.

The spectators were taken to the swimming pool in groups (owing to the large numbers), where some expert and artistic swimming was done.

Refreshments were served in the lobby, and some excellent selections on the pianola added much to the pleasure of the evening. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way.

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Chapel Echoes

There are too many knocking on Kentucky and not enough talking for it.—Pres. Cherry.

People that want to grow rich must educate.—Supt. Lay.

Beauty cannot be cornered.—Prof. Clagett.

The strength of a nation lies in the education of its youth.—Supt. Lay.

There is plenty of room in the teaching profession to make your influence felt.—Prof. Cheek.

The courthouse deals with the derelicts of society.—Judge Moss.

People need to know how to be supervised as well as to be supervisors.—Dr. Kinman.

The day and theory are rapidly passing that the teacher should make intellectual giants out of a few.—Supt. McFarland.

When you make a man more comfortable, you make him a better citizen.—Craig.
Everybody needs a case of the “blues.” Not with the other thing or the other fellow, but with himself.—Stickles.

Art is nature seen with the soul of a genius.—Clagett.

I'd rather have the reputation of Horace Mann than that of President Tyler; that of Matthew Arnold than of President Buchanan.—Stickles.

I do not know of any higher calling other than that of the mother who croons over her baby's cradle, than that of teaching.—Mr. Thomas.

Civilization depends upon the standard of living.—Craig.

I do not know why any man should be anything but a leader in life. *There* is joy; *there* is happiness.—Pres. Cherry.

It pays to be rationally discontented if you are a teacher.—Stickles.

Let us in our teaching do something that will connect our teaching with the everyday work of life.—Craig.

We should make the atmosphere unpleasant for those who put forth destructive criticism.—Pres. Cherry.

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**Exchanges**

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We have received a number of exchanges this month, and each of them contains much that is commendable.

*Daedalian Monthly*: We like the spirit of optimism and progress which is breathed from every article in your paper.

*Bowen Blade*: Your stories are too sentimental, but the general make-up is good.

*The Red and Black*: The description of the “University of Virginia” and the “Florida State College for Women” are very interesting and contain valuable information.

*The Clarion*: Your paper is all good and your stories in the February issue are especially fine.

*The Criterion*: Your paper, which is one of the most interesting on our exchange, displays a fine school spirit.

*The Tattler*: “The Easter Gift” in your February paper is certainly an entertaining story. We like the way it closes.

*The Signal*: Your literary department is very good. “The Craven” is a piece of art. Do you not think it would be a better plan to have your “ads” together and not have them scattered throughout your paper?

*Kuntux*: Your neat and newsworthy paper was eagerly read by your eastern sister.

*The Palmetto and the Pine*: Your reading matter is excellent.

*The Student*: It is a pleasure to read your paper. Would not a good story have added to the interest of your February paper?

*The Spectator*: Your literary department is good. We enjoyed “The Championship,” and it seems to us to contain a moral for us all.

*The Echo*: We have no better paper on our exchange. Every nook and corner is interesting.

DEAR DR. SEN-YOR:

Calhoun, Ky., April 13, 1913.

It affords me unalloyed pleasure to testify to the merits of your ointment. Since childhood I have been suffering from a complication of cerebral inflation and big I, but for the last two years the disease has made alarming progress. Last year I was warned of my dangerous condition, but I heeded not. Lately I have realized what the loss of my bright young life would mean to the community, and, yielding to the prayerful entreaties of my friends, I have begun the use of your ointment. I feel assured that by constant use for two or three years more, the aggravation will have almost disappeared. I cannot sing your praises too much. Hoping that these few words may help some fellow-sufferer, I remain,

Yours till death,

DeWitt Martin.

Bowling Green, Ky., April 20, 1913.

The Sen-yor Comical Company,

W. K. S. N. S.

GENTLEMEN: Last year, from some cause wholly unknown to me or my friends, I began to be troubled with pains in my head. I did not consult a physician at once, as I thought it was only a slight swelling; but the pains grew worse, and after a careful diagnosis by Dr. A. J. Kinnaman, he pronounced my disease that dreaded cerebral inflation.

He recommended the Sen-yor Ointment, and to rub it in well. I might go even so far as joining the Basketball Team. I have used up four boxes, and, to my great joy I can notice a decrease in the size of my head. Please forward three boxes at once, as some of my relatives are threatened with the same disease.

Gratefully yours,

Nettie Drane.

Bowling Green, Ky., April 19, 1913.

I am scarcely competent to express to you my profound and abiding gratitude. An acute and chronic case of cerebral inflation superinduced in the cranial cavity by the weight of my own importance and the oppressive honors showered upon me by unthinking classmates, was already causing grave anxiety among my friends. My malady has been greatly relieved by the timely application of your unrivaled panacea. May heaven reward you—I can't.

Yours with reiterated gratitude,

Anna Lee Davis.

Frances, Ky., April 3, 1913...

DEAR DR. SEN-YOR:

I feel an attack of ingrowing opinions coming on, and I want you to send me a box of your ointment at once. I feel so bad I ain't got time to write no more, but I will say that I have saw some wonderful cures effected by your salve.

Yours truly,

W. L. Matthews.

The Elevator.

THE ELEVATOR.

Information Bureau

(Department conducted for the benefit of distressed and perplexed young people of the Normal School.)

Dear Editor: I have been informed that you cannot
THE ELEVATOR.

reach Washington, Columbus and Lincoln by parcel post. Will you please tell me why?—Miss Acker.

Ans.—These good people have been dead for a number of years.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a girl of sixteen. Will you please tell me what length I should wear my dresses?—Ella Judd.

Ans.—I am very sorry not to be able to answer this question, but you failed to state the color of your hair.

DEAR EDITOR: On which side should a man of forty-five part his hair?—Mr. London.

Ans.—Part it on both sides so you’ll be sure to get the side which is most becoming.

DEAR EDITOR: I am very anxious to make a specialty of vocal music. Where would you advise me to go to get this training?—Miss Coleman.

Ans.—Go to the desert of Arabia, for this will save your friends much annoyance.

DEAR EDITOR: Where can I exchange a gold tooth for ten cents worth of beefsteak?—Gordon Wilson.

Ans.—See the butcher.

DEAR EDITOR: Would the walls of Olympus tremble if the singing in Chapel should happen to come in six feet of the right time?—Prof. Strahm.

Ans.—Impossible to prophesy concerning such an unheard-of event.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell me if it is force of gravity that draws one to Miss Van Houten.—Mr. Wethington.

Ans.—Perhaps it is (chemical) affinity.

DEAR EDITOR: Is it becoming in a man of my position to condescend to prepare lessons?—Gov. Grise.

Ans.—Yes, my son; do not allow your laurels to lessen your learning.

THE ELEVATOR.

Jokes

“Did Paul pass all his entrance requirements?”

“He was conditioned in the college yell.”

Cary Bandy (after his first music lesson): “What are pauses?”

“Things that grow on pussy cats.”

Prof. Green (lecturing): “The result of our investigations for the past half hour is that man has freedom of the will. I regret that I cannot continue the subject to-day, as I have to go shopping with my wife.”

Miss Robertson: “If Prof. Alexander were to ask me right now, I wouldn’t know a right angle from a left one.”

WANTED.—By a Junior—to know is a huckster a man who raises huckleberries.

Miss Knott (in First Grade): “Ross, do you know the alphabet?”

Ross: “Yes’m.”

Miss Knott: “Well, what comes after A?”

Ross: “All the rest of ’em.”

Prof. Green: “What are the effects of heat and cold?”

Kit-Kat: “The effect of heat is to expand and of cold to contract.”

Prof. Green: “Illustrate, please.”

Kit-Kat: “In summer when it is hot the days are long and in winter when it is cold they are short.”

Miss Jenkins (in Citizens National Bank): “Lola, where are we? What is this place?”

Miss Bivens: “Let’s get out. You crazy thing—it’s the jail!”
THE ELEVATOR.

From a Kit-Kat to a Senior is a weary road;
Every year you carry a heavier load;
But the toiling find a sweet balm, when
They think of being Seniors in 1914.

"Is my daughter getting well grounded in the classics?" asked an anxious father of a Normal girl.
"I would put it even stronger than that," replied Miss Reid. "I may say that she is actually stranded on them."

In Geology examination: "Define homogeneous."
Junior: "That which happens at home."

Neola: "I know where you got your shoes."
Harriet: "Where?"
Neola: "On your feet."

Prof. Alexander: "Did you hear about the big fight down town?"
Dean K.: "No, what about it?"
Prof. Alexander: "Why, Ruby said that she saw a dog lick up a plate."

Last year we were a set of Juniors,
And even our leader was "Green."
But now we are the Seniors,
Who are near the heart of the Dean.

Louise Strahm: "Oh, I just think the Y. M. C. A. is grand."
Bess Combest: "Well, I don't care much for the C. A. part, but I am crazy about the Y. M."

Prof. Leiper: "What's the matter with your cooking here lately?"
Mrs. Leiper: "Oh, Macon, the gas company just doesn't give us as good gas as it used to."

THE ELEVATOR.

Thoughts of the ball games remind us
We did beat the Kit-Kats two,
And departing, leave behind us
Rules for the Juniors blue.

Caller: "What an open countenance your baby has."
Mr. Byrn: "Yes, especially about midnight."

Lives there a Kit-Kat with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
"If only a Senior I could be,
Why, I'd be happy, you see."

Rock-a-bye, Senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study the cradle will rock;
But if you stop digging the cradle will fall,
And down will come Senior, diploma and all.—Ex.

Miss Knott (in Chemistry Laboratory): "Oh, I need some H₂O. Can anyone tell me where I'll find it?"
New Student: "Just turn on the faucet and you'll find it."

Mrs. Hutson: "Why, Mr. Jones, what a big dinner you are eating for such a very little boy."
Leslie J.: "Yessum, I know I ain't very big, but I've got an awful thin shell."

Prof. Leiper: "Who was the rich man spoken of in the Bible?"
Mary Edmunds (speaking right up with her usual alacrity: "It was Lazarus."

Miss Hocker (in Physics, during a discussion of steam engines): "Prof. Craig, where do they put the conductor?"
Prof. Craig: "Why, they usually put him in the passenger coach." (Miss Hocker meant "governor" instead of conductor.)
Ten Commandments for Seniors

For fear that anyone of our number should become careless as to his duty as a Senior, it might be well to take a brief review of what is expected of us, and see whether or not our conduct measures up to the ideal. Not that it is more necessary to guard against the breaches of decorum any more than when we were younger, but that there is a code of ethics for every class of individuals, therefore there must be one for us.

First.—As it is our duty to give each new student a hearty welcome into our midst, let us greet them with a pleasant smile, especially if they are good-looking and of the opposite sex. Otherwise it isn't necessary. If hot chocolate is being served to them, be obliging and take them to it. You might get some yourself.

Second.—Within nine weeks after the opening of the term pay your laboratory fee. It develops the habit of promptness, and Mr. Byrn will not be inconvenienced by having to look you up.

Third.—When you attend a high-class musical be sure and express a very great appreciation of the program. It's a mark of culture. However, do not name any of the composers. Your hearer might find that your appreciation was better than your pronunciation.

Fourth.—If you have to take a study in which you are afraid of failing, put it off till the last and maybe you'll have to substitute Agriculture for it.

Fifth.—Let not your studies interfere with your school work.

Sixth.—During odd times write a few speeches. You may need them for extemporaneous purposes.

Seventh.—Laugh heartily at every joke told at chapel, even if it is that one about the frog in the milk can. By this you show courtesy.

Eighth.—Talk not at chapel. Write it on paper and pass it.

Ninth.—Let yourself not be guilty of failing to cheer when Prof. Strahm trills in the Normal March. By this you show loyalty.

Tenth.—When you make a half-minute speech at chapel, speak five minutes. Tell the people how long you have been here and how green you were when you came. By this they learn that you are a charter member of the institution and that you are no longer green.

Never expect others to do that which you are too lazy to do yourself.

Many men make their mark in the world; but a microscope must be used to see most of them.

If you want your advice taken, charge for it.