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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 organised 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.

Mid-Winter Term opens .................................................. January 25, 1913
Spring Term opens ......................................................... April 8, 1913
Summer School opens ...................................................... June 13, 1913

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Faculty Representative
The Editor’s Thoughts

The Summer School of the W. K. S. N. is bidding fair to be the greatest term of the year. One reason for this is, many of Kentucky's best teachers who teach eight and ten months in the year are now taking advantage of the many opportunities that are being offered during this term. No other term in the year offers so many opportunities for recreation combined with first-class instruction along the lines that will be most helpful to the men and women who are willing to make proper preparation for the positions they are expecting to fill.

There is plenty of room for the teacher who is trained for his work, but little room for the teacher who is not prepared to meet the demands of this new educational age. The trained teacher who is able to render efficient service will command a better salary in the future than he has received in the past, for the citizenship of the State is more willing to pay a good salary to the teacher who is awake to the call of childhood. But the salary is the smallest reward one receives if he loves the great work he has chosen to do. The Summer Term gives anyone who is in earnest an opportunity to get a new vision of educational subjects and the inspiration that comes from coming in touch with a wide-awake faculty.

Do you need this broader vision and inspiration? If so, enroll in our Summer School.

Generally speaking, a man's vocabulary is a fair measure of his mental scope. Thoughts naturally and irresistibly seek out word-settings. All thoughts may not receive vocal utterances, but in the process of thinking the verbal images are marshaled through consciousness.

Flippant speech and insipid looks go together. They are companionable interpretations of the inner life through sound and form. All the inflections and modulations are but specialized efforts to bring the soul into material recognition. Articulate speech is the language of the intellect. A very small word and the manner of speaking it may often be used as a key to a man's whole character. One cannot keep his language out of his life nor his life out of his language. Words are things—living things. Their influence is something that cannot die. Not only does shoddy language drag the speaker down, but there is nothing that so holds him down.

Slang is the sure sign of linguistic poverty. It may enlarge the future dictionary in the unabridged edition, but any lexicon thus built up might be all the better for liberal expurgation. If slang ever adds strength to expression, it does so at the expense of a certain elegance that always stands for more than strength. It can never hope to supply richness of thought or purity of diction.

One's language is himself in vocality, in articulate form. Speech is a divine gift. The creation of a language commensurate with the dignities of life is the work of the loftiest faculties of the soul. It ought not to be turned over to the barbarians who come to destroy. If the best writers are chary of coining a new word, surely the novice has no business in the mint. If angels dare not tread the holy ground, vandals ought to be legislated out of the field.

The average vocabulary will probably not reach a thousand words; if we need more, there are three hundred thousand from which to choose. New forms must have some excuse for existence. If the excuse be for science or art, industry or religion, the credentials are sufficient. But
where they are to serve the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind, they should not be coined.

No man's face will show great culture if his vocabulary is made up, largely, of slang. Mere words do not make culture, to be sure, but thoughts and emotions from which they spring, playing from the centers upon the exterior, have a wonderful power in drawing the features into harmony. The gossip's face, invariably empty like his head and perverse like his heart, is constantly fed by a pauper's dish of words, hashed up in the same manner, in the same spirit, on every occasion. True human speech is the bearer of many dignities. The patois of the slang-maker is linguistic treason. Looseness of speech is the natural outgrowth of looseness of character as well as of demoralized mental habits. Self-culture must have aims beyond itself. Otherwise it draws all things selfward and gives out nothing that comes. I do not apologize for making this plea against the use of slang, for we need not fear that elegance means lack of power. "The soul in its highest moods, translates itself by poising the agents of expression." Grace is not the refinement of weakness, but of iron into steel.

The editor wishes to say, by way of an apology to the author of Normallettes, that there was a mistake made in setting up the article; through a misinterpretation of one word a part of the article was left off, thus causing it to not end just as the author would have it end. The editor regrets the mistake very much.

**Concerning**

If you will let your gaze rest for a brief period upon those pages whereon are recorded the historical facts of the world, you are likely to get more or less clear-cut perspectives of some very serious-minded individuals. Observing further on the asset side of their accounts, you will quite probably find them credited with a large bunch of assorted but highly successful achievements. Let us see: there was Alexander the Serious who capered into the limelight at an early age in the act of putting the kibosh on a frivolous-minded broncho which his sire had rustled from a neighboring ranchero, Caesar the Serious who did it, or at least, a large part of it, with his little fountain pen, Napoleon the Serious who contributed to the world such a vast quantity of inspiration for tears and oratory, and our own Rockefeller the Serious who is said to have gazed long and lovingly on every individual dollar in existence. Wherefore and therefore, the serious-minded person is considerably ahead, espe-
Napier the Serious, meaning of course, T. H., was born on November 13, 1881, in Allen County, Ky., by virtue of which natal location he was pre-elected to a career. His first words were spoken at the age of one year. After having sat for several hours in deep, somber thought, he raised his head and remarked that "a squared equaled dada. This, insofar as we know, may have been algebraically incorrect, but it indicated his bent. At the age of four he smiled for the first time. This was on the occasion of a visit to his home of an agent selling The Works of Charles Darwin, with the Handy Compendium of Universal Information as a side line.

At the age of six, he entered the public school. He attended regularly and studied with avidity until he was twelve. Then a sudden failure in his father's health placed the responsibility of the farm affairs upon his shoulders. Every year he bolstered up the family treasury somewhat by cutting timber and working at saw mills in the fall. When he was nineteen he re-entered school, having John D. Spears as his teacher. It was at this period that he began the study of Ray's Third Part and kindred subjects. During the following three years he alternately attended school and farmed.

At twenty-three he skidooed over into an adjoining district and thereat instructed the youth in the rudiments of the "three R's'; his material emoluments for said instructing being $22.00 per month. For three years more, he taught and farmed and saved. Also, he grew in seriousness and understanding.

One day in January, 1906, he flagged the old stage coach, loaded on his accrued collateral of clothes and books and shifted the scene of his seriousness to the Normal School at Bowling Green.

Seriousness counts there, just as it does at every good school, and Napier made his count to the uttermost limit. Progress didn't come to him without a struggle. He toiled and wrestled for his, and as in Jacob's great wrestling match, oftimes a decision was not rendered until late in the early hours of the day after. To him, his work was everything; about it the four corners of the earth were tugged, and the planets above were its sentinels. It was a thing sacrosanct. Destruction might be visited on princes and principalships, but principalships and courses of study must be left inviolate. Napier would never have forgiven a professor for awarding him a higher grade than he thought was justly due.

In course of time, new ideas crept in. Gregariousness asserted itself, but seriousness yielded not a whit. I have seen him hitting the trail to the trysting place, with an offering of hand-plucked violets in one hand and James' Talks to Teachers in the other. Then later, sitting on the hill, flush with the glorious sunset, he would read aloud to her chapter after chapter from that valued volume.

Speaking of Normal Heights in this connection suggests the fact that some extremely individualistic wooing has been waged on that noble promontory. There was L. L. Hudson, contemporaneous with Napier, whose style was like unto this: "Baseball is some game. Joe Tinker batted 286 last season. Mathewson wears number nine shoes and a lavendar tie. I saw a game at Clinton once that was a ziparoo. With the score tied in the ninth, the manager of the home team brought in the winning run on a squeeze play. Are you in on a squeeze play?" Or, W. S. Taylor, now of the University of Wisconsin, who dole out sentiment in natural history capsules: "I saw a blue-bird to-day. It doubtless ate sixty-three cut worms for breakfast. Blue-birds lay their eggs in hollow stumps. All birds travel in pairs in the spring. I feel like a bird. What!" But Napier hewed to the straight and narrow line of Pedagogy. When he had read the allotted chapters from James, Spencer, or Bagley, he would sigh and follow up the trend of thought with such remarks as: "Pedagogy is the cream of existence, being the exemplification of the fundamental laws of Psychology, whose processes occur in the brain which is located in the
head, and two heads are better than one." Quick Curtain. Napier carried his point on June 22, 1910. Miss Mary Beeler, of Hodgenville, formally agreeing in the presence of a few select witnesses, to supply the required additional head. The fact that Miss Beeler was one of the brightest and most attractive of the Normal School's alumni presupposes that the acquisition of the second head was an entirely successful venture.

But we anticipate. Napier graduated with high honors July, 1909. Immediately thereafter he became principal of the graded school at Hardyville. He engineered affairs there with all diligence and seriousness for two years. Then the Board at Horse Cave, having a vacancy on its hands, and just naturally yearning to supply it with a serious-minded incumbent, sent a stentorian call to Napier, and he answered.

Ere the flitting of many moons, a spirit of seriousness had permeated the whole social organism of Horse Cave. The Woman's Equal Rights Club cleared the decks of its programmes of such subjects as "The Futurists and Cubists as the Protagonists of Modernism in Art" and substituted therefor "How to Make Ours the Best High School on Earth."

Presently, the increased attendance taxed the capacity of the building to such an extent as to prohibit the most efficient work. Then Napier addressed his constituents like this: "We need a new building. Please build one. Yours seriously, Napier." And the constituents answered back, "Aye, aye, sir." Next fall they will move into it."

Thus, we conclude with our original proposition. Serious-minded people are much to the good. Napier is serious-minded. Therefore Napier is covetously regarded by many School Boards.

Q. E. D.

The effortless life is the fruitless life. If you strive, success is more certain than failure. If you strive not, failure is more certain than success.
accompaniment. The orchestra was best in "Carmen March" and "Ghost Dance." Mrs. Crume and Mr. Earnest delighted the vast audience with each number they gave. Mr. Earnest responded to several encores. The programme closed with an orchestral number—a burlesque, "The Village Orchestra," by Gaunt. Synopsis: The Village Orchestra, after practicing all winter, decides to give a concert. The eventful evening arrives, every member dresses in his best clothes and feels himself an artist. Each determines to be heard in a solo. Result: A howling success. Needless to say, Prof. Strahm was the hero of the occasion, the center of attraction.

The Festival closed with a concert Friday night—a rendition of Sir Michael Costa's great Oratorio, "Eli." 'Tis useless to attempt any kind of a description of it. No words can reveal to one anything concerning it. It must be heard to be appreciated, and from the first number till the close of the forty-ninth number, the audience showed by the rapt attention given, their appreciation. A great production like this with its heavy, thundering parts and the sweet, soft, tender strains, can appeal to one's every emotion, and transport one to realms of beautiful thoughts and dreams. Each of the soloists, the chorus and orchestra seemed to feel the sublimity of the great masterpiece and put their very selves into the spirit of it. The result could be only as any result when one's life is put into the effort—a tremendous success. "The Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah," was the grand, forceful, expressive finale.

No great work in which a great number of people are engaged can be accomplished without a leader. Throughout the chorus rehearsals since October, the ability and perseverance of Prof. Strahm was seen, but it was not till the final rehearsals with the full orchestra and soloists, and at last the concerts themselves, that his greatness and wonderful ability as a musical director and leader was recognized and appreciated to the fullest. Then was realized the hard work, the nervous strain he endured; then was realized his wonderful ear training and musical conception; then we came to know the greatness of the man we have as Dean of the Department of Music in our school. To him is due the glory and honor of making Bowling Green a musical center. 

Miss Wilmer.

Throughout this year the Lyceum Course has proved a source of instruction and pleasure to the students and general public. The last two numbers were given by Miss Mildred Wilmer, a most talented and fascinating reader, who has a remarkable voice, ranging from softest tones of pathos to the strong, stentorian tones of stalwart, determined heroism.

After hearing Miss Wilmer read "The Sign of the Cross," which she gave Tuesday evening, May 20th, no one can forget the pathetic sweetness of beautiful Mercia resigned to her fate; or the heart-rending, piteous wails of little St. Fabian bravely enduring the excruciating agonies of torture rather than betray the Christians; or the bold Marcus shouting defiance to the Emperor. With such extraordinary ease did Miss Wilmer pass from one character to the other in her readings that the tense, unabated interest of the audience was felt at all times.

At chapel exercises Wednesday morning, Miss Wilmer gave a delightful program made up of several stories which she read in an intensely interesting way. The first was "The St. John's Fund," a story of pathos and pluck that brought tears to the eyes of many in the audience. Several humorous stories of children were given next. As an impersonator of children, Miss Wilmer has no superior. Her knowledge of children and genuine sympathy with them was manifest in those readings. The last number of the program was the famous arena scene from "Quo Vadis," and the audience was thrilled as she gave it with true dramatic skill and power.

Wednesday night's program was of unusual interest also, as Miss Wilmer read "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," the well-known book of our local writer, Mrs. Obenchain. Miss Wil-
mer was introduced by Mrs. Obenchain herself in a few fitly spoken words.

The theme was different from any of the preceding, yet she seemed not to have lost a whit of her former power of interpretation. The delighted listeners were carried back to the golden days of yesterday, and under the guidance of Miss Wilmer, followed Aunt Jane in her accounts of the doings of Kentucky folks—stories dear to every Kentuckian's heart.

Miss Wilmer's work is singularly free from any artificiality and affectation too common to readers. She had an irresistible message that has become a permanent contribution to the life of every individual that heard her. Certain it is that in her chosen field of work she has never been excelled here and it is hoped that she may again be obtained.

The next number of the course will be on June 6th.

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ATHLETICS

E. K. S. N. S., 4-8—W. K. S. N. S., 0-2.

For once the Athletic Editor must hang his harp of victory on the nearest willow. It is one thing to have the best ball team among the colleges and high schools of the State and it is quite another to keep that team in good trim. In
of the centerfielder and made the circuit before that functionary could return the ball. The Vandy southpaw was wild, walking eight men, but seemed to understand perfectly the science of getting out of a hole when once in. Three times the blanks were crowded with our boys, yet each time no tallies were registered. Woodrum’s arm was in better shape, though not well. At no time did the Tennesseans threaten to score, and ten of them fell ignoble victims to “Woody’s” lightning speed and accurate curves.

**Score** ........................................ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H.
Vanderbilt Reserves ........................... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0 0
Western Normal .............................. 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 *— 2 2

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**E. K. S. N. S., 5-0—W. K. S. N. S., 6-22.**

May 30 and 31 the Eastern team, flushed with victory and confident of success, crossed bats with the home team on home grounds. As theirs was the honor of being the only team that had defeated the champs, the school got interested in them and a large crowd was out to help in the task of inflicting summary vengeance upon the invaders. Lewis, the crack hurler who had twice encompassed the downfall of the dauntless champs, was at the slab. His former rival, “Woody,” again opposed him. Our boys opened up on Lewis early in the game, Jones, Allen and Watts being the chief aggressors with the big stick. Then came the deluge in the sixth. With two men out, the Eastern boys engaged in a little batting rally, and when the astonished crowd caught its breath, the score had been tied. In the seventh, they forged ahead. Then in the eighth Capt. Jones transformed a meek, subdued grandstand into a howling mob by sending his second three-bagger of the afternoon on a far-off quest in search of new pastures wherein to land. A nice single by Chandler scored the sturdy Captain, and the fun was over.

The second game was a comedy of nine acts. Greer was injured just before the beginning of the game, and the champs were left without a pitcher. When it was so an-

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the Georgetown games, Woodrum was hit on his pitching arm. His arm was still sore when the team went to try their skill with the boys of our twin sister, the Eastern. Our heroes also became perplexed by the machinations of the Eastern battery and had some difficulty in the disposition of the ball in a good safe place. Hence, our only blank of the season. The game of the seventeenth was exceedingly close, but our boys were unable to bunch hits, and defeat number two was marked against us. On the sixteenth a game was started with Greer in the box for our champs. When our boys had run the score up to 8 to 0, the elements took a hand and the game had to be called before it had progressed to the counting stage. Oh, what might have been! But our horseshoe was turned the wrong way, that’s all.

Score first game ................................. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H.
E. K. S. N. S. ................................. 1 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 *— 4 5
W. K. S. N. S. ................................. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0 2

Batteries: Lewis and Broddus; Woodrum and Isbell.

Score second game .............................. 1 2 3 4—R. H.
E. K. S. N. S. ................................. 0 0 0 0— 0 5
W. K. S. N. S. ................................. 1 7 0 0— 8 6

Batteries: Shepherd and Thomas; Greer and Cundiff.

Score third game ................................. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H.
E. K. S. N. S. ................................. 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 *— 3 3
W. K. S. N. S. ................................. 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1— 2 7

Batteries: Lewis and Broddus; Woodrum and Cundiff.

**Vanderbilt Reserves, 0—W. K. S. N. S., 2.**

Saturday, May 24, the strong team of Vanderbilt Reserves met our doughty warriors on the Normal Athletic Park. They early came under the baneful influence of the hoodoo inhabiting this spot and consequently received one of “Woody’s” lemons—a shut-out. Our first tally was made by Atherton in the second as a result of two generous misplays on the part of the Vandys. In the fourth Shorty Allen sent a screaming Texas leaguer high over the head.
nounced to the great audience, coupled with the information that Lewis would again hurl for the visitors, consternation reigned in every loyal Normalite's breast. Capt. Jimmy Jones, with his characteristic pluck, volunteered to take the mound. Then the unexpected happened. Lewis was knocked ruthlessly out of the box in the first, six tallies and no outs telling the glad story of the home boys' vengeance upon this once mighty curve wizard. Parks, the next ball deliverer, was pounded for four runs more. In the second inning it was decided that he, too, had had sufficient experience after two more runs had been made. Shepherd, pitcher number three, allowed ten more tallies to be counted in the next three innings. Number four was Thomas, who held the champs down better, although they tapped his delivery for two more in the eighth. In the meantime Jimmy Jones was hurling ball like a veteran, and hits by the rattled and chagrined Easterners were few and far between. It was indeed a fitting way to close the season by inflicting this Waterloo on our most dangerous enemies, and we wager that when our boys sat down to the banquet given that evening by the Athletic Association to the two teams, that they had much ado in concealing their gratification because of the high-handed way in which they were enabled to more than even up with the Richmond boys.

Score first game. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - R. H.
E. K. S. N. S. 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 - 5 3
W. K. S. N. S. 1 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 9 - 6 7
Batteries: Lewis and Broaddus; Woodrum and Cundiff.

Score second game. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - R. H.
E. K. S. N. S. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 - 0 3
W. K. S. N. S. 1 0 2 0 8 2 0 0 2 9 - 22 16
Batteries: Lewis, Park, Shepherd, Thomas, Broaddus; Jones and Cundiff.

Summary.
The Richmond series closed the season for the Normal School. Our team has a record probably unequaled by that of any other team in the State. Out of fifteen games played, we have won thirteen—a percentage sufficient to turn Connie Mack green with envy. Also, we have piled up 106 scores to a measly 22 for our opponents. This remarkable record has not been built up at the expense of weak, inefficient teams. The teams with which we have contended are those of the best institutions both in and out of the State—and they have won over other teams that are known to be first-class ball players. We cannot speak of each player's work individually, for lack of space; therefore, as each one has played well his part, we will not be partial. However, we must say that Prof. Leiper's practical, business-like overseeing of the team, and his wonderful enthusiasm; that the careful coaching of Mr. Rhoades; that the stellar hurling of the peerless Woodrum, and the hard, consistent work of Capt. Jimmie Jones, ably seconded by a strong, conscientious infield and outfield, have contributed their respective shares to the brilliant record of which every Normalite is so justly proud. We are glad to present the pictures of our victorious aggregation in this issue of The Elevator. Farewell, boys; we hope you may be privileged to come back and win for us next year.

Auburn High School, 13—Second Team, 19.

Capt. Victorious Strahm and his faithful bunch of mighty good fledglings entertained the Auburn boys with one of the greatest swathfests ever witnessed here. Both squadrons smote the ball savagely, but our gooselets were always on top and when the affair was over, the above formidable tabulation constituted the visible results of the afternoon's engagement. We close, hoping that the goslings will be amply rewarded for their labors with snug places on our first teams of the future.

Think something fine and uncommon, and the polish will begin to appear.

You do not inherit your character; you make it yourself.
News

Mr. C. E. Rummage, who is at present teaching in Oklahoma, writes that he intends to be in the Normal during the summer.

Miss Myrtle Duncan, Life '10, will spend the summer in Chicago.

Mr. W. H. Jones, a former student, who is now in the Law School at Lexington, paid us a visit about May 24.

Such as this is common for Normal-trained teachers: Mr. H. W. Wesley called back to Lookout Mountain School for next year with an increased salary.

Mr. B. T. Roundtree, who has been a law student in the state university for the past few months, paid the Normal a visit during the latter part of May.

What One Dollar Did at Seven Hills.

So many things needed to be done to make our school more attractive, but how to accomplish it was the question. However, where the will is sufficiently strong there is always a way. The will of one man was sufficiently strong, and he said, "I'll give a dollar to the boy who will have the best tree on these grounds by the close of school."

A day was then set aside for the planting of trees and flowers. How eagerly the children looked forward to that day. The parents were to be invited and the house and grounds must be in good condition. Exhibit work must be ready, too. One day was chosen for house-cleaning day. How those children worked! The girls brought pans, rags, buckets, soap and the various essentials for house-cleaning; the boys brought wheelbarrows, hoes, rakes, etc.

On the appointed day the parents came. They were first entertained by several selections on the graphophone (hired by the teachers for use in marching in rooms). Then after an hour or two of discussing school topics, were invited to inspect the display of school work in each room, and the work on the grounds. Many complimented the work that had been done, but prophesied it would be in vain, as the children would destroy the improvements. A parents' club was organized, a splendid collection for other improvements, was made by interested patrons, and all went home seemingly proud of Seven Hills' School.

The work accomplished was the means of more closely uniting the home and the school, thereby securing the cooperation of parents and teachers which, when backed by such a School Board as found here, always secures success.

May 16th, the last day of school, found the school in the best condition it had ever been, and many hearts were happy when the well-earned prizes were awarded.

Henderson County.

We have never before had such a widespread interest in educational affairs as there is today in Henderson County. The teachers and people at large are interested in County High Schools; and there is a movement on foot to add, to the number already established, two more. One at Niagra, the other at Hebbardsville, both to open at the beginning of the fall term. The number of High School graduates is rapidly increasing among the county teachers, while many are preparing themselves at the W. K. S. N. S., and other schools where their work is especially noted for quality. That the teachers have a deep interest and enthusiasm in their work is shown by the large number who attended the K. E. A., thus winning the $75 prize and the banner.

"The Twa Dogs"

It was the Sunday morning after the banquet given to the baseball team the night before. Mr. Byrn's dog, Sport, was
trotting along up the street and he met Barney, Victor Strahm's dog.

"Hello, Barney," said Sport.

"Hello, where you goin'?" asked Barney.

"I'm goin' up to Cabell Hall to see if I can't find a bone or two. Wasn't that the swellest banquet you ever heard of? I heard Mr. Byrn tell Mrs. Byrn all about it," said Sport.

"You did," said Barney; "I didn't get to hear all Vic said about it. Tell me what Mr. Byrn said."

"Well, you know," began Sport, "Miss Payne's domestic science class managed everything, did the cooking and all."

"Yes, Vic said things sure tasted fine," interrupted Barney.

"There were six courses," Sport went on, ignoring the interruption. The first course consisted of strawberries; the—"

"Bah, who cares for strawberries," said Barner.

"The second was wafers and tomato bouillon," continued Sport.

"You didn't pronounce that word right, Sport," said Barney. "It is—" But here a fly came so tantalizingly near his nose that he stopped to snap at it. He missed it, and let out a German cuss word. Not being a German himself, it is the most perplexing mystery where Barney learned that word. It certainly bore the trademark, "Made in Germany." Sport didn't understand German, though, so he went serenely on.

"The third course was broiled chicken on toast, baked stuffed potatoes, creamed cauliflower, radishes,—what on earth, Barney, can people see about those things to like?"

"Search me," answered Barney. "I'd rather have a piece of meat."

"Radishes, biscuits—"

"Wish I had one, now," Barney broke in again. "Vic gave me seven this morning, but I'm hungry already."

"I'm not going to tell you another thing they had to eat," said Sport. "You interrupt me every minute. You don't know what you have missed. There were three more courses, and they got better all the time."

"Aw, I'm tired of that, anyway. They are all dishes with names that domestic science class stuck on to them, and I don't know what they are, and I'll bet my big soup bone I have buried down in the garden that you don't, either. Vic said they had three of the cutest little waitresses. The boys all made eyes at 'em, especially Jimmie Jones." Here Barney gave another snap at that fly and got him. He wasn't afraid of typhoid germs.

"Professor Leiper was toastmaster."

"Yep, Vic said that, and he said President Cherry, Professor Craig, Muchliter and Clagett all had excellent toasts."

"Wish I could have heard Jimmie on, 'The Girl in the Grandstand,' and Allison on, 'Matrimony and Baseball,'" sighed Sport. "Just imagine, the table and the room all decorated with crimson ramblers, seventeen handsome men seated around the table, three pretty girls tripping—"

"Believe me, Sport, I'd give my last bone to have seen it. Ah, it's awful to be a dawg." And two tears rolled down Barney's cheeks.

"It could be worse, Barney," said Sport, sympathetically. "You could have been a cat."

At that very moment Barney looked across the street and saw a lean, lank gray cat. "Hi, there, you old germ carrier; you'd better get out of Dr. Muchliter's yard!" The cat only arched her back and waved a bushy tail in defiance. That was too much. Barney started off lickety-split to chase her up a tree.

"Say," called Sport, "did you know they elected Jim Captain for 1914?"

"Yep," said Barney, between yelps. "That banquet was a howling success. Hope you find some bones."

Sport jogged on. At the steps of Cabell Hall he met a yellow and golden rooster.

"Good morning," said Sport. No reply. "Oh, you old yaller thing," he called, "mighty stuck up since you played the
golden goose in that German play, ain't you? I'd hate to be a goose. Goosie, goosie, goosie."

---oOo---

The Boat Excursion

The morning of May the nineteenth was bright and clear. Very early, men and women bearing buckets, baskets, and boxes began to appear in the Public Square. They continued to come, singly and in groups, until at length the side of the Square nearest the car-line was crowded with a joyful, laughing throng of people evidently out for a holiday.

A puzzled by-stander asked:

"What are you Normal students up to, now? This is Monday."

"Oh, we know it!" answered a happy lad. "We are going down Barren River to Sallie's Rock." And, with a yell, he threw his hat high in the air."

"Oh, George, do be careful," pleaded a feminine voice at his elbow. "Look, you have dropped the lunch!"

Just then a car appeared and the whole crowd rushed at it, waylaid it, and took possession of it,—that is, as many took possession as could find standing room, or a place from which to hang.

The others moved back to wait, and the car bumped on, to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home" and other patriotic hymns and, in due time, after the usual number of stops for which there seemed no reason, arrived at the boat-landing.

Other cars came, each loaded to its fullest capacity, and at last the two steamers, the Evansville and the Chaperon, were crowded from pilot-house to engine-room. About nine o'clock they started down the river, the Evansville a little in advance.

Never was the water so green, nor the sky so blue, nor the scenery along the banks so beautiful. Everything was perfect. The "peanuts and popcorn" boy was there; the girl with the chewing gum was much in evidence; and the Domestic Science girls in their white aprons were ready and willing at all times to serve anything from ham sandwiches to ice-cream cones.

Just at lunch time, the gang-planks were thrown out at Sallie's Rock. Buckets and baskets and boxes were gathered up and the hill was soon covered with groups of happy people.

As soon as hunger was satisfied, and a drink secured from the spring, everyone went to stand upon Sallie's Rock and have his or her picture made.

A little time to wander in the woods, a little time to gather flowers, a little time to sit and talk, then the whistle blew long and loud, and once more the merry crowd gathered upon the decks, and the steamers turned homeward.

At Greencastle, they stopped again for two delightful hours. Here President Cherry went in swimming; from a pawpaw bush, Prof. Green made a long whip which he flourished in a most skillful manner; and the Dean, to the great amusement of all, discovered "firearms" in the possession of one of the students. Shriek whistles made from the pawpaw bush could soon be heard from every part of the hill, disclosing the presence of some country-bred boy or girl.

Once more the boats' warning whistle called the wanderers back, and once more they started homeward, this time to stop no more until the arrival at the boat-landing in Bowling Green.

The sinking sun lent for a moment an added splendor to the gleaming waves,—twen twilight came, bringing with it quiet, even on the boat.

Fireflies flitted about, frogs croaked from their safe retreats, the waves broke gently against the banks of the river, the moon arose, and the trees cast their dark shadows into the water. From within the cabin, came the strains of soft and gentle music.

Suddenly the whistle blew: the bustle prior to landing was heard; the gang-plank was thrown out; and—the boat excursion was over.
The period of waiting for cars, the stampede for seats, the short ride, the little walk from the car-line, the good-nights—and the happiest day of the year was a thing of the past.

The surest triumphs come not so much of fighting evil as of wooing and winning the good.

The grandest living is not of battle, but of peace.

---OoO---

The Hall of Fame

"Tread softly," said the Normal student, as the visitor entered a large, sunny room, "for we are now entering the W. K. S. N. Hall of Fame. On this side are the statues that have been added in 1913. Wouldn't you like to see them?"

"Yes," said the visitor, and to that side they went.

The brow of the first statue showed evidence of toil and struggle. Time had left great furrows. This was the face of a fighter. Why was he first? Because of loyalty. He will cleave unto us. Yea, even to the end of the world. His coat of arms was on the shield carved just below the statue. His motto was the same as that of the famous French minister, Mazarin.

"Many waters cannot quench loyalty, neither can the flood drown it," said the visitor, and she wiped away a tear as she read the name written in letters of fire. It was,

DE WITT MARTIN.

As they stopped to study the next statue a gleam seemed to come from its eye. This statue represented the Lord Chesterfield of the Normal School—our own Beau Brummel. The visitor noticed a look of pride on the student's face, and asked her of what she was thinking. The girl exclaimed: "Oh, what a record! Never did he wear the wrong tie or have his slipper-strings in a hard knot."

The visitor smiled as she looked at the shield and read in passing,

Harvey Patterson Roberts.

"Oh, this is a lady," said the visitor. "Yes," said the girl, as in her mind's eye appeared the image of a girl with hair of burnished gold, eyes sad and speech low and sweet.

"Yes, that's the able representative of Woman's Rights." She then pointed to the motto, which was "Semper Fidelis." The ribbon of orange fluttered gracefully across the front of the shield and reflected golden light on the name beneath,

Lottie Lee McClure.
As they passed to the next statue, the girl’s appearance changed perceptibly. Her bearing indicated awe, and no wonder. This was the Dreamer of Dreams. How many times had he dipped his pen in morning dew! How many times had he painted glowingly the purple twilight! He had “caught the gleam.”

“Let us pay tribute,” said the visitor as she placed a flower before the shrine. “The pen is mightier than the sword,” said the girl, as she looked at the shield and read the name, W I L L I A M L E W I S M AT T H E W S.

Oh, who is this, with hair thrown back, eyes ablaze and arm outstretched wherein reposes a miniature globe?

We feel the image of the personality that has swept waves of enthusiasm over a crowded grandstand and know we are standing in the presence of a hero. Hail, all hail! It takes no lively imagination to hear the shouts of hundreds. A group of men standing near reverently removed their hats as the girl read slowly in leaving,

S I R D A V I D L E S L I E W O O D R U M.

Annual Inter-Society Oratorical Contest

The various societies are bestirring themselves, preparatory to capture the coveted gold medal on Saturday night, June 7. In each society, all young men displaying any symptoms of oratorical power, have been carefully tested for many weeks by critical eyes, and the man displaying the greatest number of winning points has been chosen. Exactly four societies are in the contest, and exactly four expect to win. Nay, any member of any one of them can at a moment’s notice, produce overwhelming and conclusive argument showing that his representative cannot help but win.

To the disinterested observer, it looks as though a battle of giants is approaching, and one thing is certain: The best display of oratory yet witnessed by the Normalites will be that on Monday night, June 9th, and that is saying much, for hitherto, great orators have sprung into the limelight by the dozens and scores and have eclipsed all the luminous bodies within the forensic firmament by the magnitude of their new-found gifts.

The Seniors are pinning their faith to the smooth-flowing English and careful, well-modulated delivery of Mr. J. D. Farris. Jake is one of the editors of The Elevator, which is one point to his advantage at least, and it may be that the Seniors possess the horseshoe, after all, as they claim.

Mr. J. W. Vance is the Juniors’ hope. Vance seems to possess points similar to the best of those attributed to such men as Webster, Burke, Clay and Douglas. It has been observed that when the name Vance is mentioned that the members of the other societies, whilst loudly scoffing, always grow a little pale behind their ears. It is safe to say that the Juniors will have to be reckoned upon in the contest.

The Kit-Kats, with their usual enthusiasm, are predicting victory for Mr. Carlisle Morse, their representative. Morse is a new entry into the privileged circle of spellbinders. He has shown astonishing ability within the past few
weeks, and the other societies are guessing as to the amount of his prowess yet to be revealed.

The Loyal member has not yet been definitely selected, but will come from a group of youngsters who have already made for themselves lasting reputations as speakers. Their representative is not to be lightly considered, and stranger things have happened around the Normal than would be the winning of the medal by one of these enthusiastic followers of that progressive leader of men—Prof. Craig.

Meanwhile the aspirants are daily drinking of the richness and power of Cicero and Demosthenes and their many illustrious disciples. The Elevator is for each and all of them, and it believes that they will make the decision a knotty problem for the judges, anyway.

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LITERARY

Looking After the Chap.

(If anything smacking of Bret Harte appears below, do not become worried, gentle reader. The author is indebted to Bret Harte for suggestions of plot and style, and wishes to acknowledge the same.)

Snaky Jim was no more. Busy in sustaining his reputation as the best gambler of the Cross Roads, he had injected an extra ace or two into the game. Grumbling Moses, a gloomy-browed functionary of like importance from Wolfe's Run, had objected rather strenuously to this innovation. A little dispute ensued, followed by the usual gun play, and four strong, husky miners bore Jim upon their sturdy shoulders to the miserable little shanty perched on the hillside above the tiny village of shanties.

More excitement than usual was aroused by the killing—owing to the importance of the deceased. That he was a noted personage, there could certainly be no doubt, for well-established rumors had followed hard upon the heels of Jim's migration to the Cross Roads. These were to the effect that Snaky was the original of certain photographs held by every detective agency from St. Louis to San Francisco.

Be that as it may, little Henry, as he sat tremblingly on the extreme edge of a much-used and abused cracker box, and looked across the squalid, wretched room at the still form on the rude bed opposite, felt a distinct loss, and the sorrow was as real as if Snaky had been the best of men. Occasionally the lad's gaze shifted from the sheeted form to the white face of his mother, the only other occupant of the room. Jane, as she was called by the villagers, had experienced such occasions before. She had maintained this same calm, stoical attitude when Big Lige, her brother, had tragically met his fate in the futile endeavor to decline a pressing invitation of a town marshal to spend the night at the local lock-up. "She's a chip off the old block, and grittier than any of them," said Stokes to the crowd assembled just outside of the hut. The motley little assemblage were discussing with their usual fervency, the future of Jim's household.

Trusty George considered himself the logical person to open the debate. This was, perhaps, because he had developed the initiative to an alarming extent as the chief actor in several little dramas in which the audience composed of one had been quietly relieved of his valuables. It was quite the natural thing he should, as one deeply versed in financial problems, suggest a public subscription for the "widder and the chap."

The proposition was received with cool scorn by Colts, an individual whose history previous to his coming to the valley was so well hidden that even no one could formulate a good conjecture as to what reason they were indebted for his company. His suggestive cognomen originated from the two rather remarkable weapons that he always wore. "It won't do, Trusty," he said. "Jane's too independent to think
on it. Give the lad a job at the mines, and we can see after
them in a sensible and businesslike way.” A strong, well-
defined undertone of assent ran through the crowd, and even
Trusty George knew it was time to remain silent.

The next day, the remains of Snaky Jim were interred
after the usual rude, unceremonial custom. Then the crowd
dispersed to take up the daily tasks, and the drinking and
carousing at Muggsy’s grocery went smoothly ahead.

Colts was not there. Instead of accompanying the mot­
ley horde of miners, cowboys and herdsmen to the aforesaid
grogshop, he turned aside to the wandering sheep trail lead­
ing over the mountains. At a terrific pace he scaled mini­
ture cliffs and clambered over huge boulders. Unconscio­
usly, he fingered his trusty revolvers occasionally. Two or
three times the lone shanty came into view. The stocky,motionless figure of Henry occupied each time a pro­min­ent
posture on an overhanging ledge. “Just like his daddy,”
muttered Colts, and passed on.

After an interminable day, Jane had turned to go into the
shanty. A step was heard in the bushes nearby, and a mo­men­t later the big figure of Colts emerged. Snaky Jim nor
Big Lige in their palmiest days could have looked more hos­
tile than did Jane at that moment. No wonder that even
Stokes, the gamest man from the Headwaters to the Junction,
had lifted up his voice in bestowing praise upon her
pluck. Evidently anyone was in imminent peril of a sudden
and unlooked for passage from this vale of tears to the re­

gion of the stars as a penalty for an unwarranted intrusion.
This was what Colts thought, anyway, so he came to a sud­
den halt.

“Thought I would drop by as I was going home, it not
being out of the way,” he said haltingly, “and see if you
could spare the little fellow somewhat. I need him about
the work a little. Don’t guess he will amount to much, but
he is Jim’s boy. Guess I must go.” And he was gone.

So Henry went to the lonely hut of the miner next morn­
ing and commenced unconsciously his great work. He was
a thoughtful, meditative boy. Absolutely fearless, he walked

heldly among men whose very names brought terror to the
hearts of many. He even played with them, annoying them
by slipping their weapons from the grim holsters and hid­

ing them. If a big, brutal mountaineer showered horrible
oaths and imprecations upon his unoffending little head, his
dark brown eyes never quivered for an instant. “Dead
game,” muttered the chuckling Colts, after witnessing one
such scene.

As the days went by, the lad grew higher and higher in
the esteem of the rude men. A rule was enthusiastically
promulgated that anyone abusing the younger either by
word or act, should decorate the nearest pine. Rough, sim­
ple dainties were slyly abstracted by the workmen from
their baskets and given to him. “A little knack for the
chap,” they would say.

The days of golden autumn passed swiftly. The lad
stayed with the silent Colts most of the time, now. It was
plain that the grim miner was wrapped up in the boy, but
the luckless one who suggested such a thing was more than
likely to precipitate a lively and a rather hazardous argu­
ment for his pains. For it must be borne in mind that im­

munity to such feminine weaknesses is the proud boast of
the lord of creation.

Still the denizens of the Cross Roads were unprepared for
the scene at Muggsy’s. One afternoon, Colts and Henry
sauntered into the crowded little bar-room. Soon Colts was
engaged in the delightful task of clinching some momentous
argument to his own satisfaction. A dapper, weazened lit­
tle man with snake-like roving eyes entered. No sooner had
his glance rested on the unsuspecting Colts than a malevo­

te expression settled over his face. Evidently they had
met before and the acquaintance had not been any too cor­
dial. At any rate, from the quick, determined way the
stranger’s white soft hand made the usual regulation evolu­
tion to his hip pocket, it was easy to be seen that he wished
to close the incident without Colt’s consent. Seeing the
move, Henry was upon him quick as a flash. Immediately
he felt a strong grip enclose his small neck, and the rows
of bottles on the shelves became strangely confused with the angry countenance of the would-be murderer, who was swearing fearfully and vowing in a resolute voice to "kill the little pup." Then the clutch relaxed, the bottles assumed their wonted places and proportions. A stinging blow from Colts had sent the assailant sprawling to the floor. Henry was proclaimed a hero and his health drunk until the whole crowd became maudlin. Strong men swore and cried in the same breath. The dapper little fellow was unceremoniously hustled from the room by a contingent headed by Trusty George. Within three minutes by Muggsy's "Old Reliable" bull's-eye watch, he was dangling in the air. It was a remarkable record that has never been broken in the valley, and to-day remains as one of the Cross Roads' chief glories.

The affair at Muggsy's produced a wonderful change over the lad. Never again would he enter the grogery, not even for Colts. When that worthy would come home intoxicated as the result of tarrying too long over his cups, the fearless brown eyes of the lad would pierce his very soul. So, more and more he returned directly to the little cabin. "Getting too old for such things," he would say, when some of his jovial companions would twit him about his remissness at Muggsy's. Some wag even suggested that he be put on a circuit embracing the Cross Roads and adjacent settlements, in none of which, it is safe to say, the gospel was ever preached.

But Colts was happy. It was no uncommon sight to see, in the gathering twilight, the strong man sitting in the doorway and watching Henry dig relentlessly away in the little stony garden. Then the miner one day bought a herd of sheep. These were sold at an improvised auction sale at the next village. The auctioneer had won them, owing to the fact that he had an unlimited supply of aces and kings up his sleeve. Henry was placed in charge of the flock, and he delighted in roaming through the dense forests, listening to the trills of the birds or stopping a moment to scare the little fish playing in the gurgling spring branch, trickling down the mountainside.

Christmas Day will long be remembered in the valley of the Humboldt. The day before, the sky was clear, the air soft and balmy. Stokes shook his head gloomingly at the gambling table at Muggsy's. "Something very unusual's going to happen to-morrow," he said. "This sort of weather was never seen at the Crossings during Christmas." Besides, Stokes was slightly superstitious. All day he had lost consistently at the card table—a new experience for him.

Henry was in charge of the flock, which was grazing in the bottoms about eight miles below. With the approach of the night came an overcast sky and a brisk, cold wind from the north. Colts was seen to emerge from the cabin, and following the trail across the hills, to plunge resolutely into the forest. His dark figure standing out ominously against a sky fiery red and menacing. Colder and colder grew the icy breath of the wind, and by midnight the valley was in the throes of the wildest blizzard ever experienced there.

Christmas Day dawned, cold and clear. Had a passing traveler chanced by he would, perhaps, have been astonished at the quietude of the place. Their little shepherd was lost, and every available man was busily making his way through the snow drifts in search. On a southern hillside, where the wind in its fury had blown the snow to the valley below, the searchers saw the bodies of the sheep scattered here and there over the bleak plain. Kneeling close against an overhanging ledge, with his face turned skyward, they found the rigid body of Colts. Clasped in his arms was Henry. Their spirits had fled to join the shepherds of old in the great meadows of the unknown, there to sit at the feet of the Great Shepherd of men, forever. A little piece of paper fluttered from the hand of the dead man. One of the weeping men picked it up. On it was scrawled in an almost unintelligible hand: "Tell Jane I will look after the chap."

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A man speaking of a relative who was hanged, said he died during a tight rope performance.
O Lord, I pray to be a man,  
Endowed with manly grace;  
A soul that fears no power save Thine;  
A true and honest face.

Though I may not attain the strength  
That other men possess,  
give me such will and judgment that  
My work may be no less.

Not handsome features, Lord, I crave,  
That from my every friend  
I may receive such just applause  
As all are glad to lend;

But such a face that aching hearts  
May bless its light divine,  
When sorrow smites my fellowmen;—  
May such a face be mine!

I pray not, Lord, for greater wealth  
Than wisdom well may use;  
Nor for such gifts of homes and friends  
That would my life abuse;

An humble cot, or mansion great,  
I would not ask of Thee;  
Give me the strength that I may make  
The fate that's best for me.

And may I ever keep in mind  
The beauty Thou hast given  
To cloud, and tree, and singing bird  
That makes this earth a heaven.

If in my heart's most sacred place  
Some selfishness reside,  
Grant me the grace to conquer it,  
And all its hosts of pride.

And if, in ever-changing years,  
I shall attain my goal,  
I'll give Thee praise, for 'tis Thine own.  
For my true, manly soul.
a new edition of Black's Public School Method, in four volumes; Reed's Modern Eloquence, in fifteen volumes; The Americans in Panama, by William R. Scott, formerly of Bowling Green; six volumes of American Statesmen and Orators; In the Days of Chaucer, by Tudor Jenks; Chaucer and His England, by G. G. Coulton; England in the Age of Wycliffe, by Trevelyan; The French People, by Hallæll; and English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages, by Juss绰

Sixty-five volumes of magazines and eleven volumes of the Filson Club publications have been bound; the latter were presented to the library by Dr. John E. Younglove, who has often shown in a substantial way his interest in the Normal School.

The circulation for the month of April was the largest yet recorded, being 8,575, divided by classes as follows: General works, 504; philosophy, 48; religion, 76; sociology, 721; education, 508; philology, 354; natural science, 1,959; useful arts, 292; fine arts, 17; literature, 1,148; geography, 557; biography, 47; history, 2,033; fiction, 311. These figures do not include many books used in the library for which no record is kept.

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**BOOK REVIEW.**


The great bugbear of the Caesar or Cicero student is the subordinate clause. The standard Latin Grammars are a little too complex for the beginner, and realizing the need of the High School Latin student, the author has prepared this little book, leaving out all non-essentials. The first chapter is devoted to Noun Clauses, and a thorough classification is made of all the substantive clauses of Caesar and Cicero, the first instance of each type of clause being given in full, with reference to book and chapter. Chapters II and III deal similarly with Adverbal and Adjective Clauses. Chapter IV treats of the difficult subject of Conditional Sentences, giving tables to show the verb forms in both direct and indirect discourse; Chapter V makes plain the subject of Sequence of Tenses, important tables being given on page 41 and also on page 46. Chapter VI is of especial value to teachers, having on page 48 an outline of the clauses by years. The book closes with a practical system of clause analysis that solves the riddle of the complex sentence. The whole book is built on the plan that a few ideas are essential and very essential, and that the High School student must have at his disposal a definite reference book that will aid him in securing the correct English translation of the classics. The number of High Schools that have already adopted this little book is evidence enough of its real merit.

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**Domestic Science and Arts**

Domestic Science and Arts under the direction of Miss Iva Scott was first introduced into the W. K. S. N. S. at the beginning of the Spring term of 1911. The class consisted of young ladies from the Normal department and girls from the Training School. The average attendance for that year was thirty-five. The average is eighty-one for 1913.

When this work was first introduced, the course of study consisted of three terms:

First term consisted of model sewing, which included all the elementary principles of sewing.

The second term consisted of plain sewing—the making of tailored skirt and waist.

The third term consisted of:

(a) Elementary principles of cooking.
(b) Application of cooking principles to common foods.
(c) Pastries, salads, deserts, and some invalid cooking.

The course now has six terms’ work:
First term: (a) Domestic Arts, model sewing; (b) Domestic Science—elementary principles of cooking.

Second term: (a) Domestic Arts—plain sewing. In this term's work underwear is made. (b) Domestic Science—application of cooking principles to common foods.

Third term: (a) Domestic Arts, plain sewing. The work on underwear is continued in this term. (b) Domestic Science—fancy cooking.

Fourth term: Domestic Arts—a tailored waist and skirt are made.

Fifth term: Domestic Arts—art needlework in crochet, embroidery, and drafting of patterns.

Sixth term: Dietetics—the branch of hygiene and medicines that treats of diets or dieting.

Boys' Supervision was first introduced in the spring of 1911 with eight boys in the class. This course consists of two terms' work:

First term: Elementary principles of cooking are taught.

The boys handle the supplies splendidly and are very much interested in their work.

The second term consists of model sewing.

There are only two boys in this class at present, but by their splendid work they are showing what may be done in this department.

The Department of Domestic Science and Arts has an enrollment of fifty-five from the Training School.

At present the fifth and seventh grades sew. They made the costumes for the May Festival. The six grade cooks.

When the eighth grade is started at the beginning of next year, the seventh and eighth grades will cook and the fifth and sixth grades sew.

The students of this department had charge of the lunch for the boat trip this spring. Mrs. Curd was in charge of one boat and Miss Venable of the other. They cleared $77.30.

Thus you will see that this department under the efficient instructions of Miss Scott, is no longer a theory, but a department of which the school is proud.

EXCHANGES.

Dear Exchange Editors: The exchange editor of THE ELEVATOR seats himself and with pleasure takes pen in hand this beautiful afternoon in June, 1913, to inform you that there is a good deal of exchangeism in his system, and if time would permit, he would give all of you a write-up, but if you do not appear in this issue, do not think for a moment you were not appreciated, for every day of THE ELEVATOR's life is made greater by the arrival of an up-to-date exchange.

The Toltec: We like the Toltec because it stands for originality.

The Herald: We must acknowledge the fact that you have a newsy paper.
Have you heard that there is a paper published by the students of the State Teachers' College of Colorado? Well, there is such a paper, called The Crucible, and it is a dandy.

Kumtux: We would like your cover better if it were on with the right side up. The editor was forced to stand on his head to know which exchange it was.

The Record: Your paper is interesting and shows a good school spirit.

The Bowen Blade: "The Pursuit of a Hand" is indeed good.

The Tattler: By this name, we would judge The Tattler to be non-logical in its talk, but not so. It is O. K.

The Quill: A few cuts would make your paper more attractive.

Clarion: A neat little paper.

Kuay: Who reads the Kuay? Well, every editor who wants to run a high-tone paper and don't know how should read the Kuay. We like every part of it.

Otaknam: The April issue is the climax, and the others were not bad.

Yes, the May issue of The Palmetto and the Pine is here, and we are wonderfully well pleased with it, especially the "Class of 1913." This is a winning feature in your paper.

The Leavitt Angelus: An interesting paper.

Olympian: We have learned to admire you.

Wheat: Well, if our judgment is worth anything, the Wheat is far from being all chaff.

Bugle: The Bugle has not yet called retreat, for she sounds a lofty tone.

The Quill: The literary department is what we like.

Let the exchange editor say in conclusion that no one knows the pleasure that comes to an exchange editor except his fellow-workers. Some people have an idea that the business of an exchange editor is to take the periodicals, place them under his critical microscope for analysis and then advise the editors of same as to the sort of germs that seem to afflict the brains of the several writers. But to us exchange work is a delight. Send us your paper at the earliest possible date and let us have that pleasure that your paper alone can give.

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Passing the Cayenne

"But my dear madam, there's no use consulting me about your husband. I'm a horse doctor."

Mrs. Stickles: "That's why I came to you. He's a chronic kicker."

Gordon Wilson: "If I had the money I'd be crazy to buy an automobile."

Pres. Cherry: "Yes, you would be crazy to buy one."

Little Boy: "Who give yer yer black eye, Page?"

Page: "Nobody; I was looking through a knot hole in the fence at the ball game and got it sunburnt."

Odd—

That we should speak of wading through a dry book. That a fellow can be in a girl's presence and yet be "gone." That the more we think of some people the less we think of them. That the more people we get to help keep a secret the quicker it gets away from us.

Mrs. Green: "There were two apples in the buffet, Russell, and now there is only one. How's that?"
Russell (who has no chance of escape): "Well, mother, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one."

Miss Braun (in the Training School): "Now, children, if everybody will be silent we shall be better able to discover who makes the disturbance."

He (nervously): "Margaret, there's something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She: "Why don't you have a look, then?"

At the K. E. A.

Dr. Kinnaman (to a Normal student—apparently—of years ago): "Why, Sanders, how are you? I haven't seen you since you used to sit in the second row in Pedagogy one. You are certainly changed. I should hardly know you again."

Stranger: "Excuse me, sir. My name is not Sanders."

"Great Jupiter! your name changed, too? That's doubly odd."

Stranger (at the table): "Yes, sir, I make all of my money by the sweating system—by making the other fellows do the sweating while I rake in the coin."

Prof. Green: "I should be ashamed to acknowledge it, if I were you."

Stranger: "Oh! I guess there's no harm in being proprietor of a Turkish bath, is there?"

Waiter: "Isn't your egg cooked long enough, sir?"

Prof. Craig: "Yeth; the trouble is it wasn't cooked soon enough."

Louisville Friend, to Mr. Burton: "You have no idea what a stunning new car I have, Burton. Why! it runs so smoothly you can't feel it at all. Not a bit of noise. No chugging—you can't hear a sound. And it's positively odorless—can't smell a thing! And as for speed—it fairly whizzes! You simply can't see it go by."

Mr. Burton: "'H'm! Must be a fine car. Can't feel it, can't hear it, can't smell it, can't see it. Must have to taste it."

Dr. Mutchler (on his way to the farm in search of Mr. Ford): "Did you see a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago?"

Old Negro in Jonesville: "No, sah, boss. I've been a wo'kin' in this tater patch more'n a nower, and notter a thing has passed 'cept a solitary, lone man, and he was a walkin'."

Mr. Byrn: "Everybody should lay up something for a rainy day."

Mr. Clagett: "True! But too many wait till it begins to sprinkle before they start to do so."

"Pa, what is meant by idle curiosity?"

"A very good example of idle curiosity, my son, is a twelve-dollar-a-week shoe clerk asking the price of automobile tires."

A man of an inventive turn called on a capitalist who was always on the lookout for new schemes that were likely to prove money-makers. "I have here," said the would-be inventor, producing his model, "an improved alarm clock that will make you jump, no matter how sound asleep you may be."

"What is the improvement about it?"

"You will observe that I have, in the place of the usual gong, inserted an auto horn."

"I met my fiancee in a department store."

"That's where Adam and Eve first met."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Not at all. Isn't it true that Adam met Eve at the rib encounter?"

Little Ruth was the youngest daughter in a very strict
Presbyterian family that especially abhorred profanity. One day little Ruth became exceedingly exasperated with one of her dollyies. In her baby vocabulary she could find no words to express adequately her disapproval of dolly's conduct.

Finally, throwing the offending dolly across the room, she cried feelingly: “My gracious! I wish I belonged to a family that swore!”

“What you want to do is to have that mud hole in the road fixed,” said the visitor.

“That goes to show how little you reformers understand local conditions,” replied Farmer Cornassel. “I’ve purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I’ve made hauling automobiles out of that mud hole.”

Aunt Eliza came up the walk and said to her small nephew: “Good morning, Willie, is your mother in?”

“Sure, she’s in. Do you suppose I’d be workin’ the garden on Saturday morning if she wasn’t?”

“Pop,” said the curious little boy, “why do words have roots?”

“I suppose, my son, so the language could grow.”

Our big Ollie, from Cirttenden County, is bald, you know. “Does being bald bother you much?” a candid friend asked him once.

“Yes, a little,” answered the truthful Ollie M.

“I suppose you feel the cold severely in winter,” went on the friend.

“No, it’s not that, so much,” said the Senator. “The main bother is when I am washing myself; unless I keep my hat on I don’t know where my face stops.”

Roberts: “Don’t you think a talkative woman is more popular with the men than any other kind?”

Matthews, R. H.: “What other kind is there?”
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The Editor's Thoughts

According to substantial report, this issue of THE ELEVATOR marks the end of another year's success in the life of one of the greatest Normal Schools in our land. In this issue are to be found a few of the many great things that happened during commencement week.

The editor wishes to say the ten months spent at the desk, trying to solve the problems that confront an editor, has been the shortest and happiest ten months of his life. Not because of his own success, but because of that richness of experience that comes from being intimately associated with the many able supporters of THE ELEVATOR. And if the paper has to a limited degree measured up to the standard set for it by previous years, allow us to say the credit belongs to the associates and contributors and not to the editor. We do not hesitate to say a more loyal and able body of people have never been connected with THE ELEVATOR than the associates of this year. The editor wishes to thank each and all for their untiring efforts to make the paper ring with that spirit of life, loyalty and originality that we have so much desired. Possibly no one person has done more for the paper this year than Prof. Alfred Crabb, of Paducah, the first editor of the paper, who has contributed all of the articles known as "Concerning" and Normalettes. THE ELEVATOR is still proud of its first editor. We also feel that Mr. Anderson, our cartoonist, and others who have contributed along this particular line, have played no small part in the life of THE ELEVATOR for the past year. In short, the editor is not unmindful of the loyalty of the student-body, faculty, and all who have helped THE ELEVATOR in any way and wishes to publicly recognize the same.

Be Hopeful.

It seems to me that one of the best mottoes a person can have is "Hope." By it you show yourself on the sunny side of life; that you still believe this is God's country, and that we are under His protecting care.

The sunshine will melt the glacier. It cannot do so within a moment; but the work will begin as soon as the rays fall upon the ice; and it will continue so long as the warmth rests upon the frozen river. Nothing will not and cannot be revolutionized instantly, but the thawing-out process must be gradual. Be frank with yourself and you will be hopeful.

Take a few precious moments off for self-examination. Do not mourn because some one is ahead of you. Think of those you have left behind in the race of life. Yours is not a hopeless case unless you are the last in the line. No greater happiness can be found than that which comes from the sweet content of right thinking, right living, and good conscience. Try it. What the world needs is courage, enthusiasm, inspiration, and determination; and these things you cannot have unless you are hopeful.

The Booster; The Knocker.

When Ignomar, the barbarian, entered his tent and found Parthenia, the captive Greek maiden, arranging flowers into wreaths, he was displeased, and said:

"What are you doing?"

"Weaving garlands," she replied.

"But what is their use?" he asked gruffly.

"They are beautiful, and that is their use," she responded.

In these simple questions and answers may be seen the
character of the Greek and the barbarian of every age, though they may have other names.

The boosters in every age have been its most beautiful and cultured types. The knockers in every age have been its ugliest and hardest-featured specimens. The Greeks, with their beautiful ideas of order and harmony, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with stability to endure and grace to adorn. The barbarians, with their boorish conceptions of symmetry and relation, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with neither strength for utility nor elegance to charm.

Are you a booster or a knocker?

Now the editor turns from the editorial desk with the satisfaction that if he never feels the thrill of victories, the pride of honors, he has, at least, been associated with those who knew only the inspiration of a high purpose and who heard only the call to greatness. And in after years when he turns to go back for a little while into his yesterdays, his memory will linger long on this period of his life.

We are hoping to be able to do more in our work as editor next year than we have done this; and we earnestly solicit the co-operation and support of all who are anxious to see THE ELEVATOR succeed.

FROM THE GRADUATE'S VIEWPOINT.

How dear to our hearts is the Bowling Green Normal, when fond recollections presents it to view. Ambition encouraging and knowledge disclosing. Our efforts rewarded, which efforts were true. Our duties at times we think are not pleasant. We think that our labors grow harder each year; but the harder we work, the more power it gives us, and thus difficulties will soon disappear.

"That which is going to do the most good for us is the invisible."
THE ELEVATOR.


**The Juniors' Closing Exercises.**

Saturday night, June 7, the sway of the green and white had given place to the black and gold of the Juniors. The black-eyed Susan, their class flower, was in evidence everywhere—upon every hand. These indomitable folks had chosen three of their number to speak upon this occasion. Remarkable addresses these were, of unusual power—a credit to the society and much honor to the speakers themselves.

Miss Annie Robertson spoke on "The Secret of Achievement," a beautiful speech full of thought and strength; Miss Lucille Goodwin, in her own inimitable way, upon "The Call of the Carpenter," a brilliant address that was laden with the atmosphere and sentiment of the Judean hills of the olden days; Mr. W. L. Matthews, upon "Winning the Best." The two special and honored visitors of the evening, President Cherry and Dr. Kinnaman, each responded to calls for an address. Loud and long was the applause when our worthy Dean announced that next year Prof. Green would direct the activities of the Class of '14—already becoming famous—in the role of "Premier," while he himself, retiring from active leadership because of his onerous duties, would still remain with them, also, as "King."

Those receiving the Four-Year Certificate were: Anna

Commencement Sermon.

It was preached to a packed house in New Vanmeter Hall, Sunday evening, June 8, by Bishop Woodcock, of Louisville. Bishop Woodcock is known far and wide as one of Kentucky's greatest pulpit orators. He sounded a trumpet call to duty on Life's battleground, a call that will echo and reverberate long in the ears of those who heard him. It was indeed a great address on a great topic,—the development of citizenship to a high moral standard.

The School of Music.

Tuesday evening, June 10, the School of Music gave its closing program, consisting of quite a number of well-chosen and intensely interesting selections, given by the graduates of this department. The superb rendition of these selections reflected great credit to our Music School, whose prestige, under the leadership of Prof. Strahm, is rapidly growing. The afternoon concert, given also by the graduates of this department, was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

Wednesday's Chapel and the Alumni Address.

Chapel on Wednesday morning was given over entirely to former students of the institution, now on a visit to their alma mater. Prof. Alexander was master of ceremonies, and short and interesting accounts of their stewardship were given by P. G. Smith, B. H. Mitchell, Oscar Shemwell and many other giants of the by-gone days. Following this "experience meeting," came the Alumni Address by Mr. James Knoll, of Louisiana. It was the strong, practical viewpoint of the teacher's opportunities, duties and responsibilities to practical education as viewed through the calculating eyes of the civil engineer,—Mr. Knoll's chosen profession in which he is making doubly good.

Baccalaureate Address.

Thursday morning at 10:30, came the final exercises of the week. The feature of the morning was the great Baccalaureate Address by Mr. Jacob Riis, the noted tenement worker and reformer of New York, who has won an international reputation because of his great labors in behalf of the downtrodden and oppressed multitudes of our great congested metropolises. Mr. Riis is a native of Denmark, and his semi-pathetic, semi-humorous account of his early school-days, told for purpose of contrasting with the conditions of to-day, brought tears to the eyes of many. From a great heart, overflowing with love for the children especially of our cities and many thousands of lonely, helpless foreigners annually dumped upon our shores, this plain, unassuming, quaint old man brought a message of great power that sank deep into the hearts of the vast, appreciative assembly. His closing words, relating a beautiful Hebrew legend in support of his plea for universal peace and brotherhood of man, were the most apt and fitting we have heard in many days. Come, again, Mr. Riis, your message is from the soul, and shall never lack for hearers.

After this magnificent address the members of the Senior Class received their diplomas, giving them formal permission to launch their well-built barks upon the tempestuous sea of achievement, where we shall soon expect to hear that they have served their apprenticeship well and have be-

It was a great, strenuous week. Enthusiasm ran mountain high. This commencement closed a great and successful year of advance and progress and ushered in propitious tokens of the glorious dawn of a greater, better year than ever yet attained. A year that will exert an untold influence in the development of Kentucky's greatest natural resource, her childhood; a year whose influence will continue, doubtless, throughout countless ages, reaching innumerable multitudes yet unborn. May it be so.

The Raising of the Stars and Stripes

Nearly a century and a half ago the willing and nimble fingers of a colonial lady, who had a heart brimful of love and patriotism for her country, made a small banner of red, white, and blue cloth, and presented it to her country's leader during those stormy times. That banner became our National Flag, and love and patriotism, which began at its birth, have increased with the progress of the years. It has been loved, honored and respected in seasons of peace and in seasons of war. It was for all that the Stars and Stripes represent that the men of the United States have faced the guns of other nations, and have given their lives. And once when a portion of us would have, by war, torn the Flag asunder, and have another in its place, there were those loyal hearts and that held to the original Stars and Stripes. No longer, does there exist in our minds and
hearts the feeling of hatred, envy and discord; no longer would any of us have two nations and two flags; but so perfectly has the old wound healed; so friendly and harmonious is the feeling existing among all, that the Stars and Stripes float over some of the one-time camps of those who would at one time not own them.

Even in the soil of our own State, Kentucky; even in our own county, Warren; in our own city, Bowling Green; and on our own lovely Normal Heights, where one of these one-time camps is located, there floats from a stately tower one hundred feet high, the lovely, the majestic, the beloved, the ever-to-be-honored Flag of the Free.

The occasion of its being raised was a grand and memorable one. On Wednesday afternoon of commencement week, in New Vanmeter Hall an assemblage of about one thousand persons sang, “Stand Up for Jesus,” and after an invocation by Dr. Young, of the State Street Methodist Church, and Scripture reading by Dr. Binkley, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, sang “My Old Kentucky Home.” For forty-five minutes the rapt attention of the audience was held by President Cherry in an address, “Reform and Patriotism,” given in a way that belongs solely to him. The address was a tribute to the Flag, an appeal to the patriotism of youth, and a plea for self-control and self-development. Running throughout it was the thought that the individual is responsible for the country’s prosperity and happiness; that it is through the individual that reform is accomplished and patriotism is aroused.

As an afterthought if not a climax to President Cherry’s address, Mrs. Crume so very feelingly and beautifully sang that poem which inspires us, which fills us with best love for our country and with love and good thoughts to all; that poem we love, Rudyard Kipling’s “Recessional.”

The audience adjourned to the fort at the rear of New Vanmeter Hall, and as Mrs. Crume and the school chorus sang “The Star-Spangled Banner,” the Class of ’13 marched to the fort bearing a new twenty-five by fifteen Spangled Banner. The class formed a semi-circle at the foot of the tower, and Mr. I. L. Miller and Miss Ruby Knott drew the rope that slowly took the Banner out of the hands of the Class of ’13 and gave it to the breeze to daft proudly to and fro from its hundred-feet height.

Not a being who looked upon that flag of Stars and Stripes, as it rose aloft gracefully and majestically, could have felt but a delightful thrill pass through his body, and experienced a feeling of pride in being one of the millions of partners who possess it; a feeling of security and safety that it insures; and, greatest of all, a swell of patriotism that had each to be willing to fight for that which the Flag represents.

Each member of the Class of ’13 gave an appropriate quotation on either education, duty, self-control or patriotism, after which Dr. Cato, of the First Christian Church, pronounced the benediction.

To look toward Normal Heights from almost any point many miles away, one can see above all else the Flag of the Free floating calmly, silently and proudly. Then comes the thrill of patriotism and love for the home-land. To walk in the shadow of its folds in early morning or late afternoon, or in the peaceful moonlight, there comes again that thrill even more strong than ever. Then we can only look upon it in admiration and awe, and quietly bow our heads in meditation and thanksgiving.

1913 Alumni Association

As a perfectly natural sequence of the graduation of each year’s class, the Alumni Association of the Western Kentucky Normal is greatly increased in numbers. The 1913 meeting of the Association was one of the best held since the birth of the institution. The annual address was given by Mr. James Knoll, of New Orleans, Louisiana. Those who knew Mr. Knoll in the old Southern Normal (for he is a graduate of that institution), and the character of his work, easily recognized him in the thought and delivery of his
address. It was beautiful, not in high-sounding figures of speech and flowery language, but in simplicity, perspicuity and excellency of thought.

Before Mr. Knoll’s address, which was given Wednesday morning of commencement week, a short address of welcome was given to the Class of ’13 by Mr. W. T. Hines, of Bowling Green, Ky., and response was made by Mr. Paul Chandler, of the Class of ’13.

The business session of the Association was held Wednesday afternoon. Several interesting matters of business were dealt with. Dr. H. H. Cherry has proved himself such a capable and efficient president of the Association that he was unanimously re-elected, with Miss Mattie McLean as secretary. Mr. Alfred Crabb, of Paducah, Kentucky, a graduate both of the S. N. S. and of the W. K. S. N. S., was unanimously elected orator for 1914. Mr. Crabb is one of the brightest and brainiest young men who have completed the courses of the two institutions, and he is certain to deliver a great address. We are looking forward with pleasure to the occasion.

It was agreed, too, that the Home-Coming be set for 1914, instead of 1915, as previously arranged, on account of the Panama Exposition being that year. It is expected that this will be by far the most largely attended meeting we have yet had. All of the old graduates are expected to begin planning now to be present next year at the Home-Coming. It will be a great occasion. Another important item agreed upon was that each class of preceding years should elect a secretary to whom each member should write during the year, giving an account of his success, and his plans for the future. These sub-secretaries shall write a general summary to the secretary of the Association, giving condensed information of their respective classes. This information is to be used in the make-up of the Alumni Number of THE ELEVATOR.

Below a list is given of some of the names of former students who visited the Normal during commencement. Some of them are not members of the Alumni Association, however. Mr. Oscar Shemwell, recently graduated from Indiana University; Mr. Oliver Hoover, Principal of the graded school at Robards; Miss Ethel Powell, of Horse Cave, Ky.; Miss Lena Palmore, of Tompkinsville, Ky.; Miss Verna Robertson, of Murray; Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Gilbert, of Frankfurt; Miss Lillian Winkler, of Maceo; Miss Willie Cheese- nor, of Sonora, Ky.; Mr. C. W. Bailey, superintendent of schools at Munfordville; Mr. W. C. Bell, superintendent of schools, Central City; Mr. T. W. Oliver, who was on his way to complete his A.M. course at University of Chicago; Mr. P. G. Smith, principal graded schools at Lewisburg; Mr. B. H. Mitchell, principal at Eddyville; Mr. G. E. Everett, principal at Crabb Orchard; Mr. J. B. Johns, superintendent of schools at Scottsville; Mr. John Evans, principal, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. Ivan Barnes, principal, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. Judson Jenkins, Dawson Springs, Ky.; Mr. Leland Bunch, principal, Livermore; Miss Mary Hobson, of Bowling Green, Ky.; Miss Mary Collins, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Miss Lottie Collins, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Allen, Hartford, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roemer, Lexington, Ky.; Miss Ida Judd, Crab Orchard, Ky.; Misses Betsey Madison, Eliza Stith and Lorraine Cole, of Bowling Green.

News

One of the best papers that has come to our exchange table is the News-Democrat, of Sturgis, Ky. One issue of this paper was dedicated to the Senior class of Sturgis’ High School, in which the school did itself proud from every standpoint. Prof. H. W. Loy, the superintendent of Sturgis City School, is a graduate of the old Southern Normal School, and we have every reason to believe he is doing things for the Sturgis schools that no other man has ever done before. If you want to know about his ability to do things, read his editorial page in the above issue of the News-Democrat.

Miss H’Doubler, of Wisconsin University, our physical
director for the Summer Term, has already shown herself thoroughly trained in her important and oft-neglected work. She has organized several classes, and the interest that the students show in their work is evidence enough of her ability and personality as a teacher of physical training. We hope to have her with us again at some future time.

Mr. C. W. Matthews, of Marion, Ky., has been visiting his brother, Mr. W. L. Matthews, for the past few days.

Where a few of the Normal students will be next year:
Gable Robertson, Louisville Public Schools.
Lucile Goodwin, seventh and eighth grades, Auburn, Ky.
Haskell C. Miller, Coral Hill School, Glasgow, Barren County, Ky.
Ruth Scaggs, Oakton Graded School, Hickman County.
A. A. Allison, Liberty, Ky.
W. P. White, Cave City Graded School.
Ethel Mattingly, Loretto, Marion County.
Clyde Mitchell, Rockport, Ky.
Forest P. Bell, Hartford, Ky.
Annie Rooney Robertson, first, second, and third grades, Moorman, Muhlenberg County.
Clifton Jett, Gilbertsville, Ky.
J. O. Compton (brother to the distinguished J. W. Compton, who is noted because of his room-mate), Blakley School, Calloway County.
Edyth Allen, McDaniel School, Dover, Ky.
Jesse W. Grice, Pleasant Grove School.
Sue Ellen Barnhill, second and third grades, Seven Hills, Ky.
J. M. Porter, Golden Pond, Ky.
Ida Judd, fifth and sixth grades and Domestic Science, Crab Orchard, Ky.
Daisy O'Dell, Quarry School, Rockfield, Warren County, Ky.

A. D. Buttersworth, Salem School, Murray, Ky.
O. G. Davis, principal of Woodbury School, Woodbury, Norma Urey, Jackson School, Marshall County.
Myrtle Brown, Antioch School, Brown's Grove, Graves County, Ky.
Daisy Radford, Thompson School, Kirksley, Calloway County, Ky.
Mrs. Myrtle Durham, first grade, Campbellsville Graded School.
Flora King, Edge Hill School, Calloway County.
Maud Crute, Flat Lick, Trigg County.
Claudia Price, Jefferson Seminary, Cave City, Ky.
Myrtle Orr, Parschall School, Calloway County.
Kelley Overby, Slater School, Ballard County.
Hattie Veal, first, second, and third grades, Farmington, Ky.
P. Elmo Thomas, Harris Grove, Calloway County.
L. T. Dickerson, Decatur, Ky.
Frank Irwin, Shrewsburg, Ky.
Ebbie Grane, Homer School, Russellville, Ky.
Mabel McKenney, Mabley's Chapel, Logan County.
Stella Earl Denton, seventh and eighth grades, Rotard's Graded and High School, Rotards, Ky.
Eddie Coleman, supervisor of rural schools, Metcalfe County.
Mrs. Avery Wade, Spring Creek, Simpson County.
C. B. Clayton, Martin's Chapel, Calloway County.
Olivia Caldwell, Gum School, Graves County.
E. G. Allen, principal of High School, Central City, Ky.
Mrs. E. G. Allen, primary work in Central City High School.
Mary A. Pickett, Cool Spring, Adair County.
Edna Caldwell, Jordan School, Hickman County.
Ada Rammall, Benton Graded School, Marshall County.
Geo. B. Rogers, Darlington, Hardin County.
N. P. Hutson (known by the Cave party of 1913 as the record-breaker), Cherry Graded School, Calloway County.
Nettie Drane, Cave City, Ky.
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Eva Bell Becker, second grade, Cave City, Ky.
Mrs. Roy B. Tuck, Bayou Goula, La.
Mary Maggard, Hiseville Graded School, Hiseville, Ky.
Florence Lewis, Tip Top, Hardin County.
Florence Miller, fourth grade, Louisville, Ky.
Ethel Moore, Jones, Adair County.
Carl Vincent, Strines, Ky.
A. Lee Skagg, Peonie, Ky.
Esther Rhodes, Dublin, Ky.
Leatha Singleton, Sirocco, Meade County.
Ally Mae Nolen, Sharer, Butler County.
Harry W. Overbey, Morgan, Ballard County.
Ruth Loyd, Herbert, Whitesville, Ky.
Betty Rutland Perry, Christian County.
Lorena B. Byassee, Moss, Hickman County.
Annie B. Willett, Wolf Creek, Meade County.
O. C. Green, Colross, Ky.
Verda Taylor, Crowe, Meade County.
Claud Harmon, Blair, Russell County.
Emma Whitworth, Phipps, Union County.
C. R. Luton, Bethlehem, Lyon County.
Florence Porter, Toy Spring, Butler County.
Lula Allen, Moss Hill, first, second, and third grades, Hopkins County.
Minnie Kington, Nortonville, Hopkins County.
Alice Smith, Bonaye, Barren County.
Carrie Spenier, Sunnyside, Ky.
Elgan Cary, Bivin, Muhlenberg County.
Myrtle Gray, Walnut Hill, Barren County.
Catherine Hendricks, Greenwood (for the third time), Simpson County.
E. J. Ackerman, rural school supervisor, Nelson County.
Vivian Brame, primary grades, South Carrollton.
W. A. Pardue, Capital Hill, Edmonson County.
Iva Rhea, fourth, fifth and sixth grades, South Carrollton, Ky.
Woodfin Hutson, principal of Hickory Grove High School, Graves County, with a salary twice that which he was getting before he entered the Normal. It pays to prepare.

H. H. Johnston, South Park, Jefferson County. H. H. has been making a good record, because this is his second year, with an increase in salary.

MISS SEIGLE FORD.

It is needless to say that all of the Normal students and faculty are deeply grieved because of the sad accident that befell Miss Seigle Ford, who was drowned at Beech Bend, on June 16, while in bathing with three of her friends. Miss Ford was a noble young girl, had just completed the Junior work in the Normal, and had many friends in both school and town. We extend deepest sympathy to her mother and friends in their trying hours of bereavement.

Mammoth Cave Party

On Friday, June 13, 1913 (Prof. Green isn't superstitious), a little party of sixty-three set out from Frisbie Hall at 4:45 in the gray dawn of the morning, through the unknown wilds of Edmonson County for the purpose of discovering Mammoth Cave.

There were three divisions of the company: In front, was the advance guard or "hikers"—Hutson, Dunn, Montgomery, Newcom, Sutherland, Deadman, Singleton, Murray, Brown, and Carl Miller, with Fred Hillyard, the famous explorer, as captain. Dunn and Hutson were in the lead. When within a few miles of the Cave Dunn began to feel the effects of partaking too freely of the fine water of Dripping Springs, and Hutson outstripped him, breaking all records by making the twenty-eight miles in five hours and
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forty-five minutes. Next came the three wagonettes of girls and girl-boys—you understand who they are, boys who are affected by girls as steel is affected by lodestone, for example, Harvey Roberts, J. W. Compton, J. W. Snider, Mr. Roach and Mr. Jett—these composed the second division. Last came Professor Robert Powell Green, renowned explorer and geographer, with his body-guard. He was commander-in-chief and tyrant of the party. It was a wild region they were passing through, and he and his aides were guarding the baggage and provision wagon.

The party halted at Dripping Springs and ate dinner. Here Mr. Sheffer entertained them by showing his skill as a broncho-buster on an old gray mule.

After leaving Dripping Springs, all traces of civilization were left behind, but not one of all that brave band thought of turning back. The natives showed no signs of hostility and were soon bartering onions, green apples and striped candy with the explorers. After long hours of driving over rough roads, the party reached the Cave hotel at 3.45 in the afternoon. Here they rested a short time, then moved off north of the hotel, pitched their tents, cooked their supper, and went early to bed, eager for the discovery in the morning. Promptly at eight they were ready and marched down the steep declivity leading to the mouth of the Cave. Here a sad disappointment awaited them. They had heard of many people visiting the Cave, but of no one discovering it. Now, the guide told them that a man named Hutchins, while chasing a bear had already discovered the Cave in 1802! The party was utterly disconcerted—surprised. Then Professor Green with his usual alertness, came to the rescue. Why not discover it again? It was a bright idea. None but a genius could have thought of it. After due consideration the company agreed that as Cook and Peary had both discovered the North Pole, they and Hutchins could discover the Mammoth Cave. So Professor Green's seventh annual party of Mammoth Cave excursionists have won everlasting fame and glory and will go down in history as being, con
jointly with Hutchins, the sole and original discoverers of Mammoth Cave.

Right joyfully they lighted their lanterns and two and two, except Mr. Jett and Miss Powell, who seemed to be one, they started in to explore Route 2. The steps were descended, the cave loomed darkly before them, its cool breath blew in their faces, the light from the opening grew smaller, dimmer—disappeared. The cave was discovered.

Wonderingly they passed along Hutchins' Narrows into the Rotunda, saw the Methodist Church, Booth's Theater, the Giant's Coffin, the Starry Chamber, and Olive's Bower, which contains one of the most beautiful stalactites in the Cave. As some of the awe at the wonderfulness of this great cavern passed away, the party made the old stone walls echo with song. At one o'clock they were back at the entrance, hungry and tired, but happy.

On Sunday they went Route 1, the river route. Not until they reached the end of this route—Echo River—and in the Plutonian darkness were ferried by "Josh," who might have been Charon himself by his grimness, down its noiseless waters did all the awe of Mammoth Cave break upon them. And not until they had passed through Fat Man's Misery and Climbed the Corkscrew, did all the—well, they were too winded then for anything to break upon them.

Monday morning they started in on Route 3, where Violet City, one of the most recent discoveries, is the chief attraction. Violet City is truly beautiful. Its walls gleam like crystal, its frozen waterfalls and its stalactites and stalagmites, some as transparent as glass, shimmer like sunbeams on the snow. On this route they stopped in Potter's Dining Hall and held chapel. President Cherry, Dean Kinman, Miss Reid, Miss Scott—all the faculty were there, with every peculiarity and characteristic magnified tenfold.

Monday afternoon, the mouth of the Echo and White's Cave, which is supposed to be connected with Mammoth, were visited. Tuesday the party went to Colossal Cave to see that titan of all domes, Colossal Dome. This ended the cave exploration and discovery. The rest of the time was spent in camp.

And camp life was not, by any means, the least enjoyable part of the trip. When supper was over, the whole company would gather in the moonlight and play, "Oats, peas, beans and barley," "Rabbit stole a pumpkin," and all those old games, or they would sit around the campfire and sing and tell stories or listen to Prof. Green and Senator Gray match wits. Sometimes Sandy Singleton, the Peter Pindar of the party, mounted the bread-box, leaned against a tree and spell-bound the crowd by the adventures of "Grand-daddy Coon." One night a court was organized and justice meted out to two of the boys for trespassing in disobedience to the command of the tyrant. A jury, composed mostly of women, found them guilty and sentenced them to guard the trespassed cornfield from other trespassers—each day at the dinner hour. It was altogether one of the most congenial of all the Cave parties. Though they were not as hilarious as some have been, there was a deep, silent enjoyment, and it was with sincere regrets the party saw the camp broken up and the wagons loaded for the homeward march on Wednesday morning.

It was a real kindness Mr. Dunn did in getting sick. Had he arrived with Mr. Hutson, the party would have worried themselves gray-haired trying to decide which was the handler about the camp and entitled to the pair of shoes. Most of the boys made themselves useful. Even J. H. Morris was willing to pour the coffee for himself. Mr. Hutson, though, by virtue of breaking the record, was awarded the shoes.

Much praise is due Miss Acker and Miss Payne as chap- erones of the party which has so benefited humanity by this great discovery, and to Prof. Green, who christened himself tyrant of the party, but if all tyrants are like him, the whole party will rise up as a unit and cry, "Me for the tyrants." No man with a finger as sore as his, a hand as burned as his, and a foot disabled as his who, notwithstanding, could wear a smile as broad as his, could be a very tyrannical tyrant, and it would be no trouble for him to get a party of Normalites to follow him to Timbuctoo.
The Oratorical Contest

Along with the rush and hurly-burly of commencement week came the Fifth Annual Inter-Society Oratorical Contest. For weeks friends and boosters of the various aspirants had been proclaiming their favorites as undoubted victors in the final struggle.

It was, indeed, a mighty tussle of the giants. Mr. Morse, of the Kit-Kat Klub, was the first speaker. His theme was, "The Best Shail Serve the State." It was a speech of great strength and Mr. Morse’s careful, well-enunciated delivery of it made for him a great reputation with the student-body at large. He is a young recruit in our army of spell-binders, and in the future, if he doesn’t give some of our mighty veteran speakers a powerful jolt, then we are ready to quit prophesying.

Mr. Farris, of the Seniors, selected for his subject, “Character.” This was an address in a practically flawless style and produced a great impression because of its beauty of thought and composition. Practical in application, it was a real contribution to the lives of the hearers. It was a fitting monument to Mr. Farris’ well-known conscientious, high-grade work of the past years—a criterion of excellence for future aspirants to study.


Mr. Roach, of the Loyal Society, was the last speaker. “The Dawn of a New Era” was the promising title of his address, which fulfilled its promise. Mr. Roach entered the contest much later than any of the others, and from the wonderful strength showed, it is an interesting speculation as to just what he would have accomplished, had he had more time. He, too, is a coming man, and much more will be heard of and from him.

The judges, Profs. Harmon, of the Business University, and Crawley, of the city schools, and Attorney A. C. Dulaney retired and soon unanimously decided to award the much-prized gold medal to Mr. Vance. The Juniors at once became somewhat tumultuous, while the members of the other societies emitted a few sickly grins and whispered softly, "Those everlasting Juniors!" And then, with the characteristic Normal spirit, they gladly went and loaded the winner down with congratulations.

The contest, as a whole, was the greatest of its kind ever held, and this is saying much, for those who have been in attendance at those of former times, know that they were anything but tame affairs. Each of the contestants acquitted himself in such a way as to bring honor and reputation to himself, to reflect credit upon his society, and to perform a valuable and much-prized piece of real constructive work for the institution as a whole. We wish all of them could have had a gold medal, for each richly deserved it, but to those who, in the immutability of fate, had to lose; there is the consolation that even in defeat, they achieved a great victory—a long, forward step in the exploration for, and the discovery of, self.

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The Reason We Go to the W. K. S. N.

Harvey Roberts—To walk with Judith.
W. L. Matthews—To learn new adjectives.
Miss Clagett—Nothing much.
Miss McClure—For physical exercise, because I can “stretch every nerve” at chapel.
Bedford Turner—To amuse others.
John C. Davis—To perspire sweat.
Woodfin Hutson—To catch the spirit and words of Prof. Green.
Miss Coleman—To hear the boys say, “Isn’t she cute?”
Conner Ford—To keep up fun in the library.
LITERARY.

A COMPARISON.

Mary's boudoir is much awry
With stacks of things all piled up high.
A yawning suitcase on the floor
Sits awaiting this chastic store,
And Mary by her course outlined,
Stands cataloguing in her mind
Every article on her list,
Lest something vital should be missed.

She first with dainty skill does place
A shiffon lining in her case,
Then smoothes out all the nooks and dents
And sprinkles in some sweet incense.
And then stores in it seems to me
About a bale of lingerie,
Each piece placed down exactly right.
A dainty mass of filmy white
Gleaming in a satin sheen
And paraffined paper packed between.
Although it costs her ardent toil,
She wraps her shoes in silver foil;
Then with long and patient care
She tries them here and tries them there,
Thus every place she puts to test,
But leaves them where it suits her best.
Next, a toilet case, most highly prized,

Duly cleansed and pasteurized,
Is placed in with tender touch,
Of loving care revealing much.
Thus throughout the livelong day
She diligently works away.
Storing in a world of clothes,
Skirts and waists and silken hose;
Opera glasses you may be sure,
And a few good bits of literature;
Bridge instructions and tennis rules,
A hand-book of the Cubists' schools.
Then takes out each piece and looks it o'er,
And puts it back just as before.
Shadows gather, day has gone,
But Mary's summer trip is on.

Johnnie bursts into his den,
Full on his face a growing grin.
Sets a handbag on a chair,
Jerks it open then and there;
Stuffs therein a hunting suit,
An old cob pipe and pouch to boot;
A tarnished rod, an old dip-net,
A copy of the Sports' Gazette;
A worn slouch hat, a pongee shirt
Whose color scheme defies the dirt—
Crams in the whole with eager rush,
A wrinkled, tangled, shapeless crush;
Shoves home the hasp and turns the key,
And hums the carol of the free;
Breaks through the door in headlong run,
Thus John's vacation is begun.

VACATION.

A time for all things as they say,
A time for work, a time for play,
A time to smile, a time to frown.
And we've been working all the year,
So now our play-time's almost here.
From Normal Heights we will go down,
Descend from the realms of study and woe,
And back to the lands of play we'll go,
All free from wiles of teachers and of Dean,
The Elevator.

Their scolds and frowns will be no more,
In memory's house is closed the door—
As if they'd never been heard or seen.
No more a need for thought and brains,
Device and plans so wrought with pains,
For themes and such are at an end.
Exams—or tests they choose to say—
When stretched were nerves, alak the day!
Far back in dim remoteness sent.
Forget there ever was a school,
A book, a lesson, or a rule,
And say a "yes" to pleasure's call.
Perhaps just days of lazy rest,
Idle dreaming, may suit you best;
But yet be free from study's thrill.
Yet, after all, a backward glance.
A sad and thoughtful one, perchance,
You'll cast upon the Normal hill.
Memories round about it cleave,
A bright and fanciful fabric weave,
Of happy times that gladden still.

Eyes That See

Winning Oration, by J. W. Vance.

In the chamber of time the visions of humanity live and die with the passing years. That which was, now, is not. That which is, some day, shall not be. Man lives in the center of a dome beyond whose skies he cannot see. At night, silent stars peep through the walls against which his eyes stop; moonbeams cast light and shadows on forest, field and stream. The arrows of sunshine, through the desolate and barren space, pierce the negative coldness of the dome, and instead of frigid darkness and eternal night there is life, and love, and song. In the triumph of light over darkness is the triumph of animation over death. For this the bird warbles its sweetest note, the flower opens its velvet lips to the evening dew, the streams, where frozen ice would be, babble with joy like the laughter of a child. All these exist because the affirmative, by nature, triumphs over the negative. Why, and from whence they come man knows not, but the soul knows that love, that art, the intellect knows that science, which is a part of the unknown, complete whole. The more we learn of these, the more we live. Human destiny is a struggle between light and darkness, sight and blindness, calm and storm upon the ocean of time. Before each generation hangs the veil, beyond that, they see not what lies in store. As we unravel more of the cord of the infinite complications of matter and force about us, the higher and broader becomes our lives and visions. With the discovery of every great fact, comes the salutation of another dawn.

What is the secret of human achievement? What is human progress? Progress is education in its broadest sense. Education is perfecting human life. This process consists in finding and applying two great laws, namely, the laws of natural science, the law that governs all matter.

The other is in finding and applying that ethical or that all-prevailing, unfading, undying righteousness, which will teach men to use all knowledge and all material to make better souls, better bodies, and better intellects, a mightier nation and a greater heritage for posterity. Down through the centuries there have arisen, from time to time, exceptional individuals, who have realized in some measure the possibility of the human race. In one or another phase, they have displayed in themselves the latent powers of mankind; they have turned the tide of truth against the tide of falsehood, and beaten the chaotic reefs and rocks into another layer of golden sand upon the shore of time. They have been heralded as heroes. Their fellows have followed them with adoration. They have seen that greater life to which the masses have been blind. In fact, they have seen but the anticipations of what man and the world are susceptible of being. Who dares to estimate what man is denied to-day because he fails to see the great things about him, which, posterity, some day, will know? The world compared with the past is a heaven beyond the dreams of the Arabian Knight, but compared with the future, the world of to-day
is one vast tragedy of waste in resources and potentialities of life. Only as we learn to conserve human worth, human talent and human life, by the use of all knowledge and materials, do we progress! The secret of achievement is the knowledge of these laws. Any chemical reaction of to-day was no less a truth ten thousand years ago, but there was no genius to reveal that law. This is true in the moral world. That law of righteousness always was, is, and forever will be the same. Thomas Jefferson’s principles of government were no less a truth in the darkest hour of mediaeval ignorance. Science proves that a certain thing acts a certain way under certain conditions. This is true in every law that governs man and society. So far as individuals or nations live in violation of that law, they are a failure.

As truth gets an appeal to the common sense of humanity, life and institutions change, and as we go from darkness to light, we are acting out the meaning of the words, education, and human progress.

The history of civilization is the evolution of dreams. Genius, by the patience of time, weaves truth from our visions into the fabric of real life. In humanities reckless drift, through time, necessity inspired genius to listen, while nature talked. The desert said: ‘Water me and I will bloom like a rose.’ The wind said: ‘Give me your commerce and I will carry it to every clime.’ The ocean said: ‘Give me a dreadnaught with which to play.’ The lightning said: ‘I can carry your thoughts around the world and turn a million wheels of industry.’ The earth said: ‘In my bosom lies the countless treasures which, when known, will free all men.’ King may free peasant. Lord may lighten the burden of serf. Institutions may embody all the righteousness that is waiting on the pathway of human destiny, but until all these are known and used, the world will be inhabited by those who slave and those who live on slavery.

When we turn from the past and look about us, we realize that this is a great world. We thank genius for all we enjoy, but we are merely standing on the threshold looking into the great world of possibilities. The achievements of
the twentieth century are beyond our highest dreams. The genius of to-day tells us that there is enough water power in America to generate enough electricity to keep darkness from any spot of the land. While the sun hides behind the eastern hemisphere, forgetful of us for twelve hours, we can turn a button and darkness cometh not upon the earth. With the two hundred millions horse power of water, we can turn enough wheels of industry to manufacture the necessities of all the population of the globe. On the prairies to-day they are using a fifty gang plow, which slices and turns up an acre of land in four minutes and thirty seconds at the expense of sixteen cents. A committee of scientific experts tell us that the state of Texas alone can produce enough, under scientific agriculture, to feed the entire nation; that the fertile soil of the Mississippi basin is susceptible of feeding the entire world. A little while ago Mr. Edison stood upon the shores of the ocean, and while the tide came in he said: 'No man has yet dreamed of the powers that some day will be utilized from that tide. Here is an opportunity for some genius to write his name in letters of glory.'

But when all the field of science shall have been known, when machinery has been invented which will make production and distribution of the necessities of life so easy, what effect will it have had on our nation morally, politically and socially? What effect has it had in the past? We are living amidst the greatest industrial change ever known; and from this fact such men as President Roosevelt, La Follette and Bryan are seeing the dawn of the greatest political, social and moral evolution ever conceived in the brain of man. Our nation is struggling with that question that has confronted every government in the history of the world. Shall the earth and the fullness thereof be owned and controlled by a few men, because they are cunning—a few men whose brains have been turned to animalism, or shall the earth and all knowledge be to nourish mankind, letting each generation give more to posterity, while humanity goes onward, upward and forward to greater life? Is this not the problem of education? Is there any teaching, or any law that can have greater significance than that which will restrain men from injuring each other to the extent that they shall not take from hungry mouths the bread they have earned? Shall all men breathe the air and sunshine, eat the fruits of their toil and say: 'I am a factor in humanity.' Or shall all wealth serve to defeat the end to which heaven has trusted man to reach?

In that vast and mysterious cemetery, called past, there are various epitaphs strange and perplexing, but as symbols of greed and avarice, there lies the crumbling stone of dead nations. In the garden of growth and change, nations have fallen from the trees and humanity, like decayed fruit, teaching that no wrong will pay. When Egypt, Persia and Babylon fell, two per cent of the population owned all of their wealth. When Rome went down, 1,800 persons owned the entire world. In the land of the free and the home of the brave, ten per cent of the people own ninety per cent of the wealth. This world was not intended for slavery. All that has ever been has failed, and a thousand more experiments will be as those of the past. The great men of our country to-day are crying to the better intelligence and conscience of the people to open their eyes and turn from tyranny. Our great population must see these evils and destroy them. If the news were to break upon our ears to-night that a foreign army had landed on our shores, every true and patriotic Kentuckian would spring to arms and march away to die, to protect the country that he loved, but when we are told that an internal malady is eating at the heart of our republic, we recline carelessly and fail to act. We should be educated to internal evils as much as every nation is educated to external dangers. We spend billions of dollars to guard against the latter, when the former has been the downfall of every nation, and is the one crisis threatening this great republic. We must educate. One great teacher with a burning personality, a love for country, for childhood, is worth more to our nation than a battleship or ten thousand political campaign speeches.
The Elevator.

No government can be better than its citizens. In the perfection of the individual is the highest ideal of civilization, but in order to perfect the individual he must have sunshine, moisture and soil. The citizens can receive from the government only what the average of the mass gives to the government. In the giving and receiving between man and government there is liberty, freedom and blessing. But, ah, there comes a third factor in American government to-day. Men urged by ambitious greed commit the government they are sworn to serve to acts of arbitrary despotism. Political bosses, hirelings and fettered serfs of organized capital, trod down the rights and privileges of the great people. Young Americans of to-day, this must change. The eyes of our great nation must be educated to see. Men must stand upon the stage of action clothed in honor and with love of country as the hero that protected right in every great cause, and in every great crisis and say: 'Touch not my government with the foul hand of corruption, for I—I in the name of the dethroned and long-suffering humanity will fight with the last drop of red blood in my veins. I may fall in the pass of Thermopylae—fall beneath the chariot wheels of cruel might, perish beneath raging blindness, but the world must know as time will prove, that one standing on God's side is a majority.

But men are fighting. By the sacrifice of sublime heroes the light of the world is growing larger. The achievements of science, the vast accumulating of wealth, the perfections of social organizations, and the increased power of the individual life, all point to a new world. The human soul is larger than before. In the sunlight of charity we are growing more humane. Our nation is reading, writing and thinking. The average American of to-day who reads magazines and papers, has more intelligence about life and righteous government than all the Stewart and Bourbon houses of England and France combined. And ere another decade when we reap from the better seeds of education, the patriotism and military spirit that fires the soldier to charge and storm the very gates of Hell, with not a thought of life, and

unmindful of all but to be among the first to be over the enemies' rampart, will not be in any measure greater than the spirit of determination and zeal of the soldier of democracy to move on the greater achievements over the plains of indecision to the height of victory.

Americans of to-day, awake to the signs of the times. There are worlds unknown, seas unexplored, and mountains whose heights human eyes have not seen. The road of the past has been long, and rough, and steep. Every great idea has cost blood and sacrifice, but this—our era—is the prophecy of a new day. Men's hearts cling to the ideas of yesterday. The loss of the old is like the tragedy of the setting sun. Through twilight, memory and tradition linger in seas of sunset gold, but young Americans, look to the morning. As the stars, one by one, fade away, there will rise visions of hope, bliss of growth, and the glory of action. From the burning conscience that is throwing its numerous rays before the footsteps of humanity a new democracy is dawning upon our republic. That which we saw in part, we now see in whole. Right and patriotism are rushing to the rescue of purity and truth. Falsehood, avarice and corruption yield to a mightier strength, and everywhere from the signs of the time we read that man's rule shall not be a failure.

"Ah, world that is to be, remain not so long In the dreams of the inventor, statesman and Philosopher. Ah, liberty and democracy hide Not so long in the gloom or the unsurveyed Future, but come—come live with men— Come from the lips of the orator—from the soul of the poet, From the heart of the reformer, and let men Know that with thy protection they can Live their lives aright and be brothers."

Corn Club Work.

At the present time there is no one topic attracting the attention of all of Kentucky people as is the Club Work. Last year more than three thousand boys enrolled in the Corn Club and of this number many won handsome prizes
besides receiving a stimulus that will later make of them a generation of useful Kentucky farmers. Two thousand dollars were given away in prizes. On one occasion a prize-winner was heard to say that he intended using the money which he had won to begin his education. That boy has since graduated from the public school and is now ready to enter a broader field of education.

It will be interesting to note the work accomplished by the club members in setting a new standard for farm life. Kentucky in the past has averaged twenty-nine bushels of corn per acre. These boys who rendered reports averaged 74.47 bushels per acre. They made a net profit of $27.21, while the average farmer has actually grown his corn at a loss. The largest yield reported was 148 bushels 55 pounds. Six boys averaged 146 5-6 bushels. Nineteen averaged 133 3-4 bushels. Fifty-nine averaged 116 1-3 bushels.

The influence of this work on the boy is very great, but it does not stop here. It interests the farmer, whom we have not been able to reach before. The results are best shown by some men who were influenced by this movement. W. A. Bryant, of Rockfield, grew on ten acres, 944 bushels of corn. Herman Gallrein, of Valley Station, grew on ten acres, 1,385 bushels of corn. What has been done can be done again, so let other farmers try profitable methods of corn-growing.

Perhaps the greatest agency in promoting this work is the rural school teacher. Here is constructive work that will outlive us by generations, and bring peace and plenty again to the Old Kentucky Home. Let every teacher catch a vision of this new field of usefulness and strive to have a part in ushering in the new and better Kentucky.

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**BOOK NOTICE.**


This new dictionary is based on Webster's New Interna-

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**Chapel Notes**

"The explosive power of new affections is a cure for all ills."

Get an ideal that is sensible, one that can really be carried out, then get behind it and push! push!! push!!!—Prof. Burton.

People do not need instruction so much as they need vision.—H. H. Cherry.
"Reform puts its hands on the individual and points its finger at their deeds."

"The commonwealth's house will be in bad order until the soul's house is put in good order by a Christian education."

"The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, then fix it in form. Without art man is a poor, shivering creature."

"It is impossible to understand at a glance what has taken a lifetime to paint."

"A heart filled with the beautiful has little room for the bad."

Each one may be able to do a little, yet with all our efforts joined, we will make a beautiful music that God will hear.—Prof. Clagett.

That teacher is a traitor who stays in a school system and is utterly disloyal to the superintendent and fellow-teachers.—Prof. A. M. Stickles.

"Extend the domains of the mind and you widen the fields of commerce."

No man ever succeeds until he crucifies himself.—Prof. J. S. Dickey.

Miss Scott (in sewing): "Miss Green, please put a facing across one end of this sheet."

Miss Green: "Certainly; where can I get a pattern to cut it by?"

An extract from a speech made by George Page at Moot Congress:

"Certainly I am opposed to woman suffrage. Woman has to do too much of man's work already. 'Twas only yesterday I saw two girls walking up the street, and one girl had her arm around the other."

When the thermometer recorded ninety-eight,
The Joke Writer sat till it was growing late,
Trying to think of something funny to say,
To which every idea the editor said nay.

I wish he had to sit for a whole day,
Writing dull jokes when he knew there was no pay,
Then he would say, "I am getting so hot,
Just put any 'consarned' old thing in the pot."

Miss Knott: "Did you see us drinking tea as you passed?"
Miss Robertson: "No, but I heard you."

Mr. Leiper: "Mr. Shaw, will you please give the principal parts of possum?"
Chester: "Head, tail and body, Prof., are the main parts."

Mr. Clagett: "'A Paradise Lost.' Finder please return to me."

The girls and boys who went to Mammoth Cave,
You ask me, "Did they know how to behave?"
Just ask them about that walking trip,
And they'll tell you that they tore out a strip.

Miss Caffee (talking to a practice student): "I have already observed that you have a good basis for teaching."

Miss Judd (very much distressed): "Why, Miss Caffee,
I never thought my feet were so large that they were so noticeable."

At the Palace Confectionery.
Miss Van Cleave: “I’ll take a nut sundae, please.”
Mr. Moore: “Well, I don’t want anything like that. I want some ice cream or something cold this hot day.”

Leslie Brown: “I’ll bet two cents this drought will break with a rain.”
Mr. Ford: “Well, this dry weather continues.”
Dr. Mutchler: “Yes, yes; it’s dry as a bone now; but just mark what I tell you, we’ll have six whole weeks of rainy weather in July.”

Mr. K. (an old schoolmate of Prof. Craig): “Hello, Billie, I have heard since I have been in town that you are married and keeping house. How about it?”
Mr. Craig: “Y-e-t-h, y-e-th, bring your dinner and come and stay all day while you are here.”

Minister: “Very well, where are your license?”
Mr. Martin (producing his Life Certificate which he had received the day before): “Here it is, here it is; I guess I’ll have no trouble whatever now. I have been waiting all these years to get one so I could marry.”

Prof. Burton (in Hist. of Edu.): “What do you call that old belief, that everything has a soul or a ‘double?’”
Jeff Smith (when it was 98 in the shade): “Why, Prof., that is ‘hotism.’”

J. Walter: “Prof., my problem is in it.”
Prof. Alexander: “Well, let it stay; guess you haven’t any other place to put such things.”
Quotation Given by Ruth Tichenor.

Love is just a cobweb wet with morning dew.
Love is just a fairy spell invisible to view.
A thrust, a touch too heavy and the cobweb is not there.
A sigh too long and lo! the spell has vanished into air.
Love is gold so delicate, the faintest flame would melt it.
Love is nothing, but God help the girl who's never known or felt it.

Mr. Clagett: "Mr. Turner, what title of John Fox, Jr.'s books is applicable to married life?"
Mr. T.: "Hell for Sartain."
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