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Western Kentucky State Normal School
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

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

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

The teachers of Kentucky have a right to be encouraged over the great educational awakening that is now sweeping the State in the interest of the child. Educational leaders are needed everywhere. New positions, 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 enable the holders to teach anywhere in Kentucky for two years, four years, or for life respectively WITHOUT FURTHER EXAMINATION. Information as to the amount of work required for each certificate will be furnished when desired.

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

Fall Term opens.................................................. September 9, 1913.
Winter Term opens............................................... November 18, 1913.
Mid-Winter Term opens........................................ January 27, 1914.
Spring Term opens............................................... April 7, 1914.
Summer School opens............................................. June 15, 1914.

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

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

Listen, ye who worship things of bygone days, ye who view with ecstasy the moth-eaten assets of antiquity, and regard as commonplace the marvels of to-day; ye misguided students whose midnight wanderings in the fields of yore have exposed you to the fallacy that Oratory died with Demosthenes, Art with Raphael, and that Literature became frightfully ill when Dickens laid down his pen. Listen, I say, and learn this truth: Nothing ever died with anybody. Come, modernize yourselves, my friends. The moral of the Great Stone Face applies both ways, and it isn't at all fashionable to wear clothes cut a la Cleopatra, or expressions patterned after that of Ramesis 13th. Anyway, the world is just as good as ever—and better. Even the literature of to-day will assay about as high per cent of nutritious material as that of any other time. Over a century and a half ago Smollett wrote stuff which if written to-day would ensue in the author's being mobbed and the publishers being boycotted, and yet Smollett's trash is included in a number of our college courses. We are told that De Maupassant is the greatest in the whole catalogue of short-story writers. However, one with at least the literary appreciation of the Sapville Bazoo's correspondent from Baker Mule P. O. would promptly realize that O. Henry's short stories have every virtue that Maupassant's have; many others, and in addition are equipped with all the modern fixtures and conveniences. The point is, that all of the "O tempora, O mores" moans are out of joint. In particular does this apply to Oratory. If you wish to verify the statement, travel over to Glasgow and thereat hearken to the pellucid yet impassioned utterances of one C. A. Summers, County Attorney for the Commonwealth of Barren.

Summers is now in his thirty-second year. He began life in Metcalfe County, but was shortly transferred to Barren. He attended the public schools in that county and spent a year in Liberty College. In 1903 he entered the Southern Normal School. That was during the fullest bloom of the Forensic period. One night he heard John Henderson and L. C. Reynolds speak, and was fully convicted and converted as to the sort of career that stretched before him. One morning following that Mr. Cherry opened the chapel for debate on the efficacy of corporal punishment. The debate grew warm and rousing. "Mistah Speakah," trolled out a voice we hadn't heard. We turned and, oh, miracle upon miracle, there was C. A. Summers, a rank new-comer, demanding the chair's attention. He got it, and by the time he had finished his first sentence we knew a new star had arisen. By the time he had waded off the front porch of his major premises we didn't recall the existence of any other stars. After that he spoke every chance he got. Really, he couldn't have been kept out of an oratorical melee with a fire hose. He graduated with the A.B. degree in 1906. His last oratorical effort in the S. N. S. was the notable speech in behalf of the student-body in turning over the S. N. S. to the State for use as a State Normal.

September, 1906, he entered Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee. The change of schools occasioned no let-up in his speech making. He orated about the school in season and out. He wore out mirrors, carpets, and land-ladies' nerves rehearsing speeches and gestures. Incidentally, he turned through some text-books on Law to find if there was anything there worth remembering.

In recognition of his eloquence he was elected to represent
the University at the Tennessee State Oratorical Contest, January, 1909. In June of that year he graduated. He took the first train for his native bailiwick, Glasgow. Arriving there he hit the station platform speaking. The populace gathered in the Courthouse yard in Glasgow, and right there Cleon A. shied his castor into the political ring. He unhorsed a turbulent longing for the County Attorneyship, and the populace in unison bade him go to it.

He went, yea, doubt not my friends, that he went. At every cross-roads and dog-fennel post office he personally conducted an ascension of the American Eagle to hitherto unattained cerulean heights. "Fellow-citizens," he would cry, arranging his posture so that the general contour of his countenance formed a line parallel to the horizon, "I belong to that party which, founded by Thomas Jefferson and sanctified by Andrew Jackson, has stood serene through the stressful strife of statecraft; which during a century has been climbing the crannied crags of constructive conquest"—Woof! glance at the speedometer, please! His opponents, good men and true, but lacking in fluency, retired from private life following the election, and C. A. girt himself about with the toga of the County Attorneyship and got away.

Busy is the word, too. The office hasn't been a sinecure, and C. A. has diligently applied himself to the conscientious discharge of its duties. He has never failed to bend every effort, to use all eloquence whether in the adjudication of the county's tax rate, or the prosecution of a Nashville nig-ghah for bootlegging bad liquor in Glasgow Junction.

C. A. is County Attorney of Barren, but it's a safe guess that he won't stop at that.

Geoffrey Page (in library): "Miss Ragland, some one has swiped my English."
Miss Ragland: "You are not to use slang in the library, Mr. Page."
Mr. Page: "I never use no slang."
ium were filled with people of enthusiasm, purpose, and hope. Numbers were here again to finish or continue the work already begun, while many were just entering, prepared to remain until they shall have "fought a good fight and have finished thea' co'se." Never before have the faces of the students shown more clearly that it is their purpose to make an endeavor worthy of their better selves.

The minds of many, no doubt, would have been traveling back to home and vacation's joys, had not the greater number stored away such thoughts in a book of memory and packed along with their baggage many worthy determinations. Perhaps some really felt the desire to give up ambition and remain at home when the last moment they sat with trunk and traveling-bag ready, waiting for the time to leave. Needless to say that on that morning when the members of the faculty, each showing the usual welcoming spirit, passed to the stage all thoughts save those of pride and loyalty fled, while all joined in the opening exercises and the regular organization work.

From the splendid number in attendance and the spirit which seems to move the school as a whole, we feel and know that it is the opening of one of the greatest years for the institution, a year that shall leave a record of the highest achievements of a school with a high purpose.

The Faculty's Vacation

Some worked, some played, but whatever they did,—that faculty of ours,—perhaps you would like to know. Below, please read just how they spent that short six-weeks' vacation, as far as they disclosed, or could elsewise be discovered.

President Cherry, occupied with Chautauquas and diverse speeches here, there, everywhere, found time to gain "Life, more life," swimming in the sparkling waters of old Barren and whirling in his auto through the dust-ridden roads around Bowling Green.

Miss Woods spent most of her summer in her foreign house on Fourteenth, enjoying just a splendid resty rest. The remaining time she was at Epperson Springs drinking—sulphur water. It is to be hoped she found a really, truly foreigner, else pity the poor English mortal who must have attempted answering her pitiless French and German questions.

Prof. Ciagett was another stay-at-home. He made many a trip out to the golf links to indulge in his now favorite sport. Perhaps he read some of that "trash," so forever and eternally condemned in his English classes, who knows?

Miss Reid was here, then there, visiting—English and Reading obliterated for the time being. She enjoyed herself—and others, thoroughly. She also visited some institutes, and it is rumored she gave a dramatic recital at one.

Prof. Strahm's summer may be called vacation or not, as you like. He just puffed up the hill daily to practice and practice yet more, that's all.

Miss McLean for a time performed her usual secretary service and then made a visit to her home in Louisiana. She also went swimming and is greatly elated because she learned how to breathe.

Miss Van Houten went to her home in Michigan, where she enjoyed just doing nothing, sketching and fighting mosquitoes. And she said there wasn't a man in sight!

Mr. Turner went visiting. Several of his friends got a slice of his vacation. He thought of entering Chicago University, but, after all, he is back again, ready to parcel out his knowledge among his math. classes.

Miss Ragland stayed at home practically all summer, resting and watering her yard. As visits were in order, she visited, too—in Louisville, and took a peep at her library now and then to see that all was safe and sound.

Dean Kinnaman presided over three institutes, one each in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, and was most pleased with the one in Kentucky. He stayed at home, too, and had a fine time, dashing through country behind Billy.

Prof. Stickles had a trip. Sojourn in Hopkinsville with
friends, he had a thrilling experience,—going for an auto ride. Then he journeyed on to his home in Indiana, where he spent many instructive moments looking up the history and pedigree of a certain pet banty.

Miss Surmann was at her home in Louisville, where along with pleasure, she took mandolin and guitar lessons, preparatory to teaching them this year.

Like Gaul, Prof. Leiper’s vacation was divided into three parts,—one institute, two institutes, three institutes. Afterward he camped, doing and wearing as little as possible, he says.

Miss Scott spent her summer at her home in Indiana. Supposedly she baked pies and worked buttonholes for recreation. It is rumored she drove sparrows from the garden for diversion.

Prof. Craig held sway over three institutes, and considered them the best ever. He also remained at home, enjoying the companionship of that wonder of all wonders—Bill Craig, Jr., perchance teaching him, even so soon, to beware of acids—and girls.

Miss Acker went home and just rested and had a good time generally, and returned with renewed vigor to ask History questions.

Prof. Alexander’s vacation is spelt always with seven letters, thus, f-i-a-h-i-n-g. For so surely as $x$ plus $y$ equals a, the moment school’s doors are closed, he is bound straightway for the river. So on the bonny banks of Bear Creek, forgetting even his multiplication table, he landed many a beautiful bass.

Maybe Miss Frazee feared her Model School would fly away. She stayed right in sight of Normal Heights. Resting, working, playing, reading, eating, and sleeping, her vacation passed.

Mrs. Crume was at her home in Tennessee practically all summer, having a good, restful time, and singing that baby of her’s to sleep with heartf elt lullabies.

Prof. Green, ask him what kind of a rock a pebble is and he’ll tell you, had no vacation, but worked straight through. Five institutes received his personal conduction and the remaining week was spent in work at home.

Mr. Ford did some scientific agriculture work under the careful supervision of his father out at the old home place.

Miss Eva Cross spent two weeks at her home in Oneida, Tenn., also spent a few days in Chattanooga and Louisville.

Miss Mary Stallard spent a month at her home in Spencer County, also visited Sparta and Covington, Ky., and Cincinnati.

Miss Florence Schneider spent two weeks camping on the banks of Drake’s Creek about five miles from Bowling Green.

Mr. O. G. Byrn was camping about ten days on Green River, near Glenmore. The remainder of his time was spent at Farmers’ Chautauquas.

Miss Marguerite Forsting spent her vacation at home.

———

Cain’s Diary

(By the Only Member Not Taking Part in the Excavation.)

Truly, little, insignificant causes do produce some startlingly tremendous effects. Last Monday afternoon while W. L. Matthews, our enterprising editor, was out nosing around for material for a “write-up,” he, after scouring the whole countryside within a radius of three miles unsuccessfully, stalked disconsolately into the cavern where Lost River is lost. “Ah,” he mused bitterly, “Fortune, fickle dame, has forsaken me.” But Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend your ears to me. Even as he spoke he stumbled over a crooked stick bearing the earmarks of great antiquity, on the end of which a flint was bound with thongs of leather. An inscription was on the flint. Now, anyone with ordinary intelligence would have said, “This is some Indian relic,” and dismissed it from memory. Not so the editor. Through his brilliant mind immediately flashed the idea that this was the
antediluvian ancestor of our modern steam plow. He main-
tained from the first that the hieroglyphics on the flint were
not those of the American Indian.

On the theory that this hoary old plow was the great 8+1
grandfather of the Normal's fourteen-tooth cultivator, he
rushed the whole ELEVATOR staff to the spot and set them
to excavating in the hope of unearthing something to sub-
stantiate his belief. The results have surprised even the
surprise-proof Editor.

After four days of excavation the staff has dug up the
bones of a gigantic paleozoic animal supposed to be a notho-
denamacephala, a fossilized monkey-wrench, a pone of pet-
rifled corn-bread, a mummied clothes-pin, and other articles
of furniture on the free list in the days of Adam and Eve.

The find which seems to be of most importance, however,
are two cuneiform tablets inscribed with the bafflingest and
ancientest of hieroglyphics. The soothsayers, seers, and
astrologers of the staff in council assembled, have been un-
able to decipher them. Even C. H. Moore, famous linguist
and paleographer, who mastered Esperanto in forty-eight
hours, Baseball in three months, and spoke English fluently
at the age of two, met his Waterloo here. In sheer despera-
tion Mr. Magness, keeper of the money bags, drew a five-
dollar bill on the telegraph operator and ordered him to
send immediately to Salt Lake City for Brigham Young's
Urim and Thurmim, which he (Brig.) used in translating
the Book of Mormon.

Yesterday a geological commission composed of the alien-
ists who pronounced Thaw sane, examined the tablets and
say there is not a doubt as to their genuineness and authen-
ticity. They further state that the first tablet is in Adam's
own handwriting. As soon as— Hold on a minute.

Donner and blit—! excuse me, gentle readers, but word
has just come that the stones are here. THE ELEVATOR will
not go to press to-day, but will be held over for the transla-
tion.

ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSLATING.

The girls of the staff were given the task of deciphering
the hieroglyphics, and so eager were they to begin that Miss
Morgan's dignity got away somehow and she became real
excited. Yes, she did. And Miss Layman actually said
"aint." It can be proved. Excitement? Well, I guess.

Miss Hocker forgot her crotchet needle! Miss Alexander,
the mathematician, never even said "a plus b equals c."
Miss Alexander didn't. And Greek histories! Why, Louise
Carson didn't even take Beard's "Martin Luther" with her!

The only one who kept her senses to the last was little Kate
Clagett. She with great charm and presence of mind stood
by and quoted poetry appropriate for the occasion.

The inscription on the plow was, "Made in Eden," and the
first Cuneiform tablet proved to be, as the commission said,
in Adam's handwriting. It was a deed to the Garden of
Eden—giving its exact boundary lines—made by Adam to
a gentleman who for political reasons desires his name with-
held. The Garden of Eden has been found at last, and just
as Kentuckians suspected, it is here in their own State. The
large limestone rock between Cabell Hall and Administration
Building is one of the boundary marks, Administration
Building itself being in the garden. The deed will not be
published, but is on file at the Courthouse here, where any-
one who so desires may see it.

The second tablet is given below just as translated, and
if there is one lingering shadow of doubt in your mind as to
the authenticity of these writings, it will vanish before the
boyish tone of this diary of Cain:

"9,000 B.C.—Friday. This here wurkin bizness gets next
too me. Ge butt i wish paw and maw hadn't et that apple.
Here i've ben sawin' wood for fore daze with an old dull flint
trying to get enuf to last over Sunday. I must get throo by
dinner to-morrow for me ad Abel is going to have a stireuss.

Satterdy. I got throo sawin' wood and was stringin'
buckise on the possum's tale gettin' ready for the stireuss,
and maw found me. i am a sadder and a wizzer man now.
THE ELEVATOR.

She ended by saying don't you ever string buckize on the possum's tale any more. Reckin' I'll haf to put them on the cat then. F. S. I doan's use enny punchoashun marks except capitals and periods for semi-colons commas etc. haven't been invented yet.

Wensdy. Gollie but its lonesome. Id give 40 paleobo-granthulus hides for enuf boys for a baseball nine. I swiped 2 of maws pantry shelves and made me a dandie dog hous. Bet Abel tells on me. She sent to Parris for a hobble today. Wish I had a barlow.

Thursday. Me and Abel played keeps today and I won his taw and 5 bolys and he cried and paw made me give them back. I called him cri babby and he got mad and told about the pantry shelves. I heer paw coming now walking like a thunder cloud.

The diary ends here bearing distinct traces of tears.

---oOo---

News

Where are the students who last January jammed the halls and created commotion in the corridors? Do we know where they are? Yes we have information from different sources, concerning their whereabouts. The chief source—which is so important that no other need be mentioned—is from the youth and maiden who are so moved by the Spirit of the Institution that they send out inspiration to the student in the field and receive in exchange food for brain and—heart. We are always grateful to anyone who brings us news of Normal Students, for many a timid fellow searches this column to see Her name or to learn where She is.

Mary Gray, Kuttawa Graded School, Lyon County.
W. M. Totty, Glasgow High School.
Addie Mae Yeager, Kirkland School, Seaville.
Greenville Harrison, primary grades, Lone Oak.
Theresa Benthal, Boston Graded School.
S. E. DeHaven, Providence.

---oOo---

Hannah E. Green, Mound Ridge School, Henderson County.
Gertrude Mayers, Pleasant Valley School, Hickman County.
Cora Welch, Little Hickory School, Philpot, R. No. 6.
Fanny Newsom, Sizemore School, Cobb, R. No. 1.
Winifred Poole, Pleasant Hill School, Butler County.
Edmonia Bennett, primary department, Dycusburg Graded School.
Effie Howton, Mt. Hebron School, Dawson Springs.
E. M. Montgomery, Esto.
Annye Mayers, Holder School, Bardwell.
Edgar Royse, Ray.
Verdie Crowe, Cave Springs School, Tompkinsville.
Honor Gray, Denton School, Glasgow.
B. B. Murphey, Contest School, Hickory Grove, R. No. 2.
J. S. Owens, Russellville.
W. D. Cunningham, Owenstown.
E. S. Sherron, principal of Lone Oak Graded School.
Della Ellis, Cave Hill, Warren County.
Will O. Preston, Willis School, Caneyville, R. No. 2.
Shelby Shultz, Union School, Ohio County.
Mattie Capshaw, Flippin, Ky.
Mildred Bennett, Greenville Graded School.
Everett Howton, Dewitt School, Dawson Springs.
Alice Meadows, Gedeen, Mo.
Rosa Demunbrun, Silent Grove School, Elks.
Flora Powell, Joppa, Ky.
S. E. Phipps, Paducah, R. No. 2.
Evelah May, Whitesville.
Ruth Vannada, principal of Reed School, Stanley.
Era Pewitt, Taylor School, Fulton, Ky.
Goldie Lahue, fourth grade, Leitchfield.
Mary Ann Coats, Habit School, Philpot.
Lelia T. Wilson, Earlington, Hopkins County.
Fred H. Hillyard, Oakland, Ky.
Anna Mickel, Lambert School, Hawesville.
Linie Bondurant, Cayce.
Alice O'Brien, Clemens' Bottom School, Tallis.
Oma Pulliam, Scottsville.
C. M. Allen, Good Hope, Liberty.
Clay Singleton, Turnsville, Lincoln County.
Rupert Devasher, Pageville, Barren County.
Myrtle Brown, Bald Knob School, Meade County.
Ruby McCandless, Park.
Lottye Meredith, Cade.
Josie Creacy, Black's Ferry.
Catherine Braun, Madisonville High School.
Burdette Hunt, Halfway.
Hattie Neagle, Mammoth Cave.
Pierce Ray, Cain's Store, Ky.
Maude Miller, Barrett's Ferry.
Rena Plaine, Mercer.
Sallie Crow, Hartford, R. No. 6.
Suana Hagood, Bladeneville.
Honor Gray, Denton School, Glasgow Junction.
Maggie Belle Finley, Farley Graded School.
Mary Williams, Bon Ayr, Barren County.
J. Taylor Oliver, West Shannon School, Hymon.
John T. Roach, principal of Boaz Graded School, Graves County.
Charlie F. Moore, Baker Station.
Tolbert Oliver, Young's School, Brown's Grove.
Brent Clayton, Murray, R. No. 4.
Bradie Denham, Hazel Graded School.
Mavis Miller, fourth, fifth and sixth grades, Hazel, Ky.
Roberta Cox, Hardin, Rr. No. 1.
Pearl Jordan, Cerulean, Ky.

Chas. L. Taylor, Junior '12, who has been in University of Wisconsin the past year, is doing agricultural demonstration work in Hopkins County.

HURLBUT V. CAIN.

June 23, Hurlbut V. Cain died of appendicitis at Dr. W. H. Harlan's home in Wagoner. He was one of our former students, and it was with deep regret that we learned of his sudden death. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved friends.

(One of many letters which have come to our desk, from former students who are now making good in the field. The ELEVATOR is glad to print news concerning the work of those who are teaching.—Ed.)

SOUTH PARK, KY., Sept. 20, 1913.

My Dear Editor of The Elevator:

The school term has now fairly begun and I am so well pleased with the beginning that I cannot refrain from writing you this letter.

Last year school opened on September 2nd with twenty pupils in attendance. We had a house about twenty-four by thirty-two feet and seated to accommodate forty pupils. However, house and furniture were of the prehistoric type. Notwithstanding the very unfavorable conditions, the attendance grew to an average of forty-five for the term, and five pupils received common school diplomas.

This year we began work September 8th with sixty pupils in attendance. We are still in the little prehistoric house, but within a few weeks we will move into a modern two-room building with modern equipment. I am hoping to have eight pupils receive common school diplomas this year.

Be sure The ELEVATOR stops at my floor. I can't "go up" without it.

Respectfully,

H. H. JOHNSTON.
THE ELEVATOR.

Editorials

Vacation has come and gone. And we again take our seat at the editorial desk with the hope that each issue of THE ELEVATOR this year will receive a merited welcome from its many readers.

We are very fortunate this year in being able to hold three of our "tried and true" staff of last year. In addition to these youths of literary fame, we have new associates who are also known for their earnest and enthusiastic work. But we hope that each student—present and former—will consider himself a member of the staff, and this means you are to boost THE ELEVATOR in every way possible. The paper belongs to the student-body, and we feel that it is your duty to help make it a go.

If the articles of this paper do not at all times seem to be fanned by the breeze of morning, kissed by the rays of light or protected by the downy clouds of gold and silver that float noiselessly above your couch, just remember that the people who are writing these articles are people who are yet young in the work, though conscientiously giving it their best efforts, and we feel sure your criticism will not be harsh.

We are glad to say to our readers that the department of this paper known as "Concerning" will still be conducted by Mr. A. L. Crabb, of Louisville, and we do not hesitate in saying the article in this department, for this issue alone, is worth many times the subscription price to THE ELEVATOR. Watch this department in the coming issues.

That reminds me. Are you a subscriber? If not, the reason is because you have not had an opportunity to become one, I am sure. Here is your opportunity. Now! One year for fifty cents, or three years for one dollar. Yes, I mean three years for one dollar. Write us at once or call at the office and join the big crowd of people who are going up on THE ELEVATOR.

YES.

Much has been said on the subject of "Advertising," but the last word has not yet been spoken. You cannot see much through the wrong end of a telescope, yet strange to say, many people are doing this thing every day. When a new thing comes along you should not fail to investigate the new thing with a clear eye and a free mind before you attempt to judge its merits.

Everything that is advertised in THE ELEVATOR is "all wool and a yard wide." Why? Because our advertisers are business men who have been looking through the Telescope of Progress. The fact that a man has an advertisement in THE ELEVATOR is evidence enough that he is a reliable man. These people are keeping abreast with the times and that means they are friends to the students of the Normal School.

If you who read THE ELEVATOR do not read the advertisements and patronize those who patronize our paper, which could not run without our advertisers, you are looking through the wrong end of the Telescope of Life.

Read our advertisements, trade with our advertisers, boost the paper, and then when you come around and tell us you are for THE ELEVATOR, we will believe you are in earnest.

NO IDLERS.

The world has no time for a sluggard, neither is it advisable to wait half of a lifetime for another to toss you a for-
tune or an opportunity. In the unsealed book of Nature it is written that inactivity is stagnation, and stagnation breeds death.

Everywhere that we find people seeking ease we find people who are acquiring disease. It was struggling Rome that conquered, and her face was set with triumph. It was idle Rome that fell, and her power was weak because of her idleness. We do not believe that the earth is a Castle of Ino­
dence, where every sense is steeped in enervating delights, and where the enchanter presides to deprive his guests of free will and energy, but rather a work-shop in which each has his work to do. Not the toil of the slave, nor the drudg­ery of the serf; but toil dignified by noble purposes and elevating to the profession to which it is devoted.

We regret very much losing Dr. Fred Mutchler from our faculty; but we are glad to know that his new field of work is of such a nature that he will be with us frequently and continue to gladden our hearts by his inspiring and instruc­tive lectures.

He has been engaged in the promotion of agricultural improve­ment in Western Kentucky, under the direction of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, for some time.

The $20,000 a year appropriation made by the Department of Agriculture, through the Extension Bureau, to be used by Kentucky in the extension and demonstration work, is to be expended under the direction of a board of trustees composed of Dr. Knapp, president; President H. H. Cherry, of Western Kentucky Normal School; President J. G. Crabb, of Eastern Kentucky Normal School; J. W. Newman, State Commissioner of Agriculture, and President H. S. Barker, of State University.

Prof. Mutchler is expected to encourage better farming in every county of the State by applying the means most avail­able for each county, either in the establishment of local demonstration farms, by carrying on demonstrations on the farmer's own land, and with his co-operation, by further en­listing the interest and co-operation of farmer boys in seed­testing, dairy-testing and similar means, by sending skilled and enthusiastic men to various sections to direct work on the farms. The work is being started in many of the coun­ties.

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**LITERARY.**

**"THE FAITHFUL SEEKER."**

"Old man," she said, "do you hear it?"

"Hear what, dear heart?" asked the old man. And as he

looked at her his filmy eyes grew young again.

"Oh," she breathed softly, "the music, the everlasting mu­

sic and the poetry of life. It is in everything. It is in every living thing."

"Listen," she continued, "do you hear the water, the wind, the ships, the birds, the insects, the children? This very rock is vibrating with the sound."

"I hear the waves, the wind, the ships, the children and everything, and I see the mists and the white fire clouds," returned the old man, "but dear heart," he questioned, "why do you say it is in every living thing? I have lived long, tell me."

"Old Man," said Mary, "I mean there is music and poetry and flowers and birds and sweet spirits and fairies and
magic wands and golden mists in the heart of every living thing, if we only had eyes of faith to see.

"Dear heart," said the old man, "is it in the hotel-keeper?"

"Old man, have you ever heard him talk of his little girl that is married and lives on a ranch in the west; and of a beautiful little grandson that he has seen only once?"

"Is it in Polly?"

"Old man, will you peep through the door in the morning, and watch her send George away to work? As she holds the baby up for him to kiss, will you tell me if her eyes are not stars and her face an American Beauty rose?"

"Has Aunt Jane a poem hidden among the cobwebs of her grim life?" he asked gently. "Have you found it, dear heart?"

"Ah!" she said exultingly, "it is there. I cannot tell you the story; or recite you the poem. But old man, you know how her young soldier man went away."

The old man thought a while, as he watched the seagulls flying overhead; and Mary softly played on the rock with her switch.

"Is it in the ships?" he resumed at random.

"Look at their white sails, like angels' wings; and listen to the soft thud, thud of the steamships; and watch the black columns of smoke traced with silver. It is like the smoke that ascended from old Jerusalem when the city bowed in early morning worship."

"Is it in the factories?" he continued, as his glance lighted on a distant town.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary, "I can see the sullen women and tragic children, with their young old faces, marching out in a heart-rending stream. That is the saddest poetry of all. Old man, do not look that way again."

He stroked her bright hair for a moment.

"Is it in the cattle?" he asked, teasingly, as he heard the soft tinkle of a cow-bell from below.

"Old man," she said, "you are a humbug; you have seen the beautiful cows standing knee-deep in the clover meadow

softly chewing their cud; or knee-deep in the clear brook, or coming up the lane in the twilight. The music of the cows is as old as the sea."

The old man raised himself on the rock, and pointed downward to a little hut that stood on the beach.

"Dear heart," he asked, tenderly, "is it in the old boat mender?" And he looked at her quizzingly.

Mary sprang up impetuously at his words.

"I really wonder," she murmured, while she pushed back her hair restlessly, "I have never found it but—then after a pause—"Ah! it's there, old man." She thought of sour, gruff, old Bill Haynes, the boat mender, who was the terror: as well as the wonder of every child, boy or girl, in the village. She thought of his rough, brown face and hard, gnarled hands; and his eyes hidden under bushy brows until you could not tell what was there; and of his harsh, grating voice. She could see him now, stalking along the beach. He never walked, but always lumbered along in his heavy shoes, as if both his legs were wooden ones. Where was his hidden music, his secret painting, Mary asked herself. She clasped her knees and bowed her head on them.

The old man closed his eyes and a vision appeared to him. One of the white fire clouds out of the west was coming directly to them. As it drew near, he saw on its crest a radiant creature all silver and shining gold. She floated down to Mary and touched her with an amethyst wand tipped with fire. She took her in her arms and carried her to the white fire cloud, then they all sailed away together, and were soon wrapped in the sea mists. He opened his eyes with a start and found Mary sitting as he had left her. He put out his hand to see if she was really beside him, and she got up slowly.

"I will find it," she said with conviction.

"Find what?" he inquired.

"The song in the boat mender." And she bounded from the rock and ran lightly from the hill.
The old man wondered if she was in the white fired cloud or walking on the beach, so he fell asleep again.

The old boat mender sat in the calm summer sunshine, trimming the long hickory lath that he used in making boats. The sound of his scraping knife made a rhythmic music, as he moved his stout arms, to and fro, backward and forward. Mary came along the beach swinging her broad hat, and walked up in front of his little house, and sat down near him. She had often tried her invincible charm on him, but with little success. However, she was allowed to come and go as she pleased, for few indeed frowned on her sweet presence. He looked up gruffly with a sour face and a mere grunt as she sat down. Nothing daunted, Mary smiled at him, as she smiled on everything, just as the sunbeams shine. She looked with fascination at his great work-table and felt an irresistible desire to sit on it and swing her feet, but she dared not venture the experiment.

She noticed a finely finished miniature boat model on the corner of the table near the old man. It was a beautiful little boat, and she wondered if the old boat mender made it himself. She wanted to hold it in her hands, but when she looked at his bushy eyebrows she sat perfectly quiet. She noticed that it was filled with small tools and various things. Her mind went back to the thought of her quest, to find the old boat mender’s poem.

Suddenly the long lath that he was making slipped, and sprung full length along the corner of the table, knocking the little boat far out on the sand and scattering its contents in every direction. With a fierce cry old Bill sprang up to recover them.

“Help me get them, miss,” he said, tremblingly, and wondering Mary obeyed.

Two boys who were playing nearby saw the opportunity for revenge on the old man, and one of them grabbed up the toy boat and started to run with it. With a muttered curse and incredible swiftness, old Bill descended upon the lad; and shook him till he dropped the boat and howled with terror. “The knife, the knife,” cried the old boat mender, pointing to the other boy, who stood farther away, and sure enough, there stood George William, her own nephew, with a boy’s old pocket knife in his hand. As the old man started towards him, he handed the knife to Mary and both boys took to their heels in genuine terror.

Mary looked at the knife curiously. It was just a boy’s old barlow, with one broken blade and in one end the initials R. M. had been scratched. Old Bill picked up the other contents of the little boat and replaced them gently, with trembling hands. Mary saw that they were mostly boy’s tools, knives, a hammer, some nails, even, and some small whittled ears, one of which was broken. There was also a boy’s twine slingshot, with rubber holder. Mary held her breath as Bill took the knife so lovingly from her hand, and rubbed it gently as if it were something alive. She caught a glimpse of the old boat mender’s beautiful painting. I will find it, she said, with conviction.

He took the boat back to his work table and sat down on his old stool and clasped the boat in his arms. Mary came and stood by him. “It is such a pretty boat,” she said, gently; “did you make it?” The boat mender’s face lit up with pleasure at her simple praise.

“Now, ain’t it a dandy,” he said, holding it up for her to see; “no, I didn’t make it; my lad made it, miss, and a prettier little boat was never made by a lad of his age.”

“Tell me about him,” and Mary sat down on the chips at his feet. She did not want to sit on the table now.

“He was my little boy, miss, and all that I had. I lived way up on the coast of Maine then, and the lad loved the salt sea like his father. He was as fine looking a lad as was ever seen in them parts, with his black eyes and brown curls, and he played on the beach and cliffs all day long, like a young deer. And handy with his knife, he could make anything. You see this boat, miss? It was the last thing he made. He painted it one morning, and left it to dry in the sun, and took his knife and some planks to go to the cliffs
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to whittle him some oars. We found his body, miss, under
the cliff with this little knife clasped in his hand. We found
these oars on the side of the cliff. We believed that he had
been thrown over by a sapling trap that had been set by
some of the cliff folks, for animals. I buried him on the
cliff, where he could hear the breakers; and left a little ship
that he had made at his head. I brought his tools and his
last boat along and came down here, for I couldn’t stand
goin’ in at night and not havin’ his lovin’ little welcome. So I
left the grave in the care of the sen., and I never
lished in the care of the sea, and I never fish any
more now, but am jest a-waitin’. And I keep his last little
boat, and ain’t it a dandy,” finished the old man, holding it
up again. “I couldn’t have done better myself, miss, and
I’ve made boats all my life.”

As old Bill clasped the boat in his arms, Mary slipped quietly away.

The seagulls flew swiftly over the head of the old man on
the rock, and as he slept the vision appeared again. He saw
the white fire cloud drifting and dancing toward him over
the clear waves of air. It bore on its bosom the shining im-
age of silver and amethyst. She carried Mary lightly in her
arms and placed her on the rock. Then cloud and vision
vanished in saffron and golden lights of the sky. He awoke
to find two warm arms clasped about his neck and a bright
head on his breast.

“I found it, old man,” sobbed Mary, and she cried softly
on his breast; and the sea mists came up around them.

GRACE VASS.

A WISH AND PRAYER.
(BY W. C. WILSON.)

Oh, Father, grant that when each morning comes,
The evening shadows falling still may find
My love more ardent than when morning dawned,
And may I ever live in such regard
Each morn resolved more worthy yet to be,
That sometime in the golden years to come

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My love returned full measure I’ll receive.
Like the snow-white down of the thistle
You pass with step so light,
That I only hear a rustling
As of wind on a summer night.

Like the mist and morning vapor
Through the halls you quickly pass;
Like the quick bright gleam of sunshine,
As it flits across the grass.

Like perfume of distant flowers,
Elusive and yet so sweet,
You pass and only the memory
Remains; and no more we meet.

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Class Notes

Seniors.

The hard-worked Spirit of the Institution who has so long prowled in the regions around Normal Heights, has taken
unto himself a local habitation and a name. He abides in
Room H on Friday afternoons, and his name is Senior So-
classes to wear that cloak, when the Junior Class, I., of the Craig Dynasty, hands it down to posterity.

The Constitution and By-Laws have been adopted; Mr. J. S. Brown has been elected chairman, the deck has been cleared for action, and the good old Junior ship is all ready to start on her annual cruise of Victory. Good luck go with you, ship-mates!


Juniors.

Though the Juniors have lost Mr. Green, they have also gained Mr. Craig—le Roy est mort—vive le Roy! The mantle of Established Fame, which they inherit from the Junior Classes of yester-year, fits them quite jauntily, and pinches in no particular. The present class is determined not only to wear the garment with a seemly grace, but also to add to its width and beauty. It will take a healthy, man-sized
c. A vision of the results to Warren County, and the State, of this progressive movement.

III. Second discussion of Normal Schools.
   a. Iowa State Normal (Cedar Falls).
      1. Its aims.
      2. Nature of work.
      Results attained.

IV. Recitation, reading, or story.
V. Music.
VI. Debate: Resolved, That oratory is more inspirational as an art than music.

VII. Report of the critic.

CHAPEL ECHOES.

There is nothing so important in the task to which you set about to do, as commencing right.—Dean Kinnaman.

"The Western Kentucky State Normal is a place of optimism and opportunity."
Pauline Cooksey, one of our bright Normal girls of 1913, continued to come, so he was piercé with one of the Sprite's little darts; also Miss Cooksey was wounded at the same time, and they are now at La Center, Ky., taking treatment.

Mr. N. G. Martin, another one of our Normal students, was wounded before he came to Bowling Green, so, as one would suppose, he went back home to receive treatment. He and Miss Lilye Smith are now happily married.

It seems that Cupid enjoys aiming at the hearts of those that are "to sentiment inclined," and with steady aim he pierced the heart of Mr. Dewitt Martin, '13. At the same time Cupid sent into Miss Lindley's heart the mate to that arrow, so in August Mr. Martin and Miss Lindley enjoyed a honeymoon.

During the summer months Miss Vi retta Peters, one of our W. K. S. N. girls, and Mr. N. H. Shaffer were married.

We all know Mr. Oscar Shinwell, '12, and Miss Ruth Hobgood, one of our former students—if we know one we know the other. They have both struggled for many years with the wounds from Cupid's arrows; but weary from struggling, and finding no relief in any work in which they engaged, they have now decided to fight Life's battles together. They were married during the early fall, and lately sent this message back to the W. K. S. N. students: "Go thou and do likewise."

Which One?

Miss Elsie Flowers.
Miss Maud Shultz.
Miss Nellie Mims.
Miss Orr.
(Get me Bandy?)

Miss Fant: "Brides always wear white, because it is a color signifying joy."

Mr. Logan: "Why does the groom always wear black?"
A new athletic year is before us. Readers of this department well know that all last year we sang of the wonderful victories that were ours. Yet the opening of the new year is more auspicious, even, than any former one. Every succeeding year finds the student-body as a whole more interested in, and enthused over, athletics. The loyal and vigorous support given to the various athletic undertakings on last year will be intensified this season. Peering into the misty vale of the future we see our football team triumphant in all clashes with opposing squads; we see the girls’ basketball teams the absorbing center of interest during the winter months; and again our indomitable champs winning new honors on the diamond. With hope undimmed, confidence unshaken, enthusiasm unabated, we are again ready to chronicle glad tidings of great joy concerning the doings of our heroes of the gridiron and diamond and the field. Boost our boys eternally and leave the knocking to the fellow from the other institution. Let’s have enthusiasm spontaneous, unbounding, running over. Lend a hand!

Prof. Clagett’s Victory.

We wish to hearken back to the sweltering days of last July and tell our readers of Prof. Clagett’s leap into the limelight of local golf circles by winning the handsome silver loving cup offered by Mr. M. B. Nahm to the successful competitor in the golf tournament inaugurated by the local golf club. Thirty-two wielders of the driver and putter were on hand at the initial teeing off. By a liberal application of the law of the survival of the fittest, all were eliminated save two—Mr. Bagby and Prof. Clagett. The final contest, between these two, was given before an enthusiastic crowd on the Covington links. The disposition of the beautiful cup hung in the balance until the approach to the last green was made, Prof. Clagett’s superior skill at this point enabling him to win by the narrow margin of two points.

The question in golfing circles now is, Who can wrest the coveted trophy from our beloved interpreter of Shakespeare and Milton? The opinion of the athletic editor is, that the same hand that won the cup will be able to keep it. It’s the Normal way of doing things, you know. And here we venture to express the hope that Prof. Clagett’s well-deserved laurels are but the earnest of future victories on the links.

Football.

At present, interest centers in football. This is practically a new feature in our school life, although last year, a start was made late in the season—too late, in fact, for much to be accomplished. Quite a number of husky youngsters have responded to Prof. Leiper’s initial call, and the preliminary scrimmages that are taking place in Normal Athletic Park are developing some promising material. Some match games will be arranged for, and it is not at all improbable that enthusiastic Normalite boosters may be treated to more feasts of the same sort as provided by Capt. Jimmy Jones and his baseball aggregation of percentage establishers. Why not? We have established ourselves firmly in the field.
of baseball and now let us implant ourselves equally as firmly in the realm of football. If each Normalite co-operates with the usual amount of vim and enthusiasm, victory is ours. Three rahs for our first football team!

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**Tennis.**

The long hot days of summer have departed, leaving in their wake promises of long, golden, Indian summer, autumn days. Consequently not a few of our laddies and lassies inclined to recreation and romance alike, are heing themselves, when the golden sun gleams low, unto the tennis courts in Normal Athletic Park. Tennis is fast coming into its own there, and many who now carry long looks and heavy books will exchange these ere long for a pair of white tennis shoes and a new racket with ball to match, and wend their way to the Park or we are mistaken in concluding that our vocation in life is to prophesy.

Other activities are being planned and will be announced later. It is sufficient to say that with Prof. Leiper again as generalissimo of all athletics, there will be no stagnation in this phase of the institution's work. So mote it be.

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I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the Hypotenuse,
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called Isosceles.

Of course, I know that mathematics
Are mental stunts and acrobatics
To give the brain a drill gymnastic,
And make gray matter more elastic.

Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and Trapezoid,
I wonder?—Yet it seems to me
That all the Plane Geometry
One needs, is just this simple feat,
What'er your line, make both ends meet. —Ez.

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**WANTED:** By editor-in-chief, an assistant. Duties will be light—a few kindly words and an occasional smile. Desired for inspirational effects. Only boosters need apply.

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**Miss Reid (in English):** "Victor, you have given three excuses for not knowing this."

**Victor Strahm:** "Well, the fourth is coming."

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**Mr. Green (in Geography):** "Lutz, are you hard of hearing?"

**Mr. Lutz:** "Yes, I think so."

**Mr. G.:** "I guess I will have to move you up front."

**Mr. L.:** "Oh, I can hear all right, now."

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**Prof. Green:** "Russell, you are a little pig."

**Russell:** "Well, a pig is a hog's little boy."

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**Miss Cole:** "George, what two fruits do you like best?"

**Mr. Page:** "A date with a peach."
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Mr. Leiper: Mr. Strahm, you may give the principal parts of fail."
Victor: "Flunk, flunkere, faculty, fire 'em."

Bess Leiper: "Papa, I want an ice cream sundae."
Mr. Leiper: "Remind me then, it is only Tuesday."

"George Washington was born February 22, 1732, A.D."
Miss Moorman (in Training School): "What does A.D. stand for?"
Little Boy: "After dark, I guess."

Mr. Clagett (in Milton class): "How do you account for Milton's realistic conception of hell?"
Mr. Brown: "He had three wives."

Mr. Sanders (in the Training School): "In making your 'i's' you have omitted something."
Little Girl: "Oh, I forgot to put eyebrows over them."

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CALENDAR

Winter Term opens..................November 18, 1913.
Mid-Winter Term opens..................January 27, 1914.
Spring Term opens..................April 7, 1914.
Summer School opens..................June 15, 1914.

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

For further information, address H. H. CHERRY, Pres., Bowling Green, Ky.