5-1911

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. II, No. 7

Western Kentucky University

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SUMMER SCHOOL
Western Kentucky State Normal School
BOWLING GREEN, KY.
June 13—SIX WEEKS—July 21
1911

ACADEMIC, PROFESSIONAL, AND SPECIAL WORK OFFERED

A large faculty of educational experts will have charge of the work

NORMAL HEIGHTS
The school now occupies its new home on Normal Heights. There is not a more ideal place for a summer school.

COURSES OFFERED
Kindergarten, Primary Methods, Drawing and Penmanship, Music, Manual Training, Domestic Science, Nature Study, Agriculture, Biology, Latin, Geography, History, Geology, Physics, Chemistry, English Language, Grammar, Rhetoric and Composition, Literature, Ethics, Psychology and Child Study, French, German, Mathematics, etc. Persons desiring to do regular work will have an opportunity to do the same, and will be given credit on regular courses for all work thoroughly done.

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The Training School will be open for Kindergarten and Grade Work. The course will be given by regular instructors and several critics. Educators of ability from a distance have been secured for special lines of instruction.

COMMENCEMENT
The graduating exercises of the State Normal will be held July 18-20, 1911. The music on this occasion will be of the highest order, and addresses will be given by educators of national reputation.

Special Excursions and Rates to Mammoth Cave and Down Big Barren River

SUMMER SCHOOL BULLETIN
Giving full information, is now in press and will be sent on application.
For further information, address
H. H. CHERRY, President,
Bowling Green, Ky.
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Quick Order Lunches a Specialty.
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A lady who had been teaching in a town school at $40 a month, for the last six years, is this year receiving $80.00 a month as teacher of shorthand.
You can learn it in 6 months in

The Bowling Green Business University.
Back to Manhood

BY GORDON WILSON, OPAL TAYLOR, EVA BELLE BECKER.

CHAPTER I.

While the softened light of the full moon transformed the hill country of Western Kentucky into a veritable dream-land, the inmates of Harlan House sat about the wide, old-fashioned fireplace where the merry blazes played in and out among the logs. March,—blustery but hope-giving,—reigned without this family circle, but it was perpetual spring within. Here, at one end of the semi-circle by the fire was the father, George Harlan, a sturdy farmer; there, at the other, his wife, cheerful, industrious, devoted to her household; while between them, each in his characteristic way, sat their three sons and two daughters. The oldest son, who occupied a position directly in front of the fireplace, seemed to be the leader in the conversation, as all eyes were turned toward him.

The great clock in the corner ticked rhythmically and the flickering blazes cast fantastic shadows on the walls while the family listened eagerly to the stories that Charles was telling of his experiences at school. The younger children were spell-bound with wonder or enraptured with delight. Many glances of mutual satisfaction were exchanged by the father and mother. The plans that Charles had made were particularly pleasing to the family.

But why should a boy’s ambitious schemes so move his
loved ones? Was it something unusual for a boy of twenty to be interested in education and culture and to have a definite aim in life?

Charles Harlan had been brought up in a home far above the average in its ideals. Though hampered by lack of opportunity, owing to the sparsity of population and the newness of the country, the Harlans had ever been interested in education. No man of the neighborhood gave more earnest support to the public schools of the time than did George Harlan. Above the rustic manners of the family, due to Harlan, "Pilgrim's Progress," and some old pamphlets containing speeches of Henry Clay, were to be found in the tall book-case that stood in the great hallway of the old mansion. Here, also, were curios of various kinds: beaver teeth, Indian arrows and pestles, and some quaint geological specimens left by one of the former teachers of the "deestrick school," who had stayed several weeks at Harlan House while "boarding round." The old house itself was an inspiration.

John Harlan, the father of the present owner, had migrated to West Kentucky shortly after the land between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers was bought by the United States Government from the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians and opened for settlement. Having been a wealthy farmer in the Blue Grass region, he wished to have some of the conveniences of the time in his new home. Consequently, he built, soon after reaching the Purchase, a splendid two-story mansion,—the first brick house of the county,—on a little eminence near the placid waters of one of the historic small streams in which that part of the State abounds. He owned a vast estate and a large number of slaves, but was ever a plain, practical farmer, prejudiced at times, it is true, but thoroughly devoted to country and home. At his death he left a handsome fortune to each of his ten children. The greatest legacies, however, greater than houses, or lands, or slaves, were strong bodies and longings for higher development. To George, the eldest son, had fallen the old mansion with its many associations. Here he had begun to rear his own family, each of which was stamped with characteristics peculiar to the early Kentuckians.

As we said before, Charles had just returned from school. For three years he had been in Transylvania University at Lexington, an institution already recognized as one of high standards, and one loved by all Kentuckians. Charles had met many types of men and, as a result, his views of life had become broader. Though he intended to be a farmer, he resolved to be an educated, cultured one, and this was one of the plans he was discussing with the other members of the family.

As he sat, thrilled with his own enthusiasm, his whole life was portrayed in his handsome, boyish face. Fiery-tempered, resentful, proud of his strength and skill almost to egotism, ambitious to the core, he summed up the traits peculiar to his family. With all his polish and elegance of manner, there were occasional touches that showed his contact with the people of the soil. It would have been hard to find a more typical Kentucky lad just merging into manhood, when the whole nation was on the verge of war with Mexico.

Many and varied were the things told of by Charles to his willing auditors. There were accounts of great horse fairs in the Blue Grass region, of political rallies, of country excursions, of quaint customs, and of notable days in the city of Lexington. The little boys were greatly interested in all the stories that contained an element of danger or excitement. When the old clock told the hour of nine, the stories stopped, for custom held great sway in the Harlan home, the family circle broke up, and soon all were wandering in a fairer realm than even the ambitious Charles had conceived of in his most fanciful moments.

Among the numerous stories was one of a visit Charles had made to the home of one of his friends near Lexington. There he had met Mary Powell, a cousin of his friend, who lived in south central Kentucky. Her matchless beauty and winning ways had caused him to form a great friendship
for her. Since their first meeting they had been correspondents, and he had seen her again just before leaving school. In answer to his mother's query concerning her appearance, Charles told that she was tall and slender, with brown hair, a merry, twinkling eye, and a happy face that expressed her thorough enjoyment of life. The mother, learned in Cupid's arts, saw that the affection of her son was stronger than friendship, but only a glance at her husband told of her discovery.

Early the next morning a neighbor boy, halting at the gate at the end of the avenue of great cedars, announced that Mr. Johnson, one of the new-comers, would have a house-raising on the following day. Nothing had ever been more welcome to Charles than a public working, partly because he had always been noted for his feats of strength, partly because he took boyish delight in the great dinners that accompanied the assembling together of neighbors. This occasion was particularly welcome, as he had not yet been able to see many of the settlers. Then, too, he was proud that, though he had been in school for three years, he was strong and able to compete with the playmates of his boyhood, for even in school he maintained his reputation for strength and agility.

On the following morning the men and boys, armed with axes, saws, adzes, and such other tools as were needed, assembled at the new site. The day promised to be a lovely one; the whole great earth was smiling in the hazy sunlight, the air was mild, the odor of maple blossoms was borne on the gentle southwest wind, and from among the trees came the notes of birds busy with the duties and cares of nest-building. Not long were the men alone, for soon from many a log cabin and colonial mansion, accompanied by negro mammys and pickaninnies galore, came the women and children in ox-wagons, for the whole family was considered invited on such occasions.

House-raisings were always great events in that vicinity. They and the log-rollings and husking-bees were the happenings by which the young people counted time. Not only did a house-raising bring its long day of hard work, but at noon there were sports and games by the young men, such as: running, jumping, throwing, or lifting large weights. The young ladies were, as a rule, spectators to these performances, and many an awkward country lad was known to do unheard-of feats when the mistress of his affections was near. Sometimes for amusement two or three of the little slaves executed some fantastic dances under the trees. The whole day was one of activity.

The work on the house usually closed at dark. Instead of being tired, the young people were always ready for a party. Accordingly, it was a custom for the man of the house to give an old-fashioned dance to the crowd present. All the settlers, whether young or old, were excellent dancers, and it little mattered about brogan shoes and coarse, homespun clothing among these people on such occasions. Some old darkey from the plantation cabins furnished the music, and when the soul-stirring banjo rang out the staccato notes of "Soldier's Joy," "Arkansas Traveler," or "Tain't Gwine Rain No More," joy was indeed unconfined. The hours flew by like minutes, and when the bird of dawning announced that day was at hand, the company broke up with exclamations of surprise that the night had been so short. Surely, nothing was more expressive of the spirit of the times than the country dance.

The Johnson house-raising was no exception to the general rule. Indeed, it was one of the greatest events in the history of the neighborhood, not only for the magnificence of its dinner, but also for the unprecedented social treat that night. A whole string band dispensed music to the eagerly-listening crowd. Many an old man forgot his "rheumatiz" or "pleurisy" long enough to enjoy a merry spin with some of the lassies of his boyhood. Midnight passed before half of the festivities were over, and the sun had already risen when the last sturdy lad wrung the hand of Mr. Johnson and wished that he might live a hundred years.

Charles had been able to maintain his position all day as a man of strength, even though he did receive several rough
jests about being so pale and girlish-like. His attitude toward his fellows, however, served to keep up the old spirit of brotherhood. Two old men leisurely smoking their pipes, as they leaned against a rail fence near the scene of the work that day, expressed the real feeling of all toward Charles.

"Sam, just look at that boy of George Harlan's," said old Uncle Josh Williams, "ain't he a wonder? I uster think that goin' to skule 'ould make a feller kinder 'gallish' and tender-like, but, dog my cats, if Charlie don't make all the boys hump to keep up with 'im."

Uncle Samuel James, or to quote the phrase of the neighborhood, "Unc' Sam Jeems," took several puffs at his pipe ere replying drawlingly: "Yaas, I ain't shore but what all of us oughtn't take more interest in eddication if it'll do us as much good as it done Charlie. You 'mind that he uster be orful bashful and timid, don't you? Waal, jest watch 'im now. They's not a boy in all the neighborhood that can make himself more at home with folks, and I'll bet he can whup airy boy here."

"Wonder if he likes the gals now? He didn't when he went away," said Uncle Josh.

"Why, Jennie, that's my grannadarter," replied Uncle Sam, "she says that he told her he had a sweetheart up in old Kentucky, up where father and mother come from."

"You don't say so! Well, he'd make her or any gal a good husband, I am shore," and with that the conversation closed, for the musical sound of the dinner-hour reminded the old gray-haired patriarchs that it was time to show the "young upstarts," as they sometimes called the young men, that they could still enjoy a house-raising dinner.

A few days after this great event, the news was brought by the mail-carrier, who made weekly visits to the village of Harmony near by, that officers would be at the county seat on the following Saturday to enroll volunteers for the new army being made up to fight under General Zachary Taylor in the War with Mexico. All the farmers became very enthusiastic because of the report. The war spirit of their ancestors still worked in their lives and when they met together the chief topic of conversation was "The War."

To Charles the news of the approaching conflict was very welcome. He had enough recklessness about his nature to enjoy danger in its many forms. No one in his school-days had ever accused him of cowardice; in fact, he was noted for his rashness. Probably he had some thoughts of patriotism, but the dominant passion at that period of his life was a love for hazardous undertakings. On the day appointed he was one of the first to enlist in the army. Ten days later, despite his mother's tears and father's protest, he left home and joined his company, which soon camped in southern Tennessee. After three months of drilling, ten regiments, including the one to which Charles belonged, left for the Mexican border. Just when October touched the Kentucky landscapes with his magic brush and transformed the wooded hills into wonderful art galleries, the new army crossed the Rio Grande.

Charles rapidly grew into favor with officers and men because of his bravery and feats of strength and endurance. At Buena Vista he was made a lieutenant and at the close of the war he was serving as captain of the company enlisted in his own county. When the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the struggle, his regiment was mustered out, and he, covered with honors, was soon on his way back to his home among the Kentucky hills.

(Continued in the June issue.)

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Delights of the Simple Life

I've lived in many countries and I've heerd the biggest men, I've been to Athens and to Rome, and seed the lion's den Where Dan'l was almost et up in times o' long ago, And seed the Hebrew children's furnace where the flamin' fires did glow.

I've journeyed to the north'ards both with Peary and with Cook, I've hunted in the dreary wilds of Afriky, and took.
The prize for killin’ leopards, and antelopes, and such, When I was with brave Teddy and we hunted very much.

I’ve jest returned from Washin’ton, the home of William Taft,
Of Congressmen, and Senators, and boodle-ers, and graft;
While there I seed the President and listened to the strain
Of Dixy and Ameriky, and I loved to hear again

Them tunes that makes a feller feel like sayin’: “Hallelloo!”
And j’inin’ in the chorus just like I allus do.
Tell you what! this world of our’n is a fine old place to stay,
With its music, and its butterflies, its punkins, and its hay.

As I was tellin’ to you, I’ve been around the earth,
And seed purt nigh’t the whole durned thing that is of any worth;
But sence I come back home ag’in, I b’lieve that this is true,
They’s not a place on earth like this, don’t you believe that, too?

W’y, this here place called ’Possum Ridge, no matter if ’tis small,
Has all the elements of life within it, after all;
For here’s the church-spire p’intin’ up to’ards heaven’s matchless dome,
And there’s the skule house on the hill, and yonder is my home.

And everywhere I go about this little town so small,
I git a welcome handshake and a “Howdy’doo” from all;
And the people they’re contented and labor every day
In their fiel’s a-pullin’ fodder er a-rickin’ up their hay;

And bless my heart! them little chaps a-playin’ by the mill,
Air jest as happy as kin be, and it makes my old eyes fill
With grateful tears to watch ’em as they dance, and sing, and play.

And I sometimes almost wish that I could feel as light as they.

Yes, since I’ve come to think of it, I b’lieve that this here place
Is jest about the loveliest I have seed in my long race
About this mighty world of our’n, a-lookin’ fer the sights
That’s told of by the writers that I read on winter nights.

We ain’t got no Colliseum, ner Pantheon, ner sich.
But we’ve got them other buildin’s that make life sweet and rich;
No legends of great heroes our town has growed, I know,
Air told around our firesides when winter’s breezes blow;

But we’ve got the finest people that the old world holds, I’ll bet,
And in trav’lin’ o’er the whole earth I ain’t found their equal yet;
That they’re heroes and they’re sages no one will ever know,
Except the Lord above us, “from whom all blessin’s flow.”

Music
BY BESSIE BECK.

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts God gave us, and “is well said to be the speech of angels.” It is one of our best arts, and we as individuals and as a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music. We need some ever-present, ever-welcome influence that will round off the sharp, offensive angularity of opinion and warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society. We need to be so enamored of the divine idea of unity that that alone shall be the real motive for the assertion of our individuality.

Good music more quickly harmonizes a people into this spirit of unity than any other art. We have all seen and felt its charm.

The hard-working, jaded millions need expansion and the ennobling experience of joy. They need to taste and breathe
a larger and freer life. This life has come to thousands while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to come down.

We are all open to the appeal of chorus singing. We forget ourselves and blend in joyous fellowship when we sing together. The same is true when we listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest aspirations of a master. In any case, the higher and purer the character and kind of music, the deeper the influence that it has.

There is nothing that banishes the benumbing ghost of ennui like music. It lends sympathy, relief, and expression to all our moods, loves, longings, and sorrows, and comes nearer to the soul or nearer to the secret wound than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith, and renews our conviction of childhood—that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, and that beauty is a divine end of life and not a snare and an illusion.

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm.
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joy below it can improve,
And anticipate the bliss above."

In such a private solace, in such solitary joys there is culture. One can rise from communings with the good spirits of the tone world, and go to his work with new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul.

There is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than good musicians; for music not only offers itself as the most available, most popular, and most influential of the fine arts; it is also the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, and the spiritual instincts of the soul; and in being this, it becomes a universal language, tending to unite, blend, and harmonize all who come within its sphere.

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Normal Heights

Up from the misty vales below,
At early morn the troops come daily,
To the stirring strains of the Normal March
Press they forward bravely, gaily,
   Panting, determined, onward still,
   Heavily armored, up the hill,
   Charging Normal Heights.

They surge at its crest into barracks tall,
Forming in lines that climb and clatter,
But gaining at last the topmost wall,
Hushed into silence all merry chatter.
Drilling grimly with might and main,
Stumbling, rising, forward again,
Gaining Normal Heights.

By leaders stern urged forward yet;
Defeat incites but sterner warfare,
The victor's goal—the Fates have set—
Must crown unfailing, high endeavor.
Toiling and striving till dawns the day
When trained recruits will march away
Blessing Normal Heights.

Out on the front mid battle's roar
A fair State's honor still contending,
Higher the standard than e'er before
Kentucky childhood's rights defending.
There will the foe its doom foresee,
There will the ultimate glory be
Crowning Normal Heights.
"A Flower Garden"
BY L. F. CARWILE.

There are days, when the world seems to reach its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to be desired now that we have sniffed of the sweetest and most agreeable odors of the fields and woods, and we bask while in the shining hours of a more beautiful place,—a flower garden; when every flower that has life gives us satisfaction, and everything, both great and small, which is near them, seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. The halcyons may be looked for with no more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of Indian Summer.

The day, though very long, sleeps over the garden, the broad hill, and warm, wide fields, but to have lived near the garden through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely.

At the gates of the garden, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. On making his first step into the garden, he is so amazed with the beauty of the flowers and the sweet scent thereof, that the knapsack of custom falls off his back. Here we find Nature, with the assistance of man, to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come and enter its gates.

We creep out of our closely crowded houses into night and morning, and, from far and near, we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosoms. The tempered light of the flowers is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. They gleam almost like iron on the excited eye. At once they begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. As we behold them in all their beauty, we forget whether or not there is anything interpolated on the divine sky save these precious and thought-uplifting flowers of the one garden. How easily we might walk onward, into and around through this garden of flowers, absorbed with new pictures, and by new thoughts fast succeeding each other, until, by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led, in triumph by the Great God of flowers.

WESTERN NORMAL YELLS.

We have recently adopted some yells that are "running-over full" of the Normal spirit. All ye old students who wish to make your heart beat as of yore, try these vocal utterances and mark the result.

Rip! Ray! Rah!
Kenuck! Kenuch!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Kentuck! Kentuck!
Yea! Yau! Whoa!
THE STATE NORMAL, TOO—WHO0!

U—Rah—Rah
State—Nor—mal
U—Rah—Rah
State—Nor—mal
U—Rah—Rah
STATE—NOR—MAL—WHO0!

Ripety-rip, Zipety-zip,
Hipity-hip, Hooray.
We'll yell for the Western Normal
Forever and for aye!

Yip skiddie; yes, skiddie,
Yip skiddie, yah!
Boom-a-lack-a-boom-a-lacka—
Sis Boom Bah!
Western Normal, Western Normal,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Normal! Normal! U—Rah—Rah—Rah!
Normal! Normal! U—Rah—Rah—Rah!
Squash 'em! Bust 'em!
That's our custom—NORMAL!
THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

A monthly journal, published by the Student Body of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, and devoted to the best interests of education in Western Kentucky.

GORDON WILSON, Editor

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Entered as second-class matter February 8, 1910, at the post office at Bowling Green, Kentucky, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 CENTS THE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II. MAY, 1911. NO. 7

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING.

STUDENT LOYALTY.

Several times within the past month students have come to the editor saying that Mr. So-and-So wished to advertise with us and had sent us word to call and see him. This seems to us to be an approach toward the ideal we are striving to reach, i.e., a paper patronized by advertisers and liberally supported by student-body. We cannot sufficiently thank the loyal students who are thus aiding the financial side of our paper.

THE INFINITESIMAL.

The smallest student that we can conceive of is the one who is so blinded by his utter stupidity or by the insane idea of his superiority over his fellows that he can conform to no decent rule of regulation. He whispers at chapel, joins the herd of idle smokers at the corner drug store, "hooks" small articles when the merchant's eyes wander in another direction, is heard to utter vile, slanderous gossip about every girl in school, and is utterly oblivious to demands for good behavior. Such a student is a "thorn in the flesh" to any school, and happy to his fellow-students is the day when he bundles up his effects, utters a farewell stream of oaths, and goes home to a father who stands with outstretched arms to receive his "schooled" boy. Of such infinitesimals of human existence we can only say in the words of Pres. Cherry: "Roast them, bury them, and then do something else to them."

Not long since there was received by the President of the institution a letter asking for a teacher who could teach High School work thoroughly, and athletics (except football), and who used tobacco in no form whatever. These were only a few of the requirements, the others being equally rigid ones. Prof. Leiper thinks the letter should have been sent to St. Peter, as we have no one here just now that will fill the bill. We are glad to know that the people of Kentucky are demanding men and women of character, scholarship, and physical training to be the teachers of their children. The time when just any old thing would do is eternally past, we hope, and may the near future make more rigid demands than we have ever known. Have you ever taken an invoice of your qualifications? If not, do so now, for you are likely to be sought for.

If the single buckle unfastened or the single shoe unlaced would likely cause the ruin of the German army, in the course of time the obstinate student who persists in being too thick-skulled to hear when he is kindly asked to refrain from talking in chapel will cause the downfall of our loved institution. Shall the better class of students be dominated by a microscopic speck of existence, commonly termed the "bad boy"?

The Western Kentucky State Normal School owns among other things one hundred sixty-three acres of land, four mules, and countless farming implements. Wonder how many of the one hundred sixty-nine Normal Schools of our
country are as thoroughly up-to-date as we. Departments in Domestic Science, Agriculture, and other modern sciences and arts brand our school as a pioneer in the South.

THE DEDICATION.

What does it all mean? Now that we’ve talked and sung and yelled and preached about the new home of the Normal, what does it all amount to? Has Kentucky been made any better by our sore throats and tired bodies? After all, was it only a show? The spirit that prompted these outward demonstrations is working mightily in the hearts of teachers and people in our State. The great Hill is lifting itself into the high realm where the ideals of Kentucky youth dwell. The spoken words may be buried beneath the onward press of events, but there will be carried away from Bowling Green by every sympathetic soul a larger desire to see Pres. Cherry’s doctrine of “More Life” preached in every home of the Southland. There is no factor in Kentucky civilization, and we are proud of our Fatherland, that is greater and more ennobling than the spirit of the Western Normal. If another opportunity has been offered to scatter the seeds of a newer and better life, then our demonstrations have not been in vain.

Help us boost the Normal baseball boys. They are fine fellows and need all the aid we can lend them. Don’t let our boys lose for want of sufficient yelling by our strong-throated students.

We want as many names of our boys and girls and the places where they teach next fall as we can secure. There is only one of the editor and many of you. Please give us this information, as we want it for the June and July issues.

Don’t fail to read every line of this bumper issue—ads. and all. Ten similar doses for only fifty cents. Sure cure for moss-backedness, reactionitis, and spring fever. Get under the ELEVATOR and psah.

The Convocation and Dedication

BY MAUDE LEE HURT.

The fifth educational conference and convocation of county superintendents convened at Bowling Green in New Vanmeter Hall on May 3d, 4th, and 5th. This was perhaps the greatest meeting in the history of the Western Kentucky Normal School.

The superintendents of the fifty-one counties in western Kentucky were present with but few exceptions. Some of the most distinguished educators of the nation were present, and took part in the various exercises.

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pleted, and this magnificent structure was turned over to the State of Kentucky. At ten o'clock the building was thronged with people. Many former graduates and old students were present to join their Alma Mater in this season of rejoicing. Four of the members of the Board of Regents were present and gave splendid greetings. The principal speaker of the morning was Capt. Brinton B. Davis, the architect of the building. At the close of a masterly address, he presented to the school a beautifully framed portrait of our honored president, H. H. Cherry. This grateful tribute to the worth of President Cherry, gave Capt. Davis a place in the hearts of the students that no other act could have given him. That President Cherry fully appreciated the act, and the thought which prompted it, was evinced in his short speech, which the large audience, by its continued applause, forced him to make. After a few other short talks, the meeting was adjourned for noon. At one-thirty, in the afternoon, the student-body and many distinguished visitors met at the old building on College Street and marched to our present home. The line of march was the most imposing ever seen in Bowling Green. The line was led by the band, followed in regular order by the children from the Training School, the young lady students, the speakers and other visitors together with the members of the faculty, and last, by the men of the school. The children and young ladies separated upon reaching the brow of the hill, thus forming two lines, through which the visitors passed. The line was again closed and the building was almost filled before the men reached the top of the hill. The programs announced His Excellency Governor Augustus E. Willson and Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, as the speakers, but word had been received some time previous, that Dr. Brown could not be present, and Dr. W. O. Thompson, President of Ohio University, had agreed to fill the place. The Governor, at the last minute, found it impossible to attend and telegraphed his regrets. After the meeting was adjourned, photographs of the vast crowd of people were made. The last program of the week was rendered Friday evening, the principal features being an address by Prof. P. P. Claxton, of the University of Tennessee, and the transfer of the keys from Architect Davis to the Board of Regents, and from them to President Cherry. Delightful music was furnished throughout the entire week by the Glee Club and the Oratorio Society.

The annual excursion down Big Barren River occurred on Saturday, and was enjoyed by hundreds of students and visitors.

We wish it were possible to name all of our visitors, but lack of space forbids. Among those who delivered addresses, not mentioned above, were Supt. McHenry Rhoads, Mr. Jno. M. Atherton, State Supt. Ellsworth Regenstein, President Crabbe, of the Eastern Normal; Supt. Pilkenton, of Hardin County; Supt. Hammack, of Union County, and Dr. Lackey, who exerted a great influence in securing the appropriation for the Normal Schools. Hundreds of others were present, and all contributed to the pleasure of the occasion.

The occasion was a great one and will be long remembered by those who attended it. May we have many more like it.

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GREETINGS

GIVEN BY STUDENTS ON THE EVENING OF THE DEDICATION, MAY 5TH.

ADAIR.

It is not knowledge, skill, or practice that makes the teacher's personality, but the life and enthusiasm that glows in his soul and is an inspiration to all. So, let us have more life in the teaching world. Strive to deserve the salary you already receive, and Kentucky will fully compensate your services.

ALLEN.

We Allen County teachers, realizing that true education
is a gradual unfolding of powers,—even as a perfect flower from a tiny bud,—shall earnestly endeavor, by setting high standards, to enable each of the six thousand public school children of our county to possess his rightful heritage—a symmetrical, physical, intellectual, and moral character.

BALLARD.

What can we do for the Normal? Do effective work while in the field, always setting the right example for pupils; stand for the Normal in our county institutes, and let those, who do not already know, feel and realize what great things the W. K. S. N. is doing.

BARREN.

The natural birthright of the county institute is more efficient spiritual life. We as teachers may effect this by being punctual, active members, and by giving hearty cooperation to all measures for the advancement of the causes of education and the development of the boys and girls,—the nation's greatest asset.

BRECKENRIDGE.

In 1875 Kentucky adopted a compulsory school law. The report for 1908-9 shows only 42 per cent of Kentucky's children in attendance. Breckenridge stands for increased attendance by the enforcement of this compulsory law, the consolidation of schools, and the better training of her teachers.

BULLITT.

Schoolhouses should be modernly constructed and equipped for the highest development of the child. The building material, lighting facility, system of heating, and sanitation alike should be critically considered. Everything that goes into the construction of the schoolhouse should express the ideals of the community and the love of childhood.
Normal Heights, whose leader—one as brave as ever took command. Christian County, with its thriving county seat of Hopkinsville, its good roads, colleges, and rural schools, sends you this greeting: "We pledge you our earnest support and loyalty in your efforts to bring Kentucky to the front rank in education."

Crittenden.

Society is waiting, calling—earnestly, anxiously,—for men and women of broader culture and nobler nature—men and women of quick intelligence, of enlightened understanding, of large heart and generous impulse,—to take the children of to-day by the hand and lead them into the ways of wisdom, virtue, usefulness, and happiness.

Cumberland.

In view of the fact that "Child Labor" is to a great extent responsible for the non-attendance of pupils, that non-attendance results in ignorance, ignorance in a poor citizenship, a poor government and a degenerated state: Therefore, in behalf of a better State, the Cumberland County delegation stands for the suppression of child labor, and the enforcement of Kentucky's Compulsory School Law.

Daviess.

Daviess would increase the efficiency of her district, graded, and high schools; organize corn clubs; supplement the school fund by increased local taxation; emphasize the ruling of her board, so that by 1914 all teachers must have high school or Normal training; and awaken all to their opportunities and responsibilities.

Edmonson.

Years ago tillers of the soil could throw down grain, return in the autumn and reap their harvest. So with the teacher of the past. He spent little time in preparation because little was required. Not so now. He must first seek the kingdom of preparation, consecration, and service or he will in nowise see the kingdom of a better salary.

Fulton.

Among the noteworthy features of the present day advancement is the introduction of thoroughly practical courses of study into our schools. Without losing one whit of their interest in the so-called higher branches, our educators everywhere are taking the position that more attention should be paid to training our young people for everyday life.

Graves.

The teacher's reward is not material things, nor is it knowledge. It is an abundant, beautiful, and glorious life, which comes from an efficient service; a nobler, freer life, which is the goal of an enlightened democracy. It is the purest treasure time affords—the riches of mind and soul.

Grayson.

For years the teachers of Kentucky used teaching as only a step to another profession. This implies a necessity. The State Normal Schools grew out of this necessity. Therefore, they have a place and a right to live. We greet you with the promise to make teaching in Kentucky a profession within itself, and thereby give Kentucky's youth advantages equal to any in America.

Green.

The paramount need of Kentucky to-day is the proper development of her childhood. This development can best be accomplished through the influence of efficient teachers. Then let us be up and doing, fighting the reactionary spirit, enlisting all forces possible in behalf of Kentucky's childhood, thereby fortifying and preserving, the "Old Kentucky Home."
Laws first exist in the mind. To develop laws we must create a public sentiment. Then, Friends of Education, let us make a united effort to create a sentiment that will bring about the passage of such laws as will revolutionize Kentucky and put her on the firing line for education.

**HART.**

The heart of Kentucky stands for more beautiful schools—beautiful in interior, beautiful in exterior, and beautiful in relationship to the district. We pledge ourselves to the accomplishment of this; our hearts and our minds are turned toward the realizing of the ideal thought, “The School Beautiful.”

**HARDIN.**

Ethics may be defined as the capacity to govern life by purpose and ideals. Real moral progress has not been due to the enforcement and inculcation of moral precepts, but to the growth of scientific thought. And we, as Hardin County teachers, are striving to get others to see that the highest ideal is the free exercise of the most energetic faculties and we are aiding them in forming lofty ideals of honor, truth, justice, and duty.

**HENDERSON.**

The establishing of the high school means a higher standard of education for the citizenship of Kentucky. Since 95 per cent of the students never get beyond the high school, the courses of study should be prepared to equip the student for meeting his obligations in life, and for earning a better livelihood. Then the high school will meet the demands of the masses and make a better and greater Commonwealth.

**HICKMAN.**

Education is the enrichment of the soul, the development of physical manhood, and the embodiment of character. Our Commonwealth then, does not need more men, but more men of merit; men whom we can make the pride of our people and the glory of our country.

**HOPKINS.**

Before the establishment of the State Normal Schools, the common schools of Kentucky composed an army which without a commander-in-chief was being defeated on every hand by ignorance. But now that this army has the “Twin Normal Schools” as its commanders, trained teachers as its lieutenants, and the children of Kentucky as its soldiers, we feel that yonder on the battlefield of educational development, the victory will soon be won and the flag of intelligence will wave over the “Dark and Bloody Ground.”

**JEFFERSON.**

The present greatness of our schools lies in the fact that we are getting down to the essentials of life. A manual training department is to-day considered a necessary part of our school equipment, as are the departments of Domestic Science and Agriculture. Emerson says: “If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or even build a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, even though he build his home in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten track to his door.”

**LARUE.**

Through the influence of a higher educational standard in our county, the social, sanitary, and moral planes of the rural communities are reaching a higher state of perfection. The Rural Life is becoming the ideal life that will, sooner or later, stop the rush of our boys and girls to the city.

**LIVINGSTON.**

The time has come; yes, it has fully matured; the school children of the rural districts of this grand old commonwealth of Kentucky are calling for life, life more abundantly,
which means longer terms and better trained teachers. We
cannot do more for Kentucky than the training of her boys
and girls.

LOGAN.

The time has come, in the history of Kentucky, when the
educational quack must go. The call to-day is for profes­sion­al teachers and a higher standard of teaching. The
childhood of Kentucky deserves this, and the welfare of the
well-trained, professional teachers, and the dark blot of il­literacy, which to-day mars the fair face of the State, shall
be wiped out, and Kentucky, the queen of the Southland,
shall come into her own.

MARION.

The teacher's worthiness or unworthiness will be reflected
in the life of the pupil. In no other way may such lasting
impressions of the true worth of integrity and rectitude be
made as by example. His success must be measured by his
power to inculcate the principles of a higher and better life.

MARSHALL.

The Normal Schools are great Power Houses, transmit­
ing through their product, the Trained Teacher, the light
of Truth and Knowledge to the Common Schools of our
State. They are the source of the inspirational Light which
dispels the clouds of Ignorance from among the masses, so
that the Common Schools shine as a Bow of Promise in our
educational system.

MCCrackEN.

If the schools of Kentucky are to properly train the boy
and girl for a well-rounded citizenship, if they are to render
to the State the most efficient service, if they are to attain to
a higher standard of education, there must be professional
enthusiasm among the teachers.

MEADE.

Country life can never be made attractive until good roads
are built. Our state's future welfare depends upon the per­petuity of the Old Kentucky Home. Meade County joins her
sisters in the fight for more beautiful highways.

Metcalf.

It is highly necessary, indeed, that we have good school­houses, but that alone is inadequate. We also need earnest,
conscientious, efficient teachers, those who would willingly
sacrifice even life itself for the good of our State. Make it
possible for us to have these two things, then you need have
no fear for Kentucky's future educational welfare.

MonroE.

The teacher must be actively interested in all the great
social, moral, and religious questions of the community.
Thus identified, his advice is sought, his opinion respected
and his aid solicited in all matters connected with the life
of the people. He often molds public opinion by quietly in­teresting and animating a few of the leading spirits.

Muhlenberg.

True education is the awakening of a love for truth, giv­ing a just sense of duty, and opening the eyes of the soul to
the great purpose of life. It brings efficiency in work which
leads to good citizenship. Then education first, for the truly
educated man is the one who finds pleasure in serving him­self and others, either with his hand or brain.
THE ELEVATOR.

NELSON.

Better schoolhouses are the tangible expression of an awakened popular opinion which may be further aroused to demand better roads, more efficient teachers, and increased facilities of our Normal Schools. Improved and new schoolhouses, therefore, may be said to be one of the first steps toward high citizenship.

OHIO.

Since time began, the potent factor in civilization has been the teacher of constructive personality. In states of social unrest, new ideals have been formed and through them new life given to a nation. May the present age call forth that personality to change the ideals of our civil life.

RUSSELL.

The taxiphone strings across the sounding-board of a community, keyed by each individual voter and vibrated by the bow of public sentiment, play harmoniously the masterpieces of the grand musician, Education.

SIMPSON.

The Normal-trained teacher stands with torch in hand ready to set fire to the heap of dead-wood in the profession which has been blown together by the winds of educational improvement. The elements of decay must be replaced by elements of growth and service. May our service be worthy.

SPENCER.

We stand for such equipments in the rural schools as will be in keeping with the greatest childhood of earth. Pure Anglo-Saxon blood inspired us to live the most unique and glorious history ever bequeathed to man. Kentucky’s childhood must have as good as the best.

TAYLOR.

Compulsory education would give us an enlightened citi-
teachers and better schools. It is the cry for “Life, and life more abundant.” There must be an intellectual awakening in Kentucky, and it is in our hands as teachers and as representatives of the W. K. S. N. S. to start this educational resurrection.

EASTERN KENTUCKY.

The Eastern District joins the Western District in raising the standard of education in Kentucky. May both the districts succeed in putting Kentucky on an equal footing with her sister States.

FLORIDA.

The New South is waking up to the true education of her childhood. She demands that a modern, well-equipped schoolhouse be placed at the door of each child of school age, and she demands that they be taught the things that will make better homes and better citizens.

MISSISSIPPI.

The progress of civilization is measured in terms of the progress of man. Here is where education finds its field and wins its triumph; for just rewards are rendered only for efficient service, and efficient service is effected only as a result of a developed power and skill.

TENNESSEE.

There has never been a time in the history of the ages, when the downfall of a nation was the result of a co-operation of its citizens. The success of an institution, commonwealth, or republic depends on the unity and harmony of its people. Divided, we terminate in defeat and disaster, but united, we flourish, prosper, and take on new life.

ILLINOIS.

To Kentucky, in her era of educational advancement, her sister, Illinois, brings greetings. We know your possibilities.

We have full faith in your vision of a greater Kentucky. We wondered when we heard of this vision. Our admiration was unbounded when we knew it was being realized, and now we say to you: “Oh, Great and Noble State! Go on, the prize is near.”

MISSOURI.

In 1776 Thomas Jefferson promulgated the great doctrine of Social Democracy, when he proclaimed that “all men are created equal.” It is our duty, as an independent people, to cause the realization of Jefferson’s immortal doctrine by making it possible for everyone, regardless of race, color, or previous condition, to enjoy the blessings of education.

GEORGIA.

Georgia believes in the beautiful old myth which runs thus: Zeus had promised a crown to the man in a certain kingdom who should prove himself to be greatest of all. The dawn of the eventful day upon which the crown was to be awarded found vast multitudes assembled at the foot of the loftiest mountain in the kingdom, the men who were considered the greatest being placed in the foremost ranks. On the very outskirts of the throng, unmolested, stood a noble teacher who had spent many weary years of toil, struggle, and suffering in self-sacrificing service to the community. Amidst the hush of breathless expectancy in which the crowd awaited Zeus’ decision, the voice of the mighty god thundered forth: “Crown the faithful teacher; he is the greatest of all, for he made these men great.”

The class in Biology was busily engaged in studying the animalculae of a drop of water through a microscope when Miss Davis asked, “Dr. Mutchler, are these little bugs what sing when the kettle boils?”

“Sticktoitition,” the quality of staying with a proposition like a postage stamp.—Dr. Parker, of the Episcopal Church.
The Student: Your article, "The Awakening of the American Conscience," is very good, indeed. Let's have more of the same kind.

Some people miss opportunity when it knocks because they haven't pushed enough to open a door.—The War Whoop.

One of our most progressive exchanges is the High School Voice, of Owensboro. Many of the school papers that come to us would be made more attractive if the "plan" of the Voice was followed out, and a few "cuts" introduced.

Woman's love is as real as life and about as uncertain.—Northern Illinois.

Miss Embry (to Mr. Paschal): What plays of Shakespeare have you read?
Mr. Paschal: Why, I have read the "Merchants of Venice," and—and—
Miss Embry: "As You Like It"?
Mr. Paschal (looking very wise): Oh, I like it very well.
—The Echo.

The "Exchange Department" of the Huisache is characterized by many good criticisms and suggestions.

We have quite a number of other exchanges on our list, all of which are wide-awake little papers and are doing a great work in keeping alive the spirit of the schools which they represent. A hearty welcome to all, and a sincere desire for the continued success of all our exchanges.

Prof. Wethington, since coming back from Bloomington, Ind., says he likes small country towns like Bowling Green.

Miss Iber Horning has made a great historical discovery. On a recent history examination she added a new colony to the thirteen original ones. We have not learned yet what that one was.

Wanted.—A good paying position requiring no physical or mental labor. Yours for service, Elmo Thomas.

A chapel announcement:
Please call a meeting of the Spooner's Club immediately after chapel. J. B. Button, Chairman.

Miss Beck: What do you think of a student with a rip in his coat and three buttons off his vest?
Miss Watson: I think he ought to get married.

Doctor (to Lula Rigsby): There's nothing the matter with you. You only need rest.
Lula: Oh, doctor! just look at my tongue.
Dr.: That needs rest, too.

One of the lady County Superintendents, while attending
the convocation, was being shown over the art room by Prof. Webb.

"Do you paint?" asked the Prof.

"Yes," blushingly answered she, "but not as much as some girls."

Col. Guilliams (to his wife): If you want me to sue for divorce, just use that plural subject with the singular verb again, and I'll do it, sure.

Mrs. G.: Honey, you is real sweet.

Normal News

The wise man gets the idea in his head, the foolish man, in his neck.—W. J. Byran.

The people of Bowling Green like one of our boys, E. A. Sigler, so well that they re-elected him principal of the Warren County High School, with a handsome increase in salary.

Ben Willingham and Miss ——, of Daviess County, took the same notion and we applaud their wisdom.

Miss Eliza Stith secured the position of teacher of Fourth Grade in one of the Bowling Green Public Schools recently.

Mr. Fred Lyles and Miss Baskett, of Henderson County, some time ago decided to follow the same path through life. Congratulations, Freddy.

Dan Roberts has been chosen chairman of the Spooner's Club, to succeed Mr. J. B. Button, who has resigned, saying the work is too much for him.

The province of true education is to reconcile man to God.—Prof. Clagett.

We were glad to see a number of ex-students here during the convocation.

The last section of the Junior finals was "pulled off," according to Col. Guilliams, on Saturday night, May 13.

Ten people, including some of the very best specimens of brain, brawn, and beauty, are to be turned loose upon the world this year, carrying as their constitution and by-laws a Four-Year Certificate.

Free enrollment to lady grade teachers holding State certificate. Ohio Valley Teachers' Agency, A. J. Jolly, Manager, Mentor, Ky.

Boost the Elevator in your county institutes.

If in need of a school position, write Ohio Valley Teachers' Agency, Mentor, Ky.

Several people are in arrears. Please settle at once or we must drop you from our list owing to certain postal laws.

Beverly Vincent has discovered a relative absolute in Latin. Wonder if that had anything to do with breakfast bacon?

Reception to Citizens

The faculty and students gave a reception at Normal Heights to the citizens of Bowling Green on the evening of May 2. Several citizens made talks, among the number being M. B. Nahm, C. U. McElroy, Prof. J. S. Dickey, and Prof. R. P. Green. A series of pictures illustrating the development of the Normal, were thrown on the screen by Dr. Mutchler, and commented on by Pres. Cherry. After the program the Domestic Science Department served refreshments at Cabell Hall in a delightfully charming way. We believe that the evening was a potent factor in bringing the school and the city nearer together.
Music Festival

The Oratorio Society gave its annual program in New Vanmeter Hall, Friday evening, May 12, under the direction of Prof. Franz J. Strahm. Louis Spohr's "Last Judgment" was rendered by the chorus, the solo parts being sung by Mrs. Marie Zimmerman, soprano, New York City; Mrs. Fred Mutchler, alto, Bowling Green; Mr. Walter Earnest, tenor, Pittsburg, Pa.; and Mr. Chas. C. Washburn, basso, Nashville, Tenn.

The thousand people present pronounced it one of the greatest programs ever rendered in the city. The success of the Oratorio Society is due largely to our able leader, Prof. Strahm. Already plans are being made for a greater music festival next year.

Five minutes after the tardy gong had struck, the principal of the school was walking through the lower hall, when he saw a pudgy little fellow scampering toward the first-grade room as fast as his fat legs could carry him. "See here, young man, I want to talk to you," called the principal to the late comer.

"I hain't got time to talk to you; I'm late already," replied the breathless beginner as the door of his class-room closed.

THE YOUNG MAN

Wants clothes that are different—not too "loud" but clothes full of life and go.
You will find them at

ALLISON CLOTHING CO.
QUALITY UP. PRICES DOWN.  423 PARK ROW

Clothes of Quality
IS OUR MOTTO
We never buy cheap clothes to sell for advertising purposes.
BAILEY - OSTEEEN CLOTHING CO.
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D. H. BROWN Makes Ladies' Furnishings a Specialty
Special Prices to All Students
912 State Street.

NELLY O'BRYAN MILLINERY CO.
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ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME YOU.
114 MAIN STREET.

20 CENTS Is all we charge Students for hauling their Trunks.
B. G. TRANSFER CO.
Call Us Over Home Phone 200
"The Stable just around the Corner from the L. & N. Passenger Station."

GIRLS! SEE

Demmonds & Sloyer, Milliners
For Hats, Hair-Dressing, Shampooing, and Manicuring.
Pushin's Department Store
917-919 College Street, Bowling Green, Ky.

Please note these things. This store is the most complete Clothing and Furnishings Store for Men and Women in town. We have built a large business on these principles:
1. Prices lower than elsewhere.
2. Quality always the best.
3. The first to display the newest styles.
It is to your interest to trade with us. We assure you the best for the least money.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX SUITS,
The Best Ready to Wear Clothing Made
The W. L. Douglas and Barry Shoes $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.
J. R. Stetson and Haws von Gol Hats. We sell the best $2.00 hat on earth.
Dorothy Dodd and the J. & K. Shoe for Women. Ladies Tailored
Suits, Shirts and Waists at prices to suit all.
Call and see our Special line of
BLUE AND BLACK SERGE SUITS
At $12.50, $15.00, $16.50 and up to $25.00

The Best Values At The Price to Be Had

Vacancies! Vacancies! Vacancies!

You ought to see our VACANCY file. The GOODLY number of GOOD teaching places, in Kentucky and elsewhere, which have already been reported to us DIRECT BY SCHOOL BOARDS, would make you enroll with us NOW!

FREE REGISTRATION ALL GOOD TEACHERS

Continental Teachers' Agency
(INCORPORATED)
McCormack Building, Bowling Green, Ky.

Warren State Bank
WILL BE GLAD TO
CARE FOR YOUR ACCOUNT
WHILE YOU ARE HERE IN SCHOOL.

Mrs. Mutchler had taken Buster to the Zoo. He watched the camels long and earnestly as they munched huge bunches of grass, then turned and said, "Mother, wouldn't father be pleased if he could see them chewing all day?"

Forever and ever and—then some more.—H. H. Cherry.

J. L. PILKENTON, President
G. L. CRUME, Secretary
KENTUCKY TEACHERS' AGENCY
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