11-1915

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VII, No. 2

Western Kentucky University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc ua_records

Part of the Education Commons

Recommended Citation

http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc ua_records/1940

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact topscholar@wku.edu.
THE WESTERN KENTUCKY

State Normal School

Established for the preparation of teachers for the schools of Kentucky. Courses offered leading to three grades of State Certificates—TWO-YEAR, FOUR-YEAR, and LIFE.

A specialist at the head of each department.

Unsurpassed advantages offered in the School of Music—Piano, Voice, Violin, and other String Instruments.

The spirit of the institution is democratic, tolerant. Worth counts for more than wealth.

New illustrated catalogue just received from the press. Write for it, and it will be sent you with pleasure. An attractive publication, giving full information concerning all items connected with the school.

CALENDAR

Second Term Fall Session Opens Monday, November 15, 1915.

There is plenty of free tuition in each county for all persons who are entitled to it. See or write 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.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., NOVEMBER, 1915
W. O. TOY
THE PARK ROW
BARBER!
EVERYTHING SANITARY!
STUDENTS WELCOME

R. L. MORRIS
THE JEWELER WHO PLEASES
It is the Popular Place
408 MAIN STREET

THE NEW YORK STORE
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear!
Also a Good Line of
Gents' Furnishings
J. E. BURCH, Prop'r.

Bowling Green Laundry Co.
French Dry Cleaning!
The Most Modern Equipped Plant in
Southern Kentucky
D. Y. DUNN,
W. K. S. N. REPRESENTATIVE

THE PALACE
Confectionery
Where Students Go to Enjoy Home-Made
Candies, Ice Cream, Sherbets
Park Row and State Street

IT ADDS TO
YOUR TRADE
TO "AD"
IN THE ELEVATOR

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF A
Coat Suit, Dress, Dry Goods or Shoes
GO TO
440 Main Street
NAHM BROS.

Rogers' New Studio Parlors
IS THE PLACE
To Get the Best,
Up-to-Date.... Photos
436 1/2 MAIN STREET

Morris & Anthony
Dry Goods, Clothing,
Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes
Ladies' and Men's Furnishings
403 Park Row Home Phone 581

The Bazaar
Dependencies Goods and Popular Prices
Prevail at Our Store. Give Us a Trial
GREENSPAN BROS. & CO., Proprietors

Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Drug Co.
OWLING GREEN'S LARGEST DRUG STORE
Films Developed Free--KODAKS--Films Developed Free
STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME!
TEACHERS WANTED!
EMERGENCY CALLS ARE COMING IN!

(9-20-'15) THREE telegrams have been received in this office to-day calling for teachers to report immediately! If available, let us hear from you! If employed, write us concerning your plans and our terms for next year.

CONTINENTAL
Teachers' Agency (Incorporated) Bowling Green, Ky.

Y.M.C.A. Special Rates to Students!
Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Baths, Reading Room, Games, Bible Classes, Socials, Meetings-for-Men.

Dormitory Rooms, $5.00 Per Month, Including All of the Above Privileges

A BOWLING GREEN TEACHER

Miss Anna Campbell, who taught in the city schools of Bowling Green for a while, and afterwards took a course in the Business University, is now enjoying a salary of $1500 as teacher of Commercial Branches in a California high school. Last year she was employed to teach at $1400. Her success was so gratifying that the Board of Education added another $100 to her salary for this year. Miss Campbell is well-known in Bowling Green and her friends are congratulating her on her signal success in the Golden West and wishing for her a long career of usefulness in her new field of labor.

M. E. HARELSON
EDITOR
ASSOCIATES
HELEN GRAY
CORRINNE MANNING
BERTHEL VINCENT
MINA WHITE
BETSY MOORMAN
DOROTHY GREGORY
BOB WHITESIDES

W. J. CRAIG
Faculty Representative
Concerning

I shall depart from the beaten paths. I shall enter the university and graduate from the kindergarten. I shall begin at the topmost story and build a sky-scraper. I shall pay cash for my automobile. I shall serve the dessert first. I shall chase Jim Calvin back along the path of glory, arriving finally at the cradle. Watch and see.

James Marion Calvin is in charge of the educational processes in vogue at Princeton, Ky. He opens the door of his curriculum and takes certain methods in out of the cold. To other methods he very haughtily says "beat it." Agents of "get educated quick" publishing companies, purveyors of Super Sanitary hat-racks, distributors of Moisture Proof drinking fountains, and promoters of Germ Assassinating lunch boxes encamp on his trail, only to be scientifically shooed away. Applicants for positions flag him down by waving their diplomas right in his face, merely to drift sadly away dragging their diplomas behind them. Fiery eyed parents arrive to stay, but remain for devotional exercises. A delegation from the Ego Amo Té's of the High School awaits him to complain that their work in Geometry is interfering with the preparations for the Hallowe'en Side Pace. "Well, it ought not to," says Calvin. "Don't you know that Vernon Castle got his mastery of figures from a close study of Geometry?" That made the harassed ones see things in a new light. They went home, red hot ambition sizzling within them, and to-day the Princeton Parabola has chased the Grizzly Bear out of the corporate limits of the city.—Such is life in a Superintendent's office—one diplo-
of a deep-seated consciousness that those who adhere to the idea of Formal Discipline (whatever that is) are fit for treasons, stratagems, and to be spoiled. His vocabulary must be plethoric with brand-new, shining educational terms and phrases. He must have seriously surveyed the surveys of the surveyors of San Antonio and other cities. He must be able to confound laymen and amateurs by applications of the lore of Bagley, and he must speak of Dewey—John, not George—so as to leave the inference that they had carried love letters for each other when they were boys.

Calvin has flourished at Princeton. Backed up by a public-spirited Board, and a corps of competent teachers, he has given to Princeton an excellent system of schools. The school spirit has always been good in Princeton, but it has been overhauled, and had new brass buttons sewed on during Calvin's regime. You see he just had to do well in Princeton. When he went there there was Mrs. James Marion Calvin, newly acquired, and later on there was James Sutherland Calvin, and under the inspiration thus created a less able person by far couldn't have done otherwise than well.

Calvin's favorite pastime is automobiling. He has a high-spirited Overland in which he and his household take many a spin in and around Princeton. When the weather is fine, and official duties not too urgent, they go for a long ride in the country. The city having been left behind, Calvin assumes the glower of a law-breaker, cuts out the muffler, coaxes the speedometer around to the fourteen-mile mark, and permits the heathen constabulary to rave to its heart's content.

Every summer, he goes down to Peabody College for Teachers and basks in the breezes that blow from the various pedagogical storm centers. Next summer he will emerge from the aforesaid basking, a full-blown Master of Arts.

Before Princeton, was the Ice Age; the great Paducah Ice Age during which for six freezing years Calvin super-vised and refrigerated the largest grammar school of the city. The results show that he accomplished good ends. His school accumulated prizes galore, and his children led in high school when they got there, but in point of lowness of temperature the Czar of all the Russians nor an untipped Pullman porter had not a solitary, chilly thing on him. Whenever he entered your room—say even in August, you instinctively thought of moth balls and winter underwear, and the thermometer called boisterously for more cover. The calendar took one look at him, and forthwith decided that it was all wrong, Gaston, all wrong; that there were not four seasons as according to local folklore, but only one and it the dark of the moon in mid-winter. At this time, Calvin was forsooth a frosty proposition. However, there was a reason for this: he had become addicted to the Psychology habit while attending Chicago University, and was trying to taper off by taking a course by correspondence. It was a long, tedious, icy process and required the mollifying influences of matrimony to complete the job. At the time, one could pass the cold storage, known otherwise as Calvin's room, at practically any hour not covered by the regular school schedule, and see him inside, pencil in one hand with which he was wrestling with the cube of a concept, and with the other hand mopping liquid air from his furrowed brow.

Before that Calvin had been in charge of the schools at Grand Rivers, Greensburg, Dixon, Clinton and a few other places. The reports which I have had from these places are all in his favor. He seems to have been a pioneer for better schools in each. Meantime he was spending his spare moments graduating from South Kentucky College and the Normal School. He completed his work at the Normal in 1903; having matriculated in 1901. He came to Bowling Green from Christian County; yes, let us out with the whole and bold truth, and reck not as to consequences. He came from the wilds of Christian County. With the figure, bearing and jaw of a white hope, he marched into the Presi-
dent's office, his black Stetson sombrero in one hand, and his telescope in the other. The President, who was inditing an ode to the Rising Bell, laid aside his work and looked up. He recognized his visitor instantly. "Why, howdyed, Mr. Corbett," he said, "draw up your chair and sit down. That was some lambasting you handed Old John L."

Sometime back before that, Calvin was born.

---

LITERARY.

A Pile of Yellow Earth

Beneath an elm on the hill was a mound one week old, men, women and children had come, some in canoes, some on foot and some in carriages, to pay respects to the child buried there. But now all were gone, and the little cemetery was quiet.

On the veranda at their country home sat Ryan McGee and his wife. The moon was rising, and they were thinking of the little mound on the hill. A shadow came over Ryan's face. His brawny hands clutched the great arms of the veranda chair. 'I cannot understand it at all, Marie; surely God is unjust.'

His mind was human, and, of course, it could not reach out and lay hold on the purposes of the Almighty, and, like many another man in time of intense sorrow, God seemed an unjust God. But silence was again, and all the days of his married life returned to him.

Just six years ago he and Marie were married. When he bought the large river farm on which they were living he could pay only a fractional part of the price. He realized there was a struggle ahead, but he went about it with a determined heart. The land was rich; the seasons were good; the Cumberland offered an easy means of reaching the eager markets—the debt began to dwindle away. Then came the babe into the home, to add to the glory; to banish any shadow which might slip in; to draw the two souls together more strongly even than the hands of Hymen.

A Farmers' Union was organized, and Ryan was chosen its president; the Sabbath-school was resurrected, and he became the superintendent; the Fair Association eagerly took him in as a member; the Bank at the county seat made him one of its directors—and, with love ruling his home, the future seemed bright, indeed.

Marie had entered, heart and soul, into every undertaking of her husband. Then her cheeks began to lose their color; the brightness began to vanish from her eyes. The spring fogs gave her a chill, and fever came on. But, at last, Ryan arose from her bedside, and the physician drove away not to return.

On the little hill by the house were some maples. Their leaves had turned yellow and red, and some were already falling to the ground. Winter was coming on, and Ryan's barns were empty. The failure of the crops had meant that there could be no payment on his notes, and the interest must go unpaid. Already the grocerman had asked for a settlement; notice that the annual payment on his insurance was due lay on his desk, and the physician would send in his bill in a day or two. He had lost all his positions, the members deeming it unfit to hold a man who no longer took part in the meetings.

Spring opened up and the days took on a more cheerful attitude. These seemingly impassable gulsfs had either disap-
THE ELEVATOR

peared entirely or had admitted of temporary bridging. Marie was strong again, the baby was doing well, and the prospect was good for a splendid crop again.

Then one day Ryan went down the river to Nashville to straighten out some business matters, and something dreadful happened. The telegram said that his child was badly burned. He hurried home. It was lying on the cot. Surely it was a pitiless God who would allow such an innocent thing to suffer so! But a hole was dug on the hill. Friends came and stood by it. A pile of yellow earth marked the spot.

He turned his eyes toward Marie. She was wringing her hands, and the picture of agony was on her face. "Wet her lips with water," he commanded the maid. Marie had fainted. She consented to lie down, and sleep soon enveloped her. Ryan returned to the veranda. Surely an artist would have been spell-bound had he seen Ryan sitting there in the moonlight. His long, straight hair seemed doubly black; his chin was stern; his lips were drawn tightly; his eyes shown darkly; his comprehensive brow was lowered with expression.

"You are wanted at the 'phone, Mr. McGee," called the maid from the hallway.

He took down the receiver. "Yes, this is McGee's place. Did you wish to speak to me?" His hand grew nervous. He hung up the receiver and walked the floor. "Shall I wake Marie and tell her?" he was asking himself. He frowned, then clenched his fist. "No, she is worn out, and I shan't speak to her till morning."

Ryan was with the hands in the field next day where they were planting corn when he saw the Notary Public and some real estate men coming. "We should like to look over your farm," the notary began. Ryan knew why they had come. "Not to-day," he replied.

"But these gentlemen with me wish to see the farm, for they may want to buy it if you have to sell; and, besides, I am the Notary Public, and the law gives me the right to look at the farm if I so desire."

Ryan looked the notary squarely in the face. Then he raised his great, sun-browned hand and pointed in the direction of the gate. "Go," he commanded. "When the time has expired for me to redeem my land, then come, and you may look at it.

He went to the bank next day and tried again to renew his notes. Then he pleaded for just a few days more, but it was useless. His neighbor would lend him the money, but it would be sixty days before he would have it. The raftman would be glad to accommodate him, also, but his means were tied up in logs, and he was waiting for a rise in the market. He returned home despondent.

There was no rest in his pillow that night. "Where can we go to?" he kept asking himself. Plan after plan was formed to save the farm, but everyone had to be given up. It seemed inhuman to just turn a man out of his peaceful habitation—out into the world with nowhere to go, but that seemed the inevitable course.

Ryan arose next morning resigned himself to fate and awaited the outcome. The notary drove up, and the real estate dealers were with him again. Marie heard them call for the deed to the farm, and slipping in where it was kept, she concealed herself behind the sofa. Ryan entered. He sat down at the desk, gave a heavy sigh, then drew out the envelope. Hesitatingly he put his fingers inside and drew out a paper. He stopped quick. The paper dropped from his hands. He picked it up again, looked at it again, then again. Marie was eyeing him closely, and she saw the big, manly smile which came across his face.

EDWIN THOMPSON.

An Evening With Poe

The autumn is here. It is the season of somber tones. Ofttimes the dark and light pencilings of the drifting clouds, and the sloping hills are so mingled and grouped that the
landscape looks as if it were a delicate etching of rarest beauty. Then again are bright, cheerful days, the great fields of goldenrod undulating in the autumn breeze appear to be billowy seas of golden light that has been snatched from the sunbeams and sent rolling across the fields. The forests have in them all the possible tints and colors that defy the efforts of the artist to reproduce them. The harvest fields sing the songs of the Hoosier poet, while the bare hillsides of New England mutely mourn the death of the flowers.

Truly, then, the autumn is the season for the artist. There is always a sensation of awe that steals over one as comes from the great, wide, ever-expanding, ever-narrowing landscape a vague comprehension of something inexpressible that creates a longing for something that is only as it is not. Especially is this true when the leaves are falling one by one from the boughs they once beautified. One may not be able to tell what is felt; may not be able to paint what is seen, or to reproduce what is heard; all these may be impossible, but there may come to one an infinite amount of pleasure just from associating with those who have tried to do so. In a time when those things that inspire the artist exist, live in the art that is, and feel the impulses that inspire the art that is to be.

Sometimes in the autumn evenings spectres haunt the landscapes known in legend; weird noises are heard about old, deserted houses famous in folktales. These spectres, and these noises become all the more real and impressive after one has read Poe's "Ulaume," or "The Fall of the House of Usher." No, perhaps that is not quite true. Perhaps they become more real than the fancy of an artist if they are read when.

"The leaves, they were crisped and sear,  
The leaves, they were withering and sear."

It is Poe, the artist, that appeals to one, and not the philosopher, or the teacher. For this reason an evening spent with him at this particular season of the year, when everything awaits the winning of one's fancy to immortalize it, should bring one pleasure unexpressible. Let the entire "Ulaume" be read; there is not a line, or a word, out of harmony with the season. Let the "Bells" stir the atmosphere into the sweetest tones imaginable, or jar the stillness into thousands of reverberations, and yet in either case the time is ideal for one to live in the fancy of the poem. The croak of the Raven could never be more foreboding of ill than when heard, in fancy, as the poem is recited in the stillness of a November twilight.

There is something in the art of Poe's fancy that appeals to the cultivated and trained imagination that is found no more distinctly and subtly in any other poet. With him just a word is sufficient to paint a whole scene. It may be the intended effect is conveyed in the mere sound of the word as in "The Bells." It may be forced upon the imagination by a refrain, or perhaps by an unusual rhyme as in "The Raven," and "Annabel Lee." Sometimes one is unable to say in just what the charm lies, but just simply ascribes it to the atmosphere of the entire poem, "The Coliseum." Always there is that subtle something that holds our fancies in its grip, and creates a sense of something we know not what, but it is there. In only one line, and only one word of that line, Poe has revealed the entire setting of the poem, "The Conqueror-Worm."

"Lo, 'tis a gala night." 'Tis a short line, but it is sufficient to flash across the imagination all the splendor, and all the beauty; yes, even all the misery of the vast horde pictured in the poem. Only "gala" is necessary, and the picture is complete without it, and it remains only an attempt.

In these days when everything appeals to the artist, spend a few evenings with Poe and interpret his fancy in the terms of the art,
A Resume

A retrospection of nineteen hundred and fifteen falls under two divisions. The land of development as opposed to the land of dissolution; the reign of hatred and strife as against the place of good-will; the country of war as against the country of peace; Europe in contrast with America.

Two fields widely separated, yet the activities of one permeating and affecting the thoughts and actions of the other. The carnage of Europe obviously influences America, and who doubts that the self-control of our country has made its impress on maddened Europe? Yet, there is a visible line of demarcation between the two, imperceptible when the events occur, but clear and unmistakable after a lapse of time.

The advent of the present year found the United States at peace with all the world. Then why so little accomplished in governmental and scientific fields? Why our industrial and financial work in stagnation? Not within the confines of our country is the answer to be found, but the effects which we see here have their causes in Europe. We have paused to watch the mortal combat across the sea. For the first time in history financial America was dependent upon itself, and her steps were slow and cautious. In the field of science the invention of the wireless telephone bids fair to revolutionize man's method of communication. Its possibilities seem unlimited. The completion in Idaho of Arrow-rock Dam, capable of irrigating two hundred and forty thousand acres of land at a total expenditure of five million dollars, is the most important project of its kind finished during the year. In the political world the defeat of woman suffrage in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts by majorities ranging from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand is heralded by some as the climax to that movement, while others claim it is only a temporary set-back, indicating no tendency toward the failure of their cause. Aside from these there are no internal conditions of special significance.

But in our relations with other nations the year has been filled with grave and momentous problems. The sinking of the Arabic and Lusitania, the submarine warfare waged by Germany, the blockade by England have repeatedly threatened to sever our diplomatic relations with those countries, or involve us in more serious trouble. The policy of strict neutrality is not easily maintained when nations driven to desperation are involved. Mexico, a source of annoyance for the past three years, has been no quieter than usual this year. Our policy of watchful waiting has given way to the recognition of Carranza, and a solution of this situation may be near at hand. Slowly emerging from these handicaps, by an integrity of purpose and trueness of convictions, we have secured the respect and admiration of the world, and a properly balanced self-esteem which the magnitude of the occasion made possible.

Europe, torn apart by war when the year began, has seen no abatement in hostilities, but the year has witnessed the joining of three other nations in the struggle. The governments and industries of the nations have been devoted solely to the war problem. The positions of the armies have not been greatly changed, although Russia has suffered some reverses on the eastern front. The length of the fighting lines has been greatly increased by the entrance of new powers into the conflict. There have been no decisive engagements, and the end of the year bids fair to find the solution of the problem as far removed as ever.

When we look upon the present struggle for control in Europe, when we review the safe passage of the United States through so many diplomatic situations of gravity, when we note that poise which she maintains, and think of her possibilities in the future as an advocate of peace and a restorer of a butchered civilization, we may justly feel proud of our country, and face the future with confi-
A Pen-Picture

How shall I present to you, dear readers, the pre-eminent worth of the people whom each of you know, but yet I shall not name for varied and sundry reasons. It is true we have perfect freedom of the press, but it is also a sure thing that he who abuses that freedom must be responsible for the abuse. Therefore what I say concerning these people must be said in such a way that everyone who reads it may know them both severally and jointly, and yet say nothing that would prove anything to a petit jury. I might take each one separately and in his own headquarters, but some of you wouldn't grasp the full significance of my feeble remarks if I did so; therefore, in one group familiar to all must I paint them.

Now, don't accuse me of using mixed figures, because I've just decided to "paint" them since I began to write, and then I presume I shall have to use mixed paints, anyway. The picture is painted, and is before you, now follow directions and identify each one of them.

In the front row, left to right (most groups are so indicated), is, first of all, a man of some renown, and as he sits comfortably and unperturbed, no matter what crisis arrives, we are perfectly sure that he is keeping in "turch" with every man, woman and child in the State. Next to him is another venerable young gentleman who sometimes teaches the theory of evolution, i.e., that man descended from the monkey. I once knew a student to remark: "Is that so? Then he hasn't descended yet." I shan't say anything more about him lest I get in trouble, and shall pass on to the next, who always looks as if he were trying to discover some one who loved Virgil; some extraordinarily superstitious character, or some one who could tell him more about Kentucky folklore. He is very much like a real photograph in that wherever you go he has his eye on you. The last one on this row represents the whole category of domestic troubles. I know this because the condition of his hair always makes me want to examine his wife's rolling pin.

Second row: The first is a perfect specimen of the attitude one in the rhetoric class must always take toward a theme that is being read, be it good, bad, or indifferent. One must do this for self-preservation. Having thus given directions for the identification of the first on number two, I will pass rather hurriedly by the ones who represent the stoicism of ancient art, and the inquisitiveness of modern science. I will pause long enough for the one who shoots a rifle with definite aim to get into place and not break the unity of the picture. Imagine yourself coming in at such an hour, say in room number ( ).

I shall begin with the third row away over to the left, or some of those who are such excellent examples of punctuality will escape identification. If you could see behind everything you would doubtless find one picture blurred by a pair of moving thumbs; one wearing the perfect air of a modest maid, and one, well, as she leaves the picture at exactly ten, everyone feels the loss. I see I am detaining you too long and must pass hurriedly along.

I can't continue by rows now, they aren't straight but, somewhere near the center and toward the rear are two gentlemen, one of whom should he see this picture would say: "Isn't that delicate," or "It's abundantly worth while," while the other would contradict him by saying, "Whoever wrote that ought to use his head for something besides a hatrack." Now, just to the right there is one whom I know very well how I should designate, but I shall not do so; for he would immediately "deny the allegation and defy the alligator," and I've no desire to be drawn into a mortal combat of any description. Now, I know I've not pointed out to you each member of this group, but time and space are about used up. However, if you will look on the back row this time you will
find two youngsters who are just now cultivating attitudes. They are easily distinguishable by certain peculiarities of their pates, also. I've been kept in a constant terror lest one genial fellow should blur the images by catching a fly, or removing his gaze from the upper northwest corner of the auditorium, but am spared that tragedy. For the others you will find a word of description in this sentence: There is a business-like method in my silence.

Now, for the wrath to come.

Guido

FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK"

Men with a keen insight into the soul of humanity, like to depict its many different phases—reading alike with as much attention and interest, in painting the depths of baseness as the loftiness of purity. Thus Shakespeare had his Othello and Browning his Guido. Into Guido, Browning pitched all of the artificiality of the early renaissance; the total depravity of the priesthood of the Catholic Church, and blended with these that lowest villainy of the soul, characteristic not only of this age but of all times.

Guido was a Catholic priest of noble birth, and with splendid opportunities, but on account of his character, neither of these proved a blessing but rather a curse. Plodding along a common mediocre, with no preference in the order of priesthood, he became dissatisfied and his lust for money and power, caused him to marry a young girl whom he thought to be very wealthy. Afterwards it was proven that the girl, Pompeia, had no wealth at all and was merely an outcast, who had been picked up and cared for by foster-parents. When this became known, he immediately began plotting to rid himself of the burden, but all attempts failed to secure this much-desired end until, when a child was born to them, he became doubly enraged and with three accomplices he traveled to the home of her parents and ruthlessly murdered not only Pompeia, but her foster-parents as well. For this he is arrested, and according to the laws of Italy, tried, convicted and executed. This is the story in brief, but during the scenes of the trial is where we get a clearer conception of his character.

Guido is placed upon the stand and permitted to tell his own story. He boasts of the nobility of his birth and of priesthood—how his honor has been besmirched, and why he was justified in the murder. He tells the whole story in a matter-of-fact way; not moved by any emotion whatever, neither cruel nor affectionate, just a cynical, mocking soul—burnt out—dead to all impulses and emotions,—an outward man of the world, who from his noble height is able to look down upon the foul crime with as much equanimity of spirit as does the German Emperor upon the murder of Miss Cavell. This is where Browning shows the artificiality of the man and the age. The Italian Kultur as it were, playing upon the lives and customs of men. But we must hear from Guido again before passing final judgment. Having been convicted, he awaits in his cell. Only twelve hours lacks of his execution. Some attendants arrive to remain with him until the summons. He talks again, and being baffled, and every effort of hope exhausted, his icy coat of arms melts, and from his damned soul sprouts forth the forked tongues of hell itself. They entwine the sanctity of the pope and of Christianity; lick the veracity and faithfulness of his own lawyers, and scorch the virtue of Pompeia herself. Nothing escapes his calumny. He curses everything, damns everything, and then like a dying coward that he is, when the executioners knock on the door of his cell, he cries out to Pompeia for mercy.

Thus is his character portrayed by his own evidence and expressions, sufficient for our conclusions, probably, but we are not forced to base them upon these alone. We see him again through the evidence of both Pompeia and Capon-sacchi, and also in the decision of the pope, who, when setting upon the balcony or his own porch, with only the heav-
only bodies and his God as witnesses, passes upon his case. He reviews his life from youth on up to the murder and finds in him not one single good act, impulse or emotion.

Surely he was a criminal, a villain with all the characteristics, even to his physical appearance, "a hooked nose and a yellow face in a bush of beard." Browning painted him as such, and such he was.

---oOo---

The Chestnut Hunt

WHAT I DID

"The melancholy days are come," but October the twenty-second, 1915, was not the saddest of the year. If you do not recall that particular day, it was the annual outing, the trip to the country, or better known as the "Chestnut Hunt." At seven-thirty a.m., I, with the other students of the Western Kentucky State Normal, assembled at the Normal Park and, being eager to reach the country, climbed upon the first wagon, since I had been told that it had springs on it. Before I came to the "end of a perfect day," I realized what the man meant when he said the wagon had springs on it, for I had been assured that he did not mean to say the wagon has springs.

But you know a little jolting is good to make you forget what you have done and what you are going to do, and then you are able to enjoy the present. Really we forgot the educational problems of Kentucky, that we are so interested in solving, and enjoyed the day as only light-hearted school-boys and girls can do.

On reaching the woods, I found this inscription carved in God's own handiwork in the many colored leaves, "Abandon care all ye who enter here." I stopped on the threshold for a few seconds, dispelled a few such thoughts as "My final theme," from my mind, and then went into the heart of the woods.

Most of the morning was spent in nut-hunting, just roaming over the woods and enjoying the music of the birds. Not much time was given me for living alone with nature, for the woods were awakened not only by the songs of birds, but by the voices of happy students, also. Of course, no one had the audacity to carry his watch,—that was one of the things we wished to forget, as they continually remind us of rising time, breakfast time, class time, dinner time, class time, supper time, study time, bed time. But the sun, or some telepathy, told us to hunt up our lunch baskets. So, about twelve o'clock, we found a beautiful, grassy spot near the spring, where we spread our lunch. We ate everything we had brought along, "so we would have nothing to carry back," if for no other reason.

In the afternoon, I turned my attention to the athletic feats, enjoying all of them immensely, for some of them were really feats. But soon, very soon, the farm house bell told us it was time to return. I made my way slowly to the wagons, crawled upon the last one and was all too quickly into town. I'm not saying anything about the next day, for I have already forgotten that, but how long will I hold in memory the trip to the Cherry Farm.

---oOo---

WHAT I SAW

There was a feeling in school that something was going to happen. So when Mr. Turner rose to make a motion, which he prefaced with the remark, "To-day is a beautiful day," wild applause greeted him. He was able to get no further than the statement that he thought to-morrow would be a pretty day. At this point Mr. Alexander moved that we go chestnut hunting to-morrow. Mr. Turner got to second the motion, and needless to say the vote was unanimous.

A gayer throng of merry-makers never launched on an outing more auspicious of good times. The children who were passed by the side of the road waved a merry greeting; the dogs barked in a welcoming manner; and the very chickens that fluttered from under the horses' hoofs cackled a cracked "good speed."
The mood of the day permeated Dr. Kinnaman to such a degree that after reminding us that it isn't good form to tell the farmers that their wagon wheels are coming off, he was actually heard to tell some people that their wheels were spreading. The people were students, however, so no harm was done.

After taking a first survey of the old Cherry home and drinking from its refreshing well, the crowd with one accord sought the woods, along whose edge a fringe of chestnut trees whispers of the joy they are able to bring, and of those who in days gone by have experienced just such thrills as ours.

If the seemingly ripe persimmons did pucker the mouth; and some timid maidens, and perhaps a man or two were frightened by a snake, the sound of laughter and happy voices that echoed and re-echoed across the hills told that all were enjoying life. Groups were collected all about, and the cheery camp-fires told of toasted bacon and marshmallows, and numerous other good things that were being enjoyed.

Following the luncheon hour, which had been duly lingered over, there were the athletic stunts. These were opened with a most absorbing game of Duck on the Rock, led by the dean. The boys' foot race, forward pass, and high jump and the girls' race and forward pass were then held.

All too soon came the time for going home. But as if attempting to crowd a double portion into the remaining hours, the drive home was filled with songs, school yells, and side excursions to where some tempting bunches of grapes peeped forth from among the leaves or an irresistible bunch of red and yellow leaves caught the eye. When on turning a bend in the road, a magnificent view of Vanmeter Hall was had in the distance, we realized that we were nearing "the end of a perfect day." So, with fifteen "rahs" for the Normal, our merry train swept through the town, and with tired but happy "good-nights" the hunt was ended.

This is the time of Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving of the real, true kind, and not that sort of thanksgiving that says we are thankful that it is no worse for us. That kind of a thanksgiving must proceed from a selfish heart that is glad the ill winds have blown for others, and is also glad that in a world where knocks are common, others have gotten more than their share. This sort of a negative thanks for escaping the great calamities is never thankfulness; it is only a forced submission to fate, and the many, many stories that are often told to illustrate it should be forever barred from use in instructing the youth of our land. Then let's be really thankful for what we have; let our spirit of thanksgiving arise from a true devotion to the Giver, and inspired by the fact that He has given us so much, and not because He bestowed no fewer blessings upon us.

THE TURKEY TROT

Thanksgiving has two very distinct and separate phases in its national character. The one is common throughout our land; the other varies with the section of the country in which it is observed. The general phase is the intent or purpose of the day, while the second is the manner in which it is celebrated. However, go where one may, there is always one item on the Thanksgiving menu that appeals to all—the turkey. And this recalls to us the days when we were great adepts at forcing that majestic barnyard fowl to execute in its most natural manner the Turkey Trot. Pass the cranberry sauce, please.
In these days we hear no little discussion about a higher education, for a more enlightened citizenship, and we are led to believe that with a more enlightened citizenship will come a new and brighter era for our state and nation. Furthermore, we are asked to believe that this new era for which we are waiting will bring to us a more intelligent, a more efficient, and a more honest administration of public affairs. We are persuaded that when our citizenship is rightly educated, and when they reach the standard of true and right living that is set for them by our leaders, our public affairs will be honestly administered, and our state will be ideal.

We are persuaded that when our citizenship is rightly educated, and when they reach the standard of true and right living that is set for them by our leaders, our public affairs will be honestly administered, and our state will be ideal.

We are glad that this ideal is held up to us, to inspire us to greater efforts to achieve it. We are glad that we have our State leaders who prefer temporary defeat of ambition, to an external stigma upon their honor for having sacrificed their ideals. But yet to us there are a few very pertinent questions that persist in arising and demanding explanation. We shall not presume to answer them, for they are questions that baffle the profoundest thinkers, and will continue to baffle them until some change has been wrought in our civic life that will enable us all to follow after those who have been pioneers for many long, weary years, and to become also pioneers ourselves.

When are we to realize the true spirit of progress? For many, many years we've heard from the public platforms ideals of citizenship. Since then many of those who urged the spread of social and civic reform have been placed in responsible positions, but their reforms are not enacted in real, living progressive movements. If this, then, is true, where lies the trouble? We are told that it is hidden beneath the pall of illiteracy, but is this altogether true? Is not a large part of our lack of progress due to the influence of the blatant reformer, who, while preaching progress, and espousing high ideals, stoops to the mean level of sending men out with conveyances to bring to the polls the ignorant, the indolent, and even the degraded and debauched in order that he may gain their votes to cancel the votes of those who are both intelligent, and unsullied in their characters, and thus elevate him into a position where he might be able to do a great work if he had not so many political debts to pay? How can a populace honor and respect a man who, while a candidate for office, will mingle with a class of people he disdains to notice at any other time? What confidence can a people have in a man who is willing, while advocating great things, to stoop to the practice of publishing a half-truth, in order to get the votes of prejudiced and ignorant citizens, in order to be elevated into positions of trust, against the will of those who are enlightened? These are a few of the questions that naturally suggest themselves to us, as we witness the political fights about us. We have no criticism against a higher education, but we want it in the higher fields of activity as well as in the lower fields. We want it so that the practices of the politicians will be consistent with what they teach; so that the names politician and statesman are synonymous. This final word: There is one true standard of enlightenment, and that is reached when a man is able to always do what his degree of intelligence tells him it is right to do, be he a private citizen or be he a public official, and when the latter class has realized this fact, and harmonized their conduct with it, the day of an intelligent and honest citizenship will be near at hand.

Every college or university that attempts to support any kind of athletics, especially contests with other institutions, should feel that the success of the teams it backs is its success, and every failure of those teams, its failure. This feeling should belong not only to those interested in the individual players of the different teams, but to everyone who has any connection whatever with the institution, be it a college or a university; or be it a high school, or any other school. When a team of players go on a field to play, it isn't the team alone that is on the field. Those players, however great they may be, are not individuals, they are players of this institution, or that one, and whatever fame they may win goes first
to their respective schools, and then to them as individuals. Just as a victory won by them is a victory for their schools, so their failures belong to their schools, also. The athletics of a school is one of its greatest advertisers; Harvard and Yale are known perhaps as well by their football squads as by any other one thing.

Our team is our school when it goes on a field. Are we for our school? Then we are for our team. If we are really for our team, we will do all we are able to do by any honorable means in order to bring it victory. Let's stand behind our team, everyone—and let's push.

---

News from the Field
---

Occasionally we receive a bit of news from those who are out in the field where they are endeavoring to put into practice the theories they developed while in the Normal. We who are now here are working on those theories, also, and we always feel like rejoicing in the true style when we learn that some one has succeeded in turning them into practical and tangible experience. It makes us feel that we, too, may find a bit of success bound up in those threads of finely spun theories we get from various sources. We always welcome these bits of news, and we ask that our friends let us hear from them whenever they feel that we need a word of good cheer, or a greeting of any kind, and we will pass on as many of them on as we can each month. The few that we have thus far received have been brief, but of interest, and express the good-will of our friends toward us and toward the work they are doing.

One of the breeziest and best letters we have received, came from Rockcastle County, up in the mountains of Kentucky. Mr. Walter Evans is the guy who writes from Brodhed. He assures us that he cannot go up the mountain steeps without an "ELEVATOR," and we believe he's right.

Friend Walter writes that he is progressing nicely, and that's good. We are for him. He writes of some of his friends he misses, and they are for him, too.

From Henderson, Ky., we received a nice little card. Our good friend, J. H. Sweeney, is principal of one of the ward schools over there. J. Harvey assures us that he likes his work fine, but he must have an "ELEVATOR" to mount to the top of it. Mr. Sweeney always did know how to do things.

Away down on the Mississippi River is a good little town. The people down there wanted a good teacher, and they selected Irvin G. Walker. Mr. Walker does not tell us so, but we know they got what they wanted, for he writes that everything is moving along nicely. We know the rest. I. G. also must have his "ELEVATOR."

Some weeks ago we received quite a nice letter from an old, old friend of the Normal, now holding a position in the schools of McLeoud, Okla. E. E. Baucom writes that his opening this year was very bright, and prospects for a good school were excellent. Mr. Baucom's letter was welcome thrice, for he demands THE ELEVATOR for three more years.

Another warm greeting from the State where Indian wigwams send up their smoke to the skies, is from our good friend and former co-worker, Orlando Magness. He is in Eldorado, Okla., and doing some fine work. He is too modest to say so, but we know he is. He had a pleasant greeting to all of his friends, and we all wish him success in his new field.

---

Witchcraft and Superstition in Cuba
---

In this country, now, the Hallowe'en season, our minds are filled with thoughts of ghosts and goblins. In the spirit of revelry we are happily haunted by departed spirits, for a
few days, at least. Then the ghost goes back to his rest and the goblin seeks the solitude of his hiding place.

But there are places where Hallowe’en is unknown, but where the God of Superstition is believed in and where his shrine is sacred to his subjects. Cuba, otherwise the Pearl of the Antilles, becomes in this respect the Land of Superstition and Witchcraft.

From the history of the dim past of Cuba we are told that the aborigines worshiped the devil. However, little that is authentic can be said of this, and real history dates back but a few years. Of the great mass of queer customs practiced, probably most of them are due to a close contact of the early Cuban with the black man. Perhaps a native chief of Africa, now a slave, was able to resume his official character among his enslaved countrymen. More than that, he doubtless influenced others of the land to many of his own bewildering beliefs, and a confusion of religion resulted.

The mass of people who are believers in witchcraft are, of course, ignorant and of low birth. This custom and that came from one generation to the next and in the mind of “Fulanode tal” there was nothing to do but accept his father’s narrow view of religion and life in general. The shrines of the father’s saints became sacred to the son.

Besides a patron saint of the people, there is also a minor saint for every whim and fancy, desire or condition. Many of these are represented by various savage idols, and very often bear Catholic names. Pray to San Nicolas, young ladies, and he will aid you in finding a rich husband. Santa Lucia will care for your eyes, while San Antonito will protect you from fire. When the patron saint of your family proves inefficient or has failed to grant your wish, then you are at liberty to cast it aside for one recommended by a friend.

Certain of these beliefs and customs extend to horrifying and savage practices. Old men and old women become crazed in unnatural beliefs and engage in vain imaginings. Imprisonment and even the death penalty have come to some of the offending “Brujos,” or witches.

Most of the common superstitions, however, relate merely to the petty occurrences of everyday life. To read by the light of two candles is to mock death. Crossing your arms above your head will bring about the death of a near relative. If an eyelash falls, you will receive a visit from a long-forgotten friend. A moth flying about you at night means that you are to receive a letter. In some parts of Cuba the milkman brings his cows to town and milks them before your door. It is a sign that if a cow bawls in front of a house where a sick person lies, that person will die.

Bob Whitehouse.

Societies

The Seniors’ Hallowe’en

There is a time, in the passing of the year, when the world and the forces of Nature abandon their daily routine and seek pleasure in the realm of black magic. That time is Hallowe’en. On Hallowe’en the brownies, the wood-nymphs, the dryads, the elves, one and all steal away into the recesses of the forest and there in some hidden dell have their merry-mad revels. Witches, astride long broomsticks and muttering strange incantations rush through the air to their rendezvous and black cats mew ominously by the light of the moon. It is the night of all others when supernatural influences prevail and spirits of the invisible and visible world walk abroad. Over all is felt the power of the subtle, mystic spell of Hallowe’en and everyone is drawn irresistibly into the merry-making of the night. On the Hallowe’en just passed, had you been out with the mysterious ones, you would have seen, emerging into the night with slow and stealthy step, various weird and ghostly phantoms. They appeared to come from Witchland, these unfamiliar spirits of the past, and two by two, they marched to their meeting place. If you had followed you would have seen them enter a dimly-lighted home and there greet a genial gentleman and
his smiling wife. Among the throng were witches, able to frighten another Tam o' Shanter, ghosts that could stir the heart of a Macbeth, a gypsy, a Quaker maid, a Japanese maiden, a colonial lady, clowns, pierrots and others. This strange and almost silent company walked about the rooms, until at a signal from a fearful old ghost, they unmasked by twos before the crowd. Then all ghostliness vanished and behold! the "spooks" were the jolly Seniors of 1916, gathered to hold their annual Hallowe'en frolic at the home of Dean Kinnaman. "Ye Synne of ye Jack o' Lantern" had beckoned them and they had answered "in their most deceptive ways." After the unmasking, games were played, fortunes told and charms worked to keep away the wicked "hoodooes." (What those charms were is just between the Seniors.) Then there was served to these very lively ghosts, delicious Hallowe'en refreshments — cider, ginger-cake, pumpkin pie and candy. The gusto with which the guests partook of these dainties, I fear would have shamed a real ghost into seeking the grave at once. At the witching hour the merry party, after having enjoyed the jolliest of masquerades, bade their gracious host and hostess, Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman, good-night. The Seniors of 1916 were reluctant to see their Hallowe'en outing, so long anticipated, pass, but with best wishes they bequeath their good time to the next Senior Class to be used and enjoyed in the fullest possible way.

The Junior, Kit-Kat and Loyal Hallowe'en Party

On Hallowe'en all the ghosts, goblins and witches of the Junior, Kit-Kat and Loyal Societies joined in their mystic revelries at Vannmeter Hall. On this night of all nights are the spirits allowed to walk abroad unharmed and un molested.

In the earlier part of the evening, the guests mingled together, each trying to guess who the others were. After all had arrived, a Hallowe'en program was given in the main auditorium, where the spirit audience awaited the first num-

ber with a deathlike silence and when the ghosts came marching in measured tread, to the sound of solemn music, one might almost feel that he was visiting some mysterious world and was being initiated to their awe-inspiring secrets.

Then "Little Orphan Annie" told the old story that "the goblins 'ud get you if you don't watch out," and even produced the goblin's to prove the truth of her warning.

One would scarcely expect to find romance in such ghostly environments; however, it was certainly in evidence on this mysterious night, for there was a wedding between the most stalwart of shadowy bridegrooms and the daintiest of phantom brides.

In a lighter vein, but yet in keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en, was the Witch Dance and one, in watching, could easily imagine them circling around their bubbling caldron, concocting peculiar potions with which to weave their magic spells about their earthly neighbors.

After the program was ended, of course everyone had his fortune told and, by the combined efforts of five fortune-tellers and gypsies, it is to be hoped that each one got at least one reading satisfactory in every detail.

Although ghosts may not be supposed to enjoy such substantial refreshments as Hallowe'en may offer, yet the popcorn, chestnuts, apples, cider and ginger-bread were welcome to each and everyone.

After the evening's entertainment, all the ghosts departed for Ghostdom, much pleased with their short sojourn to the upper world.

———oOo———

Mr. Champion is attending the moving-picture shows to learn how to make love properly. He says he's courted twenty-four girls without success, and he's tired of getting no results.

Mr. Nichols: "I thought you took Roman History last year, Sam."

Mr. Sears: "I did; but Mr. Stickles encored me."
Athletics

Since we last wrote in these columns we have met the enemy three times. Twice we have been vanquished, and once drew a tie. But we are not conquered, we still can fight, fight, fight, and then fight some more. We can all fight now, not only the boys on the gridiron, but all of us, therefore "we" is a legitimate term. We may not all fight alike, but we can fight. The season is not over until the last game is played, and the fight for victory is not yet over. It will be concluded when the time-keeper calls the end of the last game. Then and not till then shall we know what it is to lay down arms and sign a truce, for a truce only can be agreed to so long as a single enemy exists for us to fight.

So much in general. Now, a few words for those who do the playing. They have been loyal and have tried to carry off the honors. They haven't always succeeded, but they have never quit trying. Just now they are in better condition than ever before to walk away with the final honors of the season. They have all done good work, but the "breaks" have gone against them on one or two occasions, but they are headed the other way now.

There are two more games yet to play. One with Murfreesboro on the 12th of November. That game will be played before this is out of press, therefore we pass it up without comment. The last one of the season is to be played at Richmond on Thanksgiving Day. That game is to be the game of the season. It is to be so for more reasons than one. Last year the Western boys administered to them a nice little coat of whitewash. It was on Thanksgiving, and they could only be thankful that it was no deeper. They are wanting revenge, of course, but it is not to be theirs, for we have an old score to settle, also. They came down our way last week and held us to 0 to 0 tie, and we don't like it a little bit. We give them this warning: We shall send our boys to them equipped to contest every inch of ground they expect to gain. Therefore it is our game before it is played.

Owensboro 51

Western 0

On October 15 the Western team went to Owensboro. They met a bunch of husky fellows over there, and the score tells the rest.

Bethel 40

Western 0

The following week Western played Bethel at Russellville. The Bethel boys had not forgotten the tie they played here a few days before, and they have said since the last game that in it they demonstrated their superiority over Western boys, but we do not concede it to be true.

Eastern 0

Western 0

The Richmond boys were extremely lucky to escape with a draw game. On several occasions Western should have scored, but the "breaks" were against them. The Eastern players never threatened to score but once, and this time a neat run and tackle prevented a touchdown.
Schedule

November 12—Murfreesboro vs. Western (here).
Thanksgiving Day, November 25—Western vs. Eastern (there).

With the game Thanksgiving the football season will close, but the basketball season will soon be on, and some indoor excitement of a high degree is promised us. The outlook for a dandy basketball team is promising. When the time comes for indoor contests to begin, the same old fighting spirit that is present on the gridiron will find its way into the gymnasium, and wage a contest for mastery there.

The year’s work in Athletics should be a good one. Some good material for the baseball team has been secured to fill the places of some of the old ones who will not be with us again. Late in the spring a track meet is to be held here, between the teams of Eastern and Western Normals. Everyone who can run, jump, hurdle, throw the hammer, or move in any way should engage in this feature of the athletic program. It will do everyone good, even though many will not be able to compete in the final contest.

Munkle’s Book Store, American Bank Building
Horning: "How's everything?"
Champion: "Oh, she's all right."

**Miss Bading:** "She told me that secret I told you not to tell her."
Miss Hawthorne: "The mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her."
Miss Bading: "I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't you tell her I did."

Mr. Turner: "Do you keep all the brands of teas?"
Grocer: "Yes, sir; what kind do you prefer?"
Mr. Turner: "Socrates."

Miss White (in Domestic Science Class): "What kind of fruit do you like best?"
Miss Morris: "Why, dates, of course."

Mr. Stickles: "Are you familiar with Homer?"
Mr. A. A. Allison: "Can't kid me, 'fessor, Homer's dead."

"Dinah," inquired the mistress, suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"
"Law, ma'am," said Dinah, "wot's de use ob washin' er fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"—*Exchange."

Clarence Likins: "Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis, to-day?"
Tommy Simpson: "No; I'm tired of them organ recitals."

---

**Health and Athletics Go Together!**

**SPALDING'S AGENTS**

Football Equipments, Tennis Racquets, Balls, Basketballs,
and Running Togs.

**Suits and Overcoats**

**E. NAHM & CO.**

---

**FOR SALE!**

Those Who Mean Business,

**TAKE NOTICE!**

SOME ENTERPRISING MAN OF BUSINESS
is going to want the trade of Real Live Students.

Mr. Business Man—Billy says:

"Live people help other live people.
NOBODY HELPS A DEAD MAN."

_Here's the place to get what you want._

**THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE**

**STUDENTS**

**WE WANT YOU TO USE OUR STORE!**

Meet your friends here—leave your packages in our care when down town—make our store a kind of head-quarters—you will find here most everything usual to a drug store. Most complete line of Toilet goods in the city.

Huyler's Candles, Sodas, Drug Sundries, Prescriptions

(*Callis Bros.*

**TENTH AND STATE STREETS**