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Western Kentucky State Normal School

A SPLENDID OPENING SHOWN FOR THE MID-WINTER TERM

The hundreds of former students who have returned to the Normal to continue their work this term have invariably brought friends with them. Organization was perfected in a surprisingly quick time and students and faculty took up regular work the first day.

Several Members Added to the Faculty

In order to properly provide for the extra number of classes and the unusually large student-body during the Mid-Winter Term, it was necessary to employ a half-dozen or more new teachers. President Cherry made this arrangement early in the season and these instructors were on hand ready for work on Tuesday morning, February 1st.

Opening of Spring Term, April 11th

The beginning of the Spring Term this year will be one week later than last year because of the change in the date of the Mid-Winter opening. Many counties are just closing their schools and those teachers will find it to their advantage to come to the Normal the first day. Those who attend during the Spring Term will, in addition to the usual advantages offered here, have an opportunity to attend the great MUSIC FESTIVAL IN MAY as well as all the great programs offered during COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

County Certificate Course

One of the largest departments in school is the County Certificate Course, and among the advantages coming to students who do this work may be mentioned the credits made toward State certificates, the opportunity to take other subjects besides those upon which they will be examined, the splendid equipment of maps, charts, library, laboratories, etc., the fact that the teachers are specialists, and free tuition.

Summer School Opens on June 19th

Our special Summer School Bulletin will be issued in the near future, and we shall be glad to send this to those who may interested. It will give an outline of the work offered in the Summer School and other important information. Write for it.

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Then, are your business methods as sound as your professional qualities? Are you depending on "luck" in 1916, and hoping to "hit on something better"—or, are you going to market your ability, your product, in a systematic, business-like manner—through a personal representative, a service salesman? We are in close touch with the position market. May we keep you in mind for a good place in 1917? Write us!

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

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Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Baths, Reading Room, Games, Bible Classes, Socials, Meetings—for Men.
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During the N. E. A. at Detroit in February, the B. G. B. U. was asked for 45 commercial teachers for September at initial salaries of $90 to $100 a month.

When buying, mention The Elevator.
Concerning

A word stands for a concept. If that isn't a perfectly good statement, you disciples of the Dean rise up and smite me on the wrist with the cold psychological fact in the case.

As an illustration, the word sweet carries with it a vague, confused, unboundable conception of sugar, babies, candy, breach-of-promise letters, honey, and sweet sixteen. Likewise, names of persons stand for concepts: vague, indefinite, sometimes; but almost always consistent. When you hear the name Roosevelt spoken there automatically rises before your eyes a vision of oceans and oceans of teeth and eyes; and there comes to your ears the sounds of war's alarms, and short, ugly words, and vigorous statements of I done it; and down in the courthouse yard the cannon that hasn't hit a lick of work since it devastated a British regiment at Fort Wadsworth seems to reach back and feel of its biceps, and say: "Maybe there's a little life left in the old boy yet, ah, what!" Now, when you hear the name Wilson you get a different sensation. That name suggests an erudite cast of countenance. It brings up serried rows of academic brick, with caps and gowns in the foreground. It inspires a vision of diplomatic notes, and diligence in matrimony.

If I have a concept it involves on my part a consciousness of many elements, or characteristics. But all of these are consistent. They run along convergent lines that somewhere out in space meet at a common point. It is my non-phychological opinion that there could be no concept without consistency. For that reason I have failed utterly to form a concept of William Lewis Matthews. None of the impressions I have of that gentleman are on friendly terms. None of the accounts I have of him from other persons bear the slightest resemblance. My right ear hears one thing of
him, and at the same time my left ear is being told that directly the opposite is the only true and authentic version. He is a contradiction; a human juxtaposition, so to speak. He is, and he isn't.

"There isn't a brighter, or better posted young man anywhere than Billy Lewis Matthews," states one witness.

"When it comes to a general unawareness of essential and self-evident facts," affirms Witness Number Two, "Billy Lewis ranks along with a turkey that gobbles near a negro camp-meeting, or an opossum that happens to amble over on the campus of Yale Law School.

"I think Billy's intelligence could be improved a lot," vouchsafes Witness No. 3, "but there ain't no Venus Adonis got anything on him in looks."

"Billy is as sharp as a tack," declares No. 4, "but it shore makes me pessimistic to look at him."

"Matthews has his faults, admits No. 5; "but he is trustworthy. You can always put your finger on him in the crisis of an emergency."

"He isn't a bit better than the fellow that puts 'Fair and warmer' in the papers on the afternoon before all the fruit is killed two years in advance," asserts No. 6. Compared with his utterances and ejaculations, the pre-election promises of a Congressman are of few words and full of veracity."

"He's a fine fellow," testifies No. 7; "but he's that modest and unassuming it takes hard study to find him out."

"Not so that you can tell it with the nude eyesight," breaks in No. 8. "If he were one-nineteenth as important as he feels, believes, and knows that he is, he'd be about thirty-eight times as important as Caesar, Napoleon, Shakespeare, Mother Goose, George Washington, and Billie Burke combined."

So you begin to realize why it is impossible to form a concept of our mutual friend, W. L. Matthews. A concept of him would correspond favorably with that derived from attending a Socialist meeting held in the International Sun-

day School headquarters with the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company present.

He was born in 1887, at Marion, Crittenden County, Ky. These facts are supplied by himself. If I had asked his parents for them, I am sure they would have disagreed hopelessly on all points. His testimony, being continued, is to the effect that he graduated from the graded school at Marion after a somewhat tempestuous period of school life, flavored with romances, duels, and forensics. Then he "heard the call of a steamboat and went West," although whether he went to Paducah, or to Portland, Oregon, affiant does not say. In the fullness of time, he came back East, and joined the innumerable caravan that throngs up The Hill.

That very afternoon at Faculty meeting the President reverses his hair, opens his mouth, and calls for echoes.

"What, ho! and list to my echo," speaks up Professor Alexander. "This morning as my eye swept over and athwart my class in Elementary Dressmaking I noticed hard by a winsome youth of tender years—" "What's his name?" asks Miss Scott. "William L. Matthews," answers the Professor. "The same guy," sings up Miss Scott. "I lamps his mug, myself, in my Calisthenics Class; and, believe me, he's nix. It wouldn't surprise me none if he's a regular villing."

That was the beginning of a great rage of disagreements over Matthews among members of the faculty. The mention of his name muddied their fountains of peace and goodwill. He wasn't a bone of contention; he was a whole skeleton. He totally eclipsed such staid old encouragers of friction as: formal discipline, holidays, systems of grading, and Frisbie Hall. He confused their figures of speech. Serenely unconscious of the discord that he was sowing, Matthews went his way. He wrote, and spoke, and having a small margin of time when not otherwise engaged, he spent it in study. Some of his oratorical exploits brought him noteworthy honor. The judges gave him the decision in the
contest of 1911. Some of the students wanted to canonize that bunch of judges. Others thought that the proper mode of procedure would be to turn a healthy aggregation of cannon loose upon them.

From September, 1913, to June, 1914, he was editor of THE ELEVATOR. I, personally, think that he did splendid work in that capacity. He graduated June, 1914, and the following September raised the lid of the roll-top desk in the Superintendent's office at Livermore, Ky. He is still there. It seems that he has made good, but I am persuaded that there are those of his patrons who would gladly accuse him of running a blind tiger, arson, impersonating an officer, mayhem, and noblesse oblige.

And so you come to see the difficulty one has in constructing a concept with such inconsistent material at his disposal.

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LITERARY.

The Awakening of Dale Station

It was a typical country railroad station. Here and there, the village loafers were sprawling against the walls or leaning against the baggage trunks, cracking jokes, discussing the latest candidate and waiting for the one event of the day, the arrival of the train. But something else, a much juicier morsel, was soon to be their's, for contrary to all rules and regulations of custom, three passengers were doomed to alight that morning and cast their fortunes, for a time, with the natives of Dale Station.

The three, two women and a man, without glancing at the bystanders, walked to the village hack and were quietly driven away. Silas Perkins stood looking after them with an expression of mingled curiosity and anxiety on his face. He was always the first to know everything and here was an event which had occurred without even a hint coming to him. But little by little the loafers pieced a story together.

"I hear tell," said one, "that his name is Dr. Moraweick an' he's bought the old Hankins property."

"Yes," another supplied, "an' them's his wife an' mother with him. Kinder sickly like fer a doctor's folks."

"He's mighty mean looking," was the opinion of a third. "They say his wife has money. Maybe that's how he got the farm."

The Moraweicks were soon installed on their new farm; but the doctor came and went as stern, forbidding and unapproachable as he had at first seemed, and the women were never known to leave their home. Consequently, the village curiosity was baffled. Only once in the first year did old Silas Perkins, in his role of tax-collector, gain an entrance to the place, and then, in spite of his interest and lively questioning, he learned nothing definite except that the doctor was a native of Germany and expected to return in the fall and that he was then occupying his time in experimental work. Even the mail-carrier contributed his little by telling of the peculiar packages and letters with foreign stamps, which he frequently delivered at the farm.

So time went on—the advent of this peculiar trio in the quiet country town being soon forgotten or taken as a matter of course, when one day an old negro, a laborer on the farm, came hurriedly into the town doctor's office.

"Dr. Hardin," he panted, "the Missus sho am fallin'. She's jest nachielly wastin' away. She done send me on the
sly fo' you to come. She say she skeared of the doctor, he gib her sich funny medicine."

Together with the negro, Dr. Hardin drove quickly out to the farm. When he got there, Dr. Moraweick was standing close by a couch where his wife lay dead. She had a most peculiar pallor, a drawn and wasted look. As the two entered, Dr. Moraweick turned quickly around, a look of anger crossing his face for a moment, quickly dying away in one of fear, then gradually changing to quiet reserve.

"You have indeed timed your visit at a delicate moment," he said with calm deliberation, "but your intrusion, I'm sure, was not intentional."

"Moses, here," replied Dr. Hardin, embarrassed for the moment, "told me that Mrs. Moraweick was sick and needed assistance, so I came at once. If I can be of any help, I am at your service. Would you like for me to make any arrangements for you?"

"No," Dr. Moraweick answered, "I will take her to the city to-morrow. Her last wish was that she should be cremated and the ashes taken to her own land. My mother, here, will assist me."

Puzzled and worried, the honest old doctor drove slowly back to town. He could not understand Dr. Moraweick's reticence, his evident nervousness, his peculiar arrangement for the disposal of the body.

"There's something there deeper than I can fathom," he mused, "but I will find out some time." And clucking to his horse, he jogged peacefully back to town.

The next morning, there was a large crowd at the depot to see the doctor leave. Many were the comments and some few people even drew back in superstitious horror as the long black box was unloaded under the calm, unfeeling directions of Dr. Moraweick. The old mother hobbled slowly along, sniffling now and then, but catering always to the wishes of her more positive son.

Soon they were off, and Dale Station, though it never real-ized it, had its last, long look at the doctor as he peered darkly out from his window.

After the excitement caused by this gruesome occurrence had died down, things were moving along in the village in the same good, old, gossipy way, when one day Silas was seen coming toward the depot, puffing and mopping his radiant face, waving a newspaper excitedly in his hand.

"I knew something else would happen," he gasped, triumphantly, still clinging to his precious newspaper.

"What would happen?" questioned the excited crowd, gathering round the fountain of news, in joyful anticipation.

"Why, just this," replied Silas with an air of importance. And guiding his eyes with his forefinger on the lines, he read:

"'New York, Sept. 1.—A most peculiar death occurred at the Sunnyside Hotel last night. Mrs. Moraweick, the mother of Dr. Moraweick, a well-known specialist, died from causes which baffled even her son. Dr. Moraweick has announced his intention of cremating the body and taking the ashes to Germany, together with those of his wife, who died two years ago."

"'Two years ago,' snorted Silas, at this point, "two years ago; why, it was barely three weeks ago!"

"Well, we'd best keep our innocent hands out of it," said a frail-looking youth.

"We ought to report what we know," sniffed Silas, indignantly.

"He's sailed by this time. That paper's a week old," said another. "You'd better keep out of this, Silas. That man's an evil eye."

Affairs then went on as usual, except with Silas playing the part of hero, propounding his theories over every tax-receipt. One day the depot clique was again rendered speechless by the advent of another personage, a dapper, wide-awake young man, who approached them, note-book in hand.

"I believe a certain Dr. Moraweick used to live here," he
questioned. "But I don't suppose you know much about him," he added, ingeniously.

"That's the truth," put in Silas, elbowing his way to the front of the crowd. "He sure was mighty close with his affairs." And with that, Silas was launched in a long discussion of the doctor. The young man jotted down notes occasionally, listening attentively.

"The reason I wanted to know," he finally said, "we are convinced that he has willfully murdered his wife and mother with some of his experimental concoctions."

The eyes of the loungers almost left their sockets. They moved uneasily from side to side.

"You see," the young man continued, "his wife and mother both had considerable property, which he could not get his crafty hands on. So he made away with them both. We are to send officials to arrest him when he arrives in New York again. He leaves Germany to-morrow."

About a week or two later Silas could be seen coming slowly to the depot, again reading a paper. The bunch glanced furtively in his direction.

"More news," commented one.

"Yes, Silas would invent something if there were nothing new to talk about," said another.

"Read this," said Silas in disgust. "'Big shipwreck, just off the coast of Germany. Among those lost are Miss Lee, the American soprano, and Dr. Moraweick, a noted specialist.'"

Some answers received by different teachers in the term exams:

"History is divided into two kinds: Natural and unnatural."

"The pyramids were the pleasure resorts of the ancient kings."

"A parody is the different ways of writing 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'"
There is that “Spirit” in the air that makes one know they are glad,
For they want to accomplish “that other thing,”
Feeling the call of the school-bell’s ring.

And when next year some will return to be in the Senior class,
They’ll be so strong and brave and grand, by the side of the Seniors who failed to pass;
In the damp, cool shade we’ll lay them, when comes graduation day,
And the largest class that has ever been will be we Juniors gay.

---

The Junior Gala Day

There are mountain peaks in every life; times when every care is forgotten and the whole world is one of mirth and glee, when every bud seems springing into life and when a meow the air seems to be inhabited by tiny nymphs who foretell the happening of some great event. Such was the night of February 12th, when the heart of every Junior was glad, for it was then that they were celebrating with a beautifully arranged banquet, St. Valentine’s Day.

The Training School Chapel had been transformed by the magic of the Juniors into an elegant banquet hall, the color scheme of red and green being carried out in every decoration. Hearts of green and white were gracefully looped from the ceiling across the room, and two large hearts made from smaller hearts and locked together, were suspended from the doorway. At each of the tables, beautiful with re-splendent silver, the color scheme was carried out with red carnations and ferns and red heart-shaped menu cards. Cupid was suspended among numerous bows and streamers, over the center-table.

Seated at the eight tables were the members of the society and their guests, and no more beautiful sight could be imagined than was this one of Kentucky’s beauty and knighthood, as each one proved themselves delightfully charming hosts and hostesses.

The prosperity and plenty for which the South is noted, was shown by the delicious six-course menu, which was as follows:

- **Tomato Bouillon**
- **Turkey**
- **Jello Relish**
- **Rolls**
- **Tomato Bouillon**
- **Jello Relish**
- **Peas in Potato Nests**
- **Butter**
- **Tomato Bouillon**
- **Jello Relish**
- **Asparagus on Toast**
- **Creamed Oysters in Patties**
- **Creamed Oysters in Patties**
- **Celery**
- **Celery**
- **Marshmallow Salad**
- **Wafers**
- **Marshmallow Salad**
- **Wafers**
- **Cream**
- **Cream Cake**
- **Cream**
- **Cheese on Wafers**
- **Coffee**
- **Cheese on Wafers**
- **Coffee**

The color scheme was carried out in every detail of the menu. The heart-shaped cakes were green with a red “17” on them, signifying the “Class of ’17.” The favors were red carnations and ferns.

During the courses of the evening beautiful music was furnished by an orchestra. Between the courses the guests were delightfully entertained with toasts on “The Spirit of the Institution,” from five different viewpoints; these toasts being given by Misses Kitsie Duke, Mary Marks and Sarah Payton, and Messrs. O. L. Chaney and Rupert Devasher. The worthy leader of the society was toastmaster of the occasion and again established himself as a more than delightful host. Each toast was a production of thought and ability and the guests listened with enthusiasm to their delivery.
At the close of the banquet the orchestra played "Dixie Land," and each guest acknowledging one of the most pleasant times of their lives, departed, with their sentiment being, "to live and die in the land of the Juniors."

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EDUCATIONAL LEGISLATION

The idea that free education is a right and universal education is a necessity is at last being fully realized by the legislators of Kentucky. They understand, as never before, that our public schools must be transformed from mere pouring-out-of-information institutions, where a disciplinary training in the rudiments of learning is given, and must be called upon to meet the growing necessities of the age not provided for by intuition or experience.

As a result of this educational renaissance among lawmakers, several important bills have been introduced during the present session of the General Assembly.

From a Normalite's standpoint perhaps the most interesting bills that have been introduced are: the bill to enable the two Normal Schools to lengthen their course of study, and the bill requiring a minimum academic and professional training of teachers. The bill regarding the lengthening of the Normal Course perhaps appears repulsive to the student, who is trying to get through via Easy Street, but to the vast host of Normalites who want to be prepared to give their best efforts to the State, this is a welcome bill. The bill to require minimum training of teachers is vital to the advancement of public schools because, as long as untrained teachers are allowed to roam at large, so long will education remain undiffused.

Gradually men are learning that one of the paramount purposes of the Rural School is to prepare boys and girls for agricultural efficiency. This sentiment has caused the introduction of a bill that will make the teaching of Agriculture in the rural schools compulsory—beginning in 1918.

Other bills of educational interest: A bill to give $5,000 a year, for two years, to the Illiteracy Commission; a bill to codify the schools laws, and a more stringent compulsory attendance law.

This remarkable awakening indicates that we are standing on the threshold of a new era in educational progress, and if these bills become laws and are properly enforced there are bright prospects that Kentucky will soon cease to be content on the lower rounds of the educational ladder, but will mount to the top and be an equal, in education, with her greatest sister States.

The Kit-Kats will contribute the April issue.—[EDITOR.]

OUR LEADER

Possibly the most oft-repeated question of to-day is, "Who's who in America?" The nation as a whole, the states, counties, yes, even localities, have their own leaders or contestants for this place. Intelligence, experience, love, sympathy, purity of purpose and power of leadership are some of the elements of personality that make the "Who's who" personage felt by those with whom he comes in contact. He is a composite whole of the elements that go to make the real man.

It is useless to say that in the outset we had a particular person in mind, and one who lacks none of the qualifications of a leader. Probably the subject of this bit of comment is not known beyond the borders of his own State, and his fame might possibly narrow down to the Western Kentucky State Normal District. However, this possible lessening of
his horizon of influence does not in any sense detract from his ability as a leader, nor does it make the inspiration he gives less felt in the lives of those with whom he comes in contact. And were he known only to the Junior Class of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, he would yet be an eligible contestee to the position of a real leader, for

he has skillfully and successfully led us from the verge of Sophomoric things gossamer through the more staid things Junior and is now about to give his final council and blessing before we assume the ponderous load of Senior dignity.

Then, Juniors past, Juniors present, and Juniors in the making, Here's to Our Leader, may he continue to wield his influence over Kentucky's manhood and womanhood!

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**OUR LyCEUM TICKETS**

How hard (yes, it is most as difficult as to get a pass in Drawing I.) it is for us to always remember to take our

Lyceum tickets with us to the lecture. When we forget same, we prepare our nicest excuse and when the door-keeper knows us not, we—if we are Sophomores—go hastening back to our rooms to get our ticketes and get back before the lecture begins. If we are Juniors, we smile when we are told that we just cannot get in without our tickets. Of course, we are sorry; we will not get to hear the lecture; but we heard so many last year and we will have to hear so many next year, that we realize it is not use to worry, so we saunter back to our rooms and probably on down to the picture show. But, if we are Seniors, we turn one of those fierce looks on the door-keeper and when he smiles back but remains firm, we hasten around to borrow a ticket or climb in a window. For you know you can't get ahead of a Senior.

Yes, this remembering not to forget our tickets is one of the most difficult things we have to do, but did you hear about Mr. Byrn forgetting his ticket to the Junior Banquet.

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**THE DIFFERENCE**

Why did that new student who was standing at the head of the second flight of steps in the recitation building, wondering deep down in his heart how he could even possibly find Room 38, unmolestedly let the Senior stand talking near by in the hall? Why did he let those two Sophomores go swiftly to their classes, and why did he not hesitate to ask that bunch of Juniors the desired question? Was it because he was a possessor of what we usually term "greenness"? Well, no; rather the reverse.

That new student had already seen the aloofness of the Seniors and the dead earnestness of the Kit-Kats. He saw that there was a happy medium, where a few students (of course, he did not know they were Juniors) had learned that it was no use to rush to the class, for the teacher would not rush through the lesson, and they were far enough from that "superior air" to see how nonsensical it is. Yes, the new student just in from Mud Creek saw those marked dif-
THE ELEVATOR

ferences at once. However, the very next week he was in line with the earnest endeavor of the rest of the Sophomores. The next year, he was in the midst of that bunch of Juniors, and the next year he was breathing that air of which none but Seniors are allowed to partake, even when it is only the air of Normal Heights.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

America, Hence

Looking into the future I was soon carried into a dream, when by modern sanitation and science, man's life was no longer threescore and ten years but sixscore and ten. I can dimly see woman suffrage in full sway and man's domain lowered to the place of the woman of to-day.

Filling the chair of President, Miss Marks is skillfully handling the wheel that steers the ship of state. Will you visit with me her private office? There we find Mr. Hudnall, secretary to the President, bending over a machine invented by Mr. Jones, which is now taking the place of the typewriter.

I am borne on to the offices of the Governors of the different divisions of America, when Canada, Panama, and Mexico will all be united under our honored President. Miss Stokes, Governor of Panama, built the big ship run by wireless, that plows the deep-mingled waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. We see Miss Bryant melting the snow hills of Canada into a beautiful plain of Blue Grass by her wonderful knowledge of scientific agriculture. Immediately after Miss Hill's election for Governor of Mexico, strange to say, Mr. Jett received a call as a missionary to help civilize the Mexicans.

The scene changes, and, presiding over the Supreme Court of the United States is Miss Mina White, who in her wisdom and unerring judgment sets the wrangles of the nation aright. She is successfully trying the suit of Mr. Chaney against Miss Hodgès for breach of promise. Misses Bess and Rebecca Sotsky make fiery speeches, each trying to win the case.

Deep in my vision I see Mr. Simpson, who has trained himself in lines of very simple work, teaching a kindergarten school in Hogwallow. This is his chosen profession because of his love for little children.

Mr. Devasher is the "funny man" for Barnum and Bailey's circus, and through his kindly efforts all former schoolmates of his are admitted for half fare. Mr. Milam occupies the position of Kentucky's own and greatest poet, who writes of his own State's people and their habits.

I see Mr. Runner, chief cook and bottle washer in a big boarding house, run by Mr. Nichols. Miss Porter is traveling in foreign lands, making speeches for woman suffrage; Miss Randall is in New York City, teaching Domestic Science to the masculine cooks at the big hotels.

Then in her secret room, I find Miss Stevens, studying diligently on an oration to be given four years hence in the next campaign for County Superintendent. Miss Kitsie Duke is the competent teacher of Botany in Harvard College and Miss Mahan is in Yale, head of the Latin department.

My dreaming closed with seeing the various members of the class achieving fame, each in his chosen profession.

VERA RUSSELL.

THE COON RANGE

Fair Kentucky; God has blessed her
With so many gifts and rare
And the things that's necessary
For the souls that's livin' there.

We love the Blue Grass region,
The Purchase and Pennyrile;
We love the eastern valleys
Of Cumberland's rocky pile.

But there's another nameless region
Where the apple seedlings grow;
Where buckskins still are useful
And calico's all the go.

Where sorghum was invented,
And cattle yokes and such,
Where one's as good as anyone,
If they just don't talk too much.

It's a part of fair Kentucky,
Where the dearest old folks stay,
The Indians called it Coon Range,
And we call it that to-day.

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Leap Year

It is Leap Year! For as long as we can remember, we have known that there is such a thing as Leap Year—the time when hopeful ladies are supposed to take bold steps,—but probably many of us do not realize the real significance which has already been attached to it during this year. There's no telling what may happen by the end of 1916!

The Suffragists will probably be more likely to take advantage of this opportunity than their more timid and retiring sisters. Up to the present time Leap Year has been looked upon as a joke. However, in this time of progress, should you desire to call it such, if you watch the newspapers, you can, at most any time, read that some maiden has proposed, been accepted, and taken unto herself a husband. Only the other day there was such an instance mentioned in the paper.

As we all know, there are a great many more girls in the Junior Society than there are boys, and the few we have are fast being snatched from under our very eyes. Why, only a few weeks ago one of our handsome Junior boys, Mr. Nicholas, was lassoed and tied forever. Miss Margaret Quinn, realizing this scarcity of men deserted us some time ago to go to the Seniors, where the "Son-Flowers" bloom in profusion.

There is now one Junior fellow who is so very generous in the distribution of his courtisies, and who is so popular with all the ladies that we are sure to lose him soon, if some of us Junior girls don't get busy. The person of whom I speak is no other than Mr. Jimmie Jones.

And there is Mr. Devasher, who should be released from his long siege of bachelorhood, and who is so well adapted, because of his superior height, to lend protection to some fair damsel.

And so it is to the Junior girls that I wish to address my warning. If you have a lover who is rather timid, help him out. If you have been sitting from time to time in society, in class, gazing with longing eyes at the gentleman across the way, now is your chance. If you have been so engrossed in thinking of him that you have been able to forget everything else, even when you are in Grammar 3, now is your chance—for girls, "Leap Year" only comes once every four years!

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THE SENIOR AFFAIR

WITH APOLOGIES TO DR. CLEMENT MOORE

'Twas the night of Saint Patrick,
When all through the town
Each maid was a-donning
Her pretty new gown.
The men, too, were struggling
With collars so high
And swallow-tailed coats
And a tiny white tie.
THE ELEVATOR

For up at the Normal
in bright Cabell Hall
The Seniors were gath'ring—
The short and the tall.
The wind nor the rain
To them mattered a bit,
Each fully expected
To make a great hit.
Some had been toiling
For ten years or more
For this great event,
And each other to bore.
With dignified gait
Each gloriously strutted
At half after eight.
They listened enraptured
To the musical scout,
Then wondered and wondered
Just what 'twas about.
The evening dragged onward,
As all evenings long.
Devout Seniors praying
For nothing 't go wrong.
The grand ceremonies
Then drew to a close,
And they were delivered
From agony's throes.
They had all tried to do
And all tried to say
The things they'd been told
By Miss Cynthia Grey.
Next week on the campus
Such tales they were rife
As Alumni or Juniors
Ne'er heard in their life.
The Seniors were telling
To friends far and near
Or anyone else

Who would lend them an ear,
That the grandest occasion
That ever could pass
Had just been pulled off
By the great Senior Class.

Miss Addie Defevers

Some days ago Miss Addie Defevers, a student of the Normal School and a member of the Junior Class, succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. There is always a feeling of a loss that cannot be replaced, and of sorrow no touch of gladness can heal, when death claims from those of earth a victim, but it is especially so when the deceased is a member of a large body of students who are preparing for a life work of honor and endeavor to uplift humanity. The students of the Normal School, among whom she had many friends, and especially the members of her class, mourn her loss, and extend their sympathy and condolence to her bereaved parents, relatives and friends, and express their sorrow and their sympathy in the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, A member of our student-body, Miss Addie Defevers, has been taken from us by death, be it

Resolved, First, That we, the faculty and students of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, assure the relatives and friends of our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, Second, That the Junior Society feels the loss of a valued member, conscientious worker and sincere friend.

Resolved, Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the Bowling Green papers, her home paper and THE ELEVATOR; a copy be presented to her family; and another copy be given to the Secretary of the Junior Class to record in the minutes of that society. [Signed]

Mina White,
Barkus Gray,
Gordon Wilson.
Juniors


Junior Jests

Just after the fifth course of the Junior Banquet, Mr. Devasher was heard to remark: "A fellow could eat this way till he starved to death."

Miss Duke (at the Junior Banquet): "I adore this bouillon."
Mr. Chaney (who expects to give a toast as soon as it is finished): "It is the toughest I ever ate."

Mrs. Nichols (at a basketball game): "Who is that man running around there and always taking the ball away from them?"
Mr. Nichols: "The referee."
Mrs. Nichols: "Whose side is he on?"
Mr. Nichols: "The other side, of course."

Miss Scott: "Define 'Strawberry shortcake.'"
Mr. Pusey: "A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry."

When Mr. and Mrs. Nichols took their first meal together he refused chicken gravy three times. Mrs. Nichols, who had added macaroni to the gravy, finally said: "Why, I thought you liked chicken gravy?"
"I do, sometimes," replied Guy; "but my mamma never put the windpipes in."

Miss Stephens: "What is a nun?"
Mr. Bazzell: "A religious woman."
Miss Stephens: "I am a religious woman. Am I a nun?"
Mr. Bazzell: "Oh, I—I mean a woman that won't marry."

Mr. Lauder milk: "Why don't you want me to hold your hand?"
Miss Hunt: "What good would it do to hold my hand?"
Mr. Laudermilk: "It would make me glad and give me courage, perhaps, to—to say something that I—that I—er—
Miss Hunt: "There, please, hold both of my hands."

"Experience is the best teacher," says George Meuth, "but getting arrested ain't no way to study law."

Miss Clemens: "Are you going to try for an A.M. next?"
Miss Neagle: "No, I'm going to try for an M. R. S."

Mr. Ford is said to have been introduced for a lecture by the speaker, remarking: "Two counties claim the birthplace of Mr. Ford. Daviess claims he was born in Ohio, and Ohio insists he was born in Daviess."

Mr. Guerin: "It is five years ago to-day, and I am going to celebrate my wouldn't wedding."
Miss Smith: "Wouldn't wedding Wooden, you mean."
Mr. Guerin: "No, 'wouldn't.' Five years ago to-day I asked a girl if she would marry me and she said she wouldn't."

Little Brother: "I bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here."
Miss Travelstead: "You insolent boy! Go away this very minute."

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