5-1916

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VII, No. 8

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/1945

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 ATTENDANCE FOR THE MID-WINTER AND SPRING TERMS HAS BEEN THE LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAL.

The hundreds of former students who have returned to the Normal to continue their work this year have invariably brought their friends with them. The Hill-top is thronged with earnest young men and women, each and all busily preparing to give a better teaching service to Kentucky next year than ever before. Others who will join them later are certain to be delighted with the association as well as the extensive curriculum, the able faculty, and the helpful personal atmosphere that pervades everything.

SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS ADDED TO THE FACULTY THIS YEAR

In order to take care of the increased attendance this year, it was necessary to employ additional teaching talent. President Cherry therefore employed a number of other educators to add to the faculty. They are good ones and have been with us since February 1, 1916.

OPENING OF SUMMER SCHOOL, JUNE 19, 1916

Because of the longer term of the rural school, it was necessary to postpone the opening of the Spring and Summer Terms for one week, consequently the Summer School of six weeks this year will begin June 19th. A new circular giving complete information as to this special talent offered during the Summer School is now ready to be mailed, and we shall be glad to send it to those interested. WRITE FOR IT NOW.

SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS OFFERED STUDENTS IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER TERMS

The MUSIC FESTIVAL, with such soloists as Lucy Marsh, Cecil Fanning, John D. Sample, Carl Schmidt, and the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra; many interesting ATHLETIC EVENTS; DR. E. A. ROSS, of University of Wisconsin, for a series of lectures; BEN GREET WOODLAND PLAYERS for three plays; DR. W. W. BLACK, Dean of Department of Education, University of Indiana, for ten lectures; RICHARD T. WYCHE, President of National Story-Tellers' League of America, six lectures and Stories told at twilight each evening; lectures by distinguished CITY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS of Kentucky; much SPECIAL MUSIC; EXCURSIONS and OUTINGS, are some of the attractions of the Spring and Summer Terms, in addition to the extensive curriculum of academic work.

STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME AND FIND CLASSES TO SUIT

When you are ready to enter, write us a few days before you start and we shall be glad to meet you at the train. There is plenty of the very best kind of board in Bowling Green, and we shall be glad to aid you in securing the place you prefer.

For further information, write

PRESIDENT H. H. CHERRY,
Bowling Green, Ky.
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

STUDENTS CAN FIND A FULL LINE OF
New and Second-Hand Books and School Supplies
Of All Kinds at Lowest Prices
427 Park Place  T. J. Smith & Co.

KOOL-CLOTH SUITS
Of all Kinds for the Hot Day.
The Best Toggery for Men at the
Clothing House of Taste.
908 State St.  Williams-Osteen Clothing Co.

WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED OF A
Coat Suit, Dress, Dry Goods or Shoes
GO TO

440 Main Street
NAHM BROS
When buying, mention The Elevator.

Rogers' New Studio Parlors
IS THE PLACE
To Get the Best,
Up-to-Date . . . . Photos
436½ MAIN STREET
STEVER GARVIN'S BOOK STORE

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
Dry Goods, Shoes
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear
GREENSPAN BROS. & Co., Proprietors.

THE... THE...
DALTON STUDIO!
Special Prices to Students
WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.
Kodak Finishings and Enlargements From Films
WE DEVELOP FILMS FREE!

LEE-NORRIS TEACHERS' AGENCY
First National Bank Building
COVINGTON, KY.
WRITE FOR REGISTRATION BLANK

GARVIN'S BOOK STORE
SCHOOL BOOKS!
NEW AND SECOND-HAND
436 Main Street Opposite Fountain

Carpenter-Dent-Sublett Drug Co.
BOWLING GREEN'S LARGEST DRUG STORE
Films Developed Free—KODAKS—Films Developed Free
STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME!
When buying, mention The Elevator.
On March 24, 1916, the Continental Teachers' Agency, Bowling Green, Ky., received TWENTY-ONE calls for TEACHERS, salaries ranging from $600 to $1,600. Are you interested?

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

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.
THE ELEVATOR
GOING UP?

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION: TWELVE MONTHS, FIFTY CENTS; THREE YEARS, ONE DOLLAR

VOL. VII MAY, 1916 No. 8

The Cherry Club Banquet at the K. E. A.

Following the time-tested slogan, "All credit to whom credit is due," it is a pleasant privilege to pay a tribute to those who were behind the Cherry Club banquet, and made it a success. We thank them. The committee, that perfected plans and had them carried out, to the letter; the toast-master, whose loyalty has been an inspiration to many; the designer of the menu cards, who is now in the "Who's Who Columns of Architects"; and A. L. Crabb,—than whom there is no stronger son among this loyal band, to all of these our gratitude is due. Those who attended the banquet went, as is their custom, to go with the crowd; they remained to be entertained; they left deeply impressed. It was an occasion in the life of our school. Perhaps it did more to give the Alumni hope of annual reunions; to inspire under-graduates to become members of the Alumni; and to express to President Cherry our appreciation of his leadership, than any other one thing has ever done.

The Cherry Club is a monument to the man who is building better than he knows. It is an altar upon which tributes to the industry, the enthusiasm, the character, and the life of this modest son of Kentucky, may be laid, while yet he lives to feel the appreciation of the earnest men and women who are the Cherry Club. Again, we thank them.

Sidetracking Cupid

Springtime! That season of crisp dawns and languid noons! of amours and chills; of romance and quinine; of violets and turnip greens; of wooing zephyrs and howling hurricanes; of caressing showers and cold feet! That season of famine in the pantry and plenty in the heart; when bills fall due soonest and collectors go hungriest; when unspoken regrets surge in the souls of women haters, and certain of the other sex materially discount the glamour of suffrage; when a subtle freemasonry puts a common sentiment into the hearts of Lothario and Captain Kidd! Springtime over the fair fields, and in the hearts of the plowboys who aspire alternately toward future greatness and present rest! Springtime silhouetting the far-off knobs against a tender, fragile haze! Springtime touching with verdure dead gray masterpieces of winter! Springtime everywhere!

Springtime at Hilltop! Springtime in the music rooms and in the branches of the near-by trees; Mendelssohn within and mocking-bird without! Springtime on the ball field, and in the tennis courts! Springtime in the class rooms! Athletic vigor and academic lassitude! Springtime on the campus where Romeros roam with haloed Helens.
of Troy! Springtime, you are a witch! What were those Salem folk thinking of to let you pass unscathed!

One afternoon in May, Shorty Cooper and Slim Whitehead emerged from Ma Reynolds', and with heavy steps ascended the hill to Recitation Hall. Therein for fifty minutes they were sorely bored by the vicarious efforts of Professor Alexander to achieve for them some little mastery of the principles of trigonometry. At the expiration of the period they were sent equipped with transit and chain to survey a plot in an outlying field. Their labors in this were fruitful: by Four O'clock they had collected a gallon of mushrooms.

"Let's call it a day's work and knock off," suggested Shorty. "Ma'll be tickled to death with these mushrooms, and maybe she'll put on something new."

So they returned their paraphernalia to the storeroom, and went out in the cedar grove to study for a while. They came to a large rock that had recently become their favorite habitat during study hours. On this they lay sprawled after the fashion of lizards, and delved into the morrow's lessons. Shorty broke the silence:

"How many aigs did you eat up for Ma, Easter Sunday?" he inquired.

"A plenty," said Slim; "why?"

"Oh, nothin'; I was just a-thinkin'!"

The sun had dropped low in the sky. The insects of the rocks and cedars set up their vespertime drone. From the turnpike came the incessant rumble of the strawberry wagons. Mingled shouts and laughter back on the hill attested the popularity of tennis; and a medley of tense yells, sharp cracks, and fragments of idioms much in vogue in certain circles indicated that Coach Craig was putting his ball players through their best preliminary licks. An inbound freight train emitted a warning blast that trailed off into a long-drawn whine.

"I think," said Slim, "that I'll go down and watch the team practice a while. My intelligence requires passivity."

"I think," said Shorty, "that I'll stay right here and study until supper time. I don't think that any passivity of the intelligence would go very far with Professor Aurelius Marcus Stickler at Ten to-morrow. Aurelius is some proposition. He's a cooing dove when you know your lesson, but he's a calamity otherwise. To-day, he calls on Eb Baker, and Eb as usual flunks. He stands up on one foot and stammers for a while, and then says: 'I don't know, Professor,' and Aurelius Marcus says: 'Correct, Mr. Baker, correct. I congratulate you on the first accurate statement you have made in this course.' I saw Eb this afternoon. He had sold his tennis racquet, and told me that he was going to turn over a new leaf and lead in all his classes."

"I'll get him next term," said Slim leaving. "Until then I shall remain passive."

When darkness had cancelled the further activities of Coach Craig's men, Slim left the ball field and started home. As he turned from Center Street into Twelfth he was confronted by Shorty:

"I've got news; big news," he stammered.

"Bad news?" asked Slim.

"Yes; no; I don't know; I think—"

"Come on to the room, and let's hear it," said Slim. Shorty repressed his eagerness until they were seated within their room. "Now," said Slim. Shorty began his story.

"Well, I was sitting there, a studying just like you left me, when I heard voices down below me. You know they had quarried a slice for the stone crusher off the hill right there where we were sittin'. I peeped over, and right down at the bottom of that on a little stone shelf were a-sittin'," Shorty halted.

"Go ahead," demanded Slim.

"Dude Sweeney and Pansy McClure."

"No," interposed Slim.

"Yes," said Shorty, "and Dude was a-holdin' Pansy's hand."

"No," broke in Slim.
"Yes, and again, yes," asserted Shorty, "and he was a-lookin' right up into her eyes, and I heard him say: 'Darlum, will you always be true to me forever?'"

"No," said Slim, emphatically; "that wasn't Dude. It was either Gordie Wilson or Billy Matthews, but it wasn't Dude."

"It was Dude," reiterated Shorty, "and she reached and put her other hand on his other one and said, 'Your affection shall be eternally reciprocated, dear Jefferson.'"

"And she didn't say a word about woman's rights?"

"Not a word."

"Then that wasn't Pansy. It might have been Lila May Luce, or it might have been—"

"It was Pansy," broke in Shorty, "and she didn't say a word about woman's rights, and he didn't say a word about clothes or tennis, but they said just what I told you and bushels more of the same sort; and, Slim, they are goin' to run away to Gallatin to-morrow on the Six O'clock train and get married."

"No!" said Slim.

"I've had these ears of mine twenty odd years, and they ain't never lied to me yet," affirmed Shorty; "they are going to run away all right."

For a while there was a tense sort of silence, then:

"What'd you sit there and listen to all that for?" asked Slim. Shorty hesitated: "I reckon I just forgot to leave," he answered lamely.

Slim broke another period of silence: "Shorty," said he, deliberately, "it must have been providential that you overheard this foolishness. I believe that it is our duty to nip it in the bud."

"Why, haven't they got the right to marry if they want to?" inquired Shorty.

"They have not. If money grew on trees Dude Sweeney couldn't go out and shake a living off. He can take his monthly donation from home and turn it into swell clothes; he can play a tiptop game of tennis, and that lets him out.

Now, what about Pansy? She's a bright and shining light as a woman's rights spellbinder, and that lets her out. In a Domestic Science league she'd bat about zero. Tennis and woman's rights do not put any bread and butter on the table of matrimony."

"Yes, but it is their affair," said Shorty, "and I never like to go buttin' in where I ain't got the proper credentials."

"It is your affair," retorted Slim, hotly; "your affair and mine. It would be our affair, wouldn't it, if we saw two friends of ours headed down the main line toward trouble and tribulation to get them off onto the switch before they hit?"

"Well, we can tell President Hardin and let him stop it."

"Yes," replied Slim, with fine sarcasm, "or we can tie her up in her room, or feed him on rough on rats. That's the way the matter would have been handled along about the year 100. Incline your ear for Twentieth Century stuff."

When Shorty had inclined his ear and been fully advised as to the latter-day method of dealing with ineligible aspirants toward matrimony, he waxed enthusiastic: "Fine!" he exclaimed. "That's deep stuff, Slim, and I have a sort of dim flickering idea that it's going to work, if we can only keep our nerve."

That night at nine, Miss Clementina Ragland, the librarian, turned to her assistant, Miss Bridget Dulaney, and said, "Whatever do you suppose can be the matter with Mr. Cooper? He's been here since Seven-thirty calling for one book right after another on woman's rights."

When the stroke of the bell at Nine-thirty invited the patrons to leave the library, Shorty went home, and despite the fact that life had brought some fitful and feverish spells during the day, he slept well.

Shorty was waiting back by the old quarry, when at Five-thirty Miss Pansy McClure came into sight. Her steps were nervous and quick. She was dressed in a neat, trim-fitting coat suit, and she carried a small traveling bag. As she
approached, Shorty arose, the book which he had been reading wide open in his hand.

"Why, howdy, Miss Pansy," he exclaimed, beaming; "goin' somewhere?"

Confusion wrote itself in large letters upon Miss Pansy's countenance: "No, yes, just some books and things," she replied, incoherently.

"Well, I'm so glad you came along," said Shorty, warmly. "I'm readin' this Mrs. Lydia Pinkham Pace's book on The Wisdom of Woman's Rights. Hear what she says: 'The crusade of woman toward her inherent rights has attained an undreamed-of rate of progress, and it seems that within the next decade the goal shall be reached.' Now, that'll be hustling some. Do you think it can be done in that time?"

"Before that," answered Miss Pansy, sturdily. "I verily believe that within half that time the great end shall have been achieved. Do you stay over here much of the time, Mr. Cooper?"

"A lot," answered Shorty. "I bring my books with me and sit here and read until I can't see a word. Finest place for reading I ever saw. Here's a book by Ruth Pankhurst Stevens on What We Women Are Out For. What do you suppose she means by this: 'The omens of victory are auspicious'? That sounds a little hifalutin' to me"

"That," answered Miss McClure, with fervor, "refers to the arch of promise which spans the sky of destiny."

"Well, isn't that fine. I never did see it just that way before. Still, I'm what you might call a new convert, a sort of babe in the cause, and can't be expected to know everything."

"Oh, I'm so happy that you are with us, Mr. Cooper." Then recollecting the situation, she cast uneasy glances up and down the road.

"I guess I'd better be going," she ventured, as Shorty seemed to have no intention of doing so.

"Don't leave yet. Let me read you a passage from this book by Mary J. Holmes-Edmunds: Woman, noble, impe-
rial, feminine woman has ever been the victim of oppression and tyranny, but to-day she seems about to withdraw her neck from beneath the foot of masculine autocracy.' Now, as the feller said, 'Them's my sentiments.'

"Mine, too," corroborated Miss Pansy. "I for one am ready and prepared to answer the tocsin call 'to arms.'"

Shorty studied his watch: "It's now Six O'clock. I'll have to leave by Seven. What did you say you had in your grip, Miss Pansy" It was a serious tactical as well as ethical error. Tears welled up in her eyes, a sob struggled for expression, but Shorty flung himself into the breach.

"It makes you cry to think of all those women who go to their graves and die and are buried without so much as a taste of real genuine freedom. I feel bad about them myself."

"Oh, Mr. Cooper," she breathed.

"And listen to this from The Beacon Lights of Liberty, by Alta Lucille Catt: 'The enslavement of the African race in America was as a mole hill to Everest, or as the chirp of a cricket to the crash of the spheres when compared with the bondage of womankind to-day.'"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper."

"Or this paragraph from The Exegesis of Emancipation by Carrie VanCleve Jordan: 'Verily, changes have come. No longer do we flippantly recite Mary Had a Little Lamb. Mary, to-day, has dispensed with pets and childish things, and is seeking to take hold upon the everlasting verities of existence.'"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper."

"And here's a book called Suffering for Suffrage that gives some hair-raising figures. It says that last year 39723 women walked 229678 miles, carrying 32457 banners weighing 234765 pounds, in order that women might lift up her eyes to the hills of freedom."

"Oh, Mr. Cooper."

Mr. Cooper's eyes were now rolling in a fine frenzy: "When I read those figures, I couldn't hold out any longer.

To think of that bunch of women carrying them heavy banners, and maybe some of them having left home before breakfast, a-earnin' their new hats and it a-rainin' is more than I can bear, and I'm a strong man."

"Oh, Mr. Cooper," breathed the transfixed Miss Pansy.

"Yes'm, and their little tiny children a-sittin' in the front window watchin' the parade pass, and sayin', 'Hold your banner higher, mommah, when you pass the poolroom, so that poppah can see it.'"

"Oh, Mr. Cooper. The martyrs, the brave martyrs!"

"Yes'm, and the pore women whose husbands drink all the time in the saloons would straighten up their tired backs from the wash tubs and be glad when they'd see them banners, for they'd know that before long everything would be cheerful and up to date in their little homes."

"Oh, Mr. Cooper."

"Yes'm, and here's a book that says: 'The deep, dark night of ignorance swiftly fades, and the rosy dawn of hope peeps over the eastern hills.' And that makes me think; it is gettin' late. Might I have the pleasure of seein' you home, Miss Pansy?"

"Oh, oh, Mr. Cooper," said Miss Pansy in the affirmative.

It was getting dusky among the cedars. Somewhere a dove conversed with his mate in the language of the springtime. From the cedars, came the drowsy chatter of tired birds. The rumble of the strawberry wagons shaded with the gathering shadows into a sort of music. Presently, they came out of the cedars into a space that was still light. At a nearby court, a game of tennis was in progress. At the sight of the players, Miss McClure froze in her tracks. A book which she was carrying for Shorty dropped from her nerveless fingers to the ground, and a small point of deep scarlet appeared in either cheek.

"Now, that," said Shorty, "is just the way it affects me sometimes when I'm walkin' along thinkin' of my lessons or somethin'. All at once, I remember them pore women whose husbands are off playin' cards with mean, wicke-l
politicians, and a-plottin' to keep their lady folks from votin', why, it just goes all over me.”

The expression of mingled anger and injury faded from Miss Pansy’s face: “Oh, Mr. Cooper,” she said.

In challenging Dude Sweeney for the tennis championship of Hilltop, Slim Whitehead had acted with unwarranted presumption; but Dude was jealous of his prestige and snapped up the challenge with alacrity. At Four O’clock, the game began. At the end of an hour’s fast and furious playing it stood a tie, and Slim playing miles beyond his regular form was giving Dude the scare of his life. Twice Dude in walking back to position had scratched his head in a puzzled way and said: “Now, there was something I intended to do this afternoon, but I can’t think—”

But Slim had broken in each time with a sharp: “Ready?”

Five-thirty, Six, Six-thirty passed with the outcome of the game still in doubt. The sun had gone down, and victory must be awarded soon or await another date.

“There was something I intended to do this afternoon, but I forget—” Two people, a boy and a girl, were passing along the road that ran back through the cedars. The boy was carrying a hand-bag and an arm load of books; the girl had a book in each hand. At the sight of we pedestrians Dude sought the net post, and leaned weakly up against it.

“What’s the matter, sick?” inquired Slim. Dude shook his head.

“Then, serve,” shouted Slim sharply, and Dude, running back into position, sent a viciously curving ball that Slim couldn’t reach in time, and the game was over.

That night after supper, Shorty shaved and executed the other items of his toilet with fastidious care.

“What’s all this dolling up about?” asked Slim.

Shorty studiously avoided his gaze. “I gotta date,” he answered with feigned carelessness.

“Shorty, is your date with Pansy McClure?”

Shorty’s gaze remained directed at other objects. “Ask me no questions and I’ll tell you no lies,” he said.

Springtime at Hilltop!

Springtime!

---00---

The May-Pole

Away at the edge of the world lies the Blossoming Garden. It was summer time and the mockernut tree cast its shadow on the gate. The children had followed the white road since dawn. Their feet were worn and their eyes were tired. They had paused many times in the day. Surely the Garden could not be far away, for the Brown Beetle had told them, when they passed the Cool Spring that the East Wind had brought him a whiff of the wild-phlox that morning.

“There is the Gravel Gate,” cried the Girl, for the sun glistened gold on the tall pillars set among the trees. They forgot the weary limbs and the rough stones, and clasping hands they ran, ran, ran, with joy in their hearts.

“Hush,” whispered the Boy, as they paused, gasping, “there is some one there.”

“It is the Listening Lady,” said the Girl.

She came towards them with hands outstretched, and smiled. “I have waited for you so long,” she cried, and jangled her golden keys. Then she turned the key in the lock and the wide gate swung on its hinges.

“Oh,” cried the Boy, “how blue and gold the world is.”

“Look,” answered the Girl, “how the gentians kiss the sun-beams as they pass.”

They ran hand in hand down the green path to the still pool.

“But, oh,” cried the Boy, “we have left the Listening Lady.” Back they went to the Gate. But the Lady lay on the green moss with her ear to the ground. The wild calanthus had fallen and twined itself in her hair.
"Are you not coming, Listening Lady?" The children knelt on the green moss at her side.

The Lady smiled, "No, not to-day."

"To-morrow, then," cried the Girl.

"I do not know, little one. I must wait for the Man who lost his way."

Slowly they went back down the green path into the Deep Woods. The blue heron rose from the marsh and took its still way across the fenlands. Then they forgot they were alone. They came to the steep hill. But they went as lightly as if they had been on a grassy plain.

Out on the prairie with its purple grasses, past the hollow cave where the river was always telling the dank walls its answer—away out in the green meadow they found the tree. Ah! they did not know it was the tree. Poor, barren thing, it looked like one of the tall poles they strung long wires on in the Great City. All around them the fields were green, the trees were in richest leaf. The children knelt beside the poor barren pole and then they heard a whisper, "Ah, you have come!"

They listened while the May-Pole told its story:

"When each Mortal turns his steps toward the Blossoming Garden, a little seed awakes in the ground and begins to grow into a tree. The nearer the mortal comes, the taller grows the tree. Maybe you saw on the hillside the two dogwoods blossoming gayly. Those two are your trees, Boy and Girl. They have grown and flourished and now that you come into the Garden, they bear the fairest flowers. You come very early, little ones, and the Blossoming is sweeter because you come. At the still pool is the Listening Lady's tree, the Weeping Willow. But it will never bloom, for the Listening Lady does not come.

"And you, poor pole, are you some one's tree?"

"Ah, I was the May-Tree. The fairest tree of all. I sprang up in a night when the Man started out for the Garden and I thought I would have to grow very fast to bloom when he reached here. But, ah, me——" the May-Tree sighed through all its cracked, parched length. "One day I ceased to grow. My long leaves withered and fell away. My bright bark grew parched and dry. Then my roots ceased to spring through the earth, and when the hot wind came over the prairie I fell down and never could I rise again. For the Man had lost his way."

The Children wept bitterly and cried, "May-Tree, let us take you to the Listening Lady's tree and plant you there in the green moss. The cool water will enter your roots and you will live again."

"Nay," answered the May-Tree, "I have no leaves, no bark, no buds, no flowers. The trees in the Deep Woods do not want me there, for I am a barren pole."

But the children lifted up the little May-Tree and carried it into the Deep Woods. They set its feet deep in the green moss and the cool water entered its roots. The other trees and the birds saw the May-Tree and pitied it.

"Come," cried the Live Oak, "and I will give you my green ribbon for leaves, where your buds shall swell." But the May-Tree only stood still, and the Children brought the Live Oak's ribbon.

"Here," cried the Blue Iris, "take my blue ribbon, for when the Listening Lady sees you from far away at the Gate your leaves will look like the Hills in the distance."

The Hickory called, "I have woven from my bursting buds a ribbon of brown gold. Take it and twine it into a bark for the poor May-Tree."

"When the sun has set and the white mist rises, the evening shade will turn you to amethyst," whispered the Violet, down in its bed of moss. "Take my ribbon, for you will need it.

The Cardinal sang a joyous song and called through the bushes, "You will need flowers. Your blossom will come a pale pink and your fruit a flaming red. Take the tint of the rose and my crimson crest. You will need nothing more."
Then the Lark gathered up the ribbons in her beak and caught them at the top of the pole with a spray of Trailing-Arbutus. The Furry Rabbit, the Brown Chipmunk, the Tall Heron and the Silver Fox came to help them. Together they wound the ribbons around the May-Tree.

But then it was night, and the Children fell asleep.

Morning came. The sun rose again and baby stars fled into the western clouds. The Children looked, and, oh! the May-Tree stood there strong and erect, its green leaves up to the sun.

There was a song ringing in the air. The May-Tree burst into bloom, for they were coming, the Man and the Listening Lady.

For the Man had found his way.

---OOO---

THE THREE STEPS

A senior year in the Normal School is a climax of the journey in approaching a goal that is reached by three constant, and regular, upright steps, better known as the Elementary, Intermediate and Life Certificate courses. The trip is a rather strenuous one, obstructed by many obstacles, but full of "life, more life," and rich in experience. The average individual who is not acquainted with the institution will probably not understand and will sit and wonder in amazement at the discussion, for a true and accurate conception can only be formed by contact and actual experience. Let us see to it that we have our balance and that our equilibrium is well reached and that we are provided with the necessary information and equipment, for we are about to start upon the journey.

On entering Vanmeter Hall we are hardly aware that we are taking the first step when we are greeted by a course of people who are looking over the bulletin board and discussing various programs that are to be carried out during the next ten weeks. On inquiry we are directed to the office where we enroll. Then we go to the Dean's office and after answering a series of questions concerning our work in school, our plans for the future, etc., a program is handed us, and all is well. Ha! ha! ha! A second glance at the program and it is perfectly clear that the last subject, "Forensics," is not clear, anyway we are to meet Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Training School chapel. At the appointed time and the place mentioned a body of students convenes. Mr. —— is elected chairman, Miss ——— secretary, and after a display of oratory and vigorous campaigning, some one is elected doorkeeper. A program is then arranged for the following Friday; after which the society is complimented and congratulated on its splendid choice of officers, and the society as a whole is told that the organization is "perfectly grand." After a year of busy work, the Elementary Course is completed, and we are ready to begin the second step.

In beginning this course no introduction is needed. We are thoroughly acquainted with the methods of registering and enrolling, so we proceed immediately to dispense with this part of the work. Again we find that the last subject on our program is "Forensics." The society meets at the same time as before, but in a different place, namely Room 24. It is at this time we must sever alliance with the "Kit-Kats" and become Juniors. The organization is perfected, and by giving a program the society makes a splendid beginning. "See?" For another year the course is closely pursued. We find ourselves participating in various social
functions. And after considering the progress we have made and the recognition we have gained—if any—we feel that we must be about the midway point of our journey. With renewed hope we continue to the end of the year, when we complete the Intermediate Course. With new hopes and new resolutions we brace up to meet the requirements that are yet to come, and with great anxiety look forward to the third and final step.

This time we have a meeting on the stage. It is explained to us that we are to be Seniors, and there we swear allegiance to the "Senior Society." Some time is spent in heated discussion in adopting a constitution. Now we must assume the manner and the dignity of Seniors, and with the attitude of Seniors go about our work, ever mindful of the sacrifices made, and not at all regretful of the price we have paid to occupy this position. We would ever be generous and kind to those who are not so far along the way, holding up to them the ideals of the institution, and striving to get a broader view of life, we move on to the goal.

Having now completed the journey, and having tasted the sweets and the bitters of life along the way, we look back over the three steps and with our leader proclaim, "It is the most fascinating thing in the world."

Mr. Stickles: "What is The Hague tribunal?"
Roberta: "The Hague tribunal ar—"
Mr. Stickles: "Don't say The Hague tribunal 'are,' Miss Cox, use 'is.'"
Roberta: "The Hague tribunal isbirates national controversies."

Murray Brown: "Joe, do you believe that the use of tobacco tends to shorten one's days?"
Joe Davis: "Do I? I know it does. I tried to stop once, and the days were about ninety hours long."

Of heroines fair, whose beauty unsurpassed
Remains the theme of bards in every land,
Where oft is told the story of their charm;
Of heroes strong, and bold, whose valor, strength
And skill, whene'er before the lighted hearth
Is told their story true, inspires the youth
To quit the cheerful roof that shelters him
And go on quests, imaginations play,
Of true adventure, perilous though they be;
Of gallantry and courteousness, and all
The virtues of a noble band; of these
And all the unsung deeds of heroes true
As ever pressed beneath their kingly tread
THE ELEVATOR

258

The sod of earth, or worlds unknown to man,
I sing. Wilt thou, O Muse, who in the realms
Of poesy, hast led the bards of old,
Guide me in this my quest for fame not yet
Attained by any who to thee have come
To seek instruction how to mount the skies,
And on fantastic pinions steer my path
Through airy regions, fancy's golden realms,
From whence I may through magic glasses look
Upon the world below and by their aid
Discover truths not hitherto revealed
To poet, sage, or wise philosopher?
For me, wilt thou in justice to my skill
Point out the way, that I, in verse, may win
Immortal fame, and on eternity's page
Inscribe the names of those whose valiant deeds
Have made them truly great.

In early youth
When yet their jubilant spirits knew not what
The cost, or what the sacrifice might be,
Set out this noble band, an army strong,
To wrest from ignorance the citadel
Of Knowledge. Led by conquerors strong they marched
Through forests dark, o'er deserts parched and dry;
Through barren fields, o'er rocky crags they forced
Their way along. Their captain, Baker, firm
In his commands, was always kind and true.
Erect he stood, and blithe; but yet
Was ever courteous, brave and true as steel.
Beloved was he, for vexed though he was
He never cared to criticise or fuss. With him
There marched a warrior tried; a giant strong,
By name of Allison, we're told. He oft
Upon the field had met the armed foe:
In gladiatorial combat had he slain
The strongest of them all. His brother, too,
Was in the band and some renown did gain.

THE ELEVATOR

259

True meekness was an asset rare, but on
This march was one Miss Allen, who possessed
This selfsame jewel so seldom known in man.
Miss Bennett, who began the march alone
Most captivating proved, and ere was reached
The journey's end she lost her heart, and found
A hero eager sure to bear her arms,
And thus abetted she did reach the goal
Some steps ahead of her companions gay.
In armor bright, equipped with weapons tried,
Miss Biddle proud in bold defiance marched,
The citadel to storm; while next in line,
Miss Bristow, militant, aggressive, firm,
Did seek the laurels of true fame.

The days
Were long and borrowed much of darkest night,
While sleep with tireless tread among them stalked
Until they one by one o'erpowered by
The heavy stupor falling from his glance,
Succumbed and weary, fell beside the road
As, freighted with their pearls of dew, the flowers
O'ercome with heaviness drop their heads
In sweet repose until the rising sun.

When comes the morn the warring throng again
Takes up the march against the stronghold grim.
The way is slow, the men march on with care;
Save one, who in his eager, jealous hope
That he the fairest damsel's Champion may
Become in reckless haste his way does force
Until some ill, misguided thrust of sword
Destroys the hope long cherished in his heart.
With tacit earnestness does Canon march,
Nor is he heard save when he's asked to speak,
But asked the quickened tremor of his voice
Is like the dulcet tones of Orphans' notes,
Then Colley has his place to fill, and fills
The Elevator

It too, as you well know. Miss Clark insists
That she is always sure what she's about,
While Miss Capshaw has ever modest been.
A little girl her place has made, her name
Is Miss Davies; the Kids well know that she
Of them is queen. A journey without fun
Is not desired, so Jessie Drake and, too,
Her chum, Miss Stella Denton, are with mirth
The earnest warriors cheering: looking each
For some one ready her to take for life's
Companion. Ireland, noted for her wit,
Is represented by Miss Donohue.
Miss Downey quietly pursues her way
In quest of riches locked in coats of steel.
L. T. Dickerson, a truant oft,
Is now within the ranks and some day may,
If fortune wills, find entrance to the fort
Where Knowledge holds command. The soldiers tried
Are never few, but some are proved the more;
Of these, D. Y., handsome and brave, has oft
Been sought by damsels fair to do for them
A willing favor.

Maj. Green, who twice
Has led against the citadel the hosts
Who battered down the barricades and gained
Possession of the land of Wisdom, leads
Again this royal band and vict'ry sure
Is ours. About him grouped in company G
Are quite a few to aid him in his task
Of guiding well his numerous loyal men.
The tall and stately Garnett weighs his words
And then with firm decision speaks what he
Does know, and having spoken leaves the task
To older heads than his; our mutual friend,
Our Falstaff, Paddy Miles's boy, and all,
Can scarcely keep the pace so long as there
Remains behind his junior friend. Miss Gray,
A maiden prim and dainty seeks to gain
An entrance to the fields where lingers one
Of last year's class now crowned with wreaths
Of learning's flower, wisdom. Grise, a man
Who is ambitious, strong and grand, awaits
The day when double victory he may gain,
O'er ignorance and a loving heart. Of fame
He earned on fast gridirons, our Gibbie boy
Is proud, as are his comrades, too. For Miss
Guilfoyle 'tis very hard her notes to shape
To keep, and all the while peruse Shakespeare,
And please her C. L., too. 'Tis very strange
How on the march, good people all around,
Miss Judith Hunt does ne'er consent to seek
Another comrade now, while Miss Hawthorne,
So charming, young, and gay, is satisfied
To keep just her own company. 'Tis well
Miss Hendricks found her way into the ranks,
For she, in Mr. Stickles' classes learned
The secret, long in darkness hid, of how
To take a fort by storm or prowess' skill.
In absence both of fife and drum (deplored
The situation is), the whistled tunes (?)
Or Harleson his comrades daily cheer (?)
Miss Henderson, though late a start did make,
The final lap to gain, has proved her worth
In word and deed, enthusiasm, too.
Without some brass, or steel, or cheek, 'tis quite
Impossible to do a thing up right.
Frank Irwin, master grand of downright bluff,
His humble service proffered late. Indeed
In math. he by example learned the best
Of all the ways to take a thing, and take
It all at once. Domestic arts, you know,
Works wonders when with skill applied, and so
Miss Johnston, when she first was told our plan,
Was glad to lend her culinary aid.
Miss Lewis, Lyda Mae, whose heart is far
Away, where dwells the ancient of the race,
By name the first who ever breathed the fresh
Pure air of heaven's realms, is longing still
To reach the land once conquered by our friends
Of yore. Along with her, Miss Alice goes,
But gayly on goes she where duty calls,
While Laudermilk, who stops anon a pun
To make, or else to pull a joke or two,
Serenely steps in unison, we're told,
With Mary bright and gay. In Company L
A little boy, ambitious, yes, to love
A girl, just any'll do for him, you see,
Persist in flirting all the while, though none
Are found who even wish to wear the name
Of Likens. Tall and stately as a queen,
Miss Lockett proudly steps as on her way
In humble service marches she, and then
Next her in line a dainty lass her place
Profoundly fills, Miss Luckett is her name.
Preposterous though it be, let's try if we
By reason cold or otherwise, or hook or crook,
Manipulate vociferations bold
In manner such as he who reads may know,
Our friend is Haskell C. That "Haskell C."
Is hardly necessary now to mark
The slightest difference that exists between
Him and his colleague, little Earl. Some plan
Is most essential to success, and so
Miss Meek has delved in history's closed chest
And there has found the way the ancients gained
Their great and glorious victories. In days
Of strife, a positive mind is very rare,
And necessary, too, if one succeeds.
Then truly shall we reach our wonted goal
With Mistress McConnell's wit to lead the way.
Another energetic soul is Grace,
Sometimes Miss Morris, and quite well she shows

Her willingness to fight. Miss Maddox, late
To join the ranks, is quite, quite sure her oath
She did not break. Miss Manning, well, she is
The one to write the story when 'tis done.
G. W. Meuth (how shall his greatness e'er
Be told) some day will leave his fame
Behind in great orations for mankind.
Our worthy friend, the sturdy Meers, is not
To talking given, for Mrs. Meers he once
Engaged to do his talking for him.
Among the best of our abode, there is
A winsome lass, of winning hearts quite apt,
Miss Neagle is, if need be told, her name.
Then Miss O'Dell, a brave, brave lass, some day
Will reach her goal, for she is willing most to try.

'Tis well, indeed, on marches long, and—well
'Tis hard to find the meter, but there is
A well-known need for funny folk, and gay.
For size, good nature, usefulness and all,
Our comrade, Pusey, takes the cake with ease.
The fabled giant Jack with hatchet slew,
Is his remotest ancestor. When Phelps
Wears off his fear of fire he'll then become
A worthy soldier, too. Miss Petrey and
Miss Paris, both, are willing workers tried.
When e'er we've stormed the citadel and found
Access to Wisdom's realm, we'll then with pride
Crown Margaret Quinn our queen. Along with us
Is Robertson, of many claims to fame,
A penman who, as we are told, is proud
Of his success. He is the guy who put
The Penn in Pennsylvania (quite a feat).
If Edgar Royse were not so awful small,
He would, in time, become a soldier great.
When Mars has sent his mighty hosts against
A nery foe, he uses lots of noise.
His prophet, who his thunder voice doth keep,
An oracle, of true oracular speech,  
is Geo. B. Rogers. Iva Rae must still  
March on, if on the Senior scroll of fame  
Her name in golden script is written down.  
Along the way Miss Richardson has come,  
Not making much of noise, but she'll get there  
As sure as fate, and "P.'s" work hard for her.  
In Company S are quite a few who skip  
Along, or slip along or glide along  
The way. Miss Schultz, perhaps, has tried all ways.  
Ask her what's best to do. She'll answer quick,  
"Be happy, merry, gay, don't ever fret,  
Is motto now for me." Miss Steely once  
Was in our band, but now we miss her all  
The day, and wonder why she left her friends,  
Both in and out of Senior ranks. Demure  
Miss Shea, with modest mien, to graduate  
is sure, and then in wisdom's palace stroll  
With other Seniors wise. Miss Smith is gay  
And cheerful, too, while on the road; N. P.'s  
Are quite unknown to her. Mrs. Sertell,  
Though breathless many times, mounts and remounts  
The Normal Heights in quest of knowledge sure.  
P. "Elbow" Thomas, teacher, Senior, yes,  
And baseball pitcher, too, foretells the storms,  
Flirts with the girls, instructs the boys, and has  
It all his way. Bright Eyes and Tender Smiles  
From him ne'er won a fearful old N. P.  
A man, debater, priest combined, and good  
Ones, too, is Turner B. when he has set  
His giant mind, his creed, "Come, follow me,"  
A trio swift, and strong, and wise to make  
A "goal" do strive. You see they learned the trick  
In Room T. C., when Cox and Tuck did vie  
With others for the prize and Trueman, too,  
You know. Strong in defeat, in vict'ry meek,  
They always strove to win. Their motto still  
Is "Ishkabibble." Kindly, Muse, if thou

Did'st ever lend thy ear to mortal prayer,  
Do grant thy aid that I with truth may speak  
Concerning one Miss Travelstel. The flag  
Of Votes for Women boldly doth she flaunt.  
A militant is she. Aspiring youths  
Who seek good looks, and manners, too, do well  
To model after Thompson, gallant, true.  
If on to Mexico to capture Villa  
You wish to go, then follow Berthel T.  
One day when all was going well, or so  
We thought, our comrade, Carl, with stern advice  
Admonished us to stop and think if such  
A course as we pursued were right or wise  
Or democratic. Wilson then arose  
And calmly spoke a few short words about  
"A tempest in a teapot." Jack Walters  
And Bob Whitehouse can never, never fight  
For courting. Well, it must be so when two  
Are caught in widespread nets, their willing prey  
To snare.

Down at the bottom of our roll  
There stands a list of names. Their places do  
Not harmonize with just the scheme our list  
Was made to fit. That doesn't matter, now,  
For they have proved their worth. They're sturdy men  
And long have kept the faith and trod the ground  
Where Juniors fear to tread. They're England, Ford,  
Ellis and Haynes, and each has his own way.  
The one is king, the others men, but par  
Their measure takes. A maiden, dignified  
And prim, and always just the same is she,  
Miss Nell Van Cleave, whom all well know, is quite  
A model Senior lass. She comes to us  
As others have, and craves the blessed boon  
Of graduating with the 1916  
Senior Class.
II

'Twas long ago the day
We first enrolled in the W. K. S. N. S.
Full well do we recall how fright became
Our only asset at command until
A Senior who was nobly kind, his aid
With willing courtesy offered. Smiling just
To make us feel we were with friends, he led
Our faltering steps down through the marble halls
Into a vast and lofty temple grand,
Where ruled a king, the "Deacon," true.
Well, that was long ago, but then we made a start,
And since that time it's been Room J or H,
Or 5, or 23, et cetera,
A long, long road, but smooth in spots, though spots
Is all of that especial type. But then
We found 'twas happiness to find our way,
Along the paths through fresh green fields, the realms
Where Freshmen all are proud, for Junior land
Is quite away, beyond, a dark tall wood
Where Kit-Kats play, i.e., their lessons con,
And gather flowers to decorate their themes
In English III. We left the land, the wood
We entered and kept it for a year or more,
Before we saw the light of Junior land,
Which seemed so bright, so gay, so easy, too,
Until we left the wood. 'Twas then we missed
The pleasant shade, the murmuring brooks, and all
The things the poets write about; the songs,
The birds, all nature's finer things. The land
The Juniors call their own, we found 'twas not
So smooth as once we vainly thought, for there
Were hills to climb, and peaks to scale along
The road to Senior realms, beyond the hills so high.
Each mountain vast would seem to rise above
The entire world all round about, but when
With toil its ways we scaled we found one still

More vast. And so we climbed, and climbed until
A kindly guide our weary party met.
He knew the way he more than once had trod.
'Twas well he did, for rife Dissension soon
Displayed his ignominious face within
Our ranks. But when He saw the stern, set face
Our leader wore, He fled bewildered from
Our sight. We'd scaled the heights, we'd reached the
land,
Where only Seniors tread. Upon the plain
At just the spot where seems to end the road
There stands a citadel. There Knowledge reigns,
And only those who find the secret gates
Can ever hope to gain access to realms
Where Wisdom rules with iron hand, and those
Who through the gateway steal, not knowing how
They did it, soon by law are exiled thence
Forevermore. The only way we know and how
To gain an entrance, too. We have the folks,
We have our leaders strong and brave. Our way
Is clear, our "P's" will soon be issued. Then
We'll enter by the open gate and roam
Amid the fields where Homer roamed, and Loche,
And Vergil, Dante, Bacon, men of note
In every line or plain vocation, while
To our teachers we ascribe all praise
Forevermore.

W. K. S. N. Seniors, 1916

We come,
From upland eastern valleys, where a million years or more
Green pines and flowers have fallen upon the forest floor;
'Til worlds of golden sunshine lie buried far below,
Deep hills beneath the valleys, mountains of gleaming coal.
THE ELEVATOR

Away from the rolling meadows, where the grass grows deep and green,
The crimson clover blossoms; and harvest bees now glean
The summer's liquid sweetness from the violet near the sod,
Or hum about the wild blue furze, or yellow golden-rod.

Where wide flood plains to westward, at even, creep away,
With field's of cotton blossoms to meet the setting day.
From misty mountain homelands, or where the rivers flow,
We come, our Alma Mater, with wondering steps and slow.

We go
Into the world's broad highroad, to life's white burning way,
The seething crowds and conflicts, we go in another day.
We'll fathom the depthless ocean, search out the hollow star
in the crash and din of commerce, the shuddering clank of war.

Broad fields await our harvest blade, the sickle in our hands,
The forest sees the white-reeded ships and silent, trembling stands.
The world's great mills are whirling; our touch upon the wheels
To-morrow will weave the shimmering cloth, or forge the burnished steel.

Where life runs high and voices call in sobbing or in songs,
"Come ye who understand the right, avenge our age-old wrongs."
To north, and south, and westward, to east and everywhere
We go, our Alma Mater, go with a silent prayer.

We pause,
Where the breath of morn is sweetest with the odor of the rose,
The crocus and the purple phlox about the campus elows,
Sunset and pale moonrise are fairer far, I ween.

When viewed upon the Hilltop, decked in summer's wealth
of green.

The river hears our laughter and ripples into song,
The winds catch up our voices and fling them back ere long.
But here beneath thy columns, thy pillars vast and still,
We write upon our hearts to-day, the words, "Our Normal Hill."

Thou hast us treasure given, richest in thy store;
All thy wealth of beauty, all thy wondrous lore.
'Tis here our hearts beat highest, and life is full and free—
We pause, our Alma Mater, with tenderest love for thee.

---000---

DR. KINNAMAN

Run your finger down the annals of History. Here is an exceptional King. Thus we reason:
All kings are cold and haughty.
This man is a king.
Therefore he is cold and haughty.
But don't you dare say this conclusion in the presence of a true-blue Normalite, unless you put little value on life. It is not so. He is an exceptional exception. Who is it that sits day in and day out at his desk doing "the work of ten," and yet is ever ready to crack a joke, "wet or dry," with you? Who is it that is able to write a Normal School catalog, and when asked by some one if he had seen the "new catalog," can reply simply, "Why, yes, I think I have seen it"? Who is it that can parent a deep psychological thought, change from a serious business man into a mischievous boy, or with quill behind his ear show off as a ridiculous pioneer pedagogue? Why, Dr. Kinnaman, of course.

---000---

PROF. GREEN

Here is a man who can think in terms of international commerce, in terms of "profound unsoundable seas," and yet—retain his reason. Think of a volcanic eruption and
you have a fairly good idea of his gigantic force. I'd say he is real handsome, but you know things become real tiresome to a fellow after a very long while. Does he believe in the Seniors? Is he an interested leader of the Seniors? Yea, verily—and they know how to hustle when they see him "coming down the pike." Fifteen rahs for Prof. R. P. Green.

---

**MR. BAKER**

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you Mr. E. B. Baker, of the Normal School. You know him already, but let's be formal once again. The Senior Class chose him its President. Then little else need be said about the kind of man he is. You see him. You know him. Even now we fancy him among the stars—of mathematicians.

**MISS JOHNSTON**

Miss Ola E. Johnston! Oh, let's not spoil this beautiful tribute to a noble lady! We all know what the Good Book says about "a good name." So, here's to you, Miss Johnston. Miss Johnston is Vice President of our class.

---

**MR. PUSEY**

Honifi cibillitudinariantiquillibusquearchprofundigality. Here you are. Here is Mr. E. N. Pusey. Here is our stage manager. Here is our treasurer. Here is our good-natured, hard-working boy. Here is the biggest student "in the history of the institution."

---

**MR. HARELSON**

Say you don't see that pen behind his ear. Why, look again. I can see it easily. Well, maybe it is my imagination. Anyway, that's M. E. Harelson. He's Editor of our much talked-about ELEVATOR. He sure works hard, and when something is needed to be done, you don't have to say: "Oh, Harelson." He's already there. I mustn't say too much about him. You couldn't flatter him, but he might think I was handing him this beautiful bouquet for something I wanted him to do; but Mr. Harelson, don't you think that.
Mrs. Tuck may get mad at this, and she ought to, but she certainly can talk. She knows a number of languages: English, Meteorological, Isobaric, and one other I have forgotten. If interested, see her, or address Mr. Tuck. She will give you his address. These concise remarks, in a way, sum up the characteristics of the aforesaid Mrs. Tuck. She is our Secretary. The class couldn't get along without Mrs. Tuck, even if it wanted to.

---

Mr. Meuth

Readers, I presume all of you know Mr. G. W. Meuth. If you don't now, before this has come from the press you will know him, most assuredly. Dignity and oratory are his major and minor. I would say more about him, but I know what I could say would come forth from press soon after he appeared on the stage—three would have already been said beautiful things about him—and it would be so commonplace. I'm "striving for an effect," don't you see?

---

The Senior Reception

When good St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, and made his name immortal, little did he dream that he was providing the occasion for the annual entertainment of the Senior Class of a certain well-known Normal School. But unconscious as the good saint was of the act, he thereby added another star to his crown, by giving the Seniors an opportunity to show just how ingenious they could be in planning their annual function, and to show how important a day March 17th could be made. During the year the school is the home of many joyous festivities, for, besides the smaller parties, there is the Junior banquet with its wealth of good things, held on Valentine's Day. But the greatest event of all is the Senior party. Every senior takes a personal pride in the occasion and each class vies with the one of the year before, in producing the greatest results. On this year long before the appointed time, it was noised abroad that the Seniors were making great plans for the seventeenth, and when the invitations were finally issued, engraved in the gold and green of "ould Ireland," the school and the world in general, knew the Seniors were to give a musical and reception, to be held in Cabell Hall. The soloist was to be Mr. Charles G. Washburn, a celebrated baritone of Nashville, and the accompanist Mr. Franz J. Strahm, Dean of the Music School. According to these arrangements the reception was held and to say that it was a success would describe but poorly the beauty of the affair. Cabell Hall with its spacious rooms was decorated with many tall palms and ropes of smilax, which formed a fitting background for the lovely costumes. In the receiving line were the class officers, President and Mrs. Cherry, Dean and Mrs. Kinnaman, and the heads of the various departments with their wives, while Misses Jess Drake and Mary Lee Smith presided over the punch bowl. After the guests had arrived, the musical program was rendered. Mr. Washburn charmed the audience not only with his voice and se-
lections, but also with his delightful personality. He drew the audience closer to him, and made the listeners feel the songs as he felt them and see the pictures as he saw them, by giving, in an informal manner, a resume of each number before it was sung. Being a true Southerner and one justly proud of his Southland, he devoted a portion of the program to “Songs of the South” filled with melody and feeling; while another part he gave to “Songs of the Child World,” dainty little compositions picturing child-life in all its simplicity. During the intermission, Mr. Strahm gave in his incomparable way, three selections, “Valse in C-sharp Minor” and “Valse in A-flat Major,” by Chopin, and “A Dream,” the latter his own composition. As a final selection Mr. Washburn sang “Requiem,” by Robert Louis Stevenson, and it brought the program to a fitting close.

The reception followed, and the refreshments, consisting of ices molded in the form of shamrocks and cake, were served. Too soon, however, the festivities were over, the guests departed and the Senior reception was an event of the past. Of the past, yes; but an event long to be remembered. It was an entertainment that surpassed in beauty and novelty anything yet attempted by a Senior Class, and, not only upheld the dignity and strength of the class, but set a standard that will be difficult to attain in the future.

Seventeenth of March Exercises

St. Patrick’s Day is Seniors’ day on Normal Heights, and this year they let it be known they were about, too. It was a secret.—no one knew what was going to happen, i.e., none but the elect. In keeping with the spirit of the day the Senior theatrical company placed on the stage an Irish play entitled, “The Limerick Boy.” The hero of the play, the much-abused hero, Paddy Miles, was nobly represented by Pierce Guerin. In short, the story of the little drama is as follows: Dr. Coates is seriously smitten by a widow, Mrs. Fidget, whom he wishes to marry. In like manner his son, Harry, has matrimonial designs upon the life of the widow’s daughter, Jane, and by means of a conspiracy on the part of the former two, the youngsters are not permitted to see each other. Paddy Miles fixed that, though. Harry and Jane marry first, and then the elders do likewise, and all is well in Ireland.

The cast of characters:

Paddy Miles..............Pierce Guerin
Dr. Coates.................J. B. Walters
Harry (his son)...........Sam Sears
Job (a gardener)...........Jesse Grise
Reuben....................R. L. Champion
Mrs. Fidget..............Sarah McConnell
Jane (her daughter)......Catherine Hendricks

After the play the class sang the following song, and the exercises were over:

Have you ever heard the story of how our school got its name?
I’ll tell you so you’ll understand from whence our Normal came;
No wonder that we’re proud of the dear old place to-day we see,
For here’s the way me Alma Mater told the tale to me:

Chorus

Sure a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And nestled in a spot that is not very far away,
And when the angels found it out sure it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, “Suppose we leave it, for it looks so useful there.”
So they sprinkled it with knowledge just to make the Seniors grow,
For there you’ll find the best Seniors, no matter where you go;
Then they dotted it with leaders, who the noblest places fill,
And when they had it finished, sure they called it Normal Hill.

'Tis a dear old place of pleasure and of Seniors wondrous wise,
And nowhere else on God's green earth have they such loving ties!
No wonder that the angels love its Seniors as of yore,
'Tis a little bit of heaven, and I love it more and more.

The Kid Party

"When is a Senior not a Senior?" Ans.—When he's a "kid." In the course of human events it is almost impossible for one to be a real kid the second time. It is more than an effort. It is a new birth. The omission of a number of elements generally conceded as essentials in a Senior is necessary, before the transition or transformation can be made. But it isn't impossible, and to prove it, let us call Miss Ragland to witness. Do you remember how she could throw orange peels? Imagine that occurring in the library, then administer some quick-working restorative. Did you ever see anyone who really enjoyed the experience more than she? On the qui vive, she seemed wonderfully relieved, now, don't you think? And did you "pipe" her costume and bonnet? We really feel sorry for a world of folks, namely those who are not Seniors, or members of the faculty, but those same folks will never know why. We can't tell them, and since they were not present they cannot know.

Mishap you wish to know something we did. 'Twere not fair to tell a part unless all were told, and that we cannot do, i.e., not exactly. Quite a few from the faculty assisted in making the thing a go, the which it surely was. If Seniors of other days—but we are not vain or boastful—therefore—. "What did we do?" Well, in a general way we did all we could behind the schoolmaster's (Dr. Kinna-

man's) back. We played drop the handkerchief (not like grown ups play it at parties where there's a reward), but like the innocent kids we were. "Is that all?" Oh, no; let's see. Ah, yes, I forgot. We played—ah—er—yes, we played—that's what we did. Ask Mrs. Green, she knows.

About our dress, oh, bother dress! It wasn't very important, that is, the style of it wasn't. Just anything will do for a kid, and we wish it were so for Seniors—sometimes. The menu, no it wasn't that—the eats were apples, oranges, peanuts, animal crackers and striped stick candy washed down with lemonade, or something similar. We offer on a nearby page a facsimile of two representative kids.

The Senior Faculty Game

On April 29th, the faculty of the Western Kentucky State Normal School met their Waterloo on the Normal battlefield. The duel came about through their impudent chal-
The Senior Job Hunting

Job hunting and the measles are two diseases which have conspicuously invaded the ranks of the Seniors this spring. The symptoms of the former are an absent-minded stare of the eyes and a distrustful attitude toward his would-be competitors.

Said Prof. Green in Economic Geography, "Turner, what position would you take on the Pan-American proposition?"

Turner (drowsily): "What does the position pay, Professor?"

Green, smiling indulgently, "Oh, it pays well enough."

---

Faculty

15
10,000,000

Seniors

30
00,000,000

It was some game. Look at the score. If the score is "pep," the game was sure a hot one.

---

Challengers of the Senior boys to a game of baseball. Out of pure goodness of heart on the part of the challenged, the challengers were permitted to name the arms, set the time, and—well, if any other choice was left they got it. The Scriptures say that those who show mercy will be blessed. therefore the Seniors are now entirely merciful toward the vanquished. Their one prayer is that those who teach by precept will profit by what they have just learned by experience. We would that we had plenty of space in order that we might pay our respects to each individual on the faculty's team. Also, we are sorry that certain of our good friends who preside over the rostrum were not on the receiving line for some well-directed flings on the part of those whose lot it is to accept what is handed them.

But the game, we haven't mentioned that particular item. It really did not amount to a great deal, for it was the Seniors' from the moment the challenge was made, notwithstanding the faculty's heavy lead in the first inning. The running of Prof. Burton was a distinct feature, as was the batting of Prof. Yarbrough and Mr. Byrn, not to mention their fielding stunts. Again we'd like to give them all honorable mention, but haven't time.
"Very well," continues Turner. "I am twenty-eight years of age and have been trying to graduate from the Normal for the last ten years. I left my last position because my sal—" at this point a Junior sees a chance to exhibit his wonderfully developed thinking power, "Professor, I think if Turner would take a position on Yucatan with one foot in the Gulf and the other in the Caribbean facing the Atlantic and the East that he could hold that part of the proposition down."

One of the most alert moments in the class period is when a gentle tap sounds on the door and Miss B—— from the office steps in and tersely whispers a name in the instructor's ear. Instantly thousand-dollar "jobs" by the score loom up in the Senior's mind,—"Miss C—— is wanted at the office." Oh, the magic of those words and the lustre that hovers about those office girls as they appear in the class-room—every Senior loves them devotedly! We have sometimes wondered why this part of the office force was not filled by men, but the reason becomes evident when we consider how undignified it would be to see the girls of the Senior Class giving such visible signs of their adoration of these harbingers of peace and plenty.

The great asset of the Senior is his unyielding faith in his ability to handle any question that comes within the realm of human understanding. When he hears of an opening that he would like to occupy, even though it be a Chair in Tulane or Clark, not in the least daunted he approaches a member of the faculty, making known his intention of applying for same and asking for a personal letter in his behalf. After weeks of strenuous efforts with their many letters, fine spun arguments and sleepless nights he succeeds in landing a job, whereupon he calmly announces to his friends that he has accepted a position, all of which goes to show how intensely human he is.

Long live the Senior—may his hair grow longer, his countenance seem wiser, and his mouth become bigger as the days go by. May a broad and deep stream of his class continue to wind its way from Normal Heights so long as time shall last, till every nook and cranny of the Commonwealth shall be filled with its deep and tranquil waters. May Jobs multiply by the number of Sheepskins issued in June each year and may he be permitted to fill everyone of them, for when all is said and done he does his work as well and better than some who seem far wiser than he, than many more presumptuous than he.

---

**Athletics**

*BY AL*

With the coming of spring we began to think of baseball, and Al wants to say right here that Western has some team this year. While we have some new faces with us, we still have some of the old Vets. Among the new ones are Davis, B. Holland, Underwood, Talley and Sears. The Vets are as follows: Jones, Welch, N. Holland, Ackers, Vincent, Collie, Lawhorn, Smith and Brown. Our pitching staff has been strengthened by the addition of Underwood, who hails from somewhere down about the Western part of the State. He has plenty of stuff and a good head. Davis, our mainstay, has been pitching great ball, and too much praise cannot be given to the sturdy flinger of the horsehide. Collie has had tough luck with his arm: it lacks the old-time shape that it used to have, but he is working hard to get back in shape.

Our first game was with the fast Transylvania University, of Lexington, March 27. The day as a poet would put it was cold, dark and dreary, but Western did not mind the weather, as the score will indicate. The game was fast and interesting and full of thrills. Western secured 11 hits and 9 runs, while Transylvania could garner but 5 hits and 2 runs. Battery: Transylvania, Myers and O'Reily; Western, Collie, Davis and Wilson. Gibson and Wilson played an exceedingly fast game for Western.
The students have shown the real spirit and have lined up behind the team, and no one but the players know how much the “pep” helps. Among the rooters there is one individual who scraps and fights as hard as any man on the team. This man is C. S. Brown. We have but two rooters like C. S., and he is both of them.

Welch, the old veteran of many a game, is playing second, while Brown has been switched to short. Holland, the long first baseman, is working like a Frank Chance. “Dutch” Talley is playing a steady game at third base. The outfielders, Vincent, Holland, Lawhorn and Ackers, are hitting and fielding like fiends, and they have pulled several games out of the fire by their fast work. In our catcher, “Jimmy” Jones, we have a man that is a good receiver and a terror to base runners as well as a good hitter. We have a coach in the person of Mr. J. L. Arthur that any institution should be proud to have in service. Coach Arthur has a first assistant in Little “Gook” Arthur. Coach Arthur says Little “Gook” was born with a sixteen-pound shot in his hand, and is doing the hundred-yard dash in 9 1-5. Big “Gook” says he is going to make some athlete out of Little “Gook.” Go to it, Coach; we are all for you.

We have eight more games to play, and by the time they are played, Al will have the dope written up for all of you.

Al says good-bye until next time.

---000---

We have boiled the hydrant water;
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device;
And at last the doctor tells us
That we’ve got to bail the ice.

---000---

Mr. Likens: “Say, Champ, what is the race problem?”
Mr. Champion: “Picking winners.”
"Goodness," exclaimed Carlisle Morse, rushing into the lobby at the new building, "I never saw such a wind in my life."

"Never saw such a wind," said Mr. Thompson. "What a foolish remark, who ever saw a wind; pray, what is it like?"

"Like?" replied Mr. Morse; "like to have blown my hat off."

Miss Hagan: "I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

Miss Fowler: "Yes, it is a lock of Mr. Champion's hair."

Miss Hagan: "But he is not dead, nor even gone home."

Miss Fowler: "No; but his hair is all gone."

---

Health and Athletics Go Together!

SPALDING'S AGENTS
Football Equipment, Tennis Racquets, Balls, Basketballs, and Running Togs.

SUITES AND OVERCOATS E. NAHM & CO.

PROCTOR & PEARSON
French Dry Cleaning and Pressing

Rates to Students, $1.00 Per Month!

Collars Cleaned See Our Representatives
Spots Removed J. O. HORNING O. L. CHANEY

---

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 head­quarters—you will find here most everything usual to a drug store. Most complete line of Toilet goods in the city.

McKee's Book Store, American Bank Building