12-1915

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. VII, No. 3

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"The more experience I get the more I appreciate the Bowling Green Business University. It took me, a green farmer boy, earning a salary of about $300.00 per year, and prepared me for my present position, paying $1,100 per year."

Extract from a letter by W. C. Lane, a former student, now teaching business branches in a high school, Norristown, Pa.
Concerning

Oil and water won’t mix. For a long stretch that statement has been being relayed down the long stretches of time. The Greeks and Romans used it instead of “now is the time for all good men to come to the aid, etc.” The Sanskrits, whenever they used it, always apologized for being old-fashioned in their use of language. Maybe, it dates back to the Rhetoricians of the Garden of Eden. Anyhow, it is awfully old, and as shy of truth, as the aforesaid “now is the time for all good men.”

It has various applications, ranging from social sets to Standard Oil stock. The writer was once lolling back in his easy office chair, in the official discharge of his duty as Principal. Glancing, indolently, out of the window, he beheld approaching a lady whom he at once classified as figurative-minded; that is, likely to indulge in metaphors, analogies, and things. She had in tow a tow-headed youngster who at first glance appeared to be a sort of by-product of laundries, manicure parlors, lace factories and other allied systems of culture. “Good Afternoon,” spoke the figurative-minded lady. “I have brought my Little Fauntleroy to place under the tutelage of one of your instructors. It is a step which I take with grave misgivings. Fauntleroy is a deah, sweet child, so trustful and free of guile. He has been taught by a pefectly chawming governess, but nothing will do his papaw but for him to be brought here.”—A shrug at this juncture indicated that Fauntleroy’s “papaw” could not possibly rank higher than a second-rate Philistine.—“I have grave misgivings,” reiterated the figurative-minded lady, “for I hear the boys at this school are rough and untutored, and oil and water won’t mix, donchoknow.”

I had a vague sort of idea at the time that the figurative-minded lady was wrong, and so, at recess, I was not surprised to find the drop of oil, as I suppose the figurative-minded lady would have represented Fauntleroy, surrounded by several rough, untutored drops of water. There was something about the several constituents that suggested that they would “mix” presently, which they did.

Something in the nature of the affair operated against immediate interference, and so, I directly turned my gaze in the opposite direction for the space of a few seconds. Then I took up the business of resolving the mixture back to its components parts. It was hopeless; the mixing process had been thorough. Oil was in a bad way. A fodder shredding machine would have been kinder to his hat and knickerbockers, and his stiff spreading white collar was no more. His face was battered but beaming. Also, his opponents were scratched and serene. The figurative-minded lady was wrong. Democracy had had its way. Oil and water had mixed.
There is another application which the credulous ones like to make of the axiom under discussion. Oil and water won't mix, they say, meaning business and romance, poetry and prices, troubadours and trial balances. There is somewhat of truth in the contention. I can imagine that if, back in 1850, poetry had suddenly gone out of fashion, leaving Tennyson stranded high and dry, he wouldn't have done very well as a floorwalker, or as a house-to-house canvasser for Smellem's Aromatic Perfumery — save-the-wrappers-and-get-a-ornamental-hot-water-bottle-stopper - free - of -charge. Sometimes poetic oil and prosaic water, or the reverse, won't mix very mixfully, but there are instances. I know the Vice President of a Business College who can recite more poetry than a self-winding clock could listen to; poetry of the highest order, too. And, what is more to the point, poetry that he feels and lives, poetry that has gone into his life and made him a better Vice President of the Bowling Green Business University. He has as much poetry in him as anyone I happen to know, and as much business. In his composition, oil and water are sociable elements. Business, naturally, is the major course of his personal curriculum, but poetry is a strong elective. Every lesson Mr. J. Lewis Harman teaches, every letter he writes is fragrant with poetry. He never in all of his life dictated that old favorite of the slaves of commercialism: "Yours of the 23d received. In reply will say, etc."

Suppose Mr. Harman hears that Lige Scruggs, of Mount Parsnip, Utah, is a-weary of rural pursuits, and yearns to respond to the lure of the ledger; the chances are that he will write him something like this: "My dear Elijah: There is pleasure in the trackless wood; there is solace in the sandy desert; there's culture in the cornfield, but do these things exalt to the highest the divine impulse of your being? Do you long for the busy marts of trade? Do you long to check up and audit cargoes from Castile and Chicago? Do you burn to sit at the feet of law-makers and transcribe their burning words? etc." When Lige regains consciousness he finds himself seated at a B. G. B. U. typewriter pecking away on Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. Later, Lige is elected cashier of a bank down in Mississippi, or he becomes a minion of the West Virginia coal trust, and lives happily on a lucrative salary ever afterwards.

Let us go back to the beginning where all good things ultimately originate. Mr. Harman was born June 18, 1874, in a one-room log cabin on Barren River, near what is now Meador, Allen County, Ky. Up until he was eighteen he acted just like an ordinary mortal; farmed, went to school, and hung around sorghum mills. At the age of eighteen he carpetbagged it over to Bowling Green and entered the Southern Normal School. He was a student there for six years, being out long enough to teach three schools back up in Allen. The seventh year, he spent in the B. G. B. U. fusing the elements of commercialism into the native poesy of his soul. I suspect that these were seven lean years in a sense of leanness with which the vast majority of my readers can heartily sympathize. In the matter of growth and appreciation they were exceedingly sleek years. At the expiration of this period of training he became an employee of his alma mater, his duties being those of teacher, traveling solicitor, and general helper, the general help being meeting trains, securing boarding places, and speaking in rotund tones and big numbers whenever he mentioned the enrollment.

In 1911, Mr. Harman's professorial field was extended so as to include the teaching of History in the Southern Normal School, and commercial branches in the Business University, the two institutions being at that time jointly under the management of Mr. H. H. Cherry.

January, 1907, Mr. Harman, together with Mr. J. S. Dickey and Mr. W. S. Ashby, purchased the University. In the deal, Mr. Harman was made Vice President, which position he still holds.

It is not good for man to be alone and lonesome. You
know what is coming when you see that quotation misquoted, don’t you? Well, on a helpful, happy, halcyon day in August, 1900, Miss Nettie Kimberlin, of Springfield, Ky., promised to be for him an everlasting antidote for the ills of single loneliness. They have been very happy ever since. They live in a beautiful little home up on Pedagogical Row. There, he eats her cooking and she listens to his rhymes, and the hours pass on poetic pinions.

Mr. Harman is a Methodist steward, a Democratic committeeman, and a prominent member and ex-President of the E. Q. B. Club. He is an excellent public speaker, and is usually docketed well ahead for educational addresses. His speeches are substantial and wholesome, and in striking contrast to the dusty dissertations of the educational vivisectionists who can give you the mental measurements of the pupils of Keokuk, Iowa, but couldn’t for their lives recite the first verse of The Village Blacksmith, or Lord Ullin’s Daughter.

Mr. Harman never loses track of one of his old pupils. Once my pupil, always my pupil is his principle. Of the thousands who have been under his care, it is pretty safe to say that he has not let one pass from his memory. Nor is there one in whose welfare he has lost concern. If one of his innumerable progeny is elected to the School Board back in his native or adopted hamlet, or delegated to give the welcome address to the visiting W. C. T. U.’s, Mr. Harman sits right down and indites a sympathetic, poetic effusion to the one so favored, claiming that he knew all along that Genius inhabited his make-up. It is one of the nicest, sincerest, most poetical, most inspirational letters that the recipient of honors ever received, and straightway he moves the goal of his ambition onward a few leagues.

I have mentioned that Mr. Harman is from Allen County. The same thing can be said of a host of other celebrities, and, in a sense, that is the sad part of it as far as Allen County is concerned; they are from there. If all the doctors, and lawyers, and preachers, and teachers that are from

Allen should be brought back to reside permanently in their native bailiwick, a community would result that would make Boston look like Ellis Island. Of all the Who’s Who’s who have joined in this exodus, I think that to J. Lewie Harman may be attributed the very great honor of having exerted the influence that has reached farthest and wrought most. He has mixed oil and water.
pray hard you will succeed.” So saying she placed the
manuscript in a long envelope and sealed and addressed it.
Then, walking to the window, she gazed long upon the
throng of people in the brightly lighted thoroughfare below,
as if trying to fathom their hearts and the heart of the world.

Three weeks passed, and on the day before Christmas, the
great metropolis lay under a soft blanket of snow. The
wind, exhilarating with a keen crispness, blew swiftly
around street corners and caused traffic policemen to turn
their collars a little higher about their ears, while a clear,
colorless sky predicted a still clearer Christmas Day. In
the business and shopping districts of the city, eager crowds
of people, many laden with numerous bundles, hurried to
complete shopping tours or to transact delayed business.
Limosines were ever coming and departing from the line of
machines at the curb of the hotels and stores, while above
all vibrated the gongs of the rumbling trolley cars. But the
atmosphere was pervaded with the spirit of jollity, of cheer,
and of goodwill, that in itself is suggestive of the holiday
season. The merry exclamations of children as they stood
before a gaily decorated shop window, blended with the
laughter of passing schoolgirls, which in turn became a part
of the general conversation, forming as a whole a symphony
— a Christmas symphony of brotherly love. From a window
of his office, high above the street, the editor of a large pub-
lishing company, stood and gazed upon the crowds of people
below, reflecting, meanwhile. From his height they
appeared pitifully small and insignificant, these people,
just mites of humanity emphasized by the whiteness of the snow.
Yet he knew that within each breast was a beating heart and
in each heart was a spirit of joy. He alone, of all the masses
seemed, on this day, to be drifting aimlessly. He had awak-
ened that morning with the same void within his being occa-
sioned nowhere by the thought that even his Christmas div-
ine, consisting of cheeks to his brother and only living rela-
tion in a distant city, the Associated Charities, his valet and
a few others, had been completed two days ago, so that he
had no reason now for becoming one of the holiday crowd.
The editor had seldom experienced such feelings before, for
in the busy routine of his life he had little time to consider
his own condition. A bachelor, he occupied a suite of rooms
at a nearby club, indulged little in the pleasures of other
men, and took few of his friends into his confidence. As he
stood by the window he felt tired, aged, though in reality he
was but thirty-five, and the best years of his life seemed to
be slipping into oblivion. He wondered how he would spend
the morrow, Christmas Day, which would be thrice as dreary
this year, as it fell on Sunday. The chef at the club would
probably have a good dinner, and the servants would be un-
usually courteous to the homeless ones who lingered in the
club rooms, but the courtesy and fine fare did not bring the
joy of Christmas.

The editor’s reverie was disturbed at this moment by a
rap on the door, and he turned to admit, Helena Rudd, the
girl he had engaged a month ago as manuscript reader.

“Why, good-morning, Mr. Bland,” she exclaimed as she
entered, her cheeks pink and eyes bright from contact with
the cold, “I’m afraid I’m a little late this morning, but yest-
erday was a strenuous day for me, and I overslept myself.”

“I readily excuse you, Miss Rudd,” the editor answered
with a warmth in his tone not usually found there; “I have
been dawdling myself, this morning. It is the spirit of
Christmas, I presume. We will take up first the reading of
those manuscripts on the table. I have only glanced over
a few.” He indicated a pile of papers on her right, and Hel-
ena, relieved of her wraps, seated herself and began to in-
spect the manuscripts. As she worked, the editor noticed
her firm, capable hands, her bronze hair, her clear gray eyes,
the strong curve of her mouth, and wondered about her. She
had come to him for a position a month ago, and her frank
manner had so pleased him that he accepted her, for a while
at least. He won’ered now, where her home was, for he
had heard her mention it briefly, and what her parents were
like. He reasoned that she must be happy, for she laughed
often, but her clothes were a trifle worn sometimes.

"Mr. Bland, I shall read for you the first story on this pile," Helena interrupted his train of thought. "The title is 'The Greater Call.' The author writes under the pen-name, Doris Ray."

The story was simple in theme, though filled with deep meaning and written with a power of appeal, that showed a thorough mastery of the subject. It dealt with the career of a man, who though successful in business, had not stopped to answer the greater call, the call of religion, but who in the end was made to see the true light. As picture after picture, and incident after incident unfolded, the editor leaned forward to catch every word. He felt strangely drawn toward the man in the story because, like the man, he had almost forsaken religion. Helena Rudd seemed never to have read with such distinctness, such intensity or such feeling. At length she reached the last chapter and in the story, as in reality, it was Christmas time. The author had pictured vividly the delightful Christmas scene in a farmhouse on the edge of a rural village, and woven into the picture all of the joy and warmth of Yuletide.

"What it would be to spend Christmas in a home like that," the editor ejaculated impulsively as she finished, the criticism of the work forgotten in the great loneliness of his own heart. "I haven't eaten a real Christmas dinner in years." He gazed vacantly out over the snow-decked house-tops, then turned back to her.

"Miss Rudd," he said, "I believe I shall not keep you the rest of the day, for I am not in a state of mind to transact business. It is Christmas Eve, and perhaps you have shopping to do. We shall renew work Monday morning."

Helena thanked him, but as she rose to go she noticed the tired lines about his eyes and beginning to realize to some extent, his loneliness, an impulse entered her mind.

"Mr. Bland," she asked eagerly, "won't you take your Christmas dinner with my father, mother and me to-morrow? It would be the greatest pleasure in the world to have you, and I am sure you would enjoy our old home, for it is very like the one in the story. We live at Denewood, a village about ten miles from the city, but the trip out is delightful."

The editor hesitated a moment, but only a moment, then answered, a boyish smile lighting up his eyes, "I should be delighted, Miss Rudd, and if it be agreeable I shall call for you in my car at eleven in the morning."

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold and eleven o'clock found Helena and the editor, in the latter's car, gliding over the road towards Denewood. On either side of them lay the undulating snow-clad fields that stretched away in all directions, blending with the broken line of gray sky in the distance. As they passed points of interest, Helena designated them to her guest, who responded to her gaily with a zest that dispelled all doubts as to his enjoyment of the occasion. At almost noon they reached Denewood and the quaint farmhouse, where they were royally welcomed by Helena's parents. "It is such joy," said her gentle, white-haired mother, "to have our girl with us again after these long five months, that we cannot do enough for one of her friends." During that day, the editor felt the warmth of good fellowship as he had felt it but few times in his life. The unpretentious country folk accepted him as he was, giving everything, asking nothing in return. After his arrival the guest was taken over the well-built farmhouse, with its great dining hall and living room. After the bountiful Christmas dinner, which the editor long remembered as the merriest meal of his life, he and Helena made a trip to the woodland to gather holly. Later they attended vespers service at the little Episcopal Church nearby. Here Bland heard words that he had not heard in years, for he seldom entered a church. The rector told simply, the old, old story, yet one ever new, of the following of the star, and with words that carried a new meaning to Bland, emphasized man's need of religion and God, over all things in the universe.

"My children," he said, "your homes, your children, your
work, your careers, may call you, may exercise a great influence over you, but it is imperative that you feel within your own hearts the call of religion and of the Saviour, to be the greater call.

As the sweetly solemn words broke the sacred silence, the editor realized why Christmas had been so empty in the past. He had never before felt the sacredness of the day or the message that it carried to all sad and lonely hearts. He needed the infinite strength of One who is greater than men. When the benediction was said and the man and girl passed out into the winter sunset, Bland pondered over the words, "the greater call." That was the title of the story Helena had read for him the previous morning.

"Miss Rudd," he remarked seriously as they followed the beaten snowpath homeward, "I feel that I have some unknown author, besides yourself, to thank for this glorious Christmas Day. Had it not been for that story, 'The Greater Call,' the possibilities of life would probably never have been opened to me as they have been to-day. There is remarkable ability shown in the writing of that story, and with pains it can be developed into a great work. And, by the way, have you noticed the similarity between the scenery in the story and Denewood? I could almost believe the places to be identical."

"They are identical," Helena exclaimed, joyously, her eyes dancing with merriment, "and I am the one who made them identical. I am the author of 'The Greater Call.'"

"Now you know why I took such an interest in reading it yesterday," she continued, when the editor had recovered in a measure from his surprise. "I simply had to make you feel the appeal—the call. Three of my stories had been refused, and I felt that all depended on this one. I wanted your criticism, because I believed it just. Yet I could not send you a story in my own name, for fear you would accept it through pity. Do you really think it worthy of recognition?" she queried eagerly.

"Good!" he exclaimed; "it is far more than good. In my opinion, it is remarkable in treatment, style and theme. I believe with all my heart that with work it can be made into a great book."

"I am so glad, so glad," she answered, "that I am going to accomplish something worth while, so that they," she nodded towards the house, "will be proud of me. I want my story to carry a message, a good message, to everyone."

"That it will surely do," he answered, "for it has brought one to me."

By this time they had reached the house, and in a few moments he stood ready to make his departure.

"My Christmas Day has been perfect because you have shown me a rosy future, and a vista of new things," Helena said, extending her hand in farewell.

"And mine," Bland answered, clasping her hand, "has been more than perfect because I have associated with true friends and known true friendship for the first time in many years, and I have felt and my soul has responded to the greater call."

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Christmas With Our Humble Poets

Among our humbler poets, if a real poet may ever be justly called an humble poet, Riley has written more, perhaps, of the Christmas season than any other one. He has touched upon so many phases of this glad season and his heart has sung its song of sympathy for old and young, rich and poor, in many a crisp, vernacular poem and in others more stately and beautiful.

In "Little John's Christmas," how true to the real youngster, who scents afar the secret preparations for Christmas surprises and, hiding, discovers the secret and sees his gifts. Then the disappointments of Christmas Day! The vain effort to appear surprised, followed by the inevitable retribution. So it always is. When young or old peer ahead, we often find ourselves out of harmony with the rest of the merry-makers.
The fine grit, the persistent ignoring of suffering, the splendid boyhood that is the earnest of a more splendid manhood, are depicted in the short poem of "What Little Saul Got Christmas." Little Saul was weak in body but strong in word and deed, having inherited this moral courage from a father who was a leader in both peace and war, and Little Saul, the poet says, had the grit to take things as they are—oh, wondrous words and fraught with what a world of meaning? The grit to take things as they are! When his widowed mother planned a Christmas tree for Saul, and the eve found him sick in bed and the doctor permitted the children to file past his door and leave him quiet, he raised himself and called out in the midst of their joyousness—

"I don't keer what you git
On your old Christmas tree,
'Cause I'm got somepin' you all ain't—
I'm got the pleurisy."

In nearly all Riley's plain poems of plain people, he brings out a great life principle in the simplest way. This child's courage to take things as they come, implies the courage to better conditions whenever possible.

"A Christmas Memory" touches the saddest phase in any child's life—heart sickness for a dead mother, the ache that Santa Claus cannot heal, the ache that through long years we feel are expressed in the lines—

"Don't want Santa Claus ner things
Any kind he ever brings;
Don't want A'nty! Don't want Pa!
I ist only want my Ma!"

In the Christmas song which follows, we find the things Riley asks for in his Christmas Chant—purity, strength, sympathy, pity and love:

"Chant me a rhyme of Christmas,
Sing me a joyful song;
And though it be filled with laughter,
Let it be pure and strong.

"Let it be clear and ringing,
And though it mirthful be,
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos
Run through the melody.

"Sing of the hearts brimmed over
With the story of the day;
Of the echo of childish voices
That will not die away.

"Of the blare of the tasseled trumpet,
And the timeless clatter and beat
Of the drum that throbs to muster
Squadrons of scampering feet.

"But, oh, let your voice fall fainter
Till, bent with a minor tone,
You temper your song with the beauty
Of the pity Christ hath shown."

The Shadows of the Evening

Another lap in the race of life has been run, another time has the fruition of the year succeeded the promise of spring. It is with a feeling of joyful surprise that we look back over this interval of time and realize that all our resolves were not of the stuff from which dreams are made. But they have become a real part of us. And so we have a strengthened incentive to hitch our wagons to a higher star.

In our school life we like to glance backward at the good traits of those who passed before, and we hope that when
other classes may refer to us it will be with the thought that ours was not to excel, but to be, perhaps, different. While last year's class was the largest and best in the history of the institution, this year's will be larger and better. Our backward gaze is satisfying; our forward view inspiring. Though our "unused yesterdays" are not all erased from our memories, "unused to-morrkos" are not of our vocabularies. With the dauntlessness of the unexcelled, we would be endowed to press on.

When the inevitable blossom time touched up the dark places, even the hopeless saw a ray of light. When that tiny ray spread into a dazzling harvest, the one-time pessimist looked back at his narrowness with shame. The wearied tiller saw in his hoary hand an increased yield; a brighter future. A satisfying backward glance may steal time from a demanding future, yet regrets more effectively check progress. Nevertheless, our thrills of happiness cannot be unalloyed when we realize that others less fortunate have only an acheing despair with which to greet the dawning year. They look backward and are appalled at the vacant places, the horror and inevitable misery. Their twilight shadows must take the form of one who can be almost seen; their New Year's resolution reverts into a prayer for those who remain.

Whether our good intentions have been carried to completion, or allowed to pave a downward road, we cannot halt to decide. Our way leads on; for it is as the forerunner of a new year that we must view our departing one. Unlike that discordant note which harps back on the good old days, we read the future in the realized past. With the grief-stricken we are sad; with the joyous, elated; but more especially with the optimist, hopeful.

A Bird's-Eye View of the Happenings on the Hill

If, about the time of November the second, you had taken a bird's-eye view of the happenings on the Normal Hill, you would have seen groups of students excitedly arguing and wildly gesticulating. People ceased, with one accord, to quote from such writers as Shakespeare, Milton, or Browning, and hurled through the air columns of statements from the Courier or the Herald. It was indeed a time when friendships were endangered by the intensity of political opinion.

Since a Governor of Kentucky has been elected, the minds of all have turned towards other interests. No, the minds of all have not turned towards other interests; for there is one among us who eagerly awaits, with his pass written by the Dean and his suitcase ready packed, the special train which he supposes will pass through Bowling Green on March the — , en route to the inauguration at Frankfort.

Quite recently we have seen it demonstrated, as we have often seen it before, that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. From the stormy seas of politics we were wafted back to the tranquil waters of piety. We no longer sought to oppose our fellow-student, but quoted to him certain passages of the Scripture, and as we went to our different tasks through the day, we softly chanted some well-known hymn. This change of spirit is generally attributed to the effects of that week which will always be remembered in the history of the institution as "Preachers' Week."

Now, despite the facts that in Chemistry accidents of fearful consequences sometimes occur; that note-books are still very popular among most members of our faculty; and that on rainy days we have a decided feeling of uneasiness when we leave our damp umbrellas in the library, we are passing through a most enjoyable period.

The little microbe of Christmas cheer and goodwill is rap-
idly growing among us. Juniors and Seniors have ceased, for the time, to regard each other with feelings of hostility and malice. Kit-Kats and Seniors hold conversations in which there is neither envy on the part of the Kit-Kats, nor condescension on the part of the Seniors. Our faculty seems to have the proper Christmas spirit, for now a teacher merely smiles indulgently at a group of students who may loiter in the halls. So, if at this season you should take a bird's-eye view of the happenings on the hill, you would see students hurrying about, with new ideals and purposes, and you would know that we are all glad at this Christmas time.

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**The Good Old Days**

How would you like to go back to the "good old days" before the bill collector was turned loose upon an innocent and unsuspecting public; before a person knew that he had concealed in his anatomy that dreadful and worthless piece of machinery known as the Vermiform Appendix; when every doctor had his saddlebags and no matter what ailed you, gave you calomel and quinine; before we were informed that countless death-dealing microbes lurk in everything from Love's first honeyed kiss to a piece of Limburger cheese?

Or how would you like to have lived in the days when there was no telephone by which your wife could order a lot of trash you did not need, or notify you to come home before you had scarcely reached the club or the corner grocery; when a man could take a little wine for the stomach's sake without getting drunk, beating his wife and terrorizing the neighborhood generally; when women's shoe heels were where they ought to be and not stuck in the middle of the foot at an angle of forty-five degrees? Or would you like to have been a boy, when boys wore brass-toed, red-topped boots; or a girl, when girls dressed in plain dresses and wore their hair plaited down their backs without the suggestion of "rats," split curls, or Psyche knots? Again, you might have enjoyed living when a boy could split kindling or bring an armload of wood without having a pain in the side, or a headache.

The women of the good old days were not able to play as skillful a game of progressive euchre or bridge whist as the up-to-date woman, but they were powerfully gifted in the sewing and knitting line. They could not "paw the ivories" or perform like a "prima donna," but they could produce melodies with the skillet and frying pan that would reach your heart.

In the good old days a man's neighbors never gathered in large numbers at his house to cruelly beat or murder him and burn his property. They gathered to assist him in house-raisings, log-rollings, and husking-bees, and the women had apple-peelings and quilting-bees. The dinner was all placed on the table at once before the hungry guests, and not served in homeopathic doses with long starvation intervals between. Late in the evening the old folks went home, and the dance began. Ere long the dance gave way to candy pulling, and what good times they did have! After the candy pulling the courting began. A young man led his sweetheart back into a corner and held her hand for an hour without saying a word, and the next year there were more cabins on the hillsides and in the hollows, and in the years to come the candy-haired children who lived in those cabins grew up into a race of the best and bravest men and women the world has ever known.

In the good old days when a boy became "obstreperous" his father did not write to the editor of the query column of the city newspaper and ask plaintively, "What shall I do with my son?" He hadn't had any work in child-training and had had no experience except with the other twelve, so his method of bringing the boy to time would scarcely have met the approval of the present-day Mothers' Congress. He and the boy's mother had a serious confab. There was no clashing of authority. They did not decide to offer the boy
a cart and pony if he would be good and mind his mother. It did not occur to them to propose a gold watch and chain if he would stop smoking cigarettes, or a bicycle and an air-gun if he would stay home at nights and learn his lessons. The erring son was called into the living room and given a seat. The mother then read a few passages of Scripture, and all three knelt down, and the father offered up an earnest prayer for his son’s redemption. Father and son then retired to the woodshed, and the boy got what was coming to him. He was then led forth into the glad sunlight and reintroduced to a few odd jobs about the place which he had met before, but had not become fully acquainted with, and was told that when those had received his attention others would be waiting.

In the good old days when a boy went to school or rather when a family of children went to school, they carried along a basket chuck full of such things as a growing kid would naturally take kindly to, such as boiled ham, fried chicken, biscuits galore, a bottle of real milk, blackberry and raspberry jam, jelly and preserves, to say nothing of pie, pound cake and ginger cake. Nowadays a kid is started to school with four Umeda biscuits in his pocket. Between two of them is a dab of sugar and imitation butter; between the other two is a slice of devilled ham or a store pickle.

And now let us think of the old homestead. Yonder is the pool where you used to fish and go in swimming. Hard by is the woodland where you hunted squirrels and ‘possums, gathered wild grapes, haws, pawpaws and dug ginseng. But what changes have taken place! The old log barn where you hunted eggs, had cob fights with neighbor boys on rainy days, and turn somersaults on the hay, has been torn down and replaced by a modern barn and a silo.

In the good old days spring water and well water were good enough for anybody, and the drinking utensil was a tin cup or a gourd, and no pesky microbe would ever have dared invade the sacred precincts of an old-fashioned gourd! But the well with its quaint windlass and old oaken bucket has been filled up and a cistern dug in its stead. The mulberry tree whose luscious fruit you disputed with the robin, yellow hammer and the blue-jay, the grapevine where you swung far out over the bluff, the cluster of persimmon trees that you watched with longing eyes when “The frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder’s in the shock” are all gone. As you view these changes, a flood of thought comes over you. It seems as if it were but yesterday when you were a little child standing at mother’s knee. You can almost see her as she sits in the old arm chair reading the family Bible or singing the old, old songs.

Beautiful old days! lighted by the morning star of life, warmed by mother love and fatherly affection and set with diadems of peace and happiness and contentment and love. Dear old days! when roses bloomed by the door, when robins sang among the apple blossoms, and when bright waters rippled in eternal melody.

May the spirit of those days remain with us always!

Preparedness

(The issue of a better preparedness for the United States is now paramount and will be fought out in the halls of Congress this winter. Below the question is treated pro and con by two young men in a way that does them both honor.—Ed. NOTE.)

PRO

The navy is the first line of defense the United States has against naval or military attack from European or Asiatic countries. To be assured of this, the average American citizen should at once disabuse his mind of the fallacy that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, separating us respectively by three and five thousand miles of water from the Old World, render us safe against attack. At one time, these vast stretches of water did confer upon us a certain immunity from sudden invasion; but the application of steam to navi-
and one layer to protect our seacoast. Thomas A. Edison says, "The navy is the first and most important line of defense." Ex-Secretary of War Stimson said, "Of course, the first national line of defense is the navy." And President Wilson said in one of his messages to Congress, that "The navy has always been our first means of defense, that our ships are our natural bulwarks, and that we must be stronger upon the seas in the future than in the past."

Now, as the navy is our first line of defense, it behooves us as far-sighted Americans, to raise that first great protector of our national peace and happiness to its highest possible point of efficiency.

We have at present seventeen submarines on the Atlantic and five on the Pacific; one mine layer on the Atlantic and none on the Pacific. That is, only twenty-two submarines and one mine layer to protect 12,000 miles of exposed seacoast, with twenty million American citizens owning property worth sixty-four billion dollars within gun range of our seacoast. Thomas A. Edison says, "We should have two hundred submarines for coast defense alone."

Let us suppose for a moment that an invading fleet should take New York—which could easily be done, what would go with it? While the city was being captured, millions of dollars of property would be destroyed, and after it fell, the money market of our country would be gone; and besides, three-fourths of all the ammunition made in the United States is made within a radius of twenty miles of New York. Now, with our money market and three-fourths of our ammunition manufacturing companies gone, we would have to pull the "Stars and Stripes" down in utter defeat. And yet, in the face of all these facts, some American citizens believe our coast fortifications and defenses are adequate.

The interests we have to protect as a nation are the greatest causes that call for an increase in our navy. At the close of the Spanish-American War, in the Atlantic we were left in possession of Porto Rico, and Guantanamo Bay, one of the finest strategical bases in the West Indies, and with the oversight of Cuba. In the Pacific, we were left with full responsibility of the Philippines, Guam, and other islands. In 1898 we annexed the Hawaiian Islands. With this natural base at Guantanamo, we took in hand the seemingly impossible task of cutting a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific at Panama. For certain concessions we acquired the treaty rights of Great Britain at Panama and proclaimed the neutrality of the canal. Not content with this, we proceeded to reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine by definite congressional actions, forbidding the acquisition by alien powers of harbors or coaling stations within striking distance of the canal, that might serve as a base for hostile operations.

Not content with our reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine, we have taken the vast problem of China into our benevolent keeping, and have spoken boldly for the "Open Door of Trade" as against Europe's theory of separate spheres of influence, thereby setting our face firmly against any attempt to destroy the integrity of that greatly coveted country. We have looked squarely in the eye, the intelligent, refined, proud and successful of the Oriental races, and told Japan that we do not want and will not have her people in our midst.

Because of the geographical situation of the United States a war for the maintenance of our policies and the protection of our possessions would be a naval war, and the navy of the United States is utterly inadequate to the magnitude of the task. A struggle for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, the neutrality of the Panama Canal, and the integrity of China, would take place upon the high seas, and the situation is such that in the event of war we would find
ourselves in the position of having to defend first-class policies with a fourth-class navy.

We do not hesitate to say that the work of bringing the American navy up to the standard of strength called for by our national policies and possessions is by far the most pressing question now before the American people.

We should increase our navy more than is provided for at present, because it is a good insurance against war and invasion. When a man through toil, energy and foresight builds a factory, he looks about for the best method of protection against fire or other loss. We have through one hundred and forty years of struggle and foresight risen from the lowest to the highest in the rank of nations. When we look about for the best means of insuring our future happiness and place among nations, we find that the master minds of our country, including Edison, Roosevelt, Wilson, Stimson, Dewey and many others, after much cool and deliberate thought, have come to the conclusion that the navy is the best insurance against war and invasion. Ex-President Roosevelt has gone so far as to say that "The navy is the only insurance against invasion." Thomas A. Edison says, "If a man carries insurance, why not a nation? The greater the interests a man must protect, the more he pays for his insurance, and so with a nation."

Any corporation would be considered a poor business concern if it did not carry adequate insurance against fire. Now, figuring at the same rate of fire insurance, we can afford to spend one and one-half billion dollars annually upon our army and navy as insurance against war and invasion. Each of the last three years Great Britain has spent two hundred million dollars more upon her navy than we did, and today we see what the British navy is, and what it is doing. It is through this amount spent upon the British navy that England has been practically able to clear the high seas of German submarines; and today she holds the undisputed title of the naval supremacy of the world. You cannot find one true follower of the Lion who would say his protection costs too much. With our enormous wealth we can at least spend two hundred million dollars annually to insure our liberty and freedom. We would insure ourselves not from the probability of invasion, but from the possibility. You will agree with me when I say that insurance at two hundred million dollars annually is a better business proposition than inadequacy at one hundred and fifty million. As it is necessary for us to maintain a navy, why not from the viewpoint of national pride and honor have a first-class navy, if nothing else will induce us to. The best is none too good for us. I will leave it to you, that anything third- or fourth-class is not good enough for true-bred Anglo-Saxon American citizens. This should be the slogan of everyone of you, as we depend upon our navy to defend the "Stars and Stripes" whose protecting wing has long sheltered the land of the free and the home of the brave.

War insurance does no more bring war than life insurance brings death. Insurance against invasion does no more bring invasion than insurance against robbery increases house-breaking. The theory of world-wide peace and international disarmament has been universally set aside by the present, the greatest of all wars. The idea that boundary lines and racial traits were fast disappearing, and that peace and brotherly love were taking the place of war has vanished. Disputes are being settled now by war as in the past; and so long as there are men who have human feelings and dispositions; so long as there are nations who strive from an entangled sphere of activity; so long will conflicting interests come into occasion for the making of war.

With an increase of two hundred million annually upon our army and navy, we would insure a nation of one hundred million people, worth one hundred and fifty billion dollars; an undefended treasure land; all our insular possessions—Alaska, Panama and our interests in Cuba; Old Glory from being insulted; the Monroe Doctrine and all our international policies; a place among nations; our homes, our friends and our freedom bought by the precious blood and
lives of our forefathers on the battlefields of the War of Independence.

In December our National Congress will meet, and will doubtless pass legislation looking toward the increase of our Army and Navy. This action is approved and fostered by our President and his Cabinet. The press of our nation stands almost solidly behind this movement. But stop! Where are we? Where are we going? Is it possible that the appalling spectacle in Europe has affected our sense of justice? Is it possible that we have reached the turning point in American history? Is it true that we, too, are to adopt the policy of might makes right? Are we of the twentieth century, we of an enlightened civilization, to revert to the ideas and ideals of past ages? Are we to turn from Christ, and the only hopes for the future? No! No! America should not, surely America will not destroy at the crucial hour the cause for which she alone stands pre-eminent among nations—the cause of peace.

What is this cry that sweeps this land to-day? Preparedness. And what is preparedness? What will it avail? What does its term indicate? To what must it inevitably lead? Prepare for what? If it brings peace, then let us prepare. The only answer of our question must be wrung from the annals of history, and for answer we hear in solemn tones the death cry of all past nations. Persia prepared, and the plains of Marathon but remind us of her preparation. Athens prepared, and the stone pits of Syracuse with their whitened bones attest to the greatness of her preparation. Sparta prepared, and Leuctra remains an imperishable memory of her preparation. Macedonia prepared, and Ipsus is an everlasting monument to Alexander's preparation. Rome prepared, and the slaughter at Cannae is but a result of her preparation. France prepared, and Waterloo is an unmistakable consequence of that preparation.

Con

Prepare for war, and entrance to war is easy. Does not a man shoot the readier, if he is prepared for the shooting? Preparation is an incentive to war. Prepare, and you become prepared, and being prepared, the slightest provocation furnishes opportunity for hostilities.

What is the result of preparedness? Look at Europe for your answer. England prepared, and to-day the seas are secured by her navy. Germany prepared, and the battle on the Arne testifies to the thoroughness of her preparation. Germany prepared, and off the English coast upon the ocean bed there lies a trans-Atlantic liner, filled with the bloated bodies of innocent men and women, as mute but everlasting proof of the awfulness of her preparation.

Prepare for what? Prepare to kill, prepare to murder, prepare to die. Prepare to kill quicker, prepare to murder more, prepare to die sooner.

Europe prepared, and to-day every hilltop is lit with the camp-fires of her armies, every valley holds the bodies of her dead, the day is filled with the sound of conflict, the night with the cries of the dying. Devastation is everywhere, envy reigns supreme. The moon shines upon no happy homes in all that land, but everywhere she casts her flickering rays upon fields of carnage, upon rivers of blood. Misery is lord of all that universe. This is preparedness.

Let us not prepare. If in the vista of the future we hope to see a world, peopled with happy and contented nations, if we hope for the days when there shall be no wars, if we hope for peace, let us refuse to prepare. Let America pave the way. Let our nation be an example for all nations. Rather let the Union, strong and great as it is, standing for freedom and justice, rather America be the spoils of other nations, rather let her be forgotten among men, than we should shed a drop of innocent blood or kill an humble slave.

But there is a preparation we should make. We should prepare for peace, and when the last cannon has boomed, and the last soldier has been slain, we may then be the leader of nations, the greatest men among men.
What I Would Do With a Whole Year

Now, all of you know that being a student of the Western Kentucky State Normal School is one of the “most pleasant things that ever a child could do,” but if I had a whole year all my own, I hardly think this would be my ideal way of spending it.

I would begin with good resolutions, made on the very first day. I think they would be something like this:

Resolved, That I shall live this one year according to the dictates of my own conscience; that I shall be good where I can (without going to any extra trouble); that I shall get all the pleasure out of life I can; that I shall live each day in such a way that when the year draws to a close I will not be able to recall a single instance where I could have lived a fuller life.

The month of January and February would be spent in the North, where the climate is suited to the winter sports. Here I would enjoy coasting, skating and sleigh-riding just as long as I desired, not simply one night. And as for doing good, I might help the poor children of the country. In March I would come back to my native state, for nowhere is the spring more beautiful than in Kentucky. Living in the heart of the Bluegrass, I would watch the birds come in from the South, Nature throw off her rustic coat and take on one of green. In short, I would live the simple, free life that the Bluegrass region presents.

In the summer I should go to the seacoast for recreation. Here by the aid of the bracing sea breezes and the summer resort non-active activities, I should forget all my trials and troubles and renew the vigor gotten in the North. Again I would go, and this time I would embark on one of the large Atlantic steamers. My pilgrimage would lead me to the Pyramids of Egypt, to the spice fields of India, to the Alps, to the—at the present I am not able to say just what I would see in all of the European countries, but if there should be anything left to see after this dreadful war, I should strive to see it. I might do a little good this summer, and I hope I would get some pleasure out of my travels, but I would consider this more of an intellectual summer.

When I began this year, I didn’t intend to have any schooling in it, but something seems to draw me back to the W. K. S. N., and as I know of nothing more pleasant, more intellectual, and where more good can be done (to me) than here, I think it would be a very satisfactory way to end the year, starting on another journey with a sheep-skin to accompany me.

“A Sane Christmas”

We hear very much these days about Safety First. Ministers are posting their sermons, Safety First; business houses advertise their goods, Safety First. The phrase has become such common knowledge that a boy is found to be mighty careful even when the moon is not shining, for fear she will cry out Safety First. We have also heard a few times during the last several years about Sanity in the celebration of our holidays, a Sane Fourth, for instance, or a Sane Christmas. And now they have even got it down to a Sane Hallowe’en. Human nature seems to like maxims and slogans like these. They carry a kind of an aggressive spirit and movement, which is typical of our nature. So we find them scattered all along through our history and literature.

The term, a “Sane Christmas,” is entirely appropriate for reasons almost too apparent to mention. Most of us know that Christ was not the personification of commercialism, nor did he typify that sense of moral freedom so characteristic of us during the holidays. But it is not what people know that always governs their actions—it is what they feel. Therefore, to bring about the true celebration of
Christmas, we must be made to feel that it is needed. Public sentiment is the panacea, hence the slogan a Sane Christmas. Though they are short-lived sometimes, like the ephemeral, whistleable airs, yet slogans sound public sentiment and are an index to achievement, and for these reasons we pass it on to you—A Sane Christmas.

**EDITORIALS**

**CHRISTMAS GIFT**

We are taking this advantage of our friends by greeting them with the time-honored salutation of “Christmas Gift.” We know that it is not exactly fair so to do, and that it isn’t expected of us, but the spirit of surprise is what makes Christmas Christmas, therefore we believe it is in order.

**A TIMELY WARNING**

Since magazines, as well as newspapers, are given to directing folk in the way that they should go, we are inspired to utter this warning: that if you do not do your Christmas shopping early you may find that your well-beloved(?) rival has purchased for your best friend the very same present you yourself had intended to purchase for that same friend; or if not so serious as that, you may find that a friend has bought for you the same cheap present you had intended to “swap” them. If we were given to pointing out morals, we would advance something entirely new and say, “Do your Christmas shopping early and avoid the rush.”

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**THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS**

Christmas has always been a season of hope and cheer, for the young and for the old. It is the season in which the spirit of gladness is so beautifully manifested in tokens of remembrance from friend to friend; from relative to relative. Long before the day of the Yuletide, happy children are spending the wintry evenings in eager anticipation, and childish fancies concerning the next advent of that best of all children’s holidays. We remember when as a child we were accustomed to place in the toe of a nice new stocking a letter to Santa Claus, and fully believed that he would leave us the things we most desired, and for which we asked. That was before the aeroplane was invented, and before the merry old friend of all children hurled his gifts from a touring car to be gathered up by whomsoever could get them. The simple faith in the coming of Santa in his sleigh (and it wasn’t necessary for there to be snow for his sleigh) is one of the most beautiful things in all childhood, and the child who accepts most readily the belief that this white-whiskered old gentleman makes his entrance down the chimney, and his exit through the keyhole, often becomes the man or woman whose faith in the true Christian spirit is hardest to shake.

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of Him whose anniversary it is believed by most people to be. The faith of the child in the coming of Santa Claus is only a part of the spirit; the pleasure of the real Santa Claus in rewarding the simple faith of the child is just as much a part of it as is that childish belief. Here, at least, is exemplified the adage, “Tis more pleasant to give than to receive.” No giving with the expectation of a return gift is ever known in the real world where the true spirit of Christmas reigns; there ‘tis give and receive; but the receiving is the unselfish joy that comes from the knowledge that by giving some one else is made glad, and the giver is glad with them. Truly, the Christmas spirit is a spirit of gladness.
Athletics

THE THANKSGIVING GAME

It was on Thanksgiving Day that Western met Eastern on their own grounds; it was that same day that the white-wash all came Western's way, instead of being evenly distributed as when these two teams met before. The final score was not bad, that is to say, it was not so overwhelmingly large, but just enough to win and lose the game. Eastern won; Western lost, and the score, oh, yes, the score was 6 to 0. Failure to get onto a fake play allowed the only touchdown that was made; and errors when a good play would have counted prevented the Western boys' scoring. However, these facts do not change the score; they only prove that what men who know the game call the "breaks" went against our fellows, just as on a former occasion.

We do not care to criticise particularly, or to complain, or still more is it not our intention to cast any reflection upon the playing the Eastern fellows put up, but we very much regret that they allowed themselves to resort at times to some very unsportsmanlike tactics, e.g., "slugging," and some other methods generally condemned by all true lovers of clean sport. We regret that such is true, because it is not indicative of the true and laudable spirit of rivalry that should exist between the two institutions, whose work, and whose aims are so closely related as these. In conclusion, may we repeat that we are not complaining, but that we mention these things in this way with the hope that it may have some influence in eliminating from future contests that type of play on the part of any team, our own or any other.

BASKETBALL

With the coming of December we turn to the indoor games for amusement and for athletic contests. The tennis racquet is laid away where it can never be found again, and
the courts are all deserted. The football season with all its accompanying ills and pleasures has ended, and where is the tennis fiend, the baseball "fan" or the football crank to go to relieve the strain under which his pent-up vocal energy is kept? Oh, yes; basketball, even though played indoors, affords some excellent opportunities for that very thing. The basketball season for the girls will open some weeks hence. Each team is now pretty confident of victory, but some of them will sing a different song when the final games shall have been won. The varsity team will open the season on December 15th with Bethel at Russellville.

Schedule

December 16—Bethel (here).
January 17—Transylvania (here).
January 20—S. P. U. (here).
January 27—St. Mary's (here).
February 3—S. P. U. (there).
February 4 and 5—Murfreesboro (there).
February 10—Cumberland University (there).
February 11—Castle Heights (there).
February 23 and 24—Eastern (there).
February 25—St. Mary's (there).
Games pending with Owensboro and Louisville Highs, and other strong teams.

The next issue of The Elevator will be the Alumni Number, and we know in advance that it will be great.

Kit-Kat Antics

The Kit-Kats are branching out. They are precedent breakers. Though always apparent, this tendency toward a greater growth has been especially noticeable in the fall term recently ended. Throughout this period of ten weeks, they have engaged in a line of work altogether different from that pursued during any previous term. This latest Kit-Kat innovation was a study of live topics pertaining to live men: a discussion of the life and works of such men as Thomas A. Edison, Luther Burbank, James Whitcomb Riley, and Rudyard Kipling.

On one Friday afternoon a program consisting of a biography of the two persons whose lives were being studied, a discussion of particular phases of their lives, a complete summary of their past achievements, and a conjecture as to their influence upon the future was given by different members of the society. On the next Friday a further study of particular achievements of each, together with a comparison of the benefits to humanity derived from them, was taken up and thoroughly discussed. After this came a debate on such subjects as: “Resolved, That Thomas A. Edison has been of greater service to his fellow-men than Luther Burbank,” or, “Resolved, That Kipling is a greater poet than Riley.” These debates were the most interesting features of the programs. The speakers on each side always made a careful preparation of their subject and delivered their arguments in a most convincing manner. Such an interest and enthusiasm was aroused throughout the whole society that each member felt himself to be a component part of one side or the other.

It is only necessary to say in passing that each member of the Kit-Kat Society who was on the program during the past term—and every member was programmed at some time—deserves credit for the way in which he acquitted himself, and that each member who was not on the program always found it easy to give his undivided attention to the speaker of the moment. For of all good traits so common to the Kit-Kats, the habit of voluntary attention is probably the most pronounced. No good things lack appreciation, no honest effort goes unrewarded, and no speaker is confronted by deaf or inattentive ears in that society.
Greetings to you, Exchanges, and thanks to you for your school papers, both for those we have already received and for those which we hope to receive. We get much that is of material benefit to us from their different departments, and also from their written criticisms. Besides this, we derive great pleasure from reading them and learning what other schools are doing. During this year we hope to receive many school papers from many schools, and just now, to all of them we would extend our best wishes.

*S. H. S. Review*, Shamokin, Pa.—A live, wide-awake high school paper, whose cuts are especially attractive.

*Purple and Gold*, Franklin, Ky.—We enjoy this little paper very much, but we think it's literary department might be enlarged to an advantage.

*The Scout*, Muskogee, Okla.—Your athletic department is especially good, and we can readily understand from reading it that you have a faithful corps of "Athletic Boosters."

*S. H. S. Herald*, Springfield, Ohio.—Yours is one of our best exchanges, spicy, interesting and "sound to the very core."

*Wheat*, Ritzville, Wash.—You give us a glimpse of high school life, in all its phases, but some good, live cuts would be a great addition to your paper.

*Toltec*, Durango, Cal.—We like your literary department especially well.

*The Record*, Louisville, Ky.—We always welcome the girls' *High School Record*. It's just as fresh and spicy as one could wish.

*The Quill*, Marion, Iowa.—The cuts in this paper are unusually unique and original, and the stories are just as delightful as the cuts.

*The Columns*, Memphis, Tenn.—A good paper, complete in all its departments.

*The Blue and Gold*, Johnson City, Tenn.—Earl Fields' directions on "How to Write a Theme" are interesting and original. The whole paper is delightfully refreshing.

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"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

—Milton.

Vincent: "I just can't understand why the wind blows so
when we play a game of football. It's hard luck."

Dunn: "Oh, pshaw! Don't think of it. If we lose this
THE ELEVATOR

game we may need the wind 'to blow in home on.'

Quite True

St. Peter: "Have you ever kissed a girl?"
Champion: "Nope."
St. P.: "Has a girl ever kissed you?"
C.: "Nope. None never did."
St. P.: "What are you doing here?"
C.: "I'm dead."
St. P.: "Dea d? You've never lived yet."

Latin

For Mr. Wilson:
It killed the man who wrote it,
It killed the man who spoke it,
It killed the man who learned it,
O happy death! They earned it!

A Lesson in Geometry

Theorem—A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.
Given—The opinions of the faculty and the students.
Proof—
1. Nothing is better than a good lesson.—Faculty.
2. A poor lesson is better than nothing.—Student.
3. "A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Health and Athletics Go Together!

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

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Those Who Mean Business,
TAKE NOTICE!

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

Mr. BUSINESS MAN—Billy says:

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

Here's the place to get what you want.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE

STUDENTS

WE WANT YOU TO USE OUR STORE!

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

Huyler's Candies, Sodas, Drug Sundries, Prescriptions

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