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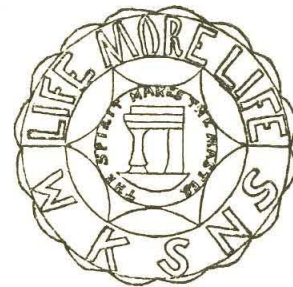
For Further Information Address

H. H. CHERRY, President.
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

The Elevator

GOING UP?

JULY, 1911.



BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

II
9

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GETTING READY

Additional room, a complete overhauling and painting, new boards and desks, a sanitary drinking fountain and the installment of the sprinkling system as a protection against fire are some of the physical improvements now going on in the Bowling Green Business University. Two new teachers have been employed to begin work in September, and so the Institution will be ready for its greater attendance, greater work and greater usefulness.

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THE ELEVATOR



Vol. II.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., JULY, 1911.

No. 9

Our Folks

Here are just a few of our folks and what they are going to do this fall and winter. Did anybody say the Normal students had a hard time securing positions? Well!

Ernest Canon, principal; Rubie Burton, assistant, Cherry Graded School, Calloway County.

A. A. Allison, Caney Fork School, Casey County. (This makes three schools for Allison at the same place. He surely must look good to those people.—Ed.)

Nellie Smith, Life '10, teacher of Latin in Madisonville High School (re-elected).

Zola White, Senior '11; third and fourth grades, Blackford, Webster County.

Iber Horning, first and second grades, same.

Annie Underwood, Flint, Calloway County.

J. B. Walters, Free Union School, Russell County.

Daisy Radford, Landon School, near Kirksey, Ky.

Lois Boatright, McCuiston School, Calloway County.

D. P. Curry, Miami, Green County.

Pierce Guerin, Sugar Creek, Calloway County.

Brooks Radford, Edgehill, Calloway County.

Ellie Miller, New Hope, Hickman County.

A. B. Carlton, Paschal, Calloway County.

Bessie Wilkins, Sinking Springs, Calloway County.

Roberta Cox, Smith School, Calloway County.

Ina Foy, Pewitt, Hickman County.

Estelle Gossum, Hailewell, Hickman County

Mary E. Northern, Senior '11, fourth and fifth grades, Wickliffe Graded School.
 Leva Lawrence, Martinsville School, Warren County.
 Lula Allen, Grapevine School, Hopkins County.
 Mattie Morgan, Woodward School, near Auburn, Logan County.
 Mr. and Mrs. Lester E. Hart, Graded and High School, Sedalia, Graves County.
 G. L. Crume, Vine Grove School, Hardin County.
 W. H. Cotton, Sunnyside, Warren County.
 Eleanor Fisher, Trevathan School, Hickman County.
 Florence Mobley, Feliciana, Graves County.
 Vannie Lockett, Bethell, Metcalfe County.
 H. H. Fisher, Wolf Island School, Hickman County.
 Eva Belle Becker, Hardyville Graded School.
 Elbert Morris, fourth to eighth grades, Dogwood Graded School, Graves County.
 E. H. Mitchell, Clear Fork School, Russell County.
 Nora Weaks, Mitchell School, Graves County.
 Maye Shelton, Florence Station, McCracken County.
 Rosa Schmidt, Boydsville, Graves County.
 Lottie McClure, second grade, Lietchfield Graded and High School.
 W. Lewis Matthews, Frances, Crittenden County.
 Helen Meador, Grindstone, Calloway County.
 G. P. Scott, Morgantown, Butler County.
 Dela Outland, East Shannon, Calloway County.
 Emma Smith, Central City Graded School.
 J. B. Hutson, Stone School, Calloway County.
 Gordie Young, High School Grades, Greenville Graded and High School, Muhlenburg County.
 Brent Clayton, Shiloh, Calloway County.
 T. A. Humble, Life '11, principal of Graded and High School, Lietchfield, Ky.
 W. H. Morrison, our baseball man, one of the grades in Lietchfield Graded School.
 Mary Gardner, Floral School, Hancock County.
 Ethel Clark, Seven Hills, Owensboro, Ky.

Gertrude Ficklin, same.
 E. Y. Allen, Life '10, back to McHenry, Ky.
 F. C. Grise, Junior '11, Gum Springs School, Logan County.
 E. E. Gardner, Senior '11, re-elected principal of Drakesboro Graded School.
 W. E. Miller, Life '10, returns to Graham Graded Schools as commander-in-chief.
 Leland Bunch, Senior '10, Graded School, Livermore, Ky., for the second time.
 Maude Crute, Warrenton School, Trigg County.
 Carlyle Orange, DeWitt School, Caldwell County.
 Lizzie Glenn, Crider School, Caldwell County.
 Sarah Brinkley, Brooks, Miss.
 Opal Taylor, Greencastle School, Warren County.
 Mamie Thomas, Life '10, Sue Bennett Memorial School, London, Ky.
 B. O. Hinton and E. E. Baucom, Seniors '10, both return as principals of ward schools at Paducah, Ky.
 Lora Goodwin, Life '10, returns to Wickliffe, Ky.
 Kate Donham, Liberty School, Warren County.
 H. T. Leach, Rockport School, Ohio County.
 Jno. D. Spears, Senior '10, returns to the principalship of the Auburn Graded and High School.
 W. C. Bell, Senior '10, back to Central City, Ky.
 Anna B. Ray, Life '10, teacher of one of the grades Wickliffe, Ky.
 Maude Meguiar, Lake Spring School, Simpson County.
 A. J. Boatwright, Senior '10, White Stone Quarry, Warren County, second year.
 J. B. Holloway, Senior '10, back to Williamsburg, Ky.
 Alfred Crabb, Senior '10, and ex-editor of YE ELEVATOR, returns (attended) to Paducah, Ky.
 H. D. Miller, Roe School, Livingston County.
 Nancy Shehan, Life '10, returns to New Broadway School, Louisville, Ky.
 J. D. Burton, Senior '10, back to Owensboro.
 Loraine Cole, Senior '10, teacher of one of the grades in

Bowling Green city schools.

W. C. Bell, Senior '10, returns to Central City.

H. G. Watson, Kirkmansville School, Todd County.

H. W. Puckett returns to Arlington.

Lora Goodwin, Senior '10, same position as last year in Wickliffe Graded School.

Adelia Miller, Ray's Branch School, Warren County.

Harvey W. Loy, superintendent Sturgis Public Schools.

Nettie Depp, Life '10, Kate Turner, and Kittie Marlow, teachers in Scottsville Graded and High School.

R. H. Sanders, Slick Rock, Ky.

Laura Phelps, Brooklyn, Butler, County.

Ethel Jackson, Meadlock, Hopkins County.

G. H. Williams, Moss, Ky.

Cora Sherry, Drake, Ky.

Lillie Pote, Robertson School, Warren County.

W. H. Cotton, Sunnyside, Ky.

Iva Willingham, back to Curdsville, Ky.

Edith Kelley, Barn Harbor, Daviess County.

Erma Hill, Jacksboro, Texas.

Helen Cox, Sutherland, Daviess County.

G. H. Wells, superintendent of City and High School, Carrollton, Ky.

Chesterfield Turner, Life '10, re-elected principal at Eto-wah, Tenn.

Mabel Mercer, Life '11, assistant in Hawesville Graded School, Hancock County.

C. E. Olson, principal Hawesville Graded and High School.

Julia Franklin, Life '11, Sue Bennett Memorial School, London, Ky.

Mary Northern, Life '11, fourth and fifth grades, Wickliffe Graded School.

Blanche Vanmeter, Life '11, one of the grades, Wickliffe, Ky.

Hollie Finn, Graham Graded School.

J. B. Johns, Life '10, back to Brandenburg.

Lillian Monroe, Department of English and History, Central City High School.

Carl Adams, back to Williamsburg, Ky.

G. E. Everett, Crabb Orchard Schools.

Erma Armstrong, Gracey, Christian County.

T. H. Napier, Life '09, and wife, Life '10, Graded School, Horse Cave, Ky.

C. T. Canon, Life '10, principal High School, Mayfield, Ky.

H. M. Yarbrough, principal South Ward School, Mayfield, Ky.

H. L. Donovan, and wife, both Seniors '08, return to Wickliffe Graded and High School.

Ethel Featherston, third and fourth grades, Arlington Graded and High School.

W. E. Bohannon, Life '08, returns to Uniontown Graded and High School.

McHenry Graded and High School has the following teachers, all Normalites: E. Y. Allen, Life '10; Blackburn Spears, Life '10; Bertha Leach, Mary Marks, and Mattie Moseley.

Mrs. Dora Barnes, Life '11, County Supervisor for Agriculture, Domestic Science, and Drawing, Irvin County, Ga.

B. H. Willingham, Greenville, Ky.

Algah Osborne, principal at Curdsville, Daviess County.

L. M. Sheffer, Boxville, Union County.

Ercell Kincaid, Elizabethtown Graded and High School.

L. L. Hudson, Life '10, Canmer Graded and High School, Hart County.

W. H. Carlton, Guston, Meade County.

Bert Smith, eighth grade, Murray Graded and High School, Calloway County.

Ivan Barnes, Life '11, Department of Physics and Physiology, St. Petersburg, Fla., High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hurt, Graded School, Sedalia, Graves County.

M. C. Ford, Junior '11, principal Seven Hills School, Owensboro.

W. L. Matthews, Frances, Crittenden County.

E. B. Baker, Farmersville, Caldwell County.

Chas. Hust, Graded School, Dycusburg, Ky.

Lula B. Wheeler, Senior '10, Boaz School, Crittenden County.

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School of Expression---A Summary

BY MRS. MAUDE LEE HURT.

In summing up the year's work, we would like to make special mention of one of the departments, of which little has been said in our columns. We refer to the School of Expression and Physical Culture.

This department was established in the Southern Normal fourteen years ago, and from its very beginning has been one of the most successful departments of the school. During this entire period, with the exception of one or two years, this work has been in charge of Mrs. T. C. Cherry, who came to Bowling Green in 1896 as Miss Bessie Swartz, a graduate from the Boston School of Expression and a post-graduate from the New York School. She not only captured the hearts of all with whom she came in contact, but allowed her own heart to be taken captive, as is evidenced by her change of name. In these years Mrs. Cherry has gained a place in the institution, and in the city, that very few others could fill. A woman of splendid personality, a rare charm of manner; she combines a thorough knowledge of her profession with the power of imparting that knowledge to others.

The motto printed at the head of the program of the Commencement Exercises of this year, gives in brief, the end to be accomplished in the course. We quote it below: "The end and aim of all our work is the harmonious growth of the whole being." The course seeks to develop the physical, mental, and spiritual, that this harmonious growth may be attained. The graduates of this department are doing a work that can be done only by those who possess a thorough knowledge of their profession, combined with a firm belief that through it, man may be, in part, at least, restored to that perfection which nature intended that he should have, that heritage that has been lost to him through ignorance.

We would like to speak of the work that has been done

personally by the alumnae, but we were unable to hear from them all. Miss Ora Crabtree, who has been at Portland, Tenn.; Miss Ada Felts, at Horse Cave, Ky., and Miss Hallie Hudson, at Morgantown, Ky., have all met with unprecedented success. This year's senior class is composed of Misses Nettie Cochran, Maggie Drew Patterson, Lucile Eubank, ———— Edwards and Mrs. Maude Lee Hurt. The enrollment this year has been the largest in the entire history of the department, and from present indications next year's will even surpass this. A number of new students have written that they will enter in September, and these, added to the already large class, will indeed make 1912 a banner year. We would like to mention one feature of the work this year, that of the public recitals given by the class. Three recitals have been given in New Vanmeter Hall, and the large crowds present each time was evidence of the fact that the people of Bowling Green appreciate the high-class work that is being done in this line.

When you enter school, familiarize yourself with this department and we know you will be amply repaid for so doing.

—oOo—

The Societies

(Summaries for the Year.)

KIT KAT KLUB.

The year nineteen hundred and eleven has been a memorable one in the life of the Kit Kat Klub, and the members realize, with regret, that the year's work is almost finished. We close our eyes, and following the lead of fancy, are transplanted to the autumnal days of nineteen hundred and ten. Again we stand on the threshold of room fifteen, wondering, wondering, as we enter the "workshop," with what "vicissitudes of fortune" we may meet. After weeks of diligent labor we behold a brighter plane, which is known to us as our "world." We linger here and listen again to the murmuring of soft voices blending with the echoes of departed oratory. Suddenly the world seems dark and gloomy; for

something tells us that now, we are only in the "depths." However, we are not discouraged, but in our modest way seek to overcome all obstacles until on the evening of June 3d, we stand on the "Heights," with one of our members the winner of the medal in the Oratorical Contest.

Then we stand before our presidents, Miss Reid and Prof. Green, to receive a final talent, and to all they say, as they bid us farewell, "Go forth to the field, as one sowing; sing songs and be glad as you go; there are seeds that take root without showing, and bear some fruit whether or no."

(For a list of graduates in the Elementary Class in June and July, see June ELEVATOR.—ED.)

JUNIORS.

We give below a list of the graduating Juniors, who under the leadership of Colonel Williams, have had the excruciating pleasure of inflicting on the public (whose delight was equally great) three "term finals"; have had a year's drill in "parliamentary law," and have undergone many other experiences characteristic of the life of a Junior. The following will be granted the Intermediate Certificate:

Bessie Beck.—Distinguished for her high type of reserve and brilliancy in the Caesar class. She expects to spend her declining years searching the "Archives" and exploring the ruins of ancient cities. We look forward, with much satisfaction, to the time when she shall give to the world an account of her investigations.

Hollie Finn.—Noted for preciseness of expression, loyalty to her School, extremely great interest in her school work (especially "hay rides") and other things just as important. Of course, she is going to teach.

Helen Allen.—A demure little girl, who has a great dislike for all mathematics. After graduation she expects to teach in the grades, write a criticism on "Shakespeare's works," then, perhaps, soar away into the unknown and become ———?

Ewart Bratcher.—A synonym for art and mathematics. Says he is not as old as he looks. Contemplates a course in

the university after leaving the Normal, and finally intends to retire from active duty to the quiet of his attractive home in the country.

Carrie Davis.—Lives in the splendid city of Bowling Green, and hopes to absorb enough from the grand enterprises about her to be a real genius in the teaching profession. But, doubtless, after she receives the long-looked-for "diploma," and the love for "Geometry" begins to wane, the "dark-haired hero" will come on the scene for good.

Ora Lee Markham.—Loyalty unlimited, much interested in agriculture, will try her hand at teaching, and return in 1912 for another application of "Normal spirit and enthusiasm." Doubtless she will include "Domestic Science" in her course when she resumes work.

Flora Richardson.—Comes to us from the Eastern District. Especially interested in the School of Music of the W. K. S. N. Declares her intention to be a music teacher and to some day excel Prof. Strahm in the rendering of "Normal March." We admire her determination.

J. R. Kirk.—Another one of our musicians. Has taken a great interest in farm life and the boys' "corn club movement." But since some one has informed him of his close resemblance to "Henry Clay," he seems to be growing indifferent to these "common things," and we predict for him a different and more glorious career.

Mary McDaniel.—The typical school girl, with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes. Admires "college" men, with a fervor that is "mirabile dictu." Has left off picture shows and expects to soon pose as a model "school marm."

Pearl Turner.—The girl with a dignified air that was not developed in a day. Will become a leader in the W. C. T. U., organizer of woman's clubs in general. In short, a woman of affairs.

Elizabeth Moore.—A charming little girl from Owensboro. Amount of independence, infinite. A strong believer in the ability of woman to take care of herself ———. Will soon return to her native town and become the editor of "The Exponent of Woman Suffrage."

Harry Weir.—Possessor of one of the strongest and noblest traits we can hope to find in a man—that of “shy modesty.” He is commended to all boys as a perfect specimen of this peculiar phase of Simpson County development.

Ina Foy.—Our “Love Queen”; has a terrible abhorrence of Term Finals. Intends to specialize in biology and explore the mystic realms of the plant and animal kingdom, with the renowned “Cain” as a guide in her scientific researches.

M. C. Ford.—A leader in the circles of oratory and gallantry. Enters heartily into all matters of love and courtship, and expects to soon publish his book, “How to Be a Successful Rival.” It is rumored that one of our Junior boys is soon to be married and as our orator is especially fond of dark, soulful eyes and ebony-black hair, we might ask him for the desired information.

Finley C. Grise.—Another Junior leader, who is noted for his brilliant oratory. He has not yet fully decided just what profession he will enter, as he has become entangled in the meshes of love’s delicate net only thirteen times within the past year. However, his friends seem to think he will be an old bachelor and write poetry.

Opal Taylor.—The Junior novelist, thinks much and says only what is necessary. Practices the doctrine of “Mind Your Own Business.” After graduation will retire to some secluded spot among the hills of Kentucky, and there, surrounded by the inspiring scenes of nature, enjoy the delight of completing the many volumes she now has planned.

Pearl Jordan.—The jolly Junior, who has had many tribulations but outlived them all. She is naturally gifted in the art of “story telling,” and we think should she enter the work her success would be assured, but she seems more inclined to become a “home missionary,” and we have no serious objection to the undertaking.

Ethel Stewart.—Another Owensboro girl. By her pleasantness of manner, you shall know her. Devoted to her chosen work. Will secure the four-year certificate, teach the allotted time, establish the reputation that characterizes the Juniors, and, then—well, that’s all she would tell.

Ivan Barnes.—Our old “War Horse,” came to the Normal when it was yet in its infancy. Has studied girls and mosquitoes, learned *all* about the latter and knows less about the former than when he first began. He is at this time undergoing special preparation in a university that he may be able to push his investigations into broader and more inviting fields than he has yet known.

James W. O’Dell.—Last but not least. Lived in Logan County to the ripe age of 3—. Matriculated at the Normal 18—. Has had everything in the course, from measles to Grammar three. Has asked so many questions he resembles a walking interrogation point. Is the author of several books on “The Defense of Bachelorhood.” “It doth not yet appear what he shall be,” but we know that in the process of time something is sure to happen.

 SENIORS.

Annie Chatham.—Annie, the girl with the golden hair and winning eye. The present Senior Class regrets not to have known her better, but “Turner” over to a member of ’10 Class, who seems so interested.

Bettie Colley.—Here is another noble Senior. Figure, stout. Speech, low. Age, not recorded. Future, bright. Success awaits her indomitable will and thoughtful mind.

Belinda Crenshaw.—Is a native of our Normal School city. She is studious, unassuming, and much admired by all her classmates and acquaintances. Her life will be a worthy example for young people anywhere she may go.

Norma Gibson.—Is one of the small Seniors. She is kind and sympathetic. Her work is done with a determination to accomplish high ideals, and her untiring patience will win for her success in the teaching profession.

Nannie Stallard.—Is all and more than could be desired as artist in her chosen vocation of “Domestic Science.” She does especial credit to her native county, Spencer, where many happy days were spent ere she took up her residence in Bowling Green.

Oliver Hoover.—Has not only distinguished himself as an athlete, but has labored with untiring devotion while at school that he might teach young ideas to sprout in the fertile minds of the rising generations of Hancock County, which gave him birth.

Jake Hornback.—Has not sought to obtain his Life Certificate by pecuniary remuneration, as did Jacob of old his birthright, but has risen by his own efforts to the intellectual pinnacle which he now occupies.

Lester Hurt.—Owes the measure of success to which he has attained in this institution to the able and effective efforts of his wife's superior intellect. But there is reason to hope that he will soon begin to hustle for himself.

T. A. Humble.—Is another embodiment of that success which is now beginning to crown the noble, energetic efforts of a spouse whose greatest desire is, that he may soar on pedagogical heights in the dim future near at hand.

Margaret Acker.—Margaret from Paducah is modest and practical. Her winning smile and brilliant class-room work have placed her first in the heart of friends, students and bachelor members of the faculty.

Willie Fogle.—Just a quiet, neat little girl, a thorough student, with an amiable disposition, who reflects credit on her native county, Casey. Although much interested in the educational progress of our own state, yet she seems to have been persuaded to enter the pedagogical profession in the fair state of Georgia.

Dora Russell Barnes.—This lady of enthusiasm and ceaseless energy we believe will accomplish much in her chosen work among Georgia's sunny plains. While in the Southern fields we think it quite likely that her happy, jovial disposition will lead her on to that "Fountain of Youth" where she may drink and ever be "Young."

Elizabeth Davis.—"Bet" is known by the entire class as a splendid student, with an inexhaustible vocabulary of indefinable words—and not to malign her—it gives her a "rare and peculiar pleasure" to use any one or all of these on any one or all occasions.

Julia Franklin.—Julia has a smile and a word of cheer for all. She is striking in appearance and has a strong personality that attracts and holds the admiration of her acquaintances. She has achieved fame along many lines, but in no other field has shown such a decided talent as in that of Art.

Mable Mercer.—Is one of the few members of the Senior Class that Bowling Green can boast of as "home grown," but her colossal intellect and charming personality make her a most worthy representative of the Western Normal and the city that claims her as its own.

Tula Chambers.—Just the tiniest Senior you can imagine. The world is brighter for her smile and witticism. Fond of adventure. She is well informed in "etymological-syntactical" constructions—just those points which make young Seniors such a vital necessity to the operation and manipulation of this mundane sphere.

Mary Crutcher.—She greets you with a smile. An earnest student, a lovable classmate. She refuses to disclose her future plans, but often speaks of the "Sunny South."

Blanche Carr.—She is a native of our Normal town. Gentle and reserved, pleasing in her manner. She dares to have her own convictions and prefers to choose her own course of action.

Mary Collins.—She is the Senior social star. We appreciate her fully with her jolly, laughing face. She has fitted herself for a primary teacher, but we have our doubts about her following that profession.

Mary Barnhill.—A splendid student from Daviess County whose lovable disposition, earnest attitude, and unselfish manner have won for her the love and respect of both students and faculty.

W. M. Bengé.—Happy is the thought to W. M. Bengé that he is a married man, for he realizes that it is through his wife's inspiration and encouragement that he has accomplished some of his boyhood dreams. We now predict that he will make an active, aggressive pedagogue.

C. W. Bailey.—For C. W., of Hopkins County, we predict

a brilliant future. He is earnest, zealous and fearless, and he has already distinguished himself in the oratorical field. He is the chosen speaker to represent the young men of the Senior Class of '11.

Zola White, Kentucky.—

And if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Mary Northern, Kentucky.—

Oh, blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make each to-morrow as bright as to-day.

Eliza Stith, Kentucky.—

Eliza has a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth,
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

Blanche Vanmeter, Mississippi.—

Sweet girl! for by that name at last
When all our reveries are past
We call thee, and to that cleave fast.
Sweet, loving creature!
That breath'st with us the Normal air,
Do thou as thou art wont, repair
Our hearts with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature.

P. G. Smith, Kentucky.—

The stars come nightly to the sky,
Smith comes to Normal every year;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep P. G. away from here.

E. E. Gardner, Kentucky.—

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a'
We'll a' be proud o' Eldon.

Paul Seay, Kentucky.—

As long as a racer and slim as a rafter,
If not famous here he'll be so hereafter.

Mollie Watters, Kentucky.—Still water runs deep.



The Crucible, Greeley, Colo., gave its readers a handsome commencement issue this year. It is chuck-full of cuts and jokes, thus giving us some valuable and practical suggestions for our own July Commencement number.

One of our newest exchanges and one of our best, too, is *The Optic*, of the South High School, Columbus, Ohio. We like the arrangement of its matter, its half-tones, cuts, and especially its jokes.

The Senior Number of the *High School Voice*, of Owensboro, is a credit to the school and city. That picture of your gallant class looks good to us of the ELEVATOR staff, but, alas! there are far too few boys.

Latest Physical Experiment.

Exercise 13. Senior Physics.

Purpose: To reduce a whole to parts.

Apparatus: A man, a match, some benzine.

Method: Let man hold benzine close to face; light match, hold it near benzine.

All measurements of man should be taken before experiment is begun.

Data.

Initial state of man: Whole.

Initial state of benzine: Liquid.

Final state of man: Fragmentary.

Final state of benzine: Vapor.

Change: For the worse.

Resulting sum: Six feet of sod and a wreath.

Average: Free ticket to eternity.

Conclusions.

The change in state of man varies inversely as the square of the distance from the benzine.—*Optic.*

Prof.: Why did you come to college, anyway?

Student: Well, er—, mother says it's to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle Bill, to sow my wild oats; Sis, to get a chum for her to marry; and Pa, to bankrupt the family.—

Ex.

—oOo—

Book Reviews

Some new books received since our last review are the following, from the American Book Company:

Franklin's "Autobiography," Eclectic English Classics Series, American Book Company. Edited by O. Leon Reid, Head of English Department, Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Ky., with profuse notes and an introduction.

First Year Algebra, by William J. Milne, President of New York State Normal College, Albany, N. Y., the author of the well-known Mathematical Series. Practical, thoroughly up-to-date in every respect, and attractive in arrangement.

Stevenson's "Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey." Edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakely, Department of English, Morris High School, New York City. The latest addition to the well-known Gateway Series of English Classics edited by Dr. Henry van Dyke.

The Eleanor Smith Music Primer. By Eleanor Smith. Full of first year songs that appeal to the life of the child.

Halleck's History of American Literature. By Reuben Post Halleck, M.A., Principal of the Male High School, Lou-

isville, Ky. An excellent volume, written on the same plan as his English Literature, which is so popular in schools all over the nation.

King's Elements of Woodwork. By Chas. A. King, Director of Manual Training, Eastern High School, Bay City, Mich. A handsome handbook for the Manual Training Department, containing a description of the woods commonly used, lumber methods, and the buying and keeping of tools.

Others of the series of Eclectic English Classics are: Emerson's "American Scholar," "Self-Reliance," and "Compensation."

George Eliot's "Silas Marner."

Select Poems from Burns.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

—oOo—

The joy of life is the discovery of self.—President H. H. Cherry.

The gratest tax upon the people of our State is the indirect tax imposed by Ignorance.—J. Campbell Cantrill.

Prof. Clagett: They surely had a very small amount of hair on hand when you were furnished.

Prof. Craig: Th-they h-h-ad p-p-lenty, b-b-but it was all r-r-red.

George Ade, with a fellow-American, was traveling in the Orient, and his companion one day fell into a heated argument with an old Arab. Ade's friend complained to him afterward that although he had spent years in studying Arabic in preparation for this trip, he could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," replied Ade, consolingly. "You see, the old duffer hasn't a tooth in his head, and he was only talking gum-Arabic."

THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP?

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

GORDON WILSON, Editor

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EDITORIALS.

Readers of the ELEVATOR, accept this, the last issue of our paper until next October, and with it our thanks for your kindness during the entire year. We of the staff have enjoyed our work and have endeavored to make the ELEVATOR the best school paper possible. How well we have succeeded we will leave you to say. If the student loyalty continues, we see no reason why progress should cease. Lend us your aid. Nearly all the staff will be away next year in the field, leaving the editor one or two of his present corps of assistants and the new staff to battle with whatever problems may present themselves. Let us here thank those of our number who will no longer be here for your faithful and painstaking service. We wish you a great success in your new work.

It is our purpose to send this issue of the ELEVATOR to every subscriber, whether paid up or not. Hereafter, however, no paper will be sent except on a paid-up subscription, as rigid postal laws decree that such only is legal. If your paper bears the stamp: "Last Issue Until Subscription is

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Paid," please attend to the matter at once if you wish to receive the next issue.

We are told by physicians that if a child lives through its second summer it has a pretty good chance to grow up. The ELEVATOR, only a short time ago an infant in swaddling clothes, has now passed through its second summer without succumbing to "the thousand natural shocks that baby newspapers are heir to," and with present conditions, aided by proper nutrition, we see no reason why it should not be the most plump infant for its age in our land.

But for the kindly aid of a number of friends it would have been very hard on the editor to mail the June issue and get matter for this one on account of sickness. He desires to publicly thank all who rendered him aid in his time of need, assuring them that their valuable services were appreciated.

Important! Read This!

Many of you will change your addresses ere the October issue is mailed. In such a case please notify us, for we certainly want you to receive your money's worth. Don't hesitate to remind us, too, when you fail to receive your paper, and we'll be glad to mail another.

Push the ELEVATOR in your Institute!

The Moss-Back.

In various parts of our State there are still a few creatures that publicly speak and write against the Normal. Most of these unfortunates have never felt the thrill of real enthusiasm, never had an ounce of training, and in many instances were no wiser for all their schooling. Some of these moss-backs are this year asking for office and opposing at the same time the Normal School idea. How any intelligent people can vote for a man who desires to strike at the very root of Kentucky's new educational system such

a death-blow as to appropriate no new moneys to the two great Normals of our State, has failed to percolate through our bony cranium. If such narrow-visioned beings are elected, may Providence be merciful to them, for by 1913 the sentiment of new and saner ideas will shove such moss-backs a thousand miles to the rear. Students of the Normal, if you are living in a district where anyone of this type is knocking at the door of public office, especially that of Senator or Representative, roll up your sleeves and fight them with all the weapons nature has given you for defense. Stand by the Normal at the polls, or, to quote a famous Prohibitionist phrase: "Vote as you pray."

—oOo—

Report From the Walking Trip to Mammoth Cave, June 8-13, 1911

DESCRIPTION OF THE TRIP.

BY LILLIAN WINKLER.

Long before the sun had arisen from its eastern couch on June 8, 1911, the fortunate forty-five gathered at Frisbie Hall, preparatory to starting with Professor Green on his sixth annual excursion through the country to Mammoth Cave, where the beautiful care-killing scenery proves not only a relief from school life, but also a benefit intellectually and physically.

When all had arrived, the roll was called and each one having the passport—which seemed to be a red bandana and a straw hat—passed to his place, the boys in line in front of the heavily-loaded provision wagon, and the girls in wagonettes at the rear. At the command, "Go," all started and so full of joy and anticipation was the crowd that they became quiet and passed out of town in almost trained style, but the dewy morning and the beauty of the rural scenery proved a shrewd touchstone that inspired some to

ask questions, a mixed lot of them, and others to shout enthusiastically: "Oh, how beautiful, splendid, wonderful!"

At the end of four hours' travel over an ideal pike that commands a splendid view of the limestone region, the party stopped at Dripping Springs to eat lunch, but knowing they had far to go, did not tarry long. Though the remainder of the way was rough in some places and called "road" only through courtesy, it proved most delightful to travel, as it leads through the grandest scenery which offers most telling lessons in earth sculpture. The most interesting of these, perhaps, was gained at Cedar Sink, which is three hundred feet deep and contains about one hundred and fifty acres, some of which is cultivated. A stream runs from under a cliff on one side and disappears beneath the opposite cliff. This sink shows the last stage of cave destruction.

Just before Sundown, we pitched camp at the edge of a large, friendly woodland in front of which is a tranquil miniature lake where the cheerful, hearty frogs abound and enliven the camp with their krink and tronk concerts. Here in Nature's forest, the travelers, panting in whole-souled exercise and rejoicing in deep, long-drawn breaths of pure wildness, spent their poor bit of measured time.

The average day had its full share of interest and excitement. All were awakened early and the last lingering traces of sleep were removed at the lake. Dressing occupied but little time, as the ordinary cave costumes were worn by all. The sleeves to the elbows often caused a painful case of sunburn that resulted in beautiful bronze-colored arms, but no one complained. The morning toilet being completed, there was a summons to breakfast, for whatever else the campers did, they always ate heartily. Aside from the trips made by all through the caves, various pursuits were engaged in. Some found exercise in swimming; some received pleasure from rowing on the lake; and some busied themselves about the camp. After lunch in the evening, all gathered around the camp-fire and there were songs, jokes, and stories. Afterwards, a hymn was sung with hearty enthusi-

asm, a few solemn words spoken by the head of the camp, and the day was over. Such was the average day in Professor Green's camp.

In Mammoth Cave, the party took three routes. The first one is noted for its pits and domes, whose wrinkled and rough walls were displayed by means of torches. In the second route, Nature has formed many interesting and picturesque stalactites and stalagmites of many forms and sizes. On the third route, is Violet City, the New Discovery. The upper, central part of the hall, crowned by three masses of glistening, white fluted onyx, the ceiling hung with stalactites of various lengths, the right wall decorated with pure white formation, and the left wall coated with rich brown onyx, give beauty to this, one of the most magnificent views in all the underground world.

On Monday afternoon, after following a pathway from the hotel, which winds through a garden, down amid the grand old forest, the merry crowd gathered on the steamer Evansville, to go to Ganter's Cave. The ride on Green River, diversified by frowning cliffs, wild forests and open fields, proved delightful, while the cave itself, abounding in growing stalactites and stalagmites varying in color and shape, presented marvelous treasures which are carefully guarded.

Among the many wonderful scenes witnessed in the Cave, possibly the one to be longer remembered by the party is on Echo River, which flows so majestically under an archway averaging thirty feet in height. All admired the quiet dignity of that lonely stream which so shunned man that it dug its bed far into the depths of the earth.

One of the most charming features was in the Star Chamber, where the guide left the party seated on benches along the right-hand wall and disappeared behind a rock. Soon all were made the victims of illusion and the ceiling seemed a vast canopy set with hundreds of white stars instead of a ceiling coated with manganese dioxide which, having scaled off, exposes sulphate of magnesia. It is the illusiveness that adds to, rather than detracts from, its beauty.

Well may the words, "Out of the lowest depths is a path to the loftiest heights," be spoken at Colossal and Mammoth Domes. The sublimity of their shining walls of upright rocks hundreds of feet in height, aroused sentiments of awe and a sense of power outreaching human comprehension. No living thing was seen, and only the low, mellow murmur of falling water was heard until in reverence, the notes of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" burst forth and disturbed the silence.

These scenes and many more, the physical exercise, the novelty of spending the nights in the open, the joy of overcoming difficulties and gaining a much-desired end, the fresh views into human nature, all combined to give the party a feeling of thorough satisfaction on the last day at camp, and the enthusiasm with which they returned on June 13, 1911, sufficiently proved that an intercourse with Nature's wonders can stimulate the aesthetic and material sides of life, when such an intercourse is directed by an efficient guide.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAVE TRIP.

BY ELIZABETH DAVIS.

A number of very interesting things happened both coming and going and during our stay at the Mammoth Cave—in fact, the whole trip was freighted with excitement. We reached Dripping Springs about 11.45 a.m. Thursday, where a most excellent luncheon was prepared, and enjoyed to the fullest extent by all the participants. Just after the repast had been served, a dozen girls, headed by Mary Marks, very courageously and daringly pounced down upon a black racer and succeeded in wounding him fatally. This terrible monster measured even six inches in length. We had proceeded only a few miles when Miss Mattie McLean felt constrained to do a little philanthropic work, and spent the fabulous sum of five cents with a peddler for a blue bandana, which was later used for a table cloth. Miss Nannie Stallard naturally made some very ridiculous and absurd remarks, as it was her first trip to the country. She would persist in saying that chickens grew on trees, because we

started before the fowls were awake and the few old hens that slept in the open air narrowed her conception of the chicken race considerably. Other erroneous theories equally hard to fathom were put forth by her till we reached our destination, about 5.30 p.m. After a very delightful supper, the party, feeling that sleep would be beneficial to their weary bodies, lay down on their pallet of rocks with a larger stone for a pillow, and were greatly refreshed for the first route through the Cave next morning. The only disturbance during the night was a performance that Professor Green put on, when he got to seeing dogs at night and awakened every man, woman, and child in camp to see if it were really true. The girls in their excitement got their hair all mixed and the next morning blondes came out brunettes, brunettes blondes, and the red-heads without any hair at all. As soon as we entered the cave, Miss Nannie Stallard and Geo. Page began straining their eyes for the bridal altar, and when at last the long-expected place presented itself to view, the gloriously-happy couple mounted the altar, feeling sure that the appointed time had come, but the heartless guide objected by saying that such proceedings were unlawful; because it was running matrimony in the ground.

Addie Vanmeter's head came in contact with one of the rocks in the corkscrey with such a tremendous crash that several of the overhanging crags were broken off, and there will no longer be any difficulty in ascending that precipitous declivity.

"Doubting Thomas" Wood had difficulty in detecting the stars in the wonderful Star-chamber. Professor Green became fastened in "Fat-Man's-Misery" and was in serious trouble as to how and when he would get out; but just as he had given up all hope, he said he thought of the first time he ever voted the Republican ticket, and he felt so little that he easily walked out. Everyone was able to get out of the great hole in the ground alive. The short route was taken by the forty that night. Shortly after our return to camp the frogs in a nearby pond began their mighty serenade and Ruth Tichenor, aroused by the croakings in various sharps

and flats, lead out in the wee hours of the night a few of the girls in her tent to gig the disturbers. When only two had been seized by the heroic crowd, they discovered the chaperones stealing softly across the cornfield. They marched the astonished girls back to camp at the point of a sharp stick. After luncheon Saturday the girls teased the chaperon till she took them for a swim down Green River. In her endeavor to make us purple with envy, Miss Mattie McLean began to swim as soon as she got into the water, but the first thing we knew her head was down communing with the numerous fishes of the sea, and her feet were in the clouds. As soon as we got her off the life-saver and back on dry land, she wanted to return to the camp and learn to swim.

Mrs. Barnes was always seeking a quiet, sequestered spot where she could take a nap, and when Prof. Green found her Monday afternoon, she was peacefully sleeping in one of the negro's berths on the boat. Prof. Green awoke her and she made him swear secrecy, but he divulged the secret accidentally on purpose to Conor Ford and now the world is wise.

This party, which is said to have broken the record in every respect, came in on a home stretch on Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

CAVE FORMATIONS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.

In a land of shaded hills and fertile valleys, one thinks little of the many interesting and beautiful things which lie concealed. The region of sandstone has its minerals to add to man's temporal wealth, while the region of cavernous limestone has its beautiful, gem-decked caverns to gladden his heart and add to his mental enjoyment.

Caverns are formed by percolating water laden with carbon dioxide. As the amount of carbon dioxide contained in water is greatly increased, with additional pressure, and from internal sources, the limerock readily dissolves and is

carried away in solution, thus leaving galleries or caverns.

There are three distinct periods in the life of a cavern, all of which unite to produce the finished product. The early life, when the amount of surface water percolating through the rock is so great as to allow no deposition, is the period in which caverns are formed. This water, falling to the floor of the cavern, is carried away by underground streams and finally works its way to a larger body of water on the surface. By this, long galleries resembling the course of a river are formed. . . . As this proves continuous, and the cavern grows larger, the roof rock, usually being soft, becomes weak and falls. The roof continues to fall until the surface is reached and a limestone sink is formed. The surface water runs to this sink and pours in through a single opening instead of traveling through the pores of the rock, and the second stage in cave formation is reached.

With a decrease in the amount of percolating water, the leakage from the roof of the cavern is slow enough to allow deposition to begin. In this way, stalactites and stalagmites, the chief adornment of these caverns, are formed. The process is very slow, but when we consider the time required for all great works of nature, this one seems to be in harmony with the great creation plan.

The third great period in cave development is one of comparative rest, in which water has ceased to pass through the pores of the rock and, owing to elevation and depression of the land, it is carried to the limestone sink instead. The cave then has finished its course and is only a record of the past. But the same interest that attaches itself to the ruins of the past is visible here, and we thus have a source of great enjoyment for the pleasure-seeker as well as the one who loves to know cold facts.

LITERARY



FRANK H. SEELY, 7/11/11

NORMAL HEIGHTS.

Most of the cities of ancient times were built around a hill that lifted its crest far above the plains. Thus Athens had her Acropolis, Rome ruled the world from her seven hills, Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem sat like a diadem upon the brow of Zion. Temples to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, usually graced the hilltops of the classic ages. Considering this ancient custom of making the crest of a hill the site of temples of worship, palaces of art, and shrines of learning, nothing could have been more appropriate than that the wisdom and foresight of patriotic Kentuckians should decree that an institution whose office is to uplift the thoughts and aspirations of men should be placed on the sun-kissed summit of Normal Heights.

The Hill seems to have been especially designed for its present use by a wise Overruling Power. From the hilltop a great panorama extends before the enthusiastic observer. Travelers miles away on looking up on a dreamy spring day behold the stately edifices wrapped in a mellow haziness. No one of aesthetic tastes can either stand on the Hill or behold its beauty far away without feeling an uplift of spirit, an increase of enthusiasm, and a growing desire to see our loved Kentucky blessed with a greater and more patriotic citizenship.

The lurking fiends of Ignorance and Prejudice since the erection of the new building on Normal Heights have become alarmed at the earnestness of our State, and have slunk away to their dismal caves. The only means of preventing the return of these cruel monsters is to join heart and hand as loyal Kentuckians and strengthen our defenses against the enemy.

The unsightly gashes in the cheek of the grand old Hill will soon be healed, and in their places the prettiest dimples will be seen. Among the venerable cedars we hear the whispers of change, the gray old rocks that have withstood the elements for ages tell of transformations that are soon to come.

We love the glory of Kentucky in the past. Her heroes are many, her famous deeds are sung by numberless bards. But with all her past history and present glory we look forward eagerly to the future, when that spirit, fostered by the Western State Normal and promulgated by the earnest band of enthusiastic teachers, who have felt the influence of the noble institution on Normal Heights, will be universal. When our artists in the future paint outdoor scenes, like the Japanese, who use Fujiyama for a background, or the Neapolitans, who use Mt. Vesuvius for a like purpose, they will put on their canvas to bring out the beauty of the picture the mystic, soul-uplifting form of Normal Heights.

GRAMMAR "3."

BY LORENE COLLEY.

Tell me not in dreamy murmurs,
Grammar "3" don't make you toil,
For it surely breaks my slumbers—
Makes me burn the midnight oil.

You must get it, work in earnest,
Oh, the Colonel tries your soul—
Oft he speaks in voice that's sternest,
"Do you want on the *funky* roll?"

No enjoyment, only sorrow,
As you try in there to stay,
Only work, but each to-morrow
Finds it harder than to-day.

Lessons long, and memory fleeting,
Not a thought to pleasure give—
Or you'll find yourself retreating,
With the Grammar "2" to live.

It is one continuous battle,
Almost makes you tired of life—
For your brain is all a-rattle,
'Tis the hardest of all strife.

Trust no note-book, howe'er pleasant,
Let the past—'tis no use said—
Work your own book—for the present,
By the Colonel to be read.

Then the Colonel sweetly tells thee:
"You must make your grades be fine—
Or forever leave behind thee
Goose-eggs on this 'Book of Mine.'"

Goose-eggs that perhaps another,
Looking o'er this "Book of Mine,"
Sees the record of a brother,
And would shun this thing "Divine" (?)

Let us then be up and working—
Though the hour is often late,
Still pursuing, never shirking—
And await your awful fate.

RAINY DAYS.

While there are many inconveniences in a rainy day, there are also a host of benefits that the days of smiling faces never bring to men. The feathered beings of the woods and fields when the vernal sun has kissed the sleeping earth into blossom and wakefulness seem to care little whether it storms or is beautiful and bright, so happy are they in their new-found relationships. It is to be observed, also, that seldom do plants on a rainy day seem sad and droopy. True, flowers suffer much from the ravages of the raindrops pelting mercilessly down upon them, but the green leaves are only rendered the more verdant, the pendant boughs the more lovely.

Then it is such a delight to watch the trickling rivulets dancing, and leaping, and showing a thousand little peculiarities in the very places where the dust lay deep or the

thirsty plants quailed before the awe-inspiring countenance of the sun-god.

Rainy days bring such cozy times indoors, especially in early spring when yet the genial blaze on the hearth is welcome and seems appropriate to the season. Accustomed to days of open heavens, of glowing landscapes, and of mild zephyrs, it only heightens our relish for life in its purity and its varying moods to live days when the sky is overcast, when the distant hills fade out into obscurity because of the misty haze or the swirling cloud of raindrops that envelops them, and when the breath of old Boreas is cold and chilling.

We may readily believe that some of the poets wrote their works for rainy day reading. Only then have we a taste for their quaint expressions. These literary works are Andrea del Sarto pictures that show best with gray backgrounds. Mystic philosophy is doubly heightened in its effect either by rainy days or long, quiet winter nights when the lulling sound of raindrops creates a mystic atmosphere or the unpremeditated crack of the ice or the dismal wailing of the winter owls arouses all the latent mysticism of our beings. We can probably never understand properly the myths of creation, especially the one telling how the Earth sprang from Chaos, unless we have experienced cloudy, rainy days, when the sun, coming out late in the afternoon, created a new and lovely earth, free from care or depression.

What does it matter, then, if it *does* rain? Do not the many brooks feel compensated, even though some of us are inconvenienced? The days of rain are only symbols of the protection of a Kind Providence, just as all other days, whether cloudy or fair.

— — —
 "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENNEROSO."

BY F. C. GRISE.

Since these two descriptive poems form a sort of pair of cabinet-pictures, the one the complement and counterpart of the other, they will be best examined and understood by considering them under one head. They are of nearly the

same length, written in the same meter and consisting, with the exception of a few longer and more irregular lines of invocation at the beginning of each, of the short-rymed octosyllabic measure.

In *L'Allegro* the poet describes those pleasures naturally contemplated by a man of joyous and cheerful temperament. In *Il Penseroso*, not dissimilar objects, viewed by a person of serious, melancholy and studious character.

The individuality of the poet is seen in the calm and somewhat grave cheerfulness of the one as well as the tranquil, though not sombre, meditateness of the other. His joy is without frivolity as his melancholy is without gloom.

It would be interesting to compare these two poems with minute detail, paragraph by paragraph, for every picture, almost every phrase, in the one corresponds closely to something similar in the other. Thus the beautiful opening lines in which the poet drives away melancholy to her congenial home in the under-world, corresponding to the opening of *Penseroso*; and the invocation to joy and her retinue of "Quips" and "Cranks" and wanton "Wiles," Sport, Liberty and Laughter, forms the pendant to the sublime impersonation of melancholy, "which is indeed, in poetry what the *Night* of Michael Angelo is in Sculpture."

In these poems no joys or sorrows are depicted, but those moods of mirth and pensiveness, which chased each other across the poet's mind as lights and shadows across a summer landscape. The country breezes seem to have swept away the gray shadows of the Cambridge rooms and to have called forth his love of nature in buds and blossoms of the choicest growth. How much of these poems was given life in the fragrant fields or by the side of the charming stream I do not know, but it is evident that the poet spent no small part of those happy days at Harton, amid scenes that caused the colors of peaceful rural life to breathe and brighten in every line. How accurately the life one lives is reflected in his works. "As the sea wave takes the color of the sky above it, so the billows of thought that roll in every human soul are tinged with the hues of the outward life." Place the "Ode

on the Nativity" side by side with the L'Allegro, and mark the contrasted tints. One is characterized by its stern, gray awfulness, a pure classic beauty, and grave learnedness, which have but little in common with the frolicsome play and healthy country life that laugh and gambol in the other.

But no analysis, be it ever so minute, will give us the full realization of the riches of description, with which these poems are filled. There is hardly an aspect of nature, beautiful or sublime, terrible or smiling, which is not shown forth here in all its colors; sometimes, as is ever the case in poetry of the highest order, in a wonderfully condensed form. There are many examples of whole pictures exhibited in a single word, stamped with inimitable expression by a single stroke, some of the most prominent of which are: "the dappled dawn," "the sun at rising robed in flames and amber light;" the hill, "hoar with the floating mists of dawn;" the towers of the ancient manor, "blossomed high among the trees." In like manner does *Il Penseroso* abound with examples of picturesque word-painting. What a figure is that of melancholy: "All in a robe of darkest grain, Flowing with majestic train," fixed in holy rapture, till she, "forgets herself to marble;" and the song of Philomel, "smoothing the rugged brow of night;" "the wandering moon riding near her highest noon," and, "stooping through a fleecy cloud!" (All have seen this; how few have embodied it in verse!) The glowing embers that "teach light to counterfeit gloom;" the "iron tears" drawn down the cheek of Pluto by the song of Orpheus; and "minute drops" falling as the shower passes away.

What poet has so vividly painted all that is most striking in art and nature? Be it remembered, too, that these strokes enumerated are merely examples of happy expressions concentrated into a word or phrase. The poems abound in pictures not inferior in beauty to these, and to quote all the beauties of the works would be to transcribe them from beginning to end.

They have been called, "not so much poems as stores of imagery from which might be drawn material for volumes

of lovely description." Like all of Milton's works, admirable as they are within themselves, they are many times more valuable for their peculiar suggestive character—filling the mind, by allusion to other images, natural and artificial, with impressions of tenderness and grandeur.

A DREAM OF SCHOOL DAYS.

BY AMY LONGEST.

One evening, when the little valley town
Was almost hidden in the autumn mist,
I, from my window on the scene looked down,
And that deep gloom my soul could not resist.
My mind seemed veiled, I know not what I thought.
But it was a sad, a reminiscent mood
That dull November to me often brought;
I do not know how long I thus had stood
With morbid fancies floating through my brain,
When, fainter than the cricket at my hearth,
There came up to my room a low, sweet strain,
Which brought my melancholy thoughts to earth.
'Twas but the song of dear old "Dixie Land,"
Sung by some wanderer on the streets below,
Yet, in my mind, a vision rose so grand
That all forgotten were the gloom and woe.
Again I sat in Old Vanmeter Hall,
I heard or seemed to hear that Southern song
Sung by the student-body, each and all,
Dear Gebhart helping, with their voices strong.
The singing ceased, then Cherry had the floor,
And as I listened eagerly to him
The Normal teachers all, I saw once more
Upon the stage in that old Hall so dim—
The Misses Porter, Reid, Frazee and Drake,
Then Colonel Guilliams, Leiper, Stickles, Green,
Craig, Perling, dark-eyed yet wide-awake,
And by his side dear Kinnaman, the dean,
Then Gilbert, Doctor Mutchler, Putnam, too,
And Clagett with his gentle, kind blue eyes—
Appeared so vividly in my mind's view
That what yet came though great was no surprise,
I saw the massive doors flung open wide,
Beheld the passing of that mighty host,
So like the tide, the great on-rushing tide,

That soon of ignorance would clear the coast.
 In memory I went from class to class
 And pushed my way each time through that vast crowd
 Of students who before me seemed to pass;
 Through space I heard their voices, though not loud,
 And then I sat in dear old Clagett's room.
 The rhetoric class were all assembled there;
 Each well-loved face appeared through my mind's gloom;
 The teacher true, each man and maiden fair.
 A pleasure great was mine, joy o'er me stole,
 As magic words which fell upon my ear
 Unlocked the pent-up thoughts of my own soul
 And bade them prisoners ne'er again to fear.
 I walked the halls which echoed back the tread
 In memory's wake of all that host of feet,
 Again my lessons for the day all said
 I hurried to a home on Center Street.
 Nearby the house, beneath the maple's shade,
 I saw an old man feeble, bent, and gray,
 Whose progress in Life's rush had long been stayed.
 Then I beheld the beautiful Miss May—
 Beheld once more that fair, seraphic face
 That jet-black hair drawn from a snowy brow
 On which great sorrows past had left their trace.
 Though long the years, methinks I see her now.
 Then in imagination on I went
 To where the flowers wild yet climb and run,
 The air once more was filled with their sweet scent,
 While shadows lengthened in the setting sun
 As thus again from Potter College Hill
 I viewed the landscape in the evening lights,
 Around me all so silent, lone, and still;
 I caught a gleam of the great Normal Heights.
 In fancy only those grand buildings rose,
 Though indistinct and vague was each outline,
 Their grandeur startled me, and no one knows
 What scenes of future power might have been mine,
 If from the nearby woods the loud, shrill scream
 Of some wild bird, disturbed from its rest,
 Had not dispelled that dream within a dream—
 That dream of school-days which I love the best.
 The village then was chained by slumber's spell.
 No light was shed abroad from stars or moon,
 And on my hearth the embers told too well
 That my wood-fire would need rekindling soon.

The singer long had gone his lonely road,
 Nor little guessed that he had helped relieve
 The weight of autumn's gloom and sorrow's load
 From one who oft in life was wont to grieve.
 Though great the scenes which that song did unfold,
 It made me sad to think no more I'd be
 A student there, as in the days of old.
 For work, my work of life was calling me.
 But oh, thou School! Kentucky's Western School!
 Thy glory now is only at its dawn.
 From out thy portals men this land shall rule,
 And thy great work shall reach still on and on.

THE LAND OF TO-MORROW.

(The Winning Oration in the Oratorical Contest.)

BY W. L. MATTHEWS.

That which is called American civilization is indeed a peculiar compound: It is composed of the blood of foreigners and idealists. Through the tempering process of time, with its changing standards and ever-present demands, there must be produced a man worthy to represent his race.

America is the "Melting Pot" of the nations: The compound being tested in her crucible contains the best ingredients of the races. Could one look across the waters and study the origin of this strange mixture which we call civilization, in vision he might see the following picture: From snow-clad Russia, the peasant with a burning desire for freedom, escapes the shackles of tyranny to enlist in the army which annually invades America; the thrifty German leaves his native soil and casts his lot where American fields stretch out enticingly; the hardy Irishman turns from his natural scenery of graceful indulgences of verdant hills and magnificent rivers—the land of prehistoric relics and present poverty—and builds his home in America; the Swede leaves his picturesque land of lakes, rivers, and canals, and comes to America to work, to save, to live; the Englishman, with all his native pride of country, turns from home and joins the shout for greater liberty in America; the Frenchman lays aside his inherent love for the artistic

and comes to America for the opportunity of making a practical living; the Jap leaves his awakened empire and seeks more life in America—and, so the picture shows an endless train of human souls belonging to all nations and all creeds, to be poured into this flaming forge of American life, and be converted into that freest of God's creatures—a man born into a land of freedom.

And this is no idle dream. The future will fulfill the promise of to-day. We are now in a stage of transition, and from chaos must come reform. I think all will agree that this is a time when political unrest exists throughout the civilized world. Never in the history of man have we found such a universal tendency to a political change as now pervades every nation and every clime.

As the dawn of the twentieth century melts away into a perfect day, we see that all mankind is brought face to face with many problems, which must be met with by wise statesmanship and solved with justice to all concerned.

People are giving various theories for the remedy of the present disturbances, yet the uncertainty as to future events seems to grow stronger; but the equity of all laws rests supremely on the honesty and ability of the individuals enacting, constructing, and administering them. Progressive and permanent government is obtained only by acknowledging the rights of men and the supreme sovereignty of the people. These principles furnish the foundation upon which is built the superstructure of our republic; and their maintenance and perpetuity means the life of the republic, for they must stand for the rights of men and the power of the government.

The people, even in our own fair land, have been shocked by the number of business and political exposures brought out in the last seven years; this gives rise to one of the leading causes of the present situation. The voting people have lost confidence in many of their public officers and bitterly resent attempted dictatorship by political bosses who wish to influence public servants and legislation for a selfish

motive, rather than assist in the making of laws guaranteeing justice to all and special privileges to none.

It has been said, that we no longer have political parties in the true sense of the term. Parties no longer struggle to establish and maintain great principles in the interest of the people, but endeavor to present their respective claims so as to obtain public favor and secure votes. Whether this be true or not, we know that elections are not won by appeals to reason on public issues, but by machine organization.

Immorality, both public and private, is closely allied with misrule in politics. Corrupt methods in the election of officers makes corrupt officers, and corrupt officers generate immoral conditions. The remedy for these evils furnishes one of the fundamental issues over which the great battle of the present is being waged. While the people of America have been dreaming of an enlarged and perfected liberty, these conditions have been growing about them.

Shall the people be told the truth or shall their hungry minds and plastic emotions be fed on polished falsehood? Nay! the deep-thinking, patriotic, and liberty-loving people of America are earnestly seeking some way to free this country from the bondage of the machine politician and other selfish interests that are controlling our elections, holding our offices and, in a great measure, determining the policies and destinies of our republic. The progressive citizens are demanding that the old restraints in the way of indirect elections be abolished.

The earnest and long-standing demand for popular government is fast finding lodgment in the hearts and minds of the American people. If "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" has any meaning, the tendencies are that its true interpretation will soon be made. Not with undue reverence to the men that laid the foundation of our noble republic; for heroic beyond all praise was that act, and glorious beyond imagination have been its results; not that the people of to-day are wiser than Washington,

Jefferson, Hamilton, and Franklin, but a progressive government must meet the demands of a people and keep in harmony with the material development of a nation. And that liberty-loving band that laid the foundation of our government would, if they were living to-day, be foremost in helping to modify the national constitution, establishing popular government, or favoring any progressive movement that would thereby meet and solve the present problems and aid in extending American influence to the nations of the earth. Our national constitution that once fitted young America fairly well is, to some extent, failing to meet the needs of a nation with one and one-quarter centuries growth.

Insurgency is nothing more nor less than a fundamental movement in American politics. We no longer live in an ancient, a mediaeval, or a feudal world, but we are to-day living in a progressive world. In the national domain we have allowed natural opportunities, such as the world has never seen before, to melt away in great measure through sheer neglect. In the legislation of most of our States, year after year, the energy that should be devoted to making the most of our possibilities is largely expended upon thwarting of evil schemes; but Americans will not tolerate these things indefinitely; that they can be completely blotted out is fully evidenced by the present tendencies, for the best thinkers of the present day believe that we are entering the greatest era of the world's history, and that America is joining the world's movement toward equal opportunity.

Not a strange thing is this struggle for equal opportunity, for it is the core of every great reform that has been produced by the efforts of man. Never before, in all the history of nations, have we found ninety millions of people holding one idea so firmly in mind as the American people are holding this one to-day. The great mass of people are thinking that this should be a government for human welfare, and not a government by money for profit; and that it is better to help a poor man make a living than to help a rich man make more money.



PROF. FRANZ J. STRAHM
The Efficient Dean of the School of Music

Here is the American city; great, and growing greater, with its continuous hum and buzz as it spreads its commercial interests: its people restless and possessed almost of an abnormal activity; bewildering enterprises, huge office buildings, miles of factories; enormous wealth on one side, and terrible poverty on the other; through its streets pouring great crowds of toilers, money-seekers and money-getters; and yet this is so often a city governed by two men; one a skillful politician and boss; the other a contractor, who through the power of employment controls the votes of great numbers of men; these two men join hands to govern.

But the progressive spirit called public opinion, insurgency, American moral sense, or whatever you will, is refusing to vote for and be controlled either by such organization or by party machinery, and is demanding a change that will give political and moral freedom.

But the present situation is not a hopeless one, for we can see the future through an optimistic glass, and out of this turmoil and strife must and will come new resolves, higher ideals and a marked progress toward the attainment of better things. The change that is to grow out of this period of political unrest and evolution, is slow but sure. Parties are not "made to order," but are born in response to a great moral emergency; and the degree of their permanency depends upon their ability to meet, constructively, those great moral issues which assume form and substance with each recurring generation.

While it is true that ever since man's first disobedience, good and evil have been at strife, and every step forward means a continuation or renewal of the contest; yet God is omnipotent, and God is good; therefore good is omnipotent and must some time and in some way overcome evil, that has such power only as man in his lack of wisdom gives it. When we understand, as we will some time, that all is good and that evil has in reality no power, evil will vanish and man will be free.

Oh! men of America! you who are the heirs of the past and the trustees of the Land of To-morrow, when are we to

come to our own and exercise this power?

As I silently gaze at the dim horizon, I see the dawning of a glorious morning on this, our land of justice and unsurpassable opportunities, and when that day shall have reached its meridian, the conscience of the American people will have been quickened to better things, to higher aspirations and ideals. Our nation will continue to grow until our vast superiority of power and influence over the other nations of the North American continent will draw them into our body politic; and the future Americans will be citizens of a republic whose dominion shall extend from Greenland to Panama, and whose ninety millions of to-day will have increased to half a billion ere the dawn of another century.

And, as we look into the future, we see this Land of To-morrow, as the freest, the best, and grandest republic of the nations. We behold an ideal republic that will solve the problems of the present as well as meet the possibilities of the future; a republic whose flag will be the proud symbol of political and moral freedom wherever it is unfurled to the breeze; a republic where all shall dwell together as brothers; a republic that shall proclaim the age of peace, and hasten the coming of the brotherhood of man. And, then will it be said, "A new sun rose, bringing a new day."

THE PLAY: OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD.

The following play was written by the children in the fourth grade of the Training School, under the direction of their teacher, Miss Flora Stallard.

The story was first read to the children, and at various times during the year was dramatized by them as language work.

At the close of school the play was given by the class on the Normal campus and again as a part of the program given by the city schools at the Opera House in Bowling Green, Ky.

THE ELEVATOR.

Time: From May till October.

PLACE.

1. The house of an old man at the foot of a mountain near a village.
2. The hillsides and forests nearby.

CHARACTERS.

1. Old Pipes—An old man who pipes the cattle from the mountain.
2. Old Pipes' Mother.
3. A Dryad.
4. An Echo Dwarf.
5. The children.
6. The villagers.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene—A forest showing.



PRESIDENT H. H. CHERRY

"The cradle of democracy was the manger of Bethlehem."



COL. J. M. WILLIAMS

Whose going away is deeply regretted by all

THE ELEVATOR.

1. Pipes' cottage in the distance.
2. One very large oak tree, and other trees.

Enter Old Pipes.

Old Pipes: Oh, I never realize how old I am getting till I make this trip to the village for my wages. It is a great deal easier to pipe the cattle from the mountains than to bring my money from the village.

Enter three children.

Children: Good evening, Pipes.

Pipes: Good evening, children.

Boy: You look very tired. Would you like for us to help you up the hill?

Pipes: You are very kind. I believe I will let you help me. (He rises slowly and the boys help him along.)

Old Pipes: I hope I haven't made you children very tired.

Boys: Oh, you wouldn't have made us tired if we had not had to go farther than usual after the cattle to-day.

(Girl makes signs with hands, lips and head.)

Old Pipes: What did you say? Went farther than usual after the cattle? Why, I pipe the cattle from the hills.

Boys: Oh, no; you do not pipe the cattle from the mountains. It's been a year since the cattle have heard your pipes. You're getting too old now for the cattle to hear your pipes, so the villagers send us each day.

Pipes: It is getting late, now, children. It is time you were getting back to the village. Here is a penny for each of you.

Children: Thank you old Pipes, we hope you will soon be rested again. Good-night.

(Children leave. Old Pipes call his mother.)

Pipes: Mother, did you hear what those children said?

Mother: What children?

Pipes: The children that helped me up the hill. They said that they had been going after the cattle for over a year. They told me that the cattle couldn't hear my pipes.

Mother: Why, what is the matter with the cattle?

Pipes: Nothing's the matter with the cattle. The trouble

is with me. And as I have not earned my money, I am going to the village to take it back.

Mother: You are very foolish, my son, to take the money back to the villagers. When will you get old enough to know what to do? We haven't a bit of money to live on, and if you take the money back we will starve for food. Bring the money back, Pipes. Please bring it back, Pipes. The villagers will not want it; they won't.

Pipes: No, mother. I must not keep the money. I did not earn it, so I will take it back to the villagers. It would not be honest to keep it. I will cut wood and so make a living for us.

(Pipes starts to the village; becoming tired, sits under an old oak tree to rest: as he sits there, a voice is heard.)

Voice: Let me out; let me out.

(Pipes jumps up.)

Pipes: I wonder where that voice came from. I came from this tree. It must be a "Dryad" tree. Let me see, I have heard of Dryad trees. I have heard that when the moon rises and before it sets, that anyone that comes along can let her out. So I will try to find the key to let her out. Here is a piece of bark. I will try it and see if it will unlock the door.

(Pipes unlocks door. A lovely Dryad slips out. She gazes about her, then says):

Oh, how beautiful the world is. It seems like a fairy land, the flowers, the moss, the green trees, the hills are all so beautiful. Oh, you good old man, how kind of you to let me out from my tree. What can I do for you to show you how grateful I am? (Touches him twice with her wand.)

Pipes: Well, if you are going to the village, will you take this money to the villagers for me?

Dryad: I will be glad to do that for you, you kind old man. (Pipes gives money to Dryad, then starts home.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE II.

(Pipes sits near his door on a rock, asleep.)

(Dryad enters, and holding money in hand, says):

Poor, honest, old man, I am going to put this money back into his pocket. I am sure the villagers will not take it, for he has worked for them so long. (She slips money in pocket and runs away.)

(Pipes awakens, starts indoors but finds money in pocket.)

Pipes: Well, I wonder how this money got into my pocket! Why, I thought I had seen a Dryad and asked her to take this to the village. Oh, I really did not see her; it must have been a dream. I will take the money to-morrow, but I haven't time now. I will call mother and tell her about it. No, I won't; she'll be cross and tell me I am foolish.

(Takes pipes and begins to play.)

(Mother comes out and scolds.) Why, Pipes, what are you playing for, if the cattle can't hear you?

Pipes: Oh, mother, I have been playing so long that I can't give it up.

(While playing, Pipes finds his pipe much clearer.)

Pipes: Why, what's the matter with my pipe? It must have been stopped up!

(The Dryad comes dancing in.)

Pipes: Why, here's the Dryad. It wasn't a dream, then, after all. I thought I had only dreamed I saw you!

Dryad: Indeed it wasn't a dream. If you could only know how happy I am now! Oh, the world is so beautiful to me; I dance and sing the whole day long. And do you not feel stronger and better?

Pipes: Why, yes, I do. Oh, I know, you touched me twice with your wand, and it has made me twenty years younger. Mother, mother!

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

Place—A glen in the mountains.

Time—Evening.

Persons—Special Echo Dwarf; Other Dwarfs.

(Special Dwarf sleeping.)

(Pipes of old Pipes are heard.)

(Special Dwarf echoes pipes.)

(Very angry, he starts to go in search of Pipes.)

Dryad enters.

Dwarf: Ho! Ho! What are you doing here? How did you get out of your tree?

Dryad: Why, a kind old man let me out, and I was so glad that I gave him two strokes with my wand, which made him twenty years younger. Now he can call the cattle again.

Echo Dwarf: So you are the one who has brought this trouble upon me! What have I ever done to you that you should make me echo those dreadful pipes again?

Dryad: What a funny little fellow you are! Anyone would think you had to work from morning till night. You are lazy and selfish. Learn to do good, and then you will be happy. Good-bye. (Dryad leaves.)

Dwarf (shaking his fist): I'll make you suffer for this!

Pipes enters.

Pipes: Hello, little fellow. What are you doing here?

Dwarf: I am looking for the Dryad.

Pipes: Why, so am I.

Dwarf: What do you want with her?

Pipes: Let me tell you what she did for me. As I was going down to the village, I found a Dryad tree and let out the dryad. She was so glad that she touched me twice with her wand and made me twenty years younger. Now I can blow my pipes again. I am now looking for her to ask if she will make my mother younger.

Dwarf: I will go with you, but do you know that a Dryad can only make the person younger who lets her out of her tree, so you will have to shut the Dryad in, then have your mother let her out.

(Dryad comes in, Dwarf hides.)

Pipes: I have been looking for you to ask you to go back into your tree so that my mother may let you out, and you may make her younger, she seems so old and feeble to me now.

Dryad: Why, it isn't necessary for me to go into my tree

to do that. Any time she is out of doors I will be glad to help her. Did you think of that plan yourself?

Pipes: No, a little dwarf I met suggested it to me.

Dryad: A little dwarf. Oh, I see it all now. He is the Echo Dwarf, and he is angry with you and me. Where is he? Here he is, now. Let's put him into the tree till he learns to be better.

(They drag out dwarf and put him into the tree.)

Dryad: Now, let's go and find your mother.

Pipes: Why, there she is, now!

Tiptoeing up, Dryad touches her twice with her wand and runs away.)

Pipes: Mother!

(Mother starts, much surprised.)

Mother: Why, Pipes, how well I hear your voice. And I feel quite young.

Pipes: Then come, let's enjoy a walk together.

(Curtain drops.)

ACT III.

(Dryad comes shivering to her tree, opens the door and calls out the Dwarf.)

Dryad: Come out, little Dwarf, the cattle have come from the mountains for the last time, so you are free.

(As she enters the tree she sings.)

(Curtain drops.)

BACK TO MANHOOD.

BY GORDON WILSON, OPAL TAYLOR, AND EVA BELLE BECKER.

CHAPTER III.

1. The merry waters at Mary's side babbled on; the glad birds sang in the branches above; and the squirrel frisked by all unheeded. Like a thousand unharmonious sounds, was the tumult within when she realized that Charles was gone. At last, however, the mighty whirlwind of passion subsided, its awful roarings ceased, and she became as calm as the placid waters of a lake, when the storm has passed over.

Now she thought of the pleasant evening she and Charles had planned to spend together; she remembered the walk from the house and his choosing the seat by the spring. Then, with a bitter pang, she thought of the quarrel, and tried in vain to recall how it happened—where was Charles? Would he ever return? Yes, she believed he would—and who was to blame for the quarrel? She pondered these questions until the lowing of the cows at the pasture gate and the lengthening shadows about her recalled her from her reverie. She whispered: "Good-bye, Charles; you are gone, but you have taken a true heart with you," and, with a sigh, arose, and slowly walked toward the dwelling.

"I want to remind you again, Charles," said her mother, as she entered the room, "that, in our home, a welcome always awaits you, and you must not forget us when you come again to this part of Kentucky. Why, where is Charles, Mary?" asked she, for the first time looking up from her sewing.

"Charles has gone," replied Mary, calmly, but great was the effort it cost her.

"What, gone without my parting word and a blessing! Then he will return to-morrow! I am glad he has decided to spend another evening with us."

But Mary did not hear, for she, with her milk pails, was already halfway to the pasture.

At first, the busy mother did not notice the altered manner of her daughter, but when the next and many succeeding days passed without the return of Charles Harlan, she guessed the secret of his absence and watched the brave girl battling with her sorrow.

At first Mary busied herself with her books, her flowers, and her school and home duties, trying—as she thought—to pass off the time until Charles should return.

"Surely," she told herself, "he will not stay away always because of that foolish quarrel."

But when several months passed and brought no word from her lover, she began to grow despondent.

Since his leaving, she had been little in society. At first

the neighbors noticed it, and gossiped. Yet none dared mention it to any member of the Powell family. Uncle Joseph was questioned, it is true, but to all he gave the same answer. With a roll of his eyes and a jerk of his head—so familiar to all who knew him—he would say:

"Dis nigger don' ten' to his white folks's bisnes."

So the fact that Mary stayed much from society grew old in discussion and at last died out altogether.

But what of Charles Harlan since that evening by the brook-side? Perhaps of the first few days, next to Charles himself, Uncle Joseph knew more than anyone else.

That summer afternoon was a glorious one, and, as Uncle Joe expressed it:

"Jes too good fo' nothin' 'cept to lazy roun' like."

So, with his axe on his shoulder and a basket on his arm, he had tramped away through the fields and woods in search of herbs and sassafras. In the evening, he was returning through the beech woods, when a turn in the path revealed a man advancing toward him. At first Uncle Joe thought him a stranger (for the wood was a favorite "short cut" for foot-travelers), but, as he approached, he recognized the stalwart form of Charles Harlan. Uncle Joseph stepped respectfully out of the path and waited for Charles to pass him, saying as he came quite near:

"Evening, Mas' Charles. You 'pears to be in a ter'ble hurry."

Charles was kind, even to the old black servant, but this time, with eyes that saw him not and ears that were deaf to his greeting, he passed him by, unheeded.

For some time, the old negro stood gazing at the retreating figure, then, with the soliloquy:

"Sumpum's wrong; Mars Charles 's ter'ble pestered," he picked up the basket he had set down in the moment of surprise and continued his walk through the woodland. He stopped now and then to add another herb to the already well-filled basket, so it was getting late when he reached the edge of the wood. In order to reach the house more quickly, he crossed the grove. As he passed by the spring, he heard

Mary's low-spoken farewell to Charles Harlan.

"Dat 'splains it," said he. "Dem chilun don bin quarlin'."

The next day, he went for the mail to the town where Charles had been staying. At a street-corner he met Charles Harlan, who again passed him by unheeded and stepped into a cab, with baggage on top.

2. One night in New York City, General Zachary Taylor, now President, was crossing the street to his hotel when his attention was attracted by a stooping form on the curbing. An irresistible force seemed to draw him toward it. He strained his ear to catch its mutterings, but could not. At last he could resist no longer, so stepping close, he asked:

"Friend, are you drunk, or in trouble?"

Slowly the figure raised its head.

"Drunk—drunk? No, I'm not drunk, and that's the trouble."

What was there in that voice that caused the old soldier to tremble?

Advancing, he encircled the form with his arms and raised it to its feet, asking as he did so:

"Captain Harlan, what means this?"

"General Taylor!" shrieked Charles Harlan—for 'twas he—as he tried to escape, but the encircling arms and the old word of command detained him.

Gently as a woman might, General Taylor led him to the hotel and to his private apartments.

"Now, lad, sit down and tell me, pray, what means this."

Then Charles Harlan told him of his Kentucky home; of the beautiful Mary and how he loved her; of the quarrel by the spring and how it had made him desperate; and of his coming to New York and beginning to drink and to gamble.

"Now, I'll tel' you," said he, "how I came to be sitting on the pavement. Two nights ago, I gambled with my gang until I lost all, except the money I received for serving my country. Long ago I vowed to spend that only to serve her, so I hid it under a stone at the crossing, but to-night my desire for drink drove me there to get it." (He produced a leather bag stained and dirty.) "I had found and concealed

it when your voice, like one from the dead, smote me."

He ceased speaking and sat staring at his beloved general. Need we say that the nation's President, that night, helped one of her sons back to manhood?

'Twas again night in the great metropolis. The fairy moonbeams crept through the many crevices and danced upon the floors of the deserted rooms of the old stone house at the corner of Seventh and Adams. In its vault, far below the earth's surface, a band—not the worst, but very bad—was holding its carousal.

"What ails the 'Cap'?" asked Jim Wilkes, a man who was playing cards in the center of the room.

The leader was usually first at the wine and cards and last to leave them, but to-night, he had kept strangely aloof and silent. Now, as if in answer to the query, he stepped to the center of the room and rapped on a table for silence. Soon the eager faces and attentive attitudes of the rough men told that he was indeed their master.

He began to tell them the story of his life, and you, my reader, would recognize it as the same told to President Taylor the night before. At last the speaker paused. A few heads were bowed; some of the men exchanged glances; others only smiled.

"Who'd 'a' thought it of the 'Cap'!" said one.

"Three cheers for the gal!" came from the center of the room.

After they were given, Captain Harlan again spoke:

"My men, you cheer the noblest of women. If I was worthy I would go kneel at her feet and ask her to forgive that quarrel, but this," said he, raising a wineglass from the table and dashing it to the floor, "has separated us forever. But I can at least live. Life, boys, is serving."

Then he spoke to them of their lives of degradation, told them of his plan for them all, and ended by asking:

"Who of you will go with me back to manhood?"

Each man seemed deeply moved and for a time no one spoke. Then,

"I'm with the Captain," called out Jim Wilkes, and a

chorus of voices echoed the words.

Money was needed to carry out the plan.

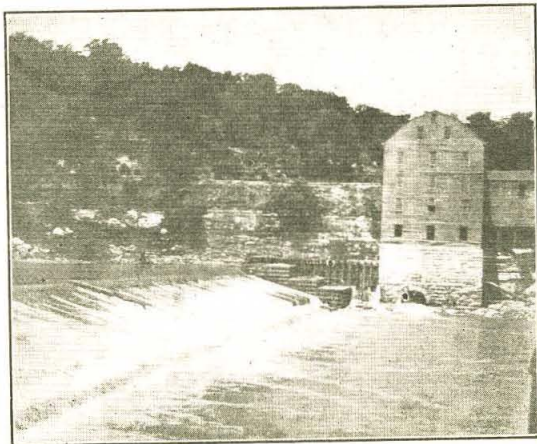
"This," said Captain Harlan—and he produced a stained leathern bag—"will help to start us."

"Here's my pile," said Jim, drawing from his bosom a similar bag and placing it with Captain Harlan's.

Soon each man had taken his treasure from its hiding-place and laid it with the rest.

After the money—which proved to be no meager sum—was counted and put safely away, the men left the old headquarters forever.

The first beams of the sun rested for a moment on the



The Old Mill at Brown's Lock

tall spires, then glided down into the streets of New York, as Captain Harlan, accompanied by a band of clean and neatly dressed men, bade it good-bye with a happy heart.

3. Five years later, just as the buds of springtime were becoming the blossoms of summer, an old negro tottered up a long drive in southern Kentucky and stood gazing at the magnificent structure before him.

"Am dis it?" he mused.

"Am dis it, sah?" he asked of a workman nearby. "Am dis Mas Charles' farming school?"

"This is Captain Harlan's agricultural school," replied the man.

"Well, sah," said the negro, with a jerk of his head, "I's come to see de Cap'n."

At first the man laughed to think of a negro visiting the great President, but, seeing the earnestness of the old slave, he laid down his hoe and led the way to the rear of the building.

Captain Harlan, or President Harlan, as he is now generally called, was ever kind to those who came to his school, and he had thus made it the means of helping many back to manhood, but when he heard that his visitor was a negro, a quiscial expression came over his face.

At length, the tottering form of the old negro approached his desk and a trembling voice said:

"Bress de Lo'd, I's found you at last, sah!"

"Why, Uncle Joseph, what brought you here?" asked President Harlan in unfeigned surprise and with some emotion.

Uncle Joseph seated himself in a low chair and laid his hat and cane on the floor beside him, then proceeded, in his own way, to answer the President's question.

He began with the summer evening, still a bitter memory to the listener, and gave a history of the Powell family, but especially of the daughter of the home. He told of her great work at home and at school; then, how failing health had forced her to give up her school and remain at home altogether, and at last, of an evening in the woods, when he had heard her talking and asking for Charles Harlan.

"And right den," said the faithful old slave, "I started, for when Miss Mary asked me fo' sum'n—and dar warn't nobody else dar to ask—I sets off to get it."

Then he told of the perils of his journey: of his long travel without food: of his capture as a runaway slave, and release because of his old age, and of the stealing of his mule, while he stopped for water.

When he had ended President Harlan sat long with his head in his hands on the desk before him; then, taking the old negro by the hand, he said huskily:

"You may tell Mary I am coming."

He rang a bell and gave orders for Uncle Joseph to be well cared for and given a good horse and a companion for his homeward journey.

A short time after this, the school was entrusted to the management of Jim Wilks, now Proprietor James Wilks, while its President took—to all save three—an unexpected trip to the north.

4. On a summer evening, not many days later, a happy pair sat by a bubbling spring and planned life together as president and mistress of the great agricultural school of the South, where, through contact with the soil, they could teach youth the road to manhood.

(The end.)

—oOo—

News

J. E. Wright, once of the Normal, now Superintendent of the Statesboro Public Schools, Statesboro, Ga., still has faith in the ELEVATOR, as shown by a recent check.

One of our boys(?), G. H. Wells, who for the past year has been at Scottsville, Ky., as Superintendent of the City Schools, this year goes to Carrollton, Ky., to occupy a similar position. There are to be eleven members of the faculty in the High School—each teacher having a special department. Superintendent Wells has shown his wisdom by spending the summer in the Normal amassing thunder to subdue those eastern Kentucky people next year.

Dr. A. T. McCormack, in a recent visit to our school, made a very practical, common-sense talk on "The Teacher and Public Health." It is always a delight to the students when Bowling Green's distinguished citizens pay us a visit.

Colonel Guilliams.

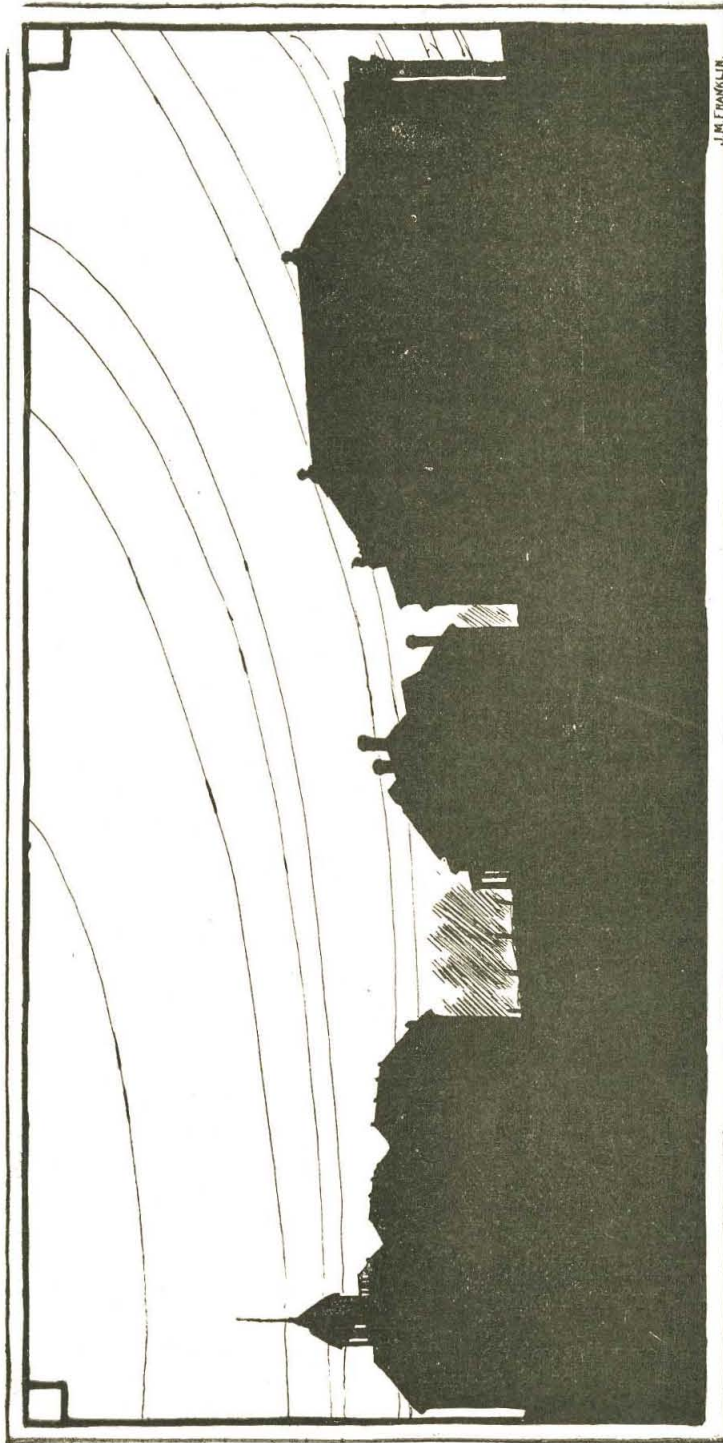
It is with deep regret that we announce to our readers the resignation of Colonel J. M. Guilliams. Owing to the fierceness of our Kentucky winters, he deems it advisable to go farther South. Consequently he has accepted the superintendency of the schools of St. Petersburg, Fla. He has been connected with this school since 1904, and has won the love and admiration of every student and teacher. We who have been under him have at times felt like we would succumb to the terrors of Grammar - or the awfulness of Reading 2, but we're glad we had the nerve to hold on. Colonel Guilliams has *taught* us orotund quality and high pitch, infinitives, participles, diagrams, and parsing, but chiefest of all, he has taught us to *do* things, to have confidence in our ability, to work for the pleasure that comes to the "horny-handed sons of toil." We're sorry to lose you, Colonel, but we know you'll do a great work in the South and trust the summers you expect to spend with us will be like the ones of the past, full of life, energy, and good-will. The right hand of the student-body is extended to you in silent farewell.

Several Life Certificate graduates of former years are spending the summer in the Normal. Here is a partial list: T. H. Napier and wife, E. Y. Allen, J. A. Caldwell, Nellie Smith, Coral Whittinghill, Annie Chatham, Annie Ray, Katesie Bailey, Nancy Shehan, L. L. Hudson, Minnie Shugart, Nettie Dipp.

H. W. Puckett, of Arlington, Ky., a former Scientific graduate from the old S. N. S., recently paid us a visit. Like many another ex-Normalite, he brought his wife back with him.

C. T. Canon, Life '10, is spending the summer in Indiana University, having paid a visit to the Normal and Miss _____ before leaving.

Free enrollment to lady Grade Teachers holding State Certificates. Ohio Valley Teachers' Agency, A. J. Jolly,



J.M. FRANKLIN

Auditorium

Cabell Hall

Recitation Building

THE ELEVATOR.

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Mgr., Mentor, Ky.

Elementary Class.

The Elementary Class for 1912 already has the following wide-awake members: L. Donelson, H. H. Fisher, Minnie Mae Fox, Leslie Green, Louella Heal, Myrtie Howard, Mary Jennings, J. H. Lawrence, Ruby Meadows, Ellie Miller, Edith Morris, George Page, Minnie Phelps, Ethel Rains, Callie Reid, Mildred Roll, Cora Shelton, Marion Simpson, Otis B. Taylor, S. C. Taylor, Eunice Boswell, W. H. Carlton, J. O. Compton, Maggie Davis, H. M. Davault, and Pierce Guerin.

Mr. I. M. Wallace, an ex-Normalite, who has been assisting in the Commercial Department of the Bowling Green Business University, has been elected principal of the Commercial Department of the High School at Marionette, Wis. We also learn he is to be married August 8 to Miss Mary Evelyn Hightower, of Henderson, Ky.

G. I. Barnes, our verbose, inventive genius, is now in Kentucky University, taking work preparatory to teaching in Colonel Guilliams' school at St. Petersburg, Fla. He will spend the last six weeks of the summer in Indiana University as a special student in chemistry. Barnes writes that he's getting anxious to see all the Normal boys and—girls.

Senior Outing.

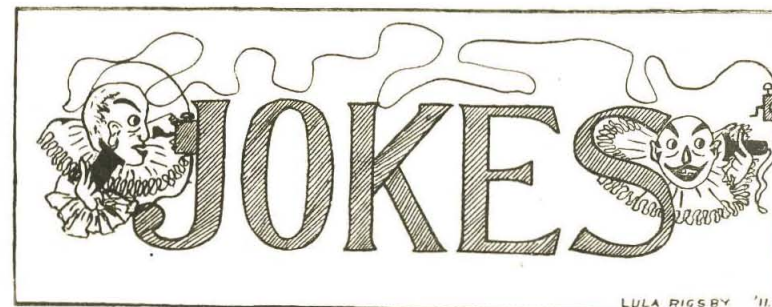
Probably the hearts of all Seniors reached their greatest known expansion on Saturday, June 24, when they were the guests of Dr. Kinnaman on an excursion down Barren River. Before 7 o'clock on that morning all were at the landing, anxiously awaiting the Bessie Rone and "23." The new launch, which one has so wisely christened the "23," did not quit the waters until each member of the party had taken a ride. Mrs. Kinnaman, in her usual thoughtful way, made the occasion most enjoyable. The feast she prepared would rival the production of any Domestic Science Depart-

ment. We tasted camp life by preparing part of our dinner after landing. The boys proved useful just at this point by carrying wood and holding umbrellas over Mrs. Kinnaman and her assistant cooks. The only victims to angling on this occasion were four fish caught by one of our girls. The games played in the old mill at Brown's Lock showed the receptive attitude of Seniors' minds to recent training in the Summer School. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnaman always entertain in a unique and enjoyable way, leaving all to wish for a like experience. All returned at 6 p.m., declaring they had not spent a dry moment during the day.

The Summer School, which opened June 13, is better this year than ever before. Among the special features are the Kindergarten, under Miss Louise Alder, of New York; the Training School, under a splendid corps of special teachers; the Story-Telling Department, conducted by Miss Nannie Lee Frayser, of Louisville.



HON. JNO. MITCHELL
Who Delivered the Annual Class
Address



It takes more wrinkles to make a frown than a smile.
Moral: Economize your wrinkles.—*Judge.*

Mr. Likens had just presented a handsome bouquet, fresh from Burdell's, to Miss Hodges.

Miss Hodges: Why, I believe there's some dew (due) on them yet.

Mr. Likens: Er, ah—ye-es, but I've made arrangements to pay that to-morrow.

He: Do you like tea?

She: Yes, but I like the next letter much better.—*Ex.*

Mother: My darling, it is bed time. All the little chickens have gone to bed.

Little Daughter: Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen.

Chinaman: You tell me where railroad depot?

White: What's the matter, John? Lost?

Chinaman: No, me here. Depot lost.

"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head in through the window where Ethel, Mr. Tompkins, and little sister Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tompkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"

"Yeth, you wath," replied the little girl. "Mr. Tompkinths thaid: 'May I have a kith?' and you thaid: 'You kin.'"

We laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.

Neighbor: Is anyone sick over at your house?
Johnny: Dad's ailin' some.
Neighbor: Is he very sick?
Johnny: Not yet. The doctor only started to come this mornin'.

"Did Mr. Hurt bear his misfortune like a man?"
"Exactly like one. He blamed it all on his wife."

Mrs. Barnes persists in calling her pet kitten "Anti-suffragette," promising to change her name as soon as she gets her eyes open.

"I suppose you know why you are here?" asked the President of Mr. Hoover on the "green carpet."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Hoover. "I was dragged here."

Most of the Seniors look forward to a long life of usefulness, but one Mrs. Barnes says she desires to die Young.

Miss Snyder (in registrar's office): What is your religious belief?

Miss Vanmeter: I am a Wesleyite.

Agent: Is the head of the house in?

Mr. Hurt: Sh! speak low; I'm the head of the house.

The Colonel: I'm bidding you good-bye, Cherry. It's to Florida for sure.

The President: Colonel, but Florida is one of the hottest places in the world. It is one hundred in the shade most every day.

The Colonel: Yes, but you don't suppose I'm such a fool as to stay in the shade all day, do you?

Mr. Gardner recently hurried into a telegraph office and asked the operator if he could get a death message through right away. The sympathetic operator told him to write the message. It read: "Darling Katherine, I am just dying to see you."

Mr. Stickle (in history): Did Luther die a natural death?

Miss Mercer: No, sir, he was excommunicated by a bull.

"Can your wife cook as good as your mother, Humble?"

"No; but I never mention it. She can throw considerably better."

Buster (at the Oratorio): What's Prof. Strahm shaking that stick at them for?

Mrs. Mutchler: He is not shaking a stick at them.

Buster: Then what are they hollering for?

Mr. Humble: You and your wife always seem to agree on every subject.

Mr. Hurt: Yes, we seem to, but I frequently have my private opinions, just the same.

The Dean: I am sorry you are going to leave, Miss Franklin. Are you going to better yourself?

Miss Franklin: No, sir; I'm going to get married.

Mr. P. G. Smith (to the barber): I want the parting in the middle, sir.

Barber: Yes, sir; and what shall I do with the third hair?

Prof. Green: Mr. Hornback, what can you tell about the Mongolian race?

Mr. Hornback: I wasn't there, I went to the ball game.

Miss Acker: What are the children of the Czar called?

Miss Carr: Czardines.

Two of our young students recently at chapel, while some modern Demosthenes was orating, counted seven kinds of hair on the head of a young miss just in front of them. Delightful task!

Mr. Ray (doubtfully): Do you think we can squeeze in here?

Miss Watson (embarrassed): Don't you think we had better wait until we get home?

Mr. Bailey: When I graduate I shall step into a position at \$75 per.

Mr. Weir: Per what?

Mr. Bailey: Perhaps.

Warren State Bank

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