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Department of Management & Leadership

A specimen executed by Prof. W. C. Brownfield of Bowling Green Business University

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Anderson-22-

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.

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VOL. V.

JUNE, 1914

NO. 8

Concerning

We have gotten a little lax in our use of the good, old-fashioned term, dignity. We call men dignified when the opposite term applies. For instance, that bipedal iceberg with the expression of a chicken hatched from a cold storage egg isn't dignified. His presence would frostbite a May morning, or raise chilblains on the feet of progress, but he isn't dignified. He isn't even nhuman. Or, that pompous, strutting fellow whose outlook upon the world has backfired. No, he isn't dignified. He is merely inflated, and some day he will sit down upon a pin.

Well, what is dignity anyhow? To make sure, I called on Dr. Noah Webster for information. "Dignity," said he, "why, that refers to a noble, lofty mien; a severity of demeanor—" "Hold on, Doc," I cut in. "You've made a big hit in the word business, and, although it may be presumptuous, I'd like to top off your little climax. Dignity refers to a noble, lofty mien; a severity of demeanor. Guy Whitehead."

—Yes, Whitehead fits in as an integral part of the definition. He is just about the most dignified synonym that dignity and all the synonyms pertaining thereto have. Also, the mean annual loftiness of his noble, lofty mien is somewhat lofty; and when it comes to "severity of demeanor" he can put up just about the sweetest specimen of serene demeaning you ever set your optics on. Why, if he should

be in the midst of thinking out a thought some day, and should look up and see a terrific cyclone tearing down upon him, do you think he would drop the fragments of his thought and arrange his coat tail so as to warrant euchre being played thereon? Not at all; he would think said thought out to its logical conclusion, carefully dot the last i,



and annex the final period, and then step serenely aside just as the storm roared by.

Guy Whitehead was born July 4, 1888. July Fourth, that season when we shoot off fingers and plagiarism, when political grafters and violators of the child labor laws make flattering allusions to the American eagle, and when Dignity folds its tents and flaps its wings and hikes for Mexico. He was born at Rineyville, Hardin County, Ky. Rineyville has its traditions, one of which is the fast passenger train. Every afternoon at 1.05, the inhabitants assemble on their

front porches and listen reverently to the warning screech with which the train acknowledges the existence of the town. "My!" they will say to each other, "she seems to be a-romping along a little spryer'n common to-day."

—Rineyville has its traditions. It has also its features of progress, but it is shy in dignity as a wet shirt, or an August election. So, weighing all of these contraryward influences, we conclude that Guy's dignity reaches farther inward than the epidermis; that it is of durable quality, and its brand belongs in the elite circle inhabited by such well-known terms as: sterling, there's a reason, his master's voice, etc.

Guy has attended school at Rineyville, Vine Grove, Louisville, Elizabethtown, Bowling Green, Chicago, and Madison, Wisconsin. He has taught and supervised in schools at Rosedale, Louisiana, and Paducah, Kentucky. At present he is Supervisor of Manual Training in the schools of Paducah.

But sidestepping all these perfunctory biographical facts, and harking back to the main theme. As has been remarked, there is no veneer about Guy's dignity. He is about eighteen karat dignity all the way through, and no pressure or friction permits a glimpse at any baser material. Dignified ladies toting lorgnettes run to catch street cars; you've seen 'em. Old gentlemen wearing goatees, Prince Alberts, and canes get profanely and undignifiedly peeved whenever their corns are trod upon; you've heard 'em; but neither you nor anyone else ever heard or saw Guy Whitehead's dignity under any sort of acid test, crack, warp, or peel. Let a car leave him, poof! what does it matter: Life is long. There will be other cars. Once, he had been appointed Aid de Camp for a certain wedding. He missed the train he expected to take by a margin of ten feet. He missed the second train by five feet, and catching the third, which happened to be a little late, he arrived just as the bride's wedding gown was on the verge of going out of fashion. A State official invited Whitehead to his home for Thanksgiv-

ing dinner. At twelve all things were ready for the feast, but the guest. From twelve till two the temperature of the turkey steadily fell and that of the conversation ascended. At two Whitehead arrived just in time to prevent a conflagration. With the dignified bow of a cavalier he assuaged existing conditions, and all things were merry.

But Whitehead doesn't have to get by on his dignity alone. He is a thoroughly competent teacher and principal and has about the widest range of accurate information in existence. He is a prodigious reader, an intense observer, and has a memory that would have Old Chingachgook breaking into the absent-minded columns. Colonel Guilliams once assigned to one of his classes the task of preparing for a discussion of Malthus and his Theory of the Increase and Decrease of the Population. Probably you will recall that it was quite unpopular to fail to come into Room Fifteen surcharged with preparation. One young man, nameless here, searched diligently all through the institution for some word about Malthus, but failed to dig up a single authentic fact. He asked everyone he met for help, but in vain. He was in despair. Life is sweet.

Passing out the building he saw Whitehead standing with arms akimbo, and mind apparently in deep abstraction. He wasn't acquainted, but in his plight he paused not at formalities— "Yes," answered Whitehead, with quiet dignity. "I may be able to help you some. Malthus was born at Surrey, England, in 1766, just prior to the advent of the Dishwashing Era. He was bald, tall, thin and cadaverous. Professionally, he was a sort of composite made up from a wholesale produce dealer, a Census Bureau expert, and a logician. He had a theory that some day there would be more folks than food, and those who didn't get anything to eat would starve to death, and thus automatically check the population. You will find his book on Shelf Forty-seven at the Library of Congress, just between Peck's Sad Boy and How to Act on Occasions by Laura Jean Libbey."

—I mention this little semi-allegory to show you that as a dopester of data Whitehead is on his job.

—Yes, Whitehead has a noble, lofty mien; he is a serene demeanor, and in the matter of facts, mundane or else, he is plumb to the good—and then some.

—oOo—



It is said that memory never lets loose when it once gets possession. It holds every thought that comes.

Your thoughts help make your character. The envyings you indulge; the revenge you satisfy; the hatred you nurse; the unbecoming words you use; the selfishness you cherish; the ideals you destroy—all inoculate you with their virus and show in your character.

“Our highest conceptions of what we ought to be are but prophecies of what we may become.”

There is no question but what the end of a school year is the most strenuous in the whole round of a student's life. But is it not also the best time for real test? Is not the last home run, so to speak, the one in which the on-lookers, the men in the grandstand, become more interested and fasten their attention the keenest to see the race completed or the reasons for the contestants' failure to make the goal? Is

this not a time when people grow more selfish, more self-centered and thus defeat themselves, in the very end, of the very things for which they have labored so long and so hard? Is it not well to stop a few moments at this stage of your educational career, and see what you have accomplished, and in so doing see how well prepared you are to use what you have accumulated on the way?

Don't you believe you would be better prepared to face and solve the problems of life if, when you have recited your last lesson, performed your last experiment, you have spent some time with “Wisdom in his little house” in some quiet place before the college doors have checked their last time behind you?

It may be that your scholarship record is high and still one thing more may be needed for success to crown your efforts. Too often we clear our skies in one place and cloud them in another; then expect the sun to shine all the time. A little time alone, a few moments of introspection, a little visit, though it be a short one, to the “Temple of Truth,” which is located on the “Outer Edge-of-Things,” may be the things that will mean success to you.

Then don't forget that your success to a large degree depends on your ability to touch the lives of the people you meet. When love enters a darkened heart it is as if the lights had been turned on. Reach out and brush away the clouds from some poor life, and the sunshine will break through the rift upon you also. Wipe away the tears from your neighbor's face to-day, and your own eyes will be brighter to-morrow. Carry the grace of pure thoughts and high ideals into some lonely life in some lonely place to-day, and to-morrow your humanity will be radiating from the soul-centers over all the world about you.

The next issue of THE ELEVATOR will be the Commencement issue. Subscribe for the paper now and get everything that happens both in Commencement and the Summer School in condensed form.

News

An attractive Summer School Bulletin, containing much interesting information relative to the Summer School, has just been issued. Three addresses will be given during this term by Dr. Jonathan Rigdon, known to everyone as the President of the Winona Summer School. Also, President Jones, of the State Normal School at Murfreesboro, Tenn., will deliver several lectures. Dr. O. T. Corson, whom we remember as a most inspiring lecturer, will return this year for a week of his very helpful lectures. One of the most delightful features of this summer term is the coming of the Ben Greet Players. This company, with Ben Greet himself in the cast, will give three open-air performances on the campus, June 29th and 30th. On Monday night, "As You Like It" will be rendered; on Tuesday afternoon, "Twelfth Night," and on Tuesday night, "The Tempest."

The annual trip to Mammoth Cave, under the able leadership of Mr. Green, will be made on June 12th and 13th. Quite a number have signified their intention of taking this wholly delightful trip.

One of the most charming social events of the year was the informal reception given by President and Mrs. Cherry at their home on May 22nd. The interior of the home was decorated with cut flowers, and the lawn was hung with numerous Japanese lanterns. A string band furnished music during the evening. Delicious refreshments of punch and individual cakes were served.

A new feature of this Commencement Week will be the convocation of Superintendents of Western Kentucky. The meetings will be held on Normal Heights for the purpose of discussing the educational problems in Western Kentucky. The outlook for a large attendance is very flattering.

Miss Mattye Reid will take a course in Chicago University after the close of the Summer School.

Commencement Calendar.

Baccalaureate Sermon delivered by Dr. Butler, of Chicago University, on Sunday, June 7th.

Faculty reception to Seniors on Monday, June 8th, 4 p.m.

Concert by graduates of School of Music, Monday, June 8th, 8 p.m.

Senior play, "Everywoman," Tuesday, June 9th, 8 o'clock p.m.

Alumni address, delivered by A. L. Crabbe, Wednesday, June 10th, 10.30 o'clock a.m.

Business meeting of Alumni Association on Wednesday, June 10th, 3 o'clock p.m.

Alumni banquet, on Wednesday, June 10th, 6 p.m.

Address to graduating class, delivered by Dr. Reuben Post Halleck, on Thursday, June 11th, 10.30 a.m.

The Elevator Directory.

Below is only a partial list of the positions that will be filled by Normal students during the ensuing year, but it clearly shows the esteem in which the work of our students is held. THE ELEVATOR will follow them into their varied fields of work, heartily wishing to each and every one a signal success.

Ruth Allen, Clementsville, Ky.

Verna Anderson, Ready, Ky.

Forrest P. Bell, Hartford, Ky.

Elizabeth Bennett, Poole, Ky.

Linnie Bondurant, Cayce, Ky.

Frances Browning, Springfield, Ky.

Everett Capps, Macedonia, Ky.

Thenia Cavender, Mayfield, Ky.

O. W. Collie, White Oak School, Benton, Ky.

Meta Collie, Benton, Ky.
 Agnes Connolly, Spottsville, Ky.
 B. H. Crawford, Hazel, Ky.
 Beatrice Crisp, Murray, Ky.
 Vera Cunningham, Paducah, Ky., Route 7.
 O. G. Davis, Woodburn, Ky.
 Nell Baird Davis, Lee's Seminary.
 Rene Davis, Marrowbone, Ky.
 Vernon Dedman, Colbrass, Ky.
 Rupert Devasher, Austin, Ky.
 Carl E. Ellis, Sardis Consolidated High School, Sardis, Ky.
 Mary Edmunds, Louisville, Ky.
 Walter Evans, La Center, Ky.
 Frank G. Farris, Salem, Ky.
 Gertrude Fitzhugh, Diamond Springs, Ky.
 Mr. T. E. Fitzhugh, Principal of Island Graded and High School, Island, Ky.
 Mrs. T. E. Fitzhugh, seventh and eighth grades, Island Graded School, Island, Ky.
 Ima Foy, Fulton, Ky.
 Harry Ford, Sedalia, Ky.
 R. W. Franklin, Morton's Gap, Ky.
 Bessie Gary, Hopkinsville, Ky.
 Mary T. Gary, Kuttawa, Ky.
 Maymee Gray, Upton, Ky.
 Sallie Gregory, Mayfield, Ky.
 Mary E. Guidfoile, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
 Allene Hardaway, West Point, Ky.
 Essie Harrison, Murray, Ky.
 Aubrey Hendon, Almo, Ky.
 Isabel Herman, Dawson Springs, Ky.
 Letitia Hocker, South Carrollton, Ky.
 Effie Howton, Dawson's Springs, Ky.
 N. P. Hutson, Murray, Ky.
 Amy Jackson, Allen Springs, Ky.
 Adah Jameson, Moore, Ky.
 Alice Welsh Jones, Springfield, Ky.

Docie Jones, Mt. Pleasant, Ky.
 Huel Larkins, Consolidated School, Crofton, Ky.
 Ruth Lawrence, Smith's Grove, Ky.
 H. T. Leach, Taylortown, Ky.
 O. H. Likens, Caneyville, Ky.
 Beulah Lovelady, Louisville, Ky.
 Verda Lloyd, Beaver Dam, Ky.
 Mary Maggard, Hiseville, Ky.
 Susie Mason, Valley Dale School, Elizabethtown, Ky.
 Albert Mayes, Rose Hill, Ky.
 James McGovern, Reynolds Station, Ky.
 Earl Miller, Pleasant Grove, Ky.
 Lizzie Morton, Farmington, Ky.
 Lillie Orr, Boaz Station, Ky.
 Lottie Lee Osburne, St. Joseph, Ky.
 Violet Overfelt, Rocky Hill, Ky.
 Alice O'Brien, Crenshaw, Ky.
 Murrah Pace, Central City High School, Central City, Ky.
 Edith Pennebacker, Rock Haven, Ky.
 J. M. Porter, Golden Pond, Ky.
 Claudia Price, Cave City, Ky.
 Grey Radford, Murray, Ky.
 Mildred Roll, Drakesboro, Ky.
 Jonnie Ray, Brownsville, Ky.
 Cleva Shultz, Science Hill School Prentiss Ky.
 Nell Shutt, Greenville, Ky.
 Clay Singleton, Eubank, Ky.
 O'Dell W. Skaggs, Clifty, Ky.
 Miss Skaggs, Oakton, Ky.
 Dollie Smith, Watson District, Calloway County.
 Clara L. Steppe, Paragould, Ark.
 Add Tartar, Oakton, Ky.
 Alzada Turner, Russellville, Ky.
 Florence Underwood, Island, Ky.
 J. W. Vance, Glasgow Junction, Ky.
 Lillie B. Vance, Cave City, Ky.
 Nellie Van Cleve, Calhoun, Ky.

B. C. Walton, Glasgow Junction, Ky.
 Murrell Ward, Paducah, Ky., Route 7.
 Hal Washburne, Caneyville, Ky.
 Lizzie Watson, Bourbon, Ky.
 Hattie Wheeler, Marion, Ky.
 Mabel Williams, Bowling Green, Ky., Route 3.
 J. N. Witt, Principal of New Liberty High School, New Liberty, Ky.

Miss Lora Goodwin, who has met with such success in the Paducah schools, has been promoted to Louisville.

—oOo—

Looking Back

(Dedicated to those whose best articles are blue-penciled out of existence by the editor.)

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these, ‘It might have been.’”

Not before the monument of unsaid things, nor yet before the cenotaph of unexpressed thought, do we sorrowfully bow, but before the waste-basket of *said* things and *expressed* thought. THE ELEVATOR waste-basket, into whose depths have been thrust all our most delicate bits of imagery, all our softest and daintiest phrases, all our sublimest and most undoubtable philosophy, all our pet similes and metaphors, all our funniest and most split-siding jokes, all our longest and most intricate sentences, all our most artistic expression, yea, verily, all the outpourings of our heart of hearts,—composed at the expense of time, energy, pen-points, heart’s blood, imagination, perspiration, midn oil, lesson plans and history tests.

And now that our way of life has fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, we look back to our bygone days with bitter regret. All our youthful ambitions, hopes, aspirations, our

dreamed-of honor, fame, admiration, for the days that were to be, nipped in the bud, so to speak, by a relentless, unmerciful hand.

For our castles in Spain have dwindled into mere attics, our automobiles and aeroplanes have become mere dog-carts, our retinue of servants mere imaginary beings, and our world renown, mere nothingness.

And we look through our attic window down upon the everyday, work-a-day world beneath us, and we peer through the cracks in our rafters at the bits of smoky sky above, and there is but one thought, one supreme purpose left to our broken lives, to avenge ourselves upon the instrument of all our wrongs.

And who may it be, do you ask? Why, that observer of all observers keen, that utter-out of all cutters-out deadly, that tyrant of all tyrants tyrannical, the Editor.

—oOo—

Athletics

All in all, the season, while not as successful as last year’s was, has been satisfactory. Last year we had a seasoned team of trained veterans; this year saw many youngsters taking their first “try out.” Capt. Jones, our heaviest slugger, could not be with us at all, and Woody’s smoky delivery was missed near the close. All of our opponents were strong, well coached; not a few twirlers we faced are already dreaming dreams of fame in the big leagues. Many of the new comers upon our team have rounded into splendid players and since they are to be with us next year, the outlook is very bright indeed.

E. K. S. N. S., 1-3.

W. K. S. N. S., 0-11.

The first contest was pre-eminently a pitchers’ duel, worthy of a Class A league. For seven consecutive sessions the batters on both sides were mowed down in one-two-three order under the relentless fire of the opposing batter-

ies. In the eighth the Easterners sent two of Woody's offerings upon an exploring expedition to an unknown land and secured the one counter of the game. Woody twirled superb ball, and his support was ideal. The only reason for our goose egg lies in the fact that our sluggers couldn't solve the riddles offered by the Eastern pitcher.

The second contest was a slugging contest, the advantage lying with our boys. Our boys drove Shepherd from the slab in the third., who hoped to duplicate his success of the day before, relieved him, and suffered even worse treatment. A shower of opportune errors and safe hits resulted in five tallies in the fifth. After that they slowed up, being content with only one more. Mayo was hit freely, but the visitors were unable to stow them away in safe, snug corners. His one bad inning was the sixth, when a little clean hitting and many errors by our boys made their opportunity. At all other times, our field work was of the snappiest sort, and excited the admiration of all the fans.

First Game.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
E. K. S. N. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	— 1
W. K. S. N. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Second Game.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
E. K. S. N. S.	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	— 3
W. K. S. N. S.	0	2	2	1	5	0	1	0	0	— 11

Bethel, 5.

W. K. S. N. S., 9.

In some unaccountable way, the Bethel boys made way with our first game with them, and were hoping to run their jinx again. They started lovely. Our boys generously aid with a few costly errors. In the third, however, the Bethel southpaw got into trouble, with the bases full. Allison walloped a long triple to deep center. In the eighth our boys indulged in another little batting exhibition, which

netted three more. Welch made his debut as twirler upon the home ground, and hurled a great game, most of the visitors' runs being undeserved.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
Bethel	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	— 5
W. K. S. N. S.	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	3	0	— 9

E. K. S. N. S.,

W. K. S. N. S.,

For years we have been endeavoring to hang these Easterners' scalps in our wigwams, but this was the first time we were able to make a clean getaway. In both contests we batted their twirlers right and left, in season and out. Even, who shut our boys out on the home grounds, proved ineffective, being driven out in the fourth session of the first struggle. Smoky Woody and Wiley Mayo officiated for our victorious team and did it in their usual effective way.

First Game.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
E. K. S. N. S.										
W. K. S. N. S.										

Second Game.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R. H.
E. K. S. N. S.										
W. K. S. N. S.										

St. Mary's, 6.

W. K. S. N. S., 3.

A shift in our line-up was responsible for our defeat, as the visitors were presented with several of their runs through the generosity of our boys, who were attempting to wage the contest in strange territories. A homer by their twirler in the sixth clinched the contest. Welch pitched superb ball, but received bad support at times. The St. Mary's team is a very strong one, and it is the only one of contestants able to nab a whole series.

Score1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H.
 St. Mary's
 W. K. S. N. S.

Tenn. Nor. (Murfreesboro), 20-12. W. K. S. N. S., 5-6.

The whole united aggregation of jinxes and hoodoos evidently trounced down upon our luckless ball tossers. From all reports, the performances of our representatives were very much akin to the marvelous feats of the Jones Center Second Nine at first practice. It is said that twenty-eight errors were charged up to our boys in the first game. We surmise that regular baseball had grown stale and that our team was trying out a new experiment. If so, it must have been a success. Welch officiated at the mound in the first disaster, and Mayo in the second.

—oOo—

It "Shore" is Fun

What fun!—To write for a school paper.

When the day's temperature makes one almost believe that the equator has been moved north many degrees, the sun's most perpendicular ray seems to rest squarely on you, move as you will, and the air currents have all been chased away by the heat; then it is that every student longs for a little fun to relieve the mind of the strain of working out the why of such conditions.

Does the student schooled in the ways of fun-making don his coolest robe and wander away to some limpid stream, shaded by waving willows?—Far be it from him! With his much-cherished pad and pencil for companions, relieved of troublesome room-mates and visitors who have not yet gotten wisdom enough to see the delight of such proceedings, with an expression like that of a boy going to his first circus, a step like a king going to his own coronation, and thoughts like the soaring of a bird returned to liberty he seeks his accustomed desk, placed where not even the wiles

of Nature can lure him from his chosen(?) task. And by these signs be it known he is writing for the school paper.

Why work and worry planning outings or going out with the crowd—just for amusement, when the "primrose path" of self-made literature(?) lies gleaming before you? No, even the task of selecting a theme worries you in the least when 'tis the fascinating paper work that awaits you, for ever there is an all-wise judge in the disguise of Editor who turns his microscope of *fancy* upon each mind and there reads the dispositions, inclinations and longings for some particular kind of work and straightway assigns the very thing which puts the person on the plain of ecstasy and all is a land of wonder to him until the fatal moment when the production is turned in to be the delight of the unexacting Editor and that feeling that the-days-of-joy-are-past comes. But there are other joys that dot the way until the next monthly diagnosis comes and the proper remedies are prescribed when the new fun of genius-cure returns.

First is the expression of delightful anticipation which comes over the Editor's face when your work—the last, possibly, to be brought in—on the last day of the often-added "days of grace," is handed to him with a sigh of regret at parting with it. Next is the delicate way he has of expressing his appreciation of such high-grade work, showing by his silence and avoidance of the subject his belief in your modesty and his desire to save for you all the thrills which are to be your heritage when the school first sees it in print. Lastly, the full joy of popularity bursts upon you and on every hand such snatches of conversation as this comes to you, "I had to read that article over three or four times and *yet*—" and although you do not hear the climax, you know by that "yet" it is something exceedingly good(?).

Although your case be different at times, there can hardly be a mistake in the character of work to do. Be it a story, the fun of chasing butterflies over the hills of imagination is yours; be it an event of the school (which you didn't get

The Boat Excursion

The morn was dewy, fresh and sweet
 As from the east it drew its train
 Of sunshine, joys, and purest mirth,
 No tinge of shadows or of pain;
 'Twas May the twenty-third.

And as the morn approached, the merry girls and boys left their homes for the Public Square, where they caught the street cars which they loaded to the limit, and then some. But that was all right, for it is the Spirit of the stitution when the Normal School goes on a boat trip; the Normal School *was* going on a boat trip, so these cars witnessed many adventures on the way to the river. Chester Shaw won a Carnegie medal for catching a gnat in his eye and preventing it from being dashed to destruction on the top of the car. One car stopped twice to scare a chicken from the track, and three times because it was breaking the speed limit—going so slow.

When the cars reached the landing, the *Bowling Green* and *Chaperon* were waiting and soon, with whistle and bell echoing from the hills, the boats moved onward, toward Sallie's Rock.

There were no tears or partings, for Fate was kind and permitted each Evangeline and Gabriel to meet and mingle their laughter with the laughter of the river. Barren River was merry that day. It reflected the soft blue of the sky, the delicate green of the willows, the beauty of the hills, and the smiles of all nature.

The scenery was beautiful, but the *cutest* thing of all was Prof. Strahm, with a girl's hat on, as he tripped airily and lightly about. The boat thrilled throughout with the daintiness of his steps, yes, and even the fish at the bottom of the river, were moved. Prof. Green, as usual, was solemn; and like Prof. Strahm, caused pain to all—none could resist—they held their sides and yelled.

The boats stopped a short time at Brown's Lock, then sailed on, reaching Sallie's Rock at noon. Hardly had the gang-plank touched the land when girls and boys, with arms full of the things that help make a picnic, began to seek a cool shady spot to spread their lunch. Some found an old-time spring up in the woods—a real spring that was cool, quiet, and clear—and after drinking its magic water they forgot everything but joy and beauty.

Then there were valleys with towering, moss-covered cliffs—valleys through which streams played and ferns, odorous and tender, grew. And the forest was everywhere wild and beautiful; and silent save the songs of birds and happy voices.

All the lovers of romance stood on Sallie's Rock and, gazing upon the Barren, listened to the story of the faithful sweetheart who had watched the sun rise and set and the come up over the river as she waited for her lover. Perhaps some young(?) maid thought of the one for whom she had waited so long—one whom she had never seen—and she lingered on the rock and sighed for her coming(?) ideal.

At 3.30, from the dreams and shade the wanderers were called by the boat in a clear whistle that sounded throughout the woods. Then the *Chaperon*, the smaller boat, started back to stop no more till it reached the landing. There was music and merry voices, above which now and then sounded "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum" or "Lemonade and ice cream—strawberry cream." And these sounds were welcome, for the taste or the sight of the lunch prepared by the domestic science department made everyone anxious to buy something. At 7.15 p.m. the *Chaperon* stopped at the landing and blew, half in greeting to the city, half in farewell to the crowd that was hurrying to the waiting cars.

The *Bowling Green*, it seemed, needed no *Chaperon*, for it stopped at Greencastle for supper. There the crowd went to the woods to eat, make whistles, and take pictures—pictures that in themselves would tell interesting stories.

Again the whistle called and back came all to get seats so they might rest their weary bodies and enjoy the beauty around them.

The smoke from the boat drifted along in gauzy folds that softly blown by the breeze became so thin, so delicate and dainty that it was a fitting robe for a fairy.

Long after the sun had disappeared from the river it held the hill-tops in a golden net; but they gradually faded, and the evening star grew brighter.

"Beautiful was the night.
Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summits with silver, arose the moon."

As the banks grew shadowy they were lighted by the lamps of the fireflies; nymphs and fairies joined in a dance to the music of the breaking waves; and the frog's deep bass chorused with the songs that floated from the boat.

The boat reached the landing at 8.45 p.m. All were soon on the cars which carried them to town. And the day—the boat-excursion day—softly let down its curtain on the scenes of pleasure, but occasionally some one lifts a tiny edge of the curtain to gaze at what lies in its shade.



LITERARY.

The Vision

At some time in the early life of everyone, there comes a desire, a longing, an inspiration to do great things, to make one's life worth while, to stand head and shoulders above one's fellows. Here, all men are on the same level. How each follows his light of ambition, of longing for better things, will determine the plane upon which he will stand at the sunset of life.

One man is attracted by the glad and starts to follow; but he is soon confronted by what seems to be an impassable mountain, the mountain of ignorance. It frowns upon him so forbiddingly that he turns, with hardly a second look, to more pleasant things. After wandering for a time along the shaded path of indolence, gathering the gay flowers of pleasure, only to find that they wilt and die immediately they are plucked, he thinks again of the light which he started out to follow; but the mountain is much higher, much more inaccessible than before, and the light is so nearly gone that it seems to darken rather than to make more light the way. He is vaguely troubled, but wanders on, his ambition forgotten, hoping still to find some flower of pleasure whose perfume will last.

Another comes to the same mountain, and hesitates a b

to look from the shaded, blossom-bordered, much-traveled path at the bottom, to the barren, sun-beaten, rock-strewn way up the steep and forbidding mountain side. He is about to turn aside and follow the more-frequented way when suddenly the light flares out brighter than ever and he starts enthusiastically on his long climb. Soon he grows thirsty, the rocks are in his way, and he stumbles over them. Whenever he looks upward, he is imbued with fresh zeal to overcome the obstacles before him, but he rarely does so for fear of falling. He stops occasionally, and with more and more frequency, to look down into the valley where everything seems so beautiful, so quiet, and so free from cares. At last, he sits down to rest and think. Above him is a light, a vision of what might be, and it beckons. It is alluring—yes, but the way is hard. Can he ever reach it? Is the prize worth the struggle, after all? Below, there are no stones in the path and many people are going that way; maybe they know best how to gain the honors of life. Perhaps there is an easier way on the other side of the mountain. At the thought, he retraces his steps and is soon mingling with the crowd below. The clouds of indifference gradually gather about the light and it is soon wholly obscured from sight. Its one-time follower at first glanced at it occasionally, hoping to find an easy way, but the mountain grew steeper and more rugged, the light dimmer and dimmer, until he forgot to look, thinking only of the things about him.

This light, this inspiration, came to another man and he was apparently just as the first two. He, also, came to the mountain of ignorance, and the light shone at the top. kindled the longing in his breast until he saw neither the flowers, the shade, the pleasure-loving people below, nor the burning sun, the stony path, the desolate way above. He climbs steadily upward, keeping his face turned ever to the vision at the top. He sometimes stumbles, but unseen hands help him to his feet and he presses onward. Occasionally, clouds dim his vision—clouds of doubt, of pain, of

weariness, of thirst. At such moments, he falters, wondering if he has chosen the right way; the boulders before him seem insurmountable, and he hears on all sides whispers. "Other men have attained greatness without this awful struggle, why should you go on?" At such times he can hear what sounds like cries of joy and pleasure from those below and he almost wishes—but, no, he will not allow such thoughts to enter his mind. Struggling on in the darkness, the clouds are suddenly dispelled; his way is clear once more; the cries from below have in them a note of disappointment, of shallowness, of life unfulfilled that was not apparent before; the whispers are those of evil things, for he knows now that true greatness can be attained only through struggle.

At times here on the rugged mountain side, he comes to a parting of the way. It is not always easy to decide which is the true one, for there are false lights as well as misleading paths. But it is impossible to be led far astray with the vision of truth and high ideals ever before him, and the love of it all in his heart. Always, he climbs upward toward the realization of his vision. In his path there are still difficulties, but his example has encouraged others to follow and there are helping hands about him. The light which at first shone only for him, grows brighter and brighter, and more and more people are led upward by him who saw and believed.

Great leaders are God-given; only the one chooses the difficult way, while the many follow the way around, the easy way, the way that leads nowhere.

—oOo—

A Sketch

NIGHT SCENE ON AN OCEAN.

Fire! Fire! rang the cry from stem to stern. Frantic-stricken men and women dashed hither and thither, from

cabin to deck. The shrill, penetrating, ever-growing-louder cry of the whistle, piercing the foggy-dark that cloaked the *Alabama*, rent the cloudy black heavens above; through far-reaching nothingness this distress-weighted scream passed and lost itself in the distance. To east, north, west, and south stretched hundreds of miles of vessel-clear water. No help possibly could reach them. The hoarse voice of the stern-faced mate could easily be heard by those on deck as he shouted call after call for help, to the wireless. All was in vain: his words were quickly swallowed up by the dense fog surrounding the ship.

"Boats! Boats! Oh, where are the life-savers!" shrieked the women—but none were there. Both were to have been gotten at the first island, which was now five hundred miles away.

Bodies of trampled-down children were completely mashed as the fear-crazed passengers wildly hastened to land. Men and women madly leaped into the calm, still ocean which settled forever their agony-filled hearts.

Boards cracked, the fire crackled as the flames leaped from pole to pole. Over the writhing body of the captain fell a burning timber as he motioned his crew to jump. Sails fell, masts tumbled, the monstrous flames lapped in and out the big window spaces, and the monotony of the noiseless dark was broken only by the crashing of the timbers, softened by the roaring of the fire, together with the groans and screams of the dying that were on deck or in the sea.

Higher and higher leaped the flames; bigger and bigger grew the blaze; the ship toppled; little by little it sank and gradually the sizzling of the hot timbers melted away into the peaceful calmness of the surrounding atmosphere.

A Short Story Without an End

The long-expected happened. Of course, in our heart of hearts, we knew that this assignment was inevitable. Who, noting the masterfully graduated scale in which Miss Reid increased our daily labors, could doubt it? We knew that the same wise hand which led us kindly, but firmly, from the comparatively easy task of writing a simple theme, on to Shakespearian criticism, story-telling, magazine writing, newspaper editing, and composing of novels, we knew that this same wise hand, ever widening the scope of our labors to our expanding intellect, *must* lead us at last to the final Exceeding High Mountain. And yet, long foreseen as it was, the actual falling of the blow came suddenly. Perhaps it was because a sweet April peacefulness had crept into the class room that spring morning, perhaps because we had had nothing to write that week except half a dozen sonnets a la Browning, perhaps for these or for other reasons, when Miss Reid announced, "Your assignment for next week is to write a *Story that Never Ends*," there was a silence of stricken souls. You could have heard a pin fall. (What a luxury it is, in the privacy of our own ELEVATOR, to use a trite expression!) Even Clardy Moore, who goes about on the field of English, like a roaring lion seeking what he may devour, even he turned pale.

Is it not strange that though we know an event to be inevitable, its actual occurrence shocks us with all the force of surprise? We who had been deftly led from novel writing to conversing in flawless blank verse, we who had long known we were being brought by degrees to the climax of our labors, we who had faced so many "greary Grendels," were shaken.

(NOTE.—This last paragraph is according to a type we learned when required to write a novel in the style of George Eliot. To pause and philosophize in the midst of a story is a very convenient device, especially in oral English, where

one often needs a place in which to invent what is coming next.)

It is not the object of this article to picture our tortures in composing *The Story that Never Ends* or to tell how oft in the stilly night slumber's chain did not bind us. To bring the gruesome before the eye of the readers is not artistic. I pass over this period, therefore, to the Day of Destiny when we assembled to decide whether our pass in English was to be or not to be. The class as a whole, was haggard as to face, and apoplectic as to figure, due to the amount of manuscript that bulged from every pocket. J. S. Brown bore the fruit of his labors in a wheelbarrow, and little Carrie Bennybakker was quite invisible to the naked eye behind her reams of theme paper.

"Will you read first, please, Mr. Grise?" said Miss Reid, with an encouraging smile.

Mr. Grise rose, trembling with mental fatigue.

"Once, long ago," he read, "a man named Smith came to the Normal and took five solids, plus Grammar 3; he failed in Grammar 3 and took it over next term; failed that term and took it next term; failed, etc."

After listening to this for fifteen minutes, Miss Reid interrupted. "Does your story have an end, Mr. Grise?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is too monotonous."

Mr. Grise dropped his chin in his collar for a moment—then his face brightened with a happy thought.

"I can have him take Arithmetic 2 for variety."

"I am sorry," said Miss Reid, gently dismissing him, "your story is too realistic; true art must not be a photograph of life."

Mr. Grise took his defeat with a manly smile that wrung our hearts.

Mr. John C. Davis was next called upon. He stood forth bravely.

"My story has no end," he announced.

"Yes?" encouraged Miss Reid.

"Because it never had any beginning."

Mr. Davis sat down amidst a pained silence.

With despair wakening in her eyes, Miss Reid turned to me:

"Are you prepared, Mr. ———?"

And now, dear reader, I beg that you will not consider me egotistical for giving my own story. I am most modest of mien, and it is only upon the insistence of my teacher and friends that I consent to publish.

"The Short Story Without an End."

"A Kit-Kat, a Junior, and a Senior were once brought together by chance.

"I will tell you the story of my life and ambitions," said the Senior. "I have passed through the embryonic stages of being a Kit-Kat and a Junior. Now I am a Senior. Our class is the glass of fashion and the mold of form for all the student-body. We lead and the other societies follow—"

NOTE.—There is so much artistic temper among these high-browed English students that I don't dare turn down this article, but whenever I get one of these contributions that end so artistically nobody can get the point, I "wished I belonged to a family what swore." When I tried to get the author to explain the point, he said disgustedly, "Why, of course the Senior's story did not end—a Kit-Kat and a Junior were there."

Now, if anyone can make anything out of that, please announce it in chapel and oblige,
THE EDITOR.

"Hamlet"

In the vivid art gallery of life, which is filled with throbbing pictures from a wand-touched hand, let us pause for a while before two strikingly different pictures. The curtain is raised from the first and a soft ripple of applause breaks over us as we see the very essence of an ideal life.

Little gleams of mellow light seem to burst from the scene, everything is just as our souls think it should be, a wonderful commingling of grandeur, beauty, gentleness, satisfaction and love, all pleasing to the soul. Nature is smiling, the hills are smooth and restful, the roads are like silver ribbons brodered with flowers. Sunshine everywhere. The one good, strong word, noble, describes the central figure, yet, under that word you might write, happy, smiling, optimistic, graceful and intellectual, or as fitly could be added:

"Oh, what a noble mind is here, the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword; the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers."

In the background we see pleasure and joy dancing in rosy light, while more sober Duty sits sedately by; but Duty here is so transformed by the amber atmosphere that it were hard to tell which were joy and which were Duty. Let us look long and lingeringly on this picture and look in vain for the title.

The veil is removed, disclosing our second picture. A tense straitening of muscles and quivering of nerves is our only applause. We are all but overthrown by the change in the scene before us. The blackness of it is so sombre that gleams of darkness seem to emanate from the canvas. The tragic unfitness of things stirs our souls. A sublime presentation of sorrow, tragedy, strength, pathos, inexorableness and inevitableness, awful to the eye. Nature is torn asunder, the hills are rent with gaping rocks, the roads

are like steep, impenetrable ravines, inky with blackness. Darkness everywhere. The one heartrending word, *blaste* almost describes the central figure, yet nobleness remains intensified combined with intellect, passion and grandeur. The weight of ages seem to have been suddenly piled upon the strong young shoulders. Joy and pleasure lay beaten—dead, while here Duty stands, a grim, gray figure with blood-stained hands. In letters of fire is written on the broad brow, "The time is out of joint; oh, cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right."

Look not in vain for a title here, for gleamingly it stands out. "Deep Life" we read, and turn away only to come again and again, strangely fascinated, living and suffering in this picture, while by the first we were simply pleased.

So in this drama of life called Hamlet, we have suggested to us, the career, which the grand, sensitive, high-strung soul might have led, and with wondrously pulsating strokes we have painted for us, the career, which the marvelous, sensitive, high-strung soul, towering magnificently above the common souls around it, was compelled to lead by the iron hand of fate.

It seems that Shakespeare truly realized that the life struggle of a wonderfully inexplicably constructed instrument of God, which we call a soul, would be a baffling puzzle through all the ages, hence Hamlet continually seems to mock us, saying, "thus far mayst thou come, but no farther," and our futile searchlights are swallowed by darkness stronger than any light. However, through the darkness glittering flashes, as clear as noonday sun, light up certain phases in the character of this man of destiny. He was a man of superb intellect, and he gloried in his intellect as an athlete glories in his strength. This deep intellectual power of his might have led him, in the life he might have lived, to the topmost heights of scientific or philosophical fame. In the life he was destined to live this phase of character made him infinitely the master of those around him, enabling him to read lesser minds instantaneously, to

be conscious of his superiority, to realize his doomed fate to perceive in flashlights and to probe everything like blue steel.

Side by side with this massive Teutonic intellect is as clearly shown his sensitive moral nature, of so delicate a structure, of so finely constructed material, that to speak of it in mere words to mere, everyday life mortals, is like beating against iron bars. Marvel with what baseness, what coarseness, what cunning and what terrible duty this intellectual mind and intensely moral high-minded nature are confronted, and forced to set right. Herein must lie the secret of his apparent vacillation, for he proved nobly that it was only the duty with blood-stained that he hesitates to obey. He realizes fully that he can never take the pure star Ophelia, to light his way through the deep ravines. No, he must go alone, and unflinchingly he puts her aside, giving her up for her own sweet sake, not that it was a relief to his storm-stricken soul. Do we not know that many another man would have dragged her selfishly into the dark depths of the mire, as the King does Gertrude, because his own selfish passion would not permit him to give her up? Far better for gentle Ophelia her sad death under the gray willows than the sleepless agony of Lady Macbeth.

Again duty beckons Hamlet to the heart-bursting task of reforming his gentle mother. Hard? Yes, doubly hard for such a sensitive soul. Does he hesitate? No, a thousand times no; but remember how desperate earnestness and passionate zeal so arouse and wrap her about that she is truly saved.

It is only before the grim, avenging, Norse duty, urging him on to revenge, that his high-souled, crime-aborring, treachery-hating nature shrinks. He spends not his time in vain regrets for the old, happy life so rudely blotted out, but his soul writhes that he can find no open, honorable way to meet his father's murderer. He considers this a weakness and attempts to lash himself by bloody talk into the proper attitude which would be natural to a Teuton of com-

mon clay; but in vain the too fine strings quiver and ring out, jangled notes of agony, until the Divine Master takes events into His own firm hand, bringing out of the discord, not joyous notes, but one last, solemn, beautiful, sublimely sad chord, and the exquisite but misplaced instrument is removed, to be repaired in the maker's workshop.

One last review and then with Horatio we will say, "Good-night, sweet Prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

To portray all of Hamlet's character would be as impossible as to understand it. We have spoken of his greatest and most striking characteristics, but the half has not been told.

Around the brilliant suns of his intellect and fine moral nature revolve the clear stars of his keen wit, gentle humor, mastery of words, breadth of thought, love for truth, unselfishness, power to read human nature, noble courtesy and, at last, his faith shining gloriously at the end. Mingled with these are innumerable soft asteroids of little touches so essential to a perfect creation. All together this unfathomable handiwork produces a music of the spheres so strange yet so divine, that I feel that we can say to each other after viewing it, "There are more things in heaven or earth, Shakespeare students, than are dreamed of in our philosophy, oh, we of little understanding."

—oOo—

Passing the Cayenne

LOST.—Between Sallie's Rock and Normal Hill, a little red dog with a black wiggling tail.—Miss Acker.

George Page to Mr. Compton: "How is Mr. Burton's head different from fly paper?"

Mr. C.: "Why, when flies strike the paper they stick and die; but when they strike Mr. Burton's head, they slip off and kill themselves."

Dr. Kinnaman, in making announcements, read the following. "Lost—One short-horned, brindle cow. If found, please notify Mr. Fitz, 1389 Park Street." And then he added: "Please bring all lost material to the office, and the owner will come there to find it."

Mr. R. H. Matthews: "I'm going to change my name, so that it will be Mason Marshall Matthews."

Chester Shaw: "What for?"

Mr. M.: "Because, Miss Layman is so fond of alliteration."

Mr. Jeff Smith, in a low whisper to Miss Clemens, at the Library desk: "Will you give me 'Greater Inclination'?"

Miss Clemens reddened a little and replied: "I'm afraid I can't; but if you will call some time after four o'clock I try it."

Prof. Green: "What kind of soil do you have in your county, Sandy Singleton?"

Singleton: "No, it is mostly red clay."

Mr. Cubin, in a theme describing the boat excursion, said: "The students came to the cars one in a gang and one in a gang, but at last Jack Crafton, Victor Strahm and Will Sadler came up all by themselves."

Bert Smith, to Miss McCluskey: "I'd have bought chewing gum instead of that 'Votes for Women' button."

Miss Mc.: "Oh, yes, Bert; but you know there are some people who do not think in terms of chewing gum."

Prof. Craig: "I certainly do sympathize with Miss Reid."

Prof. Green: "How's that?"

Prof. Craig: "Why, think of all the trouble you have with your Senior children and all that I have with my Jun-

iors; but poor Miss Reid has all that bunch of squalling Kit-Kats and a crowd of Pyerian step-children besides."

Mr. Rebarker, to Andrew Parker (who has red hair): "I see that Col. Roosevelt has discovered the River of Doubt."

Mr. Parker: "Yes; but I discovered sumpin wusser'n that."

Mr. R.: "What was it?"

Mr. P.: "Why, down at Red Bilen Springs there's a well with three kinds of water in it: fresh water on top, sulphur in the middle, and oil on the bottom."

"What are the three great essentials for matrimony?" asked Mr. Matthews of Mr. E. B. Baker.

Mr. B.: "Love-a-lady and a Baker."

Mr. Sickles (in Modern History): "Who is the greatest inventor of modern times?"

Isom Mitchell: "Prof. Alexander."

Mr. S.: "What has he invented?"

Mitchell: "A practical rural arithmetic and a teachophone."

Miss Reid (to English 3 Class): "Write a sentence punning on the names of any three students."—A moment later: "You may read your sentence, Mr. Skaggs."

Mr. Skaggs: "I Pace-d through Latin One, and now I am Meek-s (ly) and Sweet-s (ly) taking it over again."

Prof. Burton: "Whom do you deem the greatest modern writer of verse, Miss Burks?"

"Mr. W. C. Wilson," answered Miss B., with much confidence."

Prof. Green: "Miss Manning, where are the temperate zones?"

Miss M.: "Between the North and South Pole."

"What happened in 449?" inquired Miss Acker in English History?

Mr. Berthal Vincent answered very promptly: "Cæsar discovered the Ablative Absolute."

Prof. Clagett: "Brown, what does 'ingle' mean?"

Leslie Brown: "I don't know."

Prof. C.: "What? Didn't you look that up?"

Leslie Brown: "No, Prof., I couldn't find any *vocabulary*."

Miss Wand: "I think this old geometry is silly."

Prof. Alexander: "Why?"

Miss Wand: "Because it calls this angle a cute angle, when it's not cute at all."

Mr. Vincent (in Logic): "I am going to assume that I know this."

Dean Kinnaman: "Yes, but you, as usual, assume to know too much."

Mr. Hughes (in Agriculture class): "Most of the land in that section is rolling. What is their greatest problem?"

Mrs. Fitzhugh: "Stopping it."

Miss Booth. "Did you see the hairy vetch Mr. Hughes brought to class to-day?"

Miss Cox: "Harry Vetch? No; how did he look? Is he married?"

Lyda May Lewis: "I caught a beau as I went to Mr. Young's orchard. You know we went on a hay wagon."

Miss Lovelady: "Where did you ride?"

Lyda May: "On the coupling pole."

Mr. Sheffer: "You know, when we go down to fight the Mexicans we cannot carry anything with us but our arms, some food, and water."

Mr. Compton: "Blamed if I am going, then. You know I cannot get along without my hair oil and perfume."

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