

3-1912

UA12/1/1 Elevator, Vol. III, No. 5

Western Kentucky University

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The Western Kentucky State Normal School

The Summer School of 1912

The Normal is already at work on a plan to make the Summer School of 1912 far-reaching in its influence and a strong factor in the development of the educational life of the South. The Summer School organization will attempt to double last year's enrollment and to, at the same time, offer many new and special courses of study. Regular and special work will be offered; and in addition to this, many high-class Chautauqua programs will characterize the occasion. Persons desiring to do so may pursue regular work or take only one branch or one series of lectures. Teachers who have been busily engaged during the entire year and who do not desire to do heavy work may combine rest, recreation, instruction, inspiration and relaxation by electing light work. The school will be conducted on Normal Heights, one of the most delightful places in this country for a Summer School. It is, indeed, an ideal spot to spend a few weeks during the summer. The Institution has a handsome campus and will be glad to arrange for more than one hundred tents for persons who desire to adopt this method of living during the next Summer School. Arrangements will be made for women, as well as men, who desire to live in tents while in attendance. The grounds will be looked after from a sanitary standpoint as well as carefully disciplined. Students will have an opportunity to do self-boarding or to take their meals at nominal rates near the camping grounds. Persons, as nearly as possible, should furnish their own tents, or rent them before coming to Bowling Green. All who would like to become one of the two hundred camping party on Normal Heights during the Summer School of 1912, should write us concerning their purpose. Persons desiring private board in elegant private families can get same at nominal rates. Board in School Homes can be had for \$11.50 per month, everything furnished.

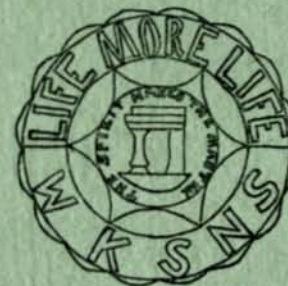
The Mid-Winter Term.

Most of the public schools of Kentucky will have closed before the opening of the Mid-Winter Term on January 30, 1912. Hundreds of new students will enter the Normal at the beginning of this term. Judging from the correspondence and from reports in the field, the enrollment at the beginning of this term will be the largest ever known in the history of the Institution.

The Elevator

GOING UP?

MARCH, 1912



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THE ELEVATOR



Vol. III.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., MARCH, 1912.

No. 5

LITERARY



Paul H. Gray, Jr.

BOYHOOD.

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.”

A great world that can be bought at no price is boyhood. Its streams spring from fountains set round about with precious stones, and flow over sands of gold; its skies are vast seas where every bark that sails bears a cargo of great hopes and anticipated achievements; its forests are full of fancies and whims that, like the autumn leaves, oft fall to earth; its meadows teem with flowers and aromatic herbs that breathe forth an odor of honest deeds. Vast in extent

this empire lies, though often bounded by narrow terrestrial walls.

Boyhood is the truly *real* world. Its feastings, its joys, its loves, its fancies, its sorrows—all are as real as life itself. The fabled Fountain of Perpetual Youth has been located and it lies in the hazy forests of Boyhood.

Why do earthly foods have such a flavor of ambrosial nectar to the boy? Being a natural creature he has natural tastes. The wild fruit by the wayside appeals to his palate; only the boy knows the true flavor of the forest dainties. The boy enjoys his food because he creates an atmosphere about him that enhances the value of the most common dishes.

"Oh, for festal dainties spread
Like my bowl of milk and bread."

Hidden away in the secret recesses of every stalwart man's heart are memories of his first infatuation with the opposite sex. Kept from sight in some old treasured cabinet there are probably a few bits of paper on which are written in a childish hand and signed by her, whose name was once a synonym for all that pleases or delights, such Shakesperian stanzas as this:

"As sure as the vine grows round the stump,
You are my darling sugar-lump."

Is there on this fair earth a monster so vile as to say that these lines do not contain all the elements of real poetry? Milton nor Homer, Shelley nor Tennyson has written anything that appeals more to the boyish heart than these immortal words that are known to every lad and lassie.

What a wonderful realm is the night to the boy! Ghosts and elves are realities to him. The wild flowers are beings like unto himself; there is a bond of sympathy between him and animal life that manhood wots not of. He knows

"How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
And the wood-grapes' clusters shine."

Mythology is history to him. Apollo actually drives his chariot across the sky, witches hold real dances on the lawns, fairies attend him on every journey.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees in it his joy!"

What should be the value of the first bold resolution of boyhood? In the mind of the man it is without price. Go ask the great leaders in this busy world of action what they treasure most, and they will tell you that it is the realization of some fond ambition of boyhood. Happy should be the man whose adult life has brought into existence some of the airy castles designed in his youthful days.

Is boyhood as greatly appreciated as it should be? Not by any means. All the while the boy is playing leap-frog with his companions and running errands for his mother, he is wishing to become like those gigantic creatures commonly called men. True, he finds joy in his natural, primitive life, but the desires for manhood's estate are almost irresistible. I count that man one of the fortunate who can retain in his grown-up days much of the ambition, the dreaming, and the innocence of his boyhood.

All hail to the boy! God bless him and prosper him, for the government will soon be upon his shoulders, and "his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor" only in proportion to the way in which he spends his boyhood.

"Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon those feet must hide

In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like the colt's, for work be shod,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground.
Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!"

—oOo—

CULLINGS.

The song of the harvest-fly takes us in imagination back to Hellenic lands, where the music of the cicada was considered superior to that of any bird; to the Black Forest, where the story is told of the selfish maiden, Cicada, who refused to give food to a fairy, and in punishment for her unkindness, was changed into an insect whose sputtering music will ever remind the children of men that their misdeeds will meet their reward; to Egypt, where Scarabeus, the beetle, was worshiped as a god by those great builders of the long ago; and to the trackless forests of primitive America, where every living creature was held sacred by the imaginative red man of the wild. He who hears the note of insect or bird, sees a wayside flower or a constellation, or comes into contact with delightful odors without associating each with all the elemental poetry of his make-up, fails to get half, ay, more than half, of the beauty of life that is his heritage.

"Age of Gold!" Have we been dreaming of a time that ne'er shall be,
When the hosts of Evil Spirits on the land and on the sea
Will forever be downtrodden by the mighty power of Right,
And the minds of men be brightened by the never-ceasing
Light?

Janus played double and escaped the condemnation that comes to two-faced individuals, but none of his numerous followers have been so favored by the fates. He who wears a mask must some day reveal his real features, for divine retribution is just as sure as when Aeschylus and Sophocles pictured the punishments of Oedipus and Orestes. Nemesis is not dead nor is she even sleeping, and the snaky-locked Furies have never and will never forget their sacred, yet terrible, office.

There is an odor of the woodlands about all the writings of James Lane Allen, a flavor of old cedars, a ripple of Kentucky brooks, a splash of color like an October landscape among the knobs. If more of our great-hearted Kentuckians had the spirit of this, our loved son,—a spirit of divination of the innermost secrets of nature,—many of the materialistic tendencies of the time would be rendered harmless.

What is patriotism? Is it the dare-devil courage required to face a battery belching forth hell and destruction? Is it the spirit of the military genius that prompts him to plan and execute campaigns of war? Is it that indefinable something that causes us to honor the heroes of the past? Patriotism is, in its broadest sense, devotion to duty, whether in peace or war, on the battlefields of the world or in the quiet, peaceful ranks of those who by slow degrees are pushing forward our standards of living.

Methinks, if a man would make a lasting memorial for himself,—one of the very best, because of its æsthetic effect upon his followers and friends, would be to plant a hedge or

other shrubbery where birds might nest and enliven the hours of summer with their songs.

Why is the pewee sad; why does he pour forth his soul in such plaintive melody? Does he not enjoy those quick aerial sallies after insects that he is so constantly making? Is there anything about the workmanship of his lichen-covered nest that should make him have feelings of regret? On the other hand, why is the orchard oriole so merry? I believe him a veritable egotist because of his skill in basketry. Then, too, he feeds upon fresh wild fruits and his spirits are always sharpened.

—
Charm of the Woods.

In boyhood days I loved the woods,
Their dancing streams and fair;
And oft within their solitudes
I drank the perfumed air.

The gleaming red of berries bright,
The dancing shadows gay,
Did then my boyish heart delight,
And bless me at my play.

The dewdrops on the springing flower
Reflecting back the light,
Made happy many a morning hour
And brought sweet dreams at night.

The warbling birds, that hailed the morn
With carols full of joy,
Made all the earth as if new born
To me, a sinless boy.

From year to year the seasons came
And left with swifter flight,
But yet my joy remained the same,
Still my young life was bright.

Before I knew the circling years
Had brought me manhood's prime,

Departed were my childish fears;
I felt the weight of time.

Yet still I count it perfect joy
To wander all alone
To see the wood as when a boy,
And every flower and stone.

—oOo—

Nixon-Roulet's Indian Folk Tales. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet, Author of Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales, etc. Cloth, 12mo, 192 pages, with illustrations. Price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

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—oOo—

Nutting's Latin Primer. By M. C. Nutting, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Latin, University of California. Cloth, 12mo, 240 pages. Price, 50 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

—oOo—

The optimist is the man who can make lemonade at night out of the lemons handed him during the day.—Dr. S. M. Miller.

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

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VOL. III. MARCH 1912. NO. 5



"When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain."

No one need tell us that the spring spirit is here when we find the first flower after the snowbanks have melted. No matter how civilized we have become during the winter because of being detained indoors, all our native wildness

breaks forth when the grass begins to show the touch of springtime's magic hand. It is well that there is a springtime to stir us from the lethargy that winter too often fosters. The vernal season is the time pre-eminent for beginning new things. Napoleon's dream of a vast world empire was shattered on a spring morning at Waterloo. April saw the first array of Americans stand for freedom at Concord and Lexington, as well as the first and also the last bloodshed of our fatal Civil War, and Admiral Dewey brought the Spanish-American War to a close by the daring battle of Manila, May 1, 1898. Yea, more, the greater movements for the betterment of humanity have originated in the spring. And who can wonder why these things are true? Does not the awakening life all about us at this season fill us with new ambitions, new hopes, new desires? Spring is truly the birthtime of the race as well as of the year.

—o—
Have you subscribed for **THE ELEVATOR**? Don't delay.

—o—
Faulty Fruit.

"The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground."

—Shakespeare.

Bubonic plague is but a name, Asiatic cholera no longer claims thousands as its victims, typhoid fever is gradually disappearing, and even tuberculosis, the "great white plague," bids fair to be brought under control in the near future; but a single disease, not even listed in the doctors' books, is wasting more lives than all these combined. So sly is it in its workings that no one knows the exact number of its victims, and the most horrifying part of it all is that few people are trying to stamp it out. Regularly about this time of year we hear of countless ones whose faith has failed them, whose aspirations are sadly shaken; and many an anxious mother sees returning to her arms the boy who lately left so full of great ambitions. The deadly affection

has laid its awful finger upon him, and unless he can succeed in shaking himself free from its fetters he must soon be consigned to oblivion. And what, pray, is this loathsome malady that silently claims so many of our promising youths? It is *Spring Fever*.

—o—

Is it *money* or *service* that you are seeking?

—o—

Cupid and Spring.

When the gods had made the earth, each one chose some part of the year as his own. Thus, Boreas, the north wind, preferred winter to any season; Ceres, goddess of harvests, took autumn for her own; Apollo, the sun-god, thought summer the most delightful time; but Cupid and Proserpina chose spring, the former because of its awakening life, the latter because of its awakening love. Together they have ruled at that season, and just as surely as the buds open and the birds return from the South, just so surely do the thoughts of those in whom there are still some traces of romance "turn to dreams of love." And it is not bad that this is true, for how could the old earth get along without the thousand little romances that are continually going on about us? If you've never felt the thrill of this springtime affection, resolve to put the most of your energy this year into an effort to acquire it.

—o—

Does the world look dark? Then smile, "even if it hurts."

—o—

Plans.

We love to have variety in our paper. Consequently, the next three issues of this paper will be in the hands of the three literary societies: Kit-Kats, Juniors, and Seniors. The next issue, April, edited by the Kit-Kats will, we know, be a good one, for the class is a large one and has plenty of talent. The Juniors and Seniors will also do A-1 work in May and June. Help boost your special number by all means.

News and Other Things

—

Miss Mary Henry, whom many of the students of 1908-9 will remember, has had a very successful year at Waller School, Union County.

—

"The successful life is the one that narrows the gulf between what I am and what I hope to be."—*Heard at chapel.*

—

Here is a letter so good that we publish all of it. Read, and see a few things for yourself:

Olmstead, Ky.

THE ELEVATOR,

Bowling Green, Ky.

Dear Mr. Editor: Although it is surely true that the *Normal rush* follows us to the school room, where everything depends on the poor teacher, still, when you frighten me nearly out of my wits by promising to free me of the monthly pleasure of reading THE ELEVATOR, I suppose I must lose a few minutes from my duties and send you this little "persuader," which will induce you to send it as of old. I not only get a great deal of pleasure out of my paper myself, but after I have imbibed energy, spirit and boundless enthusiasm and ambition from its encouraging pages, I send it on to other "Normalites," not able to take this bundle of news and inspiration.

With the thermometer at zero, and a two-miles' trudge back and forth to the schoolhouse each day, school enthusiasm is greatly needed to keep my weary, discouraged body from falling by the wayside. But I must say that my school is as full as any country school can be under the circumstances—and I am sure we have all the energy and progressiveness that can come to us.

We have so thoroughly discussed and so much abhor the tuberculosis germ in our school, also the other contagious

diseases, that not a pupil have I who would drink from any besides his own drinking cup; who will drink any water that is not fresh and as pure as we can have; who does not boast that his parents are letting more air in their rooms at night; who will not talk freely to you about the danger of such things as public drinking cups, cigarettes and whiskey. I have not a child in school who uses tobacco—not only because it is not allowed them, but because they know and appreciate the harm that comes from its use.

The children, especially the boys, are becoming as much interested and as great lovers of birds and animals as I am myself, and I believe their lessons will go with them through life.

I have one more pupil for the Normal next year, but trust he can attend a high school first, since that is what the country pupil needs after he finishes here in our district school.

This is my second year here, and I have been asked to teach again next year, with the promise of as good salary as I can get anywhere in the county. I don't think I am teaching the children very much, but they will know a few things about sanitation that they have not had the chance to know before. I think the schools which have had a Normal teacher "will rise up and call Dr. Mutchler blessed."

If nothing unforeseen happens I shall set my face toward the Normal the first of April. I can hardly wait for the time to come and see my old friends again.

Success to you ELEVATOR boosters; continue in the good work; may there be no downward paths for you and the Normal!

Sincerely,

JENNIE L. ETTER.

Dr. K. (to Miss Hyde, who said she was late at class): You're forty, I believe?

Miss H. (blushing): No, not quite.

LOST—A large, roomy heart. If found, report to Otis B. Taylor.

W. O. Toy

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