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Western Kentucky State Normal School

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

The Fall Session of the Western Normal opens September 12, 1916. See your County Superintendent and secure free tuition.

A part of Normal Heights showing a front view of the grounds and the Administration Building. A large half-tone picture of the above is being published and will be mailed to all persons writing or asking for it.

The annual attendance of the Western Normal during the present scholastic year will reach 1,800 different student-teachers, not counting the five hundred pupils of the Training School. This is the largest enrollment the institution has ever had.

We are counting on the former students of the institution to see that the attendance during the next scholastic year shows the usual increase. The management of the institution is deeply grateful to the student-body for the great work they did last year in increasing the attendance without making it necessary for the institution to put special solicitors in the field.

We earnestly request the former students to organize the institutes and make a systematic canvass of not only those persons who attend the institute, but of all other persons who have in mind entering the institution.

Over 400 different high school graduates have entered the Western Normal during the present year and, judging from the present outlook, more than 600 high school graduates will enter next year. The high school graduate enjoys an exceptionally fine educational opportunity in this institution.

Persons desiring a certificate should enter the Western Normal and take one of the three courses which lead to certificates. Under the law, the school has the privilege of issuing a Two-Year Certificate to persons completing the Elementary Certificate Course, a Four-Year Certificate to persons completing the Intermediate Course, and a Life Certificate to persons completing the Advanced Course. All of these certificates permit the holders to teach anywhere in Kentucky without examination.

A program of the work that will be offered next year has been worked out in detail, showing exactly what will be offered during each term. This program will be forwarded to persons requesting it.

Faculty and office force of the Western Kentucky State Normal School. A large size half-tone picture of the above is being issued and will be ready for distribution within a few weeks. Persons desiring a picture can secure the same by asking or writing for it.

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For further information, write

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



BOWLING GREEN, KY., JULY, 1916

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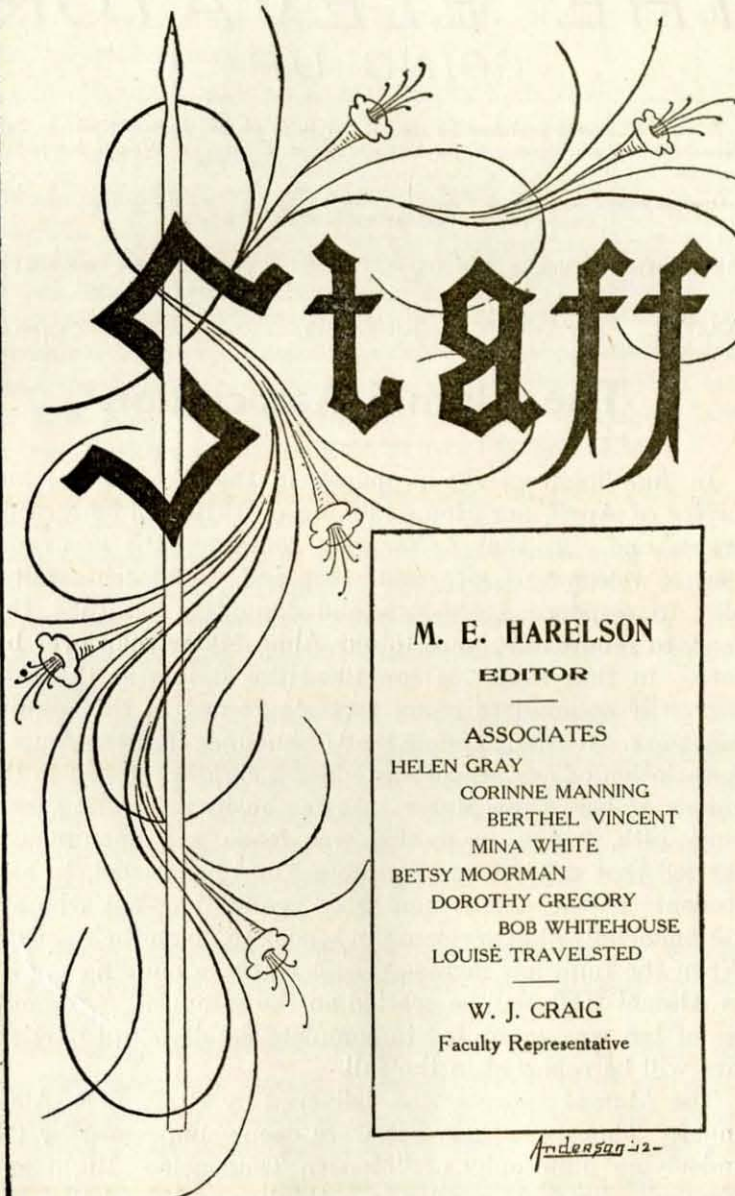
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THE ELEVATOR

GOING UP ?

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

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

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VOL. VII

JULY, 1916

No. 10

The Alumni Association

In fulfillment of the prophecy in the *Western Normal Letter* of April, our Home-Coming of 1916 will be a memorable one. In that *Letter* was contained the assurance that a welcome of love and trust and confidence awaited all. In response, more sons and daughters returned, this year, to renew allegiance to our Alma Mater than ever before. In that *Letter* is contained the statement that history will accumulate many facts to record in this significant year. It is with pride that I announce that the Alumni Association of our school has added a significant fact to the annals of her Alma Mater: At the business meeting, held June 14th, 3 p.m., a motion was made and unanimously carried that a Loan and Building Fund be started, to help students within a few months of graduation, but who are not financially able to remain in school, to finish their course. When the fund has increased sufficiently, a building known as Alumni Hall, will be erected on the campus. A committee of ten was appointed to complete details; full particulars will be reported in the fall.

The Alumni address was delivered by Prof. J. R. Alexander. Those who heard it were deeply impressed by the underlying philosophy of "Modern Tendencies—Right and Wrong." Prof. Alexander is a thinker and a scholar—he handled his subject in a masterly way. He is a sympathetic

and understanding man—he treated his theme with force and convincingness.

The banquet was an enjoyable getting-together of congenial souls whose hearts beat as one, for the theme of the toasts was "Alumni." The subjects were: Ancestry, by Mr. Clardy Moore; Life, by Miss Ruby Alexander; Unity, by Mr. T. C. Cherry; Mirth, by Mr. Clay Haynes; Novelties, by Mr. M. E. Harelson, and Integrity, by Miss Nellie Van Cleave. The toastmaster, Mr. Napier, satisfied by his wit, his delightful comparisons, and his appropriate applications. The Association is grateful to the speakers who contributed so largely to the success of the evening; and to Miss Scott and the Domestic Science Department, who served the banquet in such an artistic, beautiful way.

Miss Ruby Alexander, in her toast on Life, gave us a composite picture of our Alumni. This picture we shall hang on the walls of our Memory, and treasure it—turning to it in moments of hope, of optimism, of faith; turning to it when we need inspiration, courage, and cheer. That the readers of THE ELEVATOR may share it with us, we give it to you:

"Back and forth, back and forth, the shuttle of life is wielded. Slowly, surely, strongly, the fabric of destiny is woven. In and out, in and out, life slips the woof threads of love, hate, ambition, honor, humility, jealousy, trust, faith, pride, hope, fame, truth, frivolity and the innumerable other threads of varied hue and texture, through the warp of time.

" 'Tis true the fabric is never the same, for the wielder of this shuttle of life has chosen that each tapestry be very different.

"There are those woven entirely of vivid, brilliant colors, the threads of gayety, frivolity, recklessness and dissipation,—but it is said that in this the warp is very short, that the colors soon fade, and the fabric as a whole is so thin and frail that it tears easily and soon wears out.

"There are those entirely of dark, sombre colors, not a

single streak of light, the threads of worry, gloom, care and grief. It is said that here, too, the warp is of short duration and that in some places it is worn very thin by tears.

"There are those entirely of strong, durable colors, the threads of thought, common sense, knowledge and power—and this fabric is very firm and lasting.

"Sometimes we find a happy combination, just enough sombre to blend with the gay, and the finished tapestry is durable, though softened and altogether beautiful.

"Now, the fabrics woven by this wonderful shuttle of life are entirely too numerous and varied to all be noticed, but there is one we must pause before—not an individual one, but a congregation of destinies—the Alumni Tapestry.

"Oh, 'tis a wonderful one, a beautiful one! It begins before some of us can remember and—why, we can't find the end at all, for the warp of time just stretches on and on and on, and the shuttle is ever busy weaving new threads to add to the old, and the old seem to yield readily and gladly as if eager to welcome their new comrades. If we look closely we may find a few weak spots, where the threads were not firm and the colors are almost faded, but so strongly is the whole bound together by love and helpfulness and goodwill, that the frail portions are well-supported. Here and there are sombre, gruesome colors, but we do not notice these, there are so many gay, happy threads intermingled.

"The tapestry is crowded with familiar figures. The central one is a row of majestic white columns, predominating; a beautiful green hill-top, and extending in every direction from this, woven to every figure in the tapestry, are threads of a strange, strange hue, but so gleaming they may readily be traced, the threads of inspiration.

"Next in predominance is the figure of a man, with a brow so well, and a firm, square chin. He must have been making speeches even then, for he stands in characteristic pose. If we look closely we may discern threads of love and loyalty uniting him to every form there. And we are

sure that if those silent figures in the tapestry the shuttle of life is year by year increasing, that if those silent figures of the past, the present and those to be of the future, could speak, they would proclaim, "Long live our President."

"Around the central figure is a group of faculty heads—and we smile when we notice their youthful appearance when they became Alumni. Why, Mr. Green, for instance, with his raven locks, looks a mere boy. We even wonder if he were not wearing knee trousers then, and Miss Reid seems a blushing, dashing debutante, and how forlorn those bachelors appear, Messieurs Byrn, Stickles and Craig. The rest of the faculty look quite natural, evidently they had already reached the stage when *there comes no change*.

"Then our glance passes on to the other figures that crowd the tapestry. Never before did we realize how numerous the Alumni are, and as the faces of our comrades, mingled with our own, smile back at us, our hearts swell with gladness and pride that *we* are a part of that *great* tapestry, as back and forth, back and forth the shuttle of life is wielded, as slowly, surely, strongly, the fabric of destiny is woven, as in and out, in and out, life slips the woof threads, through the warp of time, and year by year, year by year, the Alumni Tapestry grows."

MATTIE REID,

President of Alumni.

At the close of the banquet the following song was sung by the Alumni present:

"HOME-COMING"

Sung to "State Normal March"

I

It's good to aid the Commonwealth, each in his own best way,
We teach Kentucky's children as day follows upon day;
But soon or late we need new strength, no matter where we
roam,

And when it comes to living, there is no place like home.
It's home again, and home again, and Normal Heights for
me,
My heart is turning home again, it's there I long to be;
The school of youth and freedom, and of hope devoid of fear,
Where the soul is full of visions and the heart is full of cheer.

II

We like to be field workers, all Kentucky's helpful band,
Who strive for "Life more Life," throughout her glorious
broad land,
But, oh! to take an hour some day and joyfully return
For the lofty inspiration, how our starved souls yearn.
It's home again, and home again, and Normal Heights for
me,
My heart is turning home again, it's there I long to be;
The school of youth and freedom, and of hope devoid of fear,
Where the soul is full of visions and the heart is full of cheer.

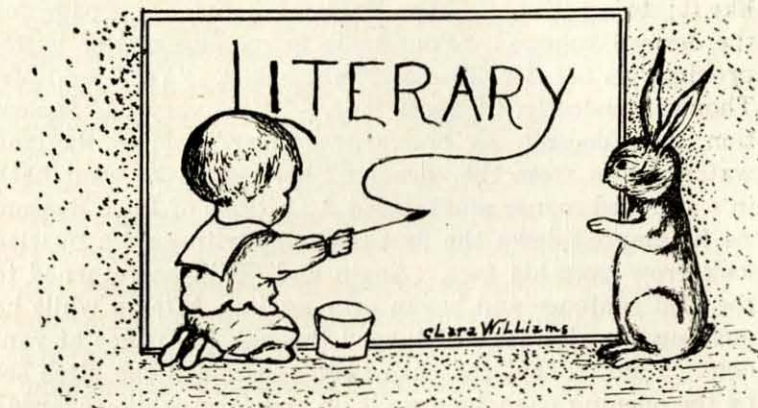
III

E'en idleness may tempt us oft, yet something seems to lack,
The magnet Service touches all and draws us willing back;
Where the past is full of memory and the present full of
work,
That in the dawning future may no dark'ning shadows lurk.
It's home again, and home again, and Normal Heights for
me,
My heart is turning home again, it's there I long to be;
The school of youth and freedom, and of hope devoid of fear,
Where the soul is full of visions and the heart is full of cheer.

—oOo—

"Little boy," said the lady on the street car, "why don't
you get up and give your mother that seat. Doesn't it pain
you to see her reaching for that strap?"

"Not on a street car, madam, not on a street car," said
the small boy.



Elbow Philosophizes

Elbow Thomas, with the ennui of twenty upon him, wandered disconsolately about the library. The rack of morning papers teeming with notes of yesterday's ball games had lost the spell which it had formerly cast upon him. Gone was the charm exercised by the photographs of actresses which abounded in popular magazines. No more did accounts of the shedding of Western gore thrill the fibers of his being. Silent were the calls of adventure. Elbow was twenty and yearned for higher things. Remembering that Miss Clementina Ragland was paid a salary to assist ambitious youth in its search for Higher Things, he paused at her desk and issued a request: "I'm sorry, Mr. Thomas," said Miss Ragland, sympathetically, "but all of our copies of Peck's Bad Boy are out now." Elbow flinched visibly: To be misunderstood when one puts out to seek for Higher Things is very painful. "I do not wish the book you name," he said haughtily. "I do not see why anyone should ever wish it again. I wish to read a substantial book, a book of culture, something high and ennobling—" "Oh, I see," said Miss Ragland, thoughtfully. "How about 'A Critique of Pure Reason'?" "That sounds something

like it; bring it out." Miss Ragland dispatched a page for the desired volume. "Your taste in reading matter is improving, isn't it, Mr. Thomas?" she asked. "Yes," said Mr. Thomas, modestly, "I guess it is. "It's a very bad indication if it doesn't, as one grows older." Miss Ragland watched him from the corner of her eye as he went back in a secluded corner and tackled *A Critique of Pure Reason*. As he glanced down the first page she witnessed a puzzled look grow over his face. Again and again he returned to the first sentence and began over again. After a while he gave up the attempt and turned through the pages at random. Finding that the entire book sustained the pitch set by the opening page, he gave it up and for a while regarded the activities of a cat-bird in a tree without the window. Then, with determination written in large characters upon his face he returned to his search for Higher Things. Ten minutes later he laid the *Critique of Pure Reason* upon Miss Ragland's desk saying: "It's fine, all right, but it is a little old. Haven't you something on the same order that's up to date?" "Here's a book that is just in. Maybe you'll like it." So saying she placed in Elbow's hands *The Loom of Life*, by Myrtle Reed Libbey.

That night at ten Elbow Thomas propped up in bed was reading *The Loom of Life*. His face wore the rapt look of one who has seen things denied the common gaze. And the particular passage which he was reading was this: Into the tapestry of life are woven strange figures—some of joy, others of sorrow; some of peacock vanity, others of puritan simplicity. Broken and knotted threads may be found in the warp, and fantastic strands here and there in the woof but serve to complete the beautiful unity of the Master Weaver's design. "Put that book up and come on to bed. Whadja think I am; an owl?" grumbled Finn Grise. But the transfigured Elbow failed to hear him.

The next morning at 6, Ma Reynolds' rising bell uttered its lusty summons for her boarders to arise and make ready against the approach of the breakfast hour. Finn Grise

arose and arrayed himself, but Elbow slept serenely on. His room-mate observing a toe protruding from the cover, seized it and pulled vigorously. "Say, Elbow, whadja think you are, a bear?" he yelled. The awakened Elbow turned over. "No," he said, "merely a tangled thread in the Great Pattern." "Huh??" inquired Finn. "What's that?" Elbow repeated. "A tangled what? Say, whadja think you are, anyway, a dressmaker?" Elbow ignored the levity, and Finn passed on to the dining room. His arrival did not interrupt the conversation of the dining room beyond a mere passing nod. "It was a fearful storm," Mrs. Leo Dunningham was saying, "fearful beyond description. The elements were so resplendent, and to make it more terrifying, Sonny Boy was inflicted with an atrocious night mare." Shorty Cooper stopped a fork en route to his mouth dead still, "Who was what?" he inquired. "Why, Sonny Boy," said Mrs. Dunningham, indicating her husband, "underwent the ordeal of a dreadful night mare." "Well," said Shorty, "if that's his name he got off easy." "Wow!" yelled Finn Grise, "get off'n my foot," he made frantic request of J. Walter Slumpton, who had just come in. "Say, whadja think you are, anyway, a pile driver?" "A thousand pardons," murmured the cavalier-like Mr. Slumpton. "It was my mistake to assume that my feet were entitled to any room when yours were in the neighborhood." "Gimme that steak, quick," said Bert Smythe, "here comes the human appetite otherwise known as Elbow Thomas." Mr. Thomas entered. A strange, weird atmosphere of far-flung dignity and culture entered with him. It was written on his face; in self-conscious importance of his bearing; in the detached look in his eyes. The atmosphere enveloped the inmates of the dining room and the social temperature descended violently. The quest of Twenty for Higher Things is a great refrigerant. Following the advent of Mr. Thomas, conversation lagged. Miss Lou Celia Goodwin attempted to revive it. "Isn't this a perfectly lovely day?" she inquired. "Mr. Thomas, don't you think this is a grand day?" "No,"

said Mr. Thomas, slowly and evenly, "merely a silver thread for the loom of time." "Sir-r?" asked Miss Lou Celia. Mr. Thomas reiterated his opinion. The temperature took another downward plunge. Miss Lou Celia looked helplessly at Harvey Roberts, who looked helplessly at Hurdy Gurdy Moore, who looked helplessly at Nettie Layman, who looked helplessly at Shorty Cooper, who for once passed the look helplessly on. The meal dragged to a dismal close, and the breakfasters departed to their several classes. Finn Grise varied from his usual custom of waiting for his room-mate and accompanied Happy Pusey up the hill. Their conversation was jerky and forced. "Whadja reckon Elbow thinks he is, anyhow?" "Doggone if I know," responded Happy in his strident tenor. "He acts kinda curious to me." The subject of their remarks proceeded schoolward alone. He walked stiffly erect, and gazed at the world with the eyes of ownership. Coming down the walk meeting him were some men. Elbow recognized them promptly. They were President Hardin and the members of the Board of Regents. Ordinarily Elbow would have regarded these gentlemen with considerable trepidation, and would have crowded the outside of the walk to give them ample room, but the search for Higher Things changes one's estimate of values, and on this day the President and Regents were but human beings and no more. So Elbow fixed upon them a cold, impersonal gaze and took the inside of the sidewalk. Something about him drew President Hardin's particular attention. He looked at him; then looked again, and then brought his convoy to a halt at Elbow's side. "Gentlemen," said the President, "this is Mr. Thomas, one of our best students; a young man of splendid visions and possibilities. Mr. Totter, Mr. Tole, Mr. Hassell, Mr. Roach, let me present to you Mr. Thomas." "Pleased t'know yu," said the Regents in unison. "This meeting," said Elbow, evenly, "I regard as a thread in life's loom that but serves to complete the beautiful symmetry of the Master Weaver's design." Having so delivered himself, Elbow lifted his hat

and resumed his walk. The Regents looked helplessly at his receding figure and then helplessly at each other. "A remarkable young man; a most remarkable young man," said Mr. Tole, nervously. The President opened his mouth to speak, but his usually dependable vocal cords for once disobeyed their owner's call to service. At the chapel hour, Elbow entered the auditorium and occupied the seat that had served him during the year, and at this juncture hangs an item that merits relating. Hilltop, drawing its clientele of youth of both sexes, naturally affords splendid opportunity for the pairing off of kindred spirits. When Elbow first beheld Dollie Gabbert there coincidentally grew within his soul the positive conviction that she would sit by his side in chapel day after day, and on and on, as far as his imagination projected itself. Also, when Dollie Gabbert first felt Elbow's gaze directed at her she subconsciously realized that a seat had been reserved for her at his side. And it was even so. Every morning at chapel they sat together. If either arrived first, no student offered the sacrilege of attempting to take the other's seat. On the morning in question, Elbow was shortly joined by Dollie, bright eyed, and happy. "Good-morning, Mr. Thomas." "Good-morning," replied Elbow, in a tone that Mary did not know. "Did you know your History lesson?" she asked, as was her custom. But Elbow did not commit perjury in response, as was his custom. "No," he replied, "I did not. Why should I?" "What's the matter, aren't you well?" "There's nothing the matter, why should there be?" "Are you angry at me, Elbow?" "No," answered Elbow, "anger is too tangled a thread to feed into life's loom." Although deeply hurt, Dollie forced back the tears that struggled for expression. On the other hand, Elbow sat wondering at the surprising weakness of a boy who will allow himself to be drawn into an entangling alliance with a girl when otherwise his spirit could roam among the stars. When chapel was over, Elbow marched out of the auditorium without

looking other than straight ahead. Dollie cut Geometry and, snuggled down among the quilts in the privacy of her room, permitted the tears to flow at their will.

That afternoon Elbow inflicted the annual ball game between Hilltop and Bogden with his chilling presence. "Yell, Mr. Thomas, yell! Why don't you yell?" shrieked Miss Beulah Love subsequent to a play favorable to Hilltop. Elbow's reply was clear and deliberate: "Why should I yell?" "Why, yell to help Hilltop win." "May I inquire why should Hilltop win? Do you not realize that victory is but a thread of gold in life's tapestry that quickly fades?" There was little yelling in that section of the grandstand during the remainder of the game. There was a blight upon the vocal organs of those who sat in propinquity to the philosophical Mr. Thomas.

During the ensuing week, Elbow's search for Higher Things spread much coldness in certain environs of Hilltop. "Elbow ain't no human; he's turned out to be a late frost," was the way Pretty Meuth expressed it. Elbow had not been to chapel since the morning hereinbefore referred to, and if he had any idea that Dollie, at the Chapel hour, kept daily vigil in her seat, and yearned until the last moment for him to appear rehabilitated as his former self, he gave no indication of it. Heedless of sentimental things, he proceeded on his search, blowing to the left and right a cold, biting wind of higher intellectuality. Miss Beulah Love visited Dollie in her room and asked her what the matter was. "N-nothing," replied Dollie, wan and red eyed. "Oh, yes, there is," stated Miss Love, sympathetically, "you can tell me all about it, dear." And Dollie, with her head upon the other's shoulder sobbed out the whole story. "The impudent thing. He ought to be horsewhipped!" "No," said Dollie, brokenly, "he wasn't impudent. He didn't say anything hardly. Do you know, I think Elbow hasn't been in his right mind lately, like somebody that had been hit on his head, or something." "That's just the trouble," said Miss Love, warmly; "he hasn't been hit on the head." "You

spiteful thing!" exclaimed Miss Gabbert, again taking refuge in sobs.

That evening Hilltop repaired to Vanmeter Hall to give heed unto the eloquent discourse of certain of the Senior Class. The programme proceeded along its usual rut of fiery appeals to save the country; and the answering perfunctory applause, until the chairman of the meeting announced that the last speaker of the evening, Miss Rubayat Alexander, would discuss *The Loom of Life*. Over in one corner Elbow Thomas leaned forward with bulging eyes. Miss Alexander, with measured tread, advanced to the edge of the platform, and with carefully pitched voice and studied gestures inaugurated her discussion. "Into the tapestry of life are woven strange figures; some of joy, others of sorrow; some of peacock vanity, others of puritan simplicity. Broken and knotted threads may be found in the warp, and fantastic strands here and there in the woof but serve to complete the beautiful unity of the Master Weaver's design." As she concluded her preamble, a close observer might have observed the lips of Mr. Elbow Thomas to move; and the words which came therefrom were these: "Well, I'll be dadgummed."

When the programme was finished, Elbow made haste toward a figure which he beheld issuing down an opposite aisle. "Say, Thomas, what did you think of Miss Ruby's speech?" asked Hayseed Davis, as he passed. "Rotten! Absolutely rotten!" was the perfectly human verdict of Mr. Thomas.

Overtaking the pursued figure near the door, he seized it by the arm and drew it toward him. "Come on, Dollie," he said in the tones of yore, "come on, and let's go down to the sody fountain."

—oOo—

"Your dad is an old crank," said Louise B's beau, when her father told him eleven o'clock was time to go.

Mr. B. overheard the remark and replied: "A crank is necessary in the absence of a self-starter."

The Cave Party---Its History

On a still gray morn, before the sun had begun his day's journey, when only a faint twitter of the birds disturbed the city's rest, we heard the call of the wild. Back to the primitive conditions of our fathers, to the wild haunts of those before us, we went. We were Cave women and Cave men. The weary cobwebs that had wrought themselves about our spirits as we clung to the daily grind vanished with one sweep of old Mother Nature's broom. Life as a thing of buildings, streets, people and conventions vanished. We were transported back to a wondrous, rose-colored, dew-washed morning six thousand years ago.

Friday morning, June 16th, the annual cave journey began. The record for a quick trip was broken beyond all bounds. The record of Mr. N. P. Hudson, of the 1914 camp, of 5.45 minutes, was lowered by Mr. J. B. Hudson to 5.35 in 1915. The journey of twenty-nine miles, eleven of which was in a blinding rain, was made by Mr. D. Y. Dunn in 5.15. Mr. Dunn also walked back, and having fulfilled admirably all the other conditions, won the pair of shoes annually offered for the feat.

Mr. W. R. Funk, Mr. Robinet and Mr. Lauder milk left town at 4.30 and reached the camp at 11. They most respectfully request that you do not ask how they got there. On the face of it, we would suppose they walked. The rest of the party had concluded to combine walking and riding for the sake of variation.

Breakfast we had with the birds that morning, and to the tune of "Tipperary," "Auld Lang Syne" or "Yankee Doodle," as the spirit moved, the various members of the party. Eighteen miles of the journey was over good roads, with a fair sun shining, and Dripping Springs as our goal. But when we got there, birds had ceased to sing, the flowers had stopped blooming, and darkness had spread over the face of the earth. The thunder roared, the lightning

flashed. One of the members, Mr. Dickinson, started to pray. Instead of falling upon his knees, he fell upon his head and with his feet upraised to the direction of Normal Heights, he uttered a prayer:

"The Dripping Springs, no longer drips,
The scowling landscape sadly skips,
The thunder thoughtfully thinking trips,
Great Alma Mater, hear me lisp,
In words so cunning, cool, and crisp—"

But alas, the petition was never finished, for the baggage fell off the provision wagon and splashed the mud it displaced into Mr. Dickinson's mouth.

When the storm abated we continued our way. Long ago we had forgotten that we had breakfast, and as 9, 10, 11, ticked away to the beating of our hearts we wondered whence would come our dinner. When Mr. Green announced that we would push ahead and not stop to cook until we reached our destination, the excitement grew intense. Out of the depths we cried in one imploring voice, and he finally consented for us to stop at Glasgow Junction. Cheese and crackers gave a last farewell to the earth without ever making their wills, and ham sandwiches banished to the tune of Romeo's "*Banished*."

The trip so far had been uneventful. The baggage had just turned over once, and that was a judgment on Mr. Green and Mr. P. E. Thomas, who were discovered behind it munching from either end of a loaf of bread. There was a third party, also, but when Mr. Green was brought before the bar he dared not turn state's evidence. He only gasped faintly, "The other nigger was—" and fell asleep. Mr. Champion's team had balked only eighteen times. The passengers in his wagon had only walked once and that was all the way. Sometimes we heard Mr. Champion say with grim, set face, "O, Thor the Thunderer," and we had to recall that he was a priest of Odin in the Senior play.

From Glasgow Junction all the party had to walk the remaining distance of nine miles. The railroad track stretched into the dim, far distance, but "with heads up-lifted and hearts beating high," we tackled it. With blazing feet and blazing spirits we toiled the rocky road. In some future day, inscribed upon a stone for all who run to read, will be found this epitaph:

"3.15—3½ miles from Mammoth Cave. Nothing to eat. Hope almost gone.—Ellen Soder, Mrs. Hillyard, Vivian Hastie, Judith Hunt."

We did get there and struck camp that night—tin pans, and pots, and kettles looked never quite so good. Bacon was never so perfectly cooked and never so quickly consumed.

To tell the story of our week in camp, would cover more space than a novel of Richard Fielding. It would be more adventurous than the account of the Villa-Carranza feud. It would be more intense than the minutes of the Chicago Convention. It would be freighted with more human interest than a German note.

If you have never seen a camp fire glitter on a night when the darkness was so intense that it pressed in upon you and left you still and unalterably lonely in a great crowd of people, with a ceaseless drip of pattering rain, upon the broad sheltering leaves of the giant oaks above—go camping.

If you have never slept beneath the stars with all the summer's sweetness in the clover hay for your pillow, and all the night notes of the frogs and crickets for your lullaby, with maybe, just a trembling fear that a moccasin may glide over your feet—go camping.

If you have never "roughed it," up hill and down valley through thicket and underbrush and learned the glory of joyous comradeship in the great, wild out of doors—go camping.

If you have never followed the river at your own sweet will, and when the long green shadows of the trees, length-

ened and deepened, lifted your oars and drifted while the concert of the frogs was given—go camping.

If you had come upon our camp unawares, you might have wondered, for to the uninitiated it would have been the whole conjugation of mirror.

You might have wondered why Mr. Funk, the camp orator, struck a 1776 attitude and cried, "Give me mutton, or give me death." You might have wondered what Elsie May was dreaming about when she waked up in the middle of the night and roused the whole camp with a joyous peal of laughter, or what Ellen Davies was saying to Mr. Dethridge in her exquisite Welch, or why Fleda Bird asked the guide to name the Crystal Spring "Bird's Heart."

You might have marvelled that Beuna Mason rode the little blue donkey up hill and down hollow and didn't fall off. There seemed to be such a perfect understanding between her and the donkey. And you might have gazed in awe and admiration, when Sarah Bock leaped all the fences, and sought in vain to find where Mr. Thomas got so many eggs. But we of the camp knew.

Did we see the Cave? Well, yes. All the joy we had above the earth was only a sideline to the wonder and admiration we experienced under the earth. Our impressions of Mammoth Cave were vague. It is said that Murray Brown asked Mr. Sadler to tell him about it. Feeling the tremendous responsibility of the task, Mr. Sadler opened his mouth with a gasp, and Murray cried, "That's enough, Bill, that's enough." We saw the wonderful new Onyx Cave opened just a year ago, where there are crystal formations that surpass anything that has ever been found. We walked through the valley of roses and lilies 360 feet below the surface of the earth and wondered that we never knew before flowers bloomed so near the heart of Mother Earth.

We could wish for no one, whatever joy in life might come to them, a greater pleasure than the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Green overland to the Caves.

The Oratorical Contest

The oratorical contest this year was one of high quality and merit, and each of the three contestants acquitted himself with much credit. The contestants and their subjects were: Mr. G. W. Meuth, Senior, "America Triumphant"; Mr. G. G. Nichols, Junior, "America's Next Great War," and Mr. W. R. Funk, Sophomore, "True American Patriotism." The medal was won by Mr. Funk, whose speech follows below:

TRUE AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

Bereft of Patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious will triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling luster, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell.

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons, from the prows hang the banners of the republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne sing the hymns of their old poetic land.

Then bursts forth in the minds of every true and patriotic lover of this land, the lives of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, two of the greatest men the world has ever known. And to each of these patriots we have erected a great and shining monument whose spire glitters to the sunlight in heaven and on them has been carved with the finger of an angel, *True American Patriotism*.

We are not only indebted to these men for their lives, but also for those two great classic documents which they have handed down to us. These documents, two of the



most precious in American history or American literature, should be a veritable guide-book for the American patriot. And then, nearly three-quarters of a century later, when the epoch-making civil struggle was nearing its end, the great heart of Abraham Lincoln poured itself out into words whose simple, compelling eloquence have rarely been equalled, when he for the second time ascended the steps of the Capitol to take the oath of office as President of the United States. He, too, from another point of view, but in no less practical ways and with no less generous purpose,

pressed home upon his countrymen the principles of the country to which their loyalty was due.

Every true and patriotic lover of this land of the free and the home of the brave, will inform himself upon these two great documents. He will like to read them, to quote them, to think upon them, to turn to them and to their principles, and seek their instruction in determining his own position in regard to the thousands of practical questions of the moment, which are simply the old questions of human ambition, human greed and human folly, dressing themselves up in new forms, and joining the never-ceasing procession of progress toward human excellence, that goes to make up human history.

The Farewell Address of Washington, and the Second Inaugural Address of Lincoln, are for the American patriots a cornerstone upon which to build a sure and abiding structure of *True American Patriotism*.

Since we have been so fortunate to have these mighty addresses preserved for us, there should not be a single doubt in our minds as to what a truly patriotic man is.

He is a man who stands to his country in the relation of a father to a child. He loves it; he cares for it; he makes sacrifices for it; he serves it; he tries to shape its course of thought and action, that it may most perfectly adhere to its purpose and its aim.

A patriot is not a termagant; he is not a destroyer of peace; he is not a man who treats with contempt or dislike his fellow-man who speaks another tongue or who owes allegiance to another flag or who loves another literature; but he is a man who understands and appreciates how these various aspects of civilized life can better serve the common purpose by better serving each its own.

The pages of history record the names of many of these men. The world pays homage to the patriotic men of every age. Every race, from the cannibal with his chieftain to the most cultured democracy, has its peerless leader to whom it gives a never-ceasing tribute of praise. It was

Moses who led the children of Israel out of Egypt, Napoleon who wrote the name of France into the memory of every European nation, and in every American home the names of Washington, Jackson and Lincoln will always be hallowed with sweet and sacred memories.

Along life's progress the hero-worshiping public makes a journey to that place on earth where the bones of its patriotic men lie entombed. But of all that vast army, how few realize the full significance of that mysterious expression, *True Patriotism*.

History has been unfair in her distribution of praise. Many a head that deserved a crown never had a wreath. Many patriotic men have blessed the world with their deeds of heroism and died in obscurity. Call the roll of the world's true patriots and answers will come from deep seas, barren deserts, and lonely valleys. Nameless heroes on every side of the world's history have sacrificed home, loved ones and everything that the world holds dear, in order that the principles of right, which were nearer and dearer to them than life itself, might be upheld in the hearts of men. And from time immemorial they have strengthened the chain of good linked from heaven's loftiest throne and extending to God's footstool beneath.

I can see the Nile River in Mohammedan Egypt. Beneath its sunbaked fertile soil there lies the remains of a missionary whose twisted form tells of a truly Christian faith. At Thermopylae sleeps the remains of a Spartan youth whose young body stopped the shock of a score of hostile spears. England, America, and every nation has beheld men who unselfishly surrendered their lives for the sake of posterity.

See those soldiers behind the hills at Appomattox, suffering with hunger and wounds, yet, refusing to report themselves sick lest they might force more labor on their overworked comrades, go down to the trenches and make their death beds, there to sleep until the high archangel shall, with one foot on land and one on sea and with one blast of his clar-

ion trumpet, proclaim that time shall be no more and summons all nations to the great judgment bar of God.

In those obscure, unmarked graves, lies many a Nathan Hale who wept because he had but one life to give for his country. In other graves are the bodies of men who turned back into the hail of certain death that crippled comrades might be rescued. Truly, these are patriotic men. They gave up their time, their strength, their lives, for something not themselves, whether you call it their king, their country, or their fellow-man, it was something more truly Christian than Lenten feasts, something nearer true patriotism than heralded heroes.

When Napoleon Bonaparte led his French battalions over the Alps, almost destroying Italy, and when he bewilderingly defeated the Austrians in the famous battle of Marignano; when Alexander the Great subdued Greece, and planned for the expansion of his empire to the Atlantic coast, and the union of both Europe and Asia; that which inspired these conquerors was not patriotism, but selfish ambition, and their battle cry was, "Napoleon! Napoleon!" "Alexander! Alexander!"

But when the robust sons of America marched forth from their firesides to meet a multitudinous foe on the thousand fields of battle, no such thoughts of selfish glory animated their patriotic bosoms, but they went forth for the sake of their country, and in the name of their God. It was the love for their wives, their children, their homes, that prompted these untrained men to hurl themselves against the mighty forces of Great Britain. It was the patriotism of that military genius at their head, that caused them to hang together at Valley Forge and Morristown, in spite of the icy fang and churlish chiding of the cold and bitter winds.

When General Ulysses S. Grant led his mighty forces through the wilderness toward Richmond, and when he, after so long a time, captured the daring army of General Lee at Appomattox, that which inspired this General and

his troops was true patriotism, because they, as well as Lincoln, were looking forward toward a better, stronger, and more perfect Union.

When Colonel Robert Edward Lee sounded the war blast in old Pennsylvania and when those sixty thousand ragged rebels rushed to glory or to the grave, that which inspired this man and his army was true patriotism, because they went to fight for their people, their kindred, their children, their homes. Let their defense rest on this alone. Nature speaks it; nothing can strengthen it; nothing weaken it. The historian may compile; the caustic may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but after all there can be no tenderer or closer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and home. And on that tie, stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true on that tie rests stainless and immortal the fame of Robert Edward Lee and the defense of his entire army.

But let us not forget that a man can be a true patriot without heeding to the bugle call or slaying thousands of his fellow-men upon the bloody fields of battle. Where do you find recorded in the annals of human history a more patriotic man than our own beloved President, Woodrow Wilson? Whether the people of the United States realize it or not, they have now the greatest President who has ever guided the destinies of a nation.

It was his lot to be President during the period of the most monstrous war the world has ever seen or will see. But, in spite of this, he has so masterfully guided our ship of state that it has escaped the rocks and only scraped the shoals of war.

Mr. Wilson loves and believes in his people. He would have them govern; and he would have every act of government infused with the purpose of promoting the popular welfare. He is a hater of autocracy, a consistent foe of

special privilege. In his dealing with the tariff, with the trust problem, with the banking and currency system, with the perplexities of the people of Mexico, and more especially with the difficult problems of foreign nations, he has uniformly and firmly upheld the rights of the many as against the privileges of the few.

Even Europe, blinded by blood, agonized by torment, has recognized that Woodrow Wilson is a man who has a greater right than anyone now living to offer to the world suggestions for enduring peace which may remove forever the clouds—clouds most sombre, ominous and frightful of war and militarism; of hate, jealousy, mistrust, barbarism.

Then let us, as worthy citizens and as true American patriots, stand by our President and be forever true to the Stars and Stripes. And instead of giving all of our praise to great generals on whom heraldry and glory is lavished, let us erect to this, the greatest of all patriots, an everlasting altar of reverence. And when we view our peaceful and happy valleys, our fruitful gardens, and the starry heavens, let us turn from the shrine of the mighty, and with uncovered heads and bended knees, let us send up an humble and sincere prayer to heaven, thanking our gracious Master for sending to us such a man to guide our nation through these perilous times of strife and warfare.

And finally, brave sons and daughters of our magnificent land of peace and freedom, let us not forget the immortal soul of Francis Scott Key. And may the God of glory bring eternal vengeance upon the American son of to-day who is ashamed to murmur, or teach his children to lisp, the sublime refrain of Key's immortal anthem:

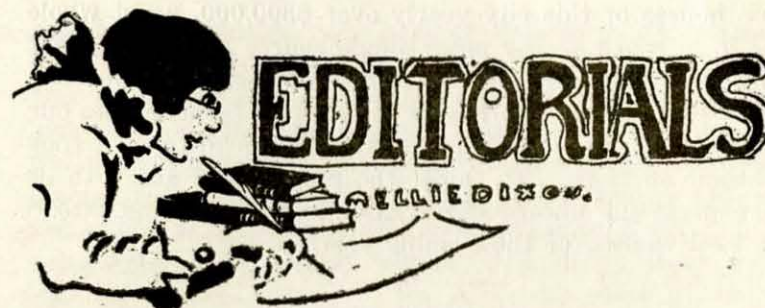
*'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.*

—oOo—

E. E. A.: "Your neck is just like a typewriter."

Ellis: "Why so?"

E. E. A.: "It's Underwood."



With this issue we sever our connection with THE ELEVATOR and go into other fields of labor. It is our desire, however, as a layman, to continue, as best we are able, our whole-hearted and loyal support to the student magazine of our Alma Mater, and each month we expect to look forward with a very great deal of pleasure toward the coming of this harbinger of enthusiastic friendship. The past year has been a pleasant one, and our work a genuine delight; we attribute much of this pleasure to the fine spirit of the staff with whom we have worked, and the loyalty with which they have supported us, and co-operated with us in our labors. We wish to thank our patrons one and all, the faculty of our school; all, yea, all who have in any way associated with us during the past year. With the very best wishes for the future years of labor and happiness for everyone, we now bid you good-bye.

—o—
TO OUR ADVERTISERS

In one of the recent issues we called the attention of the merchants of our town to the real value of the student-body of the Normal School as a financial asset to the city. Many of the business men of Bowling Green are fully aware of this, and are thoroughly in sympathy with this movement of our student-body; others do not seem to fully understand that the Normal School pours into the coffers of the busi-

ness houses of this city yearly over \$300,000, a net whole far in advance of any other single source of business, not only for the city but even the county. We only mention this in passing to recall to those who have not responded to our solicitations for "ads" what it might mean to them if they continue so to do. To those who have placed ads with us we express our sincere appreciation and thanks, and extend our best wishes for the ensuing years.

THE NEXT EDITOR

As yet no one has been chosen to lead the work of THE ELEVATOR for next year, but we are sure a good man will be secured, and we wish him well in his work, whoever he may be.

THE ORATORIO

One of the most valuable assets of the Normal School is the Oratorio Society, organized and directed by the able dean of the Music Department, Franz J. Strahm. Since its first organization it has grown every year until it has now attained a standard equaled by few of the leading oratorios given in America, a record of which both Mr. Strahm and the school should be justly proud. This year the society rendered the beautiful oratorio, "Abraham," by Molique, and achieved an unprecedented success. The soloists were: Elinor Beach, soprano; Frances Morton-Crume, alto; Cecil Fanning, baritone, and Jno. D. Sample, tenor. Lucy Marsh, perhaps the most famous American soprano, appeared in the second and third concerts, and won the hearts of her audience with the wonderful charm of her voice. Such was the success of the festival that Mr. Strahm has engaged to repeat the program in Monteagle, Tenn., August 10th.

THE SENIOR PLAY

Following up the custom begun in 1914, when the Senior Class played "Everywoman," followed in 1915 by "Midsum-

mer Night's Dream," the class of 1916 gave for its class play "A Pageant of History," which, as its title indicates, was a portrayal of the progress of an historical people. The theme of the pageant was America triumphant, and the trend of the entire play supported that theme. The play opened with the coming of Augustine to Britain and the succeeding acts all portrayed some phase of American development and American ideals. The Robin Hood scene was an eloquent appeal to the American sense of liberty and justice; the Indian scene portrayed the passing of one race before another; the Puritan Church, American Christianity; the Colonial scene, early customs and chivalry; the Civil War scenes, American patriotism. All of these scenes were then fused into one grand finale, of which Uncle Sam and Columbia were the center. The play closed its phenomenal success by singing The Star-Spangled Banner.

COMMENCEMENT

The Baccalaureate Sermon

The commencement exercises were opened with the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Crossfield, president of Transylvania University. Dr. Crossfield selected for his theme, "The Evaluation of Life," which he based upon the closing verses of Corinthians xiii. In a delightful style, unmistakably his own, Dr. Crossfield spoke of the many standards by which men attempt to measure their lives, and then laid before his audience the true standard, the trinity of faith, hope and love. Dr. Crossfield emphatically denied that the value of life could be determined or estimated in the amount of wealth one possessed; in the heraldry of a world-wide fame, or in the achievements of a consuming ambition. It is love, he said, that is the true standard by which life may be evaluated, and unless measured by that standard, life is a failure in so far as it fails to meet the requirements of a holy and consecrated devotion to a life of service.

The Alumni Address

In this year when all of the world is wrestling with political problems, of all magnitudes, and when spiritual conflict surpasses the struggles of all the years of the past quarter of a century, it was a happy thought that led to the selection of Prof. J. R. Alexander to deliver the annual address to the State Normal Alumni. It is to be regretted that no manuscript of that address is available for publication, but since it isn't, perhaps it is best only to say that the address was Prof. Alexander's. He has been for many years an alumnus, and his ripe experience and philosophical mind eminently fitted him for the occasion. In his own inimitable way he discussed "Modern Tendencies; Right and Wrong," and ably embodied the fruit of a ripe experience in a forceful discourse. Few men are given the power to view life closely, and to estimate as accurately its significance as is Prof. Alexander, and his philosophy furnished the young Alumnus with much about which to think for many years.

The Commencement Address

There are many, many kinds of commencement addresses that may be delivered, and as many kinds of speakers to deliver them. Some are bombastic, and sentimental, others have not even these elements to recommend them; some are analytical and philosophical discourses of the professional, and others are wholly devoid of thought. A few are expressions of the many valuable experiences of eventful lives, and these are indeed gems to be treasured up in Memory's chests. This year the graduating class was exceedingly fortunate in having Mrs. Ella Flagg-Young, of Chicago, to deliver its commencement address. Mrs. Young is a woman of remarkable strength as an educator of the youth of our land, and has back of her an extensive service in the field of public school activities. She spoke effectively along the lines of modern educational thought, and the many plans offered to solve the school problems. Only by hear-

ing her can one get the true worth of the message she has to deliver.

 OBITUARY

The sad news has come to us of the death of one of the best friends the Normal School, officials and laymen, ever had, Mr. I. G. Walker. If there ever came to this institution a man who always stood for the right in school and out, who never failed to support its work as far as his sense of right would permit, who was always ready to enlist in a struggle against the tyranny of ignorance and superstition, who stood ever ready to fight for the right—that student was Irvy Walker. The writer was a personal friend of the late deceased, and the news of his very early death brought him great pain. Irvy G., as he was known by his friends, graduated from the Normal School in the 1915 class, and had his health been good, a very promising career lay before him, but the death angel smote him down ere he had succeeded in traveling far on the road to success. We extend our sympathy and condolence to his mourning relatives and friends, and shall always hold a warm place in our affections for the memory of Irvy G. Walker.

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Jokes

Waiter: "What do you wish?"

Chaney: "Give me a banana special."

Waiter: "And what will you have?"

H. Miller: "Give me a glass o' water."

Vera: "You forgot to send me a kiss in your last letter."

C. U.: "Too much local competition. I've gone out of the mail order business."

The prisoner threw down the magazine in disgust and cursed eloquently. "Nothing but continued stories," he growled, "and I'm to be hanged to-morrow."

Berthel: "Carlisle, have you a match?"

Carlisle: "Yep, here it is."

B.: "Why, this match won't light."

C.: "That's queer; it lit a while ago."

Miss Reid: "Why do we call our own language the mother tongue?"

Flossie Mason: "Because dad never gets a chance to use it."

Likens: "Mayme, did you hear the speaker's peroration this morning?"

Mayme: "No, I came in late."

Compton: "I bet her a hundred kisses."

Roach: "Will you get them if you win?"

Compton: "I do not know. My room-mate called on her last night, and he says he is holding stakes."

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STUDENTS

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TENTH AND STATE STREETS

Western Kentucky State Normal School

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

The Fall Session of the Western Normal opens September 12, 1916. See your County Superintendent and secure free tuition.

A part of Normal Heights showing a front view of the grounds and the Administration Building. A large half-tone picture of the above is being published and will be mailed to all persons writing or asking for it.

The annual attendance of the Western Normal during the present scholastic year will reach 1,800 different student-teachers, not counting the five hundred pupils of the Training School. This is the largest enrollment the institution has ever had.

We are counting on the former students of the institution to see that the attendance during the next scholastic year shows the usual increase. The management of the institution is deeply grateful to the student-body for the great work they did last year in increasing the attendance without making it necessary for the institution to put special solicitors in the field.

We earnestly request the former students to organize the institutes and make a systematic canvass of not only those persons who attend the institute, but of all other persons who have in mind entering the institution.

Over 400 different high school graduates have entered the Western Normal during the present year and, judging from the present outlook, more than 600 high school graduates will enter next year. The high school graduate enjoys an exceptionally fine educational opportunity in this institution.

Persons desiring a certificate should enter the Western Normal and take one of the three courses which lead to certificates. Under the law, the school has the privilege of issuing a Two-Year Certificate to persons completing the Elementary Certificate Course, a Four-Year Certificate to persons completing the Intermediate Course, and a Life Certificate to persons completing the Advanced Course. All of these certificates permit the holders to teach anywhere in Kentucky without examination.

A program of the work that will be offered next year has been worked out in detail, showing exactly what will be offered during each term. This program will be forwarded to persons requesting it.

Faculty and office force of the Western Kentucky State Normal School. A large size half-tone picture of the above is being issued and will be ready for distribution within a few weeks. Persons desiring a picture can secure the same by asking or writing for it.

STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME AND FIND CLASSES TO SUIT

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

For further information, write

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