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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.
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THE ELEVATOR
Vol. III.
BOWLING GREEN, KY., MARCH, 1912. No. 5

LITERARY

BOYHOOD.

“There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled 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 by 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 whisms 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 Shakespearian 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!"

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CULLINGS.

The song of the harvest-fly takes us in imagination back
to Hellenic lands, where the music of the cicada was consid-
ered 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 unkind-
ness, 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 Amer-
ica, where every living creature was held sacred by the im-
aginative 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 associat-
ing 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 Sophoc-
les pictured the punishments of Oedipus and Orestes. Ne-
mesis 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 Ken-
tucky brooks, a splash of color like an October landscape
among the knobs. If more of our great-hearted Kentuck-
i ans had the spirit of this, our loved son,—a spirit of divina-
tion of the innermost secrets of nature,—many of the mate-
rialistic 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 some-
thing that causes us to honor the heroes of the past? Pa-
triotism 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 push-
ing forward our standards of living.

Methinks, if a man would make a lasting memorial for
himself,—one of the very best, because of its aesthetic 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-cover-
ered nest that should make him have feelings of regret? On
the other hand, why is the orchard oriole so merry? I be-
lieve 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.

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**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.

This supplementary reader for the upper grammar grades
is the most recent addition to the well-known series of Eclec-
tic Readings. No other collection of Indian tales for school
use covers so great an extent of territory. Almost all the
tribes of North America, from Nova Scotia to Alaska, are
represented by their legends. Most of the stories are wholly
original. The language follows to some degree the Indians' 
mode of expression, and the stories illustrate their primitive
ideas of the Great Spirit, the Creation, the Deluge, the in-
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age life, which will be equally interesting to children. The
illustrations of the book are striking in their simplicity and
show to come extent the Indians' idea of pictorial represen-
tation.

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**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 Com-
pany, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

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

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

Faulty Fruit.

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