

THE

Normal Pointer.

Stevens Point, Wis.



1898.

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109 STRONGS AVENUE.

THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume III.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MARCH, 1898.

Number 6.

LITERARY.

CARTOFFEL.

I first met Jim in the woods near the old railway cut, just where the track, after a great sweeping curve, straightens out for the home stretch to the village station a mile and a half away. Birdnesting here with a boy companion one fine summer afternoon, my eyes on the sharp lookout, I suddenly spied Jim skulking along under the hazel brush, and realized that we had found a prize.

"By Jove!" I cried, "here's a young crow! Gee! two of 'em!"—and in great excitement we gave chase, scrambling through the hazel and wild blackberry bushes, stumbling over stones, scratching our hands and faces, breaking our shins and tearing our trousers—what were these trifles to us, with two fledgling crows fluttering just out of reach ahead?

"Say, ain't they dandies!" chuckled Billy, when at last we came together, panting but triumphant, to compare captives. In truth, being hardly beyond the callow stage, they were two as scrawny, ragged, dirty-black, disreputable looking birds as a mother crow ever pushed out of a nest, but to our imaginations, stirred by a recent reading of "Dampier the Buccaneer," they were precious as doubloons, pieces of eight, all the golden loot of the Spanish Main. *Here was booty enough for one expedition, and taking Billy's advice, we "wore ship" and started for home gloating like the pirates we dreamed of, richer than kings.

Jim, who fell to my share, took his capture philosophically, like the wise bird he was, ate as many meals a day as I could find time to feed him, and soon grew tame enough to be allowed full liberty. He rapidly outgrew his gawkiness, put on a beautiful suit of plumage, and became the admiration of all my envious cronies. Indeed, as he strutted gravely up and down the walk, the sunlight glancing green and purple on his sleek black feathers, Jim was a sight well worth seeing. An ex-confederate captain, up from Kentucky buying sheep among our farmers, declared that compared with Jim a darkey dandy competing in the cake-walk was nothing but a tramp.

But Jim was no mere dandy. He cut his wisdom teeth early, if one may speak so of a crow, and came to know more than some men; but as he used his brains principally in the contriving of mischief he soon fell into ill repute with the family. My good aunt, especially, regarded him with cold disfavor. It was no wonder. He pulled up by the roots all the

new-set plants in her flower garden; he stole her thimble; he strewed the contents of her button-box broadcast over the sitting room floor; he flew to the top of the barn with her spectacles; he pulled down and broke half the bric-a-brac on the old-fashioned "what-not" by tugging at the shelf-cover fringes; he unwound the thread spools and yarn balls in her work basket and interweaved and intertwined and criss-crossed them into hopeless inextricability. In short, he did the tricks which all pet crows of any spirit or enterprise do, and a number besides of his own fertile invention, all with such a mysterious, almost preternatural gravity that my aunt declared him possessed of an evil spirit. If his crimes had followed close, one upon the heels of the other, his game would have been up. I could never have saved his neck from the ax. But as I have before remarked, Jim was a knowing bird. He understood as well as anyone that it never pays to plant seed too thick in the row.

Between Jim and Cartoffel there was no love lost. Cartoffel was the cat. Her name was the last link in a rather curious chain of verbal evolution. She was first Kitty, then Catty, then Carty, then Cart, and finally—I was just beginning German at the time—Cartoffel. She was a gray-and-white, a trifle undersized, beautifully built, a famous mouser and clear grit from the tip of her battle-scarred nose to the end of her tail. She feared not cat, dog, nor man, neither malice domestic nor foreign levy. It was an inspiring sight to see her sally out when a strange dog came into the yard—legs stiff, back humped, eyes afire, fur bristled in every direction like fixed bayonets, nostrils breathing out threatenings and slaughter—to eject the intruder from the premises. She generally did it. Occasionally she found the dog too big and was forced to retreat up a tree. But this was not because she was afraid. Cartoffel was no fool. She knew when she was overwhelmingly outnumbered, and like any good general, understood perfectly the necessity in such cases of protecting her flanks.

It was characteristic of Cartoffel to have decided opinions and to express them with vigor. She would have made a poor politician, but a splendid statesman. Her backbone was Bismarckian. She knew her rights and proposed to get them, and after getting them, to keep them. When she stretched herself out in the middle of the kitchen floor you could walk around or step over, she didn't care which. She held her favorite chair until you fairly sat down on her. If you lifted her out she brought the cushion away in her claws. If you were sitting in it when she entered the room, she walked up and ordered you out, sometimes mildly, sometimes in language which plainly required expurgation.

With all her courage and energy Cartoffel was a motherly cat, indeed, the most motherly, and the most frequently motherly cat I ever saw.

Well, as I have said, there was bad blood between Cartoffel and Jim. Jim was the original aggressor. Cartoffel used to dine out of a tin dish beside the woodshed and it was Jim's custom to happen around at meal time, steal what he could and poke it down a certain crack in the board walk where he stored things against famine. He would sidle up to the dish, set his eye on a choice morsel and while Cartoffel stopped eating to growl, he would suddenly shoot out a deft beak and pick it from under her very nose. Strange to say, the cat did nothing. Perhaps she was a little dashed by Jim's mysterious gravity. He had a most uncanny way of cocking his head on one side during the sidling process, as if in communion with some evil corvine spirit. He was a strange new sort of creature. She had better not meddle with him yet, but some day—she licked her chops and the growl deepened in her throat. Jim on his part bore no malice. It was all in the way of business—a free competition—and if he had a sharp eye and a long head and a dextrous bill and Cartoffel hadn't, why, so much the worse for Cartoffel. So he grew fat and sleek and the storehouse under the walk overflowed with plenty. Meanwhile Cartoffel nursed her wrath and waited for the day of reckoning.

Things went from bad to worse. Every day Jim's robberies grew bolder and more outrageous and Cartoffel's anger burned higher. The uncanny feeling gradually wore off and Jim of the dextrous bill began to find it necessary to dodge a flying paw. Her growl at such times was the mutter of a gathering storm; her eyes glowed behind their lids like the green flame through the doors of a copper furnace; her tail was simply unspeakable. Cartoffel's tail was a marvel of expressiveness. It was long, lithe and elastic, and surcharged from tip to base with nervous energy, which escaped at the end in perpetual writhings, like steam from a high pressure boiler. The weather bureau was not more prognostical. If the motion were slow and gentle it meant—weather serene, not a cloud on the feline horizon—if it were quick, sharp and nervous—local thunder storm—if very sharp and snappy, with little explosive twitches at the tip—West India hurricane.

So, knowing the signals, I watched the way things were going, and grew more and more anxious. Whenever I could I drove Jim away, and warned him that trouble was brewing. But, like many another bright young fellow, Jim knew it all. You couldn't tell him anything. He had heard croaking before.

The end came unexpectedly after all. One day Cartoffel was just starting for the barn when Jim dropped silently beside the path in front, and with the easy insolence of unchecked aggression, stepped along toward her. Cartoffel's eyes leaped with dangerous green; she snarled and kept straight on, silent, ominous, her fur bristling, her tail swishing and twitching with deadly menace—a living Leyden battery, trembling on the brink of explosive discharge. She had almost passed, when Jim, in a moment of madness, just as her tail whipped the air in front of his beak, seized it and gave a sharp bite. It was fire to powder. One wild

shriek, one spitting, hissing flash of gray and white fur, and Jim lay on the ground, threshing furiously, with Cartoffel's white teeth and curving claws set deep in his black throat and breast. Three minutes more and all was over—poor Jim limp and motionless on the blood-stained grass, Cartoffel half crouched and grim above him, her jaws still clutched on the lifeless neck, her triumphant tail waving high over all like a battle-flag over a conquered citadel. G. L. T.

"CAPTAIN'S COURAGEOUS."

If coming generations should ever look back upon our times as being prolific of good literatures, they will count the name of Rudyard Kipling among the brightest in the production of that literature. Although Kipling is quite decidedly English, Americans claim him as partly their own; for he has given us glimpses of our life quite as true and graphic as any from the pens of our own writers. Such a story is Captain's Courageous.

It is a sea tale from opening to close, and savors of the salty fogs, and snapping gales of the Newfoundland Banks, in every chapter. It is said that before he undertook to write the story, Kipling spent a season in fishing at the "Banks;" and one who reads the story can hardly believe it otherwise, for the descriptions are too genuine, and the narratives too sincere, to have been written from hear-say only. This feeling of truth lends an added interest to the tale.

Not only is the scene American, but the characters are distinctively so. In the opening chapter, Harvey Cheyne, the son of a Western railway king, is starting for Europe in company with his mother. They are aboard an ocean liner. The boy, by his insolent manner, as well as by his precocious attainments in the matter of small vices, renders himself obnoxious to the men in the cabin. Finally one of them gives him an unusually "tough" cigar, which Harvey fearlessly proceeds to smoke. It proves too much for him; but ashamed to be seen sick, he goes aft and lies down on the deck. He becomes unconscious, the vessel strikes a swell, and he rolls off into the waves, while the steamer cuts rapidly away from all reach of him.

Fortunately for him,—as it is so apt to be in stories,—he has gone overboard near a fleet of fishing crafts, and he is picked up by two fishermen in a "smack," who proceed to take him to their ship, whose captain is the honest old "Disco."

Here Harvey finds that he has lost over a hundred dollars. He tells Disco of it, demands that Disco search his men for it, and insists on being taken ashore where he can communicate with his people. The simple-minded fisherman scorns Harvey's stories of his father's wealth, and pays no attention to the promises that if he takes Harvey home he will receive "four times as much as his whole outfit is worth."

But I'll soon have told you the story. Read it for yourself. Spend a season with Kipling at the cod fisheries, and get better acquainted with the author who is now attracting the attention of the world.

OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

An old book case filled with school books! What stories could they tell if they could only speak! What tales are recorded on their pages! Here is an algebra

dog-eared and pencil-marked. The fly leaves contain many interesting facts in both prose and poetry. Among these is the doggerel telling what to do in times of flood, "For refuge thither fly, For if the world should all be wet, This book would still be dry." Next to the algebra stands a McGuffey's Sixth Reader. Its pages bear the marks of dirty and ink-stained fingers. The pictures have all been colored. On one page a William Tell, brilliantly dressed in blue, green and yellow, stands holding in his hand a beautiful orange apple. Elsewhere in the book Hiawatha is shown with enough war paint to make even the heart of an Indian glad. Above are a Geometry and Latin Grammar. Both show signs of wear and tear. Some theorems look as tho' they had been moistened with tears. Latin declensions and conjugations are missing from the Grammar. On a higher shelf is an English Grammar with leaves torn and binding broken. On the fly leaves are written questions which are labeled "Abominable Extras" and among them we find this old friend, "Is it right to say, 'I knew it was him (or he)?' 'I knew it to be him (or he)?' " Near by is an Arithmetic. As in the case of the Algebra the writer has resorted to rhyme as the best means of expressing his thought:

"Addition is vexation, subtraction is as bad,
The Rule of Three, it troubles me—
And fractions drive me mad."

At the back are these words, "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." "Nov. 23, final examination. Stood 68." "The mills of the gods grind slowly—" The lower part of the book case is filled with parts of other school books, a pile of copy books, compositions, other manuscripts and the remains of a pencil box.

Old school books! Of little use and of no value! Many happy and useful hours have been spent over you, but now the lessons learned must be put into practice and you lie, dusty and deserted in the old book case. '98 (?)

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS IN A DOG.

We once had a large black spaniel who was an expert in catching chickens. Whenever we wanted a rooster we would just point him out to Bruce, and the dog would never stop until he had that rooster. One fall we had more chickens than we could do anything with, and so every Sunday, the only day we were all at home, we would kill two or three for dinner. The Sabbath had always been a sad dull day for Bruce: because, like all good farmers, we slept very late Sunday mornings and Bruce spent the time whining around, lonesome and dreary. But this chicken catching made it the day of the week for him. He came to look forward to it as a small boy does to the Fourth of July. One Sunday morning, when we had slept later than usual, mother was awakened by a great commotion somewhere in the back yard. There was a loud cackling of hens, and now and then a hoarse bark from Bruce. She hurried out to the back porch, and there was Bruce, covering up a great flock of scared and fluttering chickens. He was bobbing from one side to the other, not letting one escape. With great wagging of his tail, and a laugh in his eye, he looked up at mother as much as to say: "Here they are, Mrs. R. Just point one out to me, and he's yours. I knew you'd be wanting one, 'cause it's Sunday, you see."

THE COMING OF WINTER.

The morning was mild, cloudy, springlike. Mr. B. remarked at breakfast that he believed we were going to have Indian summer. That was about eight o'clock. Half an hour later the air was filled with great, soft, feathery flakes hurrying downward from a smooth gray sky. All day long flake after flake, myriads of flakes, hastened earthward to deepen the growing drifts, and at evening the glowing golden sunset outlined a beautiful fairyland of crystal trees and shrubs against the black clouds retreating eastward. How I enjoyed gazing at the snowy foliage of wood and thicket as it sparkled in the glowing light. But it was too beautiful to last. Night settled. Morning came again, and again the snow fell, but this time in little frosty, biting flakes driven by a keen wind which tore from branches and twigs all their beautiful robes and left them bare and shivering in the bleak air. Old Winter had begun his reign in earnest.

ALTA PERRY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF AGE.

I have a little nephew at home, now about five years old. He certainly has an old head for such a young chap, and his habit of drawing out his words gives a kind of ludicrous seriousness, consequence, and a sense or pondered judgment to all he says; and, indeed, he has surprised us with evidences of well connected chains of reasoning.

One time, when he and grand-ma were left at the table alone, his mother said, "Grandma, won't you have some more tea?" Enviously, Douglas watched the tempting tea as it went into grand-ma's cup, and in his usual slow meditative way, he asked: "Mamma, when I get to be old like grand-ma is, my name 'll be Diggles jus' the same, won't it?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear. Why do you ask?" she said, wondering at the queer question.

"Well," said he, after a long thoughtful pause, and carefully weighing each word, "Maybe when I get old, you'll say to me, Diggles, wouldn't you like some more tea?"

Douglas got the tea!

S.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

OF M—N—:

"He is a great observer."

"And when he next does ride abroad

May I be there to see."

OF MR. V—:

"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep."

OF MR. L—:

"With loads of learned lumber in his head."

TO MR. —:

"What's so tedious as a twice told tale?"

OF MR. H—:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

TO OUR INSTRUCTORS:

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!"

TO THE SCHOOL:

"A chiel's among ye taking notes,
And faith, he'll prent it."

THE NORMAL POINTER.

MARCH, 1898.

Published monthly during the school year of ten months by the students of the State Normal School, Stevens Point, Wis.

Entered at the Postoffice at Stevens Point, Wis., as second class matter.

Terms of Subscription—50 cents per year in advance.

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EDITORIAL.

□ It is a principle in athletics that long, mild training for a contest is better than hard training of short duration. The truth is almost axiomatic so we may write Q. E. D. without the demonstration and put down as a corollary that the same theorem applies to the training for a graduation thesis or for an oratorical contest. In the long run the preparation in these cases will be altogether more pleasant and beneficial if begun a year rather than a few months before the time. There will then be less worry and less monotony, two things which are the bane of contests. A few months cannot overcome mannerisms in delivery; a few months cannot give time for deliberation nor is it long enough to get a broad, deep scope of thought along any line. There are always three ways to begin to get ready: 1. To begin on time and get there on time. 2. To begin pretty near on time and get there pretty near on time. 3. To begin not on time and get there not on time. And the beauty of the thing is that you have your choice of either of the three ways. You are master of the situation. Probably this sounds rather "As Poor Richard says," but we realize with Shakespeare that "If to do were as easy as to know what to do etc."

We quote the following from an article in one of our leading magazines, with the hope that it will aid some of our number who seem to need a little advice on the subject: "Usually, in going up stairs, a person treads on the ball of his foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, while it does not distribute the weight of the body equally—a desirable condition in either walking or climbing stairs. You should in walking up stairs, place your feet squarely on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this

way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes up stairs with a spring is no philosopher, or his attention has not been directed to that subject."

(All this is, of course, very good; but how do you think the doctor would go up-stairs if he had an 8 o'clock and was in the basement when the bell rang?)

"A small leak may sink a great ship." The ship we are thinking of is the theatre hat (a newly coined word of the nineteenth century); the leak was sprung at the beginning of our lecture course, and, true to the old adage, gradually the proud ship with its sky-piercing masts, gorgeous banners and massive sails, has sunk below the horizon. The last lecture of the course presented a smooth, unbroken sea upon which the speaker could cast his eye. Perhaps the event is nothing to crow about, but we've made a beginning, and remember the text about the small doing the great. Our Normal has now the reputation of being called the place where women must take off their hats. Probably other institutions will strive to deserve the compliment, and thus, although apparently insignificant, we may be a factor in working the mighty revolution which the twentieth century civilization promises to realize.

Gradually the school is being embellished, as it should be, by works of art. The empty corridors and blank walls will soon be nothing but a recollection and a dream. The change has been wrought almost wholly by the teachers and students, and this fact makes the masterpieces all the more enjoyable, since when we look upon them we shall think of ourselves as having a hand in the matter, and not of regents, board meetings, petitions, etc. Much credit is due to the missionaries; the spirit is a right one. The movement is certainly upheld by æsthetics, and more than that, by science, for psychology teaches that suggestion and environment are potent factors in school work. It has actually been proved by experiment that one can do better work in pleasant surroundings than otherwise, although many great men have risen from the unadorned log cabin.

As The Pointer is primarily a paper of the students, for the students, and by the students, it is very seldom that the productions of others are seen upon its pages. The past issues have been—with but few exceptions—entirely from the pens of the students; but feeling that all our readers would enjoy an article by one of the faculty, we publish in the literary department "Cartof-fel," by Mr. Teeple.

One of the editors has recently discovered the remarkable fact that every student in the school has more work to do than every other student.

We would humbly suggest that some of our exchanges consider the moral effect produced by a few of their advertisements.

Do you know the Senior colors? Have you seen the Senior class pin? Have you heard the Senior yell?

SCIENTIFIC.

ANDREE'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

The most interesting and novel expedition which has set out for the North Pole in the past few years, is the one on which Herr Andree started last summer. On the 11th of July, with two companions, he set out in a balloon on a flight which he expects will carry him over the North Pole.

This idea of a balloon expedition is said to have been entertained by him as early as 1882, when he spent the winter in Spitzbergen with a scientific expedition. Later he made several experimental trips which led to his discovery of a successful means of steering a balloon by the use of guide ropes and sails. It was not until 1895, however, that he laid his matured plan before the Swedish Academy of Science. Later in the same year he spoke before the International Geographical Congress in London on the subject; and the following year made an attempt to put his plan into execution, but failed, owing to unfavorable winds.

Nothing daunted by this failure, he immediately began making preparations for another trial. The necessary funds were soon secured through the liberality of King Oscar and others. The only essential change in the preparations of the expedition from those of the year before was the enlarging of the capacity of the balloon by three hundred cubic meters. About the middle of May, 1897, the expedition set out on board one of the Swedish gun-boats for Spitzbergen. Arriving there, they found the balloon-house which was a circular structure about eighty-five feet high intended to shelter the balloon while it was being inflated, still standing, although it had become somewhat twisted.

After about two weeks work, the damage to the balloon-house was repaired and the balloon placed inside. Then began the work of filling the balloon with hydrogen, which took eighty-nine hours. After this was completed, several days were spent in examining the surface, by means of chemically prepared cloth, in search of leakages. By the first of July everything was in readiness for the start, and only the necessary south wind was wanting. Day after day of monotonous and impatient waiting followed, during which many excursions were made into the interior for the purpose of mapping it out. Finally, on July 11th, a strong and steady south wind began blowing. Final preparations were immediately made, and at exactly 2:30 in the afternoon Andree called out with a calm and steady voice, "Cut one, two, three." The ropes parted and the balloon rose slowly and began its northward journey.

Over half a year has past since this daring man and his two companions started on their "flight into the unknown," and as yet nothing has been heard from them. But this is no reason for thinking that they are lost and will never be heard from; for Andree, himself, when asked how soon we might expect to hear from him said: "At least not before three months; and one year, perhaps two years, may elapse before you hear from us; and you may one day be surprised by

news of our arrival somewhere; and if not, if you never hear from us, others will follow in our wake, until the unknown regions of the north have been surveyed."

WHY NOT?

Instead of spending so much time and energy each year in examining the students' eyes and finding out the defects, why not do something towards changing the conditions which produce these defects? It is a well known fact that black is the worst color in the world for the eyes; and yet we cover our school-room walls with "black-boards" and oblige the students to spend considerable time in working on them. Under these conditions is it any wonder that the defects in eye sight are increasing rapidly? But, you will ask, how can this be helped? You certainly can not do away with black-board drill? True, we cannot do away with the drill, yet we can do away with the black-boards, and substitute in their place exercise boards of a more hygienic color. It was stated in last month's issue, those who have made a special study of this subject have found that the best color for such boards is some shade of cream white, with crayon of a clear sky blue color.

As the Normal schools are expected to take the lead in the promulgation of ideas of reform, why not give these "white boards" a trial?

The sugar crop of the world amounts in the average year to about 8,000,000 tons, of which a larger part, about 4,500,000 tons, comes from beets, and the balance 3,500,000 tons from sugar cane. In the production of beet sugar Germany and Austria come first, each with about one-third of the world's crop.

In regard to the consumption of sugar, it is a curious fact that in those countries where the maritime spirit—the spirit of navigation, commerce and travel—is strong, there is a much greater consumption per capita than in countries where this spirit is not so strong. In England, the greatest of maritime nations, the consumption is 86 pounds a year for each inhabitant. In Denmark it is 45; in Holland 31; and so it ranges down the scale until in Servia where the maritime spirit is very weak, the consumption is only 4 pounds per capita.

The following prophesy is made by a Philadelphia newspaper as to the possibilities of the future:

"The city of the future, and no very distant future, will have no trolley poles or wires, and no horses. All movements will be on rail by silent air motors or by horseless carriages equally silent. All pavements will be asphalt. Unlimited light will be as cheap as unlimited water is to-day. No coal will be delivered at private houses, and no ashes taken from them. With no horses, no coal, and no ashes, street dust and dirt will be reduced to a minimum. With no factory fires, and no kitchen or furnace fires, the air will be as pure in the city as in the country. Trees will have a chance; houses be warmed and lighted as easily and cheaply as they are now supplied with water."

A project has recently been laid before the governments of Spain and Morocco for the construction of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar. The leader in this project is M. Berlier a well known engineer, who is the inventor of a new method of subterranean boring.

LOCAL.

Translation in advanced Latin—"She jumped about herself."

Carrie Caldwell has withdrawn on account of the sickness of her brother.

A Senior seeing Hebe for the first time—"Say, is that the president's mite box?"

Maud and Roy Beach have withdrawn and returned to their home at Plainfield.

Teacher—"How do you spell Aurora?"

Student—"A-u-a-roar-r-a."

Goodwin Kittleson, who was not spared during the measles season, is again at work.

Miss Edna Saxton has been absent from school for several days on account of illness.

Florence Pray has returned from several weeks' visit with her sister Helen at Marshfield.

The Juniors, etc., are struggling with rhetorical; the Seniors with writing applications.

Estella Muir, who teaches at Auburndale, came down recently to visit friends at the Normal.

John Lees and H. O. Manz have recovered from a siege of the measles and are again at school.

P. L. Pease left his pleasant home to spend a few days with his friend, A. L. Larkin at Appleton.

Prof. Sanford gave final examinations in Civil Government, U. S. History and General History Feb. 26.

Agnes Dignum has recovered from the popular attack of measles and has resumed work at the Normal.

A worthy Senior in class meeting—"I suggest that we present a picture to the school as a memorandum of us."

Prof.—"So you see we cannot forget psychologically or physiologically, but unfortunately we can practically."

The demand for more cloak room has been met by the addition of two more sets of lockers down stairs in the main hall.

The Methods class, which numbers about 150 this quarter, has been observing for several days, in the model department.

The third quarter drawing class have donned their clay-modelling aprons and are taking advantage of the fact that mud is plastic.

Mr. A.—"What kind of a time did you have when you were sick?"

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LOCAL.

Translation in advanced Latin—"She jumped about herself."

Carrie Caldwell has withdrawn on account of the sickness of her brother.

A Senior seeing Hebe for the first time—"Say, is that the president's mite box?"

Maud and Roy Beach have withdrawn and returned to their home at Plainfield.

Teacher—"How do you spell Aurora?"

Student—"A-u-a-roar-r-a."

Goodwin Kittleston, who was not spared during the measles season, is again at work.

Miss Edna Saxton has been absent from school for several days on account of illness.

Florence Pray has returned from several weeks' visit with her sister Helen at Marshfield.

The Juniors, etc., are struggling with rhetoricals; the Seniors with writing applications.

Estella Muir, who teaches at Auburndale, came down recently to visit friends at the Normal.

John Lees and H. O. Manz have recovered from a siege of the measles and are again at school.

P. L. Pease left his pleasant home to spend a few days with his friend, A. L. Larkin at Appleton.

Prof. Sanford gave final examinations in Civil Government, U. S. History and General History Feb. 26.

Agnes Dignum has recovered from the popular attack of measles and has resumed work at the Normal.

A worthy Senior in class meeting—"I suggest that we present a picture to the school as a memorandum of us."

Prof.—"So you see we cannot forget psychologically or physiologically, but unfortunately we can practically."

The demand for more cloak room has been met by the addition of two more sets of lockers down stairs in the main hall.

The Methods class, which numbers about 150 this quarter, has been observing for several days, in the model department.

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Subs—Lawrence, Kellogg, Evans; Normals, Springer, Roseberry, Bremmer, Munnell.

Referee, McCaskill; umpires, Johnson, Evans; time-keepers, Hickok, Pease; scorer, Lees.

Baskets from the field, Lee 5, Boyd 1, Hall 1, Waterbury 3, Holman 2; baskets from free throws, Lee 5, Holt 1, Smith 3.

A return game will be played in the near future.

BASKET BALL.

Basket Ball well deserves the support it has received in this school the past winter. It is one of the best games for developing the physical side of man, while it has none of the rough and dangerous features that come with some other games. The game requires quick decision, a steady, cool mind, and quick decisive actions. A person must know the best thing to do, and be able to do it. This comes largely by practice.

There are four young ladies' teams, and four gentlemen's teams in this school. The playing of all the teams has been good, and has drawn large crowds whenever an open game was announced. The only outside team that we have met thus far was Lawrence University. Our team—although it was defeated—made a good showing against the much more experienced team.

On account of our not having a coach, our development has been rather slow.

The names of the teams, their captains, and colors, are as follows:

YOUNG LADIES.	CAPTAIN.	COLORS.
First Team.....	Martens.....	Purple
Second Team.....	Burce.....	Gold
Third Team.....	Parker.....	Red
Fourth Team.....	Van Buskirk.....	White

YOUNG MEN.	CAPTAIN.	COLORS.
Badgers.....	Holt.....	Purple
Phi Beta Psi.....	Smith.....	White
Rivals.....	Thoms.....	Gold
Whites.....	Porter.....	White

The High School and the First Normal basketball teams played a close and exciting game Friday, Feb. 18. Each team played a fast, snappy game and very few fouls were made on either side. The line-up was:

HIGH SCHOOL.	NORMALS.
Johnson.....center.....	Holman.....
Johnson.....r forward.....	Holt.....
Cashin.....l forward.....	Waterbury.....
McPhail.....r back.....	Culver.....
Tardiff.....l back.....	Smith.....

Referee, McCaskill; umpires, Cashin, Bradford.

Baskets from field, Johnson 1, Waterbury 1, Holt 1; from free throws, Johnson 5, Holt 3.

The Badgers and the Whites played an exciting basket ball game the afternoon of March 5th in the gymnasium. At times the game was fast and well played; but none of the players guarded their men enough. Holman played the best game. Bremmer also did good playing. The score was 25 to 13 in favor of the Badgers. The line up was:

BADGERS.	WHITES.
Holman.....Center.....	Bremmer.....
Holt, Capt.....L. forward.....	Latton.....
Roseberry.....R. forward.....	Porter, Capt.....
Culver.....L. back.....	Manly.....
Dawes.....R. back.....	Falck.....

Referee—McCaskill. Umpires—Hotchkiss and Lees. Time-keeper—Munnell.

The young ladies' third and fourth basket ball teams played a close and interesting game Saturday, March 5. At the end of the first half the score was 3 to 2 in favor of the Fourth team. In the second half each team made a basket from the field. The final score stood 5 to 4 in favor of the Fourth team. The line up was as follows:

FOURTH TEAM.*	THIRD TEAM.
VanBuskirk, Capt....Center.....	Parker, Capt.....
Bowmen.....L. forward.....	Davis.....
Bever, Finch.....R. forward.....	Dawes.....
Gilbertson.....L. back.....	Meek.....
Mehne.....R. back.....	Lee.....

Referee—McCaskill. Umpires—Hotchkiss and Lees. Time-keeper—Munnell.

Baskets from field—Bever 1; Bowmen 1; Davis 1; Parker 1.

From free throws—VanBuskirk 1.

Two exciting games of basketball were played Feb. 19. The first game was between the first and third girl teams, Misses Martens and Parker being captains of the respective teams. The first team won by a score of 8 to 2. The second game was between the Phi Beta Psi and Normals, Smith and Porter being captains. The score was 12 to 9 in favor of the Phi Beta Psi.

The Superior Normal Athletic Association has assumed the debt incurred by Moran, who was injured in the Superior-Stevens Point foot ball game last fall. As the debt is large, the home Athletic Association has determined to give a minstrel performance, the proceeds to go to the Superior Athletic Association to help defray their expense.

EXCHANGES.

Appropriately enough, candles and snuffing went out of fashion together.

"Two men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect."

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

The expression "I don't think," is true ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Most people don't think.

To the Gramophone:

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

Irate Prof.—"How dare you swear before me?"

Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

A good man is like a lighthouse. The lighthouse doesn't have to toot a horn and ring a bell. The light tells the story.

"Education is needed," said a local preacher in the west of England, "to enable our rough diamonds to reach their full foliage."

A New York paper wants to drop the letter "Q" from the alphabet and substitute "Kw." That would make some words look kwite kweer.

A unique movement has been started in Boston in the way of "Don't Worry" circles. But won't the members worry for fear they'll worry?

Curly (in the act of denying imputations), removes his artificial teeth from his mouth, holds them before him and exclaims in a tragic voice: "They are false."

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us—" and then his voice was drowned by applause.

Dartmouth college has the honor of having issued the first college paper in the United States, and the great honor of having Daniel Webster for its editor-in-chief.

Her smile was most bewitching,
As beside him down she sat;
And she made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat.

BRIDGET'S PRECAUTION.—Bridget (to Mike who has just set up a new stove): "Don't build a foire in it till Oi throy th' oven, fer if it don't bake well Oi'll hov it sint back."

Tell us not in unbought numbers
Life is but an empty dream.
Think of all our broken slumbers
Editing 's not what 't may seem.

"What's the first step in the digestion of food,"

asked the teacher. Up went the hand of a black-haired little fellow who exclaimed with eagerness, "Bite it off! bite it off!"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself (?) hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
"——! ——!! ——!!! ——!!!!?"

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can do the same as they;
And, departing, leave behind us
All we cannot take away."
Soliloquy of a young man in an apple orchard).

"Doctor, can you tell me what is the matter with my child's nose?"

"Yes, mam; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane, communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithedinne of the ecoeriah."

"There now, that's just what I thought."

Among the periodicals on our shelves, are two placed there through the kindness of members of the Faculty. One, "The Public Ownership Review," by Mr. Swift; the other, "The Voice," a weekly magazine, by Mr. Collins. Let us show our appreciation of their kindness by making good use of these magazines.

Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for thee alone
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years
Let it wipe out other's tears
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Few people remember the words of others but they watch their lives. They are encouraged or depressed; live better or worse lives, as they find embodied in their examples the living facts of life. No man can shut himself off from the world and do or be right, much less can a man win his fellows by moving among them but retaining a forbidding exclusiveness. The students who desire to help their associates must not moralize on what they ought themselves to have done, but must do now along the broadest lines what they would have their followers do.—Oberlin Review.

One of the best of our exchanges is the "Williamson Life." The mottoes above the different departments are all good; but two of them are especially pithy, and appeal to us because we know something about each.

The first, "A fool must now and then be right by chance," has a truth back of it for us. If even the fool may happen to strike by chance something he can do well, surely students with well developed brains, though they think they have no literary talent, can contribute something worthy of being read to the school paper. Try it, and see.

The second, "Mark what ills the scholar's life assails," comes more directly home to us than the other. We are having experience along this line all the time; so we fully appreciate the truth in it. Most of the ills, however, lie within ourselves, and the sooner we get into the true student spirit and go to the bottom of things, the sooner will the ills besetting the scholar's life disappear.

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A return game will be played in the near future.

BASKET BALL.

Basket Ball well deserves the support it has received in this school the past winter. It is one of the best games for developing the physical side of man, while it has none of the rough and dangerous features that come with some other games. The game requires quick decision, a steady, cool mind, and quick decisive actions. A person must know the best thing to do, and be able to do it. This comes largely by practice.

There are four young ladies' teams, and four gentlemen's teams in this school. The playing of all the teams has been good, and has drawn large crowds whenever an open game was announced. The only outside team that we have met thus far was Lawrence University. Our team—although it was defeated—made a good showing against the much more experienced team.

On account of our not having a coach, our development has been rather slow.

The names of the teams, their captains, and colors, are as follows:

YOUNG LADIES.	CAPTAIN.	COLORS.
First Team.....	Martens	Purple
Second Team.....	Burce	Gold
Third Team.....	Parker	Red
Fourth Team.....	Van Buskirk	White

YOUNG MEN.	CAPTAIN.	COLORS.
Badgers.....	Holt	Purple
Phi Beta Psi.....	Smith	White
Rivals.....	Thoms.....	Gold
Whites.....	Porter.....	White

The High School and the First Normal basketball teams played a close and exciting game Friday, Feb. 18. Each team played a fast, snappy game and very few fouls were made on either side. The line-up was:

HIGH SCHOOL.	NORMALS.	
Johnson.....	center.....	Holman
Johnson.....	r forward.....	Holt
Cashin.....	l forward.....	Waterbury
McPhail.....	r back.....	Culver
Tardiff.....	l back.....	Smith

Referee, McCaskill; umpires, Cashin, Bradford.

Baskets from field, Johnson 1, Waterbury 1, Holt 1; from free throws, Johnson 5, Holt 3.

The Badgers and the Whites played an exciting basket ball game the afternoon of March 5th in the gymnasium. At times the game was fast and well played; but none of the players guarded their men enough. Holman played the best game. Bremmer also did good playing. The score was 25 to 13 in favor of the Badgers. The line up was:

BADGERS.	WHITES.	
Holman.....	Center.....	Bremmer
Holt, Capt.....	L. forward.....	Latton
Roseberry.....	R. forward.....	Porter, Capt.
Culver.....	L. back.....	Manly
Dawes.....	R. back.....	Falck

Referee—McCaskill. Umpires—Hotchkiss and Lees. Time-keeper—Munnell.

The young ladies' third and fourth basket ball teams played a close and interesting game Saturday, March 5. At the end of the first half the score was 3 to 2 in favor of the Fourth team. In the second half each team made a basket from the field. The final score stood 5 to 4 in favor of the Fourth team. The line up was as follows:

FOURTH TEAM.	THIRD TEAM.	
VanBuskirk, Capt....	Center.....	Parker, Capt.
Bowmen.....	L. forward.....	Davis
Bever, Finch.....	R. forward.....	Dawes
Gilbertson.....	L. back.....	Meek
Mehne.....	R. back.....	Lee

Referee—McCaskill. Umpires—Hotchkiss and Lees. Time-keeper—Munnell.

Baskets from field—Bever 1; Bowmen 1; Davis 1; Parker 1.

From free throws—VanBuskirk 1.

Two exciting games of basketball were played Feb. 19. The first game was between the first and third girl teams, Misses Martens and Parker being captains of the respective teams. The first team won by a score of 8 to 2. The second game was between the Phi Beta Psi and Normals, Smith and Porter being captains. The score was 12 to 9 in favor of the Phi Beta Psi.

The Superior Normal Athletic Association has assumed the debt incurred by Moran, who was injured in the Superior-Stevens Point foot ball game last fall. As the debt is large, the home Athletic Association have determined to give a minstrel performance, the proceeds to go to the Superior Athletic Association to help defray their expense.

EXCHANGES.

Appropriately enough, candles and snuffing went out of fashion together.

"Two men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect."

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

The expression "I don't think," is true ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Most people don't think.

To the Gramophone:

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

Irate Prof.—"How dare you swear before me?"

Student—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

A good man is like a lighthouse. The lighthouse doesn't have to toot a horn and ring a bell. The light tells the story.

"Education is needed," said a local preacher in the west of England, "to enable our rough diamonds to reach their full foliage."

A New York paper wants to drop the letter "Q" from the alphabet and substitute "Kw." That would make some words look kwite kweer.

A unique movement has been started in Boston in the way of "Don't Worry" circles. But won't the members worry for fear they'll worry?

Curly (in the act of denying imputations), removes his artificial teeth from his mouth, holds them before him and exclaims in a tragic voice: "They are false."

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us—" and then his voice was drowned by applause.

Dartmouth college has the honor of having issued the first college paper in the United States, and the great honor of having Daniel Webster for its editor-in-chief.

Her smile was most bewitching,
As beside him down she sat;
And she made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat.

BRIDGET'S PRECAUTION.—Bridget (to Mike who has just set up a new stove): "Don't build a foire in it till Oi throy th' oven, fer if it don't bake well Oi'll hov it sint back."

Tell us not in unbought numbers
Life is but an empty dream.
Think of all our broken slumbers
Editing 's not what 't may seem.

"What's the first step in the digestion of food."

asked the teacher. Up went the hand of a black-haired little fellow who exclaimed with eagerness, "Bite it off! bite it off!"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself (?) hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
"———!———!!———!!!———!!!!?"

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can do the same as they;
And, departing, leave behind us
All we cannot take away."

Soliloquy of a young man in an apple orchard).

"Doctor, can you tell me what is the matter with my child's nose?"

"Yes, mam; it's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane, communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithedinne of the ecoeriah."

"There now, that's just what I thought."

Among the periodicals on our shelves, are two placed there through the kindness of members of the Faculty. One, "The Public Ownership Review," by Mr. Swift; the other, "The Voice," a weekly magazine, by Mr. Collins. Let us show our appreciation of their kindness by making good use of these magazines.

Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for thee alone
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years
Let it wipe out other's tears
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Few people remember the words of others but they watch their lives. They are encouraged or depressed; live better or worse lives, as they find embodied in their examples the living facts of life. No man can shut himself off from the world and do or be right, much less can a man win his fellows by moving among them but retaining a forbidding exclusiveness. The students who desire to help their associates must not moralize on what they ought themselves to have done, but must do now along the broadest lines what they would have their followers do.—Oberlin Review.

One of the best of our exchanges is the "Williamson Life." The mottoes above the different departments are all good; but two of them are especially pithy, and appeal to us because we know something about each.

The first, "A fool must now and then be right by chance," has a truth back of it for us. If even the fool may happen to strike by chance something he can do well, surely students with well developed brains, though they think they have no literary talent, can contribute something worthy of being read to the school paper. Try it, and see.

The second, "Mark what ills the scholar's life assails," comes more directly home to us than the other. We are having experience along this line all the time; so we fully appreciate the truth in it. Most of the ills, however, lie within ourselves, and the sooner we get into the true student spirit and go to the bottom of things, the sooner will the ills besetting the scholar's life disappear.

MODEL SCHOOL.

GRAMMAR.

Douglas at the King's Games.

First comes the archery in which Robin Hood and all his men take part. After they have shown their skill, Douglas shoots and hits the white mark in the center; and the second arrow splits the first one in two. Then Douglas takes a silver dart from the king.

Then, the wrestling match begins; and two win and call for better enemies. Douglas comes out and makes one lame, and the other insensible. Then he takes a gold ring from the king.

Then, the men throw the bar of iron. And when all the rest have shown their skill, Douglas takes an earth-fast stone and throws it a rod beyond the farthest mark. Then the Douglas has to take a purse of gold; but he distributes it among the crowd.

Then the deer is let forth, and the hounds go after it, Lufra among them. But Lufra left the hounds and caught the deer. And just then one of the king's huntsmen comes up and strikes the dog. Then Douglas goes up to him and knocks him over dead.

Now the people rise in protest against the king; but Douglas speaks to them, and they go off to their homes, while he goes to jail.

WHY I LIKE THIS CHARACTER BEST. I like Douglas because he was strong, brave, noble, kind, and loyal to his country. He was strong when he took part in the games. He was brave, noble and kind when he went to give his life in the court for Roderick. He was loyal to his country when he stopped the mob from fighting for him against his country. WALKER SANBORN.

Minneapolis as a Trade Center.

Minneapolis is a large city near St. Paul in Minnesota. It is on the Mississippi River in the eastern part of Minnesota. It is at the St. Anthony Falls. St. Paul is about ten miles from Minneapolis, and they are called the twin cities sometimes, because they grew up at about the same time. St. Paul was built about eight years earlier than Minneapolis; although Minneapolis is the larger of the two. It is larger because it is situated better than St. Paul; and also because the falls give it better advantage.

St. Anthony Falls furnishes great water power; and therefore mills which saw the pine lumber are set up along the river banks. These pine forests are to be found in the northern part of Minnesota. The trees are cut and trimmed and sent down the river in rafts. Sometimes they float on the surface, and men are employed who stand at different places on the banks to keep the logs from stopping. The men are called river drivers, and they have to jump on the largest logs and guide the small ones along. They have to have little iron points nailed in their shoes so as to keep them from slipping from the wet logs. Great rafts are sent down to cook the meals on, and the men stay on the river all day sometimes.

The mills that saw these logs are run by water power, and a large wheel called the "water-wheel" is placed at the side of the mill or under it. As the water rushes down the falls it runs under or over this wheel and causes it to turn, and that in turn runs the machinery inside of the mill. I saw the mill at Weyauwega run in this way. My uncle owns the mill, and when I went there he took me through it. The wheel in this mill is under it. The mill is on an island, and an artificial dam is built, and the river runs under the mill.

PANSY GUMAER.

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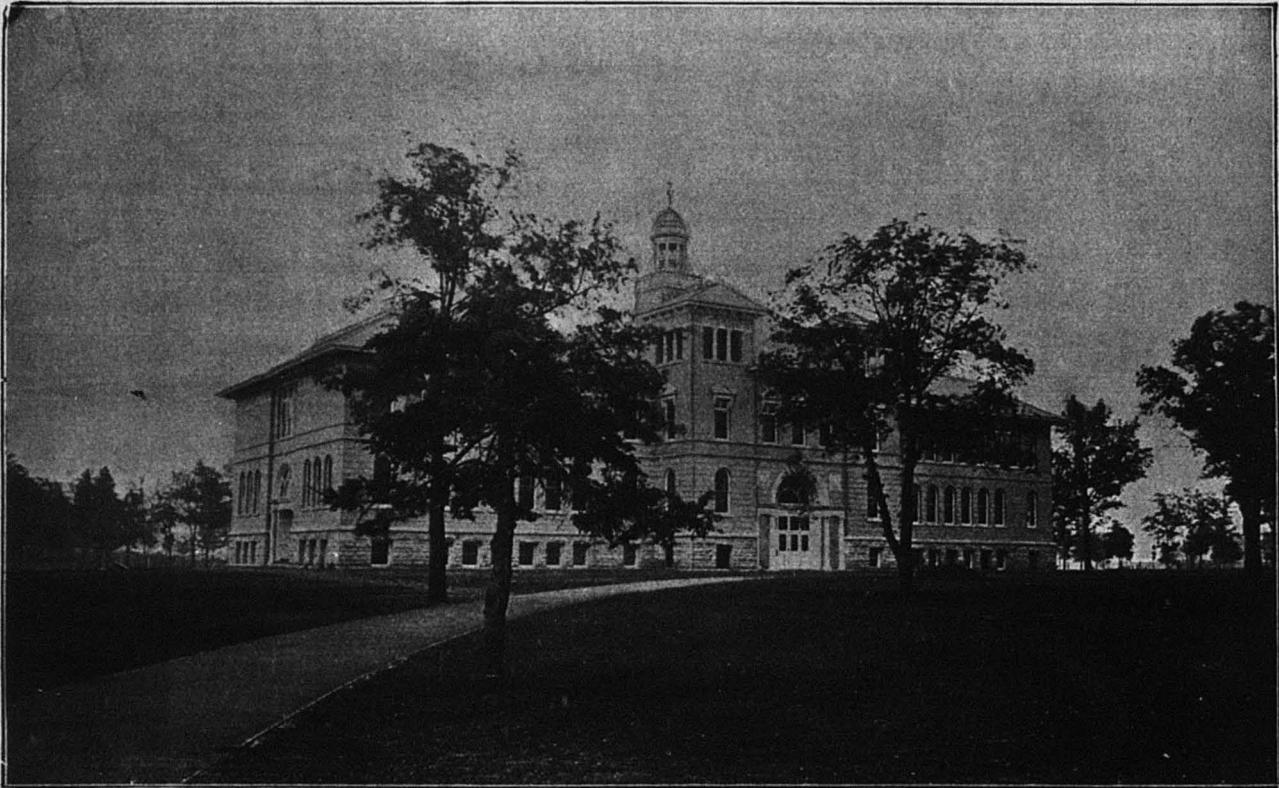
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