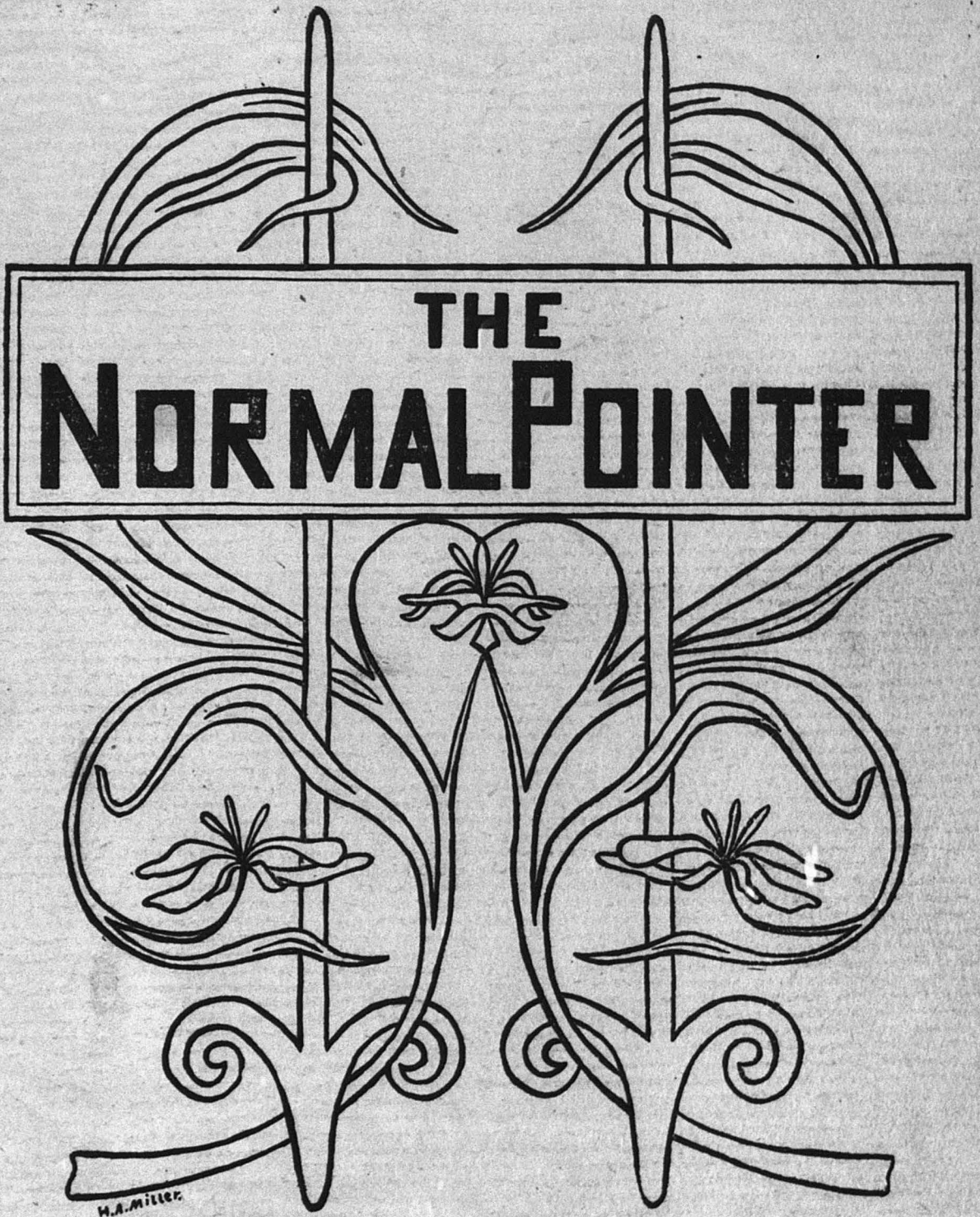


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VOL V.

FEB. 15, 1900.

No. 5.

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THE NORMAL POINTER.

Volume V.

STEVENS POINT, WIS., FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

Number 5.



HOW WE GOT A DUCK.

BY J. H. BAKER.

IT happened late in September, 1896. I was getting ready to leave home to be gone for some time, and decided to take one more trip to the usual haunts along the river where I had spent the greater part of that summer, as well as many preceding it. I soon found a friend, named Frank, who was willing to go, and if I would hunt ducks he was more than willing.

We had no gun but succeeded in borrowing one of his brother, and started out. As we neared the depot which was on our way we found an accommodation train ready to pull out in the direction we were going. The train had no reputation for swiftness and we thought we might ride up a short distance and then jump off. The conductor assured us that we could get off easily at the sand-pit which was a little over a mile up the road. As we neared the sand-pit the speed of the train seemed to rapidly increase. We stood on the back end of the caboose watching the ties which flew out from beneath the car at the rate of a mile a minute. I decided to let Frank jump first and if he lived thru the ordeal I'd follow. We both had had some experience in jumping off and on moving trains but not when the train was going so fast. We reached the sand-pit and

Frank threw the gun and jumped. As the conductor had said, he did get off easily, but well begun was not half done in that case. The first seventy feet he went in seven steps. He then began to roll and after describing four parabolas came to a full stop. I was glad that I had stayed on the train, but as Frank still lived I decided to jump at the next long smooth spot. When the brakeman was in the car my chance came. I signaled the engineer to stop, set the brake and jumped. The brakeman hearing the grinding of the wheels and suspecting what the trouble was came out just as I left the step. In very ungentle and discourteous tones he reminded me of the fact that I was a fool and told me that the next time we met I would suddenly take my departure for a much warmer country. I did not take issue with him on the first point for two reasons: First, because I had come to that same conclusion when I saw Frank leave the train; second, because he used such a long line of adjectives that he was still talking when the train went out of sight. He had one of the finest collections of oaths that I ever heard used by one man. Some of them I think have been handed down from generation to generation since prehistoric times, but for the sake of the relig-

eous reputation of the Pilgrims it is to be hoped that they, like all other rare old things, did not come to America in the Mayflower. Some had been newly imported and the others must have been the product of his own fertile, but fiendish imagination. I verily believe that he swore at me in seven different languages. However, it did not hinder me from making good time back to where Frank was shaking the sand from his clothes and the gun.

It was only a short distance to the river and we soon began our hunt. We walked along the flats for hours, climbing over logs, wading small creeks, and jumping over mud-holes — when we did not miscalculate the distance. We started up a great number of snipes but paid no attention to them; we were after larger game and had said that we would not go home without a duck apiece. But we were doomed to disappointment, however, for not a duck came in sight. After a while we decided that snipes were just as good as ducks anyway. We had thot them very plentiful but they seemed to read our minds and nearly all disappeared. We shot three, however, and sat down to rest. We were disgusted with ourselves and each other, tired, cold, dirty, and of course, hungry.

Just before starting home we found an old raft. We were up the river from home and knew that if the raft was large enough and strong enough it would carry us — and our game — two thirds of the way home. A short examination showed us that one-half of it was well spiked together but the other half consisted of boards piled crosswise on two logs very loosely. It was not in our minds to do any more walking for the rest of that day than was strictly necessary, so we boarded the raft and poled out into the river. When the current caught us and began hurrying us along, we sat down to watch the fast receding scenes of our luckless hunt. We were once more in the best of spirits and considered the finding of that raft as lucky a thing as could have befallen us. We would get home without a long tiresome tramp over railroad ties or through the woods. We ceased to think of deceiving ducks, poor marksmanship and other troubles and drifted along without paying any attention to where we were going. We suddenly heard a grinding noise beneath our cruiser and realizing that we had struck a rock, started to our feet just as the raft struck another and went to pieces. There in the middle of the Wisconsin river in about ten feet of ice water,

we got our "duck," two of them in fact, and the biggest and wettest ducks that I have ever seen. The sound part of the raft turned completely over and lodged on the rock. The other part scattered itself promiscuously over several square rods of water and quietly floated out of reach. We lost no time in clambering on to the piece that remained. It is unnecessary and inappropriate to repeat the next few remarks that passed between us as we sat shivering on the raft, but I fear that the brakeman's influence made itself manifest. To say the least the remarks were very impressive. But our troubles were not over. The gun was in the bottom of the river. We knew that there was only one thing to do — we must dive for that gun and keep diving till we found it. We took turns diving and after some little time located the gun and soon got it. What to do next we did not know. It was thirty rods to shore, a half mile to where we had expected to land and the raft half gone. We had reached that stage of the game when one does not care much what happens and we determined to ride that raft the half mile if it only kept our heads above water. Seating ourselves one astride of either end, we pushed off the rock. It supported us quite well and we traversed the half mile and reached the shore without further mishap. We did not enter into the town by the straight and narrow way, but proceeded rather by a circuitous route through woods, clearings, cornfields, backstreets and alleys until we arrived home two sadder, but wiser and wetter boys.

J. H. BAKER.

A STORY.

On the southern shore of an attractive little island which forms one of the group of the Aland islands in the cold northern sea of Bothnia, lived a middle aged fisherman with his two motherless boys. He was a rough looking man, yet kind hearted and a good father to his boys. His name was Sigurd Linquist and his sons were Arnold and Otto, aged eight and five respectively. Arnold and Otto were hardy little fellows. They never whimpered when they had to stay at home while their father rowed out to sea to catch the big finny flounders, or when he climbed the steep jagged cliffs beyond the cottage to gather the eggs and down of the various seabirds.

At such times they were left to their own resources for amusement. This they did by tumbling on the cottage floor, drawing pictures of boats and

ships on it and then whittling out rude little models of these little charcoal images, or when the fun of this was spent they carved innumerable notches on the huge wooden bedstead. Of course the small fingers were sometimes cut too, and their father was a little concerned one night, when, on coming home he found Arnold lying on some tarry quilts in a corner almost fainting, with his cut and bleeding hand done up in a stocking, and Otto beside him having cried himself to sleep. The father, however, poured some brandy down the boy's throat and dressed his hand so that everything was alright on the next day.

Sometimes the boys would play along the sea-shore, with the sand, the pebbles, and the shells. Sometimes, when the days were bright and sunny, Sigurd would take them with him on his fishing trip. Some days they were even allowed to climb among the rocks and cliffs and throw stones at the sea-gulls.

Thus Arnold and Otto lived all summer long. They had no companion to play with, the cottage being an isolated one. The nearest neighbors were two bachelor fishermen, who lived ten miles away on another island.

All the men that lived on these islands sold fish enough in summer to buy bread and other necessities in winter. During the summer they lived mostly on fish.

When winter came to the Linquist household there was not much to do except to repair old nets, make new ones, cut wood, make snow shoes or skis, snare rabbits, teach the little boys how to read and write, impress upon them the necessity of being able to recite so much a day from Luther's catechism, and to make an occasional trip to Mariehamn for provisions. Not much to do, indeed.

Mariehamn was a town twenty miles away, situated on the main island. Here everybody had to go to buy their necessities.

It was the day before Christmas when Sigurd Linquist decided to take a respite from the salt fish and musty bread, and have a regular Christmas feast, he and the two boys. But to get the goodies he must go to the city. He therefore strapped a bag to his shoulders and the long Norwegian skates to his feet, and telling Arnold to be good and take care of Otto, he was off like the wind across the glistening ice toward the distant city. Arnold and Otto were really good that day. There was no cutting of the fingers or carving of the bedstead. They could

think of nothing save the goodies. Their father would return in the evening, then what a time they would have!

Thinking of the goodies spoiled their appetite for the fish at dinner time, but munching the hard pieces of ryebread they would stand on the bench near the window and peer anxiously and wistfully through it over the frozen sea to the distant horizon for a sign of their father. There they stood nearly all the afternoon. They loved each other, these two brothers. When their father was about to punish Arnold for some misdeed, Otto would intercede with tears, and when Otto got into a scrape, Arnold would do the same. Otto became tired of standing, so they moved the rough wooden table to the window and climbed on top of the table.

Imagine them as they sit cuddled up with their arms about each other and their faces glued to the pane. Who can describe their feelings, the fluttering of their little hearts when twilight and darkness came, and no papa. They never knew papa to do this before. He always managed to be home when he said he would. What could have happened to him? Why did he not come now? They could see no more through the window, so Arnold piled some sticks on the smoldering fire and they both sat down in front of the big fire place in the corner. They started at the least noise of the wind or at the howl of some animal.

As it grew late and no father came Otto began to cry. Arnold tried to comfort him, but not succeeding, began to cry also, and there in front of the fire place they cried themselves to sleep. This wasn't the Christmas eve they expected.

They slept till the sun was well advanced on his journey. Arnold awoke and looked around. Still no father. He put some wood on the still hot coals and awakened his brother, Otto, who as soon as he realized that they were still alone started to cry again, but Arnold comforted him by saying, that perhaps father had stopped at the two fishermen over night, and that they, Arnold and Otto, would go and meet him.

They put on their jackets and started on their journey over the slippery ice. They had not gone far, however, before they began to feel the extreme cold, especially Otto, who had the thinner jacket. At last Otto could go no farther. His little legs were too cold and stiff. He wanted to rest. Arnold

(Continued on page 51.)

THE NORMAL POINTER.

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EDITORIAL

At the opening of the present quarter two new faces appeared upon our platform, in the places so long occupied by the familiar features of Mrs. Elliott and Prof. Sylvester. We realize that in the departure of our old instructors we sustained a great loss. Whether or not that loss has been repaired will appear from the following. Dr. F. K. Sechrist comes to us from the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Lockhaven, Pa., where he has been instructor in literature and pedagogy. He is a graduate of Lafayette college where he also took his degree, Ph. D., in English Literature under Prof. F. A. March, one of the best known professors of English in the United States. Dr. Sechrist will take up Mr. Sylvester's work in Literature and in addition will have a class in advanced German.

Miss Minnie L. Graves, who is to take charge of the geography department also comes to us very highly recommended. She is a graduate of the New York State Normal school at Genesee, and has taught for some time in two state normals, located

at Terre Haute, Ind., and Cumberland Valley, Pa., respectively.

To both of our new instructors we tender a hearty welcome to our midst.

It was with much surprise that the school learned at the beginning of this quarter that our highly esteemed Latin teacher would be compelled to leave us for a time. Miss Stewart was unexpectedly called home on account of the serious illness of her father. Owing to his advanced age Miss Stewart considered it quite probable that she would be unable to return to her work before the beginning of the spring quarter.

Oratory and debating have received the greatest encouragement in our school ever since its organization. These outside branches have received the united and enthusiastic support of both faculty and student body. The efforts of the faculty have been untiring in this direction. Even when crowded with other work different members of our faculty have been willing to take both the time and pains to drill the aspiring orators and debaters. But their willingness has been only too seriously handicapped by their various duties and many a young man or woman has been discouraged from entering the contests upon the rostrum because he has been unable to secure assistance from those to whom he went.

The training received in these lines is regarded as being of greatest importance. Compared with mathematics, with the sciences or with the classics, oratoricals and debates are acknowledged as superior to them all in the mental discipline and training which they afford. Why should they not have equal attention devoted to their culture? Every other department has a member of the faculty who devotes his whole time to the organization and development of his department. Would not a separate department organized for the purpose of furnishing training along these lines and placed under the management of some one man (talented in that direction,) be an advantage over the present unsatisfactory system under which only a few receive the benefits which it is impossible to bestow upon all? However these are only suggestions. We realize that such an ideal condition of affairs can only be reached by overcoming many difficulties, and until it comes we must patiently wait and work on, doing the best we can.

The Censor.

Think.—Fellow students, that is what you are here at the Normal for — to think. Undoubtedly this is a new thought to you, but I hold that it is nevertheless true. Insignificant as the word may seem, thought is the only pilot which can guide you into the haven of scholarship. But the time of thinking is of most importance. For fear some one should fail to be impressed with the truth and importance of these lines. I shall endeavor to make the last statement, at least, plainer by a few illustrations which have been gathered from among us.

Miss Ha — — — av —, when trying to determine the correct use of the words stop and staid. "Well, wouldn't it be correct to say he stopped at the gate?" And as soon as the teacher could be heard she said "Undoubtedly."

Same teacher, "Miss An — — ew — read the next sentence using let or leave correctly."

Miss An — — ew —, with a gasp. "Let me alone." It was very suggestive.

Young lady in the Physiology class: "Why isn't the image on the retina as large as the object?"

From a letter: "Please find enclosed 50c in United postage stamps."

From another: "Enclosed you will find a due bill for that money you owe me."

And, "Must close and go to (gy) Jim."

Prof. McC — — — — —: (An illustration which he used.) "If I should take hold of a red hot iron and swing it around and around what would you see?" The class enjoyed the picture if they didn't get the point.

A certain Normal boy not long ago changed his location. Fortunately or unfortunately he moved to the street where a certain lady friend of his lives. When the postman met him he asked where he should deliver. And whether you believe it or not the young man gave his lady friend's number. "The time of thinking is of most importance."

Visit.—Why don't our teachers visit each others classes more? It would surely result in help to the students, because it would tend to do away with some of the classroom peculiarities; make more of a connection between certain branches; avoid any repetition of work; and afford many points of interest for discussion.

We give space to the following and let it speak for itself: "Dear Censor—Don't you think it is great the way them Juniors and Seniors is all the time quarrelin? What if their pas and mas should find out how theyre acting. It would make them feel awful bad. Don't you suppose you could say something so theyd stop? They ought to. And seems like when they are votin about things that all of us is concerned in and everyone outside is going to hear about they ought to recollect that they belong to the school and not just to one class. Theyre so sassy to us we can't do nothing, so I hope you can.

Respectably,

."

Thanks—for the new glass in the ladies' toilet room. It is very evident that the young ladies appreciate it for they have been bowing their thanks before it, with many a smile, ever since it was hung.

Thanks—are due Miss Linton for encouraging us, on the first morning of the new quarter, with the song, "There's a Good Time Coming."

Watch—for the new hall pictures. We have reason to believe they will be very fine.

(Continued from page 49.)

now tried to go back to the little island, but Otto couldn't go with him. He simply sank down on the ice, shivering and crying. Arnold now became desperate. He tried to drag little Otto along. He was the one that brought him here. He could not leave him to die. He became tired and cried also. He called for father. It was no use. No help came. He took off his jacket and put it over Otto and sat down on the ice beside him and resolved that if Otto was to die, he would die too. They would both go to heaven, the beautiful home that papa had spoken to them so much about. There perhaps they would find papa now. There they would have Christmas.

And so it was. The evening before the fierce Russian wolves had pounced upon Sigurd on his way home and his soul sped up to God to join that of his helpmate. On Christmas afternoon Arnold and Otto came to him, and goodies were forgotten in the joy of their finding mother and father, and in the indescribable splendor of a new Christmas and a new life.

JULIUS G. CARLSON.



Robert Sparks and Miss Nannie Grozinger, have withdrawn from school.

Miss Mabelle Rogers of the city spent some time at the Normal during her vacation.

Miss Edna Reed of Wausau spent a few days before commencement with Grace Kingsbury.

Miss Lucy Spooner, class of '99, now teaching at Medford, visited at the Normal Wednesday, Jan. 31.

Mabelle Varney of Greenwood has returned as has also Jesse Ames who has been absent for one quarter.

Elide Marceau, Celia Emmons, May Howlett and Clark Jenkins spent Sunday, Jan. 28, at Grand Rapids.

The Misses Genevieve and Nettie Miller entertained a party of Normal friends Wednesday evening, Jan. 24.

Miss Bessie Everhard of Marshfield visited for a few days at the beginning of the term with Mabel and Ethel Everhard.

A beautiful picture has lately been added to the assembly room. It is a picture of Pike's Peak as seen from the Garden of the Gods.

Mrs. Bradford has been called away from her duties at the Normal by the illness of her son Will, who for several days has been confined to his room.

Prof. Sylvester kindly consented to take Mr. Livingston's place last week and also looked after the work of the school during the absence of Pres. Pray, who was attending the meeting of the Board of Regents at Madison.

Among the large number of old students who visited us at the beginning of the term were the following: Daisy Packard, Centralia, Minnie Wood, Plainfield, Margaret Ashmun, Marinette, Lulu Stevens, Almond, Howard Cate, Dexterville, Jesse Barker, Marinette, Will L. Smith, Neilsville.

Miss Steinka of this city was married to Jacob Wojak, one of our students, Monday, Jan. 22. We thought at first that we would now lose him but when the new quarter began he was on deck and gave us a chance to congratulate him. He will make his home in the city and continue his studies at the Normal.

The Arena elected the following officers for the quarter: Mary Hargrave, president; Margaret Bowler, vice president; Phoebe Hazen, secretary; Ellen Jeffers, treasurer. Miss Esther Hetzel was re-elected as leader of the Clonian society. The Atheneum chose Miles Wells and the Forum Robert Mulvihill as their respective presidents.

The members of the Examining Board, Regents Emery, Roodwood and Jenkins, spent an afternoon in examining the candidates for certificates and diplomas. Louise Nelson, Theresa Moran, Mae Jefferson, Edith Scott, Nellie Judkins and Elson H. Whitney being candidates for certificates and Grace Kingsbury, Jesse Soper and Charles Boles for diplomas.

Prof. Livingston has had a two weeks' vacation, the first for two years. He spent the time visiting schools in Chicago and after returning went to Chippewa Falls to attend the county Supt. meeting. Soon after his return from this meeting he was taken seriously ill. At the time of going to press he was better but it is said that he will not be with us during the balance of the quarter.

The rhetorical exercises have been more enjoyable lately and this is mostly due to the efforts of Miss Linton in organizing the Mandolin club under the charge of Mr. Barrows, and the Violin orchestra under the supervision of Miss Hein. Miss Linton takes an active part in all this work and gives much help to those taking part thus making the exercises much more pleasant than they otherwise would be.

The following students have entered school to take

up studies at the beginning of the quarter: Nina Aber, city; Mamie V. Potter, city; Belle and Jennie Young, Pittsville; Frank Gilman, Plover; Edna Carr, Merrill; Mary E. Ward, Neilsville; Mayme E. Hanna, Manawa; Evaly Brown, Marshfield; Alice L. Legler, Kilbourn; Lucile Mathews, Merrill; Velma Fuller, Merrilan; Emmett H. Miles, Sechlerville; Clarke Mead, Waupaca.

At the commencement exercises in the assembly room Tuesday, Jan. 23, the following program was rendered:

Music—Simple Aven.....Mandolin Orchestra
 Essay—Corrupt City Government....Mae Jefferson
 Essay—Home Rule in Ireland.....Theresa Moran
 Music—Gone with its Joy and Mirth.Ladies Quartet
 Essay—Importance of Mediterranean Sea.....

.....A. Louise Nelson
 Essay—Ruskin's Idea of Education...Edith J. Scott
 Music.....Chorus
 Essay—Trusts.....Charles E. Boles
 Essay—Humor of Irving.....Grace Kingsbury
 Essay—What the Greeks Contributed to Civil-

ization...Jesse P. Soper
 Music—Piano Duet.....Misses Flower and Hein

Pres. Pray in a short address to the graduates told them what the certificates which he gave signified in showing that something had been accomplished by each graduate, but that the certificate went only a little way in telling what each of them was capable of doing and that they must show by their own work what they could do. Of the graduates, Louise Nelson, Mae Jefferson, Charles Boles and Jesse Soper have left school, while the others continue their studies, Miss Kingsbury doing post graduate work in science.

The Fifth Oratorical contest was held at the Normal, Friday, Feb. 9. A good sized audience of students and city people listened to the following oratorical and musical numbers:

Music—Spring Song.....Mandolin Orchestra
 The Development of the American Flag.....

.....Fred G. Berto
 A King of Men.....Edna Ruth Stuart
 Music—Fly Away Birdling..Misses Earle and Talbert
 William Pitt.....Chas. F. Werner
 Success Through Difficulties...Jerome H. Wheelock
 Violin Solo—Maschka.....Anton Oesterly
 Wendell Phillips; His Character and Mission...

.....J. E. Sager
 The Ideal American.....Arthur E. Dawes
 Music—Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.....

.....Male Quintet

While the audience listened to the last song the secretary figured up the standings, and a hush fell upon all, only to burst into a cheer as the chairman announced that Wheelock had won first place and Sager second. These two will represent our school at Milwaukee and we may be sure that they will do their best to uphold the reputation our school has already won. The Judges on thought and composition were Ira B. Bradford of Augusta, Karl Mathie of Wausau and Judge Arne of New Lisbon, and those on delivery, Supt. J. W. Simmons, W. H. Coye and Attorney B. B. Park, all of this city.

B—to. I have three mathematics this quarter. Rev. Grammar, Physics and Geometry.

It is rumored that the next time our basket ball players will take gum along or at least some small change so that they will not get left again.

One of the faculty was taking the names of the new pupils and the following took place: Prof.—“Miss J—, Mr. J—, are there any more J(ays) in class?”

Mr. L—d is in an awful stew. He has been trying to arrange his program and finds that he can get two studies in the forenoon and only ‘Ladies’ in the afternoon.

In the methods class they were discussing the wheat fields of Wisconsin and Dakota and after several boys had spoken there was a lull after Mr J—kins had spoken. “Are there any more farmers in class,” asked the Professor. Horrors, what a stab!

We have a warm Senior class, they have been so busy organizing and buying pins and arranging for spreads that they have not found time to select class colors. The first of the quarter they planned to have an enjoyable evening, but their wily president found a couple of juniors down in the basement inspecting the refreshments, so he hurried up and put a notice on the side board for all seniors to meet at once in No. 28. Important business. He told what he had seen and the result was that the seniors had their evening spread in the early twilight. Oh! those terrible Juniors.

Our Athletics.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following officers were elected for the term covering the last half of the school year:

President.....F. B. Polley
 Vice President.....John Karnopp
 Secretary.....Merl Ames
 Treasurer.....Bertram J. Switzer
 Executive Committee.....Prof. Evans, Joe Baker,
 Ed M. Gilbert.
 Baseball Manager..... Wayne Cowan

The association is in a healthy condition and promises to continue so. The members are active and interested in all its doings. Financially the association has seen better days but is at the present time rejoicing in the fact that we have some script on hand. The middle of the school year is always the duller as far as athletics are concerned. At present our interests are centered in basketball and we are anxiously awaiting developments along that line.

ARE WE TO HAVE FIELD SPORTS?

If we are to have field sports as has been the custom in this and other schools in the spring it is high time we began to make preparations for it. The first thing to ask ourselves is, does it pay to have field sports? The history of past events of that nature indicate that it does. Athletics is a part of school life. Field sports are a legitimate part of athletics. Some arguments may be produced against foot ball but none against field sports. It opens a field for laudable competition which cannot help but have a valuable disciplinary and physical result. Because of the variety of events in out door field contests, every one has a chance. In some of these events the race will be to the swift while in others the strong will win.

In this matter it is the same as it is in all other like events in which a number are to take part. There must be method and management. If we would have a successful field day consisting of the runs, jumps, throwing the hammer, etc., we should be at work. A great deal of work can and should be done in the gymnasium so that when spring opens up there will be an abundance of developed material ready for the preliminary contests. We

have good material for all the events and can make a good showing if training is commenced at once. Those with special aptitude along any line should get to work, create some enthusiasm and get every one to thinking. There is no reason, if each athlete does his duty, why we should not have a local field day and also a contest with some sister normal.

The first step has been taken toward a base ball team in the election of manager. The matter is being agitated and it is hoped will develop into a normal baseball team. In the meantime, ye "twirlers of the deceptive sphere," get ready to play ball, for it will be your inning soon.

We have it through good authority that some of our athletes have very marked gum chewing proclivities, when away from home.

NEW LONDON VS. NORMAL.

On Friday, Jan. 12, the basketball team of the Normal played their initial game of the season. The game was played at New London against the High School team of that place and resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 37 to 16. The result was not unexpected by the Normals but they had looked for a closer score. However the proverbial ill-luck of the day appeared to pursue them, and no doubt had considerable effect upon the score, for Capt. Utter and George Atwell were accidentally left at Amherst Junction on the way down. Being deprived of their captain, the team elected Grimm captain for the game.

The game was clean and hotly contested, but the Normals, not being used to a waxed floor were at a disadvantage and could not play their usual game. The game was marked by the fine field throws of Playman and the work of Grimm on free throws. The teams lined up as follows:

NORMALS	NEW LONDON
Schofield.....center.....	Jennings
Grimm.....left forward.....	Herman
Halverson.....right forward.....	Playman
Rockwell.....right guard.....	Radtko
Gee.....left guard.....	Freeman

Subs.—Allen, Wheelock; officials: referee—Houseworth; umpires—Evans, Rossiter.

Alumni.

CLASS SPIRIT.

As it is true that ideas, like soldiers, owe their force largely to their arrangement, so the classes of a school owe much of their life and enthusiasm to class spirit.

It is this spirit that binds the members of a class together from the beginning to the end of school days, and still survives in Alumni days in interest and kindly feelings for our class mates.

What a pleasant train of thought occupies the "mental back-ground" of each due to class spirit in the days

"Where this was Bill and that was Joe."

A thing of life and attraction is a class stirred and united by enthusiasm and interest. Such a class is bound to create for itself an individuality marked by the success of its members in school. And its members have learned that progress in a new field of work is surer and more pleasant when in unison and harmony with fellow-workers.

It is a duty to the school and to the class to be interested in the efforts of other members. Because we are not on the platform, on the gridiron, or demonstrating a theorem, it does not follow that we are not responsible for the result. Attention and interest manifested toward the speaker or reciter, as cheers from the side lines, have incited greater effort and scored many victories.

Whatever a student undertakes, after thorough preparation, he is more certain to win, if he has the sympathy and attention of the class, knowing that he acts not alone but as a representative of an alert and interested body.

Let class spirit be manifest to the one who is to make an effort, be it in oratory, athletics or the class room. Let him feel that from all comes, as with one heart and voice, the assertion, "He is one of our own."

It is through the manifestation of a lively interest that schools, literary societies and school papers live and grow. Therefore as Alumni we may no longer be present in the old familiar rooms of our Alma Mater, it is still our duty to contribute our quota to these columns.

In ages to come may the traditions of the dear old Sixth be able to point, with pride, to many classes, who in spirit attempted to equal that of the gallant crew that sailed from the harbor in '99, who not only worked as a united band but prompted by the same spirit made merry in their leisure.

"A merry crew, with wild hallow,
We climbed our patient bark;
We sailed her through the four years' cruise,
We'll sail her to the last.
Her sails and streams spread aloft
To fortune's rain or shine,
Till storm or sun shall all be one
And down goes '99."

JENNIE BORESON, '99.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A small boy who was asked to write a paragraph expressing his opinion on whispering, wrote this:

"I was whispering in which I think I will try not to whisper any more. It disturbs all the others while they are studying.... I don't like it myself if somebody talks while I am studying. So I think I will keep my mouth closed and try to keep still all this month without whispering once from this minute on."

Ray (to his mother who is kneading bread)—Mamma, there's lots of kinds of "dough," ain't there?

Mamma—Yes, Ray. What kind of "dough" do you like best?

Ray—I like the music teacher's "do."

In the drawing class—"Position, Thomas!"

Tommy's hands which had been moving restlessly over his paper were reluctantly folded. About two minutes later they were again moving rapidly about on the desk, as if Thomas might be trying to catch flies. The teacher finding it necessary to call him to position again asked why he did not remain in order to which Thomas replied "I have drawn a running dog and he's trying to get away."

Greatly pleased to know that such lifelike pictures could be produced under her instruction the teacher went to the desk to see the "running dog." To her amazement she saw only a blank sheet of paper. When questioned about "the dog" Thomas said "Oh, he got away."

C. E. B., '99.

Exchanges.

We always enjoy a friendly chat with our friends. This is one reason why the High School Chat is so widely appreciated.

The Beech Grove Oracle from the Atlantic Coast compares favorably with the majority of our exchanges. We hope we will continue to receive it.

We are pleased to note the receipt of "The Breeze" from Los Banos, Cal. We welcome The Breeze into the world of journalism and wish it the best of success.

The Milwaukee Kodak has a most pleasing style of arrangement. The short, bright articles show good work and plenty of it but, alas, where is your exchange column, Kodak?

Again we are happily surprised by receiving a new exchange from the Pacific coast. We regret that we have not received the Tocsin before, but we most heartily say, "call again."

All editors of college, school or class papers will confer a favor on the Amateur Publication Exchange Bureau by copying this insertion and sending a copy to the Amateur Publication Exchange Bureau, Terre Haute, Ind. B. Rq.

We are pleased to receive, for the first time, the Ryan Clarion from Appleton, Wisconsin. The Clarion is a very neat and well edited paper and worthy of the honor of representing even so good a high school as Appleton's.

It affords us pleasure as we read the Carroll Echo to find the Echo has decided "the exchange column is too valuable to be left out." The exchange column has entered this neat sheet from the Spring City and of course it has "come to stay."

It is hereby agreed that it will be considered an act of unfriendliness for anybody, and any member of the faculty in particular, to cast any inquiring glances under the covers of the exchange editor's desk, for they might be led to suppose that desk was a waste paper depository rather than a worthy editor's desk. Signed—"Exchange editors of all important school papers."

"My First Experience as a Country School Ma'am" in the December Gramophone was evidently written by one who had "been there." It seems strange when we notice the difference between, "What I will do as a teacher" and "What I did as a teacher."

The Owl from Treano, California, contains an excellent story of four girls at a football game. The writer must certainly have taken the conversation as given for nothing so true to life could be produced by a masculine mind.

The athletic department of the Spartan has been exceptionally well handled this year, we hope it may continue. If basketball lacks enthusiasm at Sparta, we can assure the Spartans that, not far away, there is plenty of it.

The question of having a third literary society, seems to be the all absorbing topic of interest in the Lawrentian this month. We sincerely hope that Lawrence will make room for all applicants for literary work.

The Eau Claire Kodak has a strong claim on first place in our high school exchanges. Do we need to say the last number was very good? No. We will simply say it was the Eau Claire Kodak.

During the football season the Minnesota University introduced a novelty in the way of a college newspaper. It is a daily paper called "The Football" and contained only football news.

The Guard and Tackle keeps up its former high literary standard, but would it not improve the "Tackle" to have the advertisements removed from the literary pages?

The View Point is here again and is up to its old standard which is certainly a recommend for it, but the exchange editor would do well to discontinue use of scissors.

We are much pleased to note that the Island City Student has outgrown the common error of placing second-hand jokes in the exchange column.

The only country in the world that spends more money on its educational than on its war equipments is the United States.

Model School.

PRIMARY.

Instead of the usual valentine celebration on Feb. 14th, the children of the Primary department will have Doll's Day. Dolls of every description are to be present on that occasion and a new doll is coming to take up her residence in the room.

A wild rabbit has been enjoying a winter home in this department for some time. His presence has been greatly enjoyed by the children. In the following story his life has been told.

THE RABBIT STORY.

I am a Rabbit and I am going to tell you about my life. I thought I would tell you a little about my fun that I had before I came to see you in the school.

The people that had me before I came to school called me Jack and they had four children. One was the baby and his name was Rodney and it was fun to watch the nurse take care of the baby.

They kept me in a small cage. It was so small that I could hardly walk in it. They did not take good care of me at first, but after a while I became a great pet to them and they took good care of me.

MARGARET TOZIER.

THE MUSIC LESSON.

Last Friday I saw a picture of a boy giving three little girls a music lesson. The boy was playing that he was a teacher. The ages of the little girls were four, six and eight years. The teacher was about ten years old I think.

The teacher looked as if he were in earnest. The teacher was beating time with them. I think they all liked the lesson.

LULU SMITH.

3d Ward—2d Grade, A.

INTERMEDIATE.

The Fourth grade pupils in the Third ward have had history stories lately, about the Pilgrims and Puritans, who settled New England.

Under Mr. Lang's supervision they have built a model log-cabin with a log chimney such as those people built. Branches of trees were used for logs and were cut to fit together where they joined at the corners, the window casing, door, floor and shingles were all made and well made by the boys, while the girls dressed dolls in Puritan costumes.

The children have also been doing some weaving. Each child made a wooden frame for a loom; a heddle and shuttle of cardboard; then with yarn they wove bright colored strips. This simple contrivance taught them the principle of the loom.

The pupils have been much interested in this work and it has a practical value, not only in training the hands and eye, but also in giving them some idea of the kinds and amount of work the pioneers had to do. The children of the Second and Third Grades were so much interested in the story of Robinson Crusoe that they made tents, houses, benches and tables such as he had and brought them to school. They like nothing better than to express the story in pictures that they cut out of paper.

MRS. MOERKE.

WHY FIRES NEED AIR.

We first lighted the candle and found that the wick and wax burned. Then we put a chimney over it and made the chimney air tight. After a while the candle went out.

We lighted it again and put a test tube over it and some water around it in a saucer. It flickered and almost went out.

Then we put a piece of paste board over the tube and it went out because it needed air. At home the stove has to have air through a damper and the lamp gets air through the holes in the burner. If the lamp did not get air it would go out.

Third Ward—4th Grade. CARL WHITNEY.

On account of Prof. Sylvester's resignation, which took effect at the close of the second quarter, the Athletic Literary Association has been disbanded. Prof. Sylvester has had charge of this organization for some time and his leaving is much regretted by all the boys. The basket ball teams will continue their practice and games.

A banquet was given Prof. Sylvester at the home of Moritz Krembs, the president of the association, a short time before his leaving. The boys showed their appreciation of his work among them by a token of remembrance at this gathering.

This quarter's work opens in the grades with a corps of seventy-three practice teachers. If the work done is as strong as the number is large, this quarter's results will certainly be good.

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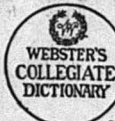
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